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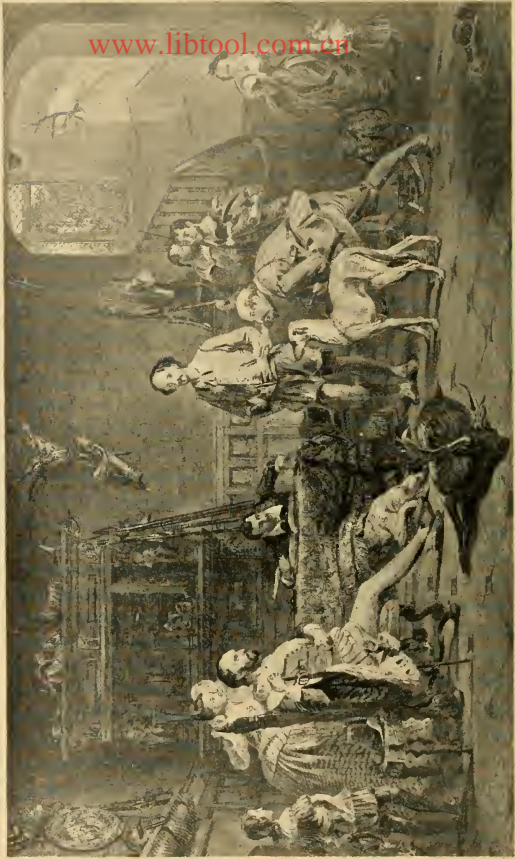
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SHAKESPEARE BEFORE SIR THOMAS LUCY

STORIES OF
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Adeline
BY
H. A. GUERBER

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WAGNER'S OPERAS," "HOW
TO PREPARE FOR EUROPE," ETC.

With Illustrations



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1912

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CYMBELINE

ACT. I. The first act opens in the days of Cæsar Augustus, in the royal garden in Britain, where two Romans are declaring their country is no longer in good odour. Besides, trouble is brewing at court, for King Cymbeline's daughter has secretly married Posthumus,—a poor but worthy gentleman,—instead of Cloten, son of the Queen by a former marriage. But, although the royal couple are angry, the courtiers rejoice that Imogen has not selected the man they despise, for her brothers having been stolen from the nursery twenty years before, she is now heir to the throne.

The arrival of the Queen, with her step-daughter and Posthumus, drives these men away. Then the Queen is overheard stating that although appointed jailor to Imogen, she will allow the couple a parting interview, and will strive to appease the King's wrath. While she strolls away, the young people exchange tender farewells, Posthumus promising to remain true to his wife, whose letters he will eagerly await in Rome. Just then the Queen reappears, urging the married lovers to part; but, although she pretends to favour them, she is secretly their foe, for she hurries off to decoy Cymbeline hither.

After receiving from his wife a diamond ring, and

fastening on her arm a bracelet she is to wear constantly for his sake, Posthumus is about to leave, when Cymbeline arrives and expresses great indignation at finding the banished man with his wife. Although Posthumus submissively departs, Cymbeline hotly reproaches Imogen for marrying without his consent, becoming angry when she declares she has picked out the best man and only wishes she were poor enough to be free to follow him. The Queen now returns, apparently surprised to find her husband, and meekly listens to his reproaches for not mounting better guard, ere he departs. She and Imogen are about to withdraw too, when Posthumus's servant, Pisanio, comes to report that his master, on his way out of the palace, quarrelled with Cloten, who barely escaped from his rage. But, although the Queen expresses keen anxiety for her son, Imogen wishes the duel had been fought to a finish, ere she begs Pisanio to escort her husband to his ship.

We next behold Cloten on a public square boasting of his late encounter with Posthumus to two lords, one of whom lavishes fulsome praise upon him, while the other, in asides, stigmatises him as a coward. A moment later we find ourselves in Imogen's room, where she is interviewing Pisanio,—who has watched her husband out of sight,—interrupting his account with loving exclamations and regretting that they had no time in their last interview to agree on stated hours wherein to commune in spirit. When summoned to join the Queen, Imogen leaves the scene, bidding her servant carry out her orders.

The curtain next rises on a house in Rome, where Posthumus is sojourning, and where foreigners are discussing his affairs. When he enters, introductions take place, and the conversation gradually turns upon women, each traveller boasting those of his land are most beautiful and best. When Posthumus lovingly declares his wife surpasses all the rest, the Italian Iachimo insinuates that if admitted to Imogen's presence he would soon prove her husband over-confident! By sly arts he then eggs Posthumus on to grant him such an introduction after staking his diamond ring upon his wife's virtue. The counter wager settled, stakes are deposited with the host, and Posthumus and Iachimo go off to draw up a legal document in regard to the bet.

We now return to Cymbeline's palace, where the Queen bids her women gather flowers for her simples, ere she turns to her physician, who, after delivering a tiny box, earnestly inquires why she wants the deadly poison it contains? The Queen carelessly replies she wishes to use it on noxious creatures, adding in an aside, as soon as Pisanio appears, that this drug is to be tried upon him. Having surprised her baleful glance, the physician feels glad he gave her only an innocent drug, which will leave the partaker none the worse after a period of deathlike sleep.

After dismissing her doctor, the Queen inquires how Imogen feels, promising Pisanio a rich reward provided he induce her to favour Cloten. Then she drops the box she holds, graciously offering it to Pisanio when he picks it up, and assuring him it contains a cordial which five times saved Cymbeline's

life. After a few more remarks, she declares in an aside, that, knowing Pisanio is betraying her, she means to dispose of him before attempting Imogen's life. Her women now returning with the flowers, the Queen leaves the apartment with them, while Pisanio mutters he will die rather than cheat his master.

Meantime, in another room of the palace, Imogen is mourning over her trying situation, guarded by a false step-mother, wooed by the latter's son, parted from her husband, and ignorant of her brothers' fate. Her soliloquy is interrupted by Pisanio, ushering in Iachimo, who brings a letter from Rome. As Posthumus's messenger, he is warmly welcomed, and while Imogen eagerly peruses the missive he hands her, he slyly notes her charms, muttering that if her mind corresponds to her appearance, his wager is lost. However, determined to make an attempt to win it fairly ere resorting to fraud, Iachimo, after Imogen has read aloud part of the letter, moralises upon the folly of those who, possessing the best, run after inferior things. His first insinuations being unheeded, he fancies he may prosper better if left alone with Imogen, and therefore bids Pisanio look after his servant.

Entirely absorbed in thoughts of her husband, Imogen questions the traveller, only to learn Posthumus is gay, and indulges in such free talk about women that he evidently feels no respect for her sex. Such news seems so incredible, that when the stranger pities her for being married to such a man, Imogen fails to understand him. When Iachimo next hints that she can take her revenge, she inno-

cently inquires what revenge could exist for such an injury? Then Iachimo becomes too explicit to be misunderstood, and Imogen denounces him as a villain, vows he has slandered her husband, and calls for her servant to turn him out.

Seeing no prospect of attaining his vile ends, the subtle Iachimo now pretends to have been testing Imogen's virtue, and after apologising, depicts her husband as a most virtuous and happy man. Then he explains that having purchased treasures Posthumus intends to offer to the Emperor, he wishes she would take charge of them until his departure on the morrow, a trust Imogen gladly accepts, promising to keep the chest in her own room and to have a letter ready to forward with it to Rome.

ACT II. The second act opens before the palace, where Cloten, complaining of ill-luck at cards, swallows the praise of one lord without heeding the sarcastic asides of the other. Cloten having left with his toady to gamble with Iachimo, the satirist expresses surprise that so clever a woman as the Queen should have so stupid a son, and pities 'divine Imogen for being placed between a father, ruled by a base queen, and this clownish youth, whom they are vainly trying to force her to love instead of her gallant husband.

The curtain next rises on Imogen's bed-chamber, which, besides its usual furniture, contains the huge chest which Iachimo has sent here for safe-keeping. Lying in bed, Imogen inquires the hour, and learning that midnight has already struck, concludes to cease reading and try to sleep. She therefore bids her attendant retire, leaving the lamp lighted, and

after a brief but touching prayer, drops asleep.

While she is lost in slumber, the trunk softly opens, and Iachimo, slipping out, surveys the apartment and its unconscious inmate. Although admiring the sleeping Imogen, he dares not touch her, for he knows his evil purpose could never be fulfilled should she awaken. Taking out his note-book, he jots down in it data about all he sees, and drawing close to the bed, stealthily removes the bracelet from Imogen's wrist. A slight motion she makes, then enables him to catch a glimpse of a tiny mole on her fair breast; and, after gleefully noting it, Iachimo slips back into his chest, hoping morning will soon appear so his servant can call for the trunk and set him free.

The next scene is placed in the antechamber to this room, whither Cloten has come to serenade Imogen. After he has dismissed his musicians, the King and Queen enter, the former praising his step-son for trying to win the Princess's favour although regretting her continued indifference. While they are talking, announcement is made that a Roman ambassador craves audience. As Cymbeline knows this emissary bears an irate message from Rome in regard to the tribute he has refused to pay, he begs queen and step-son assist him in the coming interview.

The royal couple having left, Cloten knocks at Imogen's door, and receiving no answer at first, decides to insure prompter attention hereafter by tipping the first servant he sees. He is talking to one when Imogen comes in, and after gravely informing him she has no heart to listen to his suit,

reproaches him for decrying Posthumus. Cloten's taunts and strictures finally goad Imogen into stating the meanest garment her husband ever wore is dearer to her than her interlocutor's whole person, a contemptuous statement which enrages the Prince. Meantime, Imogen, www.payingtonol.beed.com to him, summons Pisanio to search for her missing bracelet, which she remembers kissing last night. The servant having gone, Cloten reviles Imogen, who leaves the room, vowing she will never speak to him again. Left alone on the stage, the Prince then swears to be avenged, for the words she uttered rankle deep in his base heart.

We are again transferred to Rome, where Posthumus, conversing with his host, assures him he will win the wager; confessing he has proved a dull companion of late, merely because his thoughts are so constantly with his wife. Hoping to divert him, his friend mentions the Roman ambassador must have claimed tribute, and that if Cymbeline again refuses it, war will ensue. Sure his King will fight rather than pay, Posthumus intimates that his countrymen being no longer the undisciplined barbarians Cæsar conquered, the war may end differently from what Rome expects.

Just then Iachimo enters, having journeyed with such speed that Posthumus deems so prompt a return spells defeat. After assuring him Imogen is one of the most beautiful women he has even seen, Iachimo delivers her letter, and while Posthumus reads it, tells his host the Roman ambassador was expected at court the day he left. When Posthumus slyly remarks his diamond sparkles as brightly as

ever, Iachimo fervently retorts no jewel in the world would compensate the pleasure he enjoyed in Imogen's society in Britain! Then, seeing his words fail to shake Posthumus's faith, he minutely describes the princess's bed-chamber, information the husband thinks could easily be obtained from a chamber-maid. After playing upon Posthumus's emotions long enough to awaken unreasoning jealousy, Iachimo suddenly produces the bracelet, saying Imogen gave it to him as a thing she once prized. Still unable to credit evil, Posthumus asserts his wife sent it to him, but as this claim is not substantiated by any mention of the bracelet in his letter, he feels compelled to surrender his ring. On perceiving the rage and jealousy the husband can no longer restrain, the host, suggesting that the bracelet may be stolen, demands some other proof of Iachimo's success. When the traitor thereupon describes the mole on Imogen's breast,—adding the false statement that he kissed it,—the frantic Posthumus, unable to cherish further doubt of his wife's infidelity, rushes off the stage, while the host exclaims they must watch him lest he do himself harm!

Meantime, in another room, Posthumus despairingly comments upon the faithlessness of women-kind, for now that his wife has fallen from her exalted pedestal, he refuses to believe any member of her sex can be virtuous. He bitterly exclaims that all women are deceivers, and that Imogen's modesty, which was one of her chief charms, was mere pretence, since she so readily accepted a stranger's advances. The curtain falls while he tragically avers all man's faults are due to women!

ACT III. The third act opens in a hall in the palace, where all is ready for the ambassador's reception, and where Cymbeline enters with his train. When haughtily summoned to speak, the ambassador states that having conquered Britain, Cæsar exacted a tribute, which after being paid for some time, has now been refused. Before Cymbeline can answer, the Queen exclaims the tribute will never again be paid, her son insolently adding that although granted to Cæsar, it will be tendered to no one else. Then, encouraged by a further speech from his mother, depicting island Britain's inaccessibility, Cloten blusters on, until the King seizes his chance to deliver his answer. Stating that previous to Cæsar's coming all Britons were free, Cymbeline firmly refuses all tribute, and although the ambassador declares war, shows no fear, for, having taken lessons in warfare from Cæsar, he knows something about the art. Besides, he is encouraged by reports that other nations are rebelling, which will prevent Rome's forces being turned exclusively upon Britain; so after courteously inviting the ambassador to tarry as long as he likes, Cymbeline withdraws, while his noisy step-son boastfully challenges Rome.

The curtain next rises on a room in the palace, where Pisanio is perusing a letter just received from Posthumus, accusing his wife of yielding to Iachimo's suit, and charging his servant to punish this infidelity. Horrified by the contents of this letter,—for he does not believe the accusation it contains,—Pisanio is still poring over it when his mistress comes to ask what he is doing? On discovering he has received recent tidings from her lord, Imogen begs

for news, and gladly peruses the missive Pisanio hands her, wherein Posthumus bids her meet him at a neighbouring seaport, so they can flee together from Britain. So anxious is Imogen to join her husband, that she eagerly inquires how this port can be reached, vowing she can double the distance most people travel in a day, such is her impatience to join her beloved. Then, mistress and man discuss ways and means, and decide that Imogen, by pretending illness, keep her room, escaping thence undetected to accompany Pisanio to the port.

We next behold a mountainous region of Wales, near the mouth of a cavern, from whence the outlaw Belarius emerges, and summons his two young companions to worship the sun as it rises over their desert world. Both handsome youths having paid their devotions to the god of light, Belarius bids them hasten to the highlands to hunt, while he ranges through the lowlands in quest of game. The youths, who eagerly drink in all he says, openly wonder why he never sends them into the great world from whence he came, one of them expressing regret they should grow up in ignorance of it, while the other vows they will have nothing to talk about in old age if they do not seek adventures now. Thereupon Belarius exclaims they are fortunate in dwelling far away from mankind, as bitter experiences await one in the world. When the lads inquire how he forfeited the King's love without doing wrong, Belarius relates that perjurers swore he was a confederate of the Romans, and thus caused his banishment. The remembrance of this disgrace is still so bitter, that he refuses to say any-

thing more, and merely repeats his orders for the hunt, promising the slayer of a deer shall be master of their feast.

The young huntsmen having left, Belarius murmurs they little suspect they are Cymbeline's sons, stolen from the nursery in revenge for royal injustice. He admits, however, that he has learned to love both Princes as dearly as if they were really his own offspring. Every token they give of high descent and martial courage affords him keenest pleasure, and when he hears them in the distance raising the game, he expresses remorse that he and their nurse deprived Cymbeline of such worthy lads.

We next behold the road to the harbour, whither Imogen is travelling with Pisanio to join her husband. After dismounting and walking a short distance in the direction where she expects to find Posthumus, Imogen starts at the tragic expression on her servant's face. As he does not reply to her anxious inquiries, she concludes he has bad tidings to impart, whereupon he reluctantly exhibits his master's letter, bidding him kill his faithless wife! Having perused the fatal missive, Imogen sinks down, stricken by the cruel words, while Pisanio exclaims no weapon will be needed to kill her, since such a slander is powerful enough to do so unaided.

When he finally succeeds in reviving his mistress, her first words reveal her horror at Posthumus's accusation, for she touchingly wonders whether it is faithless to think incessantly of one's husband and ardently desire his presence? She then calls Pisanio to witness that she has ever been true, and vows Posthumus must have grown weary of her, since he

resorts to so mean a subterfuge to get rid of her. When the servant pities her, she avers many faithful wives have suffered in this way; but, having no desire to live without her husband's love, bids Pisanio execute his master's orders, offering to draw his sword from its scabbard so he can more easily plunge it into her empty heart!

Horrified at the thought of such a crime, Pisanio throws away his weapon, swearing he will never touch her; and Imogen bursts into tears, for although unable to take her own life, she longs to be relieved of existence. She therefore bares her breast to receive Pisanio's blows and when he refuses to strike, reproaches him for bringing her away from home. When Pisanio confesses he did so for fear someone else would carry out Posthumus's cruel orders, she sorrowfully asks what she is to do? Then he suggests that she let him send his master the bloody token he requires to prove she is dead, and disappear, adding that she will best escape Cloten's pursuit by donning the costume of a page and entering the service of the Roman ambassador. As inducement, Pisanio further suggests that his master will doubtless join the Roman host, and that hence she will be near Posthumus when he lands. This prospect proves enticing enough to make Imogen accept the costume he has prepared, sadly promising to assume the saucy demeanour which will prove her best safeguard in the midst of the Roman army. Then, afraid lest his absence be noted at court, Pisanio hastens away, leaving with Imogen the Queen's box, and telling her it contains a priceless cordial. The curtain falls upon the Princess, left

alone in the wilderness to assume the garb of a page and the name of Fidele.

We are next transported to the palace, where Cymbeline is dismissing the ambassador, and announcing his people have definitely shaken off the Roman yoke. After expressing regret at having no better report to carry home, the Roman departs with an escort detailed to see him safely across the Severn. The ambassador gone, the Queen and her son rejoice over Cymbeline's decision, although he reminds them the British must prepare for war, as the Romans, in anticipation of such a decision, have legions in Gaul ready to cross the Channel. Then he inquires why Imogen has not appeared, and bids a servant summon her.

The Queen explains that since Posthumus's departure, the Princess has led a most retired life; and is just begging the King to be lenient, when the attendants return without the Princess. Cymbeline, amazed to learn no reply was received to their loud summons, hastens out to discover what this silence means, while the Queen and her son comment that neither Pisanio nor Imogen have been visible for the past two days. While Cloten hurries off to seek the missing servant, his mother wonders whether her drug has already proved efficacious? But although she could thus account for Pisanio's absence, that of Imogen is unaccountable, although she suspects her of having committed suicide, or of having followed her husband. However this may be, the Queen joyfully decides that the Princess out of the way, she will easily be able to persuade the King to place her son on the throne.

Just then Cloten returns, announcing Imogen's flight, and the King's consequent anger. When the Queen has gone to soothe the royal wrath, Cloten swears to forget his former love for Imogen, and remember only his hatred. Seeing Pisanio enter at that moment, he hotly questions him, but, getting no information, threatens to kill him unless he speaks. Then only, Pisanio produces the letter to Imogen, which Cloten recognises as penned by Posthumus, and hence considers a sure clue to her present whereabouts. But, while he expresses a determination to pursue her, the servant softly rejoices that Imogen is too far away to be overtaken, and adds that he must send Posthumus word his wife is dead.

Having devised a plan to effect his revenge, Cloten summons Pisanio to serve him or forfeit his life. Under such circumstances the servant meekly obeys when told to fetch some of Posthumus's garments. During his absence, Cloten exclaims that after donning these clothes he will pursue the fugitives to the harbour, and that after slaying Posthumus, and defiling his wife, he will drive the disgraced Imogen home. As soon as the servant reappears with the suit, Cloten eagerly inquires how long the Princess has been gone, and hastens off to dress, while Pisanio openly rejoices because he will find neither of the victims he seeks.

The curtain next rises upon the cave of Belarius, whither Imogen wearily drags herself, exclaiming 'a man's life is a tedious one,' for she has wandered two days in the mountains, unable to find her way to the harbour, although Pisanio pointed it out from the top of the hill. In her grief at her husband's

cruelty, Imogen begins to fear lest Pisanio, too, has played her false. So, trembling at every noise, she creeps to the opening of the cave where she hopes to find food to sustain her, assuming a martial air her feelings belie, in hopes of intimidating its rustic occupants.

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She has scarcely vanished in the cave, when the huntsmen return, Belarius praising one youth for having killed a deer, and stating he and the other lad will dress the meat as soon as possible. Still, feeling hungry now, he hastens to the cave to get some food already prepared. It is while stooping to enter, that he starts back affrighted, exclaiming were not the creature within eating their victuals, he would deem it a fairy!

Peeping in curiously, both young men are charmed by the beauty and grace of Fidele, whom, judging from his size and apparel, they take for a lad somewhat younger than themselves. Creeping out, Fidele now piteously implores the three men to spare him, vowing he intended to pay for the food eaten. Then, seeing the money he proffers rejected, he fancies his hosts angry, and tries to appease them by stating he would have died had he not eaten.

In answer to questions, he next explains he is on his way to the harbour, and when cordially invited to remain and partake of the venison, seems strangely moved by the kindness of the young men, toward whom he feels as toward the brothers lost in early youth. Seeing tears in the page's eyes, the generous woodsmen offer him a home, so Fidele decides to become their companion and leaves the stage with them to prepare dinner.

The next scene is on a Roman square, where senators and tribunes are discussing a call for volunteers to fight the Britons. As soon as it becomes known that the ambassador is in command, many express readiness to enlist, ere the curtain falls.

ACT IV. www.thefourthact.com opens near the cave of Belarius, whither Cloten has made his way in pursuit of Imogen, dressed in the garments of Posthumus, which he flatters himself he becomes. Expecting soon to come across the fugitive, he is gloating over his evil intentions, for he feels confident that however cruel he proves to Imogen, his mother will obtain pardon from the King. A moment after Cloten passes out of sight, Belarius appears, bidding Fidele remain in the cave, since he is not well enough to accompany them. Although both youths express solicitude for the page's comfort, call him brother, and offer to stay with him, Fidele urges them to pursue their usual vocations. They therefore depart, wondering that they should feel more devoted to a lad whom they have known so short a time, than to their father,—remarks which prove to Belarius they are dimly conscious they are not related.

Just before they leave the scene, Fidele decides to try the effect of Pisanio's cordial, and immediately after partaking of it creeps back into the cave. He has no sooner vanished than his companions comment upon his noble bearing, his angelic voice, his skill in cookery, and the patience he shows, although he is plainly labouring under some great grief. They are just about to leave, when Cloten reappears, looking for his victims and muttering some-

thing about runaways. Fancying he is being pursued, Belarius peers out between the bushes, and recognising Cloten, bids one of the youths help him head off this assailant's suite while the other meets this foe. It is one of the lads, therefore, whom Cloten taunts *was an outlaw, and who* leaves the stage with him, fighting.

Having ascertained that no troops follow Cloten, Belarius and the other lad soon return, and are relieved to see their companion reappear with his opponent's head. While Belarius expresses dread lest harm may be brewing, the youth admits it is likely, since Cloten was threatening to place their heads on the gates of London! The three outlaws now decide not to hunt, and while one youth goes off to cast his victim's head in the stream, the other talks to Belarius. After a time, however, he steals off to inquire how Fidele is feeling, while the old man exclaims his foster sons show their royal origin by tenderness to the weak, and bravery toward the strong.

Having disposed of Cloten's head, the elder prince notices, on his return, sounds from an æolian harp which has been mute since the death of Belarius's wife. Before he can ascertain the meaning of this miracle, his brother comes out of the cave, bearing the apparently lifeless body of Fidele, and mournfully crying, 'the bird is dead!' Both youths and their aged companion now bewail the early death of so rare a boy, the younger Prince describing how he found the page lying on the ground, and how, deeming him asleep, he crept about noiselessly, only to discover no sound would ever waken him again!

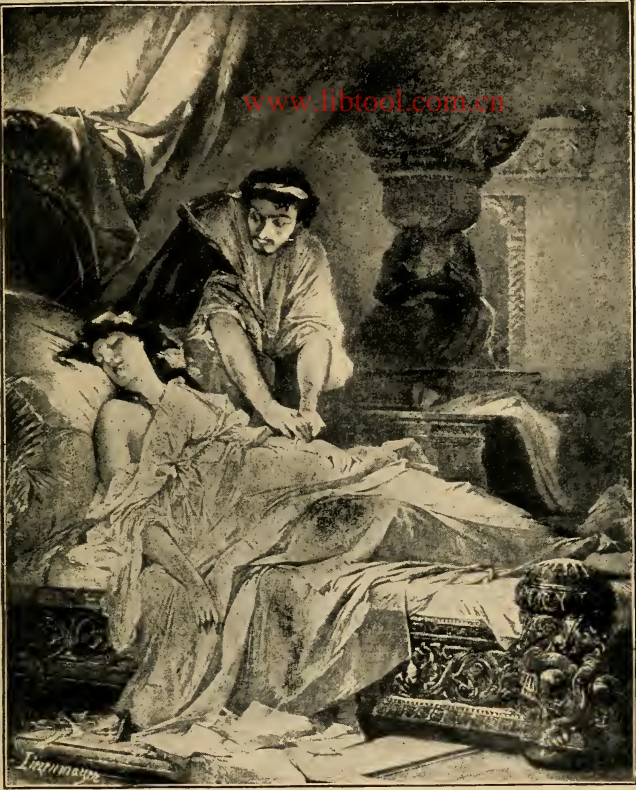
As Fidele is dead, the brothers decide to bury him in the forest, covering his corpse daily with fresh flowers, and using the same funeral rites as for their foster-mother, although speaking instead of singing the words, since their voices are no longer boyish enough to carry a tune. Sorrow over the dead page makes them forget the murder of Cloten, until Belarius reminds them another corpse must be buried, thereupon they carelessly bid him bring it after them.

Both princes now transport Fidele to a lovely spot in the forest, where, after turning his head toward the east, they recite a funeral hymn. It is barely finished when Belarius deposits the headless body of Cloten near that of the page, and the lads hasten off in quest of dainty flowers to strew over the corpse of the lovely boy they have learned to love so dearly.

Shortly after they have gone, Imogen rouses from her trance, under an impression of intense fatigue. Still half dazed by her drugged sleep, she gazes around her, and is startled to behold a headless trunk by her side. Imagining this a delusion, she closes her eyes, murmuring she thought she had been living in a cave with honest men, whom she served. Then, reopening her eyes, and still confronted by the same corpse, she creeps toward it, only to discover it is wrapped in her husband's garments! She therefore despairingly concludes Posthumus has been slain by Pisanio, who also tried to poison her, and falls over the headless trunk in a dead faint.

A few moments later, the Roman ambassador ap-

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A. Liezen-Mayer

lach. "O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!"

Cymbeline. Act 2, Scene 2.

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pears with his escort, talking over news just received, and consulting a soothsayer, who has observed omens of good luck. The ambassador, stumbling over Cloten's corpse, discovers Fidele, who, on recovering his senses, brokenly relates his master was slain by outlaws, and that his ~~like will never be seen again.~~ Touched by his sorrow, the ambassador offers to befriend him,—a proposal Fidele gratefully accepts, after obtaining permission to bury his master,—the Roman meantime doing his best to comfort him by kindly assuring him 'some falls are means the happier to arise.'

The curtain next rises in the palace, where Cymbeline is inquiring for the Queen, whose serious illness he attributes solely to the disappearance of her son. After commenting upon the sorrows which have visited him of late, Cymbeline inquires whether Pisanio has discovered any trace of Imogen, acquitting him of connivance in her escape only when creditably informed he was seen in the palace the day she disappeared. While one of the lords present reports they are searching for Cloten, another announces the Roman legions have landed, and a battle is imminent. Deprived of the ever ready counsels of the Queen and her son, Cymbeline now begs the advice of his courtiers, who bid him move forward without delay, his troops being ready and eager to defeat the Romans.

All having left the scene, Pisanio marvels that no news has come from Posthumus, that Imogen has not notified him of her safety, and that Cloten should have disappeared. Still, he rejoices to think the coming war may prove an occasion to serve his

country, and philosophically concludes 'fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.'

We now return to the space before the cave, where the princes exult at the noise of warfare in the neighbourhood and the prospect of taking an active part in the fray. As true-born Britons, they mean to join Cymbeline's forces, where, owing to his changed appearance, Belarius fancies he will not be recognised. He therefore approves of the youth's noble ardour, exclaiming, as they pass off the scene, 'the time seems long; their blood thinks scorn, till it fly out and show them princes born.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens near the Roman camp in Britain, where Posthumus is brooding over a bloody token, and bitterly regretting Imogen's death. He murmurs that since *she* proved faithless, no woman can ever have been loyal, humbly confessing had his own shortcomings been treated with the severity he meted out, he would never have lived to perpetrate this crime. But, although he has returned to Britain with the Roman forces, he intends to fight only for his country, casting off his Roman garb when the fray begins so as to join his countrymen as a nameless peasant.

Posthumus has barely left the scene, when the battle breaks out, and Romans rush madly to and fro across the stage. Finally Iachimo and Posthumus appear, fighting fiercely without recognising each other. Disarming this foe, after a brief encounter, Posthumus rushes off in quest of the death he is vainly seeking, while, left alone on the battlefield, Iachimo concludes a guilty conscience robs him of strength and courage, ere he limps off the scene.

The tide of battle now turns, for Cymbeline is seized by the Romans, who are leading him off in triumph, when checked by Belarius, the two princes and Posthumus, who bravely rescue their monarch. Not only do these four hold the whole Roman army at bay, but capture the ambassador, who, seeing no hope of escape, bids his page flee lest he be slain in the mêlée!

Victory thus assured, Posthumus hastens away, only to meet a British nobleman, overcome with remorse at having fled. While relating Cymbeline's rescue, Posthumus speaks so bitterly, that his interlocutor pities him ere he departs. Left alone once more, Posthumus decides since death shuns him in battle, to resume Roman apparel, and be slain as prisoner of war. He has just redonned Roman attire, when the Britons rush in, elated with their victory, and exclaiming that angels fought for their King! Their one regret is not to find any trace of the British peasant who so valiantly assisted the two brave youths, the King having bidden them seek him even among the dead. It is while doing so, that, by the King's command, they add Posthumus to the prisoners to be sacrificed.

The rising curtain next reveals the British prison, into which Posthumus is thrust, after the jailors have made sure he cannot escape. Solitude seems welcome, and Posthumus calls upon death soon to end his woes, for conscience leaves him no rest. Besides, he hopes by the sacrifice of his own life to atone for the murder of his wife. It is with Imogen's name upon his lips, therefore, that he falls asleep, only to be visited in slumber by a vision of

the father, mother and brothers he never knew. But, while all four approve of his services to his country, they bewail his trials, and passionately implore Jupiter's aid. In answer to this invocation, the Thunderer appears, and while the ghosts kneel before him, promises to protect Posthumus, on whose breast he bids them place a tablet whereon is inscribed an Olympian decree. Then, Jupiter having again vanished heavenward, the ghosts obey ere they too disappear; and when Posthumus awakes, he discovers with surprise an oracle on his bosom. Far too mysterious to be understood, he decides to keep it for sentiment's sake, and has barely secreted it when the jailors return to inquire whether he is ready to die? Then, seeing his indifference to his fate, they crack rough jokes with him, until a messenger summons all prisoners into the King's presence. While the rest depart, one jailor comments that never before did he see prisoner so indifferent to life!

We now behold the royal tent, where, supported on either side by the youths who rescued him, Cymbeline expresses regret not to have found the brave peasant who seconded them so bravely. Then he promises rich rewards to the youths, whom he is so glad to discover of gentle birth, that he immediately knights them. This ceremony concluded, the King questions the entering physician, who gravely announces the Queen is dead. He adds that before breathing her last, she confessed never to have loved her husband, and having planned to poison him and his daughter, so as to place her son upon the throne. These terrible revelations,—confirmed

by the Queen's women,—fill Cymbeline's heart with tempestuous emotions, chief among which is anxiety for Imogen, concerning whom he has been so sorely deceived.

The entrance of the Roman prisoners, led by the ambassadors, now reminds Cymbeline this is no time for private griefs; so, after proudly announcing no further mention will be made of tribute, he decrees the Romans shall suffer the treatment which they would have awarded him had he been defeated. The ambassador,—a Roman of the old school,—stoically accepts this sentence, for 'a Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer,' but begs that his page, a Briton born, may be spared.

His intercession directs the King's glance to Fidele, in whose countenance he discovers something vaguely familiar, although he does not doubt he is a lad. Because of this resemblance, Cymbeline grants Fidele life and any boon he cares to ask, whereupon the Roman confidently expects his page to intercede in his behalf. Although evidently anxious to save him, this youth hesitates to speak until the King draws him aside. While they converse, the ambassador grieves to be thus openly scorned by one whose love he thought he had won; the youths wonderingly comment on the page's likeness to the lad they loved and buried; and Pisanio recognises the Princess, for whom he procured her present disguise.

The whispered conferences over, Cymbeline calls Iachimo out of the ranks, and bids him confront Fidele, who wishes to make a request. To the amazement of all present, the page now demands an explanation of the manner in which Iachimo ob-

tained his ring. After some demur, Iachimo remorsefully confesses that his ring was won by treachery from Posthumus; a statement which so whets Cymbeline's curiosity, that he cross-questions his prisoner, until he wrings from him the story of the bet, a description of his journey, and an admission that the proofs he furnished of Imogen's infidelity were false. Unable to control himself any longer, Posthumus now hotly reviles Iachimo, and so despairingly accuses himself of having slain Imogen, that Fidele springs forward to comfort him, only to be roughly flung back, for Posthumus fancies the strange page is mocking his grief.

Seeing Fidele fall, Pisanio catches him, exclaiming indignantly that, Posthumus 'ne'er kill'd Imogen till now!' a revelation of the page's identity which overcomes both Cymbeline and Posthumus, who stand by dazed with joy, while Pisanio revives his mistress. On opening her eyes, Imogen denounces Pisanio as a poisoner, an accusation he truthfully denies, pleading that the Queen gave him the cordial to which she refers. When Imogen declares it poisoned her, the physician testifies it was merely a sleeping potion, which, mistrusting the Queen's motives, he gave her instead of poison. This explanation also proves to the two lads that they really behold the page whom they deemed dead.

Meantime, Imogen, clasped to the heart of her overjoyed husband, leaves his arms only to kneel before Cymbeline, who, after welcoming her tenderly, sadly informs her the Queen is dead, and Cloten missing!

Belarius, who has heard all, exclaims that the

love, binding together the three young people who dwelt in his cave, was natural, while Pisanio reveals how Cloten set out to seek revenge. He adds, however, that he does not know what has become of the Prince, whereupon one of the youths confesses how he cut off Cloten's head, only to be instantly condemned therefor to death.

At Pisanio's mention of her husband's clothes, Imogen understands her mistake, but ere she can enlighten Cymbeline, Belarius forbids hands to be laid on his supposed son. Then, falling at Cymbeline's feet, he asks payment for the nursing and education of his offspring, a demand which necessitates an explanation. Although overjoyed to recover his sons, Cymbeline refuses to accept them without proof of their identity, and when it is fully established, gravely pities Imogen for losing her realm. No such feeling, however, troubles the Princess, who gladly welcomes the brothers whom she has learned to love, and tells all present how kind they proved to a wandering page.

After pardoning and reinstating Belarius, freeing the ambassador, and thanking Posthumus—who confesses he was the British peasant,—Cymbeline is about to proceed to the punishment of Iachimo when Posthumus intercedes in his behalf. Next the tablet left on his breast in prison, is shown to a soothsayer, who interprets the oracle in a way that affords such general satisfaction, that Cymbeline volunteers to continue the tribute, saying he fully intended doing so until dissuaded by his wicked Queen. The British and Roman ensigns are therefore erected on the stage, side by side, amid general acclamations,

while all unite in giving thanks for the happy outcome of warfare and misunderstandings.*

* In 'Stories of Shakespeare's Tragedies' will be found the plays of 'King Lear' and of 'Macbeth,' which come, chronologically, between 'Cymbeline' and 'King John' but which are classed among the greatest of the poet's tragedies.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

ACT I. The first act opens in the palace of King John, where he is giving an audience to the French ambassador. Summoned to deliver his message, this emissary, after an insulting mention of 'borrowed majesty,' calls upon King John of England to surrender to Arthur Plantagenet, son of his elder brother Geffrey, all England, Ireland, and the English possessions in France. When John haughtily inquires what King Philip of France will do in case he refuse, the ambassador rejoins by a formal declaration of war, to which John retorts 'war for war,' warning the ambassador he will be in France almost before his arrival can be announced.

The French ambassador having left under safe-conduct, Elinor, mother of King John, exclaims she was right in predicting Constance would urge France to war for her son's rights, and reminds John how all could have been settled amicably had he listened to her. Just as John asserts that possession and right are both on his side,—to which his mother does not agree,—the announcement is made that a strange controversy awaits royal decision.

Bidding the contestants appear, John mutters that his abbeys and priories will have to bear the expense of the coming expedition to France, ere the two men are ushered in. On questioning them, the King learns one is Robert Faulconbridge, son of a soldier, knighted by his brother Richard, and the other, Philip, illegitimate son of the same knight, who

claims inheritance. While both young men are sure they descend from the same mother, Philip the elder, expresses doubts in regard to his father, for which Elinor reproves him. Only when he exclaims, however, that he is thankful not to resemble Sir Roger, does Elinor notice his strong resemblance to her son Richard, to which she calls John's attention.

Both brothers now begin to plead their cause before the King, interrupting and contradicting one another, the younger claiming how during his father's absence, Richard induced his mother to break her marriage vows. He adds, that aware of her infidelity, the father left all he had to him, cutting off the elder entirely, although John says the law entitles him to a share of Sir Robert's estate, since he was born in wedlock. Thereupon Robert asks whether his father had no right to dispose of his property as he pleased, while Elinor questions whether Philip would rather be considered the son of Richard Lionheart and forfeit all claim to Faulconbridge, or vice-versa. Thus cornered, Philip confesses he would not resemble his brother or Sir Robert for anything in the world, and when Elinor invites him to forsake all and follow her to France,—where he can win honors in the war,—he joyfully hands over the disputed estates to his brother, and swears he will follow Elinor to the death! Then King John knights Philip, who magnanimously shakes hands with his 'brother by the mother's side,' thus displaying so much of Richard's spirit, that Elinor and John acknowledge him as their kin.

All leaving the stage save the new knight, he merrily congratulates himself upon the airs he can

now assume, and proposes to fit himself for knightly society by secret practice and by close observation. His soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of his mother, Lady Faulconbridge, who chides him for speaking disrespectfully of Sir Robert. But, after dismissing her attendant, Philip bluntly informs her that, knowing Sir Robert is not his father, he has renounced all claims to the Faulconbridge estates. After some demur, his mother confesses his surmises have been correct, and that King Richard is indeed his father, whereupon he exclaims, 'Ay, my mother, with all my heart I thank thee for my father! Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well when I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.' This understanding reached, Faulconbridge leads his mother out to introduce her at court, promising to champion her on every occasion.

ACT II. The second act opens in France, before the city of Angiers (Angers), where Austria's forces are drawn up on one side, and the French on the other. Stepping forward, the Dauphin greets 'Austria,' telling young Arthur and his mother Constance, that although once a foe of Richard, Austria is now trying to make amends by helping the rightful heir to his throne. At his request, Arthur embraces this former family foe, freely forgiving him the past, and bespeaking his aid for the future. After the Duke of Austria has pledged himself with a kiss never to abandon Arthur's cause until he has won his rights to England,—'that white-faced shore, whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides and coops from other lands her islanders,'—Constance effusively promises him a 'mother's thanks, a widow's

thanks,' ere King Philip in his turn pledges himself to lay his royal bones before Angiers or compel it to recognise Arthur.

Constance is just imploring these champions of her son's rights to await the ambassador's return,—with, perchance, favourable news from England,—when he appears, bidding French and Austrians hasten to meet the English, who follow close on his heels. This news is immediately confirmed by drum-beats, announcing the approach of the foe, which fact surprises the French and Austrian leaders, although they are ready to welcome them, for 'courage mounteth with occasion.'

King John now marches on the stage escorted by his mother, suite, and army, calling down peace upon France provided she yield to his demands, but woe should she resist. His proud address is answered in kind by King Philip of France, who claims Arthur is the rightful possessor of England, and bids John recognise him as king. Irritated by this demand, John haughtily demands Philip's authority for this claim, only to receive reply that it is made in the name of the Defender of Orphans. When John thereupon taunts Philip for usurping authority, he is charged with that crime himself, ere Elinor and Constance, joining in the quarrel, begin to revile one another hotly, for theirs is a feud of long-standing.

In the midst of this quarrel, Elinor vows Arthur is not Geoffrey's legitimate son, whereupon Constance indignantly rebukes her, and turning to the lad exclaims his grandmother is trying to cast shame upon him. The quarrel between the women becomes so

virulent that the Duke of Austria calls for peace, only to be sneered at by the insolent Faulconbridge, who openly defies him, although Blanch, niece of John, who is also present, evidently admires him.

Finally, the French monarch silences the women and disputing nobles, and turning once more to John summons him to surrender the lands he holds to Arthur. After hotly retorting, 'my life as soon: I do defy thee, France,' John invites young Arthur to join him, promising to give him more than France can ever win by force. But, when Elinor tries to coax her grandson to side with them, Constance bitterly suggests his grandmother will give him 'a plum, a cherry, and a fig' in exchange for a kingdom, and by her jibes causes the gentle prince to wail he would rather be dead, than the cause of 'this coil that's made for me.' While Elinor attributes this cry to shame for his mother's conduct, Constance deems it is occasioned by his grandmother's injustice, which diverging opinions rekindle the quarrel, until both monarchs interfere to silence them.

Trumpet blasts summoning a deputation from Angiers, end this vituperation, so a citizen, acting as spokesman, demands why they have been summoned to their walls, only to hear both kings claim they have come hither to seek aid to defend the rights of England's King. Addressing the deputation first, King John accuses France of trying to awe them into subjection, whereupon King Philip urges them to remain faithful to their rightful sovereign, adding the threat that should they refuse to obey Arthur, he will compel them to do so. Diplo-

matically replying they are the King of England's faithful subjects, the spokesman refuses to decide which is the rightful claimant to England's crown, and vows Angiers' gates shall remain closed until the dispute has been duly settled.

When King John loudly asserts he is the only rightful bearer of the English crown—a statement in which he is supported by his nephew Faulconbridge,—the French King urges the citizens not to believe him. Thus starts a new dispute, at the end of which it is decided the question shall be settled by the force of arms, so King Philip brings the momentous interview to a close with the words: 'God and our right!'

Shortly after, the French herald, in full panoply, formally summons Angiers to open its gates to Arthur, only to be immediately followed by an English herald, in similar array, demanding admittance for John. To these double summons the men of Angiers respectfully reply they are merely waiting to know which is their lawful sovereign, before they welcome their king. Both monarchs now enter the battle-field with their respective forces, John sarcastically demanding whether France has blood to squander, only to receive as rejoinder from Philip that he will defeat him or die. Impatient to fight, Faulconbridge inquires why they stop to parley, whereupon both kings, raising their voices, bid Angiers state with which party it sides, only to receive the same reply that it is loyal to the King of England. This diplomacy enrages Faulconbridge, who, declaring they are flouting both kings, suggests the besiegers join forces to subdue the

insolent rebels, deciding the matter of rightful ownership afterwards. This proposal suits both monarchs, who immediately agree upon the measures to be taken, arranging that the French, English, and Austrians shall attack Angiers from different points.

Just as they are about to begin operations, the citizens beg for a hearing, and propose in their turn that John's niece, Lady Blanch, be married to the Dauphin, for whom she would make an ideal wife, vowing 'this union shall do more than battery can,' since they will then fling open their gates to both kings. This proposal fails to please Faulconbridge, who longs for the fray; but Elinor urges John to accept it, which, after Philip calls upon him to speak first, he formally does, stating he will give his niece as dowry all his lands in France, save the town of Angiers. The Dauphin, after expressing eagerness to conclude this match, whispers to Blanch, who in turn signifies maidenly consent. The marriage portion John has promised to bestow upon his niece, proves so enticing to Philip, that he bids the young couple join hands, while the Duke of Austria suggests their betrothal be sealed with a kiss.

All preliminaries thus settled, King Philip calls upon Angiers to throw open its gates, so the marriage of the Dauphin and Lady Blanch can be celebrated in St. Mary's chapel, concluding his speech by stating his satisfaction that Arthur and Constance have retired, as the latter would surely object to this arrangement. Then, to satisfy the Dauphin, and French King, who ruefully aver Constance has just cause for displeasure, John proposes to make

Arthur Duke of Brittany, and bids a messenger invite him and his mother to the wedding.

All now leave the scene save Faulconbridge, who shrewdly comments John has forfeited a small part of his possessions to prevent Arthur from securing the whole, while the King of France has allowed the bribe of a rich alliance for his son to turn him aside from his avowed purpose to uphold the right. He jocosely adds that, as yet, no one has tried to bribe him, but that when the attempt is made, he will immediately yield, because, 'since kings break faith upon commodity gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.'

ACT III. The third act opens in the tent of the French King, where Constance, having just heard of the royal marriage, exclaims it cannot be true, and threatens to have the Earl of Salisbury punished for trying to deceive her. She pitifully adds that although a widow and prone to fear, she will forgive all, provided he admits he has been jesting, and ceases to cast pitiful glances upon her son. Unable to obey, Salisbury compassionately reiterates he has told the truth, whereupon Constance wails she and her son have been betrayed! In her grief, she bids Salisbury begone, and expresses sorrow when her son implores her to be resigned, saying that were he some monster, she might allow him to be deprived of his rights, but that, seeing his perfections, she cannot endure his being set aside. Before leaving, Salisbury again reminds her she is expected to join both kings, whereupon she vows she will be proud in her grief, and seats herself upon the ground, declaring kings will have to do homage to

her, on her throne of sorrows, if they wish to see her.

The marriage guests now return from church, King Philip graciously assuring his new-made daughter-in-law that this day shall henceforth be a festival for France, ~~whereupon Constance,~~ rising in wrath from her lowly seat, vehemently declares it shall forever be accursed! When King Philip tells her she has no reason for anger as he will see she gets her rights, she accuses him of betraying her cause, calls wildly upon heaven to defend a widow, and prays that discord may soon arise between these perjured kings, although all present try to silence her. Even the Duke of Austria becomes the butt of her wrath and contempt, for she scornfully bids him don some other garb than the lion's skin on which he prides himself,—an insult he cannot avenge as it is uttered by a woman. Instead, he turns his wrath upon Faulconbridge, when the latter ventures to repeat some of Constance's strictures on royal interference.

It is at this moment that the papal legate enters, announcing he has been sent to inquire of John, why, in spite of papal decrees, he refuses to permit Stephen Langton to exercise his office as Archbishop of Canterbury? In return, John denies the Pope's right to call him to account, and vows no Italian priest shall collect tithes in his realm, where he considers himself supreme head under God! His defiant reply smacks of heresy to King Philip, who, venturing to reprove him, is informed that although all other Christian monarchs may submit to the Pope's dictation, he, John, will continue to oppose him, and to

consider his friends foes. This statement causes the legate to pronounce John's excommunication, and to declare that anyone taking his life will deserve to be canonised for having performed a meritorious deed. Such a denunciation so pleases Constance, that she adds a few curses addressed to John for depriving her son of his inheritance, until reproved by the legate, who summons Philip to break all alliance with John, since he has forfeited the Pope's regard. Hoping for war, the Duke of Austria sides with the legate, while Faulconbridge taunts him, and King John, Constance, Lewis, and Blanch separately implore Philip to listen to them.

All these entreaties merely perplex the French monarch, who, turning to the legate, gravely informs him that having just concluded an alliance with John, it seems an act of sacrilege to break it. He is answered, in a Jesuitical speech, that the Church comes first, and can release from all other vows. While his son and the Duke of Austria urge him to obey the legate's summons, Faulconbridge and Blanch demur, the latter begging husband and father-in-law not to take arms against her uncle. On hearing this, Constance falls upon her knees, appealing to the honour of the King and Dauphin, while Blanch appeals to their love. The scene closes with Philip's decision to break faith with John and obey the Church,—thereby winning the approval of the legate, his son, and Constance, but incurring the scathing contempt of John, Elinor, and Faulconbridge. Meanwhile poor Blanch sadly wonders with which party she shall side, her relatives and husband now being opposed, and sadly

yields when the Dauphin reminds her her first duty is to remain with him. Then, King John, turning to Faulconbridge, bids him summon his army, and defies King Philip, who boldly answers his challenge ere he leaves.

The next scene is played on the plain near Angiers, where the battle is raging, and Faulconbridge is seen bearing in triumph the Duke of Austria's head. A moment later, King John appears with his nephew Arthur, whom he has taken prisoner, and now intrusts to the keeping of Hubert, vowing he must hasten back to rescue his mother, who is sorely pressed in her tent. Thereupon Faulconbridge admits he has already delivered Elinor, and adds, 'very little pains will bring this labour to a happy end.'

In the next scene the tide of battle sweeps to and fro across the stage, and John is heard informing Elinor and Arthur that they are to remain behind under strong guard, while Faulconbridge will hasten back to England, to wring from the Church new sinews of war, a task so congenial to his violent nature, that he departs vowing "bell, book, and candle" shall not drive him back.

After he has gone, Elinor begins conversing with her grandson, while the King, after lavishing some flattery upon Hubert, informs him he has matters of importance to communicate, which he cannot reveal at present. Seeing Hubert overcome by his condescension, John adds that if it were only midnight, he would dare speak and test his loyalty,—a test Hubert is eager to have applied. Thereupon John bids him keep a watchful eye upon young

Arthur, whom he designates as 'a serpent' in his way, hoping this hint will suffice for Hubert to remove the impediment. But, seeing him still obtuse, John proceeds to express himself so plainly, that Hubert assures him Arthur shall not live, and thereby wins eager thanks from the King, who, taking leave of mother and nephew, bids the latter follow Hubert.

The next scene is played in the royal French tent, where King Philip, the legate, and Dauphin, are discussing the scattering of an English fleet by a tempest, which damage only partly offsets the loss of Angiers, the seizure of Arthur, and the death of so many brave Frenchmen. The Dauphin is describing how cleverly the English are defending what they have won, when Constance enters, and is pitied by King Philip for the loss of her son. No consolation, however, can touch this bereaved mother, who wildly accuses them all of treachery, and calls for death, in spite of all the King and legate can do to quiet her. When they finally inform her this is madness, she hotly denies it, vowing that were she only insane, she might forget her child or be satisfied with some puppet in his stead, and, as she tears her hair in her grief, Philip notes how grey it has turned, notwithstanding her youth.

Appealing to the legate, the poor mother asks in heart-broken tones whether she will see and recognise in heaven the child who was her dearest treasure on earth, and of whom she is so cruelly bereft? In her grief, she eloquently describes the loveliness of her offspring, but pictures him so changed by sorrow and imprisonment that even in heaven his

mother will not be able to recognise him. When the King and legate try to soothe her, she vows 'grief fills the room up of my absent child,' describing how she misses his constant company and pretty ways, and declares that had they ever experienced a similar loss they would better understand the sorrow which now overwhelms her.

Seeing her depart still broken-hearted, Philip follows lest she do herself some injury, while the Dauphin siezes this opportunity to tell the legate that 'bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,' for him, because the defeat of the French forces wrankles deep in his heart. Although in reply to fears expressed for Arthur's safety, the Dauphin confidently affirms John will be satisfied in keeping Arthur imprisoned, the legate prophesies that if not dead already, the Prince will soon be slain. Then, he urges the Dauphin to attack England,—to which he has the next right,—before Faulconbridge can raise reinforcements in men and money, using arguments which determine the Dauphin to join him in urging the King to immediate action.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in a room in the castle, where Hubert is bidding two executioners heat their irons red-hot, and linger behind the arras until he stamps his foot, when they are to rush forward and bind fast the lad they find in his company. Because one of the men mutters he hopes he is not doing this without warrant, Hubert chides him; then, the men being duly concealed, calls upon Arthur to join him. Entering with a kindly greeting for his keeper, Arthur, on noticing he is low-

spirited, claims he alone has a right to be sorrowful, but that were he only free he would be 'as merry as the day is long.' He pitifully adds that he is not to blame for being Geoffrey's son, or heir to England, and that he would gladly be Hubert's child so as to win his love.

This artless talk overcomes the jailor, who exclaims in an aside, that if he converses any longer with such innocence, his 'mercy which lies dead,' will awaken and prevent the execution of his plan. Struck by his unusual pallor, Arthur now touchingly inquires whether Hubert is ill, offering to nurse him because of the love he bears him, a devotion which proves so moving, that with tears trickling down his cheeks, Hubert exhibits the orders he has received, hoarsely asking the Prince whether he can read?

After perusing the order, Arthur piteously inquires whether both his eyes will have to be put out with red-hot irons, and wonders whether Hubert will have the heart to do this to the lad, who, when he once had a headache, forfeited his rest to nurse him? When he concludes his eloquent appeal with the words, 'will you put out mine eyes? These eyes that never did nor never shall so much as frown on you,' Hubert grimly insists he must do so, although Arthur vows he would not believe it should an angel state he could be guilty of such cruelty!

Steeling his heart against further pleading, Hubert stamps, whereupon the executioners appear with red-hot irons and a rope, ready to carry out his orders. Fleeing to Hubert's arms as his refuge,

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HUBERT AND PRINCE ARTHUR

Wm. Kaulbach

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Arthur piteously clings to him, vowing he will stand still, provided they do not bind him. By such promises, he finally prevails upon Hubert to send the men away, and when they depart,—glad to be spared such work,—he again inquires whether there is no appeal against this ~~lawful sentence~~, describing in feeling terms the distress caused by a mere speck in one's eye, and offering to sacrifice any other member in preference. After a while he notices with relief, that the irons have grown too cold to harm him, and when Hubert mutters they can be reheated, exclaims the fire is nearly extinct, assuring Hubert, when he proposes to rekindle it by blowing upon it, that it will 'blush and glow with shame of your proceedings.' Conquered at last, Hubert exclaims he may keep his eyesight, although he swore to commit this crime. These milder looks and tones relieve Arthur, who cries he appeared like one disguised a while ago, but again resembles himself! To escape the child's fervent gratitude, Hubert departs, vowing John must be made to believe his nephew is dead, and reiterating his promise not to injure Arthur 'for the wealth of all the world,' even though he risk his life!

The next scene occurs in King John's palace, where, crowned the second time, he expresses delight at finding himself once more among his people. The Dukes of Pembroke and Salisbury deem this second coronation superfluous, for they declare one might as well 'gild refined gold,' 'paint the lily,' 'throw a perfume on the violet,' as try to enhance the sanctity of a first consecration. But, although both these noblemen plainly deem the ceremony a mis-

take, John insists he was right in having it performed, ere he graciously inquires what reforms they would like made in state affairs?

Speaking in the name of the English people, Pembroke begs John to set Arthur free, for the imprisonment of a child is a great grievance to all his subjects. Just after the King has promised to place Arthur in Pembroke's care, Hubert comes in, and John hastily draws him aside. Meantime, Pembroke exclaims to Salisbury that this is the very man who recently exhibited to one of his friends a cruel warrant which he fears has since been executed. Watching John, therefore, both mark his change of colour, and fancy it bodes ill in regard to Prince Arthur. Then, drawing near them once more, John gravely informs them Arthur is dead, whereupon the lords sarcastically comment upon so opportune an end! Although John tries to defend himself by inquiring whether they think he has command of 'the pulse of life,' they exclaim 'it is apparent foul play,' and take leave of him forever, to go and find the Prince's remains and bury them suitably.

Both lords having thus departed in wrath, John regrets what he has done, because 'there is no sure foundation set on blood, no certain life achieved by others' death.' The appearance of a messenger, whose face betokens ill-tidings, causes him to inquire anxiously what news he brings, and when John learns a French force has already landed in England, he wonders why his mother did not warn him. He is then informed how Elinor and Constance have both died within three days of each other,—news

which makes his head reel;—still he soon collects himself, and has just found out the Dauphin is leading the French army, when Faulconbridge appears.

Exclaiming he can bear no further misfortunes, John demands how his kinsman has prospered, waxing indignant on learning of the defection of his people, many of whom have been influenced by a recent prediction that he will be obliged to relinquish his crown before Ascension Day! Hearing Faulconbridge has brought the prophet with him, John suddenly inquires of this man what induced him to say this, only to be gravely informed he did so 'foreknowing that the truth will fall out so!' In his wrath John entrusts the prophet to Hubert's keeping, with orders to hang him on Ascension Day at noon, and to return to receive further orders as soon as he has placed this unwelcome prophet in safe custody.

Hubert and the prophet having gone, John asks Faulconbridge whether he has heard of the landing of the French, of Arthur's death, and of Salisbury's and Pembroke's defection? In hopes of winning the two latter lords back to their allegiance, John orders Faulconbridge to follow them, and only after his departure comments on his mother's sudden death. It is while John is still alone, that Hubert returns, reporting five moons have been seen, which phenomena people connect with Arthur's death. Such is the popular panic in consequence, that its mere description chills John's blood, and makes him turn upon Hubert, accusing him of being alone guilty of Arthur's death, by which he had naught to gain. When Hubert retorts John forced him to

commit that crime, the King rejoins, 'it is the curse of kings to be attended by slaves that take their humours for a warrant to break within the bloody house of life.' Thus goaded, Hubert produces the royal warrant, which John no sooner beholds, than he vows murder would never have come to his mind had not so ready a tool been near at hand! When Hubert protests, John angrily inquires why he did not do so when the order was given, as a mere sign would have stopped him, and bids him begone, as one accursed, who has brought down upon England foreign invasion, the disaffection of the nobles, and a panic among the people. This accusation determines Hubert no longer to withhold the information that Arthur still lives, and when he concludes with the words it was not in him 'to be butcher of an innocent child,' John, perceiving the political advantage he can draw from this confession, promptly apologises to Hubert, and bids him hasten and tell the news to the peers, whom he invites to join him in his cabinet.

The next scene is played before the castle in which Arthur is imprisoned, at the moment when he appears upon the high walls and looks downward, about to spring into space. Before jumping, he implores the ground to be merciful and not hurt him, for, if not crippled by the fall, he hopes to enjoy freedom as a sailor lad. After concluding 'as good to die and go, as die and stay,' Arthur springs, only to expire a moment later on the stones below, gasping they are as hard as his uncle's heart, and imploring heaven to take his soul, and England to keep his bones.

When he has expired, Salisbury and Pembroke appear, discuss joining the French, and are overtaken by Faulconbridge, who summons them into the King's presence—summons they disregard, for they never wish to see John again! Advancing, they suddenly descry Arthur's corpse, over which they mourn, pointing it out to Faulconbridge with words of tender pity for the sufferings of the child, and of execration for those who drove him to so desperate an act. Hard-hearted as Faulconbridge is, he agrees 'it is a damned and bloody work,' although he cannot imagine how anyone could be guilty of a child's death. The lords have just registered a solemn oath to avenge Arthur, when Hubert appears in the distance, calling out that the Prince is alive and the King wants them, words which seem pure mockery to Salisbury, who harshly bids him begone. As his orders are not immediately obeyed, Salisbury draws his sword, whereupon Faulconbridge restrains him, while Hubert protests that nothing, save respect for a noble antagonist, prevents him from seeking immediate redress for the terms he has used.

The rest now turn upon Hubert, terming him murderer, a charge he defies them to prove. Before attacking him, they point to Arthur's corpse as a confirmation of their words, and at the sight of the lifeless Prince, Hubert truthfully exclaims he left him in good health an hour ago, and protests he 'will weep his date of life out for his sweet life's loss.' But this grief seems pure hypocrisy to Salisbury, who decides to hasten off with his companions to the Dauphin's camp, where, they

inform Hubert and Faulconbridge, the King may hereafter send for them!

The lords having gone, Faulconbridge demands whether Hubert is in any way to blame for Arthur's death, vowing if he is guilty of slaying a child, no punishment can be too severe for him. When Hubert solemnly swears he is not guilty, 'in act, consent, or sin of thought,' Faulconbridge bids him carry off his little charge, marvelling that England's hopes can make so light and helpless a burden. Then he hastens back to John, for 'a thousand businesses are brief in hand, and heaven itself doth frown upon the land.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens in John's palace, just after he has surrendered his crown to the legate, who returns it to him in the Pope's name, accepting him once more as vassal of the holy see. As John has submitted to this humiliation so as to retain possession of the sceptre slipping from his grasp, he implores the legate soon to use his authority to check the advance of the French. After admitting he induced the French to attack England, the legate departs, promising to make them lay down their arms.

When he has gone, John inquires whether this is not Ascension Day, exclaiming the prophesy has been fulfilled, since he voluntarily laid aside his crown before noon. It is at this moment Faulconbridge enters, announcing that all Kent save Dover, has already yielded to the French, who have also become masters of London, where the nobles are thronging to receive them. These tidings dismay John, who expected the nobles to return to their

allegiance as soon as it became known that Arthur was alive; but, when he learns from Faulconbridge that the little Prince was found dead at the foot of his prison walls, he vehemently exclaims Hubert deceived him!

Seeing John hopeless of maintaining his position, Faulconbridge urges him to 'be great in act,' as he has 'been in thought,' suggesting that he fight fire with fire, and by his example infuse courage in everybody. When John rejoins that the legate has promised to make peace with the invader, the Bastard scorns such an inglorious settlement, and bids John arm, lest he lose the opportune moment to triumph over a youthful foe. When he is therefore told to prepare immediately for fight, he goes off with great alacrity.

The next scene is played in the French camp, at St. Edmundsbury, where the Dauphin orders copies made of the covenant he has just concluded with the English lords, a covenant which Salisbury promises shall never be broken, although it grieves him to fight his countrymen. The Dauphin has just reassured him in regard to England,—whose prosperity he means to further,—when the legate enters, announcing that John, having concluded peace with Rome, is no longer to be molested. But, loath to relinquish a purpose once avowed, the Dauphin refuses to withdraw at the Church's summons, and claims England as his wife's inheritance, since Arthur is dead.

His proud refusal to return to France without having accomplished anything, amazes the legate, who has no time to bring forth further arguments,

for trumpets sound and Faulconbridge appears. Demanding whether the legate has been successful, and learning the Dauphin refuses to withdraw, Faulconbridge shows great satisfaction, and reports that his master challenges the French, whom he intends to drive home in disgrace! His defiant speech angers the Dauphin, who, contemptuously remarking it is easy to 'out-scold,' refuses the legate's offers to arbitrate, and informs Faulconbridge his challenge is accepted.

The next scene is played on the battle-field, where, meeting Hubert, John eagerly inquires how his troops have fared, and is dismayed to learn Fortune has proved adverse. He is besides, prey to a fever which robs him of strength at the critical moment, so he abandons the field, sending word to Faulconbridge he will take refuge in the neighbouring Abbey of Swinstead. As he is leaving, he learns with delight the Dauphin's supplies have been wrecked on Goodwin Sands, but even such tidings cannot cure him and he turns very faint.

In another part of the field, Salisbury, Pembroke and another lord have met, and comment over the number of friends John has secured, marvelling in particular at Faulconbridge's courage, and wondering whether the King has really left the battle-field. Their conversation is interrupted by a mortally wounded Frenchman, who warns them they are betrayed, and advises them to crave John's pardon before it is too late. On learning that the Dauphin,—who swore friendship with them,—intends to sacrifice them in case he is victorious, all three lords leave the field, bearing with them the

wounded man who has so kindly befriended them.

In the next scene the Dauphin boasts they have driven the foe from the field, just as a messenger brings word that the English nobles have deserted, and that his supplies have been wrecked! Knowing King John is at Swinstead Abbey, the Dauphin proposes to pursue him thither on the morrow, and retires while his men mount guard over the camp.

We now behold Swinstead Abbey, where, coming from opposite directions, Hubert and Faulconbridge meet. In their first surprise they challenge each other, dropping their defiant attitude only when they discover they are both on the English side. Making themselves known, they then eagerly inquire for news; but, it is only after some hesitation that Hubert reveals that John has probably been poisoned by one of the monks, and is now speechless, warning Faulconbridge the end is so near he had better provide for his own safety. Unable to credit such tidings, Faulconbridge inquires further particulars, only to hear the rebel lords have been pardoned and are now with Prince Henry by the royal death-bed.

It is in an orchard near this same Abbey that Prince Henry, conversing with Salisbury and another lord, sadly informs them his father's death is imminent. A moment later Pembroke joins them, reporting that the King wishes to be brought out in the open air, as he fancies it will do him good. After giving orders for his father to be conveyed to this spot, Prince Henry laments the sudden seizure which has laid him low; and even while Salisbury is vainly trying to comfort him, bearers bring in the

dying monarch. Shortly after gasping, 'Now my soul hath elbow-room,' John adds that an internal fire consumes him! Then, in reply to Prince Henry's inquiries, he admits he is indeed dying from poison, and begs for the relief which no one can afford him, although his sufferings wring tears from all.

The sudden appearance of Faulconbridge, rouses John enough to remark he arrives in time to see him die! These tidings dismay Faulconbridge, who announces the Dauphin is coming, and that, having lost most of his own forces, he will not be able to defend his King! At these words John sinks back dead, and Salisbury exclaims: 'My liege! my lord! but now a King, now thus.'

Seeing his father has gone, Prince Henry mourns, while Faulconbridge swears he will linger on earth only long enough to avenge John, and will then hasten to wait upon him in heaven as he has done here below. Hearing him add that England is in imminent danger, Salisbury informs him that the legate has just brought offers of peace from the Dauphin, which can be accepted without shame. Instead of continuing the war, therefore, the Dauphin will retreat to France, leaving the legate to settle terms with Salisbury, Faulconbridge and others.

After advising Prince Henry to show his father due respect by attending his body to Worcester,—where John asked to be buried, and where he can assume the English crown,—Faulconbridge promises to serve him faithfully, an oath of fealty in which Salisbury joins. Although Prince Henry can thank

them only by tears, the play closes with Faulconbridge's patriotic assurance that 'this England never did, nor never shall, lie at the proud feet of a conqueror,' and that naught will ever make Englishmen afraid as long as 'England to itself do rest but true.'

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THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD II

ACT I. The first act opens in the royal palace in London, where Richard II., addressing his uncle John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, inquires whether he has brought his son Bolingbroke hither, so his difference with the Duke of Norfolk can be settled. On hearing both men are present, and that no apparent treachery is discernible, Richard decides to confront accuser and accused in his presence.

A moment later both men are ushered in, and after they have greeted their sovereign with respectful good wishes, Richard invites Bolingbroke to justify his charge against his opponent. Taking heaven to witness he is free from petty hate, Bolingbroke accuses Norfolk of treachery, offering to stake his life to prove his words.

This accusation his opponent answers in cool but vindictive tones, claiming that respect for his sovereign holds his wrath in check, although he gives the lie to Bolingbroke and defies him, calling him a coward and villain. At these taunts, Bolingbroke flings down his gauntlet, offering, although Norfolk's superior in birth, to measure swords with him, and rejoicing when he sees his gage of battle picked up, for that is a sign Norfolk accepts his challenge.

In hopes of arbitrating this quarrel, Richard inquires what charge Bolingbroke makes against Norfolk, only to learn he accuses that nobleman of diverting to his own uses money intended for the soldiers' pay, of plotting treason for the past eighteen

years, and of having brought about the death of the Duke of Gloucester, his uncle, whose blood calls for revenge.

When Richard bids Norfolk defend himself, assuring him that even were his own brother accused he would strive to be impartial, Norfolk, who has already given his antagonist the lie, explains that the money he received was part of a debt long due, that he had no hand in Gloucester's death, and that although he once conspired against the Duke of Lancaster, it was a sin of youth, long since repented and forgiven. He adds that such accusations as have been hurled against him have been dictated by pure rancour, and throwing down his gauntlet in his turn, swears to defend his honour to his last breath. When he implores, thereupon, that a day may soon be appointed for the judicial duel, Richard wishing the quarrel settled without bloodshed, pledges himself to hold Norfolk in check if John of Gaunt will do the same with his fiery son.

Then, Gaunt and the King force Bolingbroke and Norfolk to throw down again the gage each has picked up, although both young men resist, for they deem such a withdrawal cowardly. In his distress, Norfolk even casts himself at the King's feet, imploring his pardon for refusing to obey his commands, but Richard nevertheless insists upon his placing the gage in his royal hand, a sacrifice Norfolk is so reluctant to make, that he exclaims, 'take honour from me, and my life is done.' When the King next tries to induce Bolingbroke to set a good example by relinquishing his token, his cousin vows he cannot be guilty of such a sin, and stalks out of

the room still defying Norfolk. Petulantly declaring he was 'not born to sue, but to command,' the King now decrees that since the adversaries will not be reconciled, they shall meet in the lists at Coventry, on St. Lambert's day, and there settle this quarrel with their swords.

The next scene is played in the Duke of Lancaster's palace, where he is telling his widowed sister-in-law, the Duchess of Gloucester, that heaven will have to avenge the murder of her husband, for he dares not do so himself upon the King. Angry and disappointed, the Duchess inquires whether he has no brotherly feelings, declaring that her husband, one of Edward VII.'s seven stalwart sons, having been foully murdered, he should avenge this murder for his own sake.

When Lancaster assures her that her husband having died in God's quarrel, Providence will avenge him, she wonders to whom she can turn for aid, only to be referred 'to God, the widow's champion and defence.' Thereupon the Duchess retorts she will indeed turn to God, bidding Lancaster, meanwhile, witness the conflict between his son and Norfolk, and hoping that the latter,—whom she considers her husband's assassin,—may be slain. Before departing, she sends her compliments to her brother-in-law, Duke of York, bidding him avoid her widowed home.

The next scene is played in the lists at Coventry, where, with the usual formality, the lord marshal inquires whether both champions are ready, and learning that they merely await his summons, vows they shall be called as soon as the monarch appears.

Blasts of trumpets then herald first the entrance of the royal party, and next of Norfolk, whereupon the King bids the marshal inquire of this champion the cause for which he has come here to fight? After declining his name and titles, Norfolk states he has come to defend his truth and loyalty against Bolingbroke, whom he hopes by the grace of God to prove 'a traitor to my God, my King, and me.' A second trumpet peal then announces the appearance of Bolingbroke, who going through the same form, declares himself ready to prove Norfolk a traitor, provided heaven upholds the right.

After the marshal has forbidden any interference in the coming fight, Bolingbroke craves permission to kiss his sovereign's hand, a favour which Richard grants, coldly saying as he embraces him, 'As thy cause is right, so be thy fortune in this royal fight.' His condescension and good wishes seem to touch Bolingbroke, who expresses readiness to die in so good a cause, ere taking leave of his kinsman and of his father, who bestows upon him a paternal blessing. Then, both champions take their places, Bolingbroke calling upon his innocence, and Norfolk declaring that whatever the issue of the combat, he lives and dies a loyal subject of King Richard, who declares he sees 'virtue with valour couched' in his eye.

At a sign from the throne, both champions receive their lances, and, the heralds having again proclaimed their names and purposes, are about to begin fighting, when Richard orders them both to lay aside their weapons, and abide by his decree instead of by the fate of combat. Then, both champions

before him, he proclaims the banishment of Bolingbroke from England for ten years, a decree to which the culprit bows, gravely saying his only comfort will be that the same sun will continue to shine upon them both.

Next, turning to Norfolk, the King much more reluctantly banishes him forever, a sentence passing heavy to a man, who, having talked English for forty years, now has to train his tongue to some new language. When Richard reproves him for complaining, Norfolk despairingly cries, 'I turn me from my country's light, to dwell in solemn shades of endless night.' Then, after making both antagonists swear not to meet or to hold communication during their banishment, nor to plot against King, countrymen, or native land, Richard hears Bolingbroke once more summon Norfolk to confess his crimes, a confession Norfolk vows he would not make even were he the traitor his opponent supposes! But after bidding the King farewell, Norfolk goes out exclaiming, 'Now no way can I stray; save back to England, all the world's my way.'

On seeing the grief of Lancaster at parting with his son, Richard cuts off four years of the latter's term of exile, a boon Bolingbroke appreciates, and for which Lancaster expresses gratitude, although he fears he may not live even six years! To cheer him, Richard assures him he still has long to live, whereupon Lancaster reminds him it doesn't rest in a king's power to lengthen a man's days, although he may shorten or sadden them at will. When Richard claims to have banished Bolingbroke 'upon good advice,' Lancaster rejoins that

were he a stranger and not a father, he could more easily plead in the plaintiff's behalf. To end this painful scene, Richard finally bids father and son take leave of each other, and departs, repeating his sentence of banishment for six years.

All his friends now approach to take leave of Bolingbroke, and one of them offers to accompany him part of the way. Because Bolingbroke doesn't answer these kindly speeches, his father inquires why he 'hoards his words,' only to discover grief has robbed him of the power of speech. To give his son courage, Lancaster now bids him make a virtue of necessity and enjoy his sojourn abroad, although the exiled man rejoins every stride he takes will remind him he is farther away from home. In fact Bolingbroke does not find the pleasures of imagination satisfying, and assures his father that although banished, he will ever remain true to England, to which he bids a fervent farewell as he departs.

We are now transferred to the court, where Richard is inquiring of Aumerle,—Bolingbroke's cousin,—how far he accompanied the exile, only to learn it was but a short distance. Instead of feeling grief for parting with Bolingbroke, Aumerle shows relief, and when asked to repeat the exile's last words, replies they consisted in a brief farewell, and adds he hopes the term of banishment will be extended. Although Richard reminds Aumerle the exile is their cousin, he avers he will not be in a hurry to recall him, for he has noticed Bolingbroke is as anxious to court the favour of the common people as if he were heir to England's crown.

At this juncture another courtier reminds Richard that matters in Ireland are pressing, whereupon the King decides to hasten thither, and arranges for new supplies of money by making out blank charters, which are to be granted to all those who contribute lavishly. These arrangements are interrupted by the announcement of the sudden and grievous illness of the Duke of Lancaster, who craves his presence. Promising to visit his uncle immediately, the King expresses the unkind hope that the physician will speed his death, for he knows Lancaster is wealthy, and is very anxious to confiscate his estates for the benefit of his coming campaign in Ireland.

ACT II. The second act opens in Ely house, where the dying John of Gaunt hopes the King will soon arrive, as he wishes to give him some last advice. Although his brother York bids him not trouble thus in vain, Lancaster cherishes the belief a dying man's words will be heeded, and that he may render Richard a last service. When York assures him the royal ears are stopped by vain, flattering speeches, and that all Richard's time is devoted to frivolities, Lancaster exclaims, 'he tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes,' and wails that England, which he eloquently describes as a 'precious stone set in the silver sea,' is now a prey to misgovernment.

Seeing Richard enter, York urges Lancaster to remember his youth and deal gently with him, just as the royal couple draw near their aged uncle's bed-side with encouraging words. When the King addresses him as 'aged Gaunt,' Lancaster rejoins

he is old indeed, grief having added to his years, and that he has so faithfully watched over England's welfare, that he is now as 'gaunt' as his name. Then, he tries to warn Richard against flatterers and bad advice, tells him his grandfather would not approve of his course, and reminds him that he is merely 'Landlord of England,' for a time. This speech sorely offends the King, who vows had it not been uttered by a sick man, he should feel his wrath, a threat which fails to daunt Lancaster, who accuses Richard of having slain Gloucester. Then, solemnly warning the King he will some day remember the words he now scorns, Gaunt bids his attendants bear him first to his bed and then to his grave, exclaiming that those who have love and honour may care to live, but that he does not!

The aged Lancaster having been removed, Richard cruelly comments that those who 'sullens have' ought to die, although his uncle York tries to make him take a more kindly view of Lancaster's well-meant advice, by assuring him his uncle loves him as dearly as he does Bolingbroke. A moment later Northumberland enters, announcing the Duke of Lancaster is dead, and while York mourns his brother's demise, Richard, after stating 'the ripest fruit first falls,' proclaims he will take possession of his uncle's wealth, and employ it for the Irish campaign. This decision horrifies York, who audibly wonders how long he will have to bear such things as a brother's death, a nephew's banishment, and the confiscation of ancestral estates; for he is the last remaining of Edward's brave sons, of

whom the Black Prince, Richard's father, was greatest and best.

Seeing his tears, Richard inquires the cause of his grief, only to be reproached for depriving Bolingbroke of his rightful inheritance, and to be warned this will prove an impolitic move! Ignoring this warning, too, Richard reiterates the order for confiscation, and York departs to avoid witnessing such an act of injustice. His uncle having gone, Richard bids his attendants carry out his instructions ere they depart for Ireland on the morrow, announcing that the Duke of York will act as regent during his absence. Then, turning to the Queen, he entreats her to show a merry countenance, as they will have to part on the morrow, and goes out with her and the rest of his train.

Left alone in the house of the death, friends and attendants conclude that the old Duke of Lancaster being dead, Bolingbroke replaces him, although the King has stripped him of the revenues which should accompany the title he inherits. After expressing heartfelt sorrow for what has occurred, they exclaim it is shameful a King should thus ruin a subject, adding this is but foretaste of what will befall them all hereafter. They add that the weak and vacillating courses of the King have already alienated nobles and commons, and that his constant exactions are fast wearying all his subjects, for his revenues, which should suffice to defray all state expenses, have been madly squandered, and Richard has spent more in times of peace than many of his ancestors when waging war! But, when it comes to robbing his kinsmen to defray the Irish campaign,

all perceive he is conjuring up a storm, wherein they, too, will perish, unless they take measures to insure their safety.

Three of these malcontents then reveal how Bolingbroke is assembling a force on the coast of France, by means of which he expects to invade England, as soon as Richard has gone, and to win back his estates. He has chosen as his landing place Ravenspurgh, where these three lords—Willoughby, Ross and Northumberland,—mean to betake themselves and join the rebels, for they spur off immediately after making their decision known.

The curtain next rises in Windsor castle, where attendants are vainly trying to cheer the youthful Queen, who, ever since her husband's departure, has been in a melancholy mood. Although loath to feel merry with the King away, Isabella is so unable to account for her depression, that her attendants assure her 'each substance of a grief has twenty shadows,' and vow she is taking those very shadows for realities. The young Queen, however, deems her depression may be the foreboding of some 'nameless woe,' just as a messenger enters, inquiring whether the King has already gone? This sudden arrival induces her to ask a few questions, in reply to which she learns how Bolingbroke has landed at Ravenspurgh, where he has been joined by a number of nobles. Appalled by such tidings, the Queen exclaims her depression was justified, while the men about her eagerly inquire whether the proper steps have been taken to declare Bolingbroke a rebel and rouse the people to resistance? While the Queen is still lamenting over these bad

tidings, the Duke of York comes in, looking so bowed down with grief, that he inspires neither Queen nor courtiers with hopes of help or of good tidings. Instead, he despondently avers 'Comfort 's in heaven; and we are on the earth where nothing lives but crosses, cares, and grief,' and regrets the King's absence leaves him,—an old man,—to defend the crown against such fearful odds.

The arrival of a servant announcing that York's son and sundry other nobles have joined the rebels, impels the Duke to entrust his ring to this man, to carry to the Duchess of Gloucester, asking her to lend him a thousand pounds, as immediate funds are required to defend the throne. In reply, the servant tells him such an errand would be vain, for, passing near the castle, he heard the Duchess had just breathed her last! After exclaiming it is 'a tide of woes' which has burst in upon them, York adds he does not know where to procure funds; so, sending off the servant to collect all the arms available, he bespeaks the aid of all present, and leaves the room with the Queen, exclaiming 'everything is left at six and seven.'

When he has gone, the courtiers conclude it will be vain to oppose Bolingbroke, whose popularity offers a great contrast to the general disgust with the King's doings. Two of them, Green and Bushy, therefore decide to trim their sails according to the wind now blowing and seize Bristol Castle, while Bagot proposes to hasten to Ireland and warn the King, although he has little hope York will be able to hold out against so formidable an opponent.

The next scene is played in the wilds of Gloucestershire, where Bolingbroke inquires of Northumberland how far it is still to Berkeley castle? While admitting he is a stranger in these parts, Northumberland courteously avers the road from Ravenspurgh has ~~seemed short to him~~ because he has been too absorbed in Bolingbroke's conversation to note the flight of time. He opines, however, the generals of the other forces,—less well entertained,—may have found their journey tedious, just as Bolingbroke descries some troops which Northumberland discovers are led by his son Percy. Hailing the youth, therefore, he asks news of his brother Worcester, whom Percy evidently expected to find with him since he has deserted the Queen. When Northumberland inquires what determined such a move, Percy rejoins that his father, having been pronounced a traitor, Worcester went in anger to join Bolingbroke at Ravenspurgh, leaving him to ascertain what forces York had stationed at Berkeley castle.

His curiosity thus satisfied, Northumberland introduces his son to Bolingbroke, who graciously accepts the youth's services, ere they return to the topic of the nearby castle and the forces manning it. Percy insists there are but three hundred men now under York's command, and that only a few of the lesser nobles have remained true to the King.

The forces under Ross and Willoughby now join them, and Bolingbroke welcomes these leaders also, promising them rich rewards should fortune favour him. After courteously acknowledging

greeting and promises, all turn to watch Berkeley's approach. Because the latter addresses Bolingbroke by his former title, he is haughtily reminded that since Gaunt's death his son is Duke of Lancaster. After apologising, Berkeley courteously explains he is sent by York to ask why Bolingbroke is riding through the realm with an armed force, just as this nobleman appears in person and is respectfully greeted by Bolingbroke as 'my noble uncle.'

Empty courtesy, however, fails to satisfy York, who haughtily declines relationship to a traitor, and asks what this armament means? After some hesitation, Bolingbroke pours out his grievances, imploring his uncle to do justice to him, as he would expect it to be done to his own son. Then, as Northumberland, Ross, and Willoughby, all aver Bolingbroke has indeed been treated unjustly, York has to admit it, although he denies him the right 'to be his own carver,' and rebukes all present for disloyalty. When Northumberland rejoins that Bolingbroke is merely claiming his own, York, unable to refute the statement, proposes to remain neutral, and to entertain them all in Berkeley castle. After gladly accepting this offer Bolingbroke invites York to help him oust the traitors, who have taken possession of Bristol castle, an expedition the King's representative hesitates to undertake, although he pessimistically admits 'Things past redress are now with me past care.'

The next scene represents a camp in Wales where a Welsh commander tells Salisbury they have waited ten days without hearing from the King! To induce these Welsh forces to remain under arms

a trifle longer, Salisbury vows Richard reposes great confidence in them, a statement their leader doubts, for he believes his master dead because many bad omens have occurred of late. When he has gone with his troops, Salisbury sadly mutters that Richard's glory like 'a shooting star' is falling to earth, for his friends are deserting him in favour of the foe, and 'crossly to his good all fortune goes!'

ACT III. The third act opens before the castle of Bristol, which Bolingbroke, York, and Northumberland have seized, and where the former denounces Bushy and Green for influencing the King to mistrust the Queen, and for banishing such inoffensive subjects as himself. For these and other offences he sentences both to death, a penalty they haughtily consider preferable to living under his rule in England! Then, the prisoners gone, Bolingbroke bids York send a kindly message in his name to the Queen, ere he departs to fight Glendower.

The next scene is played on the coast of Wales, where Richard, recently landed, notes the location of a castle near by. When his cousin Aumerle inquires how he feels after his 'late tossing on the breaking sea' Richard confesses he is glad to stand upon his own soil once more, and sentimentally greets England, bidding it be loyal to him in spite of traitors. Although the Bishop of Carlisle expresses the conviction a consecrated King can never be forsaken, York's son, Aumerle, suggests that owing to their remissness, Bolingbroke has collected vast powers. These tidings prove unwelcome to Richard, although he soon avers that just as thieves steal forth at night when the sun is absent, treach-

ery flourishes in a realm when the King is away. Still, he flatters himself that at his approach Bolingbroke will flee and his adherents desert him.

The appearance of Salisbury now causes Richard eagerly to inquire where the Welsh forces are stationed, a question which Salisbury answers by reporting how the Welsh deserted his standard because they deemed him dead. This appalling news blanches Richard's cheeks, although Aumerle strives to comfort and encourage him. It is, however, a sense of his royal dignity which most upholds Richard, for he soon declares he expects his uncle York to the rescue. Just then, Scroop appears, bearing a message he is loath to deliver. Bidding him speak, even were it to announce the loss of his realm, Richard learns how Bolingbroke, after collecting a large army, has swept triumphantly on. When the king breathlessly inquires where are Wiltshire, Bagot, Bushy and Green, on whom he depended to defend his rights, he learns that some of them have turned traitors, while others have been slain! Hearing this, Aumerle breathlessly inquires what has become of his father, while Richard declares they must talk of none but mournful subjects hereafter, for all he once owned has passed into Bolingbroke's hands, and nothing now remains for him save melancholy and death!

Reminding Richard that 'wise men ne'er sit and wail their woes,' but try instead to prevent them, Carlisle and Aumerle urge him to make new efforts, even meeting Bolingbroke, if necessary, on the battle-field. When the King inquires where are York's forces, Scroop reluctantly admits, York, too,

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KING RICHARD II

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has joined Bolingbroke, who has all the castles north and south in his power. This news makes Richard regret ever having left England, and propose to withdraw to Flint castle, to brood over his sorrows and losses, bitterly advising his followers 'hence away from Richard's wight to Bolingbroke's fair day.'

The next scene is played before Flint castle, where Bolingbroke learns of the Welsh desertion and of the landing of the King. When Northumberland adds that Richard cannot be far away, York rebukes him for not saying 'King Richard,' as heretofore. After some dispute on the present propriety of such a mode of address, Bolingbroke bids these wordy antagonists cease arguing and listen to Percy's news. It now transpires that the King, Salisbury, Aumerle and others are in Flint castle, which refuses to open its gates. So a trumpeter is dispatched thither, proffering Bolingbroke's respectful homage to the King, on condition the decree of banishment be recalled and his confiscated estates restored. That granted, Bolingbroke faithfully promises to devote the remainder of his life and strength to the King's service, but should it be refused he grimly threatens war!

In reply to the trumpeter's summons, Richard appears in person on the castle walls, and Bolingbroke and York comment upon his appearance, ere he haughtily states, that having been divinely appointed King, God will fight for him. Then he notifies Northumberland and Bolingbroke that this invasion is an act of treachery which will result in much bloodshed. Northumberland, who speaks

for Bolingbroke, explains that far from coming with treacherous intentions, his subject humbly kisses his hand, merely asking that his rights be respected. Such being the case, Richard is ready to consider Bolingbroke's demands, a politic reply he is loath to make, although Aumerle deems it imperative he should do so. But, the King himself so deeply regrets being forced to retract the sentence of banishment, that he mournfully hopes grief will soon kill him.

Watching proceedings, Aumerle now announces that Northumberland, having delivered his message to Bolingbroke, is returning, whereupon Richard feebly wonders whether he will have to lose all save the name of King? Then, pretending he courts retirement and freedom from kingly cares, he rebukes Aumerle for weeping over his fallen fortunes, and turning inquires of Northumberland what reply Bolingbroke sends? With due formality the emissary rejoins Bolingbroke is awaiting him down in court, where he begs for an interview, a request Richard bitterly comments upon ere he complies.

While Bolingbroke is asking Northumberland what answer the King sends, Richard appears; so, bidding all present imitate him, Bolingbroke kneels before his monarch, who reproaches him with ambitions his lowly attitude belies. Respectfully replying he only claims his own, Bolingbroke is surprised to hear Richard admit he and his are included in that claim, and promise to grant all he asks, and even accompany him to London! Because Bolingbroke accepts without demur, Richard bitterly

realises he 'must not say no,' and sadly passes off the stage.

The next scene is played at Langley, in the Duke of York's garden, where the Queen is asking her ladies what sport they can devise to drive away care? When her attendants propose bowls, dancing, story-telling, or singing, the Queen objects, as all these pastimes remind her of happier days, and of present sorrows. The ladies' conversation is checked by the arrival of a gardener and helpers, whose talk the Queen proposes to overhear. So, from her hiding-place in the thicket, she listens to the head-gardener's directions for the binding up of fruit boughs, the pruning of shoots, and the extraction of weeds, and hears one of the servants inquire why such work should be carefully done in a garden and neglected in state affairs? Then the gardener rejoins that such pruning has recently been done by Bolingbroke,—who has cut off Wiltshire, Bushy and Green,—ere he adds that had the King played the part of good gardener, his supplanter would not have needed to lop him off as a useless bough! Because his companions now inquire in awe-struck tones whether Richard is to be deposed, he replies such tidings have indeed been received.

Unable to bear further suspense, the Queen emerges from her hiding-place, tearfully asking what the man means, and bidding him tell her all he knows. Thereupon, the gardener informs her how Richard has fallen into Bolingbroke's power, and has been deprived of all save a few vain honours, as she can see for herself by posting to London. After lamenting the fact that the one whom it concerns

most, should be the last to hear these tidings, the Queen bids her ladies accompany her to the capital, wondering whether she was born to grace Bolingbroke's triumph? Meanwhile, the gardener gently pities her, and decides to plant rue on the spot where her tears fell, 'in the remembrance of a weeping Queen.'

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in Westminster Hall, where Bolingbroke bids Bagot reveal all he knows of Gloucester's death. Asking to be confronted with Aumerle, Bagot states how he overheard him propose to kill his uncle, and express a wish that Bolingbroke were dead. This accusation Aumerle denies, terming his accuser a liar, and challenging him to fight. Seeing Bagot about to raise his gauntlet, Bolingbroke restrains him, when, starting forward, Fitzwater also defies Aumerle, as do Percy and another lord. Haughtily swearing he would answer twenty thousand similar challenges, Aumerle is about to pick up all four gauntlets, when Surrey challenges Fitzwater in his turn. Although he accepts the duel, Fitzwater insists he overheard Norfolk relate how Aumerle had sent two men to slay Gloucester at Calais.

To end a dispute which has become so acrimonious, Bolingbroke states his old foe Norfolk shall be recalled to bear witness, and only then learns that this nobleman, having fought in the East for many years, finally withdrew to Venice, where he gave 'his pure soul unto his Captain Christ, under whose colours he had fought so long.' These tidings surprise Bolingbroke, who therefore decides that the courtiers' differences shall be settled on a day he

will appoint for the judicial duel. It is at this juncture that the Duke of York appears, announcing he comes from 'plume-pluck'd Richard,' who accepts Bolingbroke as heir, relinquishes to him sceptre and throne, and hails him as Henry IV. of England. Seeing Bolingbroke accept without demur, the Bishop of Carlisle indignantly objects that no subject can pass sentence on a King, and denounces Bolingbroke as a traitor, predicting his accession will bring misfortune upon England. In answer to this protest, Northumberland arrests the bishop for high treason, and hands him over to the lord of Westminster until he can be tried.

When Bolingbroke next demands that Richard be brought to Westminster to make a public abdication, York goes off to get him. Pending his return with the deposed King, Bolingbroke chides the contending lords, who are to prepare for their defence. He has just concluded his reproof, when Richard enters, closely followed by officers bearing the regalia.

Expressing surprise at being summoned before his successor before he has had time to forget his own kingship, Richard reminds all present of the flattery which once surrounded the monarch, who no one now greets with a 'God save the King!' When he inquires why he has been called, York informs him it is to offer his crown to Bolingbroke, which Richard immediately proceeds to do, pathetically comparing himself and his cousin to two buckets in a well, he representing the one out of sight, full of tears instead of water! When Bolingbroke haughtily asks whether he does not resign willingly,

Richard declares he is ready enough to depose all state, but must retain his griefs and cares. Thereupon Bolingbroke suggests the latter go with the crown, but Richard mournfully insists they will remain with him. After some melancholy reflections, he petulantly renounces all pomp and majesty, forgives those who failed to keep their oath to him, and hopes they may be true to his successor, whom he hails as King Harry, wishing him 'many years of sunshine days!' Then, turning to Northumberland, Richard pathetically inquires what more is expected of him, but, when asked to read aloud a paper stating he is not fit to reign, he indignantly retorts that were Northumberland called upon to record his own offences, the blackest of all would be his present treatment of his King. Paying no heed to this reproof, Northumberland again urges him to read the paper, whereupon Richard claims his eyes are too full of tears to permit him to see, wailing he is as great a traitor as the rest since he consented to his own deposition. Next, calling for a mirror so he may behold his image 'bankrupt of his majesty,' Richard sadly gazes at his own reflection, and smashes the glass because it deludes him by representing him unchanged. When he sadly exclaims, 'sorrow hath destroy'd my face' Bolingbroke coolly rejoins 'the shadow of your sorrow destroy'd the shadow of your face,' and when Richard craves permission to retire, bids the nobles convey him to the Tower, an order which causes Richard to denounce them all as 'conveyers' that 'rise thus nimbly by a true King's fall.'

Having coldly watched his predecessor out of

sight, Bolingbroke announces his coronation for the following Wednesday, ere he too leaves the hall. Left alone there, Carlisle, Westminster and Aumerle, moralise upon what they have just seen, and when Aumerle asks both clergymen whether there is no way to rid the realm of 'this pernicious blot,' Westminster rejoins that only after they have taken the sacrament together at his house, will he dare reveal a plot he has framed, which will show them 'all a merry day.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens on a London street leading to the Tower, where the Queen gazing sadly up at her husband's future abode, waits until he passes by. A moment later when Richard appears, she marvels at the change in him, for he now seems only the shadow of the King she once knew. Perceiving her sorrow, Richard bids her waste no tears over him, but hasten back to France and enter a nunnery, for henceforth their 'holy lives must win a new world's crown,' which their 'profane hours here have stricken down.' Resenting such passivity, the Queen urges him to remember he is a 'lion and a king of beasts,' whereat he tearfully murmurs that had he been a king of men instead of beasts, things would never have come to such a pass. Then, bidding her, once more, hasten to France and think of him only as one long dead, Richard suggests she make people weep by the sad tale of the deposing of a King.

It is while he is still talking, that Northumberland comes to tell him Bolingbroke has changed his mind, for he is sending him to Pomfret, and is shipping his wife directly to France. Turning to

this messenger,—whom he bitterly stigmatises as the 'ladder wherewithal the mounting Bolingbroke' ascended his throne,—Richard warns him the time will come when the new monarch will seem ungrateful, and when he will be deemed so presumptuous that Bolingbroke will put him out of the way! Without heeding this prophesy, Northumberland repeats that King and Queen must part, whereupon Richard wails a double divorce has been pronounced, since he is now separated both from his crown and from his wife! Then, bidding the Queen farewell, he repeats their ways henceforth must lie apart, a decree she fails to understand, for she piteously pleads either to share his captivity or to be granted his company in exile. When Northumberland explains this cannot be, a pathetic farewell takes place between the royal couple, who reluctantly separate, Richard exclaiming 'the rest let sorrow say,' for he feels no words can express the anguish of his heart.

The next scene is played in the palace of the Duke of York, where his wife makes him describe all he has seen, and how dethroned Richard was insulted in the streets of London, while Bolingbroke was eagerly acclaimed. When the Duchess inquires how Richard behaved under such trying circumstances, York praises his gentleness and dignity, saying had not all hearts been steeled against him, they would surely have relented at such a sight. He has just concluded they are now Bolingbroke's subjects, when his son Aumerle comes in, and is playfully greeted by the title the new King has given him. Asked by the Duchess what signs of spring he can dis-

cern, Aumerle replies indifferently; meanwhile his father, scanning him closely, and noticing a seal hang from a document concealed in his bosom, suddenly demands what it may be? To avert trouble between father and son, the Duchess suggests it is some trifling matter in regard to the coronation, an explanation so far from satisfactory to York, that he forcibly plucks the document from his son's bosom, and after perusing it gasps it is 'foul treason,' and that Aumerle is a villain! Then, hastily summoning a servant, York calls for horse and boots, swearing he will impeach the villain, a threat his wife fails to comprehend until Aumerle exclaims such a move on his father's part will cost his life.

Even while York is preparing to depart, the Duchess implores him not to destroy their only son, but York exclaims he must go, since he has just learned that a dozen lords are bound by oath to slay the deposed King. When the Duchess promises to keep her son at home to prevent his taking part in any such plot, the Duke mutters he is none the less guilty, and hurries away in spite of her tears. Seeing him depart, the Duchess feverishly urges Aumerle to seize his father's horse so as to reach Bolingbroke first, and secure pardon before the Duke arrives, promising to follow, herself, so as to add her entreaties to his.

The rising curtain next reveals the royal palace, where Bolingbroke is inquiring of the courtiers whether any news has been received of his 'unthrifty son,' who is said to frequent low company in taverns, to play highwayman, and actually to rob inoffensive travellers! He then discovers that Percy

met the Prince two days ago, and told him of the jousting at Oxford, only to hear him deride court amusements. After lamenting his son's present dissoluteness, Bolingbroke avers: 'I see some sparks of better hope, which elder years may happily bring forth,' just as Aumerle bursts in, begging for a private audience. In response to a sign from Bolingbroke, Percy and the Lords withdraw, and Aumerle, having locked the door, falls at the King's feet, vowing he will not speak until pardon is promised him.

York now arrives and finding the door locked, loudly calls for admission, warning the King to beware of a traitor. At these words, Bolingbroke draws his sword, although Aumerle immediately assures him he need not fear. At a renewed appeal from York for admittance, the King himself opens the door, inquiring what danger threatens? Then York sadly bids him read the paper he snatched from his son's bosom, while Aumerle piteously reminds him of his promise to forgive everything. After perusing this paper, Bolingbroke shows signs of horror, while York vows the execution of this plot would have been his death blow, and demands that his son be punished for being implicated in it.

Before Bolingbroke can answer, the Duchess knocks, exclaiming that as aunt of the King, she, too, is entitled to a hearing. Bidding Aumerle admit her, Bolingbroke hears York clamour for the cutting off of 'this festered joint,' a plea the Duchess passionately implores him to disregard, although her husband reproves her for interceding for a traitor. But, yielding to her motherly fears, the Duchess

falls at the King's feet, refusing to rise until he grant her request, a prayer in which Aumerle joins her, while his father begs the King not to heed them.

Hearing this, the Duchess assures the monarch York is secretly hoping to be denied, ere she again beseeches for her son's pardon. Wishing to temporise, Bolingbroke bids her rise, only to hear her repeat she will never do so until the word 'pardon' falls from his lips, whereupon, York sarcastically suggests he use the French 'pardonne-moi' (meaning excuse me) while the Duchess reproaches him for mocking a heart-broken mother. Her entreaties become so passionate that Bolingbroke finally pronounces Aumerle forgiven. Overcome with joy, the Duchess then terms him 'a god on earth,' and does not even notice when he adds that although Aumerle is forgiven, pardon will not be extended to the rest of the conspirators, whom he bids his uncle apprehend, just as mother and son leave his presence.

In the same apartment a while later, Exton wonderingly asks a servant whether he, too, did not hear the King mutter, 'Have I no friend who will rid me of this living fear?' repeating the sentence twice, and gazing meaningly the while at him, as if he would fain have him take a hint. After some hesitation, concluding that Bolingbroke really wishes someone to rid him of Richard at Pomfret, Exton decides to perform this service.

We now behold Pomfret castle, where Richard is musing in prison on the world and the varied thoughts which flit through his brain, thoughts

which sometimes delude him into believing himself still King. These meditations are interrupted by music, which he soon declares will drive him mad, as it can only be played by one who loves and would fain help him. Then a groom is ushered in, who, in reply to Richard's inquiry what brings him hither, explains he obtained permission to visit his former master, a wish he has cherished ever since Bolingbroke rode Richard's favourite steed in the coronation procession. When the royal prisoner eagerly asks how the favourite behaved, and hears how proudly he stepped along, he sadly cries even his horse has turned traitor, or he would have stumbled or proved restive when ridden by his supplanter!

The keeper now enters, ordering the visitor to depart, and invites Richard to eat, although refusing to taste the dishes, as usual, under plea that Sir Exton has forbidden it. This refusal and what it veils, so enrages the deposed Richard, that he beats the keeper, whose loud cries for help attract Exton with an armed force. Seeing them about to attack him, Richard snatches an axe from the foremost man, and fights manfully, ere he is cruelly cut down by Exton, whom he denounces until he expires. Beholding Richard lifeless at last, Exton repents the deed he has just done, and goes out murmuring he will bear 'this dead King to the living King.'

The next scene is played in Windsor Castle, where Bolingbroke informs York the rebels have set fire to Cicester, and that he does not yet know whether they have been apprehended. Then Northumberland enters, and Bolingbroke eagerly inquires what

news he brings? Just after he has learned four of the traitors have been beheaded, Fitzwater appears announcing he has disposed of two more, for which deed he receives royal thanks. The arrival of Percy, reporting the death of the Abbot of Westminster, and delivering into the King's keeping the Bishop of Carlisle, follows, whereupon Bolingbroke orders this rebel to pick out his own retreat, as he intends to let him live and die in peace, for he has detected 'high sparks of honour' in him.

Just as this decree has been pronounced, Exton appears, closely followed by bearers of a coffin, and solemnly reports, 'within this coffin I present thy buried fear.' But, instead of the thanks he so confidently expects, he is reviled by Bolingbroke for having done 'a deed of slander,' and when he vows he merely obeyed orders, is told that although Bolingbroke did wish Richard dead, he will ever abhor his murderer, whom he bids wander forth like Cain, 'through shades of night, and never show thy head by day nor light.' Then, turning to his assembled court, Bolingbroke—now Henry IV.—protests that his soul is so full of woe, that after suitably burying Richard, he will 'make a voyage to the Holy Land, to wash this blood off from my guilty hand,' and bids all escort to the grave 'this untimely bier.'

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

FIRST PART

ACT I. The first act opens in the palace at London, where King Henry IV., addressing his nobles, rejoices because peace being at last concluded at home, he can levy forces to undertake the expedition to the Holy Land projected twelve months before. When he calls upon his cousin, Westmoreland, to describe what preparations have been made, this nobleman rejoins that the news of Glendower's rebellion in Wales, and of the advantage he won over the royal forces under Mortimer, has driven all else from his mind. His report of Mortimer's capture, convinces the King the Holy Land expedition must be postponed, a decision strengthened by Harry Hotspur's defeat of the Scots at Holmedon, whereby he has secured many noble captives. Such a victory, won by Northumberland's son, fills the King with envy, for Prince Hal continues to cause him anxiety by riotous living. He therefore wishes they could exchange heirs, ere he adds that as the victor refuses to give up his prisoners, he has sent for him to explain his reasons. Until this point is settled, all thought of Jerusalem must be postponed, as will be announced in the council at Windsor.

The curtain next rises on Prince Harry's apartment, where Sir John Falstaff, comfortably seated, lazily asks the time. His royal host apostrophises him in unflattering terms, accusing him of thinking of naught, but eating, drinking, and sleeping, abuse

which Falstaff good-naturedly receives, as nothing can disturb his intense self-satisfaction. He drawlingly requests Harry, when King, to dub highway-men only 'Diana's Foresters,' and pardon instead of prosecuting them for despoiling unwary travellers. The Prince, who has accompanied Falstaff on many thieving expeditions, and hence knows his habits, describes how recklessly he squanders his ill-gotten gains, until Falstaff turns the conversation by mentioning the mistress of the Tavern, whereupon this strangely assorted pair exchange rough jokes and witticisms. Then, resuming the previous theme, Falstaff begs Harry never to hang a thief when he is King; but when the Prince retorts he'll let him do it, he immediately begins to plume himself upon the judicial dignity with which he will sentence malefactors! Waxing maudlin with many potations, Falstaff next sentimentally accuses the Prince of corrupting him, claiming total innocence of evil before making his acquaintance, and vowing he will reform and henceforth lead a virtuous life. But, when the Prince casually inquires where they are to rob on the morrow, the fat knight displays such alacrity to participate in any such undertaking, that it becomes evident his promises of amendment are mere talk, and he loudly protests when the Prince accuses him of fickleness, that it is no sin for a man to practise his vocation.

The entrance of their companion, Poins, creates a diversion, but, after greeting them both, Poins,—who knows Sir John's weaknesses,—jocosely inquires whether he is experiencing remorse? Then, he reports that a number of pilgrims and traders

are to pass through Gadshill, where it will be easy to waylay and relieve them of their fat purses. Such a prospect so charms Falstaff, that he expresses indignant disgust when the Prince refuses to join them. Seeing Falstaff's persuasions are of no avail, Poins asserts that if left alone with the Prince, he will soon induce him to change his mind, a state of affairs so desirable, that Falstaff leaves the room, accompanied by their facetious farewells. When he has gone, Poins silyly reveals that he requires help to play a trick upon Falstaff, who with three of the highwaymen will hold up the travellers. While they are dividing the booty, Poins suggests he and the Prince surprise and rob the thieves; for he has provided the necessary disguises, and anticipates no resistance, knowing his friends do not shine by their courage. The best part of the joke he avers, however, will be the thrilling tales Falstaff will tell in regard to this affair, for he is an inveterate boaster and most artistic liar. The fun this adventure promises, induces the Prince to meet Poins on the morrow, and help carry out the practical joke. But, when Poins has gone, the Prince soliloquises he will act like the sun, which, although sometimes obscured by clouds, emerges in all its glory when the right moment comes. He fancies the contrast between his present 'loose behaviour,' and the dignity he intends to assume when King, will prove equally striking, and adds, 'I'll so offend, to make offence a skill; redeeming time when men think least I will.'

The next scene is again played in the palace, where the King is vowing that although, hitherto, patient

to a fault, he will now show he is master! This threat is hurled at Worcester, who protests his house little deserves such severity, only to be banished from court until sent for. This insubordinate subject gone, Northumberland informs King Henry his son, Hotspur, had no intention of refusing to surrender his prisoners after Holmedon, an assurance the culprit confirms, explaining how a perfumed courtier came to demand them in the King's name, and behaved in so offensive a manner that an angry retort escaped him! A courtier present, avers that under such circumstances, hot words were perfectly excusable, although the King reiterates Hotspur refused to surrender the prisoners unless he ransomed Mortimer, captive of Glendower, his father-in-law. The thought of having to disburse a large sum to ransom a traitor, makes Henry IV. assert that any man advising such a move is not his friend.

Hearing Mortimer styled a traitor and rebel, Hotspur waxes indignant, and describes how bravely Mortimer and Glendower fought on the banks of the Severn, although the King, sure no such encounter ever took place, refuses to hear the man's name again, and reiterates that unless Hotspur surrender his prisoners immediately he will incur royal displeasure. Thereupon Henry and his train leave the apartment, while Hotspur indignantly declares he will not obey, and is only with difficulty restrained from following the monarch to tell him so to his face.

While father and son are still talking, Worcester enters, and hears his nephew, Hotspur, swear to shed every drop of blood in his body, if necessary,

to raise 'down-trod Mortimer' as high as upstart Bolingbroke! This anger surprises his uncle, until he hears the nature of the King's demand. But, cooler than his kinsman, he explains that Henry refused ransom mainly because Mortimer had been proclaimed Richard II's heir, and hence can boast a better claim to the throne than Bolingbroke himself. The fact that Mortimer was made heir to the crown before Richard sailed for Ireland, is news to Hotspur, who now readily understands Henry's refusal. But, when he indignantly asks whether Worcester and Northumberland,—who crowned Bolingbroke—will suffer themselves to be scorned and set aside by the very man they raised to the throne, and suggests they should seek revenge, Worcester silences him, revealing under seal of secrecy, that many nobles are discontented and that a perilous plot is even now afoot.

This news delights Hotspur, whose enterprising spirit longs 'to pluck bright honour from the pale faced moon,' and whose enthusiastic tirade is checked only by Worcester's reminder of his Scottish prisoners. He swears, however, he will not surrender a single one of them, because the King has refused to ransom Mortimer, whose name he trusts will hereafter haunt royal slumbers! Then he solemnly eschews all study, save 'how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke,' and becomes so excited that uncle and father refuse to treat further with him unless he subside into a more reasonable temper. The remembrance of the homage he proffered to Bolingbroke before Berkeley castle, drives Hotspur nearly mad, until his uncle suggests he can take his

revenge by freeing his prisoners, raising an army in Scotland, and securing the support of the archbishop of York, who is anxious to avenge the death of his brother, Scroop. This plan delights Hotspur, who suggests that the powers of Scotland and York join Mortimer, which plan Worcester opines must be carried out speedily if they wish to save their heads. They therefore part, Worcester promising to join Glendower and Mortimer when the time is ripe, sending Hotspur word when and where to meet them; a moment the hot youth longs for, since he exclaims, 'O, let the hours be short till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport!'

ACT II. The second act opens by night, in the inn yard at Rochester, where carriers with lanterns preparing to set out again, give orders to the hostler. After finding fault with the road, their accommodations, and the fleas, they mention goods they must deliver, just as one of the highwaymen enters and tries to borrow their lantern. Too wary to lose sight of their property, these men nevertheless unsuspectingly answer his questions, ere they hurry off to rouse the merchants who wish to travel in their company for safeguard. Meantime, the highwayman has an interview with one of his allies,—a servant at the inn,—who reports the amount the travellers carry, and cautions him to beware of the hangman. In reply, he is jocosely told in case he hang, Falstaff will hang with him, and that his company is formed of gentlemen, who 'will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray.' He adds that having 'fern-seed' in their shoes they walk invisible, a statement the

servant doubts, ere he bustles out to order a horse, for the highwayman wishes to leave before the travellers.

We next see the public highway, near Gadshill, at the moment when the Prince and Poins arrive at the trysting-spot, after removing Falstaff's horse to another place. As they have foreseen, Falstaff resents this proceeding, for his huge bulk makes walking difficult. With his usual volubility, Falstaff swears Poins has bewitched him, for although he has vowed any number of times in the past twenty years to have nothing more to do with him, he still frequents his company. As 'eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten mile afoot' for him, he loudly calls for his horse, refusing meantime, to lay his ear to the ground as the Prince suggests, under plea he could never get up again!

By refusing to play hostler for him, the Prince incurs Falstaff's voluble wrath, ere they are joined by three companions. Then, after some discussion in regard to the money they hope to take from the travellers, all don their disguises, and scatter to their posts, the Prince and Poins stealing farther down the road to intercept such victims as escape from their companion's clutches. Soon, the travellers appear, and dismount to lead their horses safely down the hill; but, suddenly called to stand and deliver, they helplessly wail they are undone, and allow themselves to be bound, while Falstaff pours out a volley of oaths. In a trice the travellers' pockets are emptied and the thieves disappear to divide their spoil. A moment later the Prince remarks to Poins that 'the thieves have bound the true men,' and that

if they can only bind the thieves in turn, their trick will succeed. Just then the four thieves come back, and the Prince and Poins retire to the bushes, and overhear Falstaff call them cowards and decline to share the booty with them. It is all spread out on a rock, about which the thieves are gathered, when the Prince and Poins, rushing out from the thicket, seize it, putting their companions to flight with a few harmless blows. Then the Prince laughingly exclaims that they secured their booty with ease, for the thieves are running madly, and Falstaff 'lards the lean earth'; ere he goes off with Poins, gloating over the memory of roars the fat knight emitted as he fled.

The next scene is played in Warkworth Castle, where Hotspur is reading a letter, warning him his purpose is dangerous, seeing the opposition he is likely to meet. Such cautions incense Hotspur, who deems his plan is an excellent one, because it is upheld by Douglas, Mortimer, Glendower, and York, all of whom are prepared to fight the King. When Hotspur's wife joins him, he informs her he is leaving in two hours' time, whereat she exclaims he has been unlike himself for some time past, has talked in his sleep as if he were leading armies, and has concealed something from her. When she inquires what it all means, Hotspur, instead of answering, calls a servant to ascertain whether his message has been delivered, and a horse provided for him to ride? On hearing a roan steed awaits him, Hotspur utters his famous battle cry 'Espérance' and vows this animal shall be his throne! The servant having gone, his wife vainly pleads for an explanation, holding him fast

by his little finger, which she playfully threatens to break when he tries to escape her. In spite of all this pleading, Hotspur refuses to confide in her, teasingly telling her,—when mounted,—that she will surely not reveal what she does not know! He adds, however, that she is to follow him on the morrow, as he does not wish to be long parted from her.

The following scene is played in Boar's Head tavern, where the Prince is telling Poins how he has been hobnobbing with the waiters, whose talk so amuses him that he suggests interviewing one of them, while Poins keeps calling for him, predicting that the man will mechanically answer nothing but 'anon, anon!' A most ridiculous scene ensues, wherein all the Prince's questions are met by stereotyped responses to Poins' calls. Finally the hostess orders the waiter off to attend customers, and the Prince and Poins resume their conversation, whence we glean that Falstaff and his companions are about due, and that an amusing account of the night's adventures is pending.

A moment later Falstaff, and his friends enter, closely followed by a waiter to take their orders. When Poins inquires where they have been, Falstaff dubs him a coward, and while greedily quaffing sack, allows the Prince to rally him. Finally Falstaff boasts there are not three good men left in England, adding sentimentally that 'one of them is fat and grows old,' ere he derides the Prince for running away, calling him and his companion cowards, with loud oaths interspersing his deep potations. After a little discussion, the Prince succeeds in starting Falstaff boasting about the sum he and his companions secured, although he has to confess when asked to

exhibit the booty, that it was taken from him by a hundred men! When called upon to precise matters, Falstaff describes with infinite volubility how valiantly he fought, for two hours with a dozen rogues, how many thrusts his garments received, and exhibits a sword as hacked as if it had been through many wars!

By pretending a desire for further information, the Prince induces him to relate how he and his comrades held up sixteen men, although his companions occasionally contradict him. Then he describes how six or seven more attacked him, vowing in the next breath, that he faced no less than fifty-three rabid men, and parried their blows until two rogues in buckram were laid low. A moment later, forgetting the lie he has just told, he mentions four rogues in buckram, whose seven sword points he had to face! The Prince calling his attention to the discrepancies in his account, Falstaff becomes so excited, that eleven buckram men soon grow out of two. Hearing this, the Prince coolly declares 'these lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable,' and having listened to all Falstaff has to say, turns the tables by giving a succinct account of what really occurred.

Instead of blushing at the many lies he has told, Falstaff now claims he ran away simply because it did not become him to fight the Heir Apparent, and prides himself upon having been 'a coward by instinct.' So determined is he to set his doings in a favourable light, that he out-talks the Prince, just as the hostess announces that the King requires his son's presence. Doubting the genuineness of the message,

Falstaff goes out to see about it, while the Prince wrings from the other highwaymen an admission that they did not recognise him,—as Falstaff claims,—that they ran away because frightened, and that Falstaff hacked his sword with his own dagger, so as to be able to exhibit it while telling his tale. When Falstaff reënters, therefore, the Prince addresses him as ‘my sweet creature of bombast,’ and mockingly inquiring how long it is since he has seen his knees? After good-naturedly replying he has not performed that feat since early youth, Falstaff adds Hotspur and Glendower are in open rebellion, imparting his information only with difficulty, because the Prince constantly interrupts him. Nevertheless, the fact that war is so imminent evidently pleases the Prince, for he makes fun of the rebels and especially of Hotspur.

Warning Prince Hal he will be taken to task on appearing before his father on the morrow, Falstaff implores him to prepare to answer charges, and even volunteers to pose as King and question him. This being decided, a burlesque scene takes place, wherein Falstaff,—as monarch,—warns the Prince against all his companions, except a certain ‘virtuous man’ named Falstaff, whom he extravagantly praises. Then, as the Prince finds fault with his rendering of the King’s part, they suddenly change places, and the Prince,—as King,—denounces Harry’s boon companion Falstaff, although the victim of his scathing satire,—as Prince,—pathetically begs not to be parted from ‘sweet Jack Falstaff!’

Shortly after a knock calls some of the spectators away, and Bardolph soon returns to report that the

sheriff is at the door; tidings which the terrified hostess breathlessly confirms. Afraid to be taken to task for the night's wild doings, all now vanish, except the Prince and one of his companions, who boldly face the sheriff and carrier, coming in quest of a man easily recognisable by his bulk. Promising Falstaff shall appear in court on the morrow, to face the charge of robbing travellers, the Prince dismisses sheriff and carrier, and then seeks Falstaff, whom he discovers asleep behind the arras. As a practical joke, Prince Hal rifles the sleeper's pockets, finding nothing therein save a table-bill, wherein enormous quantities of meat and drink are poorly offset by the smallest possible modicum of bread. Then the Prince departs, vowing Falstaff will shortly have to accompany him to war, on foot, for he proposes to make him captain of an infantry corps.

ACT III. The third act opens in the archdeacon's house at Bangor, where the conspirators—Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer and Glendower,—have assembled to discuss their prospects of success in the coming encounter with the King's troops. Like a superstitious Welshman, Glendower mentions the phenomena which accompanied his birth, portents the sceptic Hotspur contemptuously avers which would have been the same had only kittens been born! When Glendower attributes the convulsions to which the earth is subject to miraculous causes, Mortimer insists they are purely natural, and ridicules him because he claims he can call up spirits from the mystic deep. Checking a discussion which threatens to degenerate into a quarrel,

Mortimer creates a diversion by showing on the map how England has been divided into three parts, over which they are to rule. Although dissatisfied with their respective shares, the conspirators finally agree to unite forces, and try issues with the King at Shrewsbury, where they mention their wives will join them.

Before they separate, however, another dispute arises, due to Hotspur's determination to change the course of a river so as to win a desirable increase of land. When in the midst of the quarrel, he taunts Glendower with not speaking intelligible English, the Welshman declares he speaks it well,—having been trained at the English court before he yields to his rival's demands. Still, when Glendower has gone, his son-in-law Mortimer cautions Hotspur not to provoke him too far, advice Worcester has barely approved when the ladies appear under the Welshman's escort. Strange to relate, Mortimer and his wife are unable to talk to each other, for he speaks nothing but English and she nothing but Welsh; so, to explain to her that their coming parting will not be long, he has to make her father interpret. Kisses, however, prove more eloquent than translated speeches, and the lady soon beguiles her husband to lie down on the rushes, his head in her lap, while she sings him to sleep, a gratification he does not refuse her, although this sentimental attitude seems to amuse Hotspur and his wife, who watch them both. After listening for a while to the Welsh lady's song, Percy bids his wife farewell, and leaves just before the rest, who seem less eager for the fray.



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HENRY IV

Part I. Falstaff and Bardolph

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We now behold the palace at London, where the King dismisses his courtiers to confer in private with the Prince of Wales. When they are alone, Henry gravely reproaches Harry for his low tastes,—a reproof the Prince tamely accepts, begging pardon for all he has done amiss. Then the King tells him how his younger brother has been filling his place, and implores him to win the good opinion of the people, for it is by such means, he, Bolingbroke, rose to the throne and ousted Richard. The Prince promising amendment, the King next informs him the positions he and Hotspur respectively occupy are about the same as Richard and himself once filled, adding that Hotspur may some day dispute Harry's crown since he has secured powerful allies.

The Prince then volunteers to fight the rebels, promising to prove on Hotspur's head, that he,—Bolingbroke's unworthy son—is the rebel's superior, and thereby win forgiveness for a rakish past. This private conference, closing so satisfactorily for both, is interrupted by the announcement that the rebels will be at Shrewsbury on the eleventh. On hearing this news, the King gives immediate orders for the van of his troops to proceed thither, promising to follow shortly with his son and the rest, and closing this memorable conference with the words: 'let's away; advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.'

In the Boar's Head Inn, Falstaff is meantime explaining to Bardolph how thin he has grown and how virtuous, although he admits it is long since he has seen the inside of a church. Because his com-

panion ventures to differ with him, Falstaff describes him in unflattering terms, mentioning particularly his very red nose, whence a lively quarrel is brewing when the hostess comes in. On seeing her, Falstaff demands whether she has found out who rifled his pockets of valuables while he slept? Although the hostess anxiously assures him, hers is an honest house, he taunts her, until she angrily claims the money he owes her, not only for board but for the very garments he wears, she having advanced funds to supply them. After some demur, Falstaff again insists that a valuable ring was taken from his pocket, whereupon the hostess exclaims the Prince often declared it was copper!

Falstaff is just abusing Harry roundly, when the latter appears. After making the fat knight enumerate the valuable objects he claims to have lost, and after giving the hostess' version of the affair full attention, the Prince pitilessly reveals how he rifled Falstaff's pockets, giving a strictly truthful account of all he found in them. Unable to persecute the hostess any longer on this score, Falstaff magnanimously forgives her, inquiring after she has gone, how the affair of robbery has been settled? The Prince replies the stolen money has been returned, that he and his father are now friends, and that Falstaff is to have a 'charge of foot,' although the knight eloquently beseeches him to exchange it for one of horse. Without heeding his objections, the Prince bids Bardolph deliver three letters he hands him, and then calls for his steed. He finally orders Falstaff to meet him on the morrow, so as to receive money and orders, for

they must soon be ready to oppose the rebels, and 'either we or they must lower lie.'

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in the rebel camp near Shrewsbury, where Hotspur is talking to Worcester and Douglas, of whom he thoroughly approves, and whose praise he bespeaks in return. A moment later, a messenger brings him a letter, stating his father is too ill to join him. Somewhat frightened by such news, Hotspur is further dismayed to learn that their purposes have been revealed to the King, and that a number of the adherents they confidently expected, have refused to join them. That so important a contingent as his father's should fail at the appointed trysting-spot is a crippling blow, and they are still discussing this defection, when another messenger reports the approach of royal forces, under Westmoreland and Prince John, soon to be followed by more under the King.

When Hotspur mockingly inquires where the Prince of Wales may be, he is informed Prince Hal is coming against him in all the panoply of war. Vowing that all who come are to be sacrificed to the God of War, Hotspur picks out as his special opponent the doughty Prince of Wales, with whom he wishes to measure swords. He has just concluded a fiery peroration with a hope that Glendower will soon appear, when the messenger tells him the Welsh cannot come for a fortnight at least, a delay fatal to Hotspur who has but a small force to oppose to that of the King.

On a public road near Coventry we next behold Falstaff, plodding wearily along with his men, and

sending Bardolph on ahead to make sure of his finding plenty of sack on arriving at the next inn. As usual, Falstaff bids his man disburse all that is necessary, promising to pay all his debts at once. Left alone, Falstaff then admits he is ashamed of his men, having, for economy's sake, recruited from the dregs of London, men whose very appearance is pitiful and disreputable, only a shirt and a half being discoverable in the whole company! The Prince coming up at this juncture, taunts Falstaff with being 'blown,' a charge the fat knight indignantly denies, ere greeting Westmoreland, who accompanies Harry. This general expresses a desire to hasten on, as the King doubtless expects them; but although professing great desire to progress as rapidly as possible, Falstaff claims to be hampered by his troop, which, however, he considers suitable 'food for powder,' since it 'will fill a pit as well as better.' The curtain falls as all hasten to join the royal force.

We return to the rebel camp, where Hotspur and his companions discuss the likelihood of a fight that day, Hotspur being inclined to force it, while his allies prefer to delay issues until they feel stronger. But, when taunted with cowardice for holding off, they indignantly offer to follow Hotspur's lead, although some of their men are weary from long marching, and others have not yet appeared. Hotspur has a ready answer to all their objections, until a trumpet blast announces that the King wishes to hold parley with the rebels. A moment later Blunt appears, and after a gracious greeting from Hotspur, announces that the King

has sent to inquire the rebels' grievances, promising to redress them provided they immediately return to their allegiance. In his reply, Hotspur states that the King,—who owes his present elevation to them,—came to England claiming only his patrimony, but that his ambitions soon waxed so great that nothing save the crown would content him. He complains that after depriving Richard of his throne, Henry refused to redeem Mortimer, dismissed his father in disgrace, and by violating all his promises, forced them to seek redress arms in hand. But, when Blunt inquires whether he is to deliver this intemperate answer to the King, Hotspur decides to wait until the morrow, and let his uncle bear his reply to Henry IV.

The next scene is played in the archbishop's palace at York, where he is sealing letters to be immediately delivered. When his messenger hints he can guess their purport, the archbishop bids him urge all to hasten to Shrewsbury, where their fortunes are to be put to the test; although, owing to Northumberland's illness and Glendower's absence, their forces are too small to oppose the King's successfully. When the messenger proudly names the powerful lords siding with Hotspur, the archbishop replies only Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas and Vernon are there to oppose the Prince of Wales, his brother, Westmoreland, and Blunt, all of whom arrived with large contingents. It is to reinforce Hotspur's troops, that the archbishop has written these letters, which he bids his messenger deliver promptly, for if Hotspur is defeated, the King will press right on to York.

ACT V. The fifth act opens in the King's camp near Shrewsbury, where Henry IV. marks a red sunrise, and the Prince a wind presaging a blustery day, ere the trumpets sound. A moment later Worcester and Vernon appear, bringing Hotspur's answer, and are haughtily greeted by Henry, who reproaches them with having deceived him. Thereupon Worcester,—defending himself,—boldly reminds Henry of his and his family's services on Bolingbroke's arrival in England, when he swore he claimed naught save his rights, although he was already aiming at the throne! When Worcester adds that since his accession, Henry has proved both ungrateful and overbearing, the monarch haughtily rejoins such is the talk rebels ever hold, and the Prince of Wales sends a formal challenge inviting Hotspur to meet him in single fight and settle the coming battle without further bloodshed. This knightly challenge is approved by the King, who adds that all who submit will be freely forgiven, an assurance he bids the emissaries publish immediately in their camp.

Both Worcester and Vernon having gone, Prince Harry exclaims he feels sure Hotspur will insist upon a battle, whereupon his father sends the leaders to their posts so they can attack the foe at the very first signal. All therefore leave the stage save Harry and Falstaff, the latter imploring his princely friend to 'bestride him' should he be knocked down in battle! Mockingly retorting that none save a colossus could bestride such bulk as his, the Prince bids him farewell and departs, leaving Falstaff in a melancholy mood, for he is not anxious

will embrace this antagonist with a soldier's arm until he makes him shrink! As he is about to arm, a messenger brings him letters he has no time to read, for the royal troops are already advancing. It is uttering his war cry, 'Espérance,' and bidding all do their best, that Hotspur sets out amid the din of trumpets.

The next scene is played on the battle-field, between both camps, where Blunt is attacked by Douglas, who takes him for the King, for sundry courtiers are wearing armour like Henry's to mislead the foe. Summoned to surrender, Blunt haughtily declines, so well keeping up the delusion that he is the monarch, that when he falls, the Scotchman proudly informs the approaching Hotspur Henry IV. is slain! But Hotspur, knowing the King well, soon discovers the mistake, and Douglas hastens away, vowing he will kill all the kings on the battle-field, since a number of knights are incased in royal armour.

Both he and Hotspur are out of sight, when Falstaff appears, hot and tired, having led his force into battle with such brilliant success, that most of his men are slain. Coming up just then, the Prince begs the loan of Falstaff's sword, paying little heed when the fat man boasts he has slain Hotspur. On learning, however, that this foe still ranges on the battle-field, Falstaff refuses to part with his blade, and offers a pistol instead. Putting his hand into the case to draw out the desired weapon, the Prince is so disgusted to find there only a bottle of sack, that he hurls it at Falstaff and dashes off. Thus left alone, Falstaff vows should

he meet Hotspur he will slay him, although no such meeting will ever come about if he can possibly avoid it!

Meantime, in another part of the field, the King is imploring the Prince of Wales to retire and have his wounds dressed, a recommendation the youth disregards, declaring such scratches as his are of no consequence. Instead, he urges all present to return to the fray, and then warmly praises Prince John, who, although but a stripling, has had a pass of arms with Hotspur himself. Following his brave younger brother, Harry darts away, just as Douglas comes up, and perceiving another man in royal armour, calls him 'counterfeit' and vows to slay him, too! Although King Henry boldly declares he is the monarch, whose two sons are ranging the battle-field in hopes of meeting Douglas and Percy, the Scotchman only half believes him, and begins to fight. The King is thus in imminent danger, when the Prince of Wales opportunely comes to his rescue, first by challenging the Scotchman and then by compelling him to flee.

Turning to his father, Prince Hal then gives him an encouraging report of the battle, and is happy to hear Henry acknowledge he has hitherto misjudged him. As the King hurries off to rejoin his troops, Hotspur dashes up, and discovering the Prince of Wales, fiercely challenges him to fight. They are in the midst of an encounter, when Falstaff joins them, and cheers on the Prince, until challenged in his turn by Douglas. Feigning death, Falstaff promptly sinks to the ground, where Hotspur soon lies beside him, moaning that the Prince

of Wales has robbed him of life! While Hotspur dies, Prince Harry moralises on his career, bidding him bear his glory to heaven with him, while his ignominy sleeps in his grave. Then, discovering the huge bulk of Falstaff beside his slain adversary, the Prince, after ruefully exclaiming he 'could have better spared a better man,' promises to see him properly buried as soon as the battle is over. He has barely gone, however, when Falstaff comes to life again, muttering that had he not so cleverly feigned death he would not now be alive, for according to his creed 'the better part of valour is discretion!' Then, seeing Hotspur's corpse beside him, Falstaff,—the inveterate boaster and liar,—determines to claim the glory of having killed him, and in order to do so with some shadow of truth, runs his sword into the lifeless body, which he bears off in triumph.

A moment later the Prince of Wales reappears, warmly complimenting his young brother on his maiden efforts, and both start on finding themselves face to face with Falstaff, whose death Prince Hal had just announced. Becoming aware of their presence, Falstaff ostentatiously flings Hotspur's corpse at their feet, declaring he expects the title of Duke or Earl, at least, for ridding them of such a foe! When the Prince exclaims he slew Hotspur himself, Falstaff impudently declares that is a lie, and describes how he and Percy fought for an hour by Shrewsbury clock, asserting by a solemn oath he dealt the wound he points at,—the very one he inflicted on a lifeless foe. While the younger Prince marvels at this strange tale, the elder, accustomed to

Falstaffian exaggerations, good-naturedly promises to gild his 'lie with the happiest terms' he has, just as retreat resounds. Sure now, that the day is theirs, the two Princes depart to ascertain which of their friends have survived, while Falstaff mutters he will follow them to secure his reward.

In another part of the field the King publicly proclaims this rebellion rebuked, and turning to Worcester reproachfully inquires why he did not take advantage of the pardon he offered, and thus spare many lives? When Worcester sullenly rejoins that he did what his safety urged him to do, the King orders him and Vernon beheaded, and watches them depart in charge of his guards. Then, he learns from the mouth of his heir, how Hotspur is slain, and Douglas is a prisoner of whom he would like to dispose at will. This privilege granted him, the Prince of Wales bids his young brother set the Scotchman free without ransom, as reward for the bravery he showed in battle, an honour pleasing to Prince John, who is further elated when his father bids him accompany the forces sent to punish Northumberland and the archbishop of York for rising against their monarch. Meantime, the King himself and the Prince of Wales propose to turn their arms against Glendower, for, having so successfully disposed of the worst foes, Henry IV. is determined 'not to leave till all our own be won.'

KING HENRY THE FOURTH

SECOND PART

INTRODUCTION. The goddess of Rumour, with her many tongues, appears before the castle of Warkworth, bidding all open wide their ears to hear about Henry's victory at Shrewsbury, this news being all the more welcome, since she recently proclaimed that Hotspur and Douglas were triumphing over the royal host.

ACT I. After Rumour has withdrawn, the first act opens as Lord Bardolph rides up to the gate of Warkworth castle, to beg an audience of Northumberland. The porter is just directing the newcomer to the orchard, where his master is walking, when Northumberland himself appears, and eagerly inquires for news. In reply, Lord Bardolph,—who has met a man riding away from the battlefield before the encounter was finished,—reports the King, their opponent, mortally wounded, Prince Harry slain, the royal army routed, and Falstaff a prisoner. This news, almost too good to be true, is confirmed by a second messenger, who, however, has since heard contradictory reports from a panting royal messenger.

Wondering what to believe, Northumberland eagerly welcomes a third emissary, whose tragic face partly prepares the unhappy father for the tidings he is about to hear. After reporting he comes straight from Shrewsbury, this man states, in reply to Northumberland's breathless inquiry for his

son and brother, that his brother still lives, but that his son is dead. The bereaved father and the first messenger refuse to credit such tidings, until they learn how Hotspur was slain by the Prince of Wales, how at the news of his fall his forces fled, and how Worcester and Douglas were both taken prisoners, although the latter slew, with his own hand, three of the knights personating the King. When the messenger declares the victorious Henry IV. is sending forces in this direction under Westmoreland and Prince John, Northumberland exclaims there will be time to mourn all the rest of his life, and that weak and old as he is he must now arm in his own defence. He is so shaken by passion at this thought, that his companions have to remind him many lives depend upon him, and that he must decide whether they are to yield or fight. To encourage him, the last messenger suggests the archbishop will prove a powerful ally, and that notwithstanding his son's defeat and death, their party may yet triumph. Somewhat stimulated, Northumberland invites them all into the castle, where they are to take counsel together in regard to their safety and revenge.

In the next scene we behold a street in London, along which the portly Falstaff is striding, closely followed by a diminutive page bearing his sword and buckler. This lad is evidently expected to perform miscellaneous services, since Falstaff demands what answer he brings from doctor and tailor, ere he inquires for Bardolph, who has gone to buy him a horse. Noticing the approach of Chief Justice Gascoigne,—who arrested the Prince of Wales for

striking him in court,—the page warns Falstaff, who pretends not to see his foe. But, he is promptly recognised by the Chief Justice's servant, who reports he distinguished himself at Shrewsbury, and is about to depart for York. On hearing this, the Chief Justice expresses a desire to converse with Falstaff, who whispers to his page to make believe he is deaf. Because Sir John Falstaff pays no heed to his words, the Chief Justice's servant finally plucks him by the sleeve, only to be reproved for begging, and when this man protests Sir John is mistaken, the fat knight enters into an elaborate argument, ere he condescends to comprehend that the Chief Justice wishes to speak to him.

After greeting the judge with a volubility designed to postpone embarrassing questions, Sir John, instead of accounting for his absence at court, expatiates on the good news from Wales. His ingenious evasions, however, prove useless, for the Chief Justice, returning to his theme, chides him for misleading the Prince! Falstaff is evidently not too deaf to hear this accusation, since he vehemently denies it, adding virtuously that he duly reproved the Prince for the blow he dealt his father's magistrate. When the Chief Justice fervently hopes the Prince may hereafter frequent better company, and rejoices that Falstaff should be posted in a different army, the fat man impudently tries to borrow money from him for an outfit.

The Chief Justice and his servant gone, Falstaff reviles the former for miserliness, before he inquires the state of his finances from his page, who assures him he has only seven groats and two pence

on hand! This low ebb in his exchequer causes Falstaff to mutter there is 'no remedy against this consumption of the purse,' ere he dispatches his page with four letters, one of which is addressed to a fair dame, whom he rashly swore to marry on discovering a white hair on his chin! The page having gone, Falstaff complains of gout in his big toe, until he gleefully remembers that by 'turning disease into commodity,' he can obtain a better pension.

We are now transferred to the archbishop's palace at York, where, after explaining what resources he has at command, he asks his partisan's opinion of present prospects. Mowbray, learning they have only twenty-five thousand men, exclaims their main reliance rests upon Northumberland, who has his son to avenge. They decide among themselves, however, that without Northumberland's coöperation, their chances will be as slim as those of Hotspur at Shrewsbury, where chance so cruelly deceived him. On hearing this statement, Lord Bardolph compares their hopes to an architect planning a house beyond his means, ere he and his friends again discuss the advisability of meeting the royal forces. As some of the latter are engaged against the French, and against Glendower, they only have to reckon on facing a third of the royal army, under the command of Westmoreland and Prince John, for the King and his eldest son are busy in Wales. Hearing this, the archbishop favours immediate action, remarking that many of those who once disowned Richard, would now fain have him back again, instead of Bolingbroke who so easily supplanted him, wherein his companions agree with him, ere the

meeting breaks up and all hasten away to muster their troops.

ACT II. The second act opens in a street in London, where the hostess is talking to some officers, from whom she is trying to find out whether they are going to arrest Sir John Falstaff? On discovering such is their intention, she cautions them to beware of violence, as he will spare neither man, woman nor child when in a rage! Thinking if he can once close with his victim, he can easily get the better of him, the sheriff lies in wait for the fat knight. Meantime, the hostess volubly expatiates upon all she has done for Falstaff,—who always puts her off when she calls for a settling of accounts,—until she sees him draw near with his page and Bardolph. Perceiving a knot of acquaintances, Falstaff genially greets them, and on being arrested, bids Bardolph fling hostess and sheriff into the Channel, and overwhelms the officer with such a stream of vituperation, that, afraid to lose his prey, he loudly calls for aid.

His cries finally attract the attention of the Chief Justice and his men, and when the former demands the reason for this commotion, the hostess implores his protection and aid. Seeing Sir John in London, when he deemed him well on his way to York, the Chief Justice learns he has just been arrested at the suit of the hostess, who pathetically claims he has eaten her 'out of house and home.' Reproved for wronging a poor woman, Falstaff braggingly demands the sum of all he owes her, only to be told he owes marriage as well as money, having often promised it to her. The hostess' evidence proves

so circumstantial, that it fully convinces the Chief Justice, although Falstaff tries for a time to deny her charges. After finally wringing an admission from the accused that he is, indeed, in the hostess' debt, the Chief Justice sentences Falstaff to pay and make amends, in spite of all his protests.

It is while this dispute is still raging that a messenger brings the Chief Justice a letter, and reports the King and Prince of Wales near at hand. Taking sly advantage of the Chief Justice's absorption in his correspondence, Falstaff not only persuades the hostess to withdraw her action, but to lend him more money, and entertain him at supper, she being powerless to resist his flattery, and foolishly believing he will pay all he owes. So, after humbly inquiring whom he will invite to supper, the hostess leaves with Bardolph and the officers, to prepare for his entertainment.

The Chief Justice, having finished reading his letters, now declares he has received good news, for the King is returning, after sending part of his forces to join the army attacking Northumberland. Then, hearing Sir John invite his messenger to supper, the Chief Justice sternly reproves the fat knight for loitering, when he and his men should already be well on their way northward, and goes away.

In another street in London we behold Prince Hal and Poins, the former acknowledging himself weary, and confessing to an unprincely longing for a drink of small beer! He adds that he knows Poins so well, that he could furnish the inventory of his wardrobe, which he proceeds to do in a most ludicrous manner. When Poins accuses his com-

panion of displaying more hilarity than becomes a Prince whose father is seriously ill, the royal scion retorts it would not become him to show his feelings, since should he weep it would be deemed mere hypocrisy, seeing he has been so much with men of his interlocuter's and Falstaff's stamp, that nothing good or serious is expected of him.

The entrance of Bardolph and of Falstaff's page,—on whose ridiculous appearance the Prince comments,—turns the conversation into another channel, and Harry amuses himself by making the lad relate a mythological tale, for which he gives him sixpence. Next, Bardolph delivers a letter from Falstaff to the Prince, who shares its contents with him and Poins, commenting freely upon it. To gratify all present, Poins next reads aloud a missive wherein the Prince is grandiloquently warned to beware of Poins, whose sister he is expected to marry, an accusation Poins denies. Next, hearing Falstaff is supping at the Boar's Head Inn, with the hostess and Doll Tear-sheet, the madcap Prince decides to surprise the party, bribing all present not to reveal his intentions. Then, Bardolph and the page having gone, Harry and Poins agree to serve as waiters at Sir John's table, the Prince jocosely remarking that even great Jove often affected disguises!

In the next scene we return to Warkworth castle, where Northumberland is taking leave of his wife and widowed daughter-in-law, bidding them cease to trouble him with objections he cannot heed, his honour being in pawn, and redeemable only by his departure. This reminds Hotspur's widow how vainly her husband awaited his coming, and

she bitterly exclaims that when Northumberland should have gone he was persuaded to remain, whereas now he should remain he insists upon going! In her sorrow she enthusiastically describes Hotspur as 'the mark and glass, copy and book, that fashion'd others,' adding that had he been properly supported at Shrewsbury he would never have suffered defeat. These lamentations so nearly unman Northumberland, that he bids her desist, and turns a deaf ear when his wife advises him to flee to Scotland. But, when Hotspur's wife joins in these entreaties, he suddenly decides to take their advice, and to remain in Scotland 'till time and vantage crave my company.'

The scene now shifts to the Boar's Head Inn, where two drawers are preparing for Sir John's supper, with due regard to his well-known tastes, while relating humorous anecdotes about him. After mentioning that music is to enliven this feast, one of them adds the Prince and Poins will assume their garb and take their places, whence rare fun will probably ensue. A moment later the female guest is ushered in by the hostess, who, in striving to be genteel, misuses long words while addressing her. Soon after Sir John appears, gaily humming a tune, carelessly greeting the women, and calling for a drink almost in the same breath. In the verbal sparring match which now takes place between the knight and Doll Tearsheet, the hostess interferes to prevent its degenerating into a quarrel, and all agree to drink together as friends, since it is doubtful whether they will ever see Falstaff again. Because a waiter enters, announcing that

Pistol wishes to speak to Falstaff, Doll Tearsheet stigmatises him in so unflattering a manner, that the hostess declares so bad a character shall not be admitted into her house. When Falstaff protests, the hostess repeats some good advice given by her minister, until Falstaff volunteers to answer for Pistol's good conduct and has him summoned. Both ladies are still protesting against his admittance, when he enters with Bardolph and the page, and a punning conversation begins, in which Pistol holds his own, although both women attack him. But, after a lively encounter of wits, he agrees to a truce for drink; still he becomes so angry when baited that he threatens the company with his sword. This causes Falstaff to drive him out at the point of his own weapon, a noisy performance which the hostess bewails since it brings discredit upon her house.

When Pistol, Bardolph and the page have retreated, the ladies anxiously examine Falstaff, and ascertain to their satisfaction that he has not been wounded, although Bardolph reports Pistol has not fared so well! Proud of his prowesses, Falstaff makes mammoth love to Doll Tearsheet, who perches on his colossal knee, while listening to the music. It is then that the Prince and Poins, disguised as waiters, steal in, and listening to the inane conversation between Falstaff and Doll, hear the fat knight assert Poins and the Prince are friends merely because of similarity in size and taste. Falstaff's remarks, however, finally prove so galling to his hearers, that they consult together how to be revenged, while the knight kisses his fair guest, an

amorous performance they deride. When the wily Doll assures Falstaff she loves him more than any youth, he feels so flattered, that he offers to bestow upon her a dress, which she insists she will have no heart to wear until he returns in safety.

In obedience to Falstaff's call for more liquor, the new waiters draw near, and are immediately recognised, whereupon Falstaff talks with the Prince in his usual bombastic strain, wondering at his presence here when he deemed him still in Wales, and feeling no compunctions for having mentioned him in derogatory terms to Doll Tearsheet. In fact, when the Prince demands what he meant by abusing him, Sir John vows he did him good service by dispraising him before the wicked, a term the Prince gallantly declares hardly applicable to the present company, who appreciate the compliment. When Falstaff elaborately tries to prove his statement true, the touchy hostess resents it, and a new quarrel is about to break out, when loud knocking is heard.

A moment later Peto enters, announcing the King is now at Westminster, and that on his way from the North, he, Peto, encountered a dozen captains, seeking Falstaff in every tavern along the road. Thus reminded of serious matters, the Prince, feeling he is wasting precious time, hastily resumes his own garments, and hurries off with Poins, Peto and Bardolph, leaving Falstaff to enjoy the best part of the evening in peace. The fat knight has barely congratulated himself upon this fact, when more knocking is heard, and Bardolph re-enters to report Falstaff is wanted at court,

whither a dozen captains are waiting to escort him. Leaving his page, therefore, to settle with the musicians, Falstaff bids the women a pompous farewell, and goes off with Bardolph, while the hostess comments upon his excellencies, and Doll noisily sobs out her grief.

ACT III. The third act opens in the palace at Westminster, where the King, in his bedgown, bids a page summon the Earls of Surrey and Warwick, who are to read the letters he sends them ere they appear. The page having gone, Henry IV.,—who is troubled by insomnia,—soliloquises on sleep, and on the cares which keep a monarch awake, while the meanest of his subjects can indulge in peaceful slumber. His invocation to sleep is one of the finest passages in this play, and ends with the oft-quoted comment, 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' The entrance of the lords he has summoned, at one o'clock in the morning, reminds him there is business on hand; so, after answering their greetings, and ascertaining they have perused the letters he sent, he informs them they now know danger is lurking near at hand.

Although the lords agree with the King, they insist the trouble is not serious, and that Northumberland's ardour will soon be cooled. Henry, who would fain read 'the book of fate,'—although he realises that knowledge of the future is wisely denied us,— marvels that the men who helped place him on the throne eight years ago, should now prove his foes, although he vividly remembers Richard termed Northumberland his 'ladder,' and predicted the time of retribution would come. Instead of a

prophecy this seems mere logical deduction to Warwick, who declares the force of the foe has been greatly overestimated. He adds the royal army will surely prove victorious, for tidings have come of Glendower's death, and insists that, having been ill for the past fortnight, the King should rest instead of aggravating his disease by worry and fatigue. Promising to heed this sage advice, Henry IV. takes leave of the lords, reiterating that as soon as these 'inward wars' are over he means to hasten to the Holy Land.

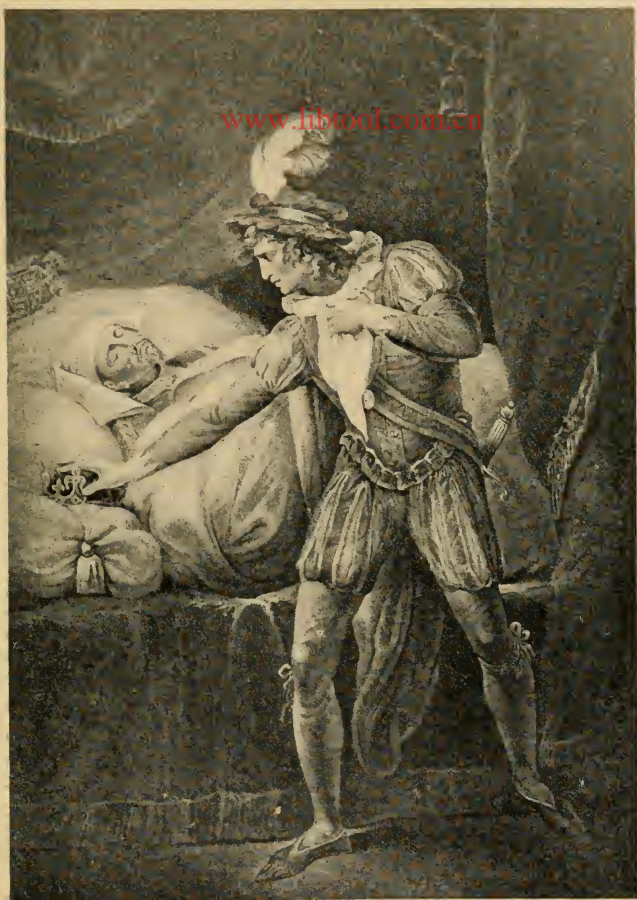
In the next scene we are transferred to the house of Justice Shallow, a Gloucestershire magistrate, who welcomes his adherents and kinsmen with the consequential repetition of every idle phrase. He also inquires minutely about the health of absent relatives, and fatuously recalls his student days, when he was termed 'lusty Shallow' and when he and his comrades played such merry pranks. In those days, Falstaff was a mere page,—the same Falstaff, whom he now expects with his company of soldiers. After a little more conversation, Bardolph appears, and when Shallow has pompously introduced himself, delivers to him Falstaff's greetings. He is still exchanging puns with the facetious host, when Falstaff himself enters, asking whether the Justice has secured him a dozen recruits? Fustily calling the roll, Shallow summons the recruits one after another for Falstaff's inspection, while puns are made on the names, appearance and answers of the candidates, among whom Falstaff means presently to select four. Then, he joyfully follows Justice Shallow in to take a drink, indulg-

ing in pleasing reminiscences of their youthful escapades.

Unable to linger long, Falstaff soon after departs and the Justice goes off to his dinner. Meantime, the recruits bribe Bardolph to let them off, so when Falstaff comes to make his final selection, his man whispers that certain of the men have paid to be excused. Thus, to Justice Shallow's intense surprise, Falstaff selects the least promising specimens, excusing his choice under plea that the thinner and slighter the man, the less surface he offers to bullets, and hence the more likely he is to escape wounds! This method of choosing soldiers displeases Shallow, who vaguely recollects that other recruiters tested the strength and efficiency of the candidates; but Falstaff bids Bardolph lead the men away and provides them with uniforms, vowing, when all have left the stage, that on his return he will stop here again, to wring more money out of Justice Shallow, who is born to be a dupe.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in Yorkshire forest, where the Archbishop, Mowbray, Hastings and others are halting with their troops. After discovering their location, the Archbishop suggests a reconnoitering party be sent out to ascertain the strength and position of their foes. Then he reports that letters from Northumberland state he cannot levy the required troops, so that instead of joining them he has gone to Scotland to pray for their success! This defection proves a great disappointment to Mowbray; but before he can adequately express it, a messenger reports that an army lies scarcely a mile away.

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J. Boydell

HENRY IV

Part 2. Henry IV and Prince Hal

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A moment later Westmoreland appears bringing greetings from Prince John, with a message to the effect that immediate submission on the part of the rebels and return to peaceful occupations, will avert a bloody encounter. In reply, the Archbishop declares they have weighed matters well, and having found their grievances heavier than their offences, have determined to secure justice, arms in hand. When he and his companions claim all their appeals have been denied, Westmoreland insists his master restored Mowbray's property, and exalts Bolingbroke's courage, denying that his present offer of peace springs from any source save mercy. Finally, seeing his opponents will not submit, in spite of all Prince John's readiness to treat with them, he accepts a schedule of their grievances, and departs.

He has barely gone when Mowbray exclaims he has a premonition no peace can stand, an opinion Hastings does not share. To convince him, Mowbray remarks that even should a reconciliation ever take place, they would always be subject to galling suspicions. The Archbishop doubts this, because the King is so seriously ill that he must feel anxious to smooth out all tangles so as to leave a peaceful realm to his son. Encouraged by Hastings, he then urges a treaty, to which Mowbray consents, just as Westmoreland reappears to announce that Prince John, himself, will confer with them half-way between both forces. All therefore move forward to take part in this momentous interview.

In another part of the forest both parties meet, Prince John receiving his opponents with conciliating courtesy, but gently reproaching the church-

men present for being in war array instead of canonicals, and for fighting when they should be preaching peace. In reply to his speech the Archbishop rejoins that having sent him a schedule of the grievances for whose redress he and his allies are ready to fight to extinction, he wishes to know the Prince's reply. Thus urged, Prince John assures him his father's purposes have been misjudged, and that all grievances will be redressed; next he offers a peace which the lords have no sooner signed than Hastings pays and disbands his army.

While the treating parties are drinking each others' health, the cheers of the army are heard welcoming peace. These cheers cause the Prince to order the disbanding of his force, too, an order Westmoreland goes off to execute, after deciding that both armies shall file past, so each party can scan the forces it would have had to cope with had the war continued. It soon transpires, however, that the royal army refuses to be disbanded, save by the Prince, while the rebels have already scattered to all points of the compass with joyful alacrity. When fully satisfied that no soldiers remain to defend his adversaries, Prince John orders the arrest of Hastings, Mowbray and the Archbishop, on the charge of high treason, a treacherous proceeding they fail to understand, although Prince John claims no promises were made save to redress their grievances. Then he orders the drums beaten, and proclaims, 'God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day,' 'ere he bids 'Some guard these traitors to the block of death, treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath.'

In another part of the forest, amid the din of warfare, Falstaff, who has attacked the disbanded foe, meets and challenges Coleville, whose name and location he ironically parses, vowing that as he is a traitor, dungeon is the only place for him! After some more parley with Falstaff, whose bulk awes him,—Coleville surrenders, just as Prince John bids his men cease pursuing the disbanded rebels, and calls Falstaff to order for disobeying orders. Instead of explanation, Falstaff, after a wordy preliminary, boasts of having captured single-handed a dangerous prisoner, whom he yields up, vowing that unless the prowesses he has performed are properly recognised, he will have them enshrined in a ballad, where he will be pictured with Coleville humbly kissing his foot! His bragging amuses Prince John, who, after questioning the prisoner, bids Westmoreland send him on to York to be executed there with the rest of the rebels. Then, the prisoner removed, Prince John orders the news of their triumph carried to his sick father. When he has left the scene, granting Falstaff permission to return to London via Gloucestershire, Falstaff ruefully concludes this Prince is far too sober-minded to laugh at his jokes. Then he expatiates upon the charms of sherry, until Bardolph informs him the army is disbanded, news not unwelcome to Falstaff, who invites Bardolph to accompany him to Justice Shallow's.

In the Jerusalem Chamber, at Westminster, the King, addressing his court, announces that should God grant a successful end to the present troubles, he will soon be able to fulfil his vow and conduct

them to Palestine. Then he feebly inquires for two of his sons, one of whom is out hunting. The other, kneeling submissively before him, is bidden cultivate the society of the Prince of Wales, who has always shown marked preference for him, and who will hence further his fortunes on ascending the throne. In mentioning this eldest son, the King describes him as a singular compound of bravery, generosity, obstinacy and hardness of heart. When told to study his brother's moods so as to take advantage of favourable ones, the younger Prince promises to do his best, ere he reports Hal dining with Poins at a London inn. On the mention of Poins' name, the King regrets his heir should frequent such society, but admits his own youth was a wild one, too. Hoping to reassure a troubled father, Warwick suggests the Prince may merely be making a thorough study of mankind, but will doubtless cast off all undesirable associates when he can learn nothing more from them; in reply to which the King makes the pithy comment, 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb in the dead carrion.'

Westmoreland now arrives, announcing Prince John's bloodless victory, the apprehension of the traitors, and the establishment of peace, news over which Henry rejoices. A moment later another messenger reports how Northumberland and his Scotch allies have been defeated, joyful tidings which almost overcome Henry IV. Feeling weak and faint he calls for aid, so his son and courtiers support him, pitifully exclaiming such attacks are fast wearing him out, and hinting that ominous portents

presage the speedy end of his reign. Then, seeing him show signs of returning consciousness, they lower their voices, and tenderly bear him away when he asks to be removed to another place.

The curtain next rises on the royal sick-chamber, where the King, lying in bed, has his crown placed on the pillow beside him, and asks to be left alone, while music is softly played in the next room. Those present are just commenting on his hollow eye and changed appearance, when Prince Hal enters, asking for his father, whose sudden seizure appeals him. Hoping good news may have a beneficent effect, he suggests the King be told of the victory, and when informed it was those tidings which provoked the present attack, exclaims one soon recovers when sick from joy! Afraid lest talking may disturb the King, Westmoreland suggests their leaving his Majesty to rest, and going into the next room, whereupon the Prince of Wales volunteers to mount guard at the royal bedside.

All the rest having gone, Prince Hal notices with surprise the crown,—which he deems too troublesome a bedfellow for a sick man. Bending to remove it, and perceiving no signs of life in the sleeper, the Prince sadly concludes his father will never wake again. Feeling he owes ‘his gracious lord’ filial tenderness, and mourning him truly, the Prince lifts up the crown, and placing it upon his head grimly cries, ‘Lo, here it sits, which God shall guard; and, put the world’s whole strength into one giant arm, it shall not force this lineal honour from me!’ Then, with a parting glance at the motionless form, the Prince withdraws from the room,

only a moment before the King rouses from his death-like stupor.

Gazing around him and finding himself unattended, Henry IV. calls, whereupon those in the next room hasten to his bedside, declaring they left the Prince of Wales to watch him. As the King seeks his son with longing eyes, they add he must have passed through another open door. Then, only, the King notices the absence of his crown, and, asking for it, is told it lay beside him when his attendants left. Concluding the Prince of Wales removed it, the King sends for him, murmuring his son is in sore haste to despoil one, who, like the bee has gathered honey only for his use.

The bitterness of this thought almost overcomes Henry, and when Warwick returns without the Prince, he anxiously inquires where he is? Then Warwick feelingly describes how the Prince was found in the next room, utterly overcome by sorrow. Although impressed by this description, the King is suspiciously reiterating 'wherefore did he take away the crown?' as the Prince comes in.

Bidding all present leave them alone together, Henry sees his son fall on his knee beside him, joyfully exclaiming he never thought to hear him speak again! The father coldly rejoins the wish was probably father to the thought, ere he inquires whether the Prince is so eager for honours, that he would curtail the brief span of life left him. He bitterly adds he foresees Henry IV. will soon be forgotten, and that Henry V. will inaugurate an era of lawlessness in England, ruthlessly tearing down all he has so painfully built up. The Prince, whose deep emotion

has hitherto prevented speech, now explains how finding him lifeless, he bore away the crown, not to exult in its possession, but to reproach it for being the indirect cause of his father's death by overweighting his feeble strength. In his grief and remorse Hal pours out his heart, showing what a loving son he really is, expressing regret for having caused Henry sorrow, and revealing an earnest intention to fulfil nobly the tasks that await him.

This glimpse of Harry's real feelings fills his father's heart with joy, and impels him, for the first time in his life, to treat his heir as one who can understand his trials. So, after describing how he obtained England's crown, Henry advises his son how to proceed, ere again mentioning his vow to lead a force to the Holy Land, where many troublesome, adventurous spirits would have found occupation without conspiring against his authority. When he adds a prayer that God will forgive his usurpation, and grant his son peaceful enjoyment of the crown, Prince Hal rejoins that whatever his father has won he will maintain against the world! This heart to heart conversation between father and son, concludes with the arrival of Prince John, bringing tidings of peace which please the King, although he declares it is time for all worldly business to close. Then, calling for Lord Warwick, and learning from him that the place where he swooned is the Jerusalem Chamber, Henry IV. suddenly exclaims, the prediction shall be fulfilled, and that 'in that Jerusalem shall Harry die.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens in Justice Shallow's house, where he is entertaining Falstaff and Bar-

dolph, protesting he cannot yet let them depart. Then, calling his servant he fussily arranges sundry farm and household matters, ere he returns to his guests, whose boots, he insists, shall immediately be removed. The Justice goes out first, and while Bardolph and the page attend to the horses, Falstaff mutters that were he 'sawed into quantities,' he could make at least two dozen 'hermit's staves' like Shallow. He also ridicules the way in which the Justice's servants pattern themselves upon their master in manners and speech, proposes to collect sufficient humorous material from this visit to make Prince Harry laugh until 'his face be like a wet cloak ill laid-up!' and hastens off only when Shallow is heard loudly calling him.

In the palace of Westminster, the Chief Justice is dismayed to learn Henry IV.'s reign is ended, and wishes in his grief that he might have accompanied his master to the better world, for he fancies the services he has rendered this monarch will now redound to his discredit. Warwick, to whom he makes this statement, reluctantly admits the young King does not love him, before they are joined by the King's brothers and sundry courtiers. As they enter, Warwick audibly regrets that the least deserving of Henry IV.'s three sons should succeed him, and after greetings have been exchanged, one of the courtiers condoles with the Chief Justice at having lost 'a friend indeed.' But, although Prince John admits the Justice has cause to look sorrowful, his brother suggests he court Falstaff, bosom companion of the present King. To all this advice the Chief Justice rejoins he has merely done

what honour commanded, adding that should justice be denied him, he can follow his dead master.

It is as he ceases speaking, that the new King enters, remarking the royal garment does not yet sit easily upon him; and, turning to his brothers, assures them he shares their grief, and bespeaks their aid. Then, only, he addresses the Chief Justice, reminding him how he once publicly rebuked the heir of England, and sent him off to prison, an indignity few princes could forget. With quiet dignity, the Chief Justice claims he was charged to execute the laws over high and low, and asks the new made monarch how he would like to see his decrees set at nought and his orders scorned? His able defence excites the admiration of King Henry V.,—who has merely been testing him,—and who now graciously confers upon him the office he held under his father, bidding him continue to be the same righteous judge, and bespeaking his friendly aid and advice. Then, addressing the rest of the courtiers, Henry assures them his wildness is at an end, and that all his energies will henceforth be devoted to governing well his realm with Parliament's aid. The scene closes with noble words that God willing, 'no Prince nor peer shall have just cause to say, God shorten Harry's happy life one day!'

In the next scene, Justice Shallow proudly exhibits his orchard to his guests, giving directions meanwhile to the servant who fills many offices in his small establishment. In all he says and does we behold the consequential importance of the petty magistrate, for he patronises all around him, including his familiar toady Silence, who favours them

with a song. While they sit around a garden table, drinking, and indulging in quips and jests, interspersed with songs, they are disturbed by loud knocking. The general factotum hurrying out, soon returns to report that Pistol has arrived from court with news, just as this worthy enters, and after wittily evading Falstaff's questions for a while, announces the death of King Henry IV. and the accession of Henry V.! At first, Falstaff doubts these tidings, but, when convinced the old King is indeed as dead 'as nail in door,' he calls excitedly for his horse, and, deeming himself 'Fortune's steward,' lavishes promises, for he does not doubt he is to be the new monarch's right-hand man, and that his foe the Chief Justice will be taken to task.

In the next scene we behold a London street, along which the hostess of the Bear's Inn and Doll Tearsheet are dragged by beadles, who promise Doll a whipping for causing quarrels wherein men have been slain. The women make considerable fuss, using their ready tongues freely, and calling the beadles all manner of names, with all the volubility and coarseness of fish-wives.

We next behold a public place near Westminster Abbey, strewn with rushes for the coronation procession. While the grooms make hurried preparations and exchange remarks, Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph and the page, place themselves in as conspicuous positions as possible, to attract the King's attention, Falstaff meanwhile boasting how he will leer at the new monarch, so that all present can see what favour he enjoys. While waiting, he regrets there was no time to order new liveries and

clothes, but feels confident his travel-stained apparel will testify to his devotion. While they are waiting, Pistol imparts Doll's arrest, and Falstaff has just boasted she will soon be free, when a blast of trumpets heralds the King's arrival. No longer able to restrain his expansive spirits, Falstaff lustily shouts 'God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!' wherein he is imitated by Pistol; until Henry V., reining in his prancing steed, sternly bids the Chief Justice 'speak to that vain man.' Although this dignitary performs the task eagerly, Falstaff, paying no heed to his reproofs, renews his cries, until his Majesty distinctly declares; 'I know thee not, old man' and after administering a rebuke, assures Falstaff he is no longer what he was, but intends to banish his former companions, who will have to remain ten miles away from his person until they reform. Then, adding some good advice,—salved by the promise of a pension,—Henry rides slowly on.

The King having gone, dazed Falstaff acknowledges he has lost his bet of a thousand pounds; but he soon confidently adds the King disowned him publicly for appearance's sake, but will soon send for him privately, when he will have an opportunity to intercede for his friends. To avoid paying half the lost bet,—which Shallow claims,—Falstaff invites his former school friend to dinner, repeating he will soon be summoned to court! But, Prince John, the Chief Justice and officers now appear to arrest him and his companions, and Prince John praises his brother when they have been removed, for providing for his former friends, although

he has banished them from his presence until they have reformed. He adds that Henry has already summoned Parliament, and that he suspects there will be war against France ere long.

The Epilogue to this play is recited by a dancer, who expresses some fear lest the audience may have been bored, and begs pardon in that case; then he promises a sequel to this play, wherein more will be told about Falstaff, and where the King's wooing of fair Katharine of France, will be set forth. After that, kneeling down, the dancer prays for the Queen, and the curtain slowly falls.

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

THIS play is preceded by an eloquent prologue, wherein the poet, despairing of making his characters live again before our eyes, of enclosing 'the vasty fields of France' in a mere theatre, or of showing us 'the very casques that did affright the air at Agincourt,' makes an eloquent appeal to the audience's imagination.

ACT I. The first act opens in an antechamber of the royal palace in London, where the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely are discussing a bill, pending for twelve years past, which will deprive the Church of many prerogatives. They also comment on their new monarch, Canterbury remarking that although Henry V.'s youth presaged little good, he is now a model ruler. All he says in praise of the King's wisdom, is confirmed by the Bishop of Ely, who adds that just as strawberries grow beneath the nettle, the King's virtues have ripened and developed under cover of his wildness, ere he inquires how Henry views the bill they have discussed? Canterbury replies that although the King seemed almost indifferent, an offer the Church recently made of funds to make war against France will probably determine him to act in their favour. Still, he adds, that although pleasantly impressed by this offer, his Majesty would give no immediate answer, expressing instead a desire to know more about his claims to the French crown. The arrival of a French ambassador, craving audi-

ence, had interrupted this momentous conversation, and it is this audience the prelates propose to attend, although they can calculate its import in advance.

We next behold the presence-chamber, where the King enters with his train, calling for the Archbishop of Canterbury. While this prelate is being summoned, a courtier inquires whether the ambassador is to be admitted, only to be informed that matters of weight must first be settled. The entering clergy having pronounced the benediction, the King addresses Canterbury, asking whether, in his opinion, the Salic Law debars him from the French crown, solemnly warning him to weigh well his answer, as his decision may cost many lives. Thus adjured, the Archbishop explains how the ancient law decreeing that no woman should succeed in Salic lands, was framed in early Merovingian times, in the country between the Elbe and the Sala, and hence has no bearing upon the crown of France, to which Henry inherits a clear title.

When Henry thereupon demands whether he may 'with right and conscience' assert this claim, Canterbury urges him to do so, eloquently quoting the Scriptures, and invoking the memory of his glorious kinsman, the Black Prince. Chiming in, the Bishop of Ely reminds the Monarch he is heir to all this courage and glory, while his relatives exclaim that his brother kings expect him to act, and that there are men and money enough to make his claim good.

When Canterbury adds that the clergy will volunteer for such a purpose a larger subsidy than has

ever been granted before, Henry gravely reminds all present that not only must they invade France, but defend England, for the Scotch invariably rise when there is war abroad. When Canterbury eagerly rejoins that the lords of the marches suffice to repel the borderers, Henry retorts he is not thinking of raids, but of such wars as have brought terror and ruin before. Thereupon Canterbury defiantly replies that when Scotland attacked England, her King fell into their power, paying no heed to the old adage, which Westmoreland quotes: 'If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.'

A spirited discussion now ensues between Exeter and Canterbury, each of whom illustrates his meaning by similies, that of the Archbishop proving particularly felicitous, for he describes a bee-hive as a model of good government, ere suggesting that the King go to France with one-fourth of the English forces, leaving the remainder at home to defend the borders and police his realm. So palatable is this advice to Henry,—who wishes to keep his nobles too busy abroad to plot at home,—that, after giving orders to admit the ambassadors, he exclaims his mind is fully made up, and that with God's help and that of his subjects, France shall be his.

The entering ambassadors now bow low before the English monarch, who graciously announces he is ready to receive the Dauphin's message, since it comes in his name. After a courteous preamble,—having obtained the English King's leave to speak boldly,—the ambassador briefly states Henry's claims to certain estates in France are rejected, and that

his master, wishing to hear no more about it, sends him instead 'a tun of treasure.'

Although couched in terms of scathing contempt, Henry V. calmly ignores this rudeness and asks his uncle what the tun contains? On receiving the grim reply 'tennis balls,' the English Monarch expresses ironical pleasure that the Dauphin should deign to jest with him, adding the significant statement, 'when we have match'd our rackets to these balls, we will, in France, by God's grace, play a set shall strike his father's crown into the hasard.'" Then, he grimly states he is coming, sword in hand, to assert his claims to France, and warns the Dauphin he will soon see his tennis balls turned into 'gun-stones,' and his mockery wring tears from the eyes of countless mothers and widows. After a solemn appeal to the God of battles to avenge his wrongs, Henry V. dismisses the ambassadors under the usual safe-conduct.

The stranger gone, the King's uncle exclaims 'this was a merry message!' to which expression of approval Henry grimly rejoins that if they are to make its sender blush, they must turn their energies towards France, before he leaves the room in a flourish of trumpets.

ACT II. The second act is also preceded by a patriotic prologue, depicting the wild enthusiasm in England over the coming war, the energetic preparations for the campaign, the discovery of three conspirators, and the departure of the King to cross the 'narrow seas' between Southampton and France.

The curtain rises on a street in London where Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph,—who

form part of the coming expedition,—meet and discuss the chances of plunder, and the marriage of their companion, Ancient Pistol, to Nell Quickly, the hostess, once betrothed to Nym. While they are thus talking, the newly-made couple join them, Pistol boasting his wife shall cease to keep lodgers. Thereupon she admits that such occupation has its drawbacks since gentlemen will brawl, a state of affairs plainly illustrated a moment later, when Nym and Pistol, who have exchanged hostile glances and words, prepare to fight. Although Bardolph tries to interfere, the two would-be fighters revile each other, until, seeing no other way to check them, Bardolph draws his sword, threatening to kill the first who strikes a blow!

In the midst of this quarrel, Pistol bids Nym leave his wife alone hereafter, and content himself with courting Doll Tearsheet, just as a boy summons Pistol and his wife to his master, who is very ill. This news Dame Quickly scarcely credits, although she goes off with the boy, calling to her husband to follow her soon. Meanwhile, although Bardolph offers to reconcile the two disputants, they renew their quarrel, only to be again checked by their companion, who, this time, succeeds in making peace between them. He has barely done so, when the hostess returns in a flutter, bidding them come quickly to Sir John Falstaff, whose alarming condition the three men attribute to chagrin over the royal displeasure.

The council chamber at Southampton next stands revealed, where some courtiers wonder how the King dares trust false men whose plots have been discov-

ered, although they do not yet suspect it. A moment later Henry enters, with the three conspirators in his train, and is overheard rejoicing there is fair wind, so they can soon embark to cut a 'passage through the force of France.' Every word he utters is fulsomely approved by the traitors, until Henry bids his uncle set free a man imprisoned for insulting him. The traitors now eagerly urge the King to punish this culprit, using arguments which Henry V. combats, urging that mildness and pardon should be extended for slight offences, and severity be reserved only for those of greater weight.

This matter settled, Henry inquires who were the late commissioners to France, and hearing the traitors claim this honour, hands them papers, which he gravely bids them read, as they show he knows their worth. Meanwhile, he announces to the rest that they will embark that evening. Then, perceiving the trio's blanched cheeks and distended eyes, he grimly inquires what is the matter with them? Thereupon all three, convicted of guilt by the very arguments they used, humbly crave his pardon. After gravely reminding them how they conquered all inclination to mercy in his heart, Henry adds that since, for base motives, they conspired with France to plot his death, they shall be arrested. Exeter having apprehended them, they again beg their master's forgiveness, recognising however, that they deserve death for betraying their country. Thereupon, Henry, after solemnly rehearsing their delinquencies, pardons their offences towards himself, but sentences them to the block for betraying England. Then, the traitors led away, he bids the

rest prepare to sail, praying God, who brought to light a dangerous plot which might have wrecked their plans, to continue to help them.

The scene is now transferred to Dame Quickly's Inn, where she is pleading to accompany her warrior-husband part way to Southampton, a boon he denies, while urging his companions to keep up their spirits, although Falstaff is dead. When Bardolph expresses a longing to be with Sir John either in heaven or hell, the hostess assures him that Falstaff must be in "Arthur's bosom," after which malapropism she circumstantially describes the edifying end of the fat knight. Then she receives her husband's shrewd instructions and affectionate farewell, and, bidding his companions kiss his wife, too, Pistol marches off with them, his spouse watching them out of sight.

The curtain now rises on the royal palace in France, where King Charles is attended by the Dauphin and his lords. After stating he has heard the English are coming, this monarch takes measures for the defence of his realm, appointing special duties for his son and lords to perform. Although agreeing that immediate measures of defence are necessary, the Dauphin speaks in such contemptuous terms of their adversary, that the Constable sees fit to warn him he is mistaken in his estimate of Henry V., and bids him question the ambassadors to learn with what dignity they were received, how proudly their challenge was answered, and how courteously they were dismissed!

Hearing this, the Dauphin reluctantly admits he may be partly mistaken, adding, however, that he

deems it wiser to under-estimate rather than over-estimate a foe. The French King, resuming the initiative, now prudently decides that, considering their adversary strong, they will 'strongly arm to meet him,' remembering it behooves them to wipe out the shame of the defeat at Crécy, where a relative of the present English King won his spurs.

It is at this moment a messenger announces the English ambassadors, whom the King orders admitted, telling his court 'this chase is hotly follow'd.' This expression gives the Dauphin opportunity to exclaim that such being the case, the moment has come to turn and face their pursuers, thus getting the better of them! But Exeter is ushered in, and after delivering ceremonious greetings, haughtily summons the French Monarch to surrender to Henry V. France and all pertaining to its crown, substantiating his master's claim by producing his pedigree.

To the French King's calm, 'Or else what follows?' the ambassador replies by a declaration of war, announcing that Henry is already on his way, surrounded by all the pomp and panoply of war, and warning them that the deplorable consequences of this quarrel rest upon the heads of French King and Dauphin. Charles VI. now promises an answer on the morrow, while the Dauphin, enraged by a scornful message addressed to him, defiantly exclaims that he desires naught so eagerly as to measure strength with England, as he plainly showed by sending a young and vain monarch play-things! Grimly warning him such contempt may yet cost dear, the ambassador departs, urging the

French monarch to give him a speedy answer, lest his master come and get it in person! A night, however, does not seem too long a space of time for the French King wherein to decide matters of such consequence, so the audience closes with a blast of trumpets.

ACT III. The prologue to the third act is a chorus, describing the embarking of Henry V., his crossing of the Channel, his landing at Harfleur, the preparations for siege, and the return of his ambassador offering Princess Katharine's hand with so insignificant a dowry, that the insulted English fire their siege guns and all goes down before them!

The rising curtain reveals Harfleur, which Henry is besieging, and where, in a picturesque speech, he urges his men to return to the attack. Then come renewed bursts of artillery, during which Bardolph eggs the reluctant Nym on, while Pistol sings a battle-song, and his boy wishes himself safe in some London alehouse, for he would willingly exchange all his 'fame for a pot of ale and safety.' The captain, a Welshman, now appears to drive the men forward, whereupon they advance, jocosely protesting, and leave the boy alone on the stage to comment upon the queer masters he is serving, whom he cannot respect, because they lie and steal and try to teach him to do likewise.

Soon after this boy leaves the scene, the Welshman returns, explaining wordily that he will not go to the mines, where the Duke of Gloucester is summoning him, because he knows they are countermined and hence dangerous. While he and his men hesitate, they are joined by two other captains, an

Irishman and a Scotchman, who grumble because the trumpets have sounded a recall, and they have been forced to leave the mines ere they could blow up the town! A disputation on military matters ensues, wherein the nationality of the disputants is clearly revealed by their different dialects and characteristic points of view, ere trumpets sound to announce a parley.

This causes the disputants to desert the scene, where, shortly after their departure, King Henry rides up to Harfleur's gate, to confer with the governor, who appears on the wall. After plainly stating, in a speech of great power and dignity, that the town had better surrender to his mercy, Henry sternly adds that unless it yields, its walls will be battered down, and its people exposed to all the horror of warfare.

The governor rejoins that, although they confidently expected the Dauphin to relieve them, all hopes of his arrival having come to an end, they will trust him and surrender. On hearing this, Henry joyfully bids the gates be opened to Exeter, who is placed in charge of the town, with orders to fortify it against the French, while showing mercy to all. Then King Henry announces his intention to spend one night only in Harfleur, ere he winters with the rest of his forces at Calais. The curtain falls as the King and his train march into the surrendered city, amid triumphal blasts of music.

We again behold the French King's palace, where Princess Katharine is artlessly questioning in French one of her waiting-women, who has visited

England. Alice, having modestly admitted she has a slight knowledge of English, the Princess bids her give her lesson, naming hand, fingers, nails, arm, elbow, neck, and chin. She repeats these words more or less correctly, in halting accents, innocently pluming herself from time to time on the facility with which she is acquiring a difficult foreign language, whose sounds seem strange and uncouth to her ear. The whole scene,—one of ineffable grace and humour,—forms one of the most delightful bits of fooling in the play, and closes with the Princess' departure for dinner, priding herself upon soon being an excellent English scholar.

We next behold the French King in the same apartment, exclaiming the English have already passed the Somme! His Constable and the Dauphin thereupon urge immediate battle, the Duke of Burgundy averring the English are Norman bastards, whom he longs to face. Their invasion of France seems a foolhardy performance to the Constable, whose strictures upon English climate and people are equally severe. The courtier's remarks, however, encourage Charles VI., who bids a herald carry his challenge to the foe, and orders all present to hasten to the battle-field and acquit themselves there to such good purpose, that Henry V. will be brought captive to Rouen! These orders are enthusiastically welcomed, the Constable openly regretting the English army is so small and weak that on perceiving the French it will surely melt away. Repeating his orders to the herald, the King bids him ask what ransom the King of England offers? Then he commands his son to remain

in Rouen with him, although the Prince longs to take part in the fray, and father and son depart, the former charging the Constable soon to send word that England has fallen!

The scene is now in the English camp, on the banks of the Somme, where the Welshman and his subordinate praise the Duke of Exeter, who is guarding the bridge, one of his helpers being their gallant companion Pistol. The subordinate is just expressing a desire to meet this remarkable man, when Pistol comes to beg the Welshman to intercede with the Duke for Bardolph's pardon, the latter having been sentenced to the gallows for stealing! Owing to the pedantic, disputatious temper of his interlocutor, Pistol is interrupted time and again with corrections, puns and comments, which so irritate him that he becomes violently angry when his request is refused. When he has gone, the Welshman and his subordinate discuss him, until the roll of a drum heralds the appearance of King Henry. After greeting the Welshman, he inquires what news has come from the bridge, and learns how the Duke of Exeter, notwithstanding repeated attacks from the French, still holds his own and has lost but one man. This individual, Bardolph, is to be hanged for robbing a church, a punishment which Henry wishes might overtake all similar offenders, ere he repeats his orders to respect property and treat the natives kindly, for 'when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.'

A moment later, trumpets announce the arrival of the French herald, who defiantly delivers his



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WOONG OF HENRY V

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master's haughty message. Listening calmly, Henry inquires the herald's name, ere he bids him carry back answer that he would fain avoid an encounter at present, his men being so enfeebled by illness that one cannot, as usual, equal three Frenchmen! He therefore begs for free passage, warning the herald, however, that if hindered in his retreat to Calais, he intends to cut his way through, dyeing the French soil with French blood. The Frenchmen having withdrawn, the English King turns to his brother, averring they are now in God's hands, and must camp beyond the river.

The scene next changes to the French camp near Agincourt, where the Constable is priding himself on his armour, and the Duke of Orleans on his horse. The Dauphin, however, seems to think his steed and weapons surpass those of his companions, for after some more horse talk and boasts about what they intend to do on the morrow, he departs. While the Dauphin is donning his armour, his companions make fun of him, one of them volunteering to eat all the men he kills, for he feels no faith in the Prince's valour.

The arrival of an excited messenger, announcing that the English are close to their tents, breaks up this colloquy, and all exclaim the King of England cannot long for day as they do, as there is no doubt of his coming defeat. So sure do they feel of victory, that one man openly wonders why the English do not run away, only to be informed that they belong to a mastiff breed which does not know how to let go! So the nobles separate, asserting each Frenchman will capture at least a hundred English-

men before sunset, and betting on the results of the day.

ACT IV. The prologue of the fourth act, again a chorus, depicts how, after a night of anxious suspense on the part of the English,—who pluck comfort from Henry's looks,—and of rash security on the part of the French, the clatter of preparation is heard, before a terrible battle is fought at Agincourt.

The rising curtain reveals the English camp, where King Henry privately acknowledges to his brothers they are in imminent peril, adding that on that very account their courage must rise to the grim occasion. After some reassuring, philosophic reflections on the advantage of early rising, he next addresses an aged knight, wishing a softer pillow awaited him, a wish his interlocutor is too brave to share. To show appreciation for the courage and loyalty the old knight displays, Henry begs the loan of his cloak, ere he bids his brothers summon a council in the royal tent.

Meanwhile,—disguised by the cloak,—Henry proposes to commune a while alone, but is soon challenged by Pistol, who, not recognising his monarch, converses in familiar strain with him, giving him a free and easy opinion of his superiors, ere he takes himself away. A moment later, the Welshman he has described, appears with his henchman, with whom he indulges in a pretentious discourse, which diverts Henry. They are soon joined by three other soldiers, who, thinking they will not live to see another dawn, dread the approach of day. On perceiving Henry,—who represents himself a fol-

lower of the aged knight,—they ask his opinion of their predicament, whereupon he concedes that although their King is but a man, they had better obey him without fear. He then cunningly induces these men to give their opinion of their ruler, and swears he could die nowhere so contentedly as in the King's company, 'his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.' Although not so sure of this, the three soldiers deem themselves bound to obey their King right or wrong, leaving him responsible for everything, including their souls! After arguing with them for awhile to demonstrate that every man must answer for his own soul, Henry remarks he has overheard the English King say he would not be ransomed, a statement the men fancy devised mainly to make them fight the more bravely. As a dispute arises on this subject between Henry and William, one of the soldiers, they finally exchange gloves, each promising to wear his adversary's token in his cap, and give the other satisfaction after the battle, the soldier truculently adding ere he leaves the stage, that he proposes to strike the bearer of his gage wherever he meets him!

All having gone, Henry muses in a soliloquy of wonderful force and beauty, upon the responsibility royalty entails, and which all its pomps and pleasures only thinly disguise. His musings are interrupted by the return of the aged knight, reporting his lords are vainly seeking him. Replying that he will meet them presently in his tent, Henry dismisses this messenger, and, left alone, fervently prays his and his father's sins may not be remembered—seeing he has already done penance for them,—but

that his soldiers' hearts may be so steeled, that they will prove victorious in spite of the odds against them. Again summoned,—by a brother this time,—the King goes off, earnestly exclaiming, 'the day, my friends and all things stay for me.'

At sunrise, we behold the French camp all astir, the Dauphin and Duke of Orleans calling for their steeds in their frantic haste to begin the fray. When the Constable joins them, the Dauphin rashly proposes to excite their horses by gashing their hides so they can sprinkle the foe with their blood! A messenger,—announcing that the English are drawn up in battle array,—hastens the departure of the Dauphin, Duke of Orleans, and Constable, which latter contemptuously mentions the starved array of men Henry has to oppose to France's brilliant host, vowing that if blown upon, 'the vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.' Before his boastful speech ends, another knight joins them, also deriding the meanness of the foe, whose very steeds stand with dropped heads and dejected mien, while bands of crows hover over them to pick their bones! Then the Dauphin suggests it would be chivalrous to feed the enemy so as to make them more worthy of their steel, ere all set out, exulting at the prospect of the easy triumph awaiting them.

Meantime, in the English camp, the lords are coming to the conclusion that, although only one against five, they must make a brave stand. So little do they expect to survive the day, however, that they take solemn leave of one another, exchanging good wishes. Salisbury has just left the group when King Henry appears, just in time to over-

hear Westmoreland fervently wish they had ten thousand more Englishmen at hand. This wish is not echoed by the King, who boldly avers that if they are to die, England will lose men enough, but that should they triumph, 'the fewer men, the greater share of honour!' Instead of calling for additional forces, therefore, he is in favour of proclaiming that all those who are afraid of the coming fight, can depart with passport and pay, proudly vowing 'we would not die in that man's company that fears his fellowship to die with us.' Then he enthusiastically adds future ages will speak of this encounter, proclaiming that 'he to-day that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother.' This promise so thrills his hearers, that when Salisbury announces the French are about to charge, all express readiness to enter the fight, and Westmoreland openly wishes he and the King were alone against the foe, so that they could reap the glory!

They are about to leave the scene when the French herald reappears, announcing he has come to give Henry a last chance to withdraw from a quarrel, in which he and all his men must perish, and to offer ransom. On hearing that the Constable has sent this message, Henry haughtily rejoins, 'Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones,' adding the solemn warning that it is not wise to attempt to sell a lion's skin ere the beast is slain! Then, in a stirring speech which reveals high courage, he adds that many of his men, instead of rotting on this plain, will yet rest beneath honoured brasses in England, and that although they present a sorry appearance compared with the

French host, they are none the less ready to measure strength with their gay foes. Bearing this haughty message, the herald departs, solemnly warning Henry 'thou never shalt hear herald any more,' only to receive the biting retort that he will soon be back for ransom! The English now being ready to mount, the Duke of York craves permission to lead the van, a request Henry grants, ere he departs exclaiming, 'and how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!'

We next behold the field of battle, where Pistol has seized a Frenchman, whose name and quality he is anxious to discover so as to calculate the amount of ransom he can claim. Thanks to his boy, who acts as his interpreter, the matter is settled after a comical scene, and Pistol and his captive withdraw, while the boy muses on the death by hanging of Bardolph and Nym, and regrets that he must remain with the baggage.

In another part of the battle-field, the Constable, Duke of Orleans and Dauphin congregate, and from their exclamations and consternation we conclude all is lost, and that the King whom they expected to offer ransom is now their victor! In vain hope of turning the tide, all rush back into the fray, for in spite of overwhelming losses, they still greatly outnumber their foes.

Further off, on the same battle-field, Henry is congratulating those around him upon what has already been done, though the French still hold the field, and inquiring how his uncle York has fared in the fight? In reply, Exeter describes this hero's prowess, ere he fell beneath many wounds, re-

lating how he and Suffolk died side by side, after exchanging touching congratulations and farewells. This news, which saddens all present, deeply affects the King, who, hearing a trumpet blast, exclaims the French are returning and that the prisoners must be slain, so all will be a liberty to fight!

In another part of the field we hear the Welshman grumbling because the French have attacked the luggage and slain some boys. Then he displays his learning and accent by comparing 'Alexander the Pig' and Henry of Monmouth, the latter's principal advantage consisting, from his point of view, in having been born in Wales!

While the Welshman's men are still approvingly discussing their ruler and his dramatic dismissal of Falstaff, Henry appears, exclaiming this is the first time he has been angry since landing in France, and bidding a herald summon the Frenchmen on the hill to fight or leave. A moment later the French herald reappears, humbly answering Henry's taunt by a request to bury his dead. Although Henry still professes not to know who has won, the herald assures him he is victor, whereupon Henry modestly attributes this triumph to God's agency, adding that the battle is to be known as Agincourt, from the castle within sight of the field. This decision pleases the Welshman, who reminds the King they are countrymen, ere he goes to ascertain how many Englishmen have been slain.

The King now summons Williams, who is standing near by, and inquires why he wears a glove in his cap like a tournament favour? The man rejoins

it is the gage of a soldier whom he has pledged himself to strike, and with whom he is to fight. This being according to military code, the Welshman praises William, ere Henry bids him go in quest of his captain. While the soldier is executing this order, Henry delivers to the Welshman, Williams' glove, bidding him wear it in his cap, claiming to have taken it from Alençon in the fray, and that anyone who challenges him for wearing it is a friend of that traitor! Pleased with such a charge, the Welshman departs, but has barely gone, when Henry bids some noblemen follow him, hinting that the glove he wears may earn him a box on the ear which he will resent, but adding that he wishes no harm to result from this encounter since it is merely a jest.

A few moments later, Williams having gone to Henry's tent to summon the captain, suddenly confronts the Welshman wearing his glove. Quick as a flash the soldier redeems his promise by striking his antagonist, who not only resents the blow but dubs him traitor! The quarrel such an accusation provokes, summons first the Dukes, and then the King, who, after gravely listening to both sides, demands the soldier's glove, and producing his own, proves that they form a pair. When he gravely states how this soldier offered to strike him, the Welshman clamours the man deserves death, but the culprit himself pleads he is not to blame for showing disrespect since his King was in disguise, cleverly adding, that 'All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.' His defence is graciously accepted by Henry, who bids Exeter return

him the glove filled with gold, and begs the Welshman to forgive him, a pardon he grants, generously offering Williams as indemnification for the blow a shilling, an immense sum for so thrifty a soul.

The entrance of the English herald, bringing the tale of slaughtered Frenchmen and of prisoners taken, now rivets the King's attention. After reading this list, Henry ascertains that besides fifteen hundred noble prisoners, the French have lost ten thousand men, including some of high degree. When he eagerly inquires how the English stand, he learns with delight, that aside from York and Suffolk, only twenty-five men have been slain, a disproportion between the losses on both sides which calls forth fervent and renewed thanksgiving on his part. Then he announces that they will betake themselves to the neighbouring village, to sing *Te Deum* in the church there, humbly acknowledging that God fought for him. Afterwards he proposes to hasten back to Calais, going from thence to England, 'where ne'er from France arrived more happy men!'

ACT V. The fifth act also begins with a chorus, relating how the king, after returning to Calais, crossed the seas, was rapturously welcomed home and modestly gave thanks in Westminster Abbey. Then how peace was settled by the Emperor's intermission, ere Henry returned to France.

The rising curtain reveals the English camp in France, where the Welshman, taunted by his captain for wearing the traditional leek in his cap, explains he does so merely to defy Pistol, whose appearance on the scene is the signal for the renewal

of a former quarrel. After receiving two blows from his truculent Welsh adversary, Pistol becomes so humble, that he reluctantly eats the leek at this companion's bidding, although when the Welshman has gone he mutters he will be revenged, until his captain reproves ~~him for insolence and~~ cowardice. The captain gone, Pistol concludes fortune is very unkind, for he has just heard his wife is dead, news which determines him to hasten back to England, and make his living there by stealing.

The next scene is played in the French palace at Troyes, where the French and English monarchs meet. After greeting Charles VI., Queen Isabella, Princess Katharine, and the nobles with all due ceremony, King Henry receives a kindly welcome from Isabella, who hopes soon to see his enmity turn into love,—a wish he cordially reciprocates. The great nobles having paid their respects, Burgundy proclaims himself equally attached to both monarchs, between whom he has been trying to establish peace, and adds there is no reason why this peace should not prove lasting and prosperity be restored to France whose present state is pitiable. In reply, King Henry declares all readiness to make peace, provided his demands are granted, and appoints his uncle, brothers and two nobles to discuss terms with the King of France, granting them full power to ratify, augment, or alter the conditions. As the King of France leaves the hall with these commissioners, the Queen decides to follow them to prevent friction, but consents to leave her daughter Katharine in the company of Henry, who gallantly states 'she is our capital demand!'

Left alone with the King and her hand-maiden Alice, the Princess stammers in reply to Henry's complimentary address, 'I cannot speak your England.' Henry, who cannot speak French, but nevertheless hopes to win her as bride, vows he will be glad if she can love him; but, when he eagerly presses her to say whether she likes him, her innocent query in regard to the meaning of the word 'like,' wrings from him the assurance 'an angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel!' a compliment she credits only when Alice assures her she has undoubtedly understood it aright.

Finding his suit,—carried on in English,—does not progress as fast as he would like, Henry, who has frankly confessed he is no courtier, makes a desperate and grotesque attempt to carry it on in French, a language the princess politely assures him he speaks far better than she does English! But when Katharine ventures to answer some of his protestations by stating it impossible to love 'de enemy of France,' Henry ardently assures her that far from being France's enemy, he loves the country too dearly to part with its smallest village, adding laboriously that 'when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.' Then, as this reasoning does not seem sufficiently convincing, he adds a blunt, straightforward declaration of love, which wins from Katharine a maidenly 'dat is as it sall please de roi mon père,' a response which proves so satisfactory that Henry vehemently assures her it *shall* please him, ere he kisses first her hands and then her lips, explaining when she demurs under plea that it is not usual in France, that

'nice customs curtsy to great Kings!' This whole courting scene, in broken English, is one of the prettiest pieces of graceful comedy the poet has ever penned, and as such is deservedly popular.

It ends with the return of the French King and his train, the Duke of Burgundy,—who has presided over the peace negotiations,—playfully inquiring how Henry has meanwhile sped in his wooing? After some exchange of witty repartee with the royal suitor, the Duke announces the King of France has subscribed to all England's demands. This settled, Henry joyfully asks for Katharine's hand, which is granted him, it being stipulated that her children and his shall reign over France and England after the death of the present French ruler. To seal this treaty, Henry kisses his bride in the presence of both courts, while Isabella calls down Heaven's blessing upon them, as well as upon both countries, and all present cry Amen! The curtain falls only after Henry has announced he will receive the oaths of the French nobles on the morrow, pledging his own word to Katharine, and solemnly yet joyfully adding 'and may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!'

The epilogue to this play, put in the mouth of the chorus, states how from this alliance sprang Henry VI., who, at his father's untimely death, became King of France and England at nine months of age, and how during his reign all the English conquests in France were lost.

HENRY VI.

PART I

ACT I. The first act opens in Westminster Abbey, during the funeral of Henry V. whom Bedford Regent of France, Gloucester Protector of England, and other dignitaries escort to the tomb. In his grief, Bedford bids the heavens hang themselves with black, and swears 'England ne'er lost a King of so much worth,' while Gloucester also praises the master who 'ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.' Exeter opines all England should mourn in blood, for 'the subtle-witted French,' no longer afraid of their foes, are rising up against them, while the Bishop of Winchester claims that Henry fought the battles of the Lord, and was aided by the Church. Angry that any glory should be ascribed to the priests, Gloucester mutters they hastened the King's death, whereupon Winchester accuses him of pride. When he adds the taunt that Gloucester's wife adores her husband more than her God, a quarrel ensues, which Bedford tries to check until the funeral is over, fervently praying Henry V.'s spirit may keep the realm 'from civil broils.' Before the end of the ceremony a messenger brings bad tidings from France, where the English have lost most of their conquests. Horrified that such a statement should be made in Henry V.'s dead presence, Bedford charges the messenger to speak softly, while Gloucester inquires whether Paris and Rouen have also yielded. The messenger

avers lack of men and money brought about this calamity, too, ere he urges the English to recover what is lost.

These tidings so appal all present, that Exeter exclaims were 'tears wanting to this funeral, these tidings would call forth their flowing tides.' Then Bedford calls for his armour, to start immediately for France, and make the French 'weep their intermissive miseries,' just as another courier reports the Dauphin crowned at Rheims, and joined by Alençon, by the Bastard of Orleans, and by Reignier of Anjou. Hearing this, Exeter exclaims the French will now all rally around their King, while Gloucester mutters that if Bedford proves slack, he will fight the French himself, a threat he is grimly assured he will never be called upon to execute.

A third messenger next reports a fight between Talbot and the French, wherein the Englishman was defeated and taken prisoner, owing to the cowardly defection of Sir John Fastolfe. His account of the battle of Patay proves so graphic, that it decides Bedford to start immediately, and 'hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne.' As he is about to leave, the messenger informs him Orleans is besieged, and their army so weak and faint that the Earl of Salisbury can scarcely restrain his men from mutiny. Bedford gone, Gloucester proposes to visit the Tower and inspect the artillery, while Exeter mounts guard over the young King. Having watched the rest depart, Winchester mutters 'each hath his place and function,' and jealously adds he will not long 'be Jack out of office,' for he fully in-

tends to gain possession of the King, and 'sit at chiefest stern of public weal.'

Immediately after, we behold the English fortifications before Orleans, where after sundry trumpet calls, King Charles of France is seen advancing with his army. He claims that Mars, hitherto so faithful to England, now smiles upon the French, who have come to succour Orleans, which the English have been besieging several months. When Alençon ascribes the vain efforts of the English to lack of their usual fare, Reignier adds it will be easy to drive them away. Signalling for attack, Charles now calls out in chivalrous fashion, 'him I forgive my death who killeth me, when he sees me go back one foot or fly.' But, a moment after, the French troops are really driven back by the English, Charles crying he would stand firm would his men only remain by him! While Reignier exclaims Salisbury 'fighteth as one weary of his life,' Alençon avers Froissart was right when he claimed none but Olivers and Rolands were born in England during the reign of Edward III. Such is the English courage, that Charles favours a retreat, saying hunger will enforce the citizens 'to be more eager,' for he feels sure they will gnaw their very walls sooner than allow their city to be taken.

Just then the Bastard of Orleans enters, crying Charles need not be dismayed, because, Heaven has sent a holy maid to raise the siege 'and drive the English forth the bounds of France.' When he adds that her spirit of prophesy exceeds that of 'the nine sibyls of old Rome,' and can descry 'what's past and what's to come,' Charles bids the Bastard in-

roduce this wonder. No sooner has he gone to get her, however, than the monarch delegates Reignier to occupy his place upon the throne, while he hides amid the spectators, saying 'by this means shall we sound what skill she hath.'

These arrangements completed, the Bastard ushers in Joan,—La Pucelle,—whom Reignier addresses, only to be immediately told he can not beguile her. Then, turning her back upon him, Joan singles out the real Dauphin, for whom she says she has a private message. With the comment 'she takes upon her bravely at first dash,' Reignier and the rest draw aside, while the Maid informs the Dauphin she is an untrained shepherdess, to whom appeared the Mother of God, so transforming her by her divine glory, that 'whereas I was black and swart before,' 'she infused on me that beauty I am bless'd with which you see.' Then Joan bids the King propound any question he pleases, and test her strength, whereupon Charles challenges her to single combat, promising to believe in her if she vanquishes him. Bidding him prepare, the Maid draws a blade she claims to have found in St. Catherine's churchyard, and the two begin to fight. To Charles' dismay, he is promptly disarmed, but when he exclaims Joan is an Amazon and fights with the sword of Deborah, she modestly rejoins were she not helped by Christ's mother, she would be 'too weak.' Entreating her aid, Charles promises her love in exchange, but Joan replies, 'I must not yield to any rites of love, for my profession's sacred from above,' adding that when the English are out of France she will 'think upon a recompense.'

From the background, the courtiers watch this scene, wondering at its length, and exchanging facetious remarks in regard to its subject. Overhearing Reignier now inquire whether Orleans shall be abandoned, Joan exclaims 'fight till the last gasp,' promising to be their guard. This pleases Charles, as does Joan's boast 'assign'd am I to be the English scourge. This night the siege assuredly I'll raise.' He urges all to obey her, vowing that 'glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.' Adding that 'with Henry's death the English circle ends,' he proclaims the Maid,—whom he compares to 'Caesar and his fortunes,'—inspired like Mahomet, and declares 'no prophet will I trust, if she prove false.'

The next scene is played in London, as the Duke of Gloucester arrives with his serving men 'to survey the Tower,' for he fears dishonest practices are rife. When he haughtily demands admittance, he is surprised to hear the warder answer him rudely. In his anger, Gloucester threatens to break down the gates, and his servants are about to rush forward, when the lieutenant demands what this means? To Gloucester's assertion that he must get in, the lieutenant objects that Winchester ordered neither he nor any of his party should be admitted. This statement causes Gloucester to denounce the Bishop, and charge the lieutenant with being 'no friend to God or to the King!'

They are still disputing when Winchester arrives with a large retinue. Rudely addressing Gloucester, he receives an equally impolite reply, which

provokes an exchange of taunts, wherein Winchester accuses Gloucester of being 'the proditor, and not protector, of the King or realm,' while Gloucester taxes his foe with encouraging wantonness. Uncomplimentary speeches are bandied to and fro, until Gloucester bids his men attack his opponent. In the ensuing fray, Gloucester's men drive away the others, but before the battle is ended, the Mayor of London appears to reprove both parties for breaking the peace. Both Gloucester and Winchester now pour out their grievances, and seeing they are about to renew the skirmish, the Lord Mayor has the riot act read. Unwilling to be 'a breaker of the law,' Gloucester now desists, promising to meet Winchester where they can break their 'minds at large!' Thirsting for just such an opportunity, the cardinal vows, he'll have Gloucester's heart's blood, and both parties move off, growling defiance. Thus rid of conflicting elements, the mayor prepares to depart too, wondering that nobles should quarrel thus, when 'I myself fight not once in forty year.'

The curtain next rises on the Orleans ramparts, where a gunner informs his son their city is in danger of being taken by the English, who are already masters of the suburbs. The lad knows this, having repeatedly discharged the big gun, although he regretfully acknowledges he has always failed to hit the foe. His father, however, boasts the shot cannot fail next time, for he has trained the gun on a certain gate, where English officers often come to 'overpeer the city.' For three days past he has watched this point, to discharge his piece as soon as officers appear, and, now being obliged to leave for a while,

he bids his son mount close guard, and summon him should occasion arise.

The father has no sooner gone than the lad mutters he will not trouble his parent should he see any one at the gate! These words are scarcely uttered, when Salisbury, Talbot, and Glandsdale appear on the English fortifications. Salisbury is just welcoming Talbot, who, recently exchanged for a French general, relates his captivity and his various attempts to secure release. It is evident he still feels sore about the defeat of Patay and the defection of Sir John Fastolfe, for when asked how the French entertained him, he feelingly describes the insults heaped upon him. He and Salisbury now approach the fatal gate, and as they draw near, the boy on the Orleans side applies a lighted torch to his cannon. Gazing through the bars, Salisbury is just assuring Talbot he shall soon have his revenge, and is pointing out the spot whence they mean to attack Orleans, when there is a flash of light, and Salisbury and one of his companions fall. Bending over his fallen comrade, Talbot exclaims in horror that one side of his head has been blown off, and that the victor of thirteen battles is slain! Then he vainly tries to win a last word from the sufferer, who feebly makes a sign, which is interpreted as a demand for revenge. Talbot has just promised to avenge Salisbury's death, when a noise is heard accompanied by thunder and lightning.

A messenger then rushes forward, declaring the Dauphin is coming with 'power to raise the siege,' and accompanied by Joan, a 'holy prophetess new risen up.' These tidings cause the dying Salisbury to

groan aloud, while Talbot cries he will lead the English instead of his friend, who is carried off to his tent.

A little while later, we perceive Talbot pursuing the Dauphin, but falling back in dismay when Joan appears, because his men flee in a panic at the mere sight of a woman in armor! When the Maid stands close before him, Talbot reviles her, and offers to fight, a challenge she accepts. But, in spite of his best efforts, she soon gets the better of him, and leaves him, contemptuously remarking his hour has not yet come, for she must 'victual Orleans forthwith,' while he helps Salisbury write his testament!

After the Maid has vanished crying, 'this day is ours, as many more shall be,' Talbot confessing his 'thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel,' implores his companions to renew the fight or renounce the name of Englishmen! The skirmish therefore continues, until, in spite of heroic efforts, Talbot perceives Joan has succeeded in entering Orleans.

A little while later King Charles, and the Maid appear on the walls of this city, where Joan bids her companions plant their colours, for Orleans has been rescued and her promise redeemed. After lauding the Maid, Charles declares no greater triumph was ever won, while Reignier and Alençon call for general rejoicing. But although the courtiers try to attribute the glory to the King, Charles ascribes it all to Joan, enthusiastically offering to share his crown with her, have her praises sung, and honour her with a finer tomb than any sovereign! He adds

that her name shall hereafter be used as the French rallying cry, and invites all present to a banquet in honour of the victory.

ACT II. The second act opens before Orleans, where a French sergeant bids his sentries mount careful guard. The sentinels are grumbling, when Talbot, Bedford and Burgundy draw near with forces and scaling ladders, crying the French are so secure that they can easily be surprised! Talbot rejoices at the prospect of victory, while Bedford pronounces Charles a coward for seeking the aid of a witch to regain his kingdom! Hearing this, Burgundy inquires who the Maid may be, only to receive from various interlocutors more or less reliable information about Joan.

The ladders placed, Bedford invites Talbot to mount first, only to be told it would be wiser to scale the ramparts from different points, so if some fail others may succeed. This plan being adopted, the English reach the crest of the wall before the sentinels can give the alarm. With their battle-cry 'St. George' and 'a Talbot,' the English scramble over the walls, and a moment later the French escape from Orleans in scanty attire. In the fugitives we recognise the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon and Reignier, all hotly chiding each other, for not mounting better guard. They are still discussing the surprise, and wondering what has become of the King, when the Bastard exclaims Joan was with him and hence they need feel no anxiety about his safety. Just then Charles and the Maid run in, the King denouncing his companion for having led him into a trap! The Maid retorts that instead of blaming

her, he should reprove his guards. Then Charles accuses the different nobles of poorly defending their share of wall, although all deny it. Besides, Charles himself acknowledges having spent part of the night in going the rounds, to ascertain that the sentinels were all at their post. The Maid concludes the English found some weakly guarded spot, and is just suggesting their forces be rallied so they can retrieve the day, when an English soldier rushes forward, crying 'a Talbot!' Deeming his companions close behind him, the French flee, dropping the clothes and valuables they carry, which the soldier collects, gleefully exclaiming his ruse has brought him plentiful spoil!

The curtain next rises within Orleans, where Bedford summons the English, and Talbot orders the body of Salisbury buried in the centre of the city. He wonders where the King, Joan, and their confederates may be, as they must have escaped from bed at the first alarm. Burgundy then mockingly reports how he saw the King and Joan flee past him, arm in arm, like a pair of turtle-doves 'that could not live asunder day or night.' The English are still on this square, when a messenger informs Talbot the Countess of Auvergne wishes him to visit her. After some joking with his companions, Talbot rejoins that when a lady craves audience a gentleman cannot refuse. He therefore sends his compliments and promises to call before long, but when he invites his friends to accompany him, they laughingly decline, Bedford sagely remarking 'unbidden guests are often welcomest when they are gone.' Summoning one of his captains, Talbot now whispers

to him, uttering aloud the final words, 'you perceive my mind?' and receiving an affirmative answer, grimly watches his man depart.

In the castle of Auvergne, the Countess charges her porter to bring her the keys as soon as her visitor has entered. When this man has left the room, she murmurs she hopes to outdo the great heroines of history by winding her coils around the bravest of the English. As her soliloquy ends, a servant ushers in Talbot, whom the lady welcomes with pretended surprise, saying the man she imagined like to a Hercules seems little more than a dwarf! This uncomplimentary reception so angers Talbot, that he turns on his heel, curtly stating he will visit her at a more opportune time. The Countess has just sent her page after him to inquire why he is leaving so abruptly, when the porter brings in the keys. Calling to Talbot that he is now her prisoner, the Countess tauntingly adds she means to avenge her country's wrongs by making him suffer all she can. When Talbot laughs, she vows his mirth will soon turn to sorrow, but starts in dismay when he rejoins she has only secured Talbot's shadow! He soon adds that were his whole frame here, 'your roof would not suffice to contain it,' an enigmatical remark to which he furnishes the solution by winding his horn, whereupon English troops immediately force their way into the castle, for they have been lying in ambush awaiting this very signal.

Completely outwitted, the Countess now begs Talbot's pardon, which he freely grants on condition she feed his men, 'for soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.' This scene ends with the Count-

ess' humble assurance, I 'think me honoured to feast so great a warrior in my house.'

In the Temple Garden in London, some nobles congregate after a council, where they have evidently been quarrelling, since they exclaim this will be a convenient place to settle their dispute! At these words, Richard Plantagenet, heir of Mortimer and York, bids Suffolk proclaim him right and Somerset wrong, a decision this nobleman declines to make. Called upon to pronounce judgment in his turn, Warwick states it is easier to decide between the merits of two hawks, two dogs, two blades, two horses, or two girls, than such 'nice sharp quilllets of the law.' Hearing this, Plantagenet avers the truth is plainly on his side, and invites all present sharing his opinion to imitate him and pluck a white rose from a bush near by. Thereupon Somerset summons those who side with him, to pluck red ones from another bush. While Warwick plucks a white blossom, and Suffolk a red, Vernon suggests that the majority of roses decide the quarrel—a decision which satisfies both parties. One nobleman after another now steps forward to pick his flower, proudly justifying his choice, although taunted by his rivals.

These taunts produce friction, especially when Somerset accuses Suffolk of being of common birth, although Warwick indignantly proves him descended from Clarence. Then Somerset retaliates by charging Plantagenet with being the offspring of a traitor. Hearing this, Plantagenet claims his father was wrongfully accused, and offers to prove it at the point of his sword! The quarrel becomes



HENRY VI
Part I. Talbot shows Countess his troops

John Opie

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so acrimonious that Suffolk finally marches away uttering a defiant speech, and is closely followed by Somerset. Plantagenet wonders how he can brook such insults, until Warwick reminds him that Parliament will soon decide his case, and that meanwhile the heads of both parties, Winchester and Gloucester, are bound to keep peace. He adds that should Plantagenet not recover his title, he will uphold him arms in hand, and solemnly pledges himself always to wear the white rose. Next he prophesies that this 'brawl to-day, grown to this faction in the Temple Garden, shall send, between the red rose and the white, a thousand souls to death and deadly night.' Then, thanking the partisans who have loyally sided with him, Plantagenet goes away, inviting them to dinner, sure that 'this quarrel will drink blood another day.'

The curtain next rises on the Tower of London, where aged Mortimer is brought into the court by his jailers. Bidding them set his chair down in the sunshine so he can rest, he declares himself so weary that he lives only in the hope of seeing his nephew. When the jailer assures him Plantagenet is coming, the aged Mortimer exclaims that after seeing him he will be able to depart in peace!

A moment later Plantagenet appears, and after embracing this nephew, whom he hails as the hope of the Yorks, old Mortimer sinks back in his chair. To account for his delay, Plantagenet relates his quarrel with Somerset, who taunted him with his father's death. As he wishes to know why his parent lost his life, Mortimer explains that his father was even better entitled to the crown than Henry

IV. After setting forth the genealogy proving this claim, the aged lord relates how,—displeased with Henry's government,—the Percys revolted, and tried to place York on the throne. As a result, Mortimer was made a prisoner and had to spend the rest of his life in the Tower,—while his brother was beheaded as a traitor! This explanation satisfies Plantagenet his father's execution was an act of 'bloody tyranny,' a statement his uncle bids him never express aloud, since the House of Lancaster is as fixed as a mountain and likely to resent it. A few moments later, the aged Mortimer breathes his last in his nephew's arms, still giving him good advice. Pledging himself to give his kinsman a fitting burial, and mournfully watching the jailers bear away his corpse, Richard Plantagenet declares it behooves him also to avenge the insult Somerset offered his race, and hastens to Parliament to secure the restitution of his father's title and estates.

ACT III. The third act opens in Parliament, where Winchester, seeing Gloucester attempt to post up a bill, snatches it from him and tears it to pieces, bidding him accuse him openly without 'invention,' so he can answer with 'sudden and extemporal speech!' Turning upon his opponent, Gloucester now reviles him, accusing him of having twice criminally attempted his life! In return Winchester denounces Gloucester, telling the lords present his antagonist is insulting him wantonly, although they are of equal rank. This statement Gloucester refutes, and the quarrel waxes ever fiercer as Somerset and Warwick join in it to support their respective parties.

Meantime, Plantagenet prudently holds his tongue, and young Henry VI., who has watched the contention with terror,—piteously implores his uncles Gloucester and Winchester to be friends, assuring them ‘civil dissension is a viperous worm that gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.’

This truth becomes only too apparent when a tumult arises, which is soon followed by the entrance of the mayor, complaining that the followers of Winchester and Gloucester, forbidden all other weapons, are pelting each other with pebbles! As a result, all the windows in the street are broken and many bloody heads are to be seen. Through the open doors a glimpse is gained of the skirmish, which the King implores Gloucester to end. Vowing that if forbidden stones they will use their teeth, Gloucester’s servants continue the fight, until he interferes, and the terrified little King implores Winchester to use his authority in behalf of peace. Hearing Warwick urge this too, the churchman haughtily vows that unless Gloucester submit he will never yield. Out of compassion for the child monarch, Gloucester now gives in, and Warwick calls Winchester’s attention to the fact that his foe is holding out his hand in token of reconciliation. The bishop, however, seeming unready to meet his antagonist half way, is reproached by the King for acting so little according to his calling. This reproof being reiterated by Warwick, Winchester reluctantly shakes hands with Gloucester, who realises how hollow this truce is when the priest murmurs he has no intention of respecting it.

Meantime, deceived by appearances, the little

King sighs with relief, and dismisses the quarrelling servants, who, perceiving their masters hand in hand, deem it expedient to cease fighting. All go off, therefore, to have their wounds bound, and Warwick solemnly presents Plantagenet's petition, which Gloucester upholds. Duly prepared for this move, the King announces Richard Plantagenet is restored to his rank, and at Warwick's suggestion decrees he shall have all 'that doth belong unto the house of York.' In return for this boon, Plantagenet does homage to Henry VI., and while kneeling receives again 'the valiant sword of York.' This ceremony over, all congratulate the new Duke, save Somerset, who grumbles against him.

Business settled, Gloucester informs his little Majesty it behooves them to cross the seas so he can be crowned in France, and they depart. Left alone in the hall after the others have marched out, Exeter murmurs old dissensions will soon break out into flame, for he fears the fatal prediction that 'Henry born at Monmouth should win all, and Henry born at Windsor should lose all,' may yet come true.

In France, the Maid approaches the gates of Rouen, attired like a peasant, and accompanied by four disguised soldiers, who bear sacks on their backs. Instructing these men to enter with her as harmless peasants, Joan proposes to deliver the place to the Dauphin, who is lying in ambush outside. With the punning remark that the sacks they bear will serve as means to sack the city, the soldiers knock, describing themselves to the porter as poor peasants coming to market to sell corn.

Because all such venders are invariably allowed free access, the watchman lets the group pass in, and as they do so, the Maid triumphantly exclaims 'now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.'

Meanwhile, Charles and his followers arrive, the King remarking the Maid is to signal by thrusting a lighted torch out of the tower window. They are grouped together, eagerly gazing upward, when Joan suddenly appears on the tower, waving a brand, which she joyously dubs 'the happy wedding torch that joineth Rouen unto her countrymen.' Sounding their trumpets, Alençon, the Bastard and Reignier force their way in, and a moment later Talbot flees across the stage, lustily swearing against the Maid, who has forced him thus to retreat.

After some confused running to and fro, Bedford, surrounded by English generals, is brought in a chair close to the wall. Within the town are now seen the Maid, the King of France and their followers. Hearing Joan taunt them, the Duke of Burgundy bids her scoff on, for he will choke her ere long! In reply to a taunt from King Charles, Bedford suggests that instead of bandying words, they proceed to deeds, a remark which makes the Maid inquire whether he proposes to 'run a tilt at Death within a chair?' This seems too cruel to Talbot, who reproves her for defying a half dead man, and haughtily challenges her to another duel.

After putting their heads together for a while, the English, who have chosen Talbot as their spokesman, watch him step forward and dare the French to meet them in battle on the plain. To this the

Maid rejoins they would be fools 'to try if that our own be ours or not,' only to be told Talbot is not speaking to her, but to the warriors, whom he reviles for not acting like gentlemen. The Maid now suggests they leave the ramparts, and passes out of sight with a jaunty farewell to the foe and the remark, 'we came but to tell you that we are here.'

When she has gone, Talbot states unless they recover Rouen their reputation will be lost. Burgundy, too, is anxious to regain the city, but before beginning operations, wishes to remove the Duke of Bedford. He, however, refuses to budge, declaring his presence will encourage the soldiers, a spirit his friends admire ere setting off to attack the foe.

Some more fighting ensues, after which Sir John Fastolfe flees across the stage, declaring he would forsake all the Talbots in the world to save his life! He is closely followed by a captain, who protests against his cowardly flight. After some more excursions to and fro, the Maid, Alençon, and Charles escape from the city in their turn, while Bedford, perceiving the English have triumphed, dies for joy. It is, therefore, only a corpse which is borne into the city by Talbot, Burgundy and their men, who exclaim that Rouen has been lost and recovered in a day!

After wondering where the Maid and the French can be, the English decide to place the recovered town under good guard and march off to Paris, to witness the coronation of their little King. But, before leaving, Talbot gives orders for Bedford's

burial, declaring 'a gentler heart did never sway in court.'

On the plains near Rouen, the fleeing French assemble, the Maid bidding her countrymen not grieve over the loss of the city, since 'care is no cure, but rather corrosive for things that are not to be remedied.' When she encourages them with hopes of future success, Charles inquires what she intends to do; so after some demur, she reveals she proposes to win the Duke of Burgundy over to the French side. Should this come to pass, Charles feels sure the English would soon leave France, so he hopefully watches the Maid's efforts.

Just then trumpets are heard and the English march out of Rouen headed by Talbot. They have scarcely passed out of sight, when a second march ushers in the Burgundians. Bidding the French sound a parley, the Pucelle announces she wishes to talk to the Duke. Burgundy answers these summons by saying he has no time for idle talk, and when Charles bids the Maid 'enchant him with her words,' he rudely urges her to be 'not over-tedious.' In an eloquent speech, Joan now invites her interlocutor to gaze upon France and behold the marks of ruin implanted by years of warfare, pleading his arms should rather be turned against the common foe, for 'one drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore.' Touched by this speech, Burgundy finally mutters she has bewitched him or nature is causing him to relent!

Meanwhile, the Pucelle explains how the English are merely using him to reach their ends, and

how, once masters of France, they will discard him. Vanquished by these arguments, Burgundy joins the French, vowing he will never trust Talbot again. Although proud of her victory, the Maid considers this 'done like a Frenchman: turn and turn again,' (a very unorthodox version of her real sentiments) —and while the rest congratulate her upon what she has done, Charles invites all present to join him and Burgundy and 'prejudice the foe.'

The next scene is played in the palace in Paris, where Henry VI. is seated on his throne, while Talbot lays his sword at his feet, boasting of his military feats. When Gloucester assures the Monarch this is the great Talbot, the little King bids him welcome, stating he remembers how his father said 'a stouter champion never handled sword,'—surely a remarkable feat of memory for an infant nine months old! In reward for his services, Talbot is created Earl of Shrewsbury, and given a share in the coronation pageant, and all march out save two lords of the Yorkish and Lancaster factions. These now renew aloud a quarrel previously begun, and after challenging each other, decide to petition the King to permit an immediate encounter, for all duels have been prohibited during the campaign.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in Paris, as Gloucester invites Winchester to crown the King. This done, the governor of Paris takes his oath, after which Fastolfe enters, bearing a letter from the Duke of Burgundy. Indignant to behold this coward, Talbot marches up to him and tears off his insignia of the Garter, proclaiming to all present how shamefully Fastolfe behaved at the battle of Patay.

His explanation satisfies the spectators, and determines the King to banish Fastolfe from court 'on pain of death.'

This execution done, Henry VI. begs to hear what Burgundy writes, and Glouster, gazing at the letter, is surprised to see it is merely addressed 'to the King of England.' Its contents further enrage him, for the Duke states that, moved by compassion for his country's woes, he forsakes the English to join Charles, 'rightful King of France!' This treachery being duly explained to the little King, he promptly requests Talbot to punish the Duke, saying he wishes he could go with him and show Burgundy 'what offence it is to flout his friends.'

When Talbot has departed, the would-be duelists, supported by their respective masters, present their plea, relating how they quarrelled while crossing the seas, in regard to the colour of their rose badges; thus continuing the fight begun in the Temple Inn Garden. They and their sponsors wrangle on, until the little King exclaims madness must prevail, since men can quarrel for so slight a cause as the colour of a rose! He implores both Dukes to make peace, a request they heed as little as their followers, since they too, challenge each other. The King,—who is all for peace,—charges all Englishmen to remember it ill becomes them to quarrel among themselves when they have other foes to contend with. In hopes of ending the strife, he further dons a red rose, claiming both Somerset and York as his kinsmen, and begs them to continue in peace and love, and vent all their anger on

the enemy. He next appoints weighty duties for each, and states he will now return to Calais and from thence to England, where he hopes soon to learn they have conquered the French! Thereupon Henry VI. marches out, while Warwick murmurs the King 'prettily, methought, played the orator.' Then, hearing York grumble because the monarch assumed Somerset's badge, Warwick vainly tries to pacify him, and all finally leave the hall except Exeter, who exclaims had York only revealed his sentiments, people would have known this mouldering quarrel 'doth presage some ill event.' Besides, he feels certain a sceptre in a child's hand must bring about ruin and confusion.

In the next scene the mighty Talbot is summoning the city of Bourdeaux to surrender, only to be warned he is in imminent danger, for trumpets herald the approach of the Dauphin. Caught between the town and the French army, Talbot bravely prays 'prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!'

The curtain next rises on the plains of Gascony, where a messenger, meeting York, reports Talbot before Bourdeaux, whither the Dauphin is following him. Angry to think that Somerset, who was to send supplies, has failed to do so, York exclaims he cannot march on with so small a force, although Talbot needs reinforcements. Praying God comfort his countrymen in this necessity, but realising if he is slain, war will soon cease in France, York remains inactive.

When Sir William Lucy also urges him to hasten to Talbot's rescue, York rejoins he cannot go, al-

though he knows Talbot has just been joined by his young son, from whom he has been parted for seven years. Grieving that the father should welcome this lad to a grave, York marches out, sadly saying 'no more my fortune can, but curse the cause, I cannot aid the man.' Left alone, Lucy comments that while the vulture of sedition feeds in the bosom of great commanders, conquests are lost and Henry V.'s memory disgraced.

In another part of Gascony, Somerset receives an embassy from Talbot. Declaring it is too late to send forces to succour his comrade, who by over-daring, has 'sullied all his gloss of former honour,' Somerset accuses York of having 'set him on to fight and die in shame.' Just then Sir William Lucy reports Talbot lost and crying out against York and Somerset, whose defection is causing his death. Although Somerset now casts the blame upon York, Lucy rejoins the latter accuses him, and despairingly adds 'the fraud of England, not the force of France, hath now entrapped the noble-minded Talbot!' This speech shames Somerset into sending horsemen to Talbot's aid, although Lucy fancies this help will come too late, and declares 'his fame lives in the world, his shame in you!'

We return to the English camp near Bourdeaux, where a wonderful scene occurs between John Talbot and his son, the father regretting the youth should arrive 'unto a feast of death,' and urging him to flee for the sake of his mother and family. The boy, however, declares his father may flee, having already earned a reputation for courage, but that he must remain, and when Talbot bids him

live to avenge him, cries 'here on my knee, I beg mortality, rather than life preserved with infamy.' When the son, in his turn, pleads with his father to escape, the old man proves as obstinate as he; so both remain, and after they have taken affectionate leave of each other, the father exclaims 'come, side by side together live and die, and soul with soul from France to heaven fly.'

We now see the battle-field, where, in the midst of the fight, Talbot's son is rescued by his father, who proudly claims he has twice given him life! The lad having shown his mettle, is praised for the wonders he has done, and again urged to flee since he has proved his courage. Not even the prospect of future revenge can prevail, however, so both plunge back into the fray, exclaiming 'let us die in pride,' for neither will consent to abandon the post of honour.

In another part of the battle-field, old Talbot, supported by an attendant, later seeks traces of his son, describing how the lad protected him when in peril. Just then his attention is called to the fact that soldiers are bringing in the body of young Talbot! The father, after bidding the lad a touching farewell, clasps him in his arms, crying, 'soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have, now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave,' and expires. The heart-broken father has just breathed his last, when the French King enters with the Maid, declaring had York or Somerset supported Talbot, the day would have turned out bloody for them. Both the Bastard and Maid confirm this verdict, and relate how young Talbot defied them, while

Burgundy exclaims had he lived, he would have made a noble knight. On perceiving the young hero 'inhearsed' in his father's arms, the Bastard fiercely proposes hacking both corpses to pieces, but Charles bids him forbear, declaring 'that which we have fled during the life, let us not wrong it dead.'

At this moment Sir William Lucy is ushered in, to inquire in regard to prisoners and dead, for his task is to compute their losses. When Lucy rattles off the imposing string of titles borne by Talbot, the Maid contemptuously bids him cease using silly terms, as the man he magnifies with 'all these titles, stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.' Discovering thus that Talbot is slain, Lucy wishes his eye-balls might turn into bullets to hurl against the foe, before he begs for the bodies to bury them. The Maid advises they be handed over to him since their presence putrifies the air, and Lucy bears them off, declaring 'from their ashes shall be rear'd a phoenix that shall make all France afeard.' This scene closes with Charles' invitation to his followers to accompany him to Paris, for he feels all will be his, 'now bloody Talbot's slain.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens in the palace of London, where Henry VI. is inquiring of his nobles whether they have read the letters from abroad suing for peace? As Gloucester is in favour of accepting the proposals, the King adds that strife always seemed impious and unnatural between professors of the self-same faith. When Gloucester adds that the Earl of Armagnac is offering his daughter in marriage with a large dowry, the King, although over young to marry, promises to 'be

well content with any choice which tends to God's glory and my country's weal.' Just then Winchester enters in his new cardinal robes, accompanied by legate and ambassador. Because he hates Winchester, Exeter indulges in unkind comments, although the King announces Winchester shall be his peace emissary. Turning to the ambassador, Gloucester then informs him how the King, having heard of the virtues and dowry of Armagnac's daughter, is ready to accept the proposed alliance, in confirmation of which Henry VI. entrusts to him a ring for the lady whom he is to escort to Dover.

All having gone out, save Winchester and the legate, the Cardinal disburses the sum promised the Pope in return for his new title. Then, in an aside, he mutters that thanks to his new dignity he can now overawe Gloucester, and make him either 'stoop and bend the knee, or sack this country with a mutiny.'

In the plains of Anjou, Charles and his forces assemble, just as news arrives that the Parisians are rebelling against the English. When the Maid and generals advise Charles to take advantage of this fact, he hesitates, until a scout reports that both parts of the English army have conjoined, and are about to offer battle. Although this move is unexpected, Charles does not flinch, while Burgundy hopes the spirit of Talbot is not present since he was most feared by the English. The Maid, however, prophesies all France will soon belong to Charles, who, thus encouraged, goes into the fight.

The curtain next rises before Angiers, where fighting takes place and where the Maid despair-

ingly cries that, since the French are fleeing, she must call up 'ye choice spirits that admonish' her. In the midst of thunder and lightning fiends now appear, whom Joan addresses as her 'familiar spirits,' entreating their aid. Gazing silently at her, they all fly ~~past, while she vainly~~ offers to feed them with her blood, or to sacrifice to them her chastity. Then they vanish, and Joan, realising that even 'Hell is too strong for me to buckle with,' and that France's glory 'droopeth to the dust,' vanishes to continue the fight.

Some time later, in the midst of the fray, the Maid is seen struggling with York, who has taken her captive. In triumph, he cries he has secured a prize, and that her spells and charms will henceforth be useless! While the Maid curses him, he taunts her, but is surprised when she begins to revile her monarch, too. Joan is led away, and the fighting goes on until Suffolk drags Margaret of Anjou on the scene, as his prisoner. He is, however, so fascinated by her beauty, that he wonders who she may be, and learning her father is Reignier, King of Naples, promises her his protection. Then he murmurs he has fallen so deeply in love, that he would fain woo his captive, but dares not. He is just adding he will have to send for pen and paper since he is tongue-tied, when the lady, mystified by his queer actions, inquires what ransom he demands? Concluding 'she's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd, she is a woman therefore to be won,' Suffolk openly regrets he is provided with a wife. Fancying him mad, because he does not answer her, Margaret hears him murmur he will woo her for

his King, and promise to place a sceptre in her hand and a crown on her head! When she demurs that she is unworthy to be Henry's wife, he exclaims he is unworthy to woo for his master, yet that he implores her to consent to his royal alliance. Because, finally, she refers him to her father, Suffolk summons Reignier to a parley. Appearing on the walls, the King of Anjou, seeing his daughter captive, offers to come down and discuss the proposed alliance. A moment later he joins them, and Suffolk after making his proposal, receives Reignier's consent, provided no dowry be asked and he be allowed to remain in possession of Maine and Anjou. After agreeing to these terms, Suffolk returns Margaret to her father, promising to hasten to England to arrange for the wedding, although he murmurs he would fain sue in his own behalf.

After taking leave of Reignier, Suffolk approaches Margaret, and when she promises 'a pure unspotted heart, never yet taint with love,' to her future spouse, he kisses her, under pretext he must bear that token to his master, too. Then, watching father and daughter re-enter Angiers, Suffolk sighs although he would win Margaret himself, he must prove so eloquent an advocate, that Henry will consent to the marriage he has devised.

The curtain next rises on York's camp, just as he orders his servants to bring forth the witch to burn her. A moment later the Maid appears on the stage, followed by an old shepherd,—her father,—who exclaims he has sought her far and near, only to behold a sight which is death to him! The

Maid, however, refuses to recognise the shepherd, insisting she is of gentle descent, although the old man describes how he married her mother, and calls Joan the first born of his children. The fact that she disowns her own father, is scornfully commented upon by Warwick, York and the shepherd, who all vainly try to make her admit her origin. In despair, the father finally curses Joan, and bids the men burn her, for he considers hanging too good! He departs after saying this, but when York orders the soldiers to lead Joan away she cries she will speak. Then she wildly claims to be descended from Kings, to be immaculate, and chosen from above, vowing her maiden blood 'will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven!' When Warwick coolly orders barrels of pitch placed around the stake, Joan, deeming no other plea will move such relentless hearts, claims the protection of the law in regard to pregnant women. When all present exclaim because a virgin makes such a plea, and suggest that any offspring of the Dauphin should perish, Joan declares he is not at fault, and wildly names one French nobleman after another. These excuses so enhance her guilt, that she is ordered off to the stake, and leaves the stage, cursing France and all around her, and saying 'darkness and the gloomy shade of death environ you, till mischief and despair drivè you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!' This curse is answered by one equally lurid on the part of York as she is led away to death.

A little later, Winchester greets York, informing him peace has been concluded with the Dauphin

and the French. These tidings prove unwelcome to the Duke, who would have preferred to fight it out, and who foresees that if trickery is used, the realm of France will soon be lost. A moment later Charles approaches with his train, announcing he has come to [learn the English conditions](http://www.englishbook.com) for peace. At York's request, Winchester explains that Henry will suspend war, provided Charles will become his subject, pay tribute, and consent to act merely as England's viceroy. Although Alençon deems these hard conditions, and Charles urges he has already recovered half his realm, York so berates him, that his friends advise him in a whisper to conclude the truce 'although you break it when your pleasure serves.' Thus over-persuaded, Charles consents, and after swearing allegiance to England, dismisses his army, while peace is proclaimed.

In the London palace, Suffolk gives the King such a glowing account of Margaret's beauty, that he thereby breeds 'love's settled passions' in the royal heart. But when Henry VI. asks Gloucester's consent to this marriage, the Protector reminds him he has recently entered into a contract with the daughter of Armagnac, which cannot honourably be broken. Determined to reach his ends, Suffolk objects an Earl's daughter is unworthy of consideration, and when Gloucester remarks Margaret is scarcely more, claims her father is titular King of Naples and Jerusalem. He finally so fires Henry VI.'s youthful imagination, that the latter decides the question, promising if Margaret will cross the seas, he will make her his 'faithful and anointed Queen.'

Then, Henry VI. authorises Suffolk to collect one-tenth of the kingdom's revenues to defray travel expenses, and leaves the stage with Gloucester, who greatly disapproves this move. Left alone, Suffolk triumphantly announces he has prevailed, claiming that just as Paris bore Helen over to Troy, he will bring Margaret to England, to rule the King, although he fully intends to 'rule both her, the King and realm.'

HENRY SIXTH

PART II

ACT I. The first act opens in the palace in London, when the Duke of Suffolk delivers up to his master 'the fairest Queen that ever King received.' After welcoming Margaret of Anjou with a kiss, Henry VI. prays every earthly blessing may accompany them, while she returns his greeting by terming him 'alder-liefest sovereign.' Commenting upon her beauty, which is equalled only by her sweet speech, Henry bids the lords do homage to her, and after the Queen has graciously thanked them, Suffolk delivers the articles of peace to Gloucester. Glibly enough the latter reads aloud the marriage contract; but when he sees Anjou and Maine were surrendered to Reignier, his voice falters, and Winchester, at the King's request, finishes the perusal. Pleased with his bride, his Majesty rewards Suffolk with a duchy, relieves York of his regency over the ceded parts of France, and thanking the rest for their services, bids them prepare for Margaret's coronation.

When the royal party has left, Gloucester laments that France, conquered by Henry V., should be thus tamely relinquished. His passionate, indignant speech makes Winchester exclaim they will keep France, although Gloucester demonstrates Anjou and Maine are its keys. The other nobles agree with him, and Warwick rages because towns, won by his sword, are thus ceded peacefully. All marvel at a royal marriage where the bride brings

no dowry, until Winchester reproves Gloucester for speaking too freely, thus making the latter re-join that if he remains here they will doubtless renew their former quarrels. He therefore departs, bidding all present remember 'France will be lost ere long.

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After he has gone, Winchester hints that because Gloucester is next heir to the crown, he is courting the good-will of the people, who may yet find him 'a dangerous protector.' This reminds Buckingham that Henry is now old enough to govern alone, so he suggests they oust Gloucester from office. Not only does Winchester warmly subscribe to this, but promises to win over Suffolk. When he has gone, Somerset suggests he or Buckingham should take Gloucester's place and influence the King. They, too, departing, Salisbury bitterly comments 'pride went before, ambition follows him,' ere he adds these two work only for their own advancement. He declares he never saw anything objectionable in Gloucester's conduct, and that he mistrusts Winchester. Then, turning to his son (Warwick), and his brother (York), he suggests they three unite to curb the pride of Suffolk, Winchester, Somerset and Buckingham, a proposition Warwick cordially accepts, but York only conditionally, as is proved by his muttered aside. This settled, Salisbury suggests they set things in train, although still sighing because Anjou and Maine are already lost.

Left alone, York murmurs Paris is as good as lost, Normandy wavering, and the King wholly absorbed in his bride, who brings great trials to

England. Then, foreseeing Gloucester and the peers will soon quarrel, he decides to bide his time, to raise the standard of York, and compel Henry to relinquish the crown.

The curtain next rises at the Duke of Gloucester's, where his wife, Eleanor, wonders why he looks so downcast, when he might assume the crown whose cares have rested on his shoulders so many years. When Gloucester sternly bids her 'banish the canker of ambitious thoughts,' and ascribes his dejection to a dream, she coaxes him to narrate it in exchange for one of hers. Then he relates how he dreamt that his staff of office lay broken in twain, while on either half rested the heads of Somerset and Suffolk. His wife interprets this to signify that those who interfere with him will surely lose their heads, and states she dreamt she was enthroned at Westminster, where Henry and Margaret did homage to her! Such a vision seems so presumptuous to Gloucester, that he chides her, saying it should satisfy her to be the second lady in the realm, and that unless she is more careful, she will tumble her husband and herself 'from top of honour to disgrace's feet!' Seeing his anger, the Duchess pleads this was only a dream, and has barely pacified him, when a messenger comes to invite him to St. Albans, where the King and Queen are hawking. Instead of accompanying Gloucester, Eleanor promises soon to follow him, muttering after he has gone, 'follow I must; I cannot go before, while Gloucester bears this base and humble mind.' Then she grimly adds that, were she in her husband's place, she would soon 'remove these

tedious stumbling-blocks and smooth my way upon their headless neck.'

A moment later her secretary addresses her as Royal Majesty, a title which surprises her until he explains it was promised her by a witch. When he offers to show her www.history.com.cn up spirits from the underworld, the Duchess eagerly accepts, and bestows upon him a reward. Left alone, the secretary proposes to make merry with her gold, revealing how he has been hired by Suffolk to undermine the Gloucesters, a feat he expects to accomplish, thanks to Eleanor's ambitions, for they plan to attain her, as a first step in Gloucester's downfall.

In the palace, petitioners eagerly await the Lord Protector, and when Suffolk enters with the Queen, one of them by mistake, thrusts his petition at him. His attention thus attracted, Suffolk seizes the petition, and shows the Queen it is addressed 'To my Lord Protector.' After examining all the papers, she finds they contain sundry complaints, for one accuses Suffolk of dishonesty and another states the Duke of York claims the throne. This latter claim so enrages the Queen, that Suffolk orders the accuser detained, so his case can soon be heard. Then, to suppress the petition against her favourite, Suffolk, the Queen tears all the rest to pieces, under pretext they are addressed to the Protector, and not to the King, showing such wrath that the petitioners flee.

Addressing Suffolk fiercely, Margaret indignantly demands whether her husband will always have to remain under tutelage, vowing she would

never have married him had she not fancied he resembled Suffolk 'in courage, courtship and proportion.' She bitterly adds his time is so taken up with prayers and religious rites, that she wishes 'the college of the cardinals would choose him Pope and carry him to Rome.' When Suffolk implores her to be patient, she complains she is surrounded by Gloucester, Winchester, Somerset, Buckingham, and York, all of whom seem far more powerful than their Monarch. But Suffolk assures her his faction, including the Nevils, Salisbury, and Warwick, will soon prove more influential still. The Queen, however, now angrily admits that all the peers together do not vex her so much as that 'proud dame,' the Lord Protector's wife; who sweeps through the court, bearing 'a duke's revenues on her back,' and boasting that one of her trains far outvalues all Reigner's estates. Hearing what umbrage Eleanor has given, Suffolk informs the Queen Gloucester will soon be disgraced, and her foes so weeded out that she can 'steer the happy helm!' Meanwhile, he suggests they side with Winchester and his friends, as they will thus more promptly rid themselves of Gloucester.

At this moment, trumpets announce the entrance of the King, who remarks it is indifferent to him whether Somerset or York hold the reins of state. Haughtily, York states if he did demean himself in France,—as his enemies state,—he should be denied the regency, while Somerset rejoins that did he feel unworthy he would yield his place to York. Hearing Warwick pronounce York the more deserving of the two, Winchester contradicts him, and a quar-

rel ensues, in which even the Queen takes part. Finally, Gloucester endeavours to still it by remarking his Majesty is old enough to decide, whereupon Margaret retorts such being the case, he needs no further Protector!

Calmly, Gloucester explains that although he has protected the realm, he is ready to resign his office whenever his Majesty wishes, while Suffolk mutters he protected England until it is wrecked! When Winchester, Suffolk, Buckingham and the Queen further proceed to accuse Gloucester of plundering the commons, squandering great wealth, showing extreme cruelty, and sacrificing the English conquests in France, he abruptly turns on his heel and silently marches out of the room. The Queen, who has dropped her fan, now rudely boxes the Duchess' ears because she does not immediately stoop to pick it up, and Eleanor, resenting such treatment, hisses that if she could only come near the Queen's beauty with her nails, she would set her 'ten commandments' in her face! Because the gentle King tries to pacify her, he is warned his wife will yet ruin him, ere the Duchess marches out, declaring not even the Queen 'shall strike Dame Eleanor unrevenged.' She is followed by Buckingham, who triumphantly whispers to Winchester 'her fury needs no spurs, she'll gallop far enough to her destruction.'

Having cooled his wrath by a walk in the quadrangle, Gloucester returns to show his real devotion to King and country by advising Henry to appoint York as regent of France. When Suffolk objects that York is unfit, the latter rejoins he is consid-

ered so, merely because he refuses to flatter Suffolk's pride, and adds he knows Somerset will try to detain him in England until France is lost. The fact that he was denied due assistance once before, is corroborated by Warwick, just as two prisoners are brought in who accuse York of treachery. Because Warwick and the King show surprise, Suffolk explains how one of these men overheard the other declare the Duke of York was rightful heir to the English crown and the King a mere usurper. To elicit the truth, Henry closely questions the prisoners, one of whom asserts York did make this claim, although he now denies it. In his bewilderment, Henry VI. then asks Gloucester's advice, and is told to make Somerset regent of France, appointing a day when these two men can prove their veracity in a judicial duel. Although Suffolk rejoices at this decision, one of the prisoners seems terrified at the mere idea of resorting to arms, while the other seems eager for the fray.

We now behold Gloucester's garden, where the witch arrives with the Duchess' secretary, who bids her carry out her promises. These two are accompanied by Bolingbroke, who is to play a part in this trickery, and who gleefully assures the secretary the Duchess will require all her courage to face their magic, as he and one of his confederates intend to be busy down 'below.' After he has gone, the secretary directs the witch to throw herself upon the ground, and sets her accomplices to work. A moment later Eleanor appears on the balcony, begging an answer to her questions as soon as possible. In reply, Bolingbroke states spirits appear only in dark-

ness, and cautions her not to be afraid whatever she may see. Then he draws a circle, and reads a Latin conjuration, after which, amid lightning and thunder, a spirit slowly rises from below. From this spirit the witch obtains replies to three questions she reads aloud. The first is "What shall become of the King?" to which answer is given that the Duke who is to depose Henry, is still alive, but will die a violent death. When asked what will befall the Duke of Suffolk? the spirit rejoins, 'He shall die by water,' and to the third question, which regards the fate of Somerset, it advises him to shun castles! Then, as it obstinately refuses to speak any more, the spirit is sent back 'to darkness and the burning lake,' amid much thunder and lightning.

At that moment, York and Buckingham break into the garden to arrest all present as traitors, for incantations are actionable. Because her husband is Protector, Eleanor considers these threats vain, until Buckingham orders her and the rest removed. Then he and York examine the premises, and read aloud the paper whereon the spirit's answers have been jotted down by one of the conjurors. They conclude treachery is patent, and propose to carry this document to the King, who is hunting at St. Albans with the Lord Protector, for whom these tidings will 'make a sorry breakfast.' Rejoicing at the speedy humiliation of a hated foe, Buckingham goes off to announce at court what has been discovered, while York sends a servant to invite Salisbury and Winchester to sup with him on the morrow.

ACT II. The second act opens at St. Albans just as King, Queen, and courtiers return from the hunt, commenting upon their sport. Presently, the conversation turns to politics, and the two factions begin to quarrel, egged on by the Queen, who takes an active part in all such frays. The remarks they make become so bitter, that secret challenges are exchanged, before the King can silence the strife.

A townsman now proclaims that a blind man has received his sight at St. Albans' shrine, and the pious and credulous Monarch is just giving fervent thanks, when the Mayor enters, followed by others, bearing aloft on a chair the person upon whom the miracle was wrought. Brought before the King, Henry questions him, only to learn he was born blind, a fact his wife confirms. Next the man reveals how he was called in his sleep to visit this shrine. When Winchester comments on his lameness, he ascribes it to a fall from a tree while picking plums, a statement so suspicious, in connection with his alleged lifelong blindness, that Gloucester begins to examine him, pretending to think he cannot yet see. Not only does the man insist his sight is good, but answers all Gloucester's questions in regard to colours, displaying such suspicious knowledge for a man born blind, that the Protector discovers he is a lying knave!

Then, turning to all present, Gloucester inquires whether they care to witness a second miracle, and sending for a stool, directs the man to jump over it under penalty of being whipped. At first the cripple insists he cannot move, but at the first stroke

from the beadle's whip, leaps nimbly over the stool, while the assistants jeeringly exclaim another miracle has indeed been performed! To discourage further impositions of this kind, Gloucester then orders both man and wife whipped through every market town, until they reach home.

The rabble gone, Winchester and Suffolk comment upon 'Gloucester's miracle' until Buckingham appears, when the King inquires what news he brings? In reply, Buckingham reports the arrest of the Protector's wife, as ring-leader in dangerous practices against the state and against the royal life. These tidings please Winchester, but when he ventures to taunt Gloucester, this afflicted nobleman bids him not trouble a man in dire distress! As far as he himself is concerned, Gloucester has loved his King and the commonweal above all else; so he sadly states that if his wife so far forgot honour and virtue as to betray them, he abandons her to the law. After deciding to remain at St. Albans for the night, the King promises to proceed to London on the morrow, and there 'poise the cause in justice's equal scales, whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.'

In a garden in London we overhear York talking to Salisbury and Warwick after supper, in regard to his title to the English crown. When his interlocutors beg him explain his rights, York gives his genealogy, proving that he descends from an older son of Edward III. than the present King, a fact neither Warwick nor Salisbury can deny. By his exposition it seems plain the crown would have gone to Edmund Mortimer, had he not been

Owen Glendower's prisoner, and when York adds that he now inherits these claims, his friends recognise he has the best right to the crown. For that reason Warwick hails him rightful sovereign, while Salisbury acclaims him 'Richard, England's King!' After thanking them both, York rejoins he will not be King until crowned, and until his sword has been stained 'with heart-blood of the House of Lancaster.' Meantime, he advises his partisans to wink at Suffolk's insolence, and bear with Beauford's pride and Somerset's ambition, until they can dispose of Gloucester, when it will be time enough to turn against their tools. This settled, the conspirators separate, Warwick predicting that 'the Earl of Warwick shall one day make the Duke of York a King,' in return for which flattering promise, York assures him Warwick shall then 'be the greatest man in England but the King!'

The royal party is seen in the Hall of Justice, where the Duchess of Gloucester and her accomplices have just been tried. Bidding Dame Eleanor stand forth, the King informs her she is sentenced to death; but, that while four of her companions will be executed, and the witch burned, she will merely undergo public penance, and be banished to the Isle of Man. While the Duchess bitterly exclaims banishment is welcome, her husband moans he cannot justify her since the law has condemned her, and sadly watches her led away. Then he begs permission to depart, too, since 'sorrow would solace, and minè age would ease.' Accepting his resignation, Henry VI. announces he will hence-

forth be his own Protector, while his Queen joyfully welcomes this first sign of independence.

When Gloucester has gone, Elizabeth exclaims they are sovereigns at last, and Suffolk openly rejoices that Gloucester's pride should be abased and Eleanor shamed. www.TheLibroyal.party.ca are about to leave, when York reminds them they still have a judicial combat to witness. Hearing this, the King issues all necessary orders, while York remarks he never saw anyone so terrified as one of the champions.

In the next scene we behold the master-armourer, attended by his neighbours, plied with drink, while his opponent is supported by the apprentices in the same way. Healths galore are drunk, and many good wishes and witticisms uttered, ere the signal for the fight is given. After a brief encounter, the apprentice fells the armourer, who, before dying, confesses he is guilty of treason. Thereupon, the apprentice boastfully proclaims right has prevailed, and the King orders the corpse removed and the victor rewarded.

The curtain next rises on a street, where Gloucester and his servants are stationed, and where the ex-Protector is anxiously inquiring the time? On hearing it is ten, he pities his poor wife whose tender feet must tread these cold sharp stones! All at once Eleanor draws near, escorted by the sheriff, draped in a penitential sheet, holding a taper, and followed by a mob. But when the servants indignantly propose to snatch their mistress from the sheriff, Gloucester sadly bids them respect the law. Beholding her husband, the Duchess wonders

whether he has come to witness her shame, and in reply to his recommendations to be patient, denounces him for not defending her, and accuses her foes of having entrapped her. Then she bids the too credulous Gloucester beware, lest his 'foot be snared,' a warning the scorn says one must offend before being attainted, and that twenty times more foes than she claims assail him, will do him no harm as long as he is 'loyal, true and crimeless.'

He is just reminding his wife her penance will soon be over, when a herald summons him to Parliament at Bury next month. Although surprised Parliament should be convened without his knowledge, Gloucester promises to be present, and when the herald has gone, commends his wife first to the sheriff's tender mercies, and then to those of Sir John Stanley, who is to convey her to the Isle of Man.

When the Duchess demands why he does not take leave of her, Gloucester exclaims his tears speak for him, and, after watching him out of sight, Eleanor begs to be removed as quickly as possible, showing relief when told she will be treated according to her rank. Her pathetic farewell to the sheriff,—who regrets having been compelled to discharge a painful office,—is scarcely over, when Stanley bids her throw aside her penitential sheet and array herself for their journey, although she bitterly exclaims her shame cannot be shifted with her garb, and she longs to hide forever behind prison walls.

ACT III. The third act is played in the Abbey at Bury St. Edmund's, just as the King opens Parlia-

ment. His Majesty is wondering at Gloucester's absence, when the Queen suddenly points out a man, so altered by sorrow, as to be unrecognisable. Still, she insists Gloucester has recently shown a stiff, unbending demeanour, and exclaims he is plotting against his King—~~gossip confirmed~~ by Suffolk, Buckingham and York. All unite in accusing Gloucester of evil practices, cruelty, and misappropriation of funds, hinting, besides, these are trifles compared to matters time will yet bring to light! Although touched by his friends' solicitude 'to mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,' Henry VI. deems his uncle innocent, while the Queen insists 'the welfare of us all hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.'

Just then Somerset enters, announcing the definite loss of France, news the King receives with pious resignation, but which York, in an aside, keenly regrets, since he had hoped soon to rule over France and England too. He has just muttered, 'I will remedy this gear ere long, or sell my title for a glorious grave,' when Gloucester approaches the King, apologising for his absent-mindedness. Before his plea can end, Suffolk arrests him on a charge of high treason, to which Gloucester haughtily rejoins a 'heart unspotted is not easily daunted.' When York accuses him of receiving bribes in France, Gloucester states how, instead, he often advanced money to pay the soldiers, and in reply to the accusation that he often devised strange tortures, he claims his one fault as Protector was too great leniency. Instead of asserting his authority, the feeble King urges Gloucester to clear

himself from all charges, although he admits 'my conscience tells me you are innocent!' After warning his Majesty against his accusers,—although they protest, and the Queen scornfully remarks 'I can give the loser leave to chide,'—Gloucester is led away, exclaiming, 'King Henry throws away his crutch before his legs be firm to bear his body.'

Gloucester gone, the King sadly leaves the courtiers to 'do or undo' as they think best, and withdraws, telling his wife he will go and weep for Gloucester, whom he considers remorselessly sacrificed by his foes. While some of the courtiers follow him, the Queen, turning to the rest, states her husband is far too tender-hearted, and that Gloucester 'should be quickly rid the world, to rid us from the fear we have of him.' But Winchester insists his death should at least appear legal, and Suffolk reminds all present how the King and commons would defend him. Because York deduces from this that Suffolk does not wish Gloucester to die, this nobleman assures him no one is more eager for the Protector's death, although York has the most cause to dread this rival. After some discussion,—in the course of which the Queen approves of all Suffolk says,—all present pledge themselves to ruin Gloucester, just as a messenger arrives from Ireland, demanding help to quell a rebellion. While Winchester is of opinion speedy measures should be devised, York sarcastically suggests Somerset be sent thither as Regent, seeing he was so fortunate in France! This taunt causes Somerset to interfere, whereupon York asserts had he been sent to France, he would not have lost all and returned

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John Opie

HENRY VI

Part 2. Penance of Eleanor, Duchess of Gloucester



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home,—as Somerset has done,—without a wound! The old quarrel is thus about to be renewed, when the Queen calls the nobles to order. After some discussion it is decided York shall proceed to Ireland, whither Suffolk is to forward him troops. Meanwhile, Winchester is to attend to Gloucester, so all separate to attend to their different affairs.

The rest having gone, York exclaims all he hitherto lacked was men, and that this rebellion in Ireland will supply him with an army, which will enable him to obtain the throne of England. Meantime, he grimly warns those who have hitherto scorned him, 'I fear me you but warm the starved snake, who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.' Next he reveals that Jack Cade, personifying Mortimer, will stir up trouble in England, in the midst of which *he* intends to return from Ireland with an army, to reap the harvest Cade sows, and, Gloucester dead, to usurp Henry's place on the throne.

The scene again changes to Bury St. Edmunds, where two murderers enter, whispering the Duke of Suffolk should be informed Gloucester has been slain as he ordered. One of these men, stricken with remorse, wonders whether ever so penitent a criminal was seen, just as Suffolk enters, eagerly inquiring how they sped? On hearing Gloucester is dead, he promises the murderers a reward, after making sure all has been arranged just as he prescribed.

A moment later the King enters, ordering his uncle Gloucester summoned to be tried. While Suffolk goes in quest of the accused, the King bids

the Lords be seated, and charges them to 'proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloucester than from true evidence of good esteem he be approved in practice culpable.' The Queen, also, virtuously hopes justice will prevail, thus greatly pleasing the King.

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Just then Suffolk re-enters, pale and trembling, and in reply to Henry's questions, reports Gloucester dead in bed! While the Queen exclaims, Winchester deems this the fulfilment of God's judgment; and as the King swoons, a commotion ensues and remedies are suggested, until, returning to his senses, the Monarch wonders whether he has heard aright? Because he shrinks from Suffolk, the bringer of bad tidings, the Queen hotly defends this nobleman, who avers that although Gloucester was his enemy, he mourns his death. Meantime, the King refuses to look at the Queen, who wonders whether Gloucester poisoned his mind against her, and tries to move him by feelingly describing all she suffered on her way to join him.

A disturbance without heralds the arrival of Warwick, Salisbury and some commoners. After demanding whether it is true Gloucester has been slain, Warwick states 'the commons, like an angry hive of bees that want their leader, scatter up and down and care not who they sting in his revenge.' Sadly rejoicing it is only too true the Duke of Gloucester is dead, the King bids Warwick ascertain what can have caused this sudden demise, charging Salisbury while he does so to hold the multitude in check.

The King has just been praying God to avenge

his uncle's murder, when Warwick re-enters, followed by bearers with the body, which is laid at the King's feet, while Warwick proclaims villainous hands have been laid upon this mighty corpse! When Suffolk demands what warrant he has for such a statement, Warwick points out the blood-shot face, the starting eyes, and describes how hair on the sheets testified to a violent struggle. When Suffolk indignantly exclaims he and Winchester,—who had charge of the Duke,—are no murderers, Warwick hints they were, nevertheless, the dead man's bitter foes. In anger the Queen wonders how anyone can suspect Suffolk of taking Gloucester's life, whereupon Warwick rejoins that seeing a butcher with bloody axe beside a heifer, one necessarily concludes he slew the animal! Turning to Suffolk, the Queen then sarcastically inquires whether he is a butcher, thus forcing him to bluster that although his sword is 'rusted with ease,' it is ready to prove his innocence. Winchester, Somerset and others are just leaving, when Warwick mutters he will meet this foe, with whom he exchange taunts, which cause the Queen to sneer, while the King sighs that a heart untainted is man's best defence.

Because Suffolk and Warwick now re-enter with drawn weapons, the King chides them for appearing thus, although Suffolk claims he has been attacked. A moment later the commoners arrive, and are charged to wait in the adjoining room, while Salisbury informs the King of their demands. Then, addressing Henry, he states Suffolk must either be condemned to death or banishment, or the

commoners will do justice upon him, for they believe him guilty of Gloucester's death. Undaunted by the clamour of these 'rude unpolish'd hinds,' Suffolk defies them, while the King bids Salisbury assure them he appreciates their affection and will banish Suffolk. www.libtool.com.cn

Salisbury having gone to deliver this message, the Queen pleads for 'gentle Suffolk,' but Henry insists that having promised he must keep his word. Turning to Suffolk, the King then bids him depart, warning him should he be found in England three days hence, 'the world shall not be ransom for thy life.' After ordering Warwick to attend him, Henry leaves the stage, where the Queen and Suffolk linger alone, her majesty vehemently cursing husband and counsellors, and wondering why Suffolk does not curse them too. From his point of view curses are inadequate, as he sets forth in a speech which comforts the Queen. When he groans, however, at the thought of leaving her, Margaret gives way to her grief, confessing it is harder to part with him than to die. Banishment from her seems so cruel to Suffolk, that after bidding her 'live thou to joy thy life,' he despairingly assures her his sole satisfaction henceforth will be to know she is alive.

As they are about to separate, a messenger rushes through the hall, and when asked where he is going, replies that Winchester, seized with mortal illness, is calling for the King, muttering queer remarks about Gloucester. While he hurries on to deliver this message, the queen wonders how she can live without Suffolk, from whom she reluctantly parts,

assuring him a faithful messenger will enable them to correspond.

The curtain next rises in the bed-chamber, where Henry VI., Salisbury and Warwick have come to visit Winchester. Bending over the sick man, the King implores him to speak, while Winchester, fancying his majesty is Death, beseeches him to let him live. Hearing these entreaties, the King feels sure only one who has lived an evil life can deem the approach of death so terrible! When Warwick in his turn, tries to make Winchester recognise his master, the dying man wails they can bring him to trial for he is ready to confess all about Gloucester. As his wild words betray his knowledge of some guilty secret, the King, watching him pass away, bids him hold up his hand if he thinks of God and heavenly bliss. Seeing Winchester makes no sign before expiring, Henry solemnly charges all present 'forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.'

ACT. IV. The fourth act opens on the coast of Kent, after a fight at sea, just as a captain boasts of his prisoners, among whom is Suffolk. After questioning them, the captain decides to pardon some and ransom others, reserving Suffolk for immediate execution. In hope of escape, Suffolk reveals who he is, but the captain decrees that a man who betrayed the King by making love to the Queen deserves to die! Although such death seems unworthy of a man of his rank, Suffolk rejoins 'true nobility is exempt from fear,' and when the sailors rail at him, as he is led away, reminds himself how a slave killed Tully, how Brutus stabbed Cæsar,

how savage islanders slew Pompey the Great, and adds *he* is about to perish at the hands of pirates! The captain has just ordered the other prisoners released, when the executioner returns, and flings Suffolk's body at his feet. One of the prisoners immediately offers to take charge of it, murmuring he will carry it to the King, and that, should his Majesty refuse to bury it, the Queen will do so, since living she 'held him dear.'

A number of labourers assembled on Blackheath are noisily proclaiming Jack Cade will change the face of England, make them all magistrates, and deliver the wealth of the land into their hands! But, when Cade himself joins them, boasting his father was a Mortimer and his mother a Plantagenet, they mutter his parents were only common people, since he was born under a hedge! Rashly promising when he is King that seven half-penny loaves shall be sold for a penny, and beer pots be double the present size, Cade is cheered by his rude followers, who next propose to kill all lawyers. This move meets Cade's approval, because the only time he used a seal it led to his undoing, and he sentimentally argues 'is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?' A clerk being brought before him, he sentences him to death for reading and writing!

A moment later, when told the Staffords are drawing near with the King's forces, Cade exclaims noble-men can only fight men of their own rank, and kneeling down, knights himself. When the Staffords appear, promising pardon to all who submit,

Cade claims to be true heir to the throne, and sets forth his parentage so defiantly, that the Staffords feel sure York must be prompting him. But, in an aside, Cade asserts he invented this story himself, and, in his turn, offers to act as protector for King and realm. Without paying further heed to his pretensions, Stafford bids a herald proclaim that all who follow Cade are rebels, and will be treated accordingly, ere he goes away. Meantime, Cade urges the rioters to march on to London, killing all save 'such as go in clouted shoon,' since those in his estimation are the only thrifty men in the realm!

In another part of the Blackheath an encounter takes place between the King's forces and those of Cade, whose butcher friend does doughty deeds. After donning the gaudiest garments he can strip from the dead, Cade proposes the bodies of his victims be dragged to London whither he is bound to free all prisoners.

The curtain next rises in the capital, where the King enters a hall reading a supplication, and the Queen bearing Suffolk's head! Having heard that grief softens the mind, Margaret wonders how anyone can gaze without weeping at the severed head she lays on her throbbing breast! Meanwhile, Buckingham inquires what answer Henry VI. proposes to make to the petition he holds? Humanely, the King decides to parley with Cade, leader of the rebels. Then noticing his wife's sorrow, he questions how she would have acted had he been slain, and hardly believes her assertion 'I should not mourn, but die for thee.' Just then, a mes-

senger reports the rebels are already at Southwark, where Cade is proclaiming he will be crowned in Westminster Abbey! So it is suggested his Majesty should retreat, until forces can be raised to put down the rebels, who have slain both Staffords, while the Queen wails that were only Suffolk alive, the trouble would soon be quelled. When another messenger reports Cade has secured possession of London Bridge, the King and Queen hastily depart, for their advisers assure them no one can be trusted.

We next behold the Tower, whence the governor inquires whether Cade has been slain? The citizens below rejoin he is killing all who resist, and that the Lord Mayor begs the governor of the Tower help him save the city. Although short-handed, the governor promises aid, but warmly urges the citizens themselves to 'fight for your King, your country and your lives.'

In Cannon St., Jack Cade arrives with his rebels, and, striking London-stone, proclaims himself master of the city, condemning to death any who venture to address him save as Lord Mortimer. He has just ordered wine to flow from all the conduits, when a soldier rushes in, calling him by name, for which he is immediately slain. Then, learning an army is on its way, Cade orders the burning down of London Bridge and the Tower to check its advance.

After defeating the royal troops in Smithfield, Cade hotly bids his men pull down the Savoy, and burn the records of the realm, proclaiming that once he is King, his mouth shall be England's sole parliament and people shall hold all things in common.

Then he accuses one of his aristocratic prisoners of having sold France, and of raising the taxes, and after proffering equally ridiculous charges against others, sentences them all to death. Next the heads of the two Staffords are ordered placed on poles, and when brought before him, are made to kiss, on the plea that these men loved each other when alive! Cade also bids the rioters use these heads as standards when they sack the city, making them embrace at every corner.

The next scene is played in Southwark, where Cade enters with the rabble, bidding them knock down all who oppose them or throw them in the Thames! When Buckingham and Clifford appear as royal emissaries to offer pardon to all who will return to their allegiance, the rebels cry 'God save the King,' but as soon as Cade reviles them, the mutable multitude again wildly promise to follow him. Reminded by Clifford that they are turning against the son of Henry V., they respond to this appeal to their patriotism, and veer about once more, until Cade wonders whether a feather was ever 'so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude?' Feeling unsafe, he finally decides to hide, and slips away under cover of the tumult. On discovering he has gone, Buckingham promises a reward of a hundred crowns to any man who brings his head to the King.

We next behold Kenilworth castle, where King, Queen and Somerset appear on the terrace, his Majesty moaning no monarch ever commanded so little quiet as he, and confessing his sole ambition is to be a subject. As he concludes this speech, Buckingham and Clifford announce the rebellion

quelled, as is proved by the arrival of its leaders, with halters around their necks. Because the ever merciful King forgives the rebels and dismisses them to their various counties, they joyfully scatter cheering loudly, 'God save the King!'

They have barely gone, when a messenger reports York on his way from Ireland with a powerful army, to remove Somerset, whom he terms a traitor, and accuses of giving the King bad advice. Moaning that between Cade and York the realm is like a tempest-tossed ship, the King bids Buckingham meet this new foe and inquire why he comes hither in arms? Henry adds, that to satisfy York, Somerset shall be sent to the Tower, a humiliation this nobleman accepts for the country's weal. Then, the King leaves the scene with the Queen, hoping soon to learn to govern wisely, so his people may not have cause to curse his reign.

The curtain next rises on a garden in Kent, where, after hiding in the woods for five days, the famished Cade arrives in quest of vegetables to sate his hunger. He is soon disturbed by the contented master of the garden, whom he fiercely threatens, stating he must either steal a meal or starve! The owner of the garden, fights and defeats his opponent, who, when dying, reveals his identity. Concluding he has performed a worthy deed, the master of the garden proposes to treasure his sword hereafter as a relic. Then the rebel having expired on his soil, he drags the corpse to the dung-hill, and cuts off his head, which he intends to bear in triumph to the King, leaving the trunk 'for crows to feed upon.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens on Blackheath, where York arrives with the Irish army, declaring he has come to 'pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head!' A moment later Buckingham approaches, saying he is sent to greet him in case he means well, a speech which only serves to rouse York's wrath. Still, when he hears Somerset is in the Tower, he consents to dismiss his army, and orders his sons to be sent to the King as hostages.

Buckingham is about to escort York to the royal tent, when Henry himself appears, and beholding them arm in arm, concludes peace has been made. He therefore questions York, who admits he came to fight Somerset and Cade. Just then the latter's head is laid at the King's feet by the master of the garden, and proves so welcome a trophy that, in return, His Majesty hastens to knight and reward the slayer.

All is promising well, when Margaret appears with Somerset, who, after all, has not been imprisoned, and whom it would have been wiser to keep out of York's sight. On beholding his foe, York reviles Henry VI. and vows he shall no longer rule over England! Because such a speech is high treason, Somerset immediately arrests York, who, instead of kneeling as he is told, calls for his sons, declaring they will defend him. Because Margaret refuses to accept these youths as hostages, York denounces her in no measured terms, just as his sons Edward and Richard appear, closely followed by the two Cliffords.

Seeing Clifford do homage to the King, York asks him why he does not bend the knee before him,

as he is rightful monarch? Not only does Clifford deny this claim, but declares York and his sons are prisoners. Because York summons Salisbury and Warwick to his aid, Clifford hisses if they are York's bears, he will soon bait them to death, and is amazed to see them refuse the usual homage to Henry. In reply to a royal reproof, Salisbury states they have decided York is rightful heir to the English throne, and when the King reminds them of their oath of allegiance, he adds 'it is a great sin to swear unto a sin, but greater sin to keep a sinful oath.' Hearing this, the King bids Buckingham defend his cause, while York defies both him and Clifford! The scene closes, therefore, after an exchange of challenges, with the exit of the contending parties in opposite directions, both fully determined to settle their quarrel by battle.

At St. Albans, this battle is waged between the Yorkist and Lancastrian factions, during which Warwick loudly calls for Clifford to come and fight him, after vainly seeking him on the field. Instead of Clifford, York appears, reporting a recent encounter between them. Then, as Clifford draws near, Warwick exclaims the time has come for one or both to die, and prepares to fight him. But York,—who hates Clifford too,—persuades Warwick to yield him first claim and depart. After an exchange of taunts, Clifford and York fight, and the latter triumphing, hastens away just as Clifford's son arrives on the scene. On perceiving his father's body, the youth gives vent to grief, vowing this sight has frozen all pity in his veins, and swearing

that hereafter he will unrelentingly pursue the house of York!

He has barely removed his father's remains, when York and Somerset enter fighting. Before long, Somerset falls, and his opponent utters a speech of triumph over his body. More fighting ensues ere the King and Queen flit across the stage, his Majesty pitifully moaning it is impossible to outrun heaven! Indignant because he will neither fight nor flee, Margaret starts on hearing trumpets, and declares that should they fall in the foe's hands they will 'see the bottom' of their fortunes. Still, if they can only escape to London, she hopes they may yet retrieve the day. Just then, young Clifford joins them, urging them to flee, and predicting the time will come when Henry will triumph and his enemies be defeated.

The last scene in the play occurs in the fields near St. Albans, whence the Yorkists retreat with drums beating and colours flying. Because York inquires what has become of Salisbury, Richard explains that he was thrice in danger, thrice helped to remount, and thrice rescued, the 'will in his old feeble body' having enabled him to do wonders on the field. Then Salisbury himself appears, congratulating York upon the result of the day, thanking Richard for having saved him, and announcing their foes have fled! Hearing this, York decides to follow them to London, where the King proposes to summon Parliament, and where it behooves him to arrive before the writs can be issued. This Warwick considers sound advice, but before leaving he proclaims that 'St. Albans battle, won

by famous York shall be eternised in all age to come.' Then he invites all present to escort York to London, and the play closes with his hope that many 'more such days as this to us befall!'

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HENRY VI

PART III

ACT I. When the Duke of York enters the Parliament House at London with his son and adherents, Warwick inquires how King Henry managed to escape after the battle of St. Albans? In reply York explains that while the King stole away, the Duke of Northumberland, 'whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,' fought on with Clifford and Stafford until all three were slain. York has just heard his son Edward account for the missing Duke of Buckingham, and his brother for the Earl of Wiltshire, when his third son Richard advancing flings at his feet Somerset's head, grimly bidding it speak for him. These tidings, and the token just received, seem welcome to York, as do the blood-thirsty threats of his sons and followers, and when Warwick urges him to seat himself on the throne, he consents to do so provided this nobleman and Norfolk will uphold him.

York, thus seated on the throne, Warwick advises him to offer no violence to Henry unless the latter try to oust him by force. To this, York maliciously rejoins that the Queen is coming, and little expects his presence at her council. Such being the case, Warwick grimly predicts that unless weak Henry is deposed, and York put in his place, this will deserve to be termed 'the bloody parliament.' Barely has York been assured of the support of his chief adherents, when a blast of trum-

pets ushers in Henry VI. and his train. On beholding a subject in his seat, Henry indignantly points him out to his followers, calling their attention to the fact that the usurper is supported by their foe, Warwick. Still, when his suite volunteer to pluck York from the throne, Henry bids them be patient, for their opponents have soldiers at their back, and he does not wish Parliament turned into shambles. Instead of deeds of violence, therefore, he advocates 'frowns, words, and threats,' and petulantly orders the Duke of York to descend from his throne and beg his pardon kneeling. Insultingly retorting he is the sovereign to whom Henry should kneel, York starts an altercation with the King, while the partisans on both sides show unrelenting hatred for one another. When King Henry finally demands what title his rival has to the throne, Warwick, after railing at him for losing France, challenges him to prove a better right, which Henry feebly strives to do, although confessing in an aside it is weak indeed. Not being able to rest his claim satisfactorily on descent, Henry finally bases it upon Richard's resignation, although York reminds him that was compulsory.

So lame is Henry's defence that some of his followers then and there forsake him, and York's partisans are thereby encouraged to uphold their master's claims. When York therefore again summons Henry to resign in his favour, Warwick threatens unless he immediately does so, the house will be filled with armed men. To prove how readily he can carry out this threat, he stamps, and soldiers appear on all sides. Perceiving there is no escape,

Henry weakly consents to York's succeeding him, provided he is allowed to enjoy the crown as long as he lives. This base consent on Henry's part so exasperates Northumberland, Clifford and Westmoreland, that they hotly denounce him, exclaiming, 'farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate King, in whose cold blood no spark of honour bides,' and hasten off to apprise the Queen how meanly Henry has deprived his son of his birthright.

While Henry mournfully watches them march out of the hall, Warwick bids him pay no heed to such rebels, and insists upon his ratifying his promises. This done, York takes an oath of allegiance, and his partisans acclaim King Henry, ere sallying forth to disband their useless armies since they have obtained all they wish. The King is about to leave the hall after them, when Queen Margaret approaches with the Prince of Wales.

To avoid her anger, Henry and Exeter try to steal away, but Margaret blocks their path, and although her husband entreats her to be patient, reviles him volubly for forfeiting his son's rights. When the Prince too, adds reproaches, Henry humbly begs his son's pardon, vowing York and Warwick constrained him,—an excuse Margaret is ashamed to think a King can proffer. In her indignation, she declares they are no longer safe, refuses to have anything more to do with her husband, and bids her son follow her, for she proposes to raise an army to uphold his rights. Although Henry vainly tries to pacify them both, they promptly depart, and after they have gone, he apologetically explains the Queen's extreme affection for him and for her child

made her give way to this outburst of wrath. Still, he secretly hopes she may yet be revenged upon York, and, mindful of recent defections, proposes to 'entreat' the lords fair, reserving himself for some better occasion.

The next scene occurs in Sandal castle, where two of York's sons discuss with their uncle who should act as spokesman, a question they have not settled when the Duke of York comes in, inquiring whom they wish to address and what is the subject of contention? Richard now informs him they were discussing his claim to the crown of England, which they opine he should enjoy immediately, although he reminds them of his recent oath. Edward,—who has no respect for a promise,—impetuously declares *he* would 'break a thousand oaths to reign one year'; while Richard, more subtle, demonstrates an oath is not legal unless taken before a magistrate, and that the King, having been deposed, could neither exact nor receive such a promise as was made to him. He therefore urges his father to assume the crown, 'within whose circuit is Elysium and all that poets feign of bliss and joy.'

Because these arguments are backed by his own secret desires, York finally decides he will 'be King, or die,' and directs his three relatives to visit sundry partisans, keeping their intentions secret, so the King may not perceive their drift. But, even before these three men can depart to carry out his orders, a messenger reports the Queen approaching with a force of twenty thousand men to besiege the castle. Hearing this, York orders both his sons to stand by him, and despatches his brother Mon-

tagne to London to summon his partisans, caution Warwick and the rest to mount close guard, and above all not to trust 'simple Henry nor his oaths.'

After Montague has gone, various noblemen come in, whom York adjures to help him in the coming siege. While he is still talking, military music resounds, and Edward, turning to his father, proposes they arm for battle, to which York consents,—although they have to fight one against four,—for he remembers brilliant successes in France under even more trying circumstances.

The curtain next rises on the battle-field between Sandal castle and Wakefield, just as Rutland, York's youngest son, arrives there with his tutor, wondering where he can flee to escape from the foe? It is written he should not do so, because soldiers now seize them, and, after sending the tutor away, Clifford, himself, prepares to slay this tender offspring of a house he has sworn to destroy root and branch. Because young Rutland has fainted with terror, Clifford grimly waits until he recovers, and when the lad entreats to be spared, shows pitiless cruelty, for he sacrifices him to his father's memory only after torturing him with threats. This done, Clifford goes off vowing Rutland's blood shall remain upon his sword, until it has been dipped in his father's gore as well!

In another part of the battle-field, after some confused fighting, York is heard proclaiming the Queen's army victorious, his uncles slain, and crying he does not know what has befallen his sons, although they saved his life sundry times. Listening to the turmoil, he tries to descry which way the tide

is turning, and suddenly realising fortune is against him, just when he is too exhausted to flee, he despairingly murmurs 'the sands are number'd that make up my life.' Just then, Queen Margaret and her adherents draw near; so, entirely surrounded, York proudly answers the taunts of Northumberland and Clifford, exclaiming 'my ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth a bird that will revenge upon you all.' Seeing Clifford about to deal this foe a deadly blow, Queen Margaret stays his hand, vowing she wishes the traitor's life prolonged for the sake of tormenting him. Then, while her suite hold the struggling York, Margaret cruelly taunts him, even offering him a napkin dipped in Rutland's blood with which to dry his tears. Not only does she thus gibe at him herself, but urges her suite to join in the merry sport, and finally crowns York with a paper diadem, bidding all do mock homage to the usurper of King Henry's throne.

After bearing this torture stoically for a while, York fiercely turns upon Margaret, terming her 'she-wolf of France,' and reviling her with great force of invective. He insists his tears flow solely for the death of his young son, of whom he speaks so movingly that even Northumberland can scarcely withhold his compassion. Then York goes on to say that when it becomes known how cruelly Margaret treated him, the world will sympathise with him and abhor her. Without heeding this, the Queen taunts those who pity him, until Clifford draws near and stabs York to avenge his father's death. The Queen deals her thrust, too, and York expires exclaiming, 'open Thy gate of mercy,

gracious God! My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.' Then, seeing her enemy dead, Margaret orders his head set on York gate,—still crowned with paper,—as an example of the treatment all traitors can expect!

ACT II. The second act opens in Herefordshire, where the forces of Edward and Richard of York meet. After wondering whether his father managed to escape from Clifford and Northumberland, Edward inquires why Richard appears so sad? Thereupon this youth describes that he last saw York, like a baited bear, closely surrounded by foes. Even while he is talking, three suns appear in the sky, and seem to come together and form but one. Because such a phenomenon has never before been seen, Edward opines it portends something extraordinary for him, and decides to wear three shining suns upon his shield hereafter, a decision which causes his brother Richard punningly to remark he had better bear three daughters, seeing he has such a weakness for women!

At this juncture a messenger appears, whose doleful looks forebode ill tidings, and announces that the Duke of York is dead. Although Edward shudderingly exclaims he has heard too much, Richard insists upon knowing exactly how his father perished, so the messenger graphically describes the Duke's pitiful death. His account infuriates Edward, who declares Clifford has 'slain the flower of Europe for his chivalry,' and fancies he shall never joy again. Richard, however, exclaims he cannot show his sorrow by tears, but longs for revenge, and will achieve it, 'or die renowned by attempting it.' Although

Richard bears his father's name, Edward vows he will prove his descent by claiming not only the dukedom, but the throne, as his father's heir.

A moment later a march is heard, and Warwick and others join the young princes. When he inquires the news, the bereaved sons rejoin their father is dead, news Warwick learned ten days ago. Since that disastrous encounter at Wakefield, however, he has met the Queen's army at St. Albans,—where he suffered defeat,—and he now describes how his prisoner, King Henry, escaped to join his victorious Queen. Warwick has retreated hither, hoping to make a successful stand with Edward, aided by the Yorkists, camping six miles off with their Burgundian allies. These tidings so stimulate Edward and Richard, that, after consulting Warwick, they decide to march on to London and take possession of the capital. Hearing this bold plan Warwick hails Edward as Duke of York, and promises soon to make him King of England, whereupon the young monarch solemnly pledges himself never to draw back until he has obtained the throne.

Just then a messenger reports the King advancing with a powerful force, so, instead of marching on to London, the Yorkists prepare for fight. Soon after the scene shifts to the gates of York, where, after a flourish of trumpets, King Henry, Queen Margaret, their son and partisans, appear in brave array. After welcoming her husband, Margaret points out to him above the gateway 'the head of that arch-enemy that sought to be encompass'd with your crown,'—a sight which 'irks' Henry's very soul. Hearing him make this remark, Clif-

ford deems him too lenient, since 'ambitious York did level at thy crown,' and hence deserved the fate that overtook him. Although Clifford plays the orator well, Henry ruefully argues 'things ill-got had ever bad success,' and grieves his crown did not come to him more honestly. Such faint-heartedness is not approved by his wife, who, hoping to change his ideas, now suggests he knight his son, which Henry does on the spot.

A moment after, a messenger bids them prepare to face Warwick, who is coming to challenge them in behalf of the new Duke of York, recently proclaimed King. When Clifford suggests Henry's leaving them so they can fight unhampered by his presence, this Monarch decides to stay, and his followers significantly hope it will be 'with resolution then to fight.' The Prince of Wales eagerly urges his father to unsheath his sword and give the signal when the opposing army marches in, and Edward of York haughtily summons 'perjured Henry' to kneel for grace and relinquish his diadem, or bide 'the mortal fortune of the field.' Before her husband can answer, Margaret reviles this presumptuous speaker, who answers by stating Parliament has decreed he should be King. A dispute now arises between Clifford and Richard,—representatives of either party,—after which Warwick haughtily demands that Henry 'yield the crown.' Again it is Margaret who answers, and only after the quarrel has raged some time does Henry VI. mildly claim a chance to be heard. The dispute is, however, so acrimonious that it continues until Edward, accusing Margaret of being cause of all

the misfortunes which have visited England, refuses to parley any longer, and marches off, declaring her 'words will cost ten thousand lives this day.'

The curtain next rises on the battle-field of Towton, where after some skirmishing, Warwick is seen, so exhausted by past efforts, that he is anxious to lie down a while and rest. While he reposes there panting, Edward rushes on the stage, wildly calling for victory or death. At the same moment his brother George comes in from the other side, reporting their ranks broken and ruin near. When he inquires what they are to do, Edward declares flight will be bootless, just as Richard joins them, hotly reviling Warwick for having withdrawn from the fight, and announcing Clifford has just slain his brother! His description of the bravery this brother showed, stimulates Warwick to new efforts, and makes him vow never to pause or stand still 'till either death hath closed these eyes of mine or fortune given me measure of revenge.' This example so stimulates Edward, Richard and George, that all leave the stage determined to do their best.

In another part of the field, Richard is next seen furiously challenging Clifford, who boasts having slain his father and brother, but who, after fighting with him for a while, flees when Warwick also comes up to attack him. Pleading with Warwick to allow him to 'hunt this wolf to death,' Richard rushes off in pursuit of Clifford, whom he has sworn to kill.

In a different part of the field, King Henry describes how the battle has fluctuated this way and that, like driving clouds, sadly declaring he would

fain be some poor shepherd,—whose humble avocations he feelingly describes—knowing he would enjoy them far more than royalty, which has brought him naught but sorrow. While he is musing thus, a youth brings in a slain prisoner to rob, only to discover to his intense horror that he has killed his own father, who fought in the opposite faction. His grief touches King Henry, who is further disturbed by the advent of an old man, bringing in his victim, whom he discovers to be his only son. In the midst of this turmoil of grief, and while the others bear off their dead to bury them, Henry's voice arises, proclaiming the War of the Roses a curse to England, and terming himself a 'sad-hearted man much overgone with care.

Just then noisy trumpet blasts resound, and Queen Margaret, the Prince and Exeter rush across the stage. Perceiving Henry, they frantically bid him flee from Edward and Richard, who 'like a brace of greyhounds' after a hare, are panting for their lives. The King feebly entreats them to wait for him, not 'that I fear to stay, but love to go whither the Queen intends,' and tamely follows them.

In another part of the field the wounded Clifford soliloquises over the situation, exclaiming had the sun only tarried, the House of York would not have triumphed as it did. Too weak to fight any longer, he sinks fainting to the ground, just as Edward, George and Richard enter, exulting over their victory, and wondering whether their foe, Clifford, escaped with the King? Warwick is of opinion he can not have done so, since Richard wounded him severely enough to cause death. Just then,

Clifford's dying groan attracts their attention, and they begin searching the battle-field, intending, should they find his remains, to place them on the gates of York instead of those of their father. On discovering the corpse they seek, all three taunt Clifford, vainly hoping sufficient life still lingers to enable him to understand their words. Their heartless speeches, however, fall on deaf ears, and Warwick, perceiving his foe is really dead, orders his head chopped off and placed on York gate. Then he proposes to hasten off to France, and sue for the hand of Bona, daughter of Louis XI., for King Edward of York. The prospect of a royal alliance so flatters this youth's vanity, that he bids Warwick carry out this plan to the best of his ability, and, on the battle-field, creates Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and George, Duke of Clarence, ere inviting both these brothers to escort him to London for the coronation ceremonies.

ACT III. The third act opens in the forest, in the north of England, where keepers, tracking deer, describe how they propose to lie in wait in the thicket. All at once King Henry appears in disguise, confessing he has secretly stolen across the frontier for the pleasure of setting foot once more upon his own land. Hearing this statement, the keepers prepare to seize the intruder, just as he mutters his wife and son have gone to France to claim the aid of the King. Still, as he has heard Warwick was also bound thither to sue for the French princess' hand, Henry fears this nobleman's eloquence may prevail, and Margaret's entreaties prove vain.

This soliloquy so amazes the keepers that they wonder who Henry may be, and when he enigmatically rejoins, 'more than I seem, and less than I was born to,' they question him until he admits he is the King. But, when they naïvely inquire where is his crown, Henry sadly informs them his 'crown is called content.' Such a statement is far too subtle for their comprehension, so they volunteer that the only King they now recognise is Edward, although Henry reminds them they once swore allegiance to him. Finally, they decide to lead their captive before the magistrate, and convey him off the stage, unresisting as usual.

When the curtain again rises, it reveals the palace at London, just as King Edward enters with his brothers and Lady Grey. After explaining to his kinsmen how this lady's husband was slain at St. Albans, fighting on their side, Edward adds she has come to beg the restoration of her estates, a boon his brothers think he should grant. Because he seems reluctant to address the lady in their presence, Gloucester and Clarence draw aside, slyly remarking their brother evidently intends to grant this favour only if the fair lady accord another in return. While they are thus commenting, King Edward promises to consider Lady Grey's request, but when pressed to give an immediate answer inquires how many children she has? On learning she has three, Edward intimates it would be a great pity should they lose their inheritance, a remark which encourages Lady Grey to renew her plea. Hearing this, Edward bespeaks a private interview, and the courtiers withdraw, while the two brothers,

still keeping up mocking comments, retire out of earshot.

Left thus practically alone with the widow, King Edward questions how far her devotion for her children will carry her, and intimates that if she will only grant his request, their lands will be restored. Little suspecting his purpose, Lady Grey promises to do whatever he wishes; but when he makes lascivious desires known, she proudly rejoins it is impossible to purchase her children's rights by disgrace. The brothers, watching every expression which passes over their two faces, conclude the King is not succeeding as he wishes, a conclusion confirmed by Edward's aside, implying such fervent admiration of the lady, that should she not consent to his suit otherwise, he will make her his Queen. When Edward openly suggests marriage, however, Lady Grey considers he is jesting until he swears she shall be his honoured consort. Perceiving they have at last reached an amicable understanding, the two brothers again draw near, whereupon Edward informs them of what he has done, a decision which Gloucester opines will cause ten days' wonder, an amusement which Edward is willing to afford his people.

Just then a nobleman announces Henry has been made prisoner, and is being brought to the palace gates. Hearing this, Edward orders his rival confined in the Tower, and entrusts Lady Grey to his brothers' care, bidding them 'use her honourably.' All therefore leave the room save Richard, who, in a long soliloquy, sums up the situation, reveals his secret designs upon the crown, and declares that his

brother Edward, for the sake of gratifying present passions, has forfeited part of his influence. Although several lives still stand between himself and the fulfilment of his hopes, Richard nevertheless looks forward to the time when the power will be in his hands, and ~~boasts since he is too~~ misshapen to inspire love,—like his brother,—he will reach his ends by other means. To hew his way to the English throne, he is willing to play the orator as well as Nestor, to deceive like Ulysses and Sinon, to change colour like the cameleon, and shapes like Proteus, and to send even 'the murderous Machiavel to school!'

In the regal palace in France, Lewis XI. is giving audience to Margaret, whom he invites to take place beside him under the dais. The Queen, however, rejoins that although once Albion's Queen, her fortunes have so declined of late that the only seat now befitting her is the ground. When Lewis asks what occasions such despondency, Margaret declares she has cause enough to weep, and seating herself beside him, prepares to impart to him her sorrows, which, he gravely promises, shall 'be eased, if France can yield relief.' Thus encouraged, Margaret reveals how her husband is banished,—Edward of York having usurped his throne,—and how she has come hither, with her son, to beg aid to recover what they have lost. Although Lewis wishes time to consider what he shall do, he encourages Margaret by stating 'the more I stay, the more I'll succour thee'; still, the need of an immediate decision becomes only too apparent when the door suddenly opens and Warwick is ushered in,—Warwick whom

Margaret bitterly terms the 'breeder of my sorrow!'

Never having seen this nobleman before, it is only after his name has been uttered, that the King of France can welcome him with due state; meanwhile Margaret rises and ostentatiously draws aside muttering, 'a second storm' begins to rise. Courteously approaching the French monarch, Warwick explains he is sent by Edward, King of England, to crave a league of amity, to be sealed by a marriage with Princess Bona. Hearing this, Margaret grumbles should such an alliance ever take place, Henry's last hopes will be gone!

Meanwhile, Warwick depicts to the Princess his master as deeply enamoured with her, for her beauty and virtue are graved deep in his heart. Before the King of France can reply, Queen Margaret vehemently urges him not to heed Edward's embassy, since he is not King of England, and his request springs not from 'well-meant honest love, but from deceit bred by necessity.' On his part, Warwick styles her 'injurious Margaret,' and when the Prince rebukes him for no longer addressing his mother as Queen, boldly declares Henry, his wife and son, usurped the rights which they flaunted for a while.

Oxford,—who is attending Margaret,—now haughtily rejoins if such be the case, England disowns the glory she won through John of Gaunt, Henry IV., and Henry V., from whom his master directly descends. But in return Warwick tauntingly reminds Oxford how Henry VI. lost all his glorious ancestors won, and claims that even a pedigree of three score and two years is far too short

to substantiate such claims as he makes. Although Oxford haughtily reminds Warwick that he obeyed Henry thirty-six years, this nobleman invites him to recognise Edward as master, but Oxford hotly rejoins he will uphold the Lancasters as long as he lives, a defiance offset by Warwick's equally bold proclamation of loyalty to the Yorks.

The French King now implores Queen Margaret, Edward, and Oxford, to withdraw for a while, and allow him to converse with Warwick; so they do so, the Queen murmuring she hopes Warwick's specious words will not bewitch the royal ear. Turning to the ambassador, Lewis now inquires whether he conscientiously considers Edward King, and seeing Warwick ready to stake his credit and his honour thereon, questions whether the people view the new ruler with gracious eyes? When informed the English are all the more ready to welcome Edward because Henry proved unfortunate, Lewis queries whether the proposal for Bona's hand is dictated by affection, and hearing Warwick swear such is truly the case, begs his sister to decide. With due modesty, Bona leaves the matter entirely to her brother, although she graciously informs Warwick she has often heard Edward praised, and has been interested in his career. Hearing this, King Lewis announces the union shall take place, and articles be drawn up for a contract, which Queen Margaret can witness. At mention of a marriage contract, Prince Edward hopes it concerns him, but his mother, with keener perception, despairingly exclaims Warwick's embassy has made void her suit, for previous to his arrival, Lewis seemed ready to be-

come Henry's friend. Hypocritically Lewis now claims he will, indeed, remain Henry's friend, but that since this Prince is not entitled to the crown, he cannot give him the promised aid. He adds that Warwick has assured him Henry is well provided for in Scotland, and that he knows Margaret's father is well able to maintain her and her son, excuses which infuriate the deposed Queen. In her wrath she reviles Warwick as a 'setter-up and puller-down of kings,' and predicts Lewis will have cause to rue this move.

Just then a post horn is heard without, and Lewis remarks some messenger is bringing tidings to him or to Warwick. A moment later the new-comer delivers letters to Warwick, to the King, and to Margaret, who, all three, become absorbed in their correspondence. Meantime, their countenances are closely watched by Oxford and the Prince, who thus hope to discover what all this means. The fact that the Queen smiles, Warwick frowns, and the French monarch stamps, sufficiently testifies that the missives contain matters of moment, and when Lewis grimly inquires what his companions have heard, Margaret proclaims her heart filled with un-hoped-for joy, and Warwick his full of sorrow. This is because Edward announces his marriage to Lady Grey, and bids his ambassador smooth over the insult he has thereby offered to France. Triumphant, Margaret proclaims this proves Edward's love and Warwick's honesty, whereupon this nobleman protests he is so angry that his master should discredit him thus, that he renounces all allegiance to the House of York, and will henceforth do all in



J. Boydell

HENRY VI

Part 3. Henry hears father mourn over son, and son over father

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his power to restore King Henry VI. Then, turning to Margaret, Warwick entreats her to 'let former grudges pass,' an offer she graciously accepts, declaring she will 'forgive and quite forget old faults, and joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend!'

Then, turning again to the French King, Warwick adds that if Lewis will only furnish forces, he will land them in England, where he boasts not even Edward and his new-made bride will be able to hold out against them. In hopes of revenge for the insult offered her, Bona urges her brother to grant this request, so Lewis, urged by Margaret, Bona and Warwick, finally pledges his aid. He also bids the messenger return and inform 'false Edward, thy supposed King, that Lewis of France is sending over masquers to revel it with him and his new bride,' while Margaret, Bona, and Warwick also intrust to him messages of similar scornful import.

Meantime, King Lewis is zealously arranging to supply Warwick with five thousand men, promising further aid shall be shipped under the care of the Prince and Queen. As pledge of good faith, Warwick suggests his eldest daughter marry Prince Edward, an alliance Queen Margaret eagerly accepts, assuring her son the lady 'is fair and virtuous,' and bidding him shake hands with Warwick to bind the bargain. Prince Edward having done so, Lewis gives the necessary orders for the English invasion, declaring he longs to hear Edward has fallen, in punishment for proposing a 'mocking marriage with a dame of France.'

All now leave the hall save Warwick, who muses over the sudden change in his fortunes, for, having come as Edward's ambassador, he leaves his sworn foe. This transformation is, however, due to the lack of consideration with which Edward has treated him. Indeed, the insult offered rankles so deeply in Warwick's heart, that he exclaims he is about to war, 'not that I pity Henry's misery, but seek revenge on Edward's mockery.'

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in the London palace, where two of Edward's brothers are discussing with other lords their brother's marriage with Lady Grey. They deem it a pity the ceremony should not have been postponed until Warwick's return from abroad, but conclude what is done cannot be undone, just as the King enters with his bride. When he asks Clarence how he likes his choice, the youth rejoins 'as well as Lewis of France or the Earl of Warwick,' an answer which so offends King Edward, that he haughtily asserts even if all take exception, he is King, and 'must have his will.' Then Edward inquires the opinion of Gloucester, who piously exclaims, 'God forbid that I should wish them sever'd whom God hath join'd together,' a remark which he means derisively.

Truculently inviting those present to state why Lady Grey should not be his wife and England's Queen, Edward hears Clarence argue no alliance should have been concluded as long as one was pending with the French Princess; Gloucester opine that Warwick has been disgraced; and the lords claim that a foreign marriage would have served to strengthen them. To all these objections Ed-

ward carelessly rejoins he can easily devise means to appease Lewis and Warwick, and that England's safety lies in his hands. His brothers, who are jealous of the favour he has shown his wife's kinsmen, now pretend they are angry because he has not provided them with wives; still, when King Edward proposes a match for Clarence, this youth haughtily expresses a desire to choose for himself.

All this conversation takes place in the presence of the new Queen, who informs the gentlemen present she was not of ignoble descent, and states their dislike has clouded her 'joys with danger and with sorrow.' On hearing this, Edward,—who is still deeply enamoured,—begs her pay no heed to them, for he will love and protect her; and then vows that 'unless they seek for hatred at my hands,' all present shall show his Queen respect. Muttering that he does not say much but thinks the more, Gloucester turns away, just as the post comes in, to deliver by word of mouth the truculent messages of the King of France, Bona, Warwick and Margaret. While Edward comments upon these messages, Clarence, learning Prince Edward intends to marry Warwick's eldest daughter, murmurs he will espouse the younger. Then, turning to his brother Edward, he openly renounces allegiance to him, and proclaims his intention to join Warwick's forces. Having said this, Clarence marches out, closely followed by Somerset, while Gloucester mutters he will not follow their example, although he stays not out of love for Edward but of the crown! Perceiving war imminent and unavoidable, Edward bids Pembroke and Stafford make ready, and turn-

ing to Montague and Hastings inquires whether they will be true to him, or intend to join their kinsman? Both of these gentlemen promise fidelity, as does Gloucester, pledges which afford keen satisfaction to Edward, who assures all three victory will be theirs, provided they lose no time in facing Warwick and his foreign host.

The curtain next rises in Warwickshire, where Warwick has arrived with his French forces, and assures Oxford many of the common people have already joined Henry VI.'s standard. Just then Clarence and Somerset enter, proclaiming they have come to join Warwick's forces, too. In his delight, Warwick readily promises his daughter's hand to Clarence, and reveals a plot he has just made, by means of which they expect to surprise Edward in his camp. Instead of warning or defending this threatened brother, Clarence gladly joins the force planning to surprise him, after receiving the password and all other necessary instructions.

In Edward's camp at nightfall, three watchmen guard the royal tent, saying Edward has vowed not to lie down and rest 'till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.' For that reason Edward is sleeping in his chair, with Hastings beside him, and has detailed these men to mount guard. While they are still talking, the attacking party steals upon them and compels them to surrender. Then, in the midst of beating drums, Warwick, Somerset and their men bring out King Edward, bound to his chair, while Richard and Hastings are seen fleeing in the background. Pointing to their vanishing figures, Somerset inquires who they may be, and when War-

wick names them, concludes their escape is of little moment, since their brother, the Duke, has been secured.

Hearing this, Edward hotly chides Warwick for not addressing him as King, whereupon this nobleman rejoins that after creating him Monarch, he recreates him Duke, because he has plainly shown he neither knows how to govern a realm, to use ambassadors properly, to study his people's welfare, to treat his brothers rightly, to be content with one wife, or to protect himself against his foes! Perceiving his brother Clarence in the enemy's ranks, Edward reproaches him also, while Warwick contemptuously removes the crown from his head, declaring it shall henceforth grace Henry VI.'s brow. He also decrees that Edward shall be entrusted to the custody of his brother,—Archbishop of York,—until further orders are issued by Lewis and Bona, who claim the right to dispose of him definitely. Notwithstanding his resistance, guards lead Edward off the stage, while Oxford and Warwick decide their next move shall be to march on to London, free King Henry from prison, and replace him on his throne.

In the palace at London, Queen Elizabeth informs her brother Rivers, rumours have come of a battle in which her husband has been defeated, made prisoner, and committed to the guard of the Archbishop of York. Although Rivers exclaims such tidings are baleful indeed, he urges the Queen to bear her misfortunes with equanimity for the sake of her unborn child,—a sacred duty the Queen sadly acknowledges. She also proposes to take refuge in

sanctuary, for she has heard Warwick is on his way to London to replace King Henry on the throne, and fears what he may do to her.

The next scene is played in a park in Yorkshire, where Gloucester, addressing Hastings and Stanley, informs them he has enticed them hither to aid him to free Edward. Because his brother is allowed to go out hunting, Richard proposes to kidnap him and bear him off to Burgundy, whence he can easily make arrangements to recover his throne. Pointing out to his companions that Edward is even now drawing near, Gloucester induces them to hide, just as the captive rides up with a huntsman, who vainly tries to beguile him in another direction. At a signal from Gloucester, his friends suddenly surround Edward, and the guard, unable to resist them, accompanies them when they ride away on swift horses tethered in the vicinity. Their plan is to convey Edward to Lynn, whence he is to travel by ship as speedily as possible to Flanders.

The curtain next rises on the Tower of London, just as King Henry, set free by Warwick and Clarence, thanks his keepers for the kindness shown him while in their custody. Recognising that Warwick has procured his freedom, and feeling no desire to resume the burdensome cares of royalty, Henry bids this nobleman assume the government, although Warwick modestly objects such a place would better befit his son-in-law Clarence. In duty bound Clarence demurs, whereupon the King settles this courteous contention by naming both gentlemen protectors of the realm, declaring he means hereafter to lead a quiet life and 'in devotion spend my latter

days.' Because Clarence inquires what has been decided in regard to the succession, King Henry,—thus reminded of wife and son,—begs they be sent for without delay, vowing 'joy of liberty is half eclipsed' as long as they are not beside him.

After Clarence has promised the Queen and Prince shall be summoned with all speed, King Henry, addressing Somerset, questions who the youth beside him may be, of whom he seems to take such tender care? Drawing forward Henry, Earl of Richmond, Somerset presents him to the King, who, moved by a prophetic spirit, designates him as 'England's hope,' and lays his hand on his head, declaring 'this pretty lad will prove our country's bliss. His looks are full of peaceful majesty, his head by nature framed to wear a crown, his hand to wield a sceptre, and himself likely in time to bless a regal throne.' Henry has just bidden the lords make much of the youth, when a post announces Edward VI.'s escape, a flight which enrages Warwick, who realises they will now have to 'provide a salve for any sore that may betide.'

All having left the scene save Somerset, Richmond and Oxford, the former remarks he does not like the present turn of affairs, for Burgundy is sure to help Edward. Besides, the prophesy just uttered by the King, has inspired him with such fears for the safety of his young charge, that he determines to send Richmond to Brittany 'till storms be passed of civil enmity,' a decision Oxford fully approves.

The curtain next rises before York, just as King Edward arrives there with his brother and Hastings, declaring he has brought forces from Burgundy to

recover possession of his estates. When Gloucester points out to him that York's gates are closed, Edward rejoins they will have to enter by fair means or foul, and bids the town be summoned to surrender. In answer to this call, the Mayor of York appears on the ramparts, declaring they have closed their gates because they recognise no master save Henry. By rejoicing diplomatically that he is surely entitled to enter the city as its Duke, Edward manages to disarm all suspicions and induce them to admit him. While the Mayor is coming down from the ramparts, Gloucester intimates in a sly aside that 'when the fox hath once got in his nose, he'll soon find means to make the body follow.'

Then the gates are flung open, and the keys delivered to Edward, who becomes responsible for the town's safety. A moment later, Montgomery arrives with a large force for Edward, declaring he has raised it to help him recover his throne. Because Edward temperately rejoins it suffices for the present to recover his duchy, Montgomery haughtily rejoins he came to serve a King and not a Duke, and refuses to stay. He is about to march off with his troops when Edward bids him wait as he wishes to consider the matter further. But, instead of considering, Montgomery opines he should fight, so, thus urged, King Edward promises to follow the advice of his friends, and recover his realm. Thereupon, the troops again proclaim him 'King of England and France,' while Montgomery truculently challenges any who care to question his right to reign. While all present shout 'long live Edward IV.,' the monarch promises 'if fortune serve me, I'll requite

this kindness,' and decides that after spending this night in York, he will march on to meet Warwick and Clarence, for the defection of his brother still rankles deep in Edward's heart.

The next scene is played in the palace at London, where King Henry enters attended by Warwick, Clarence and the court, and is told Edward has crossed the seas with foreign troops and is even now marching toward London, many people flocking to his standard on the way. Timorous Henry is of opinion men should immediately be levied to oppose his foe, and Clarence opines 'a little fire is quickly trodden out; which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.' Hoping to dispel all misgiving, Warwick assures Henry there are still many loyal subjects in his country, and appoints different lords to muster friends for the royal cause.

One and all bid farewell to the King, promising to do their best, and leave him alone on the stage with Exeter, from whom he inquires whether Edward's forces will be able to resist those he will send out against them? When Exeter suggests Edward may yet seduce the royal troops, King Henry refuses to believe it, declaring he has always been so mild and gentle people cannot love Edward best. While he is still talking, a commotion arises outside, and despairing cries of 'a Lancaster' suddenly rend the air. Before the listeners can ascertain what this means, King Edward bursts into the hall, closely followed by Gloucester, and imperiously bids his soldiers 'seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence; and once again proclaim us King of England.' Then he orders Henry confined in the

Tower, allowed no communication with anyone, and after seeing him removed, proudly adds he will march straight on to Coventry, where 'peremptory Warwick now remains.' He feels sure 'if we use delay, cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay,' an opinion warmly seconded by Gloucester, who escorts his brother off the stage.

ACT V. The fifth act opens in Coventry, just as Warwick is trying to find out how far away his friends are still with subsidiary forces. A moment later, Sir John Somerville enters, from whom Warwick inquires about Clarence, just as trumpet calls reveal some army is near. Somerville is assuring Warwick this cannot be Clarence, when King Edward, Gloucester and their forces file across the stage. Bidding his trumpeters summon the city to surrender, King Edward boldly advances, while Gloucester points out to him Warwick standing on the walls. Thus made aware of the proximity of the 'king-maker,' Edward haughtily bids him throw open the gates and kneel before him, but Warwick arrogantly rejoins that having set him up and plucked him down, he is determined he shall henceforth be naught save Duke of York. Although Gloucester reminds Warwick that he bestowed upon Edward the title of King, this lord insists he now recognises no monarch save Henry. In reply Edward rejoins Henry is now his prisoner, Gloucester adding the information that he is fast in the Tower. But, although both brothers urge Warwick to submit, the latter proudly insists he would rather chop off his right hand with one blow, and fling it in Edward's face with the left, than submit to him

again. Hearing this, Edward threatens never to rest until he can hold up Warwick's head by the hair, and can write with his blood in the dust, the sentence 'wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Just then Oxford enters with a force, which Warwick greets with rapture, and while it marches into the city, Gloucester suggests they take advantage of the open gates to force their way in, too, although Edward deems it wiser to wait until their foe sallies forth to battle. A moment later, Montague and Somerset also join Warwick, hotly reviled by Gloucester and King Edward, who are angry to see so many of their men join the foe. Then Clarence appears, but, just as Warwick confidently expects him to join his forces like the rest, this young Prince pauses, and addressing his father-in-law, plucks the red rose out of his hat, dramatically exclaiming he cannot 'ruinate his father's house.' Then he proclaims himself Warwick's mortal foe, humbly begs his brother's pardon, and in spite of Gloucester's frown, is welcomed back into Edward's party.

Turning to the baffled and angry Warwick,—who challenges him,—Edward accepts his offer to meet at Barnet and fight it out, and marches off the stage, closely followed by Warwick and his troops.

The curtain next rises on the battle-field of Barnet, where, in the midst of the *mêlée*, King Edward leads forth his prisoner Warwick, cruelly bidding him lie down and die, while he hurries off in quest of Montague, his other foe. The sorely wounded Warwick now moans for someone to tell him who is victor, adding his own career is nearly ended

since death is at hand. While he is soliloquising, Oxford and Somerset appear, still unwounded, vowing were he only as fit as they, the day could yet be retrieved, for the Queen has just arrived from France with reinforcements. Hearing they are about to join her, Warwick moans for his brother, until told Montague is dead. Since this beloved brother died nobly, Warwick exclaims 'sweet rest his soul!' and bids the lords save themselves, promising to meet them in heaven. Seeing him sink back lifeless, Oxford and Somerset bear his body away with them, declaring they intend to join the Queen as soon as possible.

In another part of the field, amid the flourish of trumpets, King Edward, with a brother on either side of him, receives the congratulations of the army on his victory. Still, in spite of this triumph, Edward discerns a threatening cloud in the forces Margaret has raised in France, and which have just landed in England. But, although Clarence confidently assures him they will soon defeat this army also, Gloucester warns him Margaret has been joined by Somerset and Oxford, and Edward starts off for Tewkesbury, where another battle awaits him.

We behold this field of combat, just as Queen Margaret energetically reminds her adherents 'wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss, but cheerly seek to redress their harms,' for the news of the defeat of Barnet has sorely despirited many of her followers. In a wonderful speech she assures them that although the mast is blown overboard, the cable broken, the anchor lost, and many sailors drowned,

the pilot is still aboard the ship of state, ready to steer past reefs and quicksands, by which allegorical terms she designates Edward and his cause. Her dauntless spirit inspires the Prince to proclaim that even if cowards heard such words they would fight bravely, and the lords, shamed by the courage a woman and a lad display, and carried away by enthusiasm, promise to do their best. Just then a messenger summons them to meet Edward, who is near at hand, and Margaret, delighted to think the issue imminent hastily makes final arrangements.

A moment later King Edward marches on the scene, bidding his men bravely face yonder 'thorny wood,' and root it up ere night. Meanwhile, turning to her men, Margaret exclaims that although she would gladly address them, tears choke her at the sight of the man who holds her husband a prisoner. All she can do, therefore, is to urge her men to be valiant, and the curtain falls as the battle begins.

When it rises again, Edward and his brothers have secured Margaret and her chief adherents, and we hear the King sternly order Oxford imprisoned and Somerset beheaded. They receive this sentence with undaunted courage, and Queen Margaret watching them led away, sorrowfully exclaims, 'So part we sadly in this troublous world, to meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.' Meantime, King Edward has turned to his men proclaiming a reward for finding young Edward. A moment later the Prince is brought upon the scene, and is roughly chidden by King Edward for having dared to bear arms against him. In reply, young Edward

haughtily bids his interlocutor remember he is nothing but a subject, while his prisoner, as representative of King Henry, is entitled to all respect. This spirited attitude wins his mother's approval and causes her to exclaim, 'Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!' while it draws from Gloucester a sarcastic rejoinder which the Prince resents.

The quarrel thus kindled between Prince Edward and Gloucester becomes so bitter, that when the Prince boldly arraigns all the Yorkists, Edward, Gloucester and Clarence, stab him until he falls lifeless at their feet. Seeing this, Margaret wildly implores them to kill her too, but when Gloucester raises his dagger to do so, Edward bids him pause as they have already done too much. Although Gloucester warns his brother Margaret will 'fill the world with words,' King Edward, seeing her swoon, urges them to use means for her recovery. Afraid lest mercy defeat their ultimate purpose, Gloucester whispers to Clarence he will depart immediately as pressing business calls him to London, and hurries off murmuring 'the Tower, the Tower.' Meanwhile, recovering her senses, Margaret bends over the corpse of her son, imploring him to speak, and then reviles his murderers, giving way to her sorrow until Edward orders her removed in spite of her struggles. In her grief, Margaret vainly beseeches Clarence to slay her, and looks around for the cruel Gloucester, knowing he would not hesitate to commit such a deed of violence; but Gloucester has gone, and Margaret is forcibly led away by rough soldiers.

It is only then that Edward inquires what has be-

come of Gloucester, and hears from Clarence he has gone 'to make a bloody supper in the Tower.' Briefly commenting that Gloucester is 'sudden, if a thing comes in his head,' Edward prepares to follow him to London as speedily as possible, saying he hopes to learn on arriving that his Queen has given birth to a son.

The next scene occurs in the Tower, as King Henry perceives Gloucester, who is surprised to find him absorbed in a book. After ordering the lieutenant to leave them alone, Gloucester addresses Henry, who comments that just as the reckless shepherd flees before the wolf, the lieutenant has left him, a harmless sheep, beneath the knife of the butcher. When Gloucester grimly rejoins that 'suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,' Henry reminds him how 'the bird that hath been limed' mistrusts every bush. After a little more conversation, wherein Gloucester admits he slew Henry's son for presumption, only to be told had he been killed when he presumed, he would never have lived to commit this murder, Henry adds that in such a case many woes would have been spared the world!

These woes have all been brought about by Richard's crimes, an enumeration of which so enrages him, that he stabs the speaker, because he cannot silence him otherwise. Sinking to the ground, Henry implores God to forgive his sins and pardon his murderer, while Gloucester, eyeing his dripping dagger, wonders that 'the aspiring blood of Lancaster' should sink to the ground, and does not mount upward! Still, determined no spark of life shall remain, he stabs Henry again, ere he indulges in a

soliloquy wherein he reveals that, utterly impervious to pity, love or fear, he has rightly been considered a monster from the moment of his birth. In this soliloquy he exhibits a mind fully as crooked as his body, and murmurs that now King Henry and the Prince are gone, there remain only Clarence and Edward to remove from his way.

The next scene is played in the palace of London, where King Edward and the Queen enter, closely followed by their court, and by a nurse bearing the infant Prince. After taking his seat on his throne, Edward announces he has repurchased it with the blood of his enemies, who have been ruthlessly mowed down. In his triumph, he calls for his son, kisses the future Edward V., and assures him his father and uncles have endured sorrows and suffering of which he will reap the benefit. Although Gloucester mutters that harvest will soon be blasted, Edward evidently does not overhear this remark, for he bids both brothers love his wife and kiss their nephew. They do so, Gloucester confessing in an aside that his is indeed a Judas kiss.

Then Clarence demands what the King intends to do with Margaret, whom her father has ransomed, and King Edward announces she is to be sent back to France, while he means to spend the rest of his time in 'stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows, such as befits the pleasure of the court.' In fact, he deems it now time to bid farewell to sour annoy, since 'here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.'

RICHARD III

ACT I. The first act opens in London, where Richard, Duke of Gloucester, states in a soliloquy, the winter of discontent is over, and the sun of York shines upon a glorious summer. Sarcastically he comments upon the way his brother is spending his time as King, and grimly determines since he cannot rival him as a lady's man, to 'prove a villain.' He has, therefore, plotted to make the King suspect Clarence, by calling his attention to a prediction 'that G. of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.' While mentioning thus his brother, George, Duke of Clarence, Richard sees him enter, escorted by guards. In reply to his astonished question, Clarence bitterly rejoins he has been arrested, because his name begins with G., whereupon Richard sagely avers these troubles are due to the machinations of the Queen and her relatives, whom he accuses also of arresting Hastings. Clarence has just expressed a conviction that no one is safe, when the guards announce they must lead him straight to the Tower, without allowing him to communicate with his brother. Thereupon Richard flippantly retorts they two were merely discussing the virtues of their majesties and the charms of Mistress Shore, concerning whom jokes in bad taste are made, ere the brothers part, Richard promising to intercede in Clarence's behalf.

When Clarence has gone, however, Richard grimly mutters he loves him so dearly he intends

soon to send him to heaven, and hails with apparent joy the entrance of Lord Hastings, just released from prison. After solicitously inquiring how he stood his incarceration, Richard adds Clarence will probably fare equally well, since the same agency also caused his arrest. By asking if there is any news, Richard also learns the King is so ill his physicians seem alarmed about him. Bidding Hastings hasten to Edward—whither he will soon follow—Richard watches this interlocutor out of sight, before he declares that while he does not want Edward to live, he must not die until George's fate is settled. Richard therefore proposes, by means of 'lies well steel'd with weighty arguments,' to hasten Clarence's execution, and plans, after Edward's death, to marry Warwick's youngest daughter, although he murdered her husband and father. Before the scene closes, he mysteriously hints at another 'secret close intent,' when these awful preliminaries have been duly settled.

Through a street in London, winds the funeral procession of Henry VI., with his daughter-in-law Lady Anne as chief mourner. Bidding the bearers set down the bier, she laments the deaths which have desolated her heart, calling down curses upon those who caused them. Then, turning toward the bearers, she orders them to resume their burden and inter the King, just as Gloucester appears. In spite of Anne's curses, and her declaration she does not see why the bearers should fear a devil with power over mortal bodies but none over souls, he checks their advance. But, although he ingratiatingly addresses her as 'sweet saint,' she continues to revile

him as the instrument of Henry's death, pointing out in confirmation that the wounds bleed anew in his presence.

When Gloucester, in return, appeals to her charity, she avers she has none for him, and answers all his wily remarks with vehement curses. But, when after a while he hints he may not have killed her kinsmen, she interrupts him by indignantly declaring Queen Margaret saw his sword in her lord's breast! Changing tactics, Gloucester now claims he was provoked to murder by the Queen's slanderous remarks, and piously adds that as the slain King was fitter for heaven than for earth, he did a meritorious deed in sending him thither. To compass his evil purpose, he next proceeds to woo this widow at her father-in-law's bier, by vowing the crimes he committed could rightly be laid at her door, since they were done for the sake of her beauty. Rejoining if such is the case she will destroy it, Anne spits upon Richard when he protests love to her, and continues to curse him. Still, his tongue is so smooth, that he gradually succeeds in calming her, and when she wails she lost a husband and father at his hands, he dramatically offers to atone for these sorrows with his life, and baring his breast, offers her his sword that she may stab him. Unable to use it, although he urges her to do so by confessing he killed both Henry and Edward, Richard disarms her wrath by claiming all he did was done for love of her. Then, after a while, he gives Anne a ring, which he sentimentally describes as encompassing her finger as her breast encloses his poor heart! Finally he prevails upon Anne to let him take charge of the corpse

and withdraw, granting him a later interview, wherein they will be able to continue this discussion. This whole scene is cleverly devised to show the fascination a snake exerts over a fluttering bird; but when Anne has gone, Richard's humble bearing suddenly drops like a mask, for he curtly bids the bearers remove the corpse and await his further orders.

Left alone, he questions 'was ever woman in this humour woo'd? was ever woman in this humour won?' and states that although he intends to marry Anne 'with curses in her mouth, and tears in her eyes,' he is equally determined to get rid of her in short order. Then he chuckles he is evidently not such a monster as he has hitherto believed himself, since he has succeeded in captivating even his victim's widow, and discusses the advisability of turning into a fop.

We return to the palace, where Queen Elizabeth, talking to Lords Rivers and Gray about the King's illness, declares it serious, indeed, although they assure her Edward will soon be well. They also remind her her son is there to comfort her when her husband is gone, whereupon she sighs the Prince is but a minor, and in the care of Gloucester, a 'man that loves not me, nor none of you.' Just then Lords Buckingham and Derby enter, and after exchanging greetings with all present report the King much better and anxious to reconcile Gloucester to her and to her family. Elizabeth has barely declared it is unlikely such a reconciliation can ever be brought about, when Gloucester enters, proclaiming they wrong him by filling his brother's ears with

lying reports, all because he cannot flatter and speak them fair!

When Rivers hotly demands to whom he is addressing such a reproach, Gloucester rejoins by asking what harm he has ever done him or any of his faction, and why they trouble Edward while he is so ill? The Queen hoping to check the incipient quarrel, soothingly informs Gloucester the King wishes to reconcile them all; but when he betrays mistrust, she promptly answers him in kind. To justify himself, Richard finally accuses Elizabeth of having his brother George imprisoned, although she insists she had no part in his arrest or Hastings'. Nevertheless, Gloucester persists their lives are in danger, and accuses his sister-in-law of planning to marry again. Indignantly exclaiming she has borne his upbraiding too long, the Queen avers she would 'rather be a country servant-maid than a great Queen, with this condition, to be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.'

While Elizabeth is thus showing she has had small joy in being England's Queen, Margaret, widow of Henry VI., enters, and grimly retorts no joy is due to the usurper of her place! Although she denounces Gloucester, too, for having slain her husband and son, he protests he is ready to answer for his actions to the King, and pays no heed when she terms him a devil. Instead, he turns to Elizabeth, sadly protesting that although his brother Clarence forsook his father-in-law during the wars to join Edward, he is now in prison. Because Queen Margaret remarks, that whereas they were wrangling like pirates on her entrance,

they now all seem ready to turn against her, Richard claims this is no more than she deserves, since she fiendishly mocked his father with a paper crown, and wiped his tears with a handkerchief steeped in the blood of his son!

Hearing all present, Elizabeth, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset and Buckingham, now unite in reviling her, Margaret elaborately curses them all, hoping Elizabeth may lose husband and son and outlive her glory like her wretched self. Then, in regard to the lords who stood by while her son was slain, she prays 'that none of you may live your natural age, but by some unlook'd accident cut off!'

Because Gloucester attempts to silence Margaret she honours him with the direst curse of all, calling down upon his head every evil; but, before she concludes it with his name, he promptly substitutes her own, maliciously insisting she has cursed herself. Such a trick amuses Elizabeth, who in return is warned she is feeding a 'bottled spider,' in whose web she will ultimately be snared, and that when that time comes she will long for Margaret to help her curse 'that poisonous, bunch-back'd toad,' the choice epithet she coins for Gloucester.

Although all present have attempted it in turn, it proves impossible to silence Queen Margaret's tide of invective. But, having warned Buckingham to beware of Gloucester, she leaves the stage, while Hastings ejaculates his hair rose on end at her curses! Gloucester, however, sentimentally admits Margaret has suffered great wrongs, and expresses hypocritical repentance for those he did her, while

Elizabeth virtuously claims she never did any consciously. Still, Gloucester reminds her she reaps all the joys accruing from these wrongs, adding that Clarence is already being punished for his perjury, and hoping God will pardon the rest, a truly 'virtuous and www.Christian-like.com conclusion,' from Rivers' point of view.

As the chamberlain reports Edward IV. awaiting the Queen and nobles, all pass out save Gloucester, who gloats over the fact that he has set 'secret mischiefs' afoot, has stirred the King up against his brother, and expects soon to be avenged upon these foolish lords.

Meantime, he intends to clothe his 'naked villany with old odd ends stolen out of holy writ; and seem a saint,' when most he plays the devil. Because two murderers for whom he has sent, now join him, he secretly gives them a warrant, bidding them hasten to the Tower, and 'be sudden in the execution' of what they have to do, without allowing their hearts to be moved to pity. Grimly assuring him they have come to use their hands and not their feelings, the murderers depart to dispatch Clarence.

In a Tower cell, Clarence is describing to the lieutenant on guard the fearful night he has spent, for he dreamt he was on shipboard, where, while talking to Gloucester, he fell overboard, only to experience all the horrors of drowning. Gifted with the clearness of vision said to affect people under such circumstances, Clarence describes all he saw at the bottom of the sea, as well as his frantic struggles to keep his head above water. His inter-

locutor seems particularly impressed when he depicts how, after life left him, he passed 'the melancholy flood, with that grim ferry-man which poets write of,' and was conscience-stricken to encounter his victims, Warwick and Edward. His description fairly makes the lieutenant's blood run cold, although Clarence insists his crimes were all committed for the sake of the brother who requites him so ill, and fervently prays they may not be visited upon his wife and children. As long as such visions haunt him, he so dreads remaining alone, that he begs his jailor linger beside him while he drops off asleep. While watching, the jailor moralises 'Princes have but their titles for their glories,' and 'often feel a world of restless cares,' just as the two murderers steal noiselessly in. By silently exhibiting the warrant they hold, they compel him to leave the room, and while he hastens away to notify the King, the murderers discuss whether to stab Clarence asleep? One of them, thinking of the judgment day, is suddenly assailed by such remorse that he seems ready to relinquish the undertaking; but when his companion reminds him of the reward promised, he boldly asserts his conscience is 'in the Duke of Gloucester's purse.'

He and his companion are just preparing to stun Clarence by a blow on the head, previous to drowning him in a malmsey butt in the next room, when he suddenly awakes calling for wine. Their ominous rejoinder that he will soon have plenty, so terrifies Clarence, that he tremulously inquires who sent them? Thereupon they roughly bid him prepare to die, stating they are the instruments of the King's

will. In despair, Clarence finally implores them to seek Gloucester, whereupon they reveal this Prince sent them, and again urge their victim to make his peace with God. Because Clarence continues to plead for mercy, they abruptly bid him look behind him, and, taking advantage of this move, stab him. Then, after casting his corpse in the malmsey butt, one of them mutters that, like Pilate, he would fain wash his hands of this crime, while the other,—who has done all the work,—reviles his companion, vowing he will report how slack he has been. The repentant man, however, passes out of the Tower refusing to share in the reward which his companion coolly goes off to collect previous to his departure, for he realises ‘this will out, and here I must not stay.’

ACT II. The second act opens in the palace, where Edward IV. rejoices because he has reconciled the inimical peers, and feels he can face his Redeemer since he leaves his friends at peace. After seeing Rivers and Hastings shake hands in his presence, he urges Queen Elizabeth, Dorset and Buckingham to drop all animosity, too. These reconciliations effected, Edward remarks Gloucester alone is wanting to make ‘a perfect period’ of peace, just as that brother enters, jauntily bidding all present ‘good morrow.’ When the King joyfully boasts he has done deeds of charity, Gloucester sanctimoniously approves, and, anxious to be at peace with all men too, begs pardon of all present, sentimentally averring, ‘’tis death to me to be at enmity.’ But when the Queen kindly suggests it might be well to include Clarence in the general

pardon, Gloucester hotly reproaches her with levity, saying she must know the Duke is dead. On hearing this, all present exclaim, and the King cries out that the order was reversed. Gloucester, however, duly informs him 'a winged Mercury', evidently bore his first, and 'a tardy cripple' his second message, seeing it arrived too late.

It is now Derby appears, entreating that one of his servants, who has committed an accidental murder, may be pardoned. Sadly inquiring how the tongue which doomed a brother to death can be expected to pardon a slave, King Edward sinks back overcome with grief, for he remembers how Clarence assisted him in obtaining his crown, and fears God's justice will visit this crime upon him and his. Such is his emotion, that, too ill to remain in public any longer, he begs to be taken back to his apartment; and, while the Queen leads Edward away, Gloucester slyly inquires of the rest whether they noted how pale the guilty kindred of her Majesty became at mention of Clarence's death, thereby subtly accusing them of the murder.

A little later the Duchess of York occupies the stage with Clarence's children, who, noting her tears, wonder whether their father can be dead? Not daring otherwise to impart the terrible news, the Duchess assures them the King will henceforth be their father, whereupon the boy blurts out his uncle Gloucester said the Queen caused his father's death, when he offered to replace his parent. Knowing what to think of Richard's hypocritical offers, the Duchess exclaims 'Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes, and with a virtuous vizard

hide foul guile!' a remark the boy fails to understand, and which is closely followed by the entrance of Elizabeth, Rivers and Dorset.

So disheveled and woe-begone is the Queen's appearance that her mother-in-law demands what it means, only to hear Elizabeth gasp the King is dead, and wonder that the branches remain green when their root is withered. While Elizabeth bitterly regrets her inability to follow her husband 'to his new kingdom of perpetual rest,' the Duchess cries she, too, has cause to grieve, since Edward was her son. Not only has she lost a husband, but 'two mirrors of his princely semblance are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,' and all that now remains to her is 'one false glass,' in the person of Richard! She reminds Elizabeth that she still possesses all her children, although death has deprived her of a husband, while Clarence's offspring comment that their aunt shed no tears for their father. The recent losses all present have sustained, cause a general lament, the Duchess' wail proving longest and loudest because she has the most dead to weep for. Meantime, Dorset and Rivers try to comfort Elizabeth by reminding her her son should be sent for, and crowned Edward V.

Just then Gloucester, Buckingham and other lords come in, the first obsequiously imploring the Queen to be comforted, and humbly craving his mother's blessing. She gives it with the significant addition, may God 'put meekness in thy mind, love, charity, obedience, and true duty,' whereupon Gloucester adds a ribald aside. Then because Buckingham remarks that although the late King is

no more, they hope to reap 'the harvest of his son,' and reminds all present the young Prince should be brought to London to be crowned, all immediately volunteer to serve as his escort, until the new monarch bids fair to be attended by uncles on both father's and mother's side, for the two factions now seem friends. All the rest now departing, Buckingham approaches Gloucester, artfully suggesting they go too, and devise on the way some means to separate 'the Queen's proud kindred from the King.' This suggestion is hailed with rapture by Gloucester, who flatteringly promises to be guided by Buckingham, as they depart to meet Edward V.

In a London street, citizens discuss the late King's death and the coming of the new monarch, commenting on coronations already seen. After mentioning how Henry VI. was crowned in Paris, at nine months of age, one of the citizens adds that King had virtuous uncles to protect him, whereupon another protests that Edward V. has a wealth of uncles on both sides. This fact, however, may give rise to jealous contentions, one bystander intimates, while another avers that owing to 'a divine instinct men's minds mistrust ensuing dangers.'

Meantime; in the palace, the Archbishop informs the Queen-mother the royal party spent the night at Stony Stratford, and will soon arrive in London. Both mother and grandmother seem anxious to see young Edward, and wonder whether he has grown much since they last beheld him; while his little brother, the Duke of York, waxes indignant because told he is taller than Edward. When his

grandmother wonderingly queries why he resents such a proud fact, the child explains Uncle Gloucester assured him 'small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.' But when the Duchess bitterly rejoins Richard himself does not exemplify this saying, the little fellow wishes he had known that sooner, and gives a sample of the wit he would have expended in twitting Gloucester about that fact.

Just as this conversation ends, a messenger announces grievous news, and when the Queen breathlessly inquires whether harm has befallen her son, rejoins it does not concern him, but the Lords Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, who have been arrested by order of Gloucester and Buckingham, and despatched to Pomfret. This news terrifies Elizabeth, who, seeing herself suddenly deprived of the support of her kindred, apprehends the downfall of her house, a dread her mother-in-law shares, for she does not trust her son Richard. In her terror, Queen Elizabeth bids her second son accompany her to sanctuary, whither the Duchess proposes to follow them, a move the Archbishop approves since he offers to escort them thither.

ACT III. The third act opens in a London street just as King Edward V. arrives, closely attended by the Dukes of Gloucester, Buckingham and others. Bending down to the little monarch, Gloucester courteously bids him welcome, inquiring why he looks so melancholy on a festive occasion? Sadly rejoining he wants 'more uncles here to welcome' him, Edward listens perplexed while Gloucester, with feigned gentleness, explains that these men were dangerous, because their 'sugar'd words'

concealed the 'poison of their hearts.' Then he calls the little King's attention to the fact that the Lord Mayor of London is coming to greet him. After duly welcoming this imposing official, Edward inquires why his mother and brother have not yet come to meet him, and why Hastings does not return with tidings of them? Just then this lord appears alone, stating that Elizabeth and her son have taken sanctuary, although the little Prince was so eager to join his brother that his mother had to restrain him by force. Angrily remarking the Queen is acting foolishly, Buckingham bids the Cardinal and Hastings fetch young York by force, adding, when the Cardinal exclaims sanctuary privileges cannot be infringed, that such privileges are extended only to criminals and do not concern innocent children.

After the Cardinal and Hastings have gone to fetch his brother, the young King inquires where he is to lodge, and seems disappointed when Gloucester informs him the Tower must be his present abode. Nevertheless, he inquires whether this building was not erected by Julius Cæsar, making such precocious remarks in regard to it, that Richard takes occasion to mutter, wise children 'never live long.' When Edward V. boasts, however, that should he live to be a man he will win back their ancient rights to France, his uncle further ominously adds, 'short summers lightly have a forward spring.'

Just then Hastings and the Cardinal escort on the stage the little Duke of York, who greets his brother rapturously, and is duly welcomed by all the noblemen present. The meeting of the two little

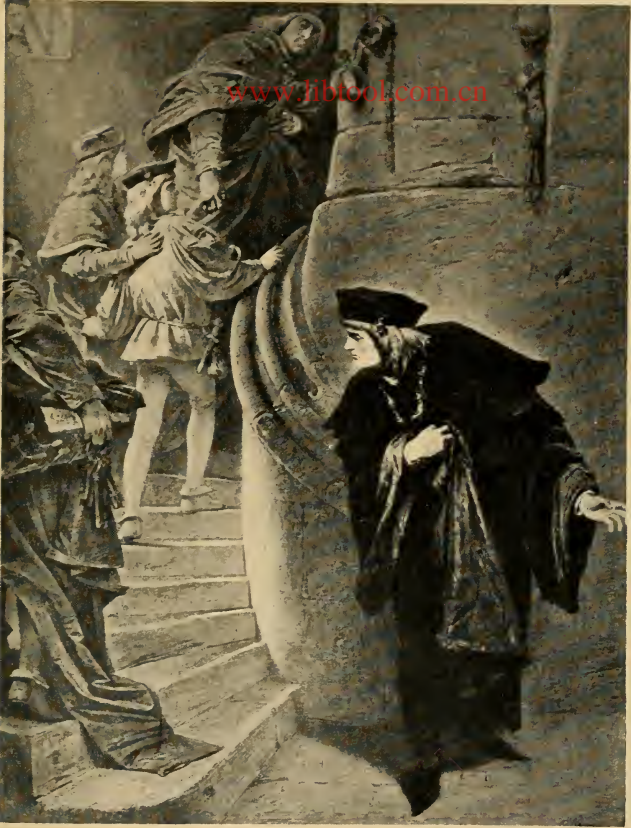
brothers proves very affectionate, but the younger Prince is soon so attracted by Gloucester's jeweled dagger, that he begs for it, offending his uncle sorely a moment later by his sharp, unchildlike remarks. On hearing whither they are bound, this lad, too, shows a marked aversion to the Tower, whispering that his grandmother said his uncle Clarence was murdered there, and that he fears to encounter his ghost. But, when the young monarch stoutly avers he fears no uncles dead, Gloucester ostentatiously assuring him he need fear none living either, sends both Princes on to the Tower.

Left alone, on the scene, Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby comment upon little York's forward talk, and wonder whether Hastings can be bribed to share their views? Finally, it is suggested Catesby should sound Hastings and Stanley, breaking off negotiations should they betray unwillingness to further their plans, and merely inviting them instead to the Tower to arrange for the coronation. Meanwhile, Gloucester sends word by Catesby to the governor of Pomfret, to execute his prisoners on the morrow, jocosely concluding this grim message with a kiss for Mistress Shore. As Catesby goes out promising his friends shall hear from him ere they sleep, Buckingham wonders what shall be done with Hastings, in case he does not subscribe to their plans, to which question Gloucester briefly replies, 'chop off his head,' promising Buckingham this nobleman's estates, ere they go off to supper together.

In the next scene, a messenger warns Hastings at early dawn that Stanley considers it unsafe to re-

main in England, since he dreamt a boar attacked them, and has heard rumours of a double council. The boar is, of course, Richard, whom Stanley dares not designate more openly, although it is quite clear he advises his friend to flee with him northward, and thus 'shun the danger that his soul devines.' In spite of this warning, Hastings, sure that Catesby will warn him should danger arise, decides to visit Edward V. in the Tower on the morrow. Barely has Stanley's messenger departed when Catesby enters, oracularly announcing the world 'will never stand upright till Richard wear the garland of realm.' At first, Hastings does not understand this remark, but when its significance finally dawns upon him, he loyally avers his head will have to be cut off before the crown can be so foully misplaced. Still, hearing next that the Queen's kindred,—his personal foes,—are to be executed, Hastings openly rejoices, remarking that twelve months hence they will laugh over this tragedy. In return Catesby meaningly informs him many others are marked for death, including some men 'who think themselves as safe as thou and I.'

Before this conversation with Catesby ends, Stanley himself appears to renew his warning to Hastings, for the news of the separate councils greatly disquiets him. He, therefore, personally urges Hastings to flee with him, reminding him how little Edward V.'s uncles suspected what awaited them when they rode forth to escort him to London. When Hastings gleefully inquires whether he has heard these lords are to be beheaded, Stanley rejoins he is not surprised, just as a messenger comes in, whose



PRINCES IN TOWER

Carl Piloty

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appearance drives both Stanley and Catesby away. To this messenger Hastings rashly confides his satisfaction over the execution of the Queen's kindred, and richly rewards him for the message he brings.

This man having gone, a priest appears, to whom Hastings also joyously promises a donation next Sunday, just as Buckingham enters, jokingly remarking that while his friends at Pomfret may stand in need of a priest's offices, Hastings surely has no 'shriving work in hand.' Hearing Buckingham is on his way to the Tower, Hastings volunteers to accompany him thither, affirming he is due there for dinner, and never noticing his interlocutor's grim aside that he will be there for supper also, although he does not now suspect this fact.

The curtain next rises on Pomfret castle, as the governor orders the prisoners brought forth to be executed. Rivers, Grey and Vaughan, addressing him in turn, claim they are dying 'for truth, for duty and for loyalty,' and predict that those who ordered this execution will live to rue it. Without heeding these threats, the governor bids the executioner proceed, while each of the prisoners solemnly curses Pomfret Castle, and Grey acknowledges Margaret's curse has already fallen on their heads. Then all three pray their blood may not be visited on the young King, and having taken leave of each other until they 'meet in heaven,' are led away to the block.

In the Tower of London a council has assembled to appoint a day for the coronation. After some discussion in regard to the Lord Protector's wishes, Hasting is about to decide the matter without con-

sulting him, when Richard suddenly enters the room. After graciously greeting all present, Gloucester turns to the Archbishop of Ely, declaring he has seen such fine strawberries in his garden that he is anxious to taste them. Pleased with such condescension, the Archbishop hurries out to send for the berries, while Gloucester, drawing Buckingham aside, whispers that Catesby reports Hastings vehemently opposed to their plans. To consult on their next move, Buckingham and Gloucester withdraw, while the rest converse about unimportant matters until the Archbishop returns, announcing he has sent for the coveted fruit. All now comment upon Gloucester's particularly amiable mood, Hastings confidently asserting 'there's never a man in Christendom that can less hide his love or hate than he; for by his face straight shall you know his heart.'

They are still discussing Gloucester's unwonted geniality, when he reënters with Buckingham, angrily demanding what punishment should be awarded to those who have practiced witchcraft upon him? When Hastings promptly rejoins such offenders deserve death, Gloucester suddenly exhibits an arm withered from birth, declaring it was brought to this state by the magic arts of Queen Elizabeth and Mistress Shore! Because Hastings ventures to say that *if* they have done this they deserve punishment, Gloucester hotly denounces him as a traitor, and orders him removed, vowing he will not dine until he sees his head! All now leave the apartment, in terror, save the guards who pinion Hastings, while he exclaims, 'woe, woe for Eng-

land,' bitterly regrets having scorned Stanley's warning, and especially having triumphed over foes he was to follow so soon. He, too, realises Margaret's curse has fallen upon him, and leaves the room grimly reminding his guards, 'they smile at me that shortly shall be dead.'

In the Tower, Gloucester next asks Buckingham why he quakes and changes colour, at the mere mention of a crime? Stung by this taunt, Buckingham boasts he can counterfeit, too, and offers to play the tragedian whenever his friend wishes. Meantime, he wonders where Catesby may be, only to learn he has gone to fetch the Lord Mayor, with whom he now appears.

No sooner has the Lord Mayor been ushered into the Tower precincts, than Gloucester orders the draw-bridge raised and the walls manned, proceedings which sorely frighten this official. A moment later some guards lay Hastings' head at Gloucester's feet as that of a traitor. With consummate hypocrisy, Gloucester now explains to the Mayor how dearly he loved Hastings and how he confided his secrets to him, only to fall victim of his and Mistress Shore's magic. He adds that Hastings also wove dark plots to murder the Mayor, news which amazes his interlocutor. Still, the accusations which Gloucester piles up against Hastings, finally convince him so thoroughly of this nobleman's guilt, that the Mayor declares he richly deserved death. Hearing this, Gloucester bids him go forth and explain this point to the people, who might else feel inclined to censure him, and the credulous official bustles out to make the necessary proclamation.

After he has gone, Gloucester directs Buckingham to follow him, and make use of the first opportunity to intimate Edward's children are illegitimate, and that the late King himself had little right to the throne. Still, as this latter point reflects upon his mother's honour, Richard wishes it touched upon very sparingly. Eager to play the orator and earn 'his golden fee,' Buckingham hastens out, promising in case he succeeds in convincing the people, to bring their representatives to Baynard Castle, where it is arranged Gloucester will be found absorbed in pious exercises. Bidding him expect news ere long, Buckingham disappears, while Gloucester gives orders that sundry divines meet him in his retreat, muttering that, meanwhile, he proposes to dispose privately of Clarence's brats, and to prevent all access to the little Princes.

In a London street, a public writer contemplates the paper he has just engrossed, wherein Hastings' crimes are duly set down, commenting that although this nobleman was not arrested when the task was entrusted to him, he is already dead! The scrivener concludes,—although he is not bold enough to denounce it,—that this is 'a papable device,' and that 'all will come to nought, when such bad dealing must be seen in thought.'

In Bayard Castle Gloucester eagerly asks Buckingham how the citizens received his hints in regard to the illegitimacy of Edward IV.'s children and his lack of right to the English crown? After explaining how clearly he set it all forth,—calling attention to the fact how little Edward resembled his father, while Richard is the exact counterpart of

the Duke of York,—Buckingham declares that although he had stationed men to cheer, 'God save Richard, England's royal King,' at the end of his speech, less than ten voices finally took up the cry. Still, afraid to wait for greater concurrence, he avers he effusively thanked the people, declaring 'this general applause and cheerful shout argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard.' Although angry because no greater enthusiasm was shown, Gloucester seems relieved to learn the Lord Mayor has come to tender him the crown. Cunningly advising him to arm himself with a prayer-book, appear only between two clergymen, and 'play the maid's part' and refuse the crown, Buckingham now passes out, assuring Richard he will act as people's advocate, and that provided Gloucester act his rôle well, their trick will be brought 'to a happy issue.'

After Gloucester has vanished, Buckingham receives the Lord Mayor and citizens, who are told by Catesby the Duke of Gloucester cannot see them for he is holding a day of prayer. Virtuously stating the great should sacrifice their own inclinations for public good, Buckingham sends Catesby back to Richard, assuring the Lord Mayor, meantime, that Gloucester is a very different sort of man from Edward, and that if England only had such a sovereign, all would be happy indeed. He ruefully adds, however, that there is little prospect Richard will accept the crown, thus causing the Mayor to express a most fervent hope he will not decline their proposals.

Just then Catesby returns, and when Buckingham inquires what message he brings, rejoins that

Gloucester mistrusts so great a concourse of citizens. Pretending to be offended by such doubts, Buckingham sends Catesby back a third time, remarking to the Mayor it is hard indeed to draw a man from the sweet contemplation of religion. A moment later Gloucester appears above,—between two priests,—and Buckingham duly calls the Mayor's attention both to his company and to the prayer-book in his hand. Addressing the crowd below, Gloucester now declares his readiness to serve his friends, and when Buckingham accuses him of wronging the country by refusing to assume the crown, pretends to hesitate whether to depart in silence or to reprove him. Still, Richard temperately admits he can see the people love him, but adds that even were the crown his own, he would shrink from assuming the duties of royalty, as he does not feel worthy of so great an honour. When he carefully reminds the people there is an heir to the English throne, Buckingham exclaims Edward V. has no real claim to the sceptre, and fervently urges 'good my lord, take to yourself this proffer'd benefit of dignity.'

The Mayor, listening with credulous ears, also implores Gloucester to yield, although the latter continues reluctant until Buckingham, in feigned anger, chides him for refusing to do his duty, and vows if he does not accept, they will place some one else on the throne, for they are determined his brother's son shall never reign over them! Buckingham is just marching off the scene in apparent dudgeon after this ultimatum, when Catesby prevails upon Gloucester to call him back. When

Buckingham reappears, therefore, Richard piously exclaims since they are so determined to 'buckle fortune' on his back, he will patiently endure the load, hoping that having forced this unwelcome office upon him, they will ever hold him free from blame. The Mayor is first to express satisfaction at this acceptance, and Buckingham to salute Richard as King, an acclamation in which the citizens hastily join, ere they are told the new Monarch will be publicly crowned on the morrow. Then Richard ostentatiously returns to his holy duties, having throughout this scene maintained the attitude of the ultra-pious man.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens before the Tower, where Queen Elizabeth, the Duchess of York, and Anne,—Duchess of Gloucester,—appear with other ladies. After exchanging greetings with the rest, Anne volunteers she has come hither to congratulate the young Princes, and all are about to step in when stopped by the lieutenant, from whom Elizabeth eagerly begs news of her sons. When told that although well, she cannot see them,—the King having forbidden her admittance,—Elizabeth wonderingly inquires 'the King! why, who's that?' Then, the lieutenant confusedly states the order was given by the Lord Protector, whose arbitrary prohibition is hotly resented by mother, grandmother and aunt. The lieutenant has just vanished, reiterating he cannot admit them, when Lord Stanley joins the ladies, politely stating he will soon be able to greet the Duchess of York as mother of two Queens. Then, turning to Anne, he bids her accompany him immediately to West-

minster Abbey, for she is to be crowned there with Richard!

This first intimation that little Edward V.'s claims have been set aside, causes Queen Elizabeth to fall half swooning into the arms of her son Dorset, whom she feebly implores to hurry away since she perceives her children are doomed to fall beneath 'the thrall of Margaret's curse.' So pertinent does this advice seem to Stanley, that he, too, urges the youth to depart, promising to forward by him letters to his son.

Meanwhile, the Duchess of York wails she hatched a 'cockatrice,' and Anne, although reluctant, prepares to accompany Stanley, sadly hoping she may die ere men can cry 'God save the Queen!' Urging her to obey lest she prejudice her interests, Elizabeth further assures her she does not envy her, and Anne leaves, wailing that even as she followed her father-in-law to the grave, Richard wooed and won her, although she never felt affection for him, and has never been able to sleep in peace at his side. Besides, she realises that Richard hates her, and means to get rid of her, and gently pities Elizabeth, who in return compassionates her. Meantime, the aged Duchess of York urges Dorset to join Richmond, bids Anne obey Richard, and implores Elizabeth to return to sanctuary, adding that having lived eighty odd years in sorrow, her sole hope is now the grave! Leaving the scene, Elizabeth gazes mournfully up at the Tower,—a rough cradle for her tender babes,— and fervently prays it will use them well.

The newly-crowned Richard enters his London

palace escorted by Buckingham, Catesby and others. Bidding the rest withdraw, Richard, addressing the obsequious Buckingham, states that as he has mounted the steps of the throne with his assistance, he intends to bestow upon him a fitting reward. Then, in a whisper, Richard III adds he wishes first to put Buckingham's fidelity to the touch, and thus ascertain whether he is 'current gold indeed.' Invited to speak plainly, and so make his wishes clear, Richard avers that as long as Edward V. lives, he cannot reign in peace. Then, perceiving Buckingham does not understand this hint, Richard plainly states he wishes the 'bastards dead,' showing marked displeasure when Buckingham begs permission to withdraw, so as to think the matter over.

Meantime, Catesby, watching the new monarch, concludes he is very angry since he bites his lips. After muttering that Buckingham has grown strangely circumspect, Richard summons his page, from whom he inquires whether he knows a man who could be bribed 'unto a close exploit of death?' When the page rejoins there is 'a discontented gentleman,' for whom gold would be as persuasive 'as twenty orators,' Richard eagerly sends for this Tyrrel, grimly averring 'the deep-revolving witty Buckingham no more shall be the neighbour to my counsel.'

Just then Stanley enters, reporting that Dorset has gone to join Richmond beyond the seas. These tidings seem not altogether unwelcome to Richard, who immediately bids Catesby spread the news that his wife Anne is likely soon to die. He adds, that he intends shortly to marry Clarence's daughter to

some mean born gentleman, to imprison the foolish boy, and as soon as his wife is removed, to murder the young Princes and marry their sister, exclaiming 'I am in so far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.' Just then the page ushers in the murderer Tyrrel, who presents himself as the King's 'most obedient subject,' and who, when asked whether he has sufficient resolution to kill one of his Majesty's friends, bluntly retorts he had rather kill two of his enemies. When Richard informs Tyrrel he has two such foes in the Princes in the Tower, the murderer promptly pledges himself to dispose of them both, provided he is given free access to their persons. Then, after a short whispered conference, Tyrrel leaves, Richard inquiring as he does so, whether he shall hear from him before he sleeps, and receiving an affirmative answer.

A moment after Tyrrel has gone, Buckingham reënters, stating he has duly considered the King's proposal. To his surprise, however, Richard seems utterly indifferent, and will talk of nothing but Dorset's flight. But, when Buckingham reminds his new master that Hastings' estates were promised him, Richard suddenly turns a deaf ear and warns Stanley should his stepson correspond with the fugitives, he will be held answerable for such treason. Then Richard muses aloud that Henry VI. once prophesied that Richmond should be King, and wonders why he failed to add that Richard would kill him? Undeterred by a tacit refusal, Buckingham again pleads for his promised reward, only to hear Richard remark an Irish bard predicted he would not live long after seeing Richmond,—

which he takes to mean a castle of that name. When Buckingham a third time emphatically claims Hastings' spoils, Richard petulantly informs him he is not in the giving vein to-day, and leaves the room, an act of discourtesy which so angers Buckingham that he mutters, 'made I him King for this?' Then, remembering Hastings' speedy end, he suddenly decides to escape while his 'fearful head is on!'

A moment later Tyrrel returns, declaring 'the tyrannous and bloody deed is done,' and describing how the men hired to perform the crime, melted with tenderness and compassion when they related how they found the little Princes asleep in each others' arms, a book of prayer beside them on their pillow. Tyrrel adds that these wretches smothered 'the most replenished sweet work of nature, that from the prime creation e'er she framed,' and stole away conscience-stricken, leaving him to notify King Richard his wishes have been fulfilled. Just then Richard joins Tyrrel, seems delighted to learn all is over, inquires whether he saw the children dead and buried, and bids him return after supper to receive his reward and describe 'the process of their death.'

After Tyrrel has gone, Richard rejoices that Clarence's son is imprisoned, his daughter meanly married, Edward's boys dead, and Anne, his wife, dying. Knowing Richmond wishes to marry Princess Elizabeth, Richard is determined to anticipate him, and plumes himself fatuously upon being a 'jolly thriving wooer.' Just then Catesby appears unsummoned, to announce that Ely and Buckingham have fled to join Richmond, defections which de-

termine Richard to muster his forces immediately, since 'we must be brief when traitors brave the field.'

When the curtain next rises, Queen Margaret is seen standing before the palace, saying she is about to depart for France, having witnessed the downfall of some of her adversaries, and still hoping the 'consequence will prove as bitter, black, and tragical' for the rest. Just then Elizabeth enters, wailing over the death of her 'unblown flowers,' a lament which fails to touch Margaret's heart. With Elizabeth comes the Duchess of York, who also mourns her many losses, until Margaret informs her she is merely paying for all that was taken from *her!* The three-fold lament of these women,—who sit down on the palace steps to bewail their losses,—proves heart-rending, since each enumerates the sorrows brought to her by the fatal Wars of the Roses. Finally, Elizabeth admits Margaret prophesied rightly when she foretold the time would come when they would ask her aid to curse 'that bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad,' and all three unite in reviling Richard. Then Margaret expresses regret for the curses she uttered, and seeing her rivals' sorrows fully equal hers, bids them a kindly farewell, assuring them their woes will ever haunt her.

When she has gone, the Duchess of York and Elizabeth give way to their grief, lamenting until Richard enters in all the panoply of war. Seeing these women block his pathway, he demands what their presence means, and to silence the elaborate curses his mother and sister-in-law lavish upon him,

bids the trumpets drown their voices. Still, even then, under cover of the noise, his mother reproaches him, declaring how patient she was with him during a fretful childhood, and although he refuses to listen to her, she avers she will pray against him, and leaves the scene, exclaiming, 'bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end; shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.'

Meantime, Richard has joined Queen Elizabeth, all of whose denunciations he meets with tender inquiries for her daughter? Hearing him pronounce this Princess' name, the terrified Elizabeth wonders whether this child must die, too, and frantically vows she will tell any lie to save her. Only gradually can Richard make her understand he has no designs against her daughter's life, but wishes instead to marry her; and, in spite of her evident horror of the match, artfully tries to convince her she can recover all she has lost in this way. He promises, in case she brings about the marriage, to forgive Dorset and the other rebels, and thus gradually induces her to use her influence to persuade her daughter to listen to his suit. Throughout this dialogue, wherein Elizabeth shows great bitterness at first, Richard cleverly answers every objection, finally sending lover-like messages to the young Princess, whom he intends to espouse soon as he has chastised Richmond. But, after Elizabeth has left him, still gazing at him in fascinated horror, he shows his contempt for her character by terming her a 'relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!'

While he is still standing there, Ratcliff and Catesby report that a powerful fleet is sailing

toward the western coast, where Buckingham has mustered an army to welcome Richmond. Sending messengers in different directions to summon aid, Richard, in his excitement, hotly terms Catesby a 'dull, unmindful villain,' simply because he does not hurry to execute orders before they are put into words!

While Richard is still in this whirl of emotion, Stanley enters reporting the news is only too true, and that Richmond, supported by Dorset, Buckingham and Ely, comes to claim the crown. In his indignation, Richard hotly demands whether the throne is empty, the sword unswayed, the King dead, or the empire unpossessed? Then after some conversation with his friends,—whom he accuses of being ready to join the foe,—he orders Stanley to depart, grimly warning him unless he remain faithful, his son, whom he retains as hostage, will be in dire peril. After Stanley's departure, successive messengers announce defections and uprisals, until Richard chastises the last, angrily declaring they are all owls who sing 'nothing but songs of death.' The only encouragement he receives arises from a lying rumor that Richmond's fleet has been destroyed by a tempest. Richard is about to leave to suppress the rebellion, when Catesby informs him Buckingham has been taken prisoner, and Richmond has landed; tidings which determine Richard to hasten away, exclaiming 'a royal battle might be won and lost' while they stand arguing.

We are now transferred to Stanley's house, while he secretly confers with a friend, through whom he sends word to Richmond that he cannot join him

without endangering the life of his son, now a hostage in Richard's hands. Nevertheless, Stanley plainly shows which way he is inclined, since he notifies Richmond that Elizabeth consents to give him her daughter in marriage, as is set forth in the letters he delivers. www.libtool.com.cn

ACT V. The fifth act opens near Salisbury, on the square where the sheriff leads Buckingham to execution. On learning he is not to see the King before perishing, Buckingham mournfully declares the murders he helped Richard commit are avenged, for he realises this is a just retribution of his crimes, and that he brought his fate down upon himself when he prayed destruction might visit him should he prove false to Edward and his children. He, too, recognises Margaret's curse has been fulfilled, and bids the executioners convey him 'to the block of shame'; saying, 'Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.'

We next behold the camp, where Richmond states his men have marched thus far without impediment, to dethrone 'the wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,' for it is thus he designates Richard III. All present feel so sure Richmond's cause is just, that they expect many of Richard's so-called friends to join their ranks.

The next scene is played on Bosworth Field, in Richard's camp, just as he is giving orders to pitch his tent, and inquiring why his friends seem so depressed? When they attribute their dismay to certain desertions, Richard jauntily informs them 'we must have knocks,' and hearing the enemy's army is only one-third as large as his own, expresses great

confidence in a coming victory, and warns all to be ready, since 'to-morrow is a busy day.'

Just after King Richard has marched off with his forces, Richmond appears with his, declaring he has beheld in the sunset satisfactory omens of good fortune for the morrow. After apportioning positions to his different followers, he inquires where Stanley's force is quartered, and seems surprised to learn it is nearly a mile away from Richard's. Then, after charging a messenger to bear a letter to Stanley,—a charge this gentleman is ready to perform at the risk of his life,—Richmond invites the rest of his officers into his tent, to confer about the morrow's business.

The interior of Richard's tent is next revealed, just as he inquires the time, begs for ink and paper, and wonders whether the necessary alterations have been made in his armor? Besides, he warns his gentlemen to 'stir with the lark to-morrow,' and after they have retired, directs Catesby to charge Stanley to join him before sunrise, 'lest his son George fall into the blind cave of eternal night.' Catesby having gone, too, Richard orders a steed for the morrow, and inquires about sundry followers, ere calling for wine, wondering because he has not 'that alacrity of spirit, nor cheer of mind' that he was wont to have.

Meanwhile, Richmond, too, is making final arrangements, and inquires of his step-father Stanley news of his mother, who sends him her blessing and prays for his success, as well as for that of his young step-brother, who is to fight beneath his orders for the first time. Bidding his step-father watch

over the youth, whose regiment is stationed a short distance from his own, Richmond prepares to sleep, 'lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow, when I should mount with wings of victory.' Then, having dismissed his men, and breathed a fervent prayer, commending his watchful soul' to God, he falls asleep.

While he and Richard are both wrapped in slumber on either side of the battle-field, ghosts appear in the space between the two tents, and alternately address the two sleepers. Thus, we first behold the spectre of Prince Edward,—son of Henry VI.,—accusing Richard of slaying him, and bidding him 'despair and die,' ere he turns to Richmond, charging him to 'live and flourish.' The spirit of Clarence next denounces Richard and encourages Richmond, and is followed by the shades of Rivers, Grey, Vaughan and Hastings, all of whom predict woe to Richard and success to Richmond. Then come the slender wraiths of two little princes, bidding Richard die, and Richmond live to 'beget a happy race of kings,' ere Lady Anne glides in, sighing she never knew quiet as Richard's wife, and wishes all success to his adversary. Last of all appears Buckingham,—Richard's most recent victim,—bidding him dream of bloody deeds and death, but charging his opponent not to be dismayed, since 'God and good angels fight on Richmond's side; and Richard falls in height of all his pride.'

As this last ghost vanishes, Richard rouses from his restless slumber, thinking he has been in the fray and is sorely wounded. On discovering it is midnight, that he is in his tent, and that cold drops

stand out all over his body, he confesses, 'my conscience hath a thousand several tongues, and every tongue brings in a several tale, and every tale condemns me for a villain.' Nevertheless, although he hates himself for hateful deeds committed, he clings to life, and is determined to defend it to the utmost. While he is meditating on these visions, a servant announces the cock has crowed, and it is time to buckle on his armor. To this man Richard confides his awful dream, wondering whether his friends will prove true? When the man avers he need not fear shadows, Richard ruefully admits 'shadows to-night have struck more terror to the soul of Richard than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.' Then, he decides to prowling around the tents and play eaves-dropper so as to ascertain whether any of his adherents are likely to desert him.

Meantime, the lords rouse Richmond, only to hear him declare he has enjoyed 'the sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams that ever enter'd in a drowsy head,' adding he was visited by Richard's victims who all promised him victory. On hearing it is time to arm, he eloquently addresses his soldiers, urging them to fight for the right, and use his name as their battle cry.

A moment after he has gone, Richard appears, remarking to his attendants that Richmond is an untrained soldier, and wondering that the sun has not yet risen. Although Richard fears 'the sky doth frown and lour upon our army,' he is comforted by the thought it is equally menacing to his foe. Just then, Norfolk joins him, urging him to arm as the

enemy is already in the field, so Richard gives his last directions for the battle. After he has done so, Norfolk exhibits a paper he found pinned on his tent with a mysterious warning, 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold, for Dickon thy master is bought and sold.' This rude rhyme seems a device on the part of the enemy to frighten Richard, who pays little heed to it, and stepping forward addresses his men, claiming his adversary should be promptly driven out of England since his intentions are evil. In the midst of this address, drums sound, and at its close a messenger reports the elder Stanley refuses obedience. In hot anger, Richard is about to order young Stanley beheaded, when those around him remind him it behooves them to meet the advancing foe, and that it will be well to postpone revenge until later.

In another part of the battle-field, fighting forces hurry to and fro, until Catesby is heard imploring Norfolk to hasten to their rescue, for although the King has done wonders, his horse has been slain and he is now fighting on foot. Unless Norfolk succor him the day will be lost. Just then Richard rushes on the stage, frantically calling, 'a horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!' When Catesby tries to entice him away, he declares he has set his life upon a cast, and 'will stand the hazard of the die,' adding that five times already he fancied he had slain his rival! He hurries off the scene still vainly clamouring for a steed.

In another part of the field, Richmond finally exclaims victory is his, and receives the congratulations of Stanley, who brings him the crown, plucked

from Richard's corpse, and still stained with his blood! After returning thanks for his victory, Richmond eagerly inquires which lords have perished in the fray? Then, giving precise orders for the burial of the dead, he offers pardon to 'the soldiers fled that in submission will return to us,' adding that after taking the sacrament, he proposes to be wedded to Elizabeth of York, thus uniting the 'white rose and the red.' He piously hopes heaven will smile upon this fair conjunction, so that their houses may 'enrich the time to come, with smooth-faced peace, with smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!' Finally he leaves the stage proclaiming, 'civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again: that she may long live here, God say, amen!'

HENRY VIII

In the prologue the actor plainly states he has not come to make the audience laugh, but to show how 'mightiness meets misery,' adding that if spectators succeed in indulging in merriment under such circumstances, he is willing to concede 'a man may weep upon his wedding day.'

ACT I. The first act opens in the antechamber of the palace at London, where sundry noblemen meet and exchange greetings. When Buckingham asks Norfolk how he has thriven since they last met in France, the latter responds by describing the famous interview of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, which Buckingham missed, owing to illness. Norfolk vividly pictures for his benefit this wonderful pageant, the monarchs meeting and saluting on horseback, the tender embraces exchanged, and expatiates on the display of wealth made by both suites. When Buckingham inquires who arranged this august meeting, Norfolk attributes all the glory of it to Wolsey, whom his companion evidently does not like, since he testily exclaims, 'no man's pie is freed from his ambitious finger.'

Because Buckingham expresses great wonder that Wolsey should take part in such a pageant, Norfolk explains that the minister did so to maintain his influence over the vain King, whose adviser he is. Buckingham's son-in-law,—who has come with him,—now joins in the conversation, stating Norfolk's description of the lavish expenditure

made at the Field of the Cloth of Gold interview is only too true, for a number of his kinsmen mortgaged their estates to appear there with credit. All this expense, however, has not had the desired result, since the peace with France has already been broken by the seizure of goods at Bordeaux. When Buckingham further insists upon knowing why Wolsey has acted so strangely, Norfolk asserts it was purely out of spite.

Just then Cardinal Wolsey passes through the room, attended by guards and secretaries as usual, and his purse solemnly borne before him. While striding through the antechamber, he turns a baleful glance upon Buckingham, who returns it with disdain. Then, turning to his secretary, Wolsey demands the paper supplied by Buckingham's surveyor, intimating he intends to interview this man, and thus discover means to 'lessen this big look,' which he resents. Wolsey having gone, Buckingham angrily wishes he could muzzle the 'butcher's cur' who has gone to the King to complain of him, and truculently proposes to follow him into the royal presence, and there 'outstare him.' Although Norfolk warns him this is a risky performance, Buckingham refuses to heed him, even when advised to restrain his anger, lest he singe himself in the furnace he is heating for his foe.

Almost beside himself with rage, Buckingham insists he has proof that Wolsey is intriguing with the King's foes, and swears he will 'unmask this holy fox or wolf,' who is as ravenous as he is subtle. Not only does he again accuse Wolsey of trying to show his importance at the Field of the Cloth of

Gold, but declares he plotted in another interview to break off with France and conclude an alliance with Charles V. He is further convinced the emperor and Wolsey have made secret arrangements, and thinks the King should be warned that the Cardinal is considering mainly his own advantage.

While Buckingham is still talking thus, the Sargeant-at-arms enters and suddenly arrests him on the charge of high treason. Turning to Norfolk, this lord tragically exclaims, 'the net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish under device and practice,' while the officer expresses regret at having to proceed against him, yet adds he must immediately convey him to the Tower. Knowing it vain to plead innocence, Buckingham resignedly exclaims 'the will of heaven be done in this and all things,' and is about to bid his son-in-law farewell, when the officer states this gentleman, too, is to be led to the Tower, and detained there until his majesty decides what will be done with him. After repeating his father-in-law's pious phrase, Abergavenny yields, while the officer reads aloud warrants to arrest the Duke's confessor, his chancellor and a monk. It is thus Buckingham discovers his surveyor has been bribed by Wolsey to denounce him, and he leaves the antechamber despairingly crying, 'my life is spann'd already,' for he realises he can never free himself from this stigma.

The curtain next rises on the council chamber, just as the King comes in, leaning confidentially on Wolsey's shoulder. While the cardinal humbly seats himself at his Majesty's feet, Henry expresses his gratitude for all his prime minister has done,

averring had he not discovered Buckingham's conspiracy, the realm would have been exposed to great dangers. Next he orders that lord's surveyor brought before him, because he wishes to hear him confess 'point by point the treason of his master.'

Before this order can be executed, some commotion occurs, and after sundry loud calls of 'room for the Queen,' Katharine sweeps in with her train. Coming forward, she gracefully kneels at Henry's feet, whereupon he graciously raises her to a seat beside him. When she objects that having come as suitor, it behoves her to kneel, he gallantly rejoins she already owns half his power, and that the other half is at her disposal even before she asks. Thus invited to make her wishes known, Queen Katharine explains a number of his Majesty's subjects have implored her to intercede in their behalf against the Cardinal, whom they accuse of grievous exactions. This statement becomes more intelligible when Norfolk sets forth that the complainants are clothiers and other artisans, out of work owing to the excessive taxes. As even then the need of protest does not seem quite clear, the King asks an explanation from Wolsey, who claims he is not aware of any shortcomings. Hearing this, Katharine indignantly rejoins the objectionable exactions are of his devising, and that much of his great wealth is derived from such sources, for he is levying a sixth part of each man's substance under pretext money is required for war against France. When Katharine further insists upon her husband's investigating this matter, Wolsey, perceiving the impression she has produced, defends himself in an able speech, humbly

declaring that although 'traded by ignorant tongues' he will have to be resigned. Indignant that a sixth of his subjects' wealth should be exacted in his name, the King vehemently refuses to countenance such an exorbitant tax, and orders it immediately repealed. So, turning to his secretary, Wolsey blandly bids him write to the different shires that his gracious Majesty remits part of the taxes, and suggests in a whisper that it be rumored abroad it was through the minister's 'intercession this revokement and pardon' was obtained.

As this secretary passes out, Buckingham's surveyor is ushered in, and the Queen, turning to her husband, expresses kindly regret that the Duke should have incurred his displeasure. In reply Henry states his former favourite,—to whom he had always listened with pleasure,—has suddenly become 'as black as if besmear'd in hell,' and invites his consort to sit beside him and hear the surveyor's report. When summoned to speak, this man testifies Buckingham frequently stated should the King die without male issue, he would himself assume the sceptre and wreak his revenge upon the Cardinal. Because Wolsey pointedly calls the King's attention to this threat, the Queen coldly reminds him churchmen should speak for charitable purposes only, while the King, turning to the surveyor, inquires how Buckingham based his claim to the crown? He then learns it was on the strength of a prophesy made by his confessor, for the surveyor circumstantially describes how the Duke, before the King's journey to France, visited a monk, who predicted 'neither the King nor's heirs shall

prosper,' and that Buckingham should ultimately govern England.

Queen Katharine, who has been listening intently, now recognises in the surveyor a man who lost his position at the complaint of some of the Duke's tenants, so she shrewdly suggests he may be actuated by hopes of revenge. The King, however, seems so eager to hear more, that the surveyor goes on to repeat an imaginary conversation, wherein Buckingham claimed had the King died during his recent illness, the heads of Wolsey and Sir Thomas Lovell would have been promptly removed. Such presumption so enrages Henry, that after listening to a few more accusations, he hotly pronounces Buckingham a 'giant traitor,' while Wolsey inquires of the Queen how it would be possible for her husband to live in freedom as long as such a man was out of prison? Only half convinced by what she has heard, Katharine prays 'God mend all,' while Henry,—seeing the surveyor has further statements to make,—eagerly bids him continue, only to learn how the Duke swore in case he were 'evil used' to have his revenge. Furiously exclaiming 'there's his period,' Henry now orders Buckingham attached and tried, declaring should the law show him mercy, it will be well, but grimly adding that should it condemn him, the traitor need not apply to his sovereign for pardon.

The curtain next rises on an antechamber in the palace, where the lord chamberlain and Lord Sands discuss the new fashions, until joined by Lovell of whom they inquire the news. The newcomer then describes the changes the recent journey to France

has effected, and while talking about fashions, states he has been invited to supper at the Cardinal's, whither the others propose to accompany him in hopes of meeting people of importance, including the latest beauty. All three sally forth, therefore, in quest of a barge to convey them to York Place, where they hope to have a fine time, as well as dispatch sundry matters of business.

In Wolsey's palace, a state table is decked for him and his chief guests, another one, lower down, being destined for less important persons. Music heralds the entrance of a number of ladies and gentlemen, among whom we soon descry Anne Bullen. Sir Henry Guilford, master of ceremonies, greets all who arrive, saying the Cardinal wishes them to be merry as 'good company, good wine, and good welcome, can make good people.' His speech is scarcely finished when the three courtiers enter, with whom the master of ceremonies exchanges complimentary remarks. He then arranges that ladies and gentlemen shall sit alternately, and while some of the courtiers address gallant speeches to the fair guests beside them, the chamberlain and Sands hasten to secure seats on either side of Anne Bullen. It is just after the former has audaciously kissed this lady, that Cardinal Wolsey enters, and after welcoming his guests pledges them cordially. This toast is answered by Sands, whom Wolsey invites to cheer his neighbours, declaring the gentlemen present will be held responsible for the ladies' amusement.

While healths are drunk, a noise of drums and trumpets, accompanied by a discharge of cannon,

causes Wolsey to send a servant out to inquire what it means? This man soon reports that strangers—ambassadors from a foreign prince—have just landed at the palace. After bidding the chamberlain welcome the newcomers, Wolsey orders the tables removed, informing his guests that they will entertain the noble company by a dance. The strangers prove to be the King and his courtiers, masquerading as shepherds, and while they file past the Cardinal, the chamberlain explains they cannot speak English, but have come here to do homage to beauty, knowing this assembly boasts the fairest women in the realm. Entering into the spirit of the masquerade, Wolsey bids his chamberlain welcome the strangers in their own language, and inform them he will be honoured if they will share in the festivities. Thereupon, each masquer invites a lady to dance, the King selecting Anne Bullen, to whom he amourosly whispers hers is the fairest hand he ever touched, and that he never knew beauty till now! While they are dancing, Wolsey tells the chamberlain that should there be among the dancers one more worthy to occupy the place of honour than himself, he will gladly surrender it.

After whispering with the masquers, the chamberlain discovers a personage is really among them, and, called to pick him out from the rest, Wolsey unerringly designates Henry VIII., who, removing his mask, sententiously declares the Cardinal has a sharp eye, and is holding a fair assembly. In return for this compliment, Wolsey rejoices to see the King so pleasant. Meanwhile Henry beseeches the chamberlain to tell him the name of his recent

partner, and thus learns he has been dancing with Anne Bullen, one of the Queen's attendants. Not only does Henry again reiterate 'she is a dainty one,' but, adding it would be unmannerly to take her out and not kiss her, he gallantly proceeds to do so. Then he calls *for a health, which* is noisily drunk, before Wolsey invites His Majesty and his fair partner into an adjoining chamber, where a special banquet has been prepared for their delectation. Henry therefore passes out with the Cardinal and Anne Bullen, vowing he is so thirsty he has a half dozen healths to drink.

ACT. II. The second act opens in a street near Westminster, where two gentlemen stop to converse, the first revealing he is on his way to the hall to learn what is to become of the Duke of Buckingham, while the other assures him this matter is already settled and the Duke condemned to death. Because his companion begs for particulars, this interlocutor relates so many accusations were brought against the Duke by his surveyor, that he had no chance of escaping condemnation. He adds that the Duke behaved with great dignity and noble patience and showed no fear of death. Both gentlemen conclude 'the Cardinal is the end of this,' and that he manoeuvred to send the Duke's son to Ireland and keep him there so he could not interfere in his father's trial. They further shrewdly foresee he will be kept occupied away from court a long while, for Wolsey's plan consists in getting rid of all who seem to win royal favour.

While they are talking, Buckingham draws near under military escort, and the gentlemen watch him

pass. Addressing the spectators, Buckingham declares that although adjudged a traitor, his conscience is quite clear, and bespeaks their prayers since he must die. Touched by this speech, his keeper Sir Thomas Lovell begs his forgiveness should he cherish any grudge against him, and Buckingham not only generously assures him of his pardon, but sends his blessing to the King. Then Lovell announces he must escort Buckingham down to the water, and there hand him over to Sir Nicholas Vaux, who, in taking charge of the prisoner, declares he assumes such a task with regret. To this Buckingham rejoins that just as his father lost his life on the block, he too must now lose his, but that Henry VIII., by removing him from the world, makes him happy 'at one stroke.' He further adds that he was granted the satisfaction of a trial,—a boon not vouchsafed his father,—and again proclaims his innocence although condemned as traitor.

When he has gone, the gentlemen regret so worthy a nobleman should be thus removed, and predict great woes will result from such wrongs. Then, one of them mentions rumours of a separation between the King and Queen, which gossip, brought to His Majesty's notice, called forth his sudden anger. But, although silenced by Henry himself, the courtiers are aware Wolsey supplied the King with a list of reasons why he should never have married Katharine, and that an emissary has arrived from Rome to investigate the case. It is further suggested that the Cardinal is doing this merely to punish the emperor—Katharine's great-nephew—for not giving him the bishopric of Toledo, and both

gentlemen feel sure Henry will finally have his way; but, fearing to be overheard, they retire to discuss this matter in private.

The curtain next rises on an antechamber in the palace, where the chamberlain reads a letter, stating the horses he sent for have been seized by order of the Cardinal. Just then the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk join him, inquiring how His Majesty is employed, and express surprise to hear he is 'full of sad thoughts and trouble.' When they wonder what can have caused the royal dejection, the chamberlain declares the crime of having married his brother's wife has crept too near the royal conscience, a statement Suffolk slyly alters into 'his conscience has crept too near another lady.' Besides, Norfolk ascribes this dissatisfaction to the Cardinal's influence, adding that His Majesty will ultimately discover his minister's slyness, which day Suffolk fervently prays may soon dawn.

Then Norfolk informs all present how Wolsey has broken the league between England and the Empire, and is even now suggesting that the King be divorced from the lady to whom he has been married for twenty years, and who has ever been a model wife. The chamberlain feels sure Wolsey is doing this for the sake of concluding an alliance between their monarch and a French Princess, artful machinations Henry must discover ere long. All ardently hope Wolsey's plans will miscarry so they can be freed from his tyranny, and all decide to approach the King in hopes of undermining the minister, save the chamberlain, who deems the moment inauspicious.

Henry VIII. is reading and musing as the courtiers draw near and comment upon his sad looks. Becoming aware of their presence, he irritably demands how they dare interrupt his meditations, and when Norfolk urges they come on state affairs, rejoins this is not the hour for temporal matters, as the entrance of Wolsey with the papal legate, Campeius, proves. After emphatically addressing Wolsey as 'the quiet of my wounded conscience,' Henry gravely welcome the Legate, too. Then Wolsey informs his master they have private matters to discuss with him, if he can grant them an hour's conversation, and the monarch dismisses Norfolk and Suffolk, who exchange angry whispers in regard to Wolsey's pride and his unbounded influence over Henry, ere leaving the room.

Addressing his Majesty, Wolsey now assures him he has set the world a good example by freely committing his 'scruple to the voice of Christendom,' and adds the Legate has come to decide the marriage question which has so troubled him. Invited to speak, Campeius, in his turn, praises Henry for awaiting Rome's decision, adding that he and Cardinal Wolsey have been delegated to settle the matter in the Pope's name. After flatteringly terming them 'two equal men,' the King informs them the Queen shall be apprised of the purpose of their visit; but when he eagerly asks for Gardiner, Wolsey feigns deafness, and states they realise how dearly he loves Katharine. In reply Henry tries to prove his deep affection for her by pompously stating, whoever does his best for her will deserve most from him. Then, as he again asks for Gard-

iner, his new secretary, whom he styles an excellent fellow, Wolsey hastens out to summon this man, whom he soon ushers in, congratulating him in an aside for having won the King's favour. In low tones, Gardiner assures the Cardinal that although his Majesty commands his service, he will ever be mindful that he was raised to his present station by Wolsey's hand.

Drawing his secretary aside, Henry now begins a whispered conversation with him, while the two cardinals discuss his predecessors. All at once, the King hands Gardiner a paper, bidding him transmit it to the Queen, and then turning to the clergymen once more, announces the hall of Black Friars shall be furnished for this weighty business. Wolsey, to whom the necessary orders are given, is further asked in sentimental tones whether it would not 'grieve an able man to leave so sweet a bedfellow?' ere the King adds with affected sadness, 'but, conscience, conscience! O, 'tis a tender place; and I must leave her.'

In an antechamber of the Queen's apartment, Anne Bullen, talking to an old lady, states she cannot understand how His Highness, having lived so long with a blameless wife, can now set her aside. The old lady agrees that even the hardest-hearted would now pity Katharine, and Anne declares if a separation be God's will, it would have been better never to have known such pomp, for divorce seems to her as painful as the severing of soul and body. When the old lady states Katharine is already a stranger to His Majesty, Anne Bullen expresses compassion for her, and avers nothing would ever

induce her to become Queen. Thereupon the old lady assures her every woman necessarily covets such a position, a statement Anne combats, although her interlocutor asserts she would change her mind were she asked to be a royal consort.

Then she twits Anne with having already found favour in His Majesty's sight, a fact which Anne disputes, but which is confirmed by the entrance of a chamberlain, announcing the King has created her Marchioness of Pembroke, and grants her a pension to uphold the title. Overcome by such a mark of royal favour, Anne stammers, 'I do not know what kind of my obedience I should tender; more than my all is nothing;' and begs the chamberlain to express her gratitude to His Royal Highness. Not only does this official undertake to do so, but murmurs in an aside he plainly sees what has caught the eye of the King, and that this lady may soon grace the throne. He has barely gone, when the old lady teases Anne upon her conquest, and although the damsel protests innocence, her new title scarcely bears out this protest in her companion's judgment. Finally Anne breaks off the conversation under plea that Katharine is comfortless and they should go and cheer her.

The legality of the King's marriage is about to be tried in Black Friars' hall. The King, himself, with all his court, and the clergymen headed by Wolsey in cardinal robes, are present, and silently await the reading of the commission from Rome. The King, however, decreeing no time shall be wasted in vain preliminaries, the crier proceeds to summon King Henry of England and Queen Kath-

arine. The latter, instead of responding in the prescribed manner, rises from her throne and falls at His Majesty's feet, begging him to show compassion to a stranger, and asks why he wishes to set aside one who has been a 'true and humble wife,' at all times to his will conformable. Her long and eloquent plea is answered by Wolsey instead of the King, who informs her that as the reverend fathers are here to defend her cause, she had better be silent, an opinion in which the Legate concurs. This, however, does not suit Katharine, who indignantly charges the Cardinal with having 'blown this coal betwixt my lord and me; which God's dew quench!' adding that she abhors him from her very soul and refuses to accept as judge one whom she considers a malicious foe, and an enemy to truth. Deprecatingly remarking Her Majesty is not speaking like herself, Wolsey denies having stirred up trouble between her and the King, and implores Henry himself to confirm his words. As Henry does not reply, Katharine suddenly decides to appeal to the Pope instead of allowing the Cardinals to judge in this matter. Then, courtesying to the King, she leaves the hall, although the Legate objects, His Majesty tries to detain her, and the crier frantically calls her back. Without paying heed to any of them, Katharine sweeps out, vowing she will never appear again, in any court, on this business!

After she has vanished, the King pronounces a moved eulogy of her rare qualities. Seeing the impression this produces, Wolsey reminds Henry that unless he publicly acquits him of making trouble between him and the Queen, every one will deem him

at fault. Thereupon Henry fully exonerates Wolsey in a lengthy speech, asserting the divorce question arose when he tried to conclude an alliance between his daughter Mary and the Duke of Orleans, and the French questioned the legitimacy of the Princess' birth. This was the first intimation Henry had had that he was sinning against the laws of the church. All present seem deeply impressed by this statement, and when the King adds he started proceedings for that reason only, the Legate regrets the case cannot immediately be tried, but avers that, owing to the Queen's absence, it will have to be adjourned. He also suggests that an earnest attempt be made to restrain Katharine from making an appeal to the Pope. Hearing the two Cardinals temporise thus, Henry mutters in a wrathful aside that they are trifling with him, and that he abhors the 'dilatatory sloth and tricks of Rome.' In his quandary he longs for his 'learn'd and well-be-lovèd servant, Cranmer' whose approach he feels will bring him comfort, and ordering the court dissolved, passes out with due pomp.

ACT III. The rising curtain reveals Queen Katharine sewing, while one of her women sings a charming song about Orpheus' magic music. As it ends, an usher announces that the two Cardinals wish to speak to the Queen. Although Katharine betrays surprise, remarks she does not like their coming thus, and that 'all hoods make not monks'; she orders the visitors admitted. After greeting Her Majesty, Wolsey and Campeius crave a private audience, which Katharine refuses, declaring they will have to discuss all questions openly as she has done

nothing yet that 'deserves a corner.' Because the Legate addresses her in Latin, she claims to have lived too long in England to find any tongue save English familiar, and when Wolsey reiterates he has no share in the King's attempt to divorce her, refuses to believe or trust either him or his companion, pitifully moaning she is a woman, a stranger and friendless!

Although Wolsey immediately avers with indignation such is not the case, Katharine ably demonstrates that no one in England will dare side with her, for fear of forfeiting the King's favour. The Legate is still trying to induce her to listen to their advice, when she suddenly turns upon him, declaring they are plotting her ruin, and that she trusts her cause to heaven where sits a judge no King can corrupt. As her interlocutors protest, she bitterly adds that instead of the cardinal virtues they possess the cardinal sins, and hotly bids them beware lest the burden of her sorrows fall upon them. Although by subtle arguments they endeavour to persuade her to grant them the audience as they wish, the Queen long refuses, but, yielding at last, goes out with them, saying she regrets if she has proved unmannerly, but feels every one's hand is against her.

We next behold the antechamber to the royal apartment where many noblemen have collected, and where Norfolk insists that if they unite complaints and show sufficient persistence, the Cardinal will not be able to stand against their efforts. Surrey,—delighted to have a chance to avenge Buckingham's murder,—ardently supports Suffolk when he avers none of the peers are in favour of

Wolsey; but the chamberlain warns all present that unless they can prevent Wolsey from gaining access to the King, their efforts will prove vain, for 'he hath a witchcraft over the King in 's tongue.' Norfolk, however, asserts that while such was formerly the case, the King is now sorely displeased with the Cardinal, whereupon all seem eager to learn how such a state of affairs came about. In explanation Suffolk reveals that a letter from the Cardinal to the Pope fell beneath His Majesty's eyes, who thus learned Wolsey was opposing his marriage to Anne Bullen. Although Wolsey objects to this marriage solely because he has a royal alliance in view, Henry is furious because he has already secretly married his fair charmer.

Out of opposition to Wolsey, the courtiers now warmly approve this alliance, Suffolk pronouncing Anne Bullen 'a gallant creature,' while Surrey sagely predicts the King will hardly 'digest the letter of the Cardinal.' Some lords further report that the papal legate has stolen away to Rome as Wolsey's emissary, and that Henry resents his secret departure. Hearing Norfolk inquire how soon Cranmer will return, Suffolk assures him this learned man's opinion fully concurs with that of the Catholic clergy in pronouncing Katharine's marriage invalid, and that he has already decreed she shall henceforth bear only the title of 'Princess Dowager,' to which she is entitled as Prince Arthur's widow. In return for these signal services, Cranmer, it is rumored, will shortly be named archbishop.

They are still discussing this matter when Wolsey

enters with his secretary, Cromwell, paying no heed to the bystanders, but inquiring whether his packet of papers was delivered to the King? Not only does Cromwell assure him he delivered the papers in person, but reports how, after unsealing the packet, Henry stared fixedly at one document and finally ordered Wolsey should attend him on the morrow. While the secretary goes to ascertain whether Henry will now grant his minister audience, the Cardinal, still ignoring the courtiers, muses upon the advantages of a royal alliance between England and France. Watching his frowning countenance, the courtiers conclude he must be troubled about weighty matters, which proves a fact, because in his soliloquy Wolsey declares that although Anne Bullen is virtuous and well-deserving, she is 'a spleeny Lutheran,' and that he mistrusts the influence she and Cranmer may exert upon the King.

The nobles have just decided Wolsey is sorely out of humour, when Henry VIII. comes in conning a paper. Muttering something about great wealth accumulated, and mad expense indulged in, the King looks up suddenly and inquires for the Cardinal, who does not stand within his range of vision. Obsequiously, Norfolk now assures His Majesty they have been marvelling at Wolsey's looks and expression, which he maliciously describes. Dryly commenting 'there's mutiny in 's mind,' Henry adds he discovered among the papers Wolsey sent him an exact inventory of the wealth the Cardinal has amassed, wealth too great for any subject. While Norfolk piously ejaculates Providence directed the misplacing of this paper, the King mutters that were

his minister's mind solely engaged in spiritual matters he would not disturb him, but that evidently it dwells upon temporal affairs also.

After taking his seat, Henry whispers to an attendant, who immediately approaches the Cardinal. The latter, sunk in reverie, has not noticed the entrance of his master. When thus summoned, he humbly begs forgiveness, and although evidently surprised at receiving a sarcastic rejoinder to his apology, returns a gentle answer, stating that as His Majesty is pleased to imply, part of his time is indeed devoted to holy matters, part to business, and a trifle to pleasure by way of recreation. Because the King remarks Wolsey was high in his father's favour, and that he himself has spared nothing to show appreciation of his services, the Cardinal becomes uneasy, while his enemies, listening with all their ears, betray malicious satisfaction. When Henry grimly inquires whether Wolsey does not owe him all he possesses, the Cardinal humbly professes deep gratitude, and vows his prayers will ever follow his master. After Wolsey has thus admitted his indebtedness, Henry thrusts a paper at him, curtly bidding him read it, 'and then to breakfast with what appetite you have.' Saying this, and still frowning portentously, Henry passes out of the room, leaving Wolsey to ponder upon this sudden exhibition of anger, before he opens the papers, which he discovers to be the inventory of his wealth and his letter to the Pope!

The fact that the King has perused these documents, convinces Wolsey at a glance that all is over, that he has indeed 'touch'd the highest point'



Rev. Wm. Peters

QUEEN CATHARINE OF ARAGON

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of all his greatness, and that from that full meridian of his glory, he hastens now to his setting. He realises that he shall fall like a 'bright exhalation in the evening,' and no man see him more, and is musing on the greatness of his fall, when the lords return, to summon him in the King's name to surrender the great seal, and retire to Asher House until further notice. Instead of tamely complying, Wolsey demands the nobles' authority, and when they become insolent, haughtily explains that the seal having been entrusted to him by Henry for life, he cannot surrender it to any one else.

Happy at being able to defy their former foe, the nobles now treat Wolsey with such contempt, that they goad him into exclaiming they would never have dared address him so a few hours ago. Heedless of these words, Surrey rejoins Wolsey's ambition brought these woes upon him, ere he taunts him with slaying Buckingham, and with banishing his son-in-law to Ireland, so he could not lend aid. When Wolsey insists that the Duke was tried and found guilty, Surrey hotly reviles him, declaring were the sum of his sins collected, the world would be startled by them. All the nobles, one after another, now enumerate the wrongs they lay at Wolsey's door, accusing him of all manner of illegal acts, and reminding him they will report to the King his refusal to surrender the seal!

Left finally alone on the stage, Wolsey bids farewell to his greatness in a magnificent speech, wherein he compares his past glory to the rapid growth of some luxuriant plant, and his present downfall to the effect a killing frost would have

upon it. He declares his high born pride has given way beneath him, and that in old age he is forsaken by all, a state of affairs only too likely to befall those who depend upon the favour of princes. As he ends this wonderful soliloquy, Cromwell enters, speechless with grief at what has occurred, and when Wolsey inquires the cause of his tears, he touchingly tries to show sympathy. In return, Wolsey assures the secretary His Majesty has removed from his shoulders a burden 'too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!' When Cromwell loyally opines Wolsey ever made good use of his power, the Cardinal fervently hopes he did, and prays for fortitude to support him in adversity. In reply to an inquiry for news, he then learns how Sir Thomas More has already been chosen as chancellor, Cranmer appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and Anne Bullen—to whom the King has been secretly married,—publicly recognised as Queen, her coronation being evidently near at hand.

Hearing this, Wolsey recognises 'there was the weight that pull'd me down,' and charges Cromwell to seek the favour of his Majesty, whom he can ably serve, and before whom Wolsey has often praised his talents. When Cromwell expresses keen regret at leaving Wolsey, the latter assures him his sympathy is the only thing which has brought tears to his eyes in the course of this day. He also bids Cromwell, after he is forgotten, remind people that Wolsey taught him all he knows, and adds some good advice, urging him to fling away ambition. He also charges him to 'be just and fear not,' and above all to aim only at the good of his country, his God

and truth. Then delivering the inventory of his possessions, which are all to be transferred to the King, Wolsey utters his memorable speech, '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' Then, solemnly declaring his hopes now dwell in heaven, Wolsey, the disgraced minister, leaves the English court forever.

ACT IV. The fourth act opens in a street in Westminster, where two gentlemen pause to converse, one of them stating he has come to see Anne Bullen return from her coronation, while the other remembers when they last met it was to see Buckingham led to execution. They comment on the changes since then, on the titles and offices bestowed in honour of this new coronation, and on the fact that Queen Katharine, although she refused to appear before the commission, has nevertheless been divorced and removed to Kimbolton, where she now lies mortally ill.

It is at this point trumpets herald the appearance of the coronation procession, which advances with great pomp, Anne Bullen in royal robes marching beneath a canopy supported by four lords. She is, besides, escorted by bishops and followed by ladies, each bearing the insignia of her rank, and the spectators comment upon the pageant as it sweeps past, exclaiming the Queen has 'the sweetest face' they ever looked upon, and averring that the King 'has all the Indies in his arms' when he embraces her. While these remarks are made, the procession passes out of sight, and a third gentleman, joining the

other two, vouchsafes a lively account of the coronation ceremony in Westminster Abbey, where Anne Bullen was anointed with holy oil, and invested with the Confessor's crown. He adds, that after the *Te Deum*, she will proceed to Wolsey's former palace, of which the King has taken possession, and which is henceforth to bear the name of Whitehall. When the two gentlemen inquire who were the bishops on either side of the Queen, they learn their names are Stokesley and Gardiner, that the latter is no friend of 'the virtuous Cranmer,' and that Thomas Cromwell has been appointed treasurer and member of the Privy Council. Then they go off, to dine together, and further discuss the momentous happenings of the day.

We now behold a room in Kimbolton which Katharine enters, supported by attendants who solicitously inquire how she feels? Feebly rejoicing she is sick unto death, she sinks into a seat and asks whether her gentleman did not just mention Cardinal Wolsey's death? Then she wishes to hear the particulars of his end, declaring 'if well, he stepp'd before me, happily for my example.' The gentleman therefore graphically describes Wolsey's arrest at York, his illness on his way back to London, and the fact that he was finally obliged to beg hospitality of the Abbot of Leicester, whom he addressed saying, '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!' Already mortally ill, he was then put to bed, and three days after breathed his last, 'full of repentance, continual meditations, tears and sorrows, he gave

his honours to the world again, his blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.'

Queen Katharine charitably hopes Wolsey may rest in peace, his faults lying gently on him, although she still deems him guilty of great misdeeds. Hearing this, her gentleman reminds her that 'men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water,' and begs permission to pronounce the eulogy of Wolsey. In an eloquent speech he then mentions the Cardinal's benefactions, amongst which the founding of the universities of Ipswich and Oxford, and concludes saying, 'he died fearing God.' Hearing so charitable an estimate, the Queen trusts she may have as kindly an eulogiser when she dies, and declares her servant has shamed her by showing her how short-sighted were her views. Then, feeling very weary, she calls for music, and bids her attendants leave her to rest.

While her eyes are closed, she is favoured by a vision, wherein six white robed figures, garlanded with bay and holding palms, move in the mazes of a mystic dance, and place a garland on her head. Queen Katharine opens her eyes only as they vanish, and faintly wonders where they have gone. Hearing her speak, her attendants return, but although they have seen nothing, the Queen assures them heavenly visitors have invited her to a banquet and promised her eternal happiness. The attendants pronounce this a 'good dream,' before one of them notices that Her Majesty's countenance has changed and perceives she is failing rapidly.

Just then a messenger comes in, and the Queen noticing he does not kneel before her, terms him a

'saucy fellow.' Bidding her attendants never allow this man,—who has failed in respect to her,—to appear before her again, Katharine curtly dismisses him, before giving audience to the emissary from the Emperor of Germany. After remarking to this nobleman how sorely times have changed, Queen Katharine receives his message, and, calling for a letter she has penned, entrusts it to him to place in Henry's hands. She reveals that it contains an entreaty to the King to bring up well their daughter Mary, and to provide for her women and other servants. Since it is evidently a species of last will and testament, the ambassador solemnly promises to deliver it, and Katharine, after a last loving message for Henry, turns to her maid with explicit directions for her funeral, begging that none but white flowers be used on her coffin, since she died 'a chaste wife.'

ACT V. The fifth act opens in London, in a gallery of the palace, where Gardiner meets Sir Thomas Lovell, who reports the King at cards with Suffolk. Because Lovell declares he must see His Majesty before night, Suffolk inquires the nature of his business, only to learn Anne Bullen's life is in grave danger. Although not sorry to hear she is about to die, Gardiner hopes her child may live, for he is very anxious his master should have a male heir. Hearing Lovell term Anne a good creature, Gardiner darkly intimates they will have no peace until she, Cranmer, and Cromwell, sleep in their graves. Although related to the Queen, Lovell does not resent these strictures, because he, too, considers these men have too great influence at court.

Noticing this, Gardiner confides to him a plan made to circumvent Cranmer on the morrow, for his enemies have arranged that he be called before a council, where he will be charged with heresy, and rooted out like 'a rank weed.'

Gardiner and the page having gone, Lovell lingers in the gallery until the King and Suffolk enter, His Majesty declining to play any more because he is losing. Perceiving Lovell, Henry now eagerly inquires what news has been received of the Queen, only to learn Anne Bullen begs him to pray for her. Thus made aware of her peril, Henry pities her, while his companion expresses hopes there may soon be an heir.

Unable to sleep under such circumstances, the King dismisses his attendants, saying he wishes to remain alone. He has barely enjoyed a few seconds of solitude, when he is informed the Archbishop awaits his pleasure. A moment later Cranmer,—now Archbishop of Canterbury—is ushered in, and the King, noticing Lovell lurking in the background sternly bids him begone. His countenance is so forbidding when Cranmer approaches, that, fearing he has incurred royal displeasure, he humbly kneels before His Majesty, stating he has come to learn his wishes. After inviting him to rise and pace the gallery with him, Henry begins a lengthy speech, which fills Cranmer's heart with apprehension, because he is told in it so many grievous complaints have been made against him of late, that His Majesty is going to have him taken to the Tower until he can answer them. Still, the King adds he personally warns Cranmer of this fact, mainly because he

wishes his enemies to have full play before he interferes publicly in the affair.

Kneeling before his Majesty, Cranmer avers he gladly seizes 'this good occasion most thoroughly to be winnow'd,' where his 'chaff and corn shall fly asunder,' and, seeing how well he has stood the test, Henry bids him rise, exclaiming anyone else would have petitioned for mercy. When Cranmer claims that, standing upon his truth and honesty he fears nothing that can be said against him, the King reminds him he has many foes and hence is wooing destruction. As, secure in his innocence, Cranmer remains steadfast, Henry gives him a ring, telling him should the council prove unjust, he need but produce this jewel and appeal to his sovereign for aid. Because Cranmer's tears freely flow at so signal a mark of favour, the King, with emotion, bids him begone, and Cranmer obeys, after speechlessly showing his gratitude.

It is while Henry is still alone that an old lady forces her way in, notwithstanding Lovell's frantic attempts to prevent her approach. She is the bearer of good tidings, and from her opening speech the King joyfully concludes he has a son, until the old lady informs him ' 'tis a girl, promises boys hereafter,' assuring him the new-comer is as like him 'as cherry is to cherry.' Turning to Lovell, Henry orders a reward of one hundred marks bestowed upon the bringer of these good tidings, and hurries out to join the Queen, while the old woman grumbles such a guerdon is inadequate, and that she will yet 'scold' more out of His Majesty.

We next see the council chamber, where pages

and attendants crowd around a fast closed door. On arriving thither, Cranmer is denied admittance, and wonders why a message was sent to hasten his coming. Even though he summons the keeper to admit him, he is rudely bidden wait, an indignity witnessed by the King's physician, who promptly determines this piece of malice shall become known to His Majesty. Noting him hurry past, Cranmer nervously hopes he has not fathomed the depths of his disgrace, and seen a church dignitary waiting among grooms and pages!

Meanwhile the physician has decoyed the King to a window overlooking the council hall, under pretext of showing him the strangest sight he ever witnessed. Curiously peering forth, Henry beholds 'his grace of Canterbury, who holds his state at door,' and waxes indignant to think his council should treat an Archbishop so cavalierly.

The curtain next rises on the interior of the council chamber, as the Lord Chancellor opens the meeting. Then the secretary,—Cromwell,—solemnly announces that they have come hither to try his grace of Canterbury, who is charged by the Chancellor with filling the realm with new and dangerous opinions. To this statement Gardiner adds that such opinions have already worked such dire havoc in Germany, that it behooves them to check betimes their spread in England. Although Cranmer insists he has not undermined the public peace, and implores his lordship to confront him with his accusers, all the noblemen present declare no one will publicly appear against a counsellor. Hearing this, Gardiner spitefully suggests Cranmer be de-

prived of his office and sent to the Tower, for when he is thus reduced to the rank of a common citizen, people will freely voice their complaints.

Protesting against such a degradation, Cranmer avers he served his country faithfully, but Gardiner reviles him until Cromwell remarks it is cruel to taunt a fallen man. This interference causes Gardiner to inquire tartly whether Cromwell favours the new sect also, only to be told were he half as honest as those he accuses, all would be well! The quarrel between Gardiner and Cranmer waxes so virulent that the council finally advises both to forbear, and decides that Cranmer shall be conveyed to the Tower, in spite of his protests. The Chancellor has just summoned the guards, and is about to consign the prisoner to their keeping, when Cranmer exclaims he has something more to say, and producing the royal ring solemnly appeals to the King. Surprised at the sight of a pledge which Suffolk pronounces genuine, and before which Norfolk quails, the Chancellor stammers they have evidently gone too far, and that he wishes they 'were fairly out on 't! Cromwell adds he mistrusted they had been misinformed in regard to Cranmer, and apprehensively hints his companions have blown a fire which may yet consume them.

It is at this juncture Henry appears, frowning angrily. When Gardiner tries to placate him by a fulsome address, he cuttingly retorts he has not come here to listen to flattery. Then, bidding Cranmer sit down, the King grimly vows should anyone present dare wag a finger at him, that person 'had

better starve.' When Surrey timidly tries to exculpate himself, the King wrathfully silences him, and declares his courtiers went too far when they forced a great and honest man to wait at the gate like a vile commoner. He adds that even a royal commission did not entitle them to behave thus, and that it is plain they have proceeded 'more out of malice than integrity.' Because the Chancellor tries to mitigate the royal displeasure, the King sternly orders him and the rest to 'use' Cranmer well, in return for all he has done for the state. Then, to show all present how highly he prizes his faithful servant, Henry VIII. informs Cranmer he wishes him to serve as godfather to a 'fair young maid,' who now awaits baptism. This new honour is positively overwhelming to Cranmer, but when he ventures to pretext utter unworthiness, His Majesty jocosely twits him with trying to save his spoons,—the usual christening present. After exacting that the former foes, Gardiner and Cranmer, embrace in his presence, Henry VIII. departs, inviting all present to the christening of his and Anne Bullen's daughter.

The next scene is played in the palace-yard, where the porter becomes angry because so many people crowd round the gate to obtain a share of the christening largesses. It soon becomes impossible to restrain them, for they burst in whenever the doors are opened. The dialogue between the porter and his man, gives an idea of the language, manners, and views, of men of that class, at that day, and it continues until the old chamberlain appears, commenting upon the crowd, and congratulating the porter

and his man upon their efforts to keep order. This official further announces that the christening party is even now on its way back to the palace, and bids both men drive back the crowd on either side, and thus open a passage for the procession, which files past in full splendour, headed by the Lord Mayor, and by the nobles bearing the christening gifts.

Next, we perceive the small heroine of the day, pompously borne by the Duchess of Norfolk, and escorted by her other sponsors. As the procession sweeps past, a Knight of the Garter loudly proclaims, 'Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!' Then, after a flourish of trumpets the royal father himself appears, and Cranmer, bowing low before him, wishes him and his wife comfort and joy in the little lady just admitted to the bosom of the church. After thanking Cranmer for his good offices and congratulations, the King inquires what name was bestowed at the font upon his daughter, and kisses her, giving her his fatherly blessing. Then, turning to the godfathers and godmothers, he gently chides them for bestowing such lavish gifts, adding that Elizabeth herself shall thank them 'when she has so much English.'

After obtaining permission to speak, Cranmer predicts,—in a wonderful speech,—all that Elizabeth will ultimately mean in England, which under her sway will become greater than ever. His eloquent prophesy in regard to 'Queen Bess' and to her successor, causes the King to marvel aloud, and when Cranmer concludes his peroration with the remark

'a most unspotted lily she shall pass to the ground, and all the world shall mourn her,' Henry prays devoutly he may look down from heaven to behold these wonders. Then, turning to the people present, he invites them all to the christening festivities, and proclaims a national holiday in honour of his child.

This play concludes with an epilogue, stating it will probably fail to please the audience, because those who have come to theatre to seek their ease have not been able to sleep in peace owing to the trumpets, and those in quest of wit will have been sorely disappointed; still, the playwright feels confident if good women will only praise his play, the men for their sakes will applaud it.

THE END

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