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Globe Theater Bankside, 1598.

THE
STORY OF ENGLISH KINGS
ACCORDING TO SHAKESPEARE

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BY

J. J. BURNS, M. A., PH. D.



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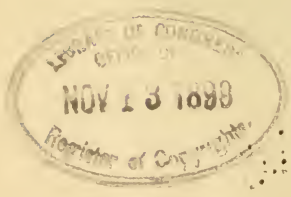
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PREFACE.

It is the aim of the writer to put into one handy volume a goodly portion of Shakespeare's English history.

In the main, instead of translating the blank verse into prose, he has taken the characters whose biographies he wishes to give, whose names appear as the table of contents, and in most cases give title to the plays, and, selecting the portions of the drama which contain the given king's chief words and deeds, has joined them in whole or in part as they stand in the drama, filling in the spaces with matter which forms with the poetry a continuous story. The term "king" is used with due intention, including Falstaff, the king of the realm of humor. When the path wanders outside those scenes in which the hero takes part—a convenient term not always implying anything we think of as *heroic*—or beyond those scenes which throw direct light upon these, it is to secure some choice bit of literature too good to leave

behind, often containing a line which has brightened by use into a proverb.

A little sketch leads up to the story of the second Richard; a glance at his famed ancestor, the Black Prince, in the act of winning his spurs; a look toward the English people of those days as they appeared to the clear vision of Chaucer, of the author of *Piers the Plowman*, of that rare old chronicler Sir John Froissart. Thereafter each story is a prelude to the one that follows; as, for instance, in telling the tale of Richard II much more than a beginning is made upon that of his successor. At the opening of each story there is a looking back to get the leading string well in hand.

The world believes Shakespeare is its greatest dramatist, and, as possessing the profoundest insight, its best teacher of the science of human nature. If teaching by example is history, he is also one of the ablest of historians. These English plays, at least so much of them as are contained in this book, may well be a part of any course of general reading. Its perusal by the young, at odd times and at even times, regularly and as a "stop-gap," will hold open the doors into two great empires of thought—English history and Shakespeare.

Editors of Shakespeare point us to proofs that the great dramatist dealt with a free hand when sorting

his material of facts and dates, that his imagination often bodied forth the forms of things unknown to the historian, and his poet's pen turned them to immortal shapes. But if we go to those historians and read widely in the effort to paint for ourselves truer portraits of these English kings and fighters—these Hals and Hotspurs—than Shakespeare placed upon his canvas, our work will be much more likely than his to result in a fiction—i. e., impossible persons who never did and never could exist.

It is better both for the history and art to study these legendary pictures and try to see them as Shakespeare drew them, to grow familiar from frequent interviews with his characters—for example, his Henry V and his Richard III; then to turn to the prose historians who profess to deal in cold facts, and of the materials they furnish to reconstruct another Prince Henry, another Gloster. Let us not then, turning our backs upon the stage, spoil our first picture by an attempt to correct it.

DEFIANCE, OHIO, *July 22, 1899.*

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Shakespeare.

From a portrait from life.

THE STORY OF ENGLISH KINGS ACCORDING TO SHAKESPEARE.

THE STORY OF RICHARD II, 1381-1399.

FIVE hundred and fifty odd years ago the English people were fighting the French. King Edward and his son had invaded France and advanced as far as Crécy, about twelve miles inland, when they were met by the French. In the combat that ensued, called the battle of Crécy, August 26, 1346, the French cavalry made a fierce attack upon that part of the English position commanded by the young Prince of Wales. So hot and so prolonged was this assault it seemed that the small body of Englishmen was doomed to destruction, but King Edward did not even don his helmet. When a messenger spurred hot-haste up the hill, his face and voice both pleading for aid, the king ordered him to return to those who sent him and bid them not to send again so long as the prince should be alive. "Let the boy win his spurs!" To win one's spurs meant to gain a place in the ranks of the steel-clad warriors called knights, and this was esteemed so great an honor that it was coveted by kings and emperors; for it was supposed to be given to none but heroes who had distinguished

themselves by deeds of exceptional bravery on the field of battle. So the royal father stood at his place by the windmill, watching and waiting. His confidence in English pluck and courage was not misplaced. Beaten by sheer hard fighting, the mounted knights of France were driven back from this stubborn field.

The boy won his spurs; and that great system of life and of government called feudalism, which consisted of the right held by the lords or noblemen who owned land to exact military service from the people who occupied such land, received a staggering blow, from which it never recovered.

The fighting of those days was very different from modern warfare. It was hand to hand, "frowning brow to frowning brow." It was the battle of the stout arm, the pointed lance, the heavy battle-axe, the twanging bowstring. It brought the individual into action, and against an enemy within arm's reach, and there was a livelier stirring of the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel.

The commander was more likely than now to be a leader—one like the prince at Crécy, to be found where the strife was hardest, dealing blows with his own right hand, and sometimes bowing his plumed head to the red field below. No doubt the pen of the chronicler has done full justice to the great achievements of kings and princes, for in all ages the pen has delighted to praise the sword when wielded by the great; and it is not unlikely that the extollers of even some scriptural heroes indulged in swelling

rhetorical figures when they cried out that Saul had slain his thousands and David his ten thousands !

International killing is now done mainly by machinery, and the machine is growing more and more deadly, while the general director of the machine is likely to be miles away from the guns ; and science has so improved these weapons that the contending ranks do not always need to see each other. Especially upon the water has "grim-visaged war" lost its grandeur, though by no means its grimness. It stirs one's blood to read of the naval conflicts of a century ago, when Nelson walked the quarter-deck, when Lawrence and Paul Jones won their laurels ; but now, instead of the enemy's ship coming alongside and the best man winning, a piece of apparatus may creep under the vessel : there is no fight, only an explosion ; then, no ship.

But to get back to our story. The "boy," known to fame as the Black Prince, used the spurs which his father wished him to win ; he became his country's greatest general, but, dying while Edward was yet alive, he never became King of England. Not once or twice in his rough island's story men much inferior to this prince attained "the sweet fruition of an earthly crown" ; but the course of his life did not so run. His son, of but a small part of his kingly ability, upon Edward's death became Richard II, the first Richard having, as you remember, been he of the lion heart, the chivalrous crusader, best known to our youthful readers, perhaps, through the medium of Walter Scott's wonderful stories.

But even the great Scotch novelist—the “Wizard of the North,” as he has been called—would have used his witchcraft in vain in an attempt to make a hero out of the son of the Black Prince. Shakespeare, in the charming drama named after this king, gives him almost none of the qualities of a hero.

Two poets of the land and of the time, have added much to our knowledge of the England in which they lived, and over which Richard ruled. They did not write about wars and kings and courts, but in their books they give us the power to see things which go to make up the lives of the common people—the plain folk who tilled the soil, waited in the shop, served their fellows as priests or teachers, as keepers of inns, as healers of diseases, who followed their lord to the wars, and who sometimes combined in rude fashion in rebellion against their lord, or even against the king himself.

One of these poets is often spoken of, and sometimes read. This reading has difficulties for the beginner, but these may be overcome, in the main, by one who will give it, for a single winter, an hour each day; at least, thereafter, the troubles will be so far apart that one can be disposed of before another comes to its aid, and they will not materially take from the pleasure of the reading. This writer is called the “Father of English Poetry.” He spent many years of his life about the court of the king, perhaps learning there a uniform habit which, Milton tells us, gets thence its name of courtesy. His temper is said to have been mild and sunny; the

world, as he saw it, was a world of ease and sunshine; and he drew pictures thereof which have been the delight and instruction of readers for the past five hundred years. Chaucer loved Nature as few writers have loved her, and his tales have done much to kindle a love and appreciation of the beauty with which God has gladdened the works of his hand.

The other poet was not a courtier. His world was the world of the poor, its toil, its hunger, its denials; he lived in it, he spoke for it. Enjoyment was not his destined end and way; rather, sorrow was. He must have had a window in his soul which opened toward the sun, but he kept it almost constantly curtained. Of the writings of this man the historian Green says: "What chains one to the poem, *The Vision of Piers the Plowman*, is its deep undertone of sadness; the world is out of joint, and the gaunt poet who stalks silently along the Strand has no faith in his power to put it right."

There were at this time two classes that comprised the majority of the population of England—the lord, or bread keeper, for that is what the word lord originally meant, and the villain, or villager.

Nothing, perhaps, can show the difference between these two sorts of people, and the estimation in which they were held, more forcibly than what the words distinguishing them came to mean and still mean to English-speaking folks of the present day.

The villains were practically slaves. They were bought and sold with the land they lived upon; they could hold no property, and they had, of course,

nothing to say about who should govern them or how they should be governed. Nevertheless, the English serf or villain never became quite so slavish and abject a creature as the French *villein*. If the heel of oppression were planted too heavily upon him he was apt to rise in rebellion against his masters; there was a sense of independence and manhood belonging to him that it was found impossible to crush out, and that afterward proved a foundation upon which the liberty of England was safely built.

Besides these two there was a middle class, consisting mainly of townspeople, and of doctors, students, and teachers at the colleges, and professional men generally.

But this class was, comparatively speaking, a small one; and it was not until long afterward they became what they now are, the most numerous, the best educated, and the real governing class in Great Britain. It is this middle rank of people who are described in the poems of Geoffrey Chaucer; Robert Langland writes about the lower classes; and Shakespeare, in his play of Richard II, is occupied principally with the words and deeds of the kings and the nobles of England.

All classes of Englishmen at that day were woefully ignorant; they had little or nothing to occupy their time but sumptuous feasting, hunting, and military exercises.

It was considered beneath the dignity of any gentleman to engage in trade or agriculture. Farming was left entirely to the villains, and was, of

course, in consequence conducted in a very unskillful manner. Famines were of very frequent occurrence, and many people died of starvation. But the king and nobles cared little for this. No matter how much the people suffered, the tables of the nobles must be spread with every luxury the age afforded. We read that at a marriage feast of Henry III's brother there were no less than thirty thousand dishes.

You must not think, however, that the style of sumptuous living at that day was anything like that of the present day. It may indeed be safely affirmed that a common laborer now may command luxuries that monarchs of the fourteenth century never dreamed of. Cabbages, parsnips, onions, and carrots comprised nearly the whole list of the culinary vegetables used at that time. Sugar, now considered almost a necessity, was brought to England in small quantities by knights returning from crusades in the Holy Land and by travelers in eastern countries. It was looked upon as a curiosity, and used rather as a medicine than as an article of food.

In order, however, that the rude splendor and barbaric profusion of the king and his court might be kept up, the taxes levied in time of war were continued in time of peace.

I may have been wrong when I expressed a doubt about the ability of even Walter Scott to make a hero out of this Richard; for on one or two occasions, while yet a boy, his spirit did flash forth heroically. But these were only flashes, soon extinguished; in the man there seemed to remain no trait

of true nobility. The most striking thing related of his early life is the story of his behavior during the Wat Tyler rebellion. This was a great rising of the people under the name of the "Commons of England." One of their complaints has a familiar sound to us—they objected to paying war taxes in time of peace.

Richard had been crowned king four years prior to this rebellion, but the chief power was still in the hands of one of his uncles.

The rebels had marched in and taken possession of London, the sympathies of the plain people being with them. With a small escort the young king rode to meet a multitude of the rebels, their leader, Wat Tyler, coming forward till their horses "touched heads." In the interview which followed, Tyler made some motion which aroused the king's followers, and one of them, the lord mayor, struck Tyler with his dagger, and as he fell from his horse another run him through with a sword. This was a critical moment. With an angry shout the mob began to tighten their bowstrings. Richard rode toward them, calling out: "What do you, my friends? Tyler was a traitor; it is I who am your leader!" and lead them he did to a place where they were set upon by a body of his troops.

The boy king would not have these unwilling taxpayers slain, but the story goes he promised to be even with them some time. This promise he kept.

One of the crowds which the stormy time brought together stopped on her journey the king's mother,

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King Richard II.

From an old painting in the church of Westminster.

who was returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. The widow of the Black Prince secured her release by bestowing a few kisses upon the sauciest of the leaders.

While yet a boy Richard married the lady Anne, daughter of the Bohemian king. They seem to have loved each other, but their happiness was of short duration. Queen Anne died in Surrey, at a place to which the kings of England were used to resort when weary of the city. Anger seems to have mixed with the king's sorrow, for he had the house in which the queen had died torn down. She was buried at Westminster, and at the "obsequies, performed at leisure," as quaint old Froissart tells us, "the illumination was so great on the day of the ceremony that nothing was ever seen like unto it before."

Soon after Anne's death Richard led an army into Ireland. He had four thousand knights and thirty thousand bowmen. For nine months he maintained a great camp near Dublin, but no fighting appears to have been done. Sir John Froissart tells a charming personal story about his coming over from his native France to England soon after the king's return from Ireland, and of his bringing to Richard a book of poems of his own writing; with which the king was pleased, as indeed "he ought to have been; for it was handsomely written and illuminated and bound in crimson velvet and richly worked with roses."

Sir John, like the king's mother and Chaucer's pilgrims, made a visit to Canterbury, and it was there that he met the king, who had gone to pay his devõ-

tions at the shrine of St. Thomas and at the tomb of his father.

Froissart had an interview with an English squire whose task it had been while in Ireland to train four Irish kings in English *habits*, including breeches. Froissart asked his instructor how it came to pass that these kings had submitted to Richard, whose valiant grandfather had not been able to subdue them. The answer was, It was brought about "by a treaty and the grace of God." To which the chronicler, with a mixture of piety and worldly wisdom, made answer: "The grace of God is good, and of infinite value to those who can obtain it; but we see few nowadays augment their territories otherwise than by force."

Two years after Queen Anne's death Richard entered into a second marriage, this time with the French king's daughter Isabella, a young lady of seven years. She was married by proxy to one of the great lords whom Richard had sent over to Paris. The true wedding took place at Calais, the King of England having crossed the Channel with a company of great lords and ladies. One morning soon after the wedding the royal pair took an early mass, went on board a vessel, and with a stirring east wind reached Dover in three hours. After some days they made a grand entry into London.

We must recall the fact that for years before the event just mentioned, and for years afterward, war was the natural condition of things between England and France. Of course, there was now a treaty, and

the two kings spoke grand words about peace, but there was a war party in England opposed to the treaty and disgusted at the French marriage. The head and front of this party was the Duke of Gloster, the king's uncle, and youngest of the great Edward's sons. This nobleman had been for years near or at the head of the government; and one of Richard's few heroic moments—dramatic, at least, for possibly he had been trained to act the part—was when in council he asked the duke his age, declared his independence, and sent his guardian about his business.

It is taught us in the histories that Gloster contrived a plot for the murder of the king and his staunchest friends, and that this being discovered, Gloster was arrested.

Froissart is authority as to the manner of the duke's taking off. Under pretense of deer-hunting, King Richard went to a village in Essex, there left his attendants, and rode to Pleshy, Gloster's country home. The duke had already supped, but the table was again spread for the royal nephew. After eating, Richard invited the duke to go with him to London, and when kings invite, the lucky or unlucky recipient of the bidding seldom declines. They rode together till they came to a place where some of the king's men were lying in wait. These closed around and seized the doomed duke and carried him on board a vessel at anchor in the Thames. She dropped down with the tide, after the earl marshal, with a few attendants, had come aboard, and shortly landed her

passengers, with their prisoner, at Calais. To this place, we remember, Richard went not a great while before; but how different were the destinations of the nephew and the uncle! The one went to a gorgeous tent, where a great king waited to give him his daughter. The unwilling steps of the other bore him to a dungeon. The one seemed now to be seated firmly on a proud throne. The other, in a few short hours, lay in his dungeon dead.

In this unhappy strife between persons of the same country and, worse still, of the same family, one of the prominent actors was Henry, a cousin of Richard's, the son of his uncle, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. He had acted with the king's enemies; he had been reconciled to the king and granted new honors. He lived in London, and was very popular with the people of the capital. Every man who for any cause disliked Richard turned his eyes toward Henry, and this, you may know, did not increase the love of the cousins for each other. For some cause, Henry, and the earl marshal already mentioned, he who served as proxy in the espousal of Isabella, and who had charge of the party that took Gloster over to his dungeon in Calais, were deadly enemies; each accused the other of high crimes, and both probably told the truth. Of each the king had the same opinion that Cæsar held of Cassius: "He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous."

Shakespeare opens the play of Richard II with this quarrel. The king is in his royal chamber, attended by his uncle Lancaster and other nobles.

Turning to the duke, he asks whether he had brought his bold son Henry Hereford to make good his charges against the earl marshal, Thomas Mowbray, the Duke of Norfolk. Answered in the affirmative, he ordered the two, the accuser and the accused, to be brought in, declaring that he would allow them freely to speak. They certainly improved the opportunity.

With the bitterest words which hate could prompt, Henry, or Bolingbroke, as we shall learn to call him, charged Norfolk with being a traitor, and worse, with being the well-head whence the treasonous acts of others in a dark stream had flowed. Norfolk, with no less fierceness, denied the charge and defied his accuser. Asking pardon in advance for the plain speech in which he should indulge about one of the royal house, he poured out his scorn :

I do defy him, and I spit at him ;
 Call him a slanderous coward and a villain,
 Which to maintain I would allow him odds,
 And meet him, were I tied [obliged] to run afoot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps.

Bolingbroke next hurled at Norfolk the plotting of Gloster's death :

Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me for justice and rough chastisement.

After listening awhile to energetic eloquence of this fashion, King Richard affects to try to make peace between the wrath-kindled gentlemen ; urges them to forgive and forget ; but their ears were not

attuned to language of this sort, even if it came from him who sat on the throne. Passion raged above the sceptered sway. Any touch of moderation they counted a stain upon their honor. Norfolk protested :

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My dear, dear lord,
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times barred-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life.

Bolingbroke was as firm, but not so poetic :

Shall I seem crestfallen in my father's sight? with bloody threats against his tongue if it should take back or soften a word.

This was probably the chance which the king sought. He told the two fiery foes that since he could not make them friends he would appoint a day for them to settle their quarrel with swords and lances—a curious kind of logic, but our ancestors seemed to believe, and we try to believe, that the person or the nation that strikes hardest is the one that is right.

We hear sometimes of things or of persons being “sent to Coventry.” Sir John Falstaff flatly refused to march his ragged soldiers through Coventry. The king ordered his cousin and Norfolk to meet at Coventry :

There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate.

The Duchess of Gloster prays that her husband's wrongs may sit upon the sword of Bolingbroke, and direct it to "butcher Mowbray's breast." She has vainly tried to spur Lancaster to vengeance upon her husband's murderers:

Call it not patience, Gaunt ; it is despair.
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered
 Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.
 That which in mean men we entitle patience
 Is pale, cold cowardice in noble breasts.

Picture now a green near Coventry, the lists set out to bar the press of people far away ; a throne for Richard ; a crowd of attendants. Listen to the blare of the trumpet ; see the duelists armed and ready. By the voice of his marshal the king demands of each who he is and why he comes thus knightly clad in arms. They answer boldly. We know them and their business, as it is pretty certain the king did.

Bolingbroke's finest saying was touched into pathos by the occasion :

For Mowbray and myself are like two men
 That vow a long and weary pilgrimage.

And Norfolk calmly declared :

As gentle and as jocund as to jest (joust)
 Go I to fight : truth hath a quiet breast.

It was doubtless according to a plan all arranged before the day of the combat that there was to be no combat. Just as the two knights were about to hurl

themselves, man and horse, upon each other, Richard threw down his royal staff in token that everything was to halt and wait his kingly pleasure.

The contestants, having drawn near, were greatly surprised to learn that their king with his council had decreed that—since his eyes did hate the dire aspect of cruel wounds plowed up with neighbors' swords, and because he believed that envy, ambition, and eagle-winged pride had set them on to wake their country's peace which

Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep—

therefore, on pain of life, they were banished from their native England. Bolingbroke's forced pilgrimage was to last till twice five summers had enriched the fields. Against Norfolk the heavy doom was never to return. The slowly flying hours should never bring around the dateless limit of his exile. We who think of going abroad as one of the red-letter events of a lifetime, for which we cheerfully pay, perhaps, with the fruits of self-denial at home, can have but a faint conception of the meaning of the word *banished*. We may read of it in some of the great world's literature; Ovid, Cicero, and Dante were banished men; but it is yet to us only a thing of the brain, not of the heart. The scene we are now regarding will help us to know, if not to feel.

Norfolk lamented his being cast forth in the common air; his mother speech, which for forty years he had spoken, of no more use than a harp without strings, and he too old to be a pupil and learn another

language; and away from the cheery light of home and country,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

Bolingbroke took his sentence in better heart. It was mild when compared with the other, and besides, in his father's presence he would play the hero. Upon the gray head of that father it was a heavy stroke; and his sad look plucked away four years from his son's term; as Bolingbroke loftily phrased it: "Such is the breath of kings." This did not much comfort old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster. He felt sure that he should not live out even the six years; that before Harry's return,

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

The king, attempting to comfort him, heard,
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage.

By which he meant that the king could not with all his power check the pace of old age. The king was firm; he was no doubt glad to have his popular cousin away from the smiles of the Londoners, into whose hearts he did seem to dive:

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

And with a flourish of trumpets the king and his train set out on their return to the city.

When leave-taking came, the father and son

seemed almost to change places, the first striving to console :

What is six winters? they are quickly gone!

To this, Bolingbroke :

To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens :

which bit of philosophy is finely worded in Emerson's

Go where he will, the wise man is at home;
His hearth the earth, his hall the azure dome.

Gaunt, continuing, quoted Chaucer as an authority :

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king.

Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honor,
And not, the king exiled thee.

Bolingbroke, firmly sure that even imagination has its limits :

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

Into their life abroad we do not follow these two men further than to say Norfolk dies before many

years, and Bolingbroke does not go very far or stay very long.

A rebellion having broken out in Ireland, the king prepared again to cross the Irish Sea; but, in order to procure what Shakespeare somewhere else calls "the sinews of war," he let out on contract the collection of taxes. As the contractors bought the right to collect, they were very greedy in collecting, taking off the skin along with the fleece, and the land was sorely vexed.

About this time a messenger brought Richard word that the Duke of Lancaster was "grievous sick," and the king was heartless enough to say,

Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
To help him to his grave.

This was extremely wicked, and the near occasion was Richard's desire to get in hand his uncle's possessions to assist in the fitting out of soldiers for Ireland.

As you may suppose, the interview at Lancaster's bedside was far less than kind. Gaunt sharply reproved the king for farming the taxes and for other acts of oppression. He had talked of it with his brother York, lamenting that—

This sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, . . . this little world,
This precious stone, set in the silver sea,
Is now leased out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,

Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,

and he tells the king :

Landlord of England art thou now, not king ?

To which the wrathful Richard retorted :

And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool.

Soon after this hot quarrel Northumberland comes from Lancaster's chamber to the king.

King Richard. What says he now ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :

His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

The king dropped a word or two of hollow tenderness, and then went on his way. Another uncle, York, tried his powers of persuasion :

You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegiance can not think.

K. Rich. Think what you will, we seize into our
hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

While Richard was in Ireland, whither we do not attend him, a well-headed conspiracy at home prepared the way for Bolingbroke's return to make an armed appeal for his dukedom, perhaps for a larger prize. His friends contended that as Lancaster was

dead, Lancaster was living, and in Bolingbroke's own person. They reproached themselves that—

We hear this fearful tempest sing,
 Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm ;
 We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
 And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

But things being so bad, Northumberland takes comfort :

Even through the hollow eyes of death
 I spy life peering.

This "life" was the news that Harry, Duke of Hereford, Lord Cobham, and sundry other dukes and sirs—

With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are marching hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore.

We are permitted soon to hear the message which so shocks the queen :

The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
 And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
 At Ravenspurg.

The king's uncle, York, though loyal to Richard, could give the queen no consolation beyond—

Comfort's in heaven ; and we are on the earth.
 Your husband, he is gone to save far off,
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home.

In the crisis no word came concerning the king's doings :

The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns.

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In the wilds of Glostershire, Bolingbroke and Northumberland appear with an armed force :

Bol. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now ?

North. I am a stranger here in Glostershire :
These high wild hills and rough uneven ways
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome.

Young Harry Percy, Northumberland's son, a fiery fellow, whom we shall know well after a while as Hotspur, here first meets and is presented to Bolingbroke, and enters his service.

Bolingbroke declares that he has come to England to seek the name of Lancaster, and we do not have to guess at his meaning. York appears in the rebel camp, scolds lustily for a while, then declares he will "remain as neuter," and bids farewell :

Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Let the curtain of our quiet theater now drop, and upon rising show us a scene upon the coast of Wales, with a castle in sight.

K. Rich. Barkloughly Castle call they this at hand ?

Aumerle. Yea, my good lord. How brooks your grace the air ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well : I weep for joy
To stand upon my kingdom once again.

The king salutes the earth, entreats it not to feed its sovereign's foe, but rather yield stinging nettles for the traitor's feet. When his cousin Aumerle tries to prepare him for the cruel news that is sure to come, the king rejoins : www.libtool.com.cn

Discomfortable cousin ! knowest thou not
That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid
Behind the globe and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detected sins,
The cloak of night being plucked from off their
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So, when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,
Who all this time hath reveled in the night,
Whilst we were wandering with the Antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face.
Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king.

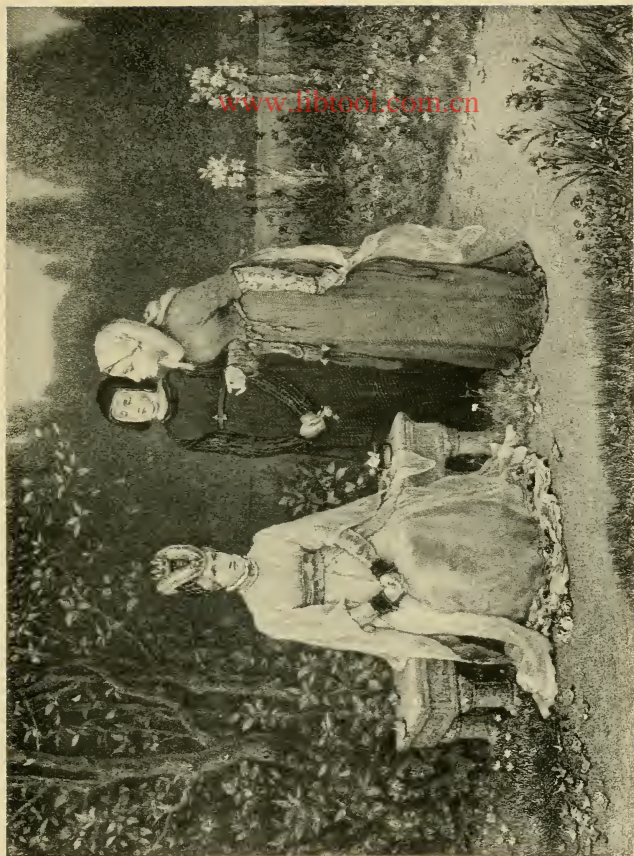
But Richard had to come speedily down from this high, confident position, for ill tidings pressed upon the heel of ill tidings ; however, he turned an emotional somersault, and declared :

Mine ear is open and my heart prepared.
Say, is my kingdom lost ? why, 'twas my care :
And what loss is it to be rid of care ?

This pious state of resignation soon passed, for when he was told of the death of some of his favorites, despair got the upper hand :

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings,
 All murdered ; for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be feared, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
 As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humored thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;
 For you have but mistook me all this while :
 I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
 Need friends : subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

Perhaps the pathos of human suffering was never painted more exquisitely than in these lines of the unfortunate Richard ; but, upon a cheering word from the son of his uncle, York, Richard's himself



Queen Isabella and her ladies.

King Richard II.

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again. In fact, he is always himself—that is, blown about by the changing wind of circumstance.

He begins to threaten Bolingbroke at long range.

Bolingbroke at first declared that all he had returned to England for was to maintain his right to be Duke of Lancaster. Richard was a guest within the limits of the lime and stone of Flint Castle. Bolingbroke addresses Northumberland :

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle ;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruined ears, and thus deliver.

This message was an assertion of his true allegiance, provided his banishment were repealed and his lands restored, with threats of a crimson tempest soon to drench the fresh green lap of Richard's country if this demand be not granted.

As the declining monarch showed himself upon the walls, York called out :

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear
As doth the blushing, discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the East,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yet looks he like a king.

Yes, and for a time he tried to talk like a king. He reprov'd Northumberland, threatened his enemies with the unseen but deadly armies of God omnipotent. Northumberland again states Henry's claim :

Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your majesty.

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Richard made fair promises, but immediately regretted it, and seemed plainly to see the hollowness of the whole business. He declared himself contented to exchange his palace for a heritage, his scepter for a walking staff :

And my large kingdom for a little grave,
 A little, little grave, an obscure grave ;
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head,
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I live.

In the great hall of William Rufus, spoken of in Macaulay's noble essay upon Warren Hastings, there was an assemblage of lords spiritual, lords temporal, and the Commons, all that goes to make up the English Parliament. Before this august body came Bolingbroke with his prominent supporters, and two at least who had been and still were loyal to the king.

There was high contention ; the name of Norfolk was used, and from the reply to the speaker we learn that he had many a time fought against the Saracens, streaming the ensign of the Christian cross ; had afterward retired—

To Italy, and there, at Venice, gave
 His body to that pleasant country's earth,



Richard, Bolingbroke, etc.

King Richard II, Act V, Scene ii.

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And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colors he had fought so long.

It is announced that Richard resigns the crown, adopting Bolingbroke as his "heir"; and the speaker, York, continues:

And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

No persuasion is needed, and Harry Hereford, son of old John of Gaunt, ascends the regal throne.

In a few minutes the uncrowned Richard comes in attended by officers, one bearing the head-piece of royalty. Richard is forced to give up his kingship, which he does with much wavering of mind and much anguish of heart:

With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown.
Long mayst thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit!

They then demand that he read and sign a paper containing an admission of grievous crimes done by himself and friends.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? . . .

Alack the heavy day,
That I have worn so many winters out,
And know not now what name to call myself!
O that I were a mockery king of snow,
Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
To melt myself away in water-drops!

Richard ended this speech by asking for a mirror, and Northumberland was so cruel as to insist upon his reading over that paper, else the Commons would not be satisfied :

K. Rich. ~~They shall be satisfied~~ : I'll read enough
 When I do see the very book indeed
 Where all my sins are writ—and that's myself.
 . . . O flattering glass,
 Like to my followers in prosperity,
 Thou dost beguile me ! Was this the face
 That every day under his household roof
 Did keep ten thousand men ?

He grew angry at the glass and dashed it to the ground, and he was soon taken from the hall *to the Tower*. When his queen visited him in prison he urged her—

To think our former state a happy dream,
 From which awaked, the truth of what we are
 Shows us but this : I am sworn brother, sweet,
 To grim Necessity ; and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. . . .

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France :

Think I am dead ; and that even here thou takest,
 As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.
 In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
 With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woeful ages long ago betid ;
 And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

To behold the scene which ends this strange, eventful history we must look into a dungeon at Pomfret Castle, and we shall find King Richard still moralizing, drawing out many strange comparisons to show himself to himself. His attention is attracted to something outside :

Music do I hear?

Ha, ha! keep time : how sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

Then for a time he holds up before his fevered fancy the notion of time, and how he himself was a sort of clock, telling the minutes and hours by his sighs and groans, till he again bursts forth :

This music mads me : let it sound no more ;
For, though it have help madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me,
For 'tis a sign of love.

A man who was once a poor groom of the king's stable, with much ado got leave to call and look upon his sometime royal master's face, and that was the last sign of love ever shown him. A king is a dangerous prisoner. The appointed slayer soon opened that dungeon door, the fatal blow was struck, the dead king to the living king was borne, and the curtain falls upon Richard II.

THE STORY OF HENRY IV, 1399-1413.

IN the previous story we read of the driving away of Richard II from his throne, and we know that the leader in this rebellion became Henry IV. Henry's most important helpers in this affair were the Percys—the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Worcester, and Henry Hotspur, son of Northumberland.

Not long after the death of Richard a great Welsh chieftain, Owen Glendower by name, having been injured in some manner by one of Henry's high officers in Wales, applied to the king for redress, but in vain.

The Welshman resolved to avenge himself by force of arms, and he drove from his land those who by force had taken possession of it. For this he was declared an outlaw; but, far from taking this treatment meekly, he greatly increased his pretensions.

He had always claimed to be a descendant of the last Welsh prince, and he now reached for the kingship of Wales and the independence of that little country of mountain and glen.

The fires of patriotism among the Welshmen had been only covered, not extinguished, and they gladly responded to Glendower's call.

When Henry led an army into Wales in 1401, the Welsh chieftain was too cunning to risk a pitched



HENRY. IV.

King Henry IV.
From an old engraving.

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battle. He fell back into the mountains, leaving his two allies, hunger and the climate, to drive away the English. In a second campaign King Henry was not more successful, for the rains raised the rivers and made them impassable, and somehow the flood was always between the king and the rebel chief. As a salve to his wounded pride, Henry tried to believe, and he said, that Glendower was in league with the elements.

At about this time there were serious disturbances in the north of England and two pitched battles fought, in both of which the English defeated the Scotch. At Holmedon Hill the day was won by the English archers alone, the knights not having had to draw their swords or raise their lances. The Percys—Northumberland, his brother Worcester, and his son Harry—had been prominent actors in this campaign, and the Earl of Northumberland marched to London with a great number of prisoners.

The dramatic history of Henry IV consists of the play called Henry IV, Parts I and II, preceded by a substantial and spirited opening in Richard II: the whole, in fact, constituting one great drama, interwoven with which is the end of the play of the unfortunate Richard, and much more than the beginning of that of the triumphant Henry V.

King Henry, not long after the events just hinted at, is sitting in a room of his palace with some of his courtiers. He alludes to some things in the past, and gives utterance to his high hopes for the future—these, however, never to be realized.

King. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
 Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
 And breathe short-winded accents of new broils,
 To be commenced in stronds afar remote.

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He then in an eloquent passage congratulates himself and his kingdom on the permanent close of those internal strifes that had so long harassed the land :

Those opposèd eyes,
 Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock
 And furious close of civil butchery,
 Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
 March all one way. Therefore, friends,
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ—
 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
 We are impressed and engaged to fight—
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields
 Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.

In the conversation which follows, the king learns that the discussion of ways and means, in his council the night before, to raise the funds for this march to Palestine, was broken off by the reception of—

A post from Wales loaden with heavy news;
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
 Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken.

Matching this tidings came word of the battle at Holmedon brought by a horseman,

Stained with the variation of each soil
between the battlefield and the capital city.

The "smooth and welcome news" concerned the slaughter of many thousand "bold Scots," and a number of noble prisoners taken by Hotspur—a conquest, Westmoreland told the king, for a prince to boast of:

King. Yea, there thou makest me sad, and
makest me sin

In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son—
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue,
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry.

This is the second time we have heard the crowned Bolingbroke lamenting over the ways of his "unthrifty son":

'Tis full three months since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent
With unrestrained, loose companions.

But now the sad father changes abruptly to the offended king:

What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? The prisoners,

Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps.

This unsoldierlike conduct, Westmoreland assures the king, is ~~the result of Worcester's~~ teaching :

Which makes him prune himself and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

The impatience of the king does not allow long waiting, and there is a lively interview between him and the Percys. He regrets his patience, which hath been smooth as oil—

And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.
Worcester. Our house, my sovereign liege, little
deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it ;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have help to make so portly.

For this bold rejoinder Worcester was given good leave to depart, as—

Majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

His brother, Northumberland, at this crisis interposed in defense—not of Worcester, but of “ Harry Percy here ” ; and Hotspur, thus introduced, spoke up for himself :

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble land at harvest home;
He was perfumed like a milliner,
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me: among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your Majesty's behalf.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what—
He should or he should not; for he made me mad
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
Of guns and drums and wounds (God save the
mark!)

The sweet-smelling lord also lectured the impatient Hotspur about the sovereign'st thing on earth for an inward bruise; about the pity of it that villainous saltpetre should be digged out of the harmless earth for the making of powder; and he even admitted that but for these vile guns he might have honored Hotspur's vocation himself and have been a soldier—which long discourse Hotspur stiled a "bold, unjointed chat."

This lusty defense the king declined to receive as conclusive, because Hotspur even yet would not give

up his prisoners except on condition that Henry would ransom Mortimer, whom the king charged with betraying

The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, damned Glendower.
No, on the barren mountains let him starve.

Percy tried to defend the character of Mortimer, his brother-in-law, but the king turned a very deaf ear, and he ended the interview with—

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer, and send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

The king and his train having gone, Hotspur broke loose again :

And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. Speak of Mortimer !
'Zounds ! I will speak of him ; and let my soul
Want mercy, if I do not join with him.

Worcester, who had come back after the king's leaving, added fuel to his nephew's fire and gave method to his madness by recalling the fact that Richard had declared Mortimer his heir :

Nay, then I can not blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starved.

After a time Worcester forces the impetuous speaker to take breath while he tells him of the plot —“ unclasps a secret book ”—to depose Henry. This Hotspur welcomes :

O! the blood more stirs

To rouse a lion than to start a hare; that it were an
easy leap:

To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon;

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threatens to have a starling trained to say just one
word—not “Nevermore,” but “Mortimer”—and give
it to the king; renounces all studies

Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;

and then Shakespeare makes him say what I hope he
never did say:

And that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales—

But that I think his father loves him not,

I'd have him poisoned with a pot of ale.

It will be well, before following the fortunes of these doughty folk, to become something better acquainted with this same Prince of Wales, who has excited Hotspur's contemptuous wrath, and who seems to stand so low in the appreciation of his own father. We can be quiet listeners while the prince and his companions engage in some very extraordinary “passes of pate,” and we shall be more likely to be found in taverns than in palaces.

Falstaff. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Henry. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and the seven stars,

and not by Phœbus. And I prythee, sweet wag, when thou art king—as, God save thy Grace—Majesty I should say, for grace thou wilt have none—

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, by my life.

Prince. Well, how then? come, roundly.

Fal. When thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon.

Prince. Thou say'st well, for the fortune of us that are moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now: a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning.

Fal. Shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

Prince. Thou judgest false already. I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. I would that thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not.

Prince. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O thou art able to corrupt a saint. Thou

hast done much harm upon me, Hal. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I'm a villain.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack? www.libtool.com.cn

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee—from praying to purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.

This dialogue was interrupted by the entrance of another "gentleman of the shade," by name Ned Pointz, who brought an answer to the prince's question concerning a purse. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. The prince declared that he would tarry at home, and Pointz asked Sir John to leave the prince and him alone that he might lay down reasons which would induce him to go. Falstaff took his departure with—

Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move and what he hears may be believed.

Pointz then unfolded to Prince Hal a jest which he was not able to execute alone; it was that Falstaff and three of his confederates should rob the travelers in the absence of the prince and Ned, who in their turn should in disguise set upon the thieves and carry off the booty; that the plot would be easy to carry

out, for two of them were as thoroughbred cowards as ever turned back. "The virtue of this jest will be the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper."

The plan was agreed to; Pointz went away to make the needed preparations; the prince, left alone, thinks aloud, and lets us see some features of a graver plot—his own way of life:

I know you all, and will awhile uphold
 The unyoked humor of your idleness;
 Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
 Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
 To smother up his beauty from the world,
 That, when he please again to be himself,
 Being wanted he may be more wondered at,
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
 And vapors that did seem to strangle him.
 If all the year were playing holidays,
 To sport would be as tedious as to work;
 But when they seldom come they wished-for come
 And nothing pleases but rare accidents.
 So, when this loose behavior I throw off
 And pay the debt I never promised,
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
 And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

We may not be satisfied with this as an excuse for the prince's plentiful sowing of wild oats, but we are

glad that he gives us at this stage even so brief a glimpse into his good intentions.

THE ROBBERY.
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The first act in what Pointz termed his "jest" is played on the road by Gadshill. They secretly remove Falstaff's horse and soon disappear.

Fal. Where's Pointz, Hal?

Prince. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company. I have forsworn his company any time this two-and-twenty year. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged. Pointz!—Hal!—a plague upon you both! a plague upon it when thieves can not be true one to another! Give me my horse, you rogues.

Here the prince came out of the bushes and told Falstaff to lay his ear close to the ground and list if he could hear the tread of travelers, to which the fat knight cautiously rejoined with the query, "Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down?"

The man on guard soon told them that their victims were coming down the hill; the prince told Falstaff with the other three to front them in the narrow lane, while he and Ned Pointz would walk lower; these two worthies went some little distance and put on their suits; they knew by the signs when "the thieves bound the true men"; they then robbed the

thieves and set out merrily for London, where the tale would be "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever."

We meet them next at the Boar's Head Tavern, where the king's oldest son was playing the part of waiter, and, as he told Pointz when he came, sounding the very base string of humility. He learned from listening to the waiters' talk that they called drinking deep, *dyeing scarlet*—a technical phrase somewhat like, in hue and meaning, the modern "painting red," but more poetic.

Falstaff and his three satellites reached the tavern in not very high feather, and in very bad humor.

Pointz. Welcome, Jack; where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say. Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague of all cowards! Is there no virtue extant? You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and growing old.

Prince. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that—and Pointz there—

Pointz. An you call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You care not who sees your back! Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!

There is more thrust and parry; Falstaff hurling out his candid opinion about cowards, and filling in with the marvelous story of his fight, single-handed, with robbers—two, four, seven—that thrust at him with might and main—~~nine, eleven~~—as his tardy valor flashed out; till three knaves in Kendal Green, came at his back; while to add to his peril it was so dark “thou couldst not see thy hand.”

Prince. These lies are like the father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable! How couldst thou know these men in Kendal Green when it was so dark? Come, tell us your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion! give a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.

After another mutual broadside of epithets not of the nicest, the prince turned big Jack's position. “Mark now, how a plain tale will put you down.” He then told him the story as we have heard it, and challenged his fertile mendacity to find a device to hide him “from this open and apparent shame.” Falstaff was equal to the demand.

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not kill the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct.

There was much more of this elaborate foolery, the best of which being the passage wherein Fal-

staff personates the king, and calls Prince Hal to account.

Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion. If, then, being son to me, here lies the point: why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch; this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince. What manner of man, an it like [if it please] your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and now I remember me his name is Falstaff. Harry, I see virtue in his looks: if, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, there is virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish.

Prince. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me and I'll play my father. There is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man. Why dost thou converse with that huge bombard of sack, that father ruffian, that vanity in years?

Fal. Whom means your Grace?

Prince. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old whitebearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say that I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old—the more the pity—his white hairs do witness it. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but for sweet, kind, true, valiant Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

This lively but not very princely amusement was broken in upon by the arrival of the sheriff; Falstaff hid behind the arras; Harry assured the officer that he would send the knight to answer any charge made against him; the sheriff took his leave; Pointz searched the pockets of the sleeping Sir John, and found a bill of five items; much the largest was sack, and much the smallest was bread:

Prince. Oh, monstrous! But one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good-morrow, Pointz.

Pointz. Good-morrow, good my lord.

REBELS IN COUNCIL.

At Bangor, in the archbishop's palace, four leaders of the uprising against King Henry are met: Hotspur, his uncle Worcester, Mortimer, and Glendower. They are dividing out England among themselves somewhat prematurely, like the man who sold the lion's hide while the lion still claimed it; and the comparison holds good to the end, for the man died, not the lion. With a map in his hand, Mortimer points out their several portions :

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east is to my part assigned ;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower ; and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.

They indulged in loud talk, some of it not pertaining to their present business. Glendower boasted that he was not in the rank of common men ; the earth shook like a coward at his birth. Hotspur pleasantly assured him that so it would have done at the same season if his mother's cat had kitted.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

To this Hotspur was ready with a natural explanation :

Oh, then, the earth shook to see the heavens on fire.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man; but will they come when you do call for them?

When the Welshman boasted of some culture in letters, of having framed many an English ditty, Hotspur warmly congratulated himself upon having no such faculty:

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

Before this stormy conference ended, Lady Percy, Hotspur's wife, and Lady Mortimer, the daughter of Glendower, enter the room to bid their husbands adieu. The Welsh lady speaks in her native tongue, which Mortimer says he can not understand. She weeps, and—

That pretty Welsh
Which thou pourest down from those two swelling
heavens,
(Her deep blue eyes) I am too perfect in.

The good-byes of Hotspur and his wife are not so tender, and soon the cry was, "To horse, and away!"

Now let us turn from these scenes to the palace, and overhear a conversation between King Henry and that scapegrace son who recently, we know, set out for the court:

King. I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe that thou art only marked

For the hot vengeance and the wrath of heaven
To punish my mistreadings.

Prince. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all offenses with as clear excuse
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal.

King. God pardon thee! Yet let me wonder,
Harry,
At thy affections which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wondered at ;
That men would tell their children, *this is he.*

“Loyal to possession” means, of course, faithful
to Richard, who—

Grew a companion to the common streets,
That being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey, and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded.
And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou ; not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself.

King. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurge;
And even as I was then is Percy now.

Prince. God forgive them that so much have
swayed
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.

King. A hundred thousand rebels die in this.
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

EASTCHEAP.

In order to keep upon Falstaff's track we must return to a place whence we have not been long absent.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not dwindle? Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn. Villainous company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you can not live long.

Fal. Why, there is it; come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; swore little; diced not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times—lived well, and in good compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life; thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern, but it is in the nose of thee.

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

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head; I never see thy face but I think upon Dives burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face, but thou art altogether given o'er, and but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt tavern and tavern.

And thus the big fellow evens up the fun made of his size by drawing upon his imagination, to set off his comrade's face. The hostess here entering, Falstaff inquires whether she yet knows who picked his pocket. She does not, though she has searched man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant. She is very nervous over the danger to her house's good reputation; a tithe of a hair being never lost there before.

Falstaff insists that his pocket was picked: "Go to, you are a woman, go."

Hostess. Who, I? no; I defy thee, I was never called so in mine own house before. I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John; and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it; I bought you a dozen shirts to your back.

Fal. I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolsters of them. But, shall I not take mine ease at mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?

The dispute was stayed for a time by the coming of Prince Henry and Pointz, but Falstaff came back to the charge and enumerated the things of value he had lost: "Three or four bonds of forty pounds apiece, and a seal ring of my grandfather's."

The landlady told the prince that Falstaff said he owed him a thousand pounds.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

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

Hostess. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prince. I say 'tis copper; darest thou be as good as thy word, now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

Prince. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion; dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father?

Prince. There's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty in this bosom of thine. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, if there was anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, I am a villain.

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Thou see'st I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?

Prince. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee; go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests; thou see'st I am pacified. Prythee, be gone. Now, Hal, to the news at court; for the robbery, lad, how is that answered?

Prince. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee; the money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

Prince. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands, too.

Prince. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? Oh, for a fine thief! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous.

The prince then appears in his other character—shall I not say his true character?—and sends Bardolph with letters to his brother, Lord John, and to Westmoreland; sends Pointz to prepare for a thirty-mile ride they must make ere dinner, and directs Falstaff to meet him on the morrow, to be assigned to his command, and to receive money for their furnishing, and makes his exit to the sounding rhyme:

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie.

THE REBEL CAMP.

We now take the war path ourselves, and transfer our post of duty to the north. Hotspur is in command. He and the Douglas are lauding each other with great spirit, when a messenger draws near.

Mess. These letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him! Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He can not come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. Zounds! How has he the leisure to be sick in such a justling time?

This impetuous soldier seems to have anticipated Admiral Nelson in the notion that there are times when a man has no business with a nervous system:

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect,
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

The letter said not only that Northumberland was sick, but that his friends could not so soon be assembled; that the earl could not lay so "dear a trust" as the command on any other soul; yet that with the force now under Hotspur he should "on"; no quailing now, for King Henry certainly knew all their plans.

Hotspur distilled some sweetness from the sour look of things :

Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

And Douglas agrees that it is better to have the old earl's troops as a reserve—"a sweet reversion"—so that they might venture boldly upon the hope of what is to come in; a home to fly to, Hotspur suggested,

If that the devil and mischance look big.

And in reply to Worcester's gloomier view of the situation :

I, rather, of his absence make this use :
It lends a luster and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise ;

while Douglas again seconds him with the assurance—

There is not such a word
Spoken in Scotland as this term of fear.

The coming of Sir Richard Vernon makes them know that the Earl of Westmoreland, with him

Prince John, and further, the king himself, are on the march.

Hotspur affirms they will all be welcome, and inquires specially for the madcap Prince of Wales.

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Ver. All furnished, all in arms ;
As full of spirit as the month of May.
I saw young Harry—with his beaver on,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vault it with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more ; worse than the sun in
March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
O, that Glendower were come !

Ver. There is more news ;
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He can not draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach
unto ?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be :
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.

At this time, in a public road, near Coventry, Falstaff may have been seen at the head of his

“charge of foot,” of which he admits he is ashamed ; and it is not strange that he is so. He outlines his mode of enlisting : “ I misused the king’s press, and got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders ; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked on the banns ; such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the devil as a drum ; and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth ; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace. You would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swinekeeping. I’ll not march through Coventry, that’s flat. There’s but a shirt and a half in all my company, but that’s all one ; they’ll find linen enough on every hedge.”

A PARLEY.

In front of the rebel camp the trumpet sounds a parley, and Sir Walter Blunt enters with a message from the king, to know the nature of their griefs, and promise pardon if they should no longer stand against anointed majesty. Hotspur, in reply, enumerates their causes of complaint with his usual directness ; and with more than his usual lack of reverence for his sovereign, recalls the time when he was a

poor unminded outlaw sneaking home, and the vow he made

Upon the naked shore of Ravenspurgh.

THE KING'S CAMP.

Having tarried long enough to see what was taking place in the army of those in revolt, let us use the advantage of being neutrals and pass over to the other side. The first thing we shall hear is a very beautifully worded report upon the weather :

King. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bosky hill ! The day looks pale
At his distemperature.

Prince Henry. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

King. Then with the losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.

This dialogue is broken into by the entrance of Hotspur's uncle, Worcester, and Sir Richard Vernon, upon whom the king turns :

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

Clearly he has forgotten the haughty style in which he gave Worcester "leave to leave" the royal presence.

Wor. Hear me, my liege :
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

We were the first and dearest of your friends.
 For you my staff of office did I break
 In Richard's time.

It was myself, my brother, and his son,
 That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
 The dangers of the time. In a short space
 It rained down fortune showering on your head ;
 And, from this swarm of fair advantages,
 You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
 To gripe the general sway into your hand,
 And, being fed by us, you used us so
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo-bird
 Useth the sparrow ; did oppress our nest ;
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
 We were enforced, for safety-sake, to fly
 Out of your sight.

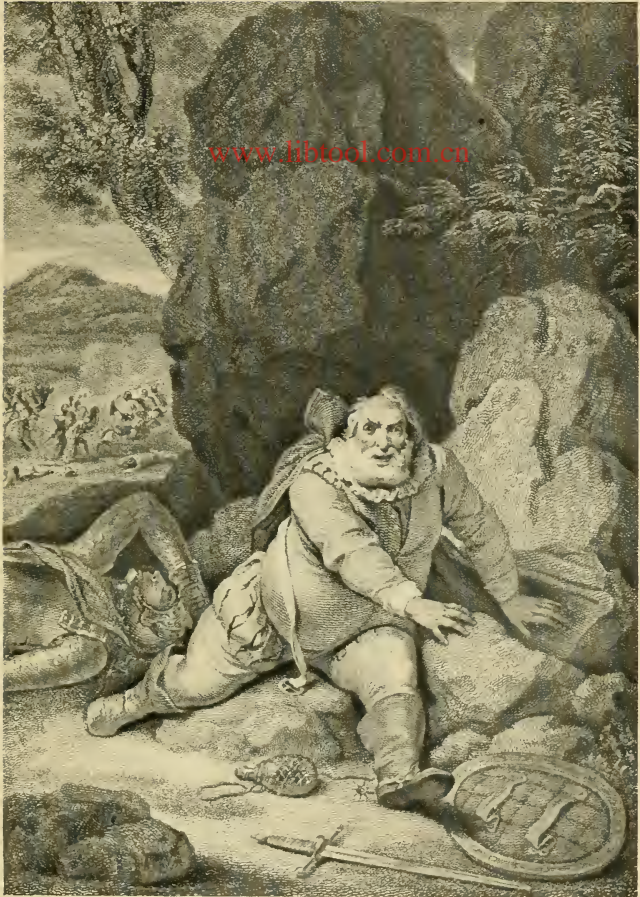
King. Never yet did insurrection want
 Such water-colors to impaint his cause.

Henry, continuing, offers free pardon to all who will take it, and dismisses the messengers to bear it to those who sent them. On the way, Worcester shows Vernon that it will never do to deliver the king's kindly proffer ; that they having been in revolt would be under suspicion all their lives :

For treason is but trusted like the fox,
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up,
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.

So they made a false report of what the king had said, though they fairly delivered Prince Henry's challenge to Hotspur to try fortune with him in a single fight, and thus save the blood on either side :

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Falstaff rising slowly.

King Henry IV—First Part, Act V, Scene iv.

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He gave you all the duties of a man ;
Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue ;
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle.

This news set Hotspur's eloquent tongue going while a first and a second messenger came, the latter with word that the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking ; only this :
Let each man do his best.

In the battle the two "dearest foes," Prince Henry and Hotspur, meet :

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

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

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

Hotspur is wounded, and falls, and dies :

Prince. Fare thee well, great heart !
This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

In a fight with Douglas, Falstaff had fallen to the ground, and by feigning death had saved his life. The prince sees Sir John yet in his place of shameful safety and naturally thought him dead :

What, old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !
I could have better spared a better man.

The prince then left that part of the field, and Falstaff rising slowly, discussed the situation :

'Twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie. To die is to be a counterfeit; but to counterfeit dying when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit. The better part of valor is discretion: in the which better part I have saved my life. 'Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead; how, if he should counterfeit, too, and rise? Therefore, I'll make him sure; and I'll swear I killed him. Why may he not rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

And Falstaff takes upon his back the body of the slain warrior, just as the brothers, Prince Henry and Lancaster, approach.

Lan. Soft! Whom have we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prince. I did: I saw him dead, breathless and
bleeding

Upon the ground—

Art thou alive? or is it fantasy

That plays upon our eyesight? I prythee, speak;

We will not trust our eyes without our ears;

Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain, I am not a double man. There is Percy! if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself.

Prince. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, Lord, how this world is

given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath; and so was he; but we both rose at an instant, and fought a long hour by the Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads.

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

Prince. This is the strangest fellow, brother John. Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back; For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.— The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.

For not carrying back a true message the king had Worcester and Vernon put to death; the prince, with his father's sanction, showed his admiration for brave deeds, though done by an enemy, by setting the noble Scot, Lord Douglas, free without ransom.

The army took up its line of march for York, under the command of Prince John and Westmoreland. Let us precede them and note how "old Northumberland" bears the bad news from Shrewsbury. Rumor, making the wind his post horse, is there already with false returns: that Prince Harry is slain, and both the Blunts; Prince John, a fugitive,

And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stooped his anointed head as low as death.

But the truth followed hard after in the person of Morton, one of Northumberland's own retainers, upon whose entrance the earl demanded:

How doth my son, and brother?

Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.

Morton. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son——

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!

Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye;

Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;

The tongue offends not that reports his death:

And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;

Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news

Hath but a losing office; and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remembered knolling a departed friend.

Of course, Morton must use his tongue as a sullen bell, and tell the father that his son is dead, completing his woful tale with the other happenings of the fatal field.

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well;

and he flew aloft in a pitch of verbal passion which he never made good by his deeds.

Lady Northumberland naturally opposed her lord's going into the revolt in person, and Hotspur's widow supported her with a sharp personal thrust:

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs :
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

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

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

Lady Percy. O yet, for God's sake, go not to
these wars !

The time was, father, that you broke your word,—
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?
There were two honors lost, yours and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it !

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the gray vault of heaven ; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts ; him did you leave
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage.

The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong :
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talked of Monmouth's grave.

The outcome of this domestic conference was, that Northumberland gave over his warlike intention, and withdrew to Scotland till the sky should be fairer.

WESTMINSTER.

Before the loyal troops come into sight of the archbishop and his army, King Henry spends a night in his palace at Westminster. His mind is troubled, and the chief nourisher at life's feast refuses to visit him :

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under their canopies of costly state,
 And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night
 Deny it to a king? Then happy lowly clown!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Warwick and Surrey enter this royal waking-sleeping room, with "good morrows."

King. Have you read over the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is.

War. It is but as a body yet distempered ;
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice, and little medicine.

King Henry here allowed his melancholy fancy to play round the ups and downs of human life; in his experience, a sea swallowing up the continents, at other times so shrunk that its beachy girdle was a world too wide; and he reached the sober-hued conclusion that the happiest youth, could he read the book of fate, would shut the book and sit him down and die.

Prominent before his meditative eye was the figure of Northumberland, ten years before a pillar of Richard's throne; then in a short time the chief agent in the oversetting of that throne, and the building of one for Bolingbroke, for Henry himself; now the mainspring of a revolt to pluck down Henry and set up Mortimer. The king has not heard of Northumberland's second failure to be where he was urgently needed :

King. They say the Bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It can not be, my lord ;
Rumor doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the feared. Please it, your Grace
To go to bed.
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
And these unseasoned hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel ;
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

It is pleasant to notice that the king has not, during these noisy times, forgotten the still voice of conscience, which bade him do something in atonement for the unlawful way in which he had come to the throne. He still purposes to go to the relief of Jerusalem.

The only body of rebels now in arms is the force under the archbishop. If we were admitted to his headquarters we should hear some discussions which would recall the days before the battle of Shrewsbury. What shall we do, now that our hopes in Northumberland are dashed to the ground ?

The Earl of Westmoreland comes with ceremonious greeting from "our general, the prince," and with a round unvarnished lecture for the archbishop :

Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touched ;
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutored ;
 Whose white investments figure innocence,
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace—
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ?

The armed churchman, in response, set forth the charges we have already heard against King Henry, with the new one that he was denied access to the royal presence when he wished to unfold his griefs.

The Duke of Norfolk, son of the duke who was banished along with Bolingbroke in Richard's time, joining in the complaint, Westmoreland denied him any inch of ground to build a grief on.

To make short a not very thrilling story—the king offered terms, these were agreed to by the rebel leaders, each side drank to the other's health and in token of their mutual love; the rebel troops disbanded with shouts of joy at the speedy and bloodless issue of the campaign, and took their courses homeward like children let loose from school; and then a base and tragic afterpiece to the play—the too trustful leaders who had placed themselves in Prince John's hands were arrested, charged with high treason, and led to the “block of death.”

Westmoreland posts off to bear the news to his sovereign:

There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting-up of day.

Yet the king is not happy. He complains that dame Fortune writes fair words in foul letters; she brings a feast to him who has no appetite; she tells good news when the recipient is “much ill,” and can not rejoice at it.

All the king's sons but Prince Henry are present with him in the Jerusalem chamber; and before this interview with Westmoreland his Majesty had in-

quired of Humphrey where his brother was, and expressed a much higher opinion of the prince than we have heard from him before this :

For he is gracious, if he be observed :
 He hath a tear for pity and a hand
 Open as day for melting charity ;
 Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint ;
 As humorous as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

Being told that the prince was dining in London with Pointz and other followers, the king took another saddened look at the picture his imagination painted of England as it would be when he should sleep with his ancestors. The Earl of Warwick pleaded the prince's cause ; that he was but studying his companions as he would the immodest words of a strange tongue, attained but put to no further use ; that in the fullness of time he would cast off his followers, but would use his knowledge of such people in dealing with their kind.

In a short time after these conversations King Henry is ill and reclining upon his bed :

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
 Unless some dull and favorable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

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

Prince HENRY *here enters.*

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

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

Prince. How now! rain within doors, and none
abroad :

How doth the king?

Glos. Exceedingly ill.

Prince. Heard he

The good news yet? tell't him.

Glos. He altered much

Upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords :

Sweet prince, speak low ;

The king, your father, is disposed to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

Prince. No, I will sit and watch here by the king.

Henry, left alone with his unconscious father, noticed the crown. This sign of royalty, or rather royalty itself, had so many nights kept the king awake, that it seemed strange now to see him so calmly resting with it on the pillow. He thought that this was something sounder than sleep: By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.

Prince Henry took the crown, and placing it upon his head, withdrew from the chamber. The king awoke and called aloud.

Warwick and the younger sons came hastily into the chamber.

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

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

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him.

He is not here.

Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

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

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—See, sons, what things you are!

WARWICK leaves the room and soon returns.

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown? Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry— Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. 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 honors

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

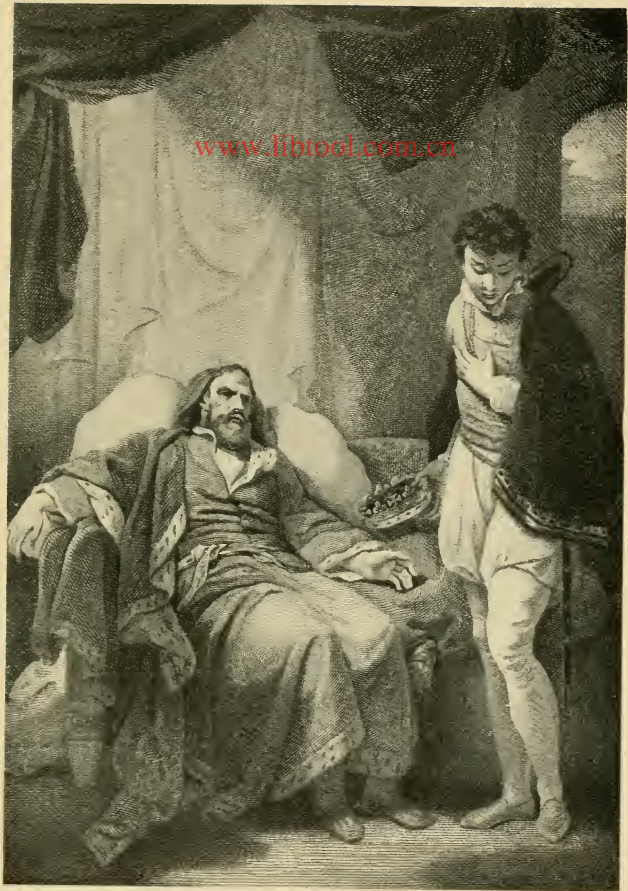
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind

That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offense.



King Henry IV and the Prince of Wales.

King Henry IV—Second Part, Act IV, Scene iv.

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Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Prince. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears
 I had forstalled this dear and deep rebuke
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;
 And He that wears the crown immortally
 Long guard it yours!

God witness with me, when I here came in,
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,
 How cold it struck my heart. If I do feign,
 O, let me in my present wildness die,
 And never live to show th' incredulous world
 The noble change that I had 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:
 Thou, most fine, most honored, most renowned,
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,
 Accusing it, I put it on my head.
 But, if it did infect my blood with joy,
 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!

King. O my son!

God 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. God 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,
 For all the soil of the achievement goes
 With me into the earth. It seemed in me
 But as an honor snatched with boisterous hand ;
 And I had many living to upbraid
 My gain of it by their assistances ;
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
 Wounding supposed peace : all these bold fears
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered ;
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene
 Acting that argument : and now my death
 Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchased
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.

Soon followed in this discourse a rule of action
 which the prince spent his crowned years in carrying
 out :

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
 May waste the memory of the former days.
 How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

Prince. My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it to me ;
Then plain and right must my possession be.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

It will be remembered that we left Sir John in the forests of Yorkshire, ending in base fashion a campaign against the rebels there.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father !

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

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare withered trunk.

Turning to Warwick, he asks :

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

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

King. Laud be to God ! even there my life must end.

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :
But bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

It was not long until in another room of the palace, in reply to a question of the chief-justice, Warwick informed him that the king had walked the way of nature ; his cares are now all ended.

Life's fitful fever over, Bolingbroke slept.

THE STORY OF FALSTAFF.

WHILE giving our attention to the final scenes which the great artist has drawn for us in the career of Henry IV, we have left Falstaff in the waiting-room. Let us now go back to some scenes in which the big knight was a leading actor—at least a leading talker. And, perhaps, from the story-teller's point of view, it will be better hence to follow him so far as his part is played before the curtain till it reach a close, not heroic indeed, but not lacking in pathos.

The last we saw of Sir John Falstaff was his serio-comic exploit in carrying off the body of the slain Hotspur, and claiming, without a blush, to have himself given the quietus to that doughty warrior.

Not long after this modest performance, the war still progressing, we see him in a London street, strolling heavily along, a diminutive page, whom he pleasantly addresses, "You giant!" bearing his sword and buckler.

Falstaff. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee

into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver; but in vile apparel and send you back again to your master.—What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak?

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

Fal. A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand and then stand upon security! I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security*. I looked he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse. But, sir, there comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Enter the CHIEF JUSTICE and ATTENDANT.

Chief Justice. What's he that goes there?

Attendant. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

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

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

It seems evident that the prince had not contradicted Falstaff's fine invention about his hour-long duel with Hotspur.

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

Att. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

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

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow.

Att. Sir John—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side.

Att. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man?

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

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged.

Att. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

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

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad. I heard say your lordship was sick. I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.

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

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

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty ; you would not come when I sent for you.

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

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

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a tingling.

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

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study ; it is a kind of deafness.

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

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well ; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

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

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient.

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

Fal. I would my means were greater and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound : your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gadshill. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is a light coin, but he that looks upon me will take me without weighing. You that are old consider not the capacities of

us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls.

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

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something of a round belly. For my voice—I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding.

For the box of the ear that the prince gave you—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord.

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

Fal. God send the companion a better prince!

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I can not last ever: but it was always yet the

trick of our British nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

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

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

Sir John's effrontery was equal to his bulk, and his coolness exceeded that of the polar zone. His available funds did not increase at all as the result of this appeal, and the chief justice passed on his way. Falstaff commented upon the close kinship of age and covetousness; which calls to mind that Byron commended to himself avarice as an old-gentlemanly vice.

Fal. Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.

This gout plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything.

ANOTHER STREET SCENE.

Since Falstaff's purse was so near to emptiness, and the calls upon it were growing louder, we are not surprised at hearing a brawl in the street, and the "fat rascal" a leading actor. His hostess thinks forbearance no longer a sweet and commendable thing, and calls the law to her aid. It comes in the suggestive persons of Master Fang and his follower, Constable Snare, with a warrant to arrest Sir John. "I am undone by his going," said the dame, "he's an infinitive thing upon my score." "A hundred mark is a long score for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne." "Yonder he comes, and that arrant knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices."

Fal. How now! what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets! Keep them off, Bardolph!

At this interesting moment the Chief Justice again appears.

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho! How now, Sir John! Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he's arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for

all, all I have; he hath eaten me out of house and home.

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

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

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor—to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarly with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

Instead of admitting or denying, Falstaff resorted to a mode of defense, common with him—an unblushing lie; but the justice assured him that his manner of wrenching the true cause the false way was a thing well known, and urged upon him to pay dame Quickly the debt he owed her, and unpay the villainy he

had done her—the one with sterling money, the other with current repentance.

Falstaff, having a chance to talk to the plaintiff in the case, with a little well-aimed flattery induced her to withdraw the suit—and to lend him ten other pounds upon her score.

STILL IN THE STREET.

In order to carry on our story with Falstaff for a while yet as leading character, we must not fail to overhear part of a conversation in a London street between Prince Henry and Pointz; and we shall observe that the former intersperses his soldierlike duties with amusements of the old fashion :

Prince. Before God, I am exceedingly weary.

Pointz. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

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

Prince. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as one for superfluity, and one other for use!

Pointz. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many

good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is.

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Pointz. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

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

Pointz. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you may tell.

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

Pointz. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

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

Pointz. The reason?

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Pointz. I should think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. And what accites your worshipful thought to think so?

Pointz. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Right here Bardolph joins the small group with "God save your grace!" To this the prince rejoins, and inquiring after the health of Bardolph's master, is told that Falstaff is well and has sent his grace a letter. Upon Bardolph's further assurance that Falstaff is in bodily health, Pointz with much truth declares that it is the immortal part that needs a physician.

In the letter Falstaff, in rather pompous style, warns the prince against Pointz because that person misuses the prince's favors. He exhorts the prince to repent at idle times, and signs himself—

Thine, JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters; and SIR JOHN with all Europe.

Pointz read the letter, following it with the declaration that he would steep the document in sack and make Falstaff eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? Must I marry your sister?

Pointz. God send the wench no worse fortune! But I never said so.

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

From Bardolph's answer to this question the prince learns that Falstaff is at the old place, the Eastcheap tavern, taking supper with Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet; and to play the fool still with the time, he proposes that they assume some disguise and

see Falstaff show himself in his true colors. Pointz needs no coaxing. "I am your shadow, my lord," and suggests that they put on leather jerkins and aprons and wait on the table. So they sent Bardolph to arrange matters. www.libtool.com.cn

The trio at the table are amusing themselves without much regard for decency or diction when the arrival of a fourth, Ensign Pistol by name, is announced. His welcome is not warm, for Doll has spoken of him as "swaggering," a word of ill sound to the dame, though of its meaning she is ignorant.

Host. If he swagger let him not come here; I must live among my neighbors; I'll no swaggerers; I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

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

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me—'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last—*Neighbor Quickly*, says he; master Dumb, our minister, was by then; *Neighbor Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for*, says he, *you are an honest woman and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive.* *Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here; you would bless you to hear what he said; no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound; he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says *swagger*; feel, mistress, how I shake.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an'twere an aspen leaf.

The ensign, or ancient, as they called him, with Bardolph and the page, added themselves to this collection of choice spirits; drinking, quarreling, and some sham fighting followed, and finally Pistol is turned out of doors. Falstaff, as usual, is brave after the event, and reminds Doll how the rogue fled from him like quicksilver; to which she rejoins, I' faith, and thou follow'st him like a church. To this rather squinting compliment she joins a bit of good advice—to leave off his various bad habits and begin to patch up his old body for heaven.

Here Prince Henry and Pointz, disguised as drawers, or waiters, enter the dining room. They wished to find out how Sir John behaved when, so far as he knew, they were not in hearing nor in seeing, and how he talked of them. They soon learned.

Dol. Sirrah, what humor's the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; 'a would have made a good pantler; 'a would ha' chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Pointz has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and 'a plays a quoits well, and swears with a good grace, and such other gambol faculties 'a has that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scale between their avoirdupois. Some sack, Francis.

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir. [Advancing.
Pointz. }

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's? And art not thou Pointz his brother?

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

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

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

Their disguises did not prove very efficient, as Falstaff had detected their likeness to themselves, and now the hostess exclaimed: "By my troth, welcome to London! Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine!" and Falstaff hastily seconded the *welcome to London*.

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

Prince. You candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

The prince crammed this very Falstaffian defense into Sir John's mouth to prevent his setting it up, and thus to put him to the use of his powers of invention. Falstaff is surprised into a momentary spell of truthfulness.

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

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

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honor; no abuse.

Prince. Not—to dispraise me, and call me pantler and bread chipper?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Pointz. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; in which doing I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; none, Ned, none.

“Pure fear and entire cowardice” has led him to denounce his companions as of the wicked, and he fortifies his position with instances. One of the minor charges is that the hostess has suffered flesh to

be eaten in her house contrary to the law, and against this she pleads, "All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?"

The discussion is interrupted by a knocking at the door and the entrance of *Peto* with news.

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

Prince. By heavens, Pointz, I feel me much to blame
So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—*Falstaff, good night.*

This speech of the prince had more significance than Falstaff knew of. That word was their sign of parting. This is the end of their frolics. Their next meeting and their last one was anything but a "merry sport."

Soon after Prince Henry's departure there is knocking at the door, and Bardolph, who had gone with the prince, returns with orders for Falstaff to repair to the court.

Fal. Farewell, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on.

IN GLOSTERSHIRE.

Falstaff, it seems, had a commission to recruit soldiers in Glostershire. In that county was an old friend of his, Shallow by name,—Justice Robert Shallow,—who had half a dozen sufficient men ready for Sir John's inspection; a man's acceptance being signified by pricking a hole through the paper opposite his name. We shall find that Falstaff's views upon the sort of "food for powder" he would command have not changed for the better since he refused to "march through Coventry."

Shallow and his cousin Silence are engaged; the one in spinning yarns about the wild-oats sowing of his youth, the other in meekly listening, when Silence announces the arrival of two of Falstaff's men, and Bardolph with a comrade enters.

Bar. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure?

Bar. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. How doth the good knight? May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

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

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed, too. Better accommodated! it is good; yea, indeed, it is; good phrases are surely, and ever

were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good, a good phrase.

Bar. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is—being—whereby—a man be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. Welcome, good Sir John!

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think?

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my Cousin Silence in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace. Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men? Let me see them.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! Things that are mouldy lack use; very singular good. In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said. For the others—let me see—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under; he's like to be a cold soldier. Shadow will serve for summer; prick him, for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Francis Feeble.

Feeb. Here, sir.

Fal. Courageous Feeble, thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.

Feeb. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green.

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! Good, my lord captain—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A cold, sir; a cough, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown.

Shal. 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.

Shal. That we have, that we have; in fact, we have. Come, let's to dinner. Jesu, the days that we have seen!

The knight, the squire, and his amiable cousin having gone to dinner, Bardolph conducts the financial part of the business.

Bull. Good master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends.

Moul. And, good master Corporal Captain, for my

old dame's sake, stand my friend; you shall have forty, sir.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death; no man's too good to serve his prince; ~~wand he that dies this~~ year is quit for the next.

Upon Falstaff's return, a confidential word from Bardolph procured the release of those who had paid for it, though they were, in the opinion of Justice Shallow, his likeliest men. He took Shadow because he presented no mark to the enemy, and Feeble because he would be so excellent in a retreat.

Shallow and Silence soon withdrew, Sir John sent away Bardolph with the recruits, and lingered for a soliloquy—

Fal. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and every third word a lie. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring; he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; 'a was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible; 'a was the very Genius of famine; 'a came ever in the rearward of the fashion. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me. Let time shape, and there an end.

IN THE FOREST.

After the dispersion of the army of revolt, and Lancaster's order to pursue the scattered host, Falstaff, who, it ~~may be assumed, has~~ joined with deliberation in the chase, has an adventure in the woods.

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

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough; so shall you still be Colevile of the Dale.

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

Prince John of Lancaster, with several of his fellow officers, appeared just then with a word of sharp reproof.

Lan. Falstaff, where have you been all this while? When everything is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; and here, travel-stained as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a

most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? He saw me and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome—*I came, saw, and overcame.*

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it; if you do not all show 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 show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

Lan. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

Lan. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me hither: had they been ruled 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 gratis.

They all depart, leaving Falstaff alone with the trees, to which congregation he delivers his private opinion of Lancaster: A sober-blooded, demure boy, who can not be made to laugh, and that for the simple reason that he drinks no wine, but keeps his blood overcool with thin beverages. Starting with this pertinent example of the evil results of absti-

nence, a fault to which he was never himself addicted, he lectures with fine analytic art upon the twofold virtue of sherry, how it ascends to the brain, dries the dull and crudy vapors that environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, and full of nimble and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the tongue, become excellent wit; how it warms the blood, which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, the badge of cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme; it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the Heart, who, great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris, that he's 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.

This discourse being ended, Falstaff set out for Glostershire to visit Master Shallow, with designs upon that worthy's pantry and purse. We are al-

lowed to hear their conversation after Sir John has been at Shallow's house for some time, and talks, at least, of taking leave.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night.

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Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. Come, come, 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. Come, Sir John.

And Shallow makes his exit.

Fal. If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justicelike serving-man. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing out of six fashions—which is four terms, or two actions—and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you

shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shallow, who had left the room some minutes before, now calls Sir John again, and with an *I come*, *Master Shallow*, Falstaff follows his host to the garden, whither Silence and Bardolph have preceded them :

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways, and so forth.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John ; marry good, sir. By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper.

Sil. 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide,
Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

*A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine ;
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry! now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

Sil. *Fill the cup, and let it come ;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

This song is broken off by the entry of a messenger with the announcement—

An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth;

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door; the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day! I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night. O, sweet Pistol. Away, Bardolph! Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good. Boot, boot, Master Shallow; I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

This group of eager fellows allowed no grass to grow under their horses' feet, but pushed for London in a fever of confident expectation. We next see them in a street near Westminster Abbey, waiting to see the royal procession come from the coronation:

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow : I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me ! [To Shallow.] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better ; this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him ; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Shouts and the blast of trumpets are heard, and the king with his train in stately fashion marches by.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal ! my royal Hal !

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame !

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy !

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

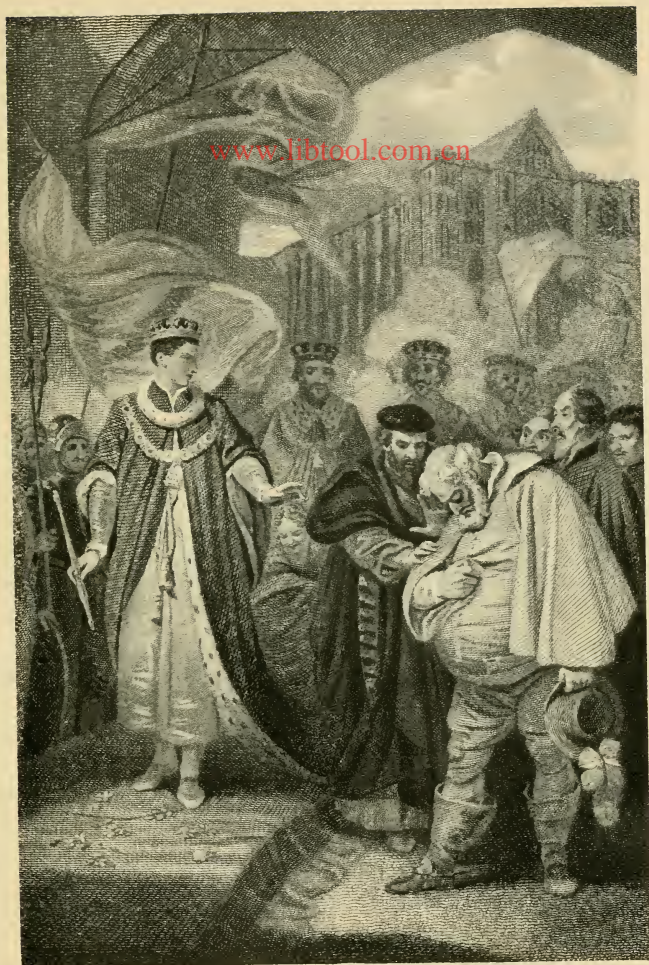
There is probably not in all literature, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive of, a more startling example of a peal of thunder from a clear sky than this quiet remark of King Henry.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
 I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
 So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane;
 But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
 Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
 Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
 For thee thrice wider than for other men.
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
 Presume not that I am the thing I was;
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
 That I have turned away my former self;
 So will I those that kept me company.
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
 Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.
 For competence of life I will allow you,
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
 We will, according to your strength and qualities,



King Henry, Falstaff, etc.

King Henry IV—Second Part, Act V, Scene v.

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Give you advancement.—Be't your charge, my lord,
To see performed the tenor of our word.
Set on.

The king with his train passed on, and Falstaff made a surprising admission :

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I can not perceive how, unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a color.

Shal. A color, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Shallow had not time to spoil his good pun by explaining it, for the Chief Justice appears again upon the scene with some officers, who at his orders carry poor old Jack to the Fleet prison, and all his company along with him. Alas, poor Falstaff ! “ a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? ” Not one now ? Not one.

It is the old place, the Eastcheap tavern. Ancient Pistol is now landlord, having married Dame Quickly. A boy comes in with the message : “ Mine host Pistol,

you must come to my master—and you, hostess—he is very sick, and would to bed.”

The hostess sets out to his relief, saying the king has killed his heart; returning, hurriedly, with the plea: “As ever you came from women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.”

Only Pistol went with her. When they return we hear him announcing that Falstaff is dead.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. [The kind soul confuses Arthur and Abraham.] 'A made a fine end, and went away: 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *How now, Sir John?* quoth I; *what, man! be o' good cheer.* So a' cried out, *God, God, God!* three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were cold as any stone.

This was at the turning of the tide, and he went away.

Unless the early religious training of the reader

who has been keeping the excellent bad company of the big knight has been neglected, he has noticed evidences on Falstaff's part of some acquaintance with the Scriptures. The old knight refers to Pharaoh's lean kine; to the great law that a tree is known by its fruit; he speaks of Dives that lived in purple; he is in entire accord with David about the proneness of the world to lying; he likens his poverty to Job's; and he so misuses the power given him by the king to impress soldiers that his recruits were ragged as Lazarus—prodigals lately come from swine feeding. In the state of innocency Adam fell, he pleads; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy? Like Adam, he falls, and heavily in proportion to his weight; and after a while he declares, with perhaps a few allaying drops of sincere regret, that he has forgotten what the inside of a church is made of. But a time comes, as we have just seen, when he has lost his best friend; he has drunk his last cup of sack; his wit has sent out its last flash; he is approaching his end, and he knows it.

Very naturally he is fearful of the unseen Powers; he turns one of the seldom-used leaves of his memory for possible consolation; he finds a passage and administers its flattering unction to his soul: "The Lord is my shepherd; he maketh me to lie down in green pastures"; or, as Dame Pistol went into the other room and told it, "a babbled of green fields."

Falstaff, good night!

THE STORY OF HENRY V, 1413-1422.

WE feel that we are growing pretty well acquainted with Henry V. As a young man he evidently had not much love for the society of those whom he met in the palace. He seemed much to prefer the wild riot of the tavern and the boisterous humor of his jolly companions; the innocent pranks they played upon each other, and the practical jokes, not always innocent, with which they troubled other people. At times, though, he raises the mask of the buffoon and lets us see clearly that the prince behind it is but playing the fool with the time, and listening to "the spirits of the wise." If he loved Falstaff's wit, millions of excellent people have felt the same touch of nature; and when companionship with this great prince of humorists promised to be a clog on the free stride of the king of England, it was abruptly brought to an end—*Falstaff, good night!*

The king's repulse of his old companion, followed by that terrible lecture he gave him, seems at first thought, perhaps at second thought, heartlessly cruel; but it may have been necessary. Falstaff scarcely



King Henry V.

From a miniature in a book in the library at C. C. C., Cambridge.

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took it in earnest; and one of the strangest things in the mental vision of this queer compound of wit, of humor, of geniality, and sensualism is that he did not foresee that there must be any change in their relation when Prince Hal should mount the throne.

The death of Henry IV was announced in a room of the palace at Westminster to a sorrowful group—the Chief Justice, Westmoreland, and the brothers of the young king—and their sorrow was mingled with keen anxiety about their personal future. Especially was this true of the Chief Justice, so that he declared:

I would his majesty had called me with him.

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

Lan. Though no man be assured what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation.

Ch. Just. Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in
honor.

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

This mournful conversation was brought to an end by the entrance of the king their new master:

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your maj-
esty!

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

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds.

But Harry Harry.

Then followed a very brotherly and princely speech, which must have brought cheer to the hearts of Lancaster, Gloster, and Clarence, and what was less to be expected, after startling the Justice into still deeper waters of affliction by an assumed harshness, he assured him of his royal approval, and committed into his hands—

Th' unstained sword that you have used to bear,
 With this remembrance—that you use the same
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
 As you have done 'gainst me.

He announces his good intention to prove false all the evil prophecies which the world had made about him—the world, which judges after one's “seeming.”

The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flowed in vanity till now :
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea.

That the king carried into act his high resolves we have the certificate of the Archbishop of Canterbury :

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seemed to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an angel, came,
 And whipped th' offending Adam out of him.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made.
 Hear him but reason in divinity,
 You would desire the king were made a prelate.
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music.

Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.

Another learned divine proposed an explanation of the wonder that such a scholar should come from such a school as the one where we have seen him a pupil :

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality ;
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night.

KING HENRY AND FRANCE.

The young king went to these two keepers of his conscience to have them solve, "justly and religiously unfold," a great problem of state—his right to the throne of France. He desired to know whether his title was dressed in the native color of truth, warning them to take heed how they awoke the sleeping sword of war. Like many other ministers of peace, even in more peaceful times, their voice was still for war :

Stand for your own : unwind your bloody flag :
Look back unto your mighty ancestors !
You are their heir ; you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins ;

and they rehearsed the stirring story of the Black Prince's great fight in France, his grim father look-

ing smilingly on. For the sinews of a great war in France they promised, on the part of the church, a mightier sum than the clergy had ever at one time brought in to any one of the king's ancestors.

Henry, yielding not reluctantly to their words of persuasion, resolved upon an invasion of the kingdom over the Channel, but recalled his great-grandfather's experience as a lesson to himself. The Scots, it seems, had an unpleasant way of timing their visits in arms into the southern half of the island, so as to pour, like the tide into a breach, when the English king and his army were away. Westmoreland quoted a very old and true saying to sustain the king's position that they must also defend against the Scot, adding:

For, once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking.

The king's plans are formed for home protection and for conquest abroad:

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces;

which hardy conclusion was made more stern by the king's resentment aroused by the impudent joke of the French Dauphin, who sent Henry a quantity of tennis-balls. The inference intended to be drawn from this "merry sport," as Shylock would term it, was that the young English king was better fitted for the tennis-court than the tented field.

Henry's message in reply fairly smoked with anger :

And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
 Hath turned his balls to gun-stones ; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them ; for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock, mock out of their dear husbands,
 Mock mothers from their sons ; mock castles down ;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 So, get you hence in peace.

FRANCE.

If we follow the bearer of this pleasant communication we hear King Henry's traits discussed by the enemy :

Dau. My most redoubted father ;
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe ;
 And let us do it with no show of fear ;
 No, with no more than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :
 For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. You are too much mistaken in this king :
 And you shall find his vanities foespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

The French King calls up the familiar figure of the Black Prince of Wales and refers to the fact that King Henry is a stem of that victorious stock, is bred out of that bloody strain.

With little delay comes Exeter with King Henry's "greeting" to the King of France :

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories, that, by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint : for, if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will be rake for it :
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him : What to him from England ?

Exe. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will ; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it.
And, be assured, you'll find a difference
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now—now he weighs time,

Even to the utmost grain : that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

“THE HUMOR OF IT.”

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It must not be thought, since Falstaff appears no more upon these scenes, that wit, humor, and burlesque died with him. Pistol survives and improves. He edifies his companions with frequent quotations from the plays which he hears at the theaters, and sometimes discharges a witty saying of his own. He is not a friend to Corporal Nym, they enjoy many a safe battle of words, and sometimes go even to the extreme of drawing their weapons, but never risk using them.

Nym is something of a philosopher ; he belongs to the school of fatalists, and believes things must be as they may. With his mind on Pistol, he reflects that men may sleep, and that they may have their throats about them at the time ; and he recalls a fact in regard to cutlery, that knives have edges.

Bardolph declares that he would pay the cost of a breakfast to make friends of these two, so that they might be three sworn brothers, a mutual benefit organization with an eye to plunder, in France, whither they were about to go.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live as long as I may, that's the certain of it ; and when I can not live any longer, I will die as I may : that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. How now, mine host Pistol ?

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me—host?
Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term.

Bard. Good lieutenant—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Hostess. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up thy sword.

Nym. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier; and that's the humor of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.

Bard. Hear me what I say. He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humor of it.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humor of it.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

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King Henry and his train before the gate of Harfleur.

King Henry V, Act III, Scene iii.

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
 And friendship shall combine and brotherhood;
 I'll live by *Nym*, and *Nym* shall live by me;
 Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
 Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humor of it.

The humor of it requires us to remember that *nym* means to take, to steal; the reason for Pistol's desire for office shows us that in this mutable world some things remain fixed.

HARFLEUR.

We may yield our imaginations to the touch of the chorus in the play and see the king embark at Hampton; the ship-boys climbing upon the hempen tackle; the sails borne with the invisible wind drawing the huge ships through the furrowed sea; a majestic fleet, looking like a city dancing on the inconstant billows, but holding a due course to Harfleur. We shall see the English troops going ashore; a siege soon, the nimble gunner touching off the cannon whose fatal mouths gape upon the girdled city, and after some vain attempts at storming have been made, we shall hear the ringing commands of Henry:

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility :
 But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage :
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height ! On, on, you noble English !
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war ! And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt
 not ;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot :
 Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
 Cry—*God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !*

The verbal accompaniment of the siege was not all rendered in this high key, for Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and a very precocious boy were actors, at least in the *oral* part ; besides these there were certain others, notably the Welshman, Fluellen, who will not fail to call for attention.

Bard. On, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay ; the knocks are too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives.

Perhaps Nym would have willingly risked one out of a "case" of them, but he reminds the corporal that the number is limited.

Pist. Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield, in bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.

This warlike poetry of Pistol's suggested to the boy that better part of valor known as discretion. For drooping and dying he had no taste:

Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Flu. Got's plood! Up to the preaches, you rascals.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
 Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

And these men of war go off together, possibly in the direction of the "preach," while the boy lingers to give them a sort of rearward introduction:

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best [bravest] men; and, therefore, he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward.

The attempt to take Harfleur by direct assault could not have been successful, for we are soon called to see the governor and citizens on the walls, King Henry and his "power" below and on the outside:

King. How yet resolves the governor of the town? This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves, Or, like to men proud of destruction, Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier, (A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best), If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The king, continuing, drew a blood-chilling picture of the horrors which would surely attend and follow a successful assault; the governor replied that they had been looking for aid from the Dauphin, that they now gave it up and yielded their town and themselves to Henry's "soft mercy." The English conqueror garrisoned the city, and as winter was coming on and sickness spread among his soldiers, after a brief rest he set out for Calais.

ROUEN.

As the pages of history furnish extended proof, this retirement of the English army toward Calais was not a pleasure excursion. Before it was concluded one of the most renowned battles of the world was fought, and "lost and won." If we go to the city of Rouen and find admittance into a certain room of the palace, occupied for the time by the King, the Dauphin, the Constable of France, and the Duke of Bourbon, we shall hear something from the enemy.

The topic of conversation between the King of France and his advisers was what they should do:

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath passed the river
Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

The use of the word "vineyards" sent the Dauphin to the art of horticulture for his metaphor, and he wished to know whether a few wild French sprouts—the Normans, grafted upon a savage stock, the Saxons—should be allowed to shoot up into the clouds and look down upon the gardeners who had grafted them; and the Duke of Bourbon declared that unless they fought the English he would sell his dukedom and buy a dirty farm,

In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can barley-broth
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat,
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty?

Bour. Our madams say our grace is in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

This sharp prodding had its effect upon the king, and drew forth a message of sharp defiance to be borne to King Henry by Montjoy the herald, and a summons to the long roll of high dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights, to wipe away their shame, and

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur :
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famished in their march ;
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.
 [Instead of beating us, buy his own safety.]

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on
 Montjoy

And let him say to England, that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.

THE ENGLISH CAMP.

Let us follow the herald and see how he delivered
 his message, and how it was received :

Mont. Thus says my king : Say thou to Harry of
 England, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but
 that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it
 were full ripe : now we speak upon our cue, and our
 voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see
 his weakness, and admire [wonder at] our sufferance.
 Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom, which must
 proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we
 have lost, the disgrace we have digested. For our losses,
 his exchequer is too poor ; for the effusion of our blood,
 the muster of his kingdom too faint a number ; and,
 for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet,
 but a weak and worthless satisfaction.

King. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
 And tell thy king, I do not seek him now ;
 But could be willing to march on to Calais
 Without impeachment [disturbance].
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessened ; and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am ;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk ;
 My army but a weak and sickly guard ;
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself, and such another neighbor
 Stand in our way.

Montjoy took his leave. Gloster expressed the hope that the enemy would not attack immediately, to which utterance the king piously rejoined :

We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
 March to the bridge ; it now draws toward night.
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves.

This bridge to which the king referred was over the small river of Ternois. There was a smart skirmish, the French were routed by the English advance, and the bridge held till the army passed over.

Some of our acquaintances whom we saw last at the "preach," we meet again at the "pridge."

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen ! come you from the bridge ?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon: he is not—Got be praised and plessed!—any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ancient there at the pridge. I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Ancient Pistol.

Right here Pistol enters, and without a minute's pause,

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay! I praise Got.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valor, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,—
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling, restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, Ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a be:
For Exeter hath given the doom of death.
Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why, then rejoice therefore.

The good captain did not feel the thrust at his powers of apprehension in Pistol's last shot; but the discipline of the wars made him refuse to interfere, much to Pistol's disgust, who went off in a rage, something in his manner recalling him to Gower's memory :

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But I tell you what, Captain Gower,—I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.

The Welshman uses the same metaphor for a blemish in character that the great song writer of the ages put into his rhyme :

If there's a hole in a' your coats, I rede ye tent it,
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes, and faith! he'll prent
it.

The king approaching asked Fluellen about the state of things at the bridge, and learned :

th' athversary was have possession, but is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great: marry, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one

that is like to be executed for robbing a church,—one Bardolph, if your majesty knows the man.

King. We would have such offenders so cut off.

This is the ~~end of poor Bardolph~~ end of poor Bardolph; he is gone after Falstaff, "wheresomever he is."

THE NIGHT BEFORE AGINCOURT.

When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out,

and he illustrates this doctrine by the fact that their present bad neighbors, the French, made them early risers, and also preached to them of their latter end.

Disguised in the cloak of one of his officers King Henry spends the rest of the night in a solitary patrol of his camp. Meeting Pistol, that interesting warrior would learn his name:

King. Harry *le Roi*.

Pist. Le Roy! A Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

We may recollect that he is greatly out of humor with Fluellen. Leaving his name to reinforce his threat, Pistol goes on his way just in time to miss Fluellen himself and Gower, who meet in the hearing of *le Roi*, but do not observe him. Fluellen discourses upon his favorite theme, the "ceremonies of the wars." Upon their departure, Bates, Court, and Williams are heard in conversation :

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder ?

Bates. I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there ?

This challenge was addressed to King Henry, as, in his rounds, he came into the dim light of the pale streaks of day just beginning to break, and the response was : "A friend."

Will. Under what captain serve you ?

King. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Any signs of royalty, if the king wore them, were concealed under Sir Thomas's cloak.

Will. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

King. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

King. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element ^{of the earth} [the sky] to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here [safe out of this].

King. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

King. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks, I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honorable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Court. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king him-

self hath a heavy reckoning to make. I am afeared there are few die well that die in battle; and if they die not well it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it.

King. There is no king, be his cause never so spotless, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of contrived murder; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery, and though they can outstrip men they have no wings to fly from God. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier wash every mote out of his conscience, and, dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

King. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

King. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun: you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

King. Your reproof is something too round.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

King. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

King. There.

After some further talk the soldiers go on their way. This little shade of a quarrel savors slightly of the days of Prince Hal. We shall see by and by what comes of it. The king, alone, again thinks aloud upon the great question just stirred :

Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,
 Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
 Our sins, lay on the king ! We must bear all.
 O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness.
 What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy !

No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose :
 I am a king that find thee ; and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of the world,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
 Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest.

Here appears Sir Thomas Erpingham :

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

King. Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent :
 I'll be before thee.
 O God of battles ! steel my soldiers' hearts ;
 Possess them not with fear ! take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them ! Not to-day, O Lord,
 O, not to-day ! Think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown !

THE FRENCH CAMP.

While this council of war is holding at King Henry's quarters we may pass over to where the Dauphin, Orleans, and other French officers are coming forth from their luxurious tents, full of ardor for the work of the day to begin, and not troubled with any fears as to how it may end. A messenger enters with word that the English are embattled, and the Lord Constable gives the order,

To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !
 Do but behold yond poor and starved band.
 There is not work enough for all our hands ;
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
 To give each naked curtle-axe a stain.

And he further declares that the mere camp followers of the French army could purge this field of the foe while the French knights but looked on. But as honor would not allow that :

A very little little let us do,
 And all is done.

This thundering in the index, to use Hamlet's metaphor, was echoed by another nobleman :

Yond island carrion, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favoredly become the morning field ;
 Their ragged curtains [colors] poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully ;

and with some aid from his fancy he sees the knavish crows flying over the English horses, impatient for their time.

Con. They've said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them ?

All of which is very graphic and sarcastic, but the vein didn't last the day out.

THE ENGLISH CAMP.

Glo. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

West. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day !

The king had returned in time to hear the last speaker, and broke in upon him with :

What's he that wishes so ?

My Cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin :

If we are marked to die, we are enough

To do our country loss : and if to live,

The fewer men the greater share of honor.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;

But if it be a sin to covet honor,

I am the most offending soul alive.

We would not live in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian :

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors,

And say, *To-morrow is Saint Crispian.*

Old men forget : yet all shall be forgot,

But he'll remember, with advantages,

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

Preceded by a trumpeter the French herald, Montjoy, approaches the king :

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King

Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound.

King. Who hath sent thee now ?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee, bear my former answer back :
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
 Let me speak proudly. ~~libellous~~ Tell the Constable
 We are but warriors for the working-day ;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host—
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim.
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald,
 They shall have none, I swear.

Mont. So fare thee well :
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

King. I fear thou'lt once more come again for
 ransom.

ON THE FIELD.

Pistol continually turns up like a bad penny, this time encountering a French soldier who is a greater coward than he is himself. Neither can speak the other's tongue. To Pistol's inquiry for his name, the Frenchman calls out that of his Maker, and Pistol demands of "Signieur Dew an egregious ransom." Their diplomacy progressed slowly, and the convenient boy was called to interpret. After a shower of French :

Pist. What are his words ?

Boy. He prays you to save his life, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him—my fury shall abate, and I
 The crowns will take.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me, cur.

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Pistol takes his leave, and the Frenchman acts upon the boy's rendering of Pistol's last remark: *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine?* Then the boy indulges in a few reflections and a little history:

I never did know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, *The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.* Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil, and they are both hanged; and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously.

In another part of the field of battle we hear the French Constable exclaiming that their ranks are broken, and everlasting shame sits mocking on their plumes; and Orleans in a high pitch of scorn and rage inquiring, "Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?"

In yet another part is King Henry congratulating his thrice-valiant countryman; and afterwards, hearing the sad and bloody story of the deaths of Suffolk and of York, the telling of which overcame the man in Exeter and all the mother came into his eyes; in simpler form of speech, he wept.

King. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforced their scattered men;

that is, the enemy had gathered their scattered men into a force again, and to meet this new danger King Henry gave the order which aroused Fluellen's indignation :

Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
Give the word through.

And this word and its result before long reached the Welsh captain :

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms.

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter : besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent : wherefore, the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a gallant king !

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the pig was porn ?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon.

Flu. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations is both alike. There is a river in Macedon ; there is also moreover a river at Monmouth : it is called Wye at

Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river: but 'tis all one: 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life www.wouldrather.com/different well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander—Got knows, and you know—in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, kill his pest friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and the comparisons of it: As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits, turned away the fat knight: he was full of jests: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Soon after Henry with a part of his troops had entered, the herald, Montjoy, appears again, and the king puts to him, very naturally, the scornful question,

Comest thou again for ransom?

Mont.

No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable license

That we may wander o'er this bloody field

To look our dead, and then to bury them.

King.

I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no;

For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it !
What is this castle called that stands hard by ?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

King. Then call we this the field of Agincourt.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

King. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true : if your majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow ; and, I do pelieve, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

King. I wear it for a memorable honor ;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, God pless it !

King. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it ; I will confess it to all the 'orld : I need not pe ashamed of your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

King. God keep me so ! Our heralds go with him :
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.

The English heralds depart with Montjoy, and the king, with his eye on Williams, directed him to come nearer.

King. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. 'Tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

King. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggeder with me last night : if I should see my glove in his cap I will strike it out soundly.

King. What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven else.

King. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, he must keep his vow.

King. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetst' the fellow. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

King. Call him hither to me.

Will. I will, my liege.

Having sent Williams off to Gower's tent, the king pushes forward his little jest by asking Fluellen to wear a glove—Williams's—in his cap, and gives him an errand which will place him right in Williams's path. He directs his brother Gloster to follow Fluellen closely at the heels and see that no harm come from it :

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove ! I know the glove is a glove.

To carry out his threat Williams strikes the blunt Welshman, and some loud talk follows, interrupted by Gloster's entrance in time to hear Fluellen's announcement of "a most contagious treason come to light as you shall desire in a summer's day."

King Henry had followed his messenger, and to his demanding "what's the matter?" each party to the quarrel put his case; and then the king, addressing Williams, told him:

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms,

and he drew from his pocket the mate of the glove in Williams's hat.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offenses, my liege, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your majesty. You appeared to me but as a common man: witness the night, your garments, your lowness; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

King. Here, Uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honor in thy cap
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It will serve to mend your shoes. Come, where-

fore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot; 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

The heralds returned at this time, and one of them gave the king a paper which showed the losses on each side, and the most notable thing was the woful difference as against the French :

King. This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French

That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowship of death !—
Where is the number of our English dead ?

Another paper is handed to the king, from which he learns :

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
None else of name ; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all ! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss ?

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

King. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
That is his only. www.libtool.com.cn

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to
tell how many is killed?

King. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment
—that God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

King. Do we all holy rites:

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*.

The dead with charity enclosed in clay,

We'll then to Calais; and to England then;

Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

The reader must take from words what Henry's listeners knew them to mean; or rather what they meant in Shakespeare's time. The "mercenaries" were simply those whose names were on the pay roll; the "gentlemen," like our Washington, did not deign to fight for pay; and the dead were buried with love.

We have not forgotten that Pistol fell out with Captain Fluellen because he would not interfere in Bardolph's behalf, but would rather desire the duke to use his "goot pleasure and put him to execution." He sent him word the night before the battle that he would knock his leek about his pate upon Saint Davy's day, and he seems to have carried out his threat in a fashion, at least. As Fluellen told it:

He is come, and pid me eat my leek; it was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him;

but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

He had not long to wait, and he wasted no time :

Got pless you, Ancient Pistol ! you scurvy knave,
Got pless you !

And presenting his leek he insisted :

Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pistol refuses in heroic meter, and Fluellen's cudgel admonishes him, and furnishes sauce for the lunch. Pistol scorns to take the groat given him to heal his broken pate till he is warned that Fluellen has another leek in his pocket. And thus was the old Welsh custom vindicated, and thus was Pistol punished :

Old I do wax ; and from my weary limbs
Honor is cudgeled.

So he stole home to England, puts patches on his wounds, and swore he got them at Agincourt.

On the king's return to his native land, the people of his capital swarmed forth to bring in their "conquering Cæsar." He remained in England but a few months, and the next year, 1416, saw him again across the Channel ; and for the next twenty years, comprising the rest of Henry's reign and the longer but little glorious reign of his son, the student of English history must look for it in France. The condition of

that kingdom was lamentable indeed, torn by civil war, the factions headed on the one side and the other by the king and the dauphin. Henry, we may be sure, did not stand among the spectators. One of the most dreadful contests of which we read on the red page of war was his siege and capture of Rouen, the capital of the province of Normandy.

Finally a treaty was made, by the terms of which Henry was to be regent during the life of the French king, and to be king in his own right and name afterward. He was, besides, to have the French Princess Catherine for his wife—a love match, it appears—he having been “smitten through a portrait,” and her real charms, when he met her, going beyond the counterfeit presentment.

The poet sets ajar the door and permits us to hear some of the courting :

King. Fair Catherine, and most fair !
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart ?

Cath. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I can not speak your England.

King. O fair Catherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

Cath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I can not tell vat is *like me*.

King. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you are like an angel.

Cath. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?*



The Wooing of Henry V.

King Henry V, Act V, Scene ii.

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Alice. Oui, vraiment.

King. I said so, dear Catherine.

Cath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.

King. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

King. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, *I love you*. I speak to thee plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but—for thy love, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy. These fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. What say'st thou, then, to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Cath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

King. In loving me you would love the friend of

France; for I love France so well, that I would not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Cath. I can not tell vat is dat.

King. Dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Cath. I can not tell.

King. Can any of your neighbors tell? I'll ask them.

Cath. Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

King. Come, your answer is broken music, for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, break thy mind to me in broken English: Wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

King. Nay, it will please him well, Kate—it shall please him.

Cath. Den it sall also content me.

King. Upon that I kiss your hand, and call you my queen.

To this Catherine replied in a rapid flow of French words, which King Henry interpreted: It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

King. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings; therefore, patiently and yielding.

Henry, it seems, made love in the same bold fashion as that in which he made war, and in laying siege

to a heart, as to a city, found no such word as fail in the bright lexicon of his youthful ardor.

Some time after the wedding the royal couple crossed over to their island kingdom, and Catherine was crowned at Westminster.

In 1422, troubles in France called him again to lead his armies there, but in the stress of a campaign he was stricken with a fatal fever. There was to be another feature of likeness between his career and that of the Black Prince; each a great leader and a successful soldier in the long wars with France came to his end in the kingdom which had been the unhappy scene of his triumphs; each was the father of an unwarlike son who was not able to keep his crown upon his head; nor, indeed, to keep his head.

Guizot, describing the death scene, concludes: "His voice died away; he closed his eyes, and amid the prayers which were repeated around him, the great soul of King Henry V entered into eternal repose."

HENRY VI, 1422-1461.

DURING the two decades following the death of the warrior Henry, England was that unhappy kingdom whose king was a child—a child left the heir of two kingdoms gained by his grandfather, Henry IV, and his father, Henry V, but destined to lose them both, and to furnish in his whole life a striking example of how uneasy the head may lie that wears a crown.

When the body of the hero of Agincourt was lowered into its grave the heralds shouted, "God grant long life to Henry, by the grace of God king of France and of England," while the people cried, "Long live the king." The body which was born to be the bearer of this heavy load was not yet able to stand alone.

The Duke of Bedford, the elder of Henry V's two brothers, was made regent of France; Gloster, the other brother, became protector of the state and the church in England. Bedford, as a statesman and soldier, was almost the equal of Henry. Gloster was very erratic in character; by his personal and political blunders he made the regent's task a harder



King Henry VI.

From an old painting on panel at the Palace of Kensington.

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one, and did something to pull down the house of Lancaster.

The two great events which demanded the attention of Europe during Henry VI's life were in France the overthrow of the English government and at home the Wars of the Roses. The most striking character in the French wars was one who still has the serious attention of historian, poet, and novelist; fact and fiction struggling each to paint her to its liking, the shepherd girl of Domrémy, Jeanette d'Arc, the Maid of Orleans.

In 1431, the Duke of Bedford, in order to fan whatever glow of loyalty there might be in the hearts of his French subjects, had the little King Henry VI brought over to Paris and crowned at Notre Dame. Henry V had been in his grave eight years, and Henry VI was now in his ninth year. Within four years from this time the Duke of Bedford died at Rouen, the same city which had shuddered at the sight of the burning scaffold of the shepherd girl who had saved France.

It is, of course, not my intention to write the history of those times, but to tell the story of this English king as I find it in the play, or rather to have the play set forth the story.

Deadly enmity existed between the king's uncle Gloster and his great-uncle Beaufort, the Bishop of Winchester. The brawls of their retainers troubled the streets, and their own quarrels, as in the following, disturbed the council board. The king is there, a little boy in the charge of his mother.

Win. If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention, suddenly.

Glos. Presumptuous priest! this place commands
my patience. www.libtool.com.cn

Win. What are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glos. Am I not Lord Protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

King. Uncles of Gloster and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
O, what a scandal is it to our crown
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!

The king's lecture was broken into by a noise as of a mob; angry cries resound in the street, and the Mayor of London enters the chamber with the announcement that:

The bishop's and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have filled their pockets full of pebble-stones.
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knocked out:
Our windows are broke down in every street
And we, for fear, compelled to shut our shops.

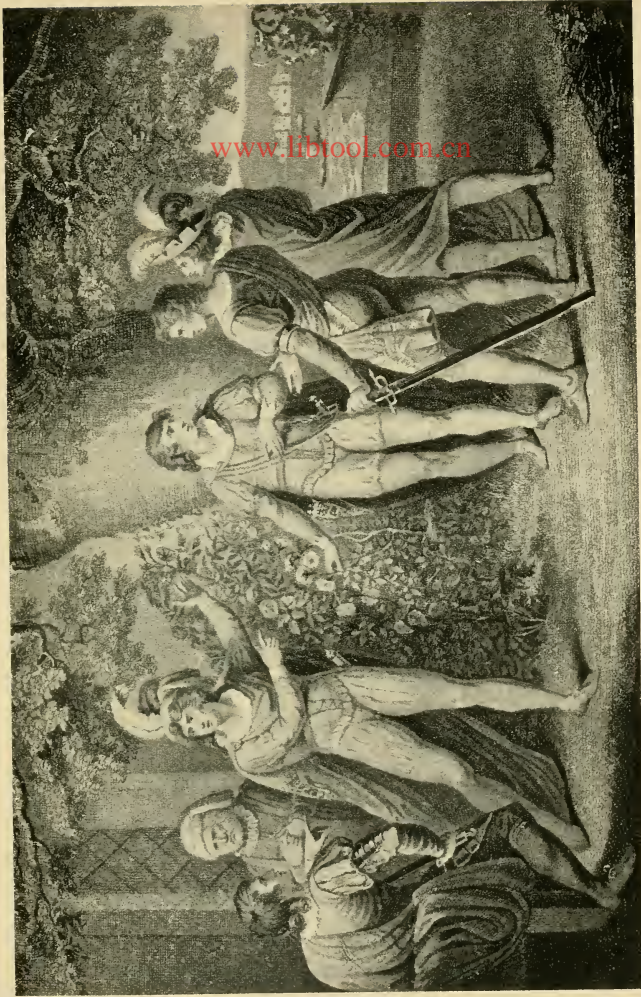
King. O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!

Warwick. My lord protector, yield; yield, Win-
chester;

Except you mean by obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.

Win. He shall submit or I will never yield.

Glos. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.



Richard Plantagenet calling upon his friends to pluck a white rose.

King Henry VI—First Part, Act II, Scene iv.

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King. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will you not maintain the thing you teach?

War. For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee.

This was a very hollow truce and gave quiet only to the present disturbance. Before the council adjourned Warwick presented a paper which set forth the claim of Richard Plantagenet to be created Duke of York. The king granted the petition, and also transferred to Richard the whole inheritance of the House of York:

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

This admission carried a load of meaning. Of the sons of Edward III, York was older than Lancaster. Henry VI proved to be the last of the Lancastrians, though this York never reached the throne. Here is planted the thorny bush on which grew the red and the white rose.

A case was being argued in the Temple hall and a sharp dispute sprang up between Somerset and that Plantagenet just introduced. When the parties to the quarrel and their friends had passed to the garden, the discussion was continued:

Plan. Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colors; and, without all color
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset.

Vernon. I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so.

Lawyer. (To *Som.*) Unless my study and my books
be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you:
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here in my scabbard; meditating that
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our
roses;
For pale they look with fear,

and so, in excellent English, continued this firing of verbal missiles—an exciting sport, but dangerous between debaters with hot blood in their veins and sharp swords at their sides.

CROWNED KING OF FRANCE.

This event in Henry's life has been alluded to already, and the Duke of Bedford's purpose in showing at Paris the little son of the Princess Catherine of France—that is, the ex-queen Catherine of Eng-



The Scene in the Temple Garden—The Red and White Roses.

King Henry VI—First Part.

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land—with the French crown upon his head. As a mode of inspiring loyalty to the son of the conqueror of France the pageant was a failure. It was as truly English as if it had taken place in London. Gloster gave the order, Winchester set the crown on Henry's head, and English soldiers raised the shout of acclaim.

The new-made Duke of York and the Duke of Somerset were there with their friends and their quarrels.

Two gentlemen, Vernon and Basset, entered the council chamber, and cried their errand without ceremony :

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign !

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too !

York. This is my servant : hear him noble Prince !

Som. And this is mine : sweet Henry, favor him !

King. What is the wrong of which you both complain ?

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear ;
Saying the sanguine color of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him.

Ver. Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him ;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewrayed the faintness of my master's heart.

Their "masters" join in the wordy war; Gloster gives them his backward blessing:

Confounded be your strife!
 And perish ye, with your audacious prate,
 while King Henry tries to shame the angry lords to
 peace:

Remember where we are;
 In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.

What infamy will there arise,
 When foreign princes shall be certified
 That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 King Henry's peers and chief nobility
 Destroyed themselves, and lost the realm of France!
 Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
 I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
 That any one should therefore be suspicious
 I more incline to Somerset than York;
 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.

After more good counsel the king with his train took his leave, while York and Warwick exchanged a word:

War. My Lord of York, I promise you the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

We see in what way events are shaping themselves for that terrible gardening when the Lancastrians, having put on the red flower, shall have shown

its full significance, and Warwick, one day to be known as the "kingmaker," shall alternately pull up the one bush and plant the other.

We learn little of interest in the early manhood of Henry. When twenty-two years of age, history tells us, he was tall and handsome, but unwarlike in character, solely occupied with his books and his devotions. For reasons of state the peers thought that their king should marry, and a wife was sought for him who might be strong in those traits wherein he was weak, and such a one was found in the person of Margaret of Anjou, daughter of King René, a king without a kingdom. The English paid him for Margaret by setting him up again in his two provinces of Anjou and Maine, nearly all that was left of the French conquests of the great Henry. The courtship was managed by proxy. The Duke of Suffolk was the royal messenger; he fell in love with the beautiful French woman; and though he did not in words tell his love, neither did "concealment, like the worm in the bud," gnaw him. Their mutual admiration did somewhat to tangle the skein of the king's life, which was sufficiently troubled without it.

Suffolk dramatically took the lady prisoner upon a battlefield, not knowing her :

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly !
 For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
 Who art thou? say, that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I called.

Be not offended, nature's miracle.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so,—
What ransom must I pay before I pass?

Suffolk finds it difficult not “to speak for himself,” though as yet he has had no Priscilla-like hint, so he talks to himself:

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. Say, gentle Princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. And what concerns his freedom unto me!

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen:
To put a golden scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.
How say you, Madam? are ye so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

The father “pleased,” for a consideration before named; and Suffolk returned to England to his king with a wondrous rare description of the lady's virtues and external gifts.

The Lord Protector stoutly objected to the alliance; but Suffolk's tale had warmed up Henry's

chilly nature, and Suffolk was hurried back on his errand :

To marry Princess Margaret for your grace.

His lofty mission accomplished, the highly honored messenger once more stood before his king :

I did perform my task, and was espoused,
 And humbly now, upon my bended knee
 In sight of England and her lordly peers,
 Deliver up my title in the queen
 To your most gracious hands, that are the substance
 Of that great shadow I did represent.

Henry received his bride with becoming tenderness, but he fell short of that ecstasy which had stirred within him at Suffolk's description.

The articles of contracted peace were read aloud by Gloster till he came to the giving up of Anjou and Maine, when the pain in his heart choked his words, and Winchester finished the reading.

The ceremonial over, Gloster gave vent to his grief, —the common grief of the land :

What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 His valor, coin, and people in the wars ?
 Did he so often lodge in open field
 In winter's cold and summer's parching heat
 To conquer France, his true inheritance ?
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
 To keep by policy what Henry got ?

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

For France, 'tis ours ; and we will keep it still.

Glos. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can :
But now it is impossible we should :
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

These angry discontents reached the ears of Suffolk and of the queen, for the office of tale-bearer seems never to have been vacant, and thereby the list of Gloster's deadly enemies was increased by two. To condense a good deal of history into a sentence, the Duchess of York and the queen were very "dear foes"; the duke was struck to the soul by the ignominious punishment of his wife, he was removed from his office of Protector, charged with high treason, thrown into prison, and, soon after, found dead in his bed—murdered, no one doubts—but whether by the fresh malice of Suffolk, or by the old wrath of the Cardinal, is the question.

But we will go back a little and listen to some of the more notable sayings of some of the actors in these scenes.

York, not unnaturally smiles at the thought of the discords among the chief supports of the reigning house :

A day will come when York shall claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor wear a diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humor fits not for a crown.

Waiting the time when Henry's attention should be occupied with his new bride and England's dear-bought queen, and Gloster with the peers be "fallen at jars,"

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed.

At an outburst of anger from the queen over the haughty conduct of the Duchess of York, Suffolk gives the bland assurance :

Madam, myself have limed a bush for her,
And placed a quire of such enticing birds
That she will light to listen to their lays,
And never mount to trouble you again.

These birds sang to the duchess that it would be a great consummation to have her husband's head circled with the diadem ; the liming was the cowed rogue who helped on her plot, then played her false.

The king, queen, and certain lords are at or near St. Albans a-hunting, and a resident of the village approaches with the cry, "A miracle ! a miracle !"

Glos. What means this noise ?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

Townsmen. Forsooth, a blind man at St. Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath received his sight ;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

King. Now, God be praised ! that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

The faith-cured man is borne in by two persons, his wife following and a crowd of other witnesses, the mayor of the place leading the delegation. The chief object of interest is named Simpcox.

King. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restored?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman's this?

Wife. His wife, an't please your worship.

Glos. Hadst thou been his mother thou couldst
have better told.

King. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great
to thee.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by
chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being called
A hundred times, and oftener, in my sleep
By good St. Alban.

Wife. And many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How camest thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glos. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glos. What, and couldst climb a tree?

A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes :—wink now ; now open them :—
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master ; clear as day, I thank God and
St. Alban.

Glos. Say'st thou me so? What color is this cloak
of?

Simp. Red, master ; red as blood.

Glos. Why, that's well said. What color is my
gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth ; coal-black, as jet.

King. Why, then, thou knowest what color jet is
of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glos. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a
many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glos. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glos. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glos. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glos. If thou hadst been born blind, thou might'st
as well have known all our names as thus to name the
several colors we do wear. Sight may distinguish of
colors ; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is im-
possible.—My lords, St. Alban here hath done a mir-
acle ; and would ye not think his cunning to be great
that could restore this cripple to his legs again? My
masters of St. Albans, have you not beadles in your
town, and things called whips?

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

Glos. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by.

An attendant goes for a beadle, and another brings a stool.

Glos. Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone.

Glos. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Beadle. I will, my lord.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do?

After the first blow he saw clearly what to do—cleared the stool at a bound and ran away:

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glos. But you have done more miracles than I; You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Which caustic pleasantry pointed at the provinces which had flown in the bringing in of Margaret.

Meanwhile the plot for Gloster's destruction was nigh to ripeness. His duchess was taken in the well-laid snare and banished, but the duke held fast his loyalty to his royal nephew. He was removed from his office:

King. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster: ere thou
go,
Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be.

Glos. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine.

And he drew a lesson in philosophy from things observed in the natural world :

Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;
And after summer www.libroslibros.com ever more succeeds
Bare winter, with his wrathful-nipping cold.

The king did not believe the charges of treason brought against Gloster by Winchester, Suffolk, and York, though their arguments were echoed and put more forcibly by the queen ; but he lacked the courage of his convictions, and finally weakened to this state of helplessness :

My lords, what to your wisdoms seemest best
Do or undo.

Yet when he knew that his uncle was dead, Warwick's bold indignation thrilled his forlorn spirit to heroic utterance, the first couplet of which he applied to the murdered duke :

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shortly after Gloster's burial it was announced to King Henry,

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side ; sometimes he calls the King,

And whispers to his pillow as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul.

The king soon appeared in the cardinal's chamber,
and stood by his bedside:

King. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy
sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's
treasure

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where sh'd he die?
Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?
O, torture me no more! I will confess.

King. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!

The king believed that Suffolk had had a part in doing Gloster to death, so, when the common people noisily demanded that he be banished from the realm, or else be sent down the dark path where conspiracy so often leads, King Henry promptly consented.

If the story of Suffolk's taking leave of the queen, when he was about to set forth, reminds us of the

parting of Bolingbroke and old John of Gaunt, it must be because of their lack of points of likeness. We must not stay to "look upon this picture and on this." Their point of greatest contrast was their issue. Bolingbroke, sent away by Richard II, came back "to press that monarch's throne, a king;" Suffolk is placed upon a ship which falls a prey to pirates, who refuse all ransom and ignominiously strike his head from his shoulders. The captain seems to have all his victim's political offenses well learned and recites them by rote. He follows the list by the declaration that the house of York, once thrust from the throne by the murder of a guiltless king, burns with revenge; and further, that the commons of Kent are up in arms. The basis of the first of these startling statements was the fact that the Duke of York—the Richard Plantagenet of our earlier acquaintance—who had been in Ireland in command of a body of soldiers, had returned to England unsummoned; the other assertion alluded to a great disturbance among the common folk known as Cade's rebellion, secretly favored by York and in his interest, though perhaps the best known article in its creed was, like Patrick's politics, simply to be "agin the government."

Leaving York, let us follow for a very little time the shorter story, and learn something of the notions of those who lived, perhaps, in hovels, who had never seen the inside of a palace, whose hands were hard, and doubtless dirty, who knew that they had not a very fine share of life's good things, and that it must be the government's fault.

Cade had brought his followers to Blackheath as Wat Tyler did before him, and sent to the king the complaints of the hereditary commons of Kent. There was parleying; a battle lost and won; Cade's head was placed upon London bridge. Before this tragic but not strange conclusion Cade's men talked:

George Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John Holland. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

They soon fell in with the tanner, the butcher, the weaver, and with Cade himself while he was declaring his origin—a Mortimer in sooth, but inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes:

Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass: and, when I am king,—as king I will be,—

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people,—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I shall apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick the Butcher. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

With this definite plan Cade was in entire accord, having no good opinion of the law; and though he had not felt the halter draw, he did once "*seal to a thing, and was never his own man since*"; and it was a lamentable thing indeed that the skin of an innocent lamb, being scribbled over, should undo a man. Legal documents were not in high favor with him. His strain of moralizing was interrupted by a party of men who forced along with them the Clerk of Chatham:

Smith the Weaver. He can write and read and cast accmpt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boy's copies, and he has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjuror. Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed; away with him!

Cade. Hang him with his pen and his inkhorn about his neck.

This seems to be an instance of the *benefit of clergy* read backwards.

Cade presently did himself the honor of knighting himself; he knelt, and rose Sir John Mortimer. Sir Humphrey Stafford, who meanwhile had come up with a force of soldiers, disputed Cade's noble descent:

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer:
And thou thyself a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Staf. What of that?

Cade. Marry, this: Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did he not?

Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say 'tis true.
The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came of age:
His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be King.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

The logic was not any the less direct by which Lord Say's treason was proved:

The French are our enemies, and this man speaks French; can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counselor?

All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

No good came of this conference. Stafford departed to proclaim all Cade's men traitors and let slip the dogs of war, while Cade poured forth his vein of exhortation:

Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most out of order. Come, march forward!

In this assault the rebels were victorious. Cade highly commended Dick the Butcher for behaving himself as if he had been in his own slaughter house. For a proper reward, the Lent was to be as long again as it is, and Dick was to have a special dispensation and be allowed to kill a hundred cattle, lacking one, a week.

The order is, Come, let's march toward London; and shortly a messenger tells the king:

Jack Cade hath gotten London bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor.

The court could not endure the sight of Kentish rebels, and set forth. In the fight in London Lord Say is taken prisoner and brought into Cade's presence:

Messenger. My lord, a prize, a prize! here is the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times. Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a

paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian can endure to hear. Thou hast put poor men in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this,—*bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is termed the civilest place of all this isle,
The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy,
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
This tongue hath parleyed unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struckest thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George Bevis. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Lord Say continued to plead for his life, and Cade for once began to feel the dint of pity. This weakness was, however, but for the moment, and he grew crueller at the thought of it:

He shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Take him away and strike off his head presently.

Cade's rule was as short as shameful: the royal commanders offered pardon to his men, which they accepted, their leader branding them upon their withdrawal as:

Recreants and dastards, who delight to live in slavery to the nobility: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.

He made a safe retreat to a place of concealment, but after several days of fasting, hunger—the gaunt ally of the sword—drove him to enter a garden in search of something to eat. Set upon by the master of the house he is slain, using his last breath in framing a message:

Tell Kent from me she hath lost her best man; and exhort all the world to be cowards.

His experience had taught him that valor was not profitable.

It was not the fortune of this king to be long at ease, though for that state he was well fitted. Close upon the heels of the messenger who announced the collapse of Cade's attempt at revolution pressed another who checked the swelling tide of Henry's gratitude to Heaven by the news:

The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,

His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

Thereupon the king fixed a trap into which a wary man would not have marched, but in it York was taken : www.libtool.com.cn

Tell him I'll send Duke Edmund to the Tower :
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismissed from him.

When York was told that his old enemy was a prisoner he dismissed his forces. He was then himself arrested for high treason, and so was in the trap ; but in the nick of time, to which the dramatist knows so well how to bring the dial's point, the three sons of York with forces, also Salisbury and Warwick, appeared upon the scene and bore him away. Soon the battle of St. Albans was fought. The leaders on the king's side were the Cliffords, father and son, and the Duke of Somerset ; on the other were the Yorkist chiefs already named. York slays the elder Clifford ; Richard Plantagenet, a son of York, kills Somerset. The queen hurries Henry off toward London, he objecting :

Can we outrun the Heavens? good Margaret, stay.

His meaning was that the fates were against him, and would not be left behind by the swiftest flight.

Queen. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly.

If you be ta'en, we then shall see the bottom
Of all our fortunes.

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King Henry VI, Margaret, Gloster, and soldiers
with the Prince.

King Henry VI—Third Part, Act V, Scene v.

The Yorkists stood not upon delay, but followed at once.

Warwick. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
Saint Albans battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eternised in all age to come.

We next see them in London in possession of the parliament house:

York. The Queen, this day, here holds her parliament

But little thinks we shall be of her council.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares;

Resolve thee, Richard, claim the English crown.

A flourish of trumpets announces the coming of King Henry and lords with red roses in their hats.

King. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state.

And he very correctly inferred that, backed by Warwick, the Duke of York meant to be king.

"Let's pluck him down," said Westmoreland.

"Be patient," said Henry.

"He durst not sit there, had your father lived," prodded Clifford. The deadliest weapons which the king could be urged to allow were "frowns, words, and threats"; of these, on either side, there was no

lack, the outcome being an agreement that Henry should keep the crown during his life, but that York should be his successor.

King. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Not unnaturally, the leaders of the king's party were greatly enraged, and the warlike queen scouted a compromise which disinherited her son :

Exeter. Here comes the Queen, whose looks betray
her anger :

I'll steal away.

King. So, Exeter, will I.

But he did not start soon enough.

Queen. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

King. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes ?

Ah, wretched man ! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son !

And she declares her rebellion against the act of parliament which made York heir, and her intention to spread her colors to the disgrace of Henry, and the utter ruin of the white-rose faction.

The three sons of York are as little pleased with a plan which postpones the placing of the crown upon the head of their house ; they contend which shall be the advocate to press upon York their view ; Richard is chief spokesman, but Edward does not stand behind :

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken.
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Then Richard, more lawyerlike, proceeds to show the oath not binding because "not took" before a true magistrate :

And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Their arguments are effective ; York declares himself king ; in a battle fought soon after, he is taken, put to death, and his head placed over one of the gates of York city.

The manner of his taking was told to his sons by a messenger :

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest timbered oak.
By many hands your father was subdued,
But only slaughtered by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the Queen,
Who crowned the gracious Duke in high despite.
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I viewed.

The sons of York are as prompt in lamentation

as they had been violent in urging upon him the act which led to this doleful result :

Edw. O Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry !
Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closèd up in rest.

Rich. Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy
death,
Or die renownèd by attempting it.

Meanwhile Warwick came up with a force, and, being told the news, said he had drowned it in tears ten days before. He met their tidings with an account of a battle at St. Albans and its loss. The king was with him ; Clifford and the queen led the enemy ; the coldness of Henry chilled his ranks :

Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends,
So that we fled.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled.
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear ;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful scepter from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean.

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York :
The next degree is England's royal throne ;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along.

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King Henry, Margaret, and the royal forces coming
"to this brave town of York" :

Queen. Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy :
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

King. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wreck :

To see this sight, it irks my very soul.

Clifford. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometimes they have used in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climbed unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defense.

King. But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success ?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
And would my father had left me no more !

The other army comes up, and the warrior leaders
exhaust their resources of wit, sarcasm, abuse, upon
each others' heads, the queen receiving an overflowing
share.

The case between Lancaster and York was virtu-

ally settled at the battle of Towton. The king, as usual, does not fight—he talks :

This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forced by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 Sometimes the flood prevails, and then the wind,
 Now one the better, then another best.
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory !
 O God ! methinks it were a happy life,
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes, how they run.

Then passing through his fancy the succession of pure pastoral pleasures :

Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorne bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich-embroidered canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

This strain of sad reflection was broken off by the hasty approach of the queen and the prince, with

the startling warning to fly amain for all his friends had fled, and Warwick, Edward, and Richard were raging in pursuit. The unhappy family escaped, however, to Scotland, and thence Henry sent his wife and son to France. We next see him in the north of England. He is in disguise, but a gamekeeper recognizes him. The king is still soliloquizing :

From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure love,
To greet my own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine :
Thy place is filled.

Keeper. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings
and queens?

King. More than I seem, and less than I was born
to ;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

King. Why, so I am—in mind, and that's enough.

Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

King. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is called content—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

This thin veil of deception does not serve, and the fallen monarch is led away a captive. After a time he is brought out to be, not a king, but a pawn, in the one great losing game that Warwick plays with Edward IV, and is then sent back to a darker prison.

In the final scene King Henry is sitting in the tower reading, and Richard of Gloster enters :

Rich. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

King H. Ay, my good lord—my lord, I should say, rather;

'Tis sin to flatter ~~by good was little better~~ :

Good Gloster and good Devil were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not *good lord*.

Rich. (To lieutenant) Leave us to ourselves.

King H. What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Rich. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

The interview thus begun did not grow more loving in its progress. The king unrelentingly held up Gloster's crimes and, what seemed more maddening, his bodily deformities, noting at last :

Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born

To signify thou camest to bite the world :

And, if the rest be true that I have heard,

Thou camest——

Rich. I'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech.

Thus ended the life of the last of the Lancastrians.

THE STORY OF EDWARD IV, 1461-1483.

WE have seen that Richard Plantagenet, who was reinstated in the dukedom of York lost by his father, was killed in battle soon after he had been seated by Warwick on the royal seat in the parliament house, and his head impaled upon a pinnacle over the gate. He was fighting for immediate succession to the crown, his impatient sons being anything but willing for him to wait till Henry's life should come to a natural end.

Edward, the eldest son of York, assumed his father's contention, and, backed by Warwick, took on the title of Edward IV. To give the new king whom he had set up a surer seat, Warwick went to France to ask the French king's sister to become Edward's bride and England's queen. We will visit the palace whither Warwick has gone, and note that as love's messenger he had some very extraordinary experience. Margaret, Henry's queen, was there to argue against this match with all her bitterest eloquence. Warwick, however, made head against this tide, and had secured the French monarch's consent, when a messenger came with the astounding information that King Edward had already taken counsel of his passion and married the Widow Gray. Warwick's

rage was equaled only by Margaret's delight, and each was beyond expression.

King Louis. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

War. From worthy Edward, King of Albion
I come in kindness and unfeigned love,—
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot.

And to the Lady Bona,
I am commanded, with your leave and favor,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart.

Here Margaret interposed to give the real motive of Warwick's errand, and Oxford to show Henry's title to the English throne.

The king put Warwick to his honor as to which was their true king; also to reveal the measure of Edward's love for the Lady Bona. The lady was satisfied with the evidence, and further admitted:

Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your King's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

To Louis's promise of kindness to Henry, Warwick declared:

Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where, having nothing, nothing can he lose.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick,
peace!

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!

At this moment came the messenger with letters
for each.

Oxford. I like it well that our fair Queen and
mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

King. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours,
fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

King. What! has your King married the Lady
Gray?

And now to soothe your forgery and his,

Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of
heaven

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonors me.

I here renounce him and return to Henry.

The upshot of this matter is that King Louis sends
over, not a bride for Edward, but Warwick and Ox-
ford with five thousand men to bid him battle.

LONDON.

A widow, Lady Gray, had come before Edward to
ask that her slain husband's lands be restored to

her and her children. Her appearance and manner charmed the king :

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ;
Her words do show her wit incomparable ;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty :
One way or other she is for a king.

There was one other person to whom the king's marriage gave as high offense as to Warwick,—namely, his brother Richard,—who, though the youngest of the brothers, was counting the lives between him and the throne, wishing them fewer, and, doubtless, contriving to make them so :

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlooked for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself.

Here was a possible line stretching out, like Banquo's issue, to the crack of doom :

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal to his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying he'd lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it.

He lets his beaten fancy soar in another direction for materials to build with—he will deck his body with ornaments and witch the ladies. Then the doubt occurs whether this would not be a more unlikely undertaking than the other, Nature having dowered him with such bodily deformities. He casts aside the notion and comes back through another simile to a resolve :

And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown :
But from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.

A conversation between the king and George, his next brother, with an occasional side remark of Richard's, will show us the cloud that is lowering about the house of Edward.

George and Richard are better known at this period as Clarence and Gloster.

Glos. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you Of this new marriage with the Lady Gray?

Clar. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France ! How could he stay till Warwick made return ?

Somerset. My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the King.

Glos. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Enter the king with Lady Gray as queen, with courtiers.

King. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Louis of France, or the Earl of Warwick.

King. Suppose they take offense without a cause, They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward, Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glos. Ay, and shall have your will, because our king:

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

King. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glos. Not I:

No, God forbid that I should wish them severed Whom God hath joined together; ay, and 'twere pity To sunder them that yoke so well together.

King. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside, Tell me some reason why the Lady Gray Should not become my wife and England's queen?

Clar. Then this is my opinion, that King Louis Becomes your enemy for mocking him.

Glos. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge, Is now dishonored by this new marriage.

The discussion widened, taking in other causes of complaint:

King. Alas, poor Clarence; is it for a wife That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you showed your judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
 To play the broker in mine own behalf ;
 And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

King. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
 And not be tied unto his brother's will.

This interesting conference has additional spirit given to it by the entrance of a messenger with Warwick's defiance :

Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

King. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
 words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarned :
 But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they're so linked in
 friendship

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's
 daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder ; Clarence will have the
 younger.

Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter.
 You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

With this bold outcry Clarence, attended by Somerset, left the royal presence ; while Gloster declined, with an explanation to himself :

Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
 Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

Clarence made his way to the camp of Warwick, who had invaded England with an army, and was welcomed with whole-hearted confidence :

I hold it cowardice
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To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
 Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :
 But welcome, sweet Clarence ; my daughter shall be
 thine.

Forthwith Warwick suggests an effort to take King Edward prisoner, as his soldiers were lurking in the towns about, and only a single guard on duty at the royal tent :

You that will follow me to this attempt
 Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

After which preliminary noise :

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :
 For Warwick and his friends, God, and Saint George !

Edward's apparent unconcern is explained by one of the watch :

Why commands the King
 That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
 While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

Watch. 'Tis the more honor, because more dangerous.

Second Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness—

which reminds us of the boy's desire for "a pot of ale and safety."

The attack was made, Gloster and Hastings, who were with the king in his tent, fled, Edward was taken. Addressed as "duke," he says:

The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is altered:
When you disgraced me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come to new-create you Duke of York.

King. Brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.

His surprise at seeing Clarence shows him to have been gifted with an exceedingly short memory. Well, for the time, Edward did down. He was committed for safe keeping to Warwick's brother, the Bishop of York, who, however, allowed him the liberty of hunting in his park with a single attendant. Gloster, with two friends, soon formed a plot for Edward's deliverance, mounted him upon a horse, hurried him to Lynn, and shipped him across the Channel.

Henry's day was a very brief one, as we have already seen. Edward passed over the sea and came back again:

What, then, remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven 'fore the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?

Glos. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not
this;

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

Edward was, however, admitted as Duke of York: www.libtool.com.cn

When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim;
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

A little spurring by his ambitious chiefs, and Edward again claimed the kingship, and the people cried:

Long live Edward the Fourth!

Warwick is in possession of Coventry awaiting reinforcements:

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

The drum proved to be that of a less welcome visitor, King Edward. But other drums announced other allies, who marched into the city, Edward remaining without, and when Clarence did come he brought cold comfort:

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,
Of force enough to do his brother battle.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

And with the word he plucked the red rose from his hat :

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee :
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster.

He makes due apology to his royal brother, and is, of course, forgiven. Coventry not being a suitable battleground, Warwick led his army away toward Barnet and dared Edward to meet him there. The challenge was accepted :

Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.

THE END OF WARWICK.

At Barnet field Warwick had his death wound and chanted his own parting song :

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Whose top branch overpeered Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimmed with death's black
veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid'day sun,
To search the secret treasures of the world :
The wrinkles in my brow, now filled with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers ;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave ?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow ?

The kingmaker yielded to the king of terrors, and of all his lands claimed only his body's length.

In another part of the field reinforcements were arriving—an army with the indomitable Queen Margaret and some loyal lords, which Edward called “a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,” but which Clarence, continuing the metaphor, assured him a little gale would soon disperse.

To her son, Prince Edward, and other courtiers, and in the midst of her soldiers assembled on a plain near Tewksbury, the queen talked of the situation :

Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What, though the mast be now blown overboard,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood !
Yet lives our pilot still.
Say Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
Why is not Oxford here another anchor ?
And, though unskillful, why not Ned and I
For once allowed the skillful pilot's charge ?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep ;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit ?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock ?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim—alas, 'tis but a while !
Tread on the sand—why, there you quickly sink ;

Bestride the rock—the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish ; that's a threefold death.
 Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided
 'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man-at-arms.

This conference was ended by the arrival of the Yorkists, and in the battle following, the Lancastrians went down, their leaders all prisoners, the most tragic event being the murder of Henry VI's son and heir, Prince Edward, stabbed to death by the king, Gloster, and Clarence.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Edward's outward foes now seem to be under his feet, those of his own household are alive and alert ; the most active being the brother who sided with him, not from love of the king, but of the crown, and who gave vent to his pretended feelings in the familiar soliloquy :

Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
 And all the clouds that lowered upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings ;
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front.

As we have already heard him, he descants on his own deformity :

Scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them,

and more than ever he is determined to prove a villain :

To set my brother Clarence and the King
In deadly hate the one against the other.

The plot indeed had been already laid, for Clarence here enters under guard of Brakenbury. To Gloster's expression of feigned surprise, Clarence with a spice of humor in his grimness explains :

His majesty
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glos. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glos. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
But what's the matter, Clarence? May I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know,

but he explains that by a wizard's story told to Edward, his heirs should be disinherited by G. The king overlooked the pertinent fact that G. is also the initial of Gloster, and so the wrong man went to the Tower.

Brakenbury interposed to keep the brothers from prolonged conversation :

Glos. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
 Brother, farewell : I will unto the King ;
 And whatso'er you may employ me in,—
 Were it to call King Edward's widow, sister,—
 I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Clarence is led away, and does not hear the wicked blessing which his arch-fiend of a brother sends after him :

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
 Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to Heaven.

Upon the entry of Hastings Gloster inquired :

What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home :
 The King is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
 And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glos. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
 What, is he in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glos. Go you before, and I will follow you,—

and after Hastings left, his own black thoughts communed together about the taking off of Clarence by Edward's command, then Edward's own removal, then a marriage which Gloster proposed to make with Anne, Warwick's daughter and Prince Edward's widow, the fact that he had killed her father and her husband not seeming to stand seriously in the way.

THE FAMILY REUNION.

King Edward's falling in love with and marrying the Lady Gray had a bad effect other than those already noted. The lady had a number of ambitious relatives who by that ladder speedily climbed into high office, to the infinite disgust of the king's kindred and of the older nobility. The queen was sorely anxious as to the outcome of this hostility in case the king should die, and Edward had both sides assemble in the palace that he might make atonement between his brothers and the brothers of his queen :

Q. Eliz. Would all were well ! but that will never be :

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Glos. Who are they who complain unto the King
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm
But thus his simple truth must be abused ?

Rivers. (Queen's brother.) To whom in all this
presence speaks your Grace ?

Glos. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee ? when done thee wrong ?
Or thee ?—or thee ?—or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all !

Then he charged the queen's kindred with troubling the sick king with their complaints. Elizabeth declared that the king without prompting had sent for Gloster that he might gather the ground of his ill-will and remove it :

Glos. I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster ;
You envy my advancement and my friends'.

The debate or quarrel between these two ran high. She threatened to tell the king, he gave his full consent.

To add abundant fuel to the flame Queen Margaret came in, her last appearance upon the dramatic stage, and stood awhile in the background, listening and commenting, then assumed the position of central figure with a venomous shaft for each one—a curse for Gloster, who had killed her husband and son ; a flash of scorn for Elizabeth's brother, whose stamp of honor was fire-new and scarce current ; a shower of pitiless pity for the unhappy Elizabeth herself.

With Buckingham, who was present, Margaret would make friends :

O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand ;
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !
Look, when he fawns he bites ; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.

Glos. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow.

A courtier enters with a summons from the king, and all depart but Gloster, who lingers to clinch all the evil things said of him, concluding :

But then I sigh ; and, with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stolen out of Holy Writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

He played it at this juncture again most skillfully by an interview with two ruffians, to whom he gave a paper addressed to Brakenbury, and, if coming events cast their shadows before, as assuredly they sometimes do, we have the interpretation of Clarence's often-recited dream which he related to Brakenbury, and of the part taken by Gloster :

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

The agony did not awake him :

I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, *What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanished : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud :
*Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury :
Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments.*
O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
Yet execute thy will on me alone ;
O spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
Keeper, I prythee, sit by me awhile ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

While the unhappy Clarence was enjoying this sleep the two fell messengers that Gloster had sent, abruptly entered the apartment, and one of them gave Brakenbury that fatal paper. It sternly commanded him to deliver into the bearers' hands his noble prisoner :

I will not reason what is meant hereby
 Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
 Here are the keys ; there sits the duke asleep.

And Brakenbury thus gave up his charge and
 withdrew.

These murderers seemed to have a little ghastly
 humor, and at times to be alternately stirred by the
 pricking of conscience :

2 *Mur.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Mur.* No, he'll say it was done cowardly, when he
 wakes.

2 *Mur.* When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never
 wake till the judgment-day.

1 *Mur.* Why, then he'll say we stabbed him
 sleeping.

2 *Mur.* The urging of that word *judgment* hath
 bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Mur.* What, art thou afraid ?

2 *Mur.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it ;
 but to be damned for killing him, from the which no
 warrant can defend me.

1 *Mur.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Mur.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Mur.* I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell
 him so.

2 *Mur.* Nay, I prythee, stay a little : I hope my holy
 humor will change ; it was wont to hold me but while
 one tells twenty.

1 *Mur.* How dost thou feel thyself now ?

2 *Mur.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are
 yet within me.

1 Mur. Remember our reward when the deed's done.

2 Mur. Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 Mur. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Mur. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Mur. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Mur. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 Mur. What if it come to thee again?

2 Mur. I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward; a man can not steal but it accuseth him; 'tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles; it made me once restore a purse of gold that, by chance, I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities as a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavors to trust to himself and live without it.

Clarence wakens, sees his visitors, suspects their errand, argues and then pleads with them, but in vain. The bloody deed is done; and simple, plain Clarence goes his way along the road wherein none ever meets a traveler on the return.

A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

While these dread scenes were enacting, there has been a gathering of noble lords and ladies at the palace. We heard the summons given them for this meeting. The king, quite ill, is there; Gloster comes

late, and we have learned his wicked excuse for tardiness.

King. Why, so; now have I done a good day's work :
 You peers, continue this united league :
 I every day expect an embassy
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.

Then the dying Edward called upon those lately at enmity to shake hands and swear their love.

When the belated Gloster came he outdid them all in glowing words of conciliation :

'Tis death to me to be at enmity.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds
 More than the infant that is born to-night.

Q. Eliz. I would to God all strifes were well compounded.

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glos. Why, madam, have I offered love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ?

King. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

Glos. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear;
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand.

While all was confusion, mistrust, and alarm, Lord Stanley entered, crying for a royal boon—the forgiveness of his servant for a crime by which he had incurred the death penalty; and the response of the

king, stung to self-reproach at the recollection of the many brotherly deeds Clarence had done him, and to anger at the common selfishness of the rest, is the last we hear from Edward IV :

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Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
 And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
 My brother killed no man: his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.
 Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
 Kneeled at my feet, and bade me be advised?
 Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments, and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
 Have done a drunken slaughter and defaced
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet—Ah!
Poor Clarence!

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King Richard III.

From the portrait in the royal collection at Windsor.

THE STORY OF RICHARD III, 1483-1485.

WE have been noting the steps by which Gloster waded through slaughter toward the throne, and have learned that if his soul contained any quality of mercy the gates were shut upon it from all mankind.

Not long after the family scene at which we were recently lookers on, Queen Elizabeth announced to the Duchess of York that Edward, her son, the king, was dead. They wailed their common grief, and in the general chorus of pathos the children of Clarence joined. The queen's brother, taking counsel of his fears, advised that Edward, the young prince and heir, be sent for straightway and crowned :

In him your comfort lives ;
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Upon this sad company came Gloster with his sardonic note of consolation ; also some of his friends, chief among them Buckingham, who had not taken Margaret's warning :

Glos. Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy :
 I did not see your Grace:—Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
 breast.

Glos. Amen ;—[*Aside*] and make me die a good old
 man !

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing.

Buck. Though we have spent our harvest of this
 King,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fet
 Hither to London, to be crowned our King.

Rivers. Why with some little train ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude,
 The new-healed wound of malice should break out.

Glos. I hope the King made peace with all of us ;
 And the compact is firm and true in me.

Hast. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
 To no apparent likelihood of breach.

Glos. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.

They all withdrew except Gloster and Bucking-
 ham, who lingered to have an understanding that
 whoever went for the little king they two should not
 stay at home.

In a London street we see the meeting of three
 citizens, and, from their talk, learn something of the
 popular sentiment. One quotes the Scripture foretell-
 ing woe to that land whose king is a child. In reply to

the remark that young Edward has virtuous uncles to protect him, one said :

Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster !
And the Queen's sons and brothers haught and proud.

2 Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all will be well.

3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth,
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

1 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear.

3 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so :

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.

While the hearts of thoughtful people without throbbed with anxiety, those within the palace were not more free from care. In one room were gathered Queen Elizabeth and her second son, the little York, also Gloster's mother and the archbishop. Their talk was of the expected arrival of the young king, who, as we saw, was sent for :

Arch. At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night ;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince :
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother ; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
More than my brother : *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not
hold

In him that did object [speak] the same to thee :
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Soon a messenger came with the news that the queen's brothers are arrested by Gloster's order and sent to Pomfret Castle—another step toward getting entire control over the boy king.

Buckingham and Gloster have perfected their plot to set aside the sons of Edward IV. They have a few accomplices, and attempt to draw Lord William Hastings to their side, knowing the long strife between him and the queen's party. When sounded, however, he declared hearty allegiance to the little king, the heir of his late beloved master. The queen and her younger son fled to the sanctuary of Westminster for protection.

Prince. Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glos. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your Highness shall repose you at the Tower.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place,—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon recòrd, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

York. Upon recòrd, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered ;
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror :

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord ?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving
brother ?

York. Well, my dread lord : for so must I call you
now.

Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours.

Glos. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glos. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glos. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glos. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

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After this lively dialogue had drawn out to some greater length, Gloster had the prince proceed to the Tower, while he should go to entreat the queen-mother to meet him there :

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glos. Why, what should you fear ?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glos. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

When Buckingham had asked Gloster what they should do if Hastings refused to join their conspiracy, *Chop off his head*, was the stern reply :

And look you, when I am king, claim thou of me
Th' earldom of Hereford.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

He claimed betimes but got nothing.

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A Scene in the Tower.
Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, etc.

King Richard III, Act III, Scene iv.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

The peers are sitting to determine the time for the coronation :

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Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein?

Bishop of Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces ; for our hearts, He knows no more of mine than I of yours.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the Duke himself.

Glos. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow !
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
I do beseech you send for some of them.

We learned some time ago that the Bishop of Ely raised his strawberries in the shade of the nettle.

Gloster soon took Buckingham aside, and returning, made inquiry :

I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft ?

Hastings promptly declared that such persons deserved death. Gloster then showed his withered arm as evidence of what Edward's wife, that "monstrous witch," and Jane Shore had wrought upon his body :

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord—

Glos. If!—thou protector of this damned strumpet,
 Talkest thou to me of *ifs*? Thou art a traitor :
 Off with his head ! now, by St. Paul I swear,
 I will not dine until I see the same !

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With that bloody speech, attended by all except the two he had commissioned as Hastings's butchers, Gloster left the chamber.

The unhappy Lord William indulged in a strain of lamentation over the coming woes of England :

Ratcliff. Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at dinner :

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
 Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
 Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
 Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
 Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
 Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Gloster had the ghastly pleasure, before he dined, of seeing the head of the best man who acted a part in this tragedy of Richard III, and the equal satisfaction of inventing an atrocious lie about him by way of epitaph, and as a justification for his most foul murder. The speech of the scrivener sets forth the stark iniquity of the whole proceeding :

Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Hastings ;
 Which in a set hand fairly is engrossed,
 That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together :

Eleven hours I have spent to 'write it o'er,
 For yesterday by Catesby was it sent me ;
 The precedent [first copy] was full as long a-doing :
 And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
 Untainted, unexamined, free at liberty.
 Here's a good world the while ! Why, who's so gross
 That can not see this palpable device ?
 Yet who so bold but says he sees it not ?

There was one masterpiece in way of a farce set in among the tragic events suggested by the very name of Gloster. It was in two acts, the first being Buckingham's attempt to have Richard proclaimed king by a crowd of citizens, with the triumphant result that :

Some followers of mine own,
 At lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, *God save King Richard !*
 And thus I took the vantage of those few :
Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard.

The second act was played by Buckingham and Richard when the former brought the mayor and a few followers to force Richard, who had been tutored to show extreme unwillingness, to take the crown. It was a piece of hypocritical acting worthy of teacher and pupil. Imagine Gloster's reluctance :

To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly [foolishly] you would here impose on me ;
 and his meekness :

So mighty and so many are my defects
 That I would rather hide me from my greatness—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid.

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It is not at all strange that entreaties prevailed,
 and Buckingham saluted Richard with the royal title:

Long live King Richard, England's worthy King!

A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

In the following scene we learn possibly the cause
 of the falling apart of Buckingham and Richard:

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy
 advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:

But shall we wear these honors for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold indeed:

Young Edward lives. Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'tis so,—but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
 That Edward still should live! *True, noble prince!*
 Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead :
 And I would have it suddenly performed.
 What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
 freezes :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my
 lord,

Before I positively speak herein :

I will resolve your Grace immediately.

The king turned away in anger and called a page to him, from whom he learned the name of James Tyrrel as a man whom corrupting gold would tempt to any exploit. He held a conference with Tyrrel, and found him the wicked tool he wanted. As Tyrrel left the apartment Buckingham came back :

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
 The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son : well, look
 to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
 For which your honor and your faith is pawned,
 Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
 The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. I do remember me, Henry the Sixth
 Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at
that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—

K. Rich. Richmond—When last I was at Exeter
The Mayor in courtesy showed me the castle,
And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

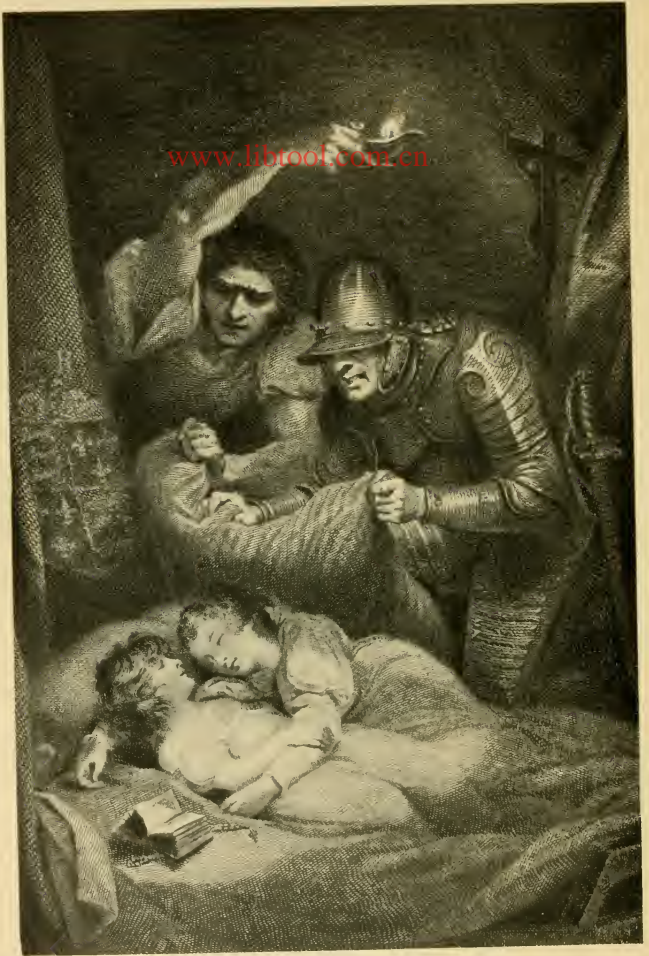
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will
or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

And the king halted out of the room. Two things
in Buckingham's conduct in this matter are hard to
understand. Knowing Gloster as he knew him, why
did he ask a favor, or remind him of a promise when

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The Murder of the Princes.

King Richard III, Act IV, Scene iii.

he was in a bad humor? and why did he do it in such a persistent, almost imperious way? But he rightly saw at last that their partnership was dissolved, and betook himself without delay to a castle of his own in Wales:

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O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone!

THE SUM OF VILLAINIES.

Into a room of the palace where the king is to meet Tyrrel after his ruthless piece of butchery Richard comes, and after Tyrrel has delivered his bloody account and is gone, he sums up his more recent villainies:

The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
 The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
 And Anne my wife hath bid the world good-night.
 Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
 At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
 And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

To carry out this loving purpose he soon set forth, attended by his train, and by chance came upon his mother, the Duchess of York, and Elizabeth, the bereft mother of those last victims of Richard's insatiable thirst for power.

They approached him with questions which he did not wish to hear or answer, so a flourish of trumpets drowned their voices. The duchess, in going, left her curse for her son, "subtle, bloody, treacherous." He,

with an indifference which was at least not assumed, heard his mother's farewell, and turned to detain the queen :

Stay, madam : I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder.

K. Rich. You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty :
Throw over her the veil of infamy :

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth ; she is of royal
blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

So the dialogue went its rather tiresome way till the king made the astounding declaration that he really did love his brother's daughter, and would make her Queen of England. The way to woo her he asked of Elizabeth, who replied mockingly, going over again the red story of his crimes, but not disconcerting this wooer in the least. In his love-making, as in his other crimes, he could say, " I am myself alone."

Concluding this interview, the queen promised to do his will : whether intending to fulfill her promise, or whether she resorted to this as the only apparent means to save her daughter, we shall never know.

As Elizabeth left, a messenger came with tidings,

On the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends.
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral.

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Richard was greatly excited, and began to give angry, inconsistent orders. He was not made calmer by Stanley's confirmatory news:

Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,

White-livered runagate; what doth he there?

Stan. Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
 He makes for England here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unswayed?

Is the King dead? the empire unpossessed?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege
 You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
 Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

It seems that Richard guessed correctly Stanley's inclinations, and he kept young George Stanley as a hostage.

One bit of bad news followed another, till the king, in a burst of rage, struck, before hearing, the man who told him that Buckingham's army was scattered by the floods, and that Buckingham himself had wandered away, no man knew where. Catesby, one of the king's faithful ruffians, soon brought word that

Buckingham was taken ; but he administered an antidote—that Richmond was not longer on the seas, but had landed. He had come to claim the English crown, and, as we learn right here, he had asked for and had been promised the “virtuous and fair” Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. Richmond as well as Richard was trying to strengthen his title to the throne by marriage with the only living representative of the first Yorkist king. Richmond’s claim was based on his direct descent from old John of Gaunt. We are more interested in him as the grandson of the fair French Catherine, whom Henry V courted in French not so fair. After Henry’s death she married Owen Tudor, a Welshman. From this pair came the House of Tudor.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. Up with my tent ! Here will I lie to-night ;
But where to-morrow ? Well, all’s one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account :
Besides, the King’s name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse party want.
Up with the tent !

On the opposite side of the field another tent is pitched for another leader :

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent :
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle
 And part in just proportion our small power.—

Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :
 In to my tent ; the air is raw and cold.

Meanwhile Richard in his tent :

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;
 It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
 What, is my beaver easier than it was ?
 And all my armor laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege : and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Nor-
 folk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

Then Richard sent an order to Stanley to bring
 up his force before sunrise,

Lest his son George fall
 Into the blind cave of eternal night—

then certain questions being answered to his mind,
 he called for another bowl of wine :

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
 Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.
 Well, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch : leave me.—Ratcliffe,

About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.—*Exit Ratcliffe.*

The king retired into his tent and slept, while from the opposite headquarters came the sound of Richmond's prayer :

Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !

The imagination of the poet has heard even the inaudible, and has translated into living tones the dreams of these two sleepers :

Ghost of Prince Edward. (To *K. Rich.*) Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die !

(To Richmond.) Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls

Of butchered princes fight in thy behalf.

Ghost of King Henry. (To *K. Rich.*) Think on the Tower and me : Despair and die !

(To Richmond.) Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,

Doth comfort thee in sleep : Live thou, and flourish !

Ghost of Clarence. (To *K. Rich.*) To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword : Despair, and die !

(To Richmond.) Thou offspring of the House of Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee !

Other of King Richard's victims in long succession rose and breathed their alternate curses and blessings—the last always for his enemy—until it is no wonder he started up betwixt asleep and awake :

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—
 Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.
 O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
 The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

Making inquiry of himself as to the cause of his alarm, he came across a thing for which he seldom had use, and of whose possession no one would suspect him :

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.

Ratcliffe had been bid to come at midnight to put the king's armor on, but he came not till the early village cock had twice announced the rising morning :

K. Rich. O Ratcliffe, I have dreamed a fearful dream!

Methought the souls of all that I have murdered
 Came to my tent: and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 Armèd in proof and led by shallow Richmond.

The king took Ratcliffe, and they went to play the eavesdropper through the camp; for Richard was very suspicious of the loyalty of some of his leaders, and not without cause.

Richmond's waking was naturally of another sort. We know what prompted his dreams, and only wait to hear him say of them :

The fairest-boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head.
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

Having completed his secret round, in which he appears to have found out nothing of significance, King Richard prepares for battle; but before the setting on, Norfolk brings him a paper left on his tent during the darkness, warning him that the king is betrayed. Richard, with the coming of daylight and expecting to meet in battle only foes in mortal shape, is now himself again :

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use.
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

He made a mistake in underrating his opponent :

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The Vision of Richard before the Battle of Bosworth Field.

Richard III, Act V, Scene iii.

A paltry fellow,
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 These famished beggars, weary of their lives.

A messenger enters to say that Lord Stanley refuses to bring up his power:

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh:
 After the battle let George Stanley die.

In the fight Catesby appeals to Lord Norfolk:

Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!
 The King enacts more wonders than a man,
 Daring an opposite to every danger:
 His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

This stirring eulogy was interrupted by the person and the proof:

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

But Gloster's blood was up—and withdraw, retreat, was not in his fighting lexicon:

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the die:
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
 Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.
 A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Before long in another part of the field, Richmond was seen, with Stanley bearing the crown ; and from them we learn the issue of the battle of Bosworth, and the fatal reality of Richard's dream :

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I plucked off, to grace thy brows with it.
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Prose history tells that after the fight, the crown, deeply indented with the stout strokes it had caught while on Richard's head, was found hanging upon a hawthorn bush, and that this strange fruit was plucked by Stanley.

The dead king's body was exposed for three days in the church at Leicester, that the people might make themselves sure of the death of the last prince of the House of York. He was interred in the monastery of the Grey Friars. In the words of Guizot: "The wars of the Two Roses had ended, and the era of the great reigns was about to begin for England."

Shakespeare's Richard III is a man wicked almost beyond our conception of villainy ; admitting his crimes, nay boasting of them. Before we leave him, to let a ray of sun fall upon the dark portrait, let us recall that he was a substantial friend of Caxton, the

great English printer, and that upon one subject, at least, his views far exceeded in liberality those of many lawmakers of the present century and day. He provided that no statute should act as a hindrance "to any artificer or merchant stranger, of what nation or country he be, for bringing unto this realm or selling by retail or otherwise of any manner of books, written or imprinted." He would admit free the sources of knowledge, and multiply these sources by the use of the art preservative of arts.

THE STORY OF HENRY VIII, 1509-1547.

THE coming of Henry VII upon the dramatic stage is foretold by his brother actors, who allude to his whereabouts, and foretell his future greatness, and let us know his kinship to certain persons who have gained our active attention. When, in the fullness of time, Richmond is about to rid the stage of its heavy villain, spirits from the vasty deep are called by the dramatic Glendower to bless his enterprise—and they come. We hear their prayer, and spontaneously we join in it, and shout our acclamations over Richard's downfall and Richmond's uprising. But out of Richmond's history all the romance seems to fade with his coronation. Stanley, before Bosworth, had sent word to Richmond :

The Queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

But the king was far from hastening on the wedding. He delayed it till the Yorkists began to show signs of discontent at his postponing the union of the Roses, and the Commons on condition of his marriage had given him large interests in the internal revenues. After the tardy wedding he made a tour through the northern counties, where the white rose still flourished,



King Henry VII.

From the picture in the new palace at Westminster.

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and the people wanted to greet their Yorkist queen; but she, strange to tell, had been left behind. Henry seemed to fear that it would be thought he owed his throne to his wife, as indeed to some degree he did. It is related that he did not grace the coronation of his queen with his presence, though his curiosity was potent enough to cause him to observe the ceremony through a screen.

The king's official life was devoted to filling the state's money-chest so that he might be free from the need of calling parliament together. At his death the chest was full, and it came handy indeed to his successor.

The theory upon which taxes were levied was very thorough, and is illustrated by what was called Morton's Fork, after one of Henry's thrifty ministers. According to Hume, it worked in this way: Chancellor Morton instructed the commissioners to employ a dilemma; if the persons applied to lived frugally they were told that their parsimony must have enriched them; if their method of living were splendid and hospitable they were written down as opulent. Whichever horn of the dilemma the subject chose, he must reverse the direction of Iago, and take money from his purse.

It is doubtless a source of regret to thousands of readers that Shakespeare did not give the world a Henry VII in the same vein as his Henry VIII. It would be worth a journey across the continent to hear him talk, through the lips of some courtier or traveler, about the wonderful doings of Columbus and the

Cabots. Living as he did in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," he could have given us a prophetic vision of the world across the seas, or, at least, have laid a scene in the virgin land named in honor of the virgin queen. But it seemed otherwise to the fates who preside over the birth of dramatic plots.

Some readers locate the shipwreck in the *Tempest* upon the shore of a western island—the still-vext Bermuthes, the always stormy Bermudas. This may be true; but yet this great intellect, which sounded so many strings of the harp of human history, treated America with utter indifference.

Henry's daughter Margaret married a Stuart of Scotland, and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of France, and afterward Queen of Scots, was one of her descendants. Arthur, the eldest son, married Catherine, daughter of Ferdinand of Spain; but England's King Arthur seemed fated to reign only in fairyland. Arthur died soon after his marriage, and Catherine became the wife of the boy Henry, the central figure of our present story. When the young Henry was eighteen years of age his father died, and there seems to have been much more joy than sorrow in the breasts of Englishmen when the announcement was heard: "The king is dead, long live the king!" Of the leading events of Henry VIII's reign the dramatist selects the execution of Buckingham, the downfall of Wolsey, the divorce of Catherine. Had the play covered the twelve years between the coronation and the time when it did begin, Shakespeare's Henry VIII would be an at-

tractive character; had it continued over the twelve years from Catherine's death till the close of the reign, Shakespeare's Henry VIII would be yet more infamous.

So much by way of preface. The story in the play begins, as has been hinted, twelve years after Henry begins his reign. The great rival monarchs of Europe are Henry himself, Francis I of France, and the Emperor Charles V, grandson of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The year was 1520, the famous show of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" had recently been had, and the first dialogue indulges in a description of it, and reveals some court secrets. The speakers are Buckingham, son of the nobleman of that name murdered by Richard III, and the Duke of Norfolk, who, as the Earl of Surrey, beat the Scotch at Flodden Field—the story of which crushing defeat, involving the death of the Scottish king—"a leaf in Fate's dark book"—being told by Walter Scott in *Marmion*.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met.

How have ye done

Since last we saw in France?

Nor.

I thank your Grace,

Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer

Of what I saw there.

Buck.

An untimely ague

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when

Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,

Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. I was then present, saw them salute on horse-
back ;

Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together.

Buck. www.libtool.com.cn All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory : men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself.

The two Kings,

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them ; him in eye,
Still him in praise : and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal ;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ;
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

In the soaring rhetoric of the Duke of Norfolk we must reflect that by "fresh admirer" he would have us know he keenly wonders at, not that he, of course, approves. "Him in eye, still him in praise," and the lines following, is a condensed statement that

the one in sight was more gorgeous than the one not in sight; that when both were in view no man could tell a point of difference, or would dare to try.

“As I belong to worship,” and the following, means that Norfolk claimed to be a man of worth, and affected, loved, the plain truth. The picture which he has drawn is not finer than the reality; that the mere telling of any deed must come short of the deed itself; “things seen are mightier than things heard.”

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The Devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities?

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.

Buck. Why the Devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the King, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honor
He meant to lay upon.

Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was

A thing inspired ; and, not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
 The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out ;
 For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
 Our merchant's goods at Bordeaux.

Buck. Why, all this business
 Our reverend Cardinal carried.

When Wolsey was the theme, Buckingham was the better orator. He charged that the cardinal not only usurped authority in making up the list of noblemen who should attend the king, but that his motive in choosing was to select those whose fortunes would be wrecked by the great cost.

The "hideous storm" is spoken of in the history of those times. The people took it as a proof of divine displeasure with the treaty between the two countries, a token of its speedy violation—indeed this had already "budded out."

Nor. Like't your Grace,
 The State takes notice of the private difference
 Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,—
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honor and plenteous safety,—that you read [see]
 The Cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together ; to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect wants not
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,
 That he's revengeful ; and I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, 't may be said,

It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Wolsey, as the "rock" just pointed to, passed slowly by with his secretaries and his badge of office, while he and Buckingham eyed each other with disdainful looks. Very naturally the conversation between Norfolk and Buckingham continued and upon the same subject, Norfolk giving his friend some wholesome warning :

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about ; to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first ; anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you : be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King ;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised ;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself ; we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advised :
I say again, there is no English soul

More stronger to direct you than yourself,
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buckingham says he is thankful for the advice and will go by it; but he knows this fellow, whom he is too angry to name, to be guilty of treason; he knows it by proofs as clear as founts in July when each grain of gravel can be seen; he will declare it to the king himself, with evidence to support it as strong as a shore of rock. He will show Wolsey responsible for the recent treaty:

That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break in the rinsing.

He will make the king know that the object of the recent visit of Charles V under pretense of a loving call upon the queen, his aunt, was in truth to whisper to Wolsey, and have him induce the king to alter his friendly course toward France.

This conference was broken up by the coming of Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, with a sergeant-at-arms and guard to arrest Buckingham on a charge of high treason. He saw that his well-loaded battery was turned upon himself:

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present: 'tis his Highness' pleasure
 You shall to th' Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
 To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
 Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
 Heaven
 Be done in this and all things!
 I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
 Whose figure even this instant cloud put out
 By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

The king has called his council together that they may hear the charges against Buckingham; and into this august assembly came the queen, unexpected, it seems, ushered by the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk. Her coming and her errand changed for a time the tenor of the king's thoughts. Catherine has come as a suitor. The common people are her clients, and Wolsey is defendant.

Cath. I am solicited, not by a few [but by many persons, and such as, from their rank and standing, are most worthy of belief, to say to you],
 That your subjects
 Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
 Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
 Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
 My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
 Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
 Of these exactions, yet the King our master,—
 Whose honor Heaven shield from soil!—even he
 escapes not
 Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks

The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My Lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to th' State; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Cath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to th' load.

King. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

The queen makes a more circumstantial statement
of her complaint, asking for it quick consideration, for
there is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by

A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but
 By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission ? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will.

Wol. [*Aside to the Secretary.*] A word with you :
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the King's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
 Hardly conceive [think hardly] of me ; let it be noised
 That through our intercession this revokement
 And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding.

Addressing the king, Catherine expressed her sorrow that the Duke of Buckingham had displeased him.

King. It grieves many :
 The gentleman is learnèd, and a most rare speaker ;
 To Nature none more bound ; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
 When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly

Than ever they were fair. This man so còmplete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with listening ravish'd, could not find
 His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear—
 This was his gentleman in trust—of him
 Things to strike honor sad.—Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices ; whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what
 you,
 Most like a careful subject, have collected
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

The surveyor stood forth. He was one who, as the queen made him admit, had been discharged from the duke's service on complaint of the tenants. We shall not follow his unwinding of the plot. He surely nothing extenuated, and perhaps set down much in malice. The one-sided trial reached its foregone conclusion :

King. There's his period,
 To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;
 Call him to present trial : if he may
 Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
 Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,
 He's traitor to the height.

After his condemnation, the duke had permission to address the common people. He showed much

nobility of spirit, and spoke in a strain of simple eloquence. Some of his utterances follow :

Buck. All good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die : yet, Heaven bear witness,
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
 The law I bear no malice for my death ;
 'T has done, upon the premises, but justice :
 But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :

You few that loved me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to Heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart
 Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;
 There cannot be those numberless offenses
 'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with : no black envy
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace ;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in Heaven : my vows and prayers
 Yet are the King's ; and, till my soul forsake me,

Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !
 And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument !
 When I came hither, I was Lord High-Constable
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !
 Henry the Seventh succeeding ; truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restored me to my honors, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And must needs say a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an end in all : All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell :
 And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I've done ; and God forgive me !

THE CONTAGION OF FASHION.

In Roger Ascham's Scholemaster we read some forceful remarks about the folly of bringing in doctrines and fashions from Italy. America is now running after English modes of speech and dress. Some years ago our fashionable folk turned their eyes toward France, whence came the final decrees in matters of temporary taste or style; especially was this the case during the years of the second empire, when Eugénie reigned the undisputed ruler of the world of fashion. In this play we may hear the subject discussed, and reflect upon the fixity of human nature.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should
juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones: one
would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.—

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord,

I hear of none, but the new proclamation

That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our
monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,

And never see the Louvre.

Sir Thomas,

Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's:

Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies; there will be

The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind in-
deed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;

His dews fall everywhere.

Cham. No doubt he's noble;

He had a black mouth that said other of him.

At the aforementioned supper many lords and ladies are present. There we first meet Anne Bullen. We hear some merry talk; and by and by the sound of

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King Henry VIII and Anne Bullen.

King Henry VIII, Act I, Scene iv.

drums, trumpets, and small cannon, announces the arrival of the king and a party dressed as shepherds, who claim that they have heard of the feast and have left their flocks out of the respect they bear to beauty. They crave permission to view the ladies and spend an hour of revels. Leave is granted. In the dance Anne Bullen becomes the king's partner, he is smitten with her beauty, and the tangled web of Henry's life takes a new tangle.

CATHERINE.

On the streets we hear a buzzing of a separation between the king and queen; that the cardinal out of malice to the good queen had caused Henry to feel a doubt concerning the legality of his marriage with his brother's wife. In the palace Norfolk, Suffolk, and the Lord Chamberlain exchange opinions.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so :
This is the Cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
 'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great-nephew,
 He dives into the King's soul and there scatters
 Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
 Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:
 And out of all these to restore the King,
 He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
 That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
 About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
 Of her that loves him with that excellence
 That angels love good men with.

A talk between Anne Bullen and an old lady not named shows the former not destitute of kindly emotions, at least by spells.

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:

His Highness having lived so long with her, and she
 So good a lady that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonor of her—by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
 So many courses of the Sun enthroned,
 Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which
 To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
 'Tis sweet at first t' acquire—after this process,
 To give her the *avaunt!* it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L.

Hearts of most hard temper

• Melt and lament for her.

Anne.

O, God's will! much better

She ne'er had known pomp: though't be tempo-
ral,

Yet, if that fortune's quarrel do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!

She is a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhood,

I would not be a queen.

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth: you would not be a
queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would
hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Anne having affirmed her preference for a life among common people—humble livers—the old lady, after vainly attempting to tantalize her with “queen” and “duchess,” in mock pity of her weakness comes down the scale a degree, plucks off a little from the load of honor.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.

Anne. www.libtool.com How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. The King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing.

Cham. Lady,

I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I've perused her
well;

Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in Court—
Am yet a courtier beggarly—nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie upon
This còmpell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open't.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once—'tis an old story—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect!
No other obligation!

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

COME INTO COURT.

The most striking scene in the queen's sad story is the attempt at a public trial. There is a gathering of high officials of church and state. The king sits on his throne, and near to him are the two cardinals, Wolsey and Campèius, empowered by the pope to act as judges. His name being called, King Henry answers "Here," but Catherine makes no verbal response to, *Catherine Queen of England, come into court.* She rises in silence, approaches the king, and kneels at his feet; then she says:

Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
 And to bestow your pity on me: for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions.

Heaven witness,
 I've been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable;
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,
 As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too?

Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you.

Please you, sir,
 The King, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,

My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
 A year before : it is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, ~~that did debate this business,~~
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel
 I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

The cardinals were, of course, not willing to be ignored. They were ready to try this great divorce case, and they wished to magnify their office. They insisted upon an immediate hearing. Catherine turned to Wolsey with a direct appeal.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam ?

Cath. Sir,

I was about to weep ; but, thinking that
 We are a queen—or long have dream'd so—certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Cath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;
 Which God's dew quench !

Wol. I do profess

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet

Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power.

Wolsey denied that he had blown the coal between the royal pair, appealing to Henry to say whether he spoke not the truth.

Catherine admits herself much too weak to oppose his cunning; she shows him the great difference between his humble words and his haughty actions; reminds him that by good fortune he had gone lightly over low steps, and had mounted to where princes were his retainers, and that he juggled with words so subtly that they gave out whatever meaning he desired. She ended by appealing to the pope, and then left the hall.

Henry followed her departure with a testimonial to her wifely qualities :

Go thy ways, Kate.

That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted.

Then replying to Wolsey's reference to him :

My Lord Cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger.

The king continuing gave at length the history of his awakening to the sin he had committed in marry-

ing Catherine ; and how, in the wild sea of his conscience, he had steered toward the present remedy—a divorce.

The trial could not proceed in the defendant's absence, and was adjourned till a further day.

The cardinals, Henry thought, were trifling with him. He abhorred this delay and distrusted the influence of Rome ; yet he saw comfort in the approach of Cranmer, who was out of the country but about to return home. In the view of Wolsey and his Italian associate the next play in the game was to induce Catherine to withdraw her appeal. The two high officials called at the queen's apartments, where the unhappy mistress and her maidens were at work, one of the damsels striving to charm away care with a song :

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung ; as Sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your Highness !

Cath. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife :

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Cath. www.libtop.com.cn Speak it here ;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima—*

Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;
I am not such a truant since my coming
As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-suspicious.

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his Majesty and you.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady : but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cath. I was set at work
 Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business.
 For her sake that I have been—for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness—good your Graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

The conference was long. The churchmen urged Catherine to put her cause into the king's protection.

Cath. Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye've angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched lady!
 I am the most unhappy woman living—
 [*To her Women.*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now
 your fortunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
 Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

Campèius followed, asserting the love of the king for his wife and the desire they felt to serve her, till Catherine's spirit changed from its note of fine scorn to one of humility, almost of trust.

Cath. Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray, forgive me,

If I have used myself unmannerly ;
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his Majesty :
 He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers
 While I shall have my life.

Through the tangled thicket of events attending the divorce of the queen, the marriage of Anne Bullen, the downfall of Wolsey, the setting up of Henry as the head of an English Church freed from allegiance to the pope, one can not find his way, feeling sure that he is always in the path of truth. But some things appear very probable ; and one of these is, that Wolsey at first favored the divorce, and later put obstacles in its way, acting under the promptings of his own ambition.

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
 And came to th' eye o' the King : wherein was read,
 How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness
 To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for, if
 It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.

Such enemies of Wolsey as Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey were delighted at the signs of a storm brewing.

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so ;
 This paper has undone me : 'tis th' account
 Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
 For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! what cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the King ? Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
 Will bring me off again.—What's this ? *To th' Pope !*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell !
 I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl
 of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal ; who com-
 mands you
 To render up the Great Seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol.

Stay ;

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it—
I mean your malice—know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest :
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals—
With thee and all thy best parts bound together—
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succor, from the King, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him :
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's
hand :

But, thus much, they are foul ones. www.libfoul.com.cn

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you :
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections ; if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head. Have
at you !
First, that, without the King's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable sub-
stance—

By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
 To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
 You have for dignities; to th' mere undoing
 Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
 Which, since they are of you, and odious,
 I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
 Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
 So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure
 is,—

Because all those things you have done of late,
 By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
 Fall into th' compass of a *præmunire*,—
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
 Out of the King's protection: this is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
 The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
 you.

So fare you well, my little-good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
 Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;

The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 This many Summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Here Cromwell enters with a budget of news ;—
 that Sir Thomas More is chosen Lord Chancellor in
 Wolsey's stead ; that Cranmer has come back and
 been made Archbishop of Canterbury :

Last, that the Lady Anne,
 Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
 This day was view'd in open as his Queen,
 Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
 Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,
 The King has gone beyond me : all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost for ever :

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master : seek the King ;
 That sun, I pray, may never set ! I've told him
 What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;
 Some little memory of me will stir him—
 I know his noble nature—not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
 For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs forego
 So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 The King shall have my service ; but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
 Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
 And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
 Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee :
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well, www.libtool.com.cn
 Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr ! Serve the King ;
 And—pr'ythee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the King's: my robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my King, He would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

THE CORONATION.

We have not the pleasure of turning over the court journal of the period. We may read of, perhaps witness, the simpler pageant of a presidential inauguration in this day. Man is a show-loving animal in every age and under every sky. He is also fond of enjoying his pleasures over again by relating them to his fellows who have not been so lucky ; so we may learn something of the fashion of this great state and society event, if we attend to the talk on the London streets. Even if not interested in the show itself—its impressive ceremonies, its gorgeous costumes, its packed and uncomfortable mass of common folk—it is worth while to lend a quick ear to these talkers, for they speak the speech as Shakespeare pronounced it to them and they to him.

Referring to the queen, one gentleman affirmed :

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
 Our King has all the Indies in his arms,
 And more and richer, when he clasps that lady :
 I cannot blame his conscience.

When the people had a full view of her, such a noise arose :

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks—
 Doublets, I think—flew up ; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. No man living
 Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven
 So strangely in one piece.

3 Gent. At length her Grace rose, and with modest paces

Came to the altar ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly ;
 Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
 And with the same full state paced back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

The reply affords a glimpse of Wolsey's fading glory, and is one of the thousand lessons in human nature to be learned or reviewed in Shakespeare, this "man so complete," "enrolled amongst wonders," and in a class alone :

1 Gent. Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost:
'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 Gent. www.libtool.com.cn I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name
Is fresh about me.

One of these gentlemen knows all the grand folk by sight and gives his friends a sort of one-sided introduction. The two notables who end the list are Cranmer and Cromwell. The first, Henry's staunchest supporter in setting up his spiritual kingdom free from papal control, but destined, when Henry should sleep with his fathers, to be made a burnt-offering by Henry's eldest daughter; the other—that Cromwell to whom Wolsey gave such excellent advice, after making Henry's later reign a very reign of terror, fated to fling his cap on the ground at a charge of treason around the council-table, and to cry out, "This, then, is my guerdon [reward] for the services I have done!" He bade his foes make quick work, and they obeyed him.

* KIMBOLTON.

Here we again meet the uncrowned queen, and here her attendant tells of the last days of the dishonored minister.

*Enter CATHERINE, sick; led between GRIFFITH and
PATIENCE.*

Grif. How does your Grace?

Cath. O, Griffith, sick to death!

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Katharine, Griffith, and Patience.

King Henry VIII, Act IV, Scene ii.

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to th' earth,
 Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair :—
 So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead ?

Grif. Yes, madam ; but I thought your Grace,
 Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
 If well, he stepp'd before me, happily [haply],
 For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice [report] goes, madam :
 For, after the stout Earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
 He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
 He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leices-
 ter,

Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend Abbot,
 With all his convent, honorably received him ;
 To whom he gave these words, *O father Abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity !

Cath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on
 him !

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion
 Tithed all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
 His own opinion was his law : i' the presence

He would say untruths ; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :

Grif. Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. [The young reader may properly
be told that the poet Keats framed from this
passage his own epitaph : " Here lies one whose
name is writ in water," and that some one has
fitly commented : " Yes, the water of eternal
life."] May it please your Highness

To hear me speak his good now ?

Cath. Yes, good Griffith ;

I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Sum-
mer.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt [knew] himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honor : peace be with him !—

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King Henry VIII and Cranmer.

King Henry VIII, Act V, Scene i.

Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :
 I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to.

It is after this that the king sends his princely commendations and good wishes.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;
 'Tis like a pardon after execution :
 That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;
 But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
 I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
 In all humility unto his Highness :
 Say to him his long trouble now is passing
 Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
 For so I will.

In the story of Henry VIII as told by Shakespeare and by whatever other hand had part in the play, there is an account of an attempt to overturn Cranmer from his office and his high place in the king's good graces. It failed, and the archbishop held his own for the time, while the blow rebounded upon those who aimed it.

At the close of this story, we hear some readily interpreted hints of an event full of meaning in the future history of England. An old lady thrusts herself into the room where the king is closing an interview with Cranmer. She declares that her tidings will make her boldness manners.

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message.

Old L. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger :

"Tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

At the christening of Elizabeth, the high and mighty princess of England, her royal father thanked the sponsors, and promised :

So shall this lady [thank you],
When she has so much English ;

and, in a vein of prophecy, the archbishop declared :

She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An agèd princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.

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