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DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

(Number 180.)

HENRY THE FIFTH.

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

By WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

AS PRODUCED AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, NEW YORK, FEB. 8, 1875.

WITH

A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PLAY, REMARKS AND NOTES UPON ITS CHARACTERS AND INCIDENTS, AND A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, PROPERTIES, STAGE BUSINESS AND SCENERY.

EDITED, AND ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION, BY

CHARLES E. NEWTON,

(C. E. PERINE),

Author of "Out at Sea," "Cast upon the World," "Love in Italy," "All her own Fault," "A Chapter of Mistakes," "Le Pavillon Rouge," etc., etc.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

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8. The Maiden and Her Linnet.	Montgomery.	59. Hattie Bell.....	Webster.
14. Soft Dew is Sleeping.....	Barker.	61. Whisper "Yes," or "No," Love.	"Adele."
16. When the Roses Blow.....	Allen.	62. Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still.....	Wrighton.
20. Beautiful Bells.....	Coote.	63. Oh, Cast that Shadow from Thy Brow.....	Tucker.
21. The Mother's Dream.....	Sullivan.	64. Love Not.....	Blockley.
23. My Spirit Star.....	Young.	65. She Wore a Wreath of Roses.	Knight.
25. Little Maggie May.....	Blamphin.	70. Pretty Little Dark Eyes....	Parker.
26. The Vagabond.....	Molloy.	72. When we went a Gleaning.	Ganz.
31. My Heart is O'er the Sea..	Claribel.	74. Mary of Argyle.....	Nelson.
32. Maggie's Welcome.....	Claribel.	75. What Did Little Birdie Say?	Balfe.
35. Dreaming of Nellie.....	Hogett.	76. Sing, Birdie, Sing.....	Ganz.
37. Five O'Clock in the Morning,	Claribel.	78. Spring-Time of Life.....	Jackson.
39. She Came and Vanished Like a Dream.....	Boucher.	79. Nightingale's Trill.....	Ganz.
41. Meet Me in the Lane.....	Blamphin.		
43. Tapping at the Garden Gate.			
45. Sleeping on Guard.....	Wrighton.		
47. Summer Dew.....	Barker.		
49. Oh, My Lost Love.....	Plumpton.		

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NEW YORK:

ROBERT M. DE WITT, PUBLISHER,

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Booth's Theatre, New York,
 February 8, 1875.*

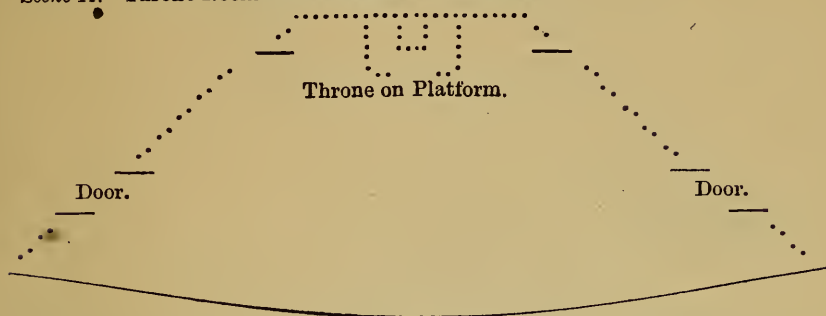
Rumor, as Chorus.....		Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT.	
King Henry V.....		Mr. GEORGE RIGNOLD.	
Duke of Gloster	} (Brothers to the King).....	{ Mr. L. PALLOR.	
Duke of Bedford			{ Mr. G. RANOUS.
Duke of Exeter (Uncle to the King).....		Mr. HENRY WEAVER.	
Duke of York (Cousin to the King).....		Mr. H. HARVEY.	
Earl of Salisbury.....		Mr. GEORGE MOORE.	
Earl of Westmoreland.....		Mr. FREDERICK MUNROE.	
Earl of Warwick.....		Mr. THOMAS EDWIN.	
Archbishop of Canterbury.....		Mr. JAMES BARTLETT.	
Bishop of Ely.....		Mr. LEWIS HALL.	
Earl of Cambridge	} (Conspirators against the King) ..	{ Mr. WM. TALMAGE.	
Lord Scroop			{ Mr. CHARLES WHITMAN.
Sir Thomas Grey			{ Mr. HENRY HOGAN.
Sir Thomas Erpingham	} (Officers in King Henry's	{ Mr. J. R. DAVIES.	
Gower			{ Mr. H. B. BRADLEY.
Macmorris			{ Mr. R. LONSDALE.
Fluellen			{ Mr. FREDERICK THORNE.
Jamey.....		Mr. J. W. BRUTONE.	
Bates	} (Soldiers in King Henry's Army).....	{ Mr. JOSEPH WALSH.	
Court			{ Mr. SAMUEL ELLIOTT.
Williams			{ Mr. FRED'K B. WARDE.
Nym	} (Formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Sol-	{ Mr. EDWIN IRVING.	
Bardolph			{ Mr. C. LE CLERQ.
Pistol			{ M. C. B. BISHOP.
Boy (Servant to the above).....		Mr. FRANK LITTLE.	
A Herald.....		Mr. W. CARPENTER.	
Charles VI., King of France.....		Mr. CHARLES ROCKWELL.	
Lewis, the Dauphin.....		M. HENRI STUART.	
Duke of Burgundy.....		Mr. L. S. STAFFORD.	
Duke of Orleans.....		Mr. H. B. COMSTOCK.	
Duke of Bourbon.....		Mr. WILLIAM SIMONS	
A French Soldier.....		M. JUIGNET.	
The Constable of France.....		Mr. EDWIN SHEPPARD.	
Rambures	} (French Lords).....	{ Mr. ALBERT WEST.	
Grandpre			{ Mr. ARTHUR WEIS.
Governor of Harfleur.....		Mr. J. W. BLESSINGTON.	
Montjoy (a French Herald).....		Mr. E. K. COLLIER.	
The Bishop of Bourges.....		Mr. E. S. WESTON.	
Princess Katherine.....		Mdlle. BERTHE GIRARDIN.	
Dame Quickly (Pistol's Wife—an Hostess).....		Miss MARY WELLS.	
Isabel, Queen of France.....		Miss LOUISE HENDERSON.	
Alice (a Lady attendant upon the Princess Katherine).....		Miss FANNY REEVES.	
Civic and Ecclesiastical Dignitaries, Knights, Nobles, Pages, Ladies of the Court, and other Attendants; Soldiers, Citizens, etc.			

TIME OF PLAYING—THREE HOURS.

SCENERY.

ACT I., Scene I.—Cloud drop in 1st grooves. Cloud bank, c., to descend through trap, c. Drop to ascend.

Scene II.—Throne Room in the Palace at Westminster.

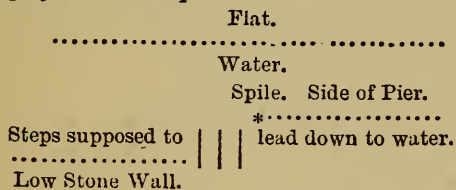


Doors R. and L. 2 E. Throne on platform, c.

Scene III.—Exterior of Boar's Head Tavern, in 2d grooves. Tavern door L. c.

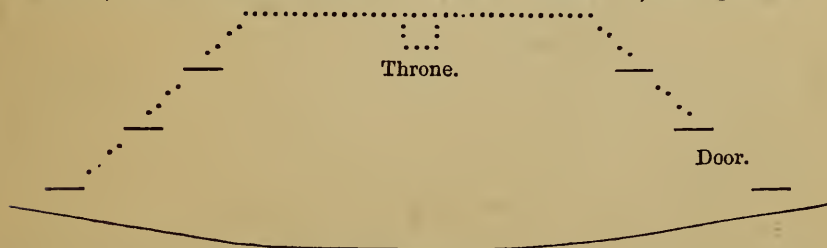
Scene IV.—Clouds descend in 1st grooves, and bank rises through trap, c. Cloud drop must be made to open at back to disclose Tableau.

Scene V.—The quay at Southampton.



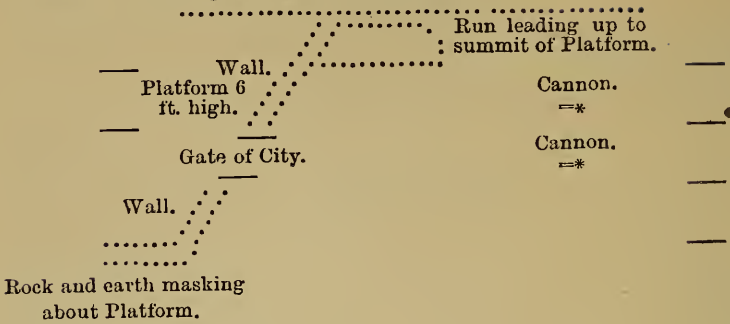
Upon the flat at back is painted the English fleet in the offing. From 4th grooves, L., runs a stone moulding, representing side of pier, to R. c.; from R. 4 E., extending R. c., is a low stone wall. Buildings R. and L. Steps, R. c., supposed to lead from pier (which the stage represents) to water.

ACT II., Scene I.—Throne Room in the Palace of Charles VI., in 4th grooves.



Door L. 2 E. Throne c., over which is a canopy and the French coat of arms (see Notes on Heraldry).

Scene II.—Cloud drop and bank—same as before.
Scene III.—The English position before Harfleur.



The walls of Harfleur extend obliquely up stage from r. 3 E. to r. c. Gate of city a little above r. 3 E. The walls stand upon an elevation, leading up to which is a run, beginning L. c. Run and platform both masked in with rock and earth pieces. Cannon L. c.

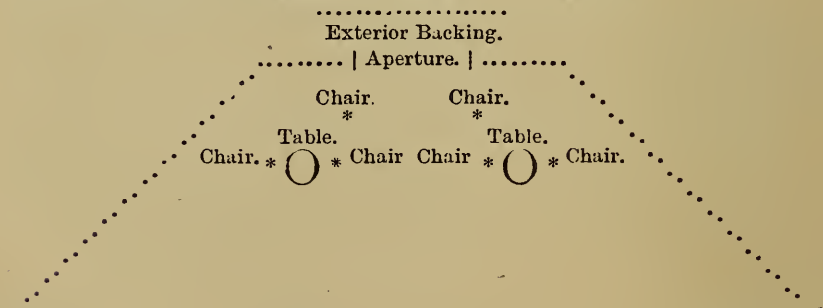
Scene IV.—Wood in 2d grooves.
Scene V.—Before Harfleur. Same as Scene 3, Act 2.
Scene VI.—Apartment in the French Palace at Rouen, in 2d grooves.
Scene VII.—The English Camp, in 4th grooves.

Flat.

 Tents in the Perspective.



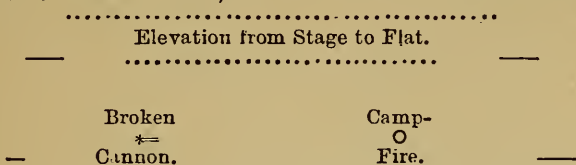
ACT III., Scene I.—Clouds and bank, same as in previous Acts.
Scene II.—Interior of the French Dauphin's tent, in 3d grooves.



The drapery of which the tent is composed drawn aside, making opening, c., through which a view of the French Camp is obtained. Lights well down. Tables r. and l.,

upon which are flagons of wine, goblets, dice boxes, dice, and lamps; seats about tables. Stage to be cleared for change by drawing tables, chairs, etc., off R. and L.

Scene III.—The English Camp, in 4th grooves (night). Lights well down. Slight elevation at back. Broken cannon, R.



Camp-fire, L., opposite 2 E.

Scene IV.—The French Dauphin's tent, as before.

Scene V.—The field of Agincourt. A view of level country, in 5th grooves.

Scene VI.—Wood, in 1st grooves.

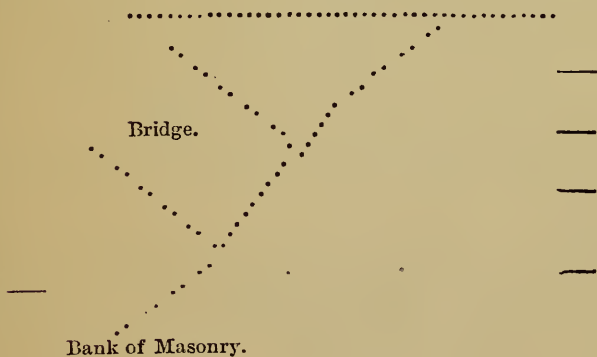
Scene VII.—The Battle of Agincourt. Tableau. Upon the flat at back, 5th grooves, a distant view of the French and English Armies in fierce encounter is given. Property horse, with neck and head encased in armor, R. C.

Scene VIII.—Landscape, in 2d grooves.

Scene IX.—In the neighborhood of King Henry's quarters. Landscape; wood-wings in 4th grooves.

ACT IV., Scene I.—Clouds and bank, as before.

Scene II.—View of old London Bridge from the Surry side of the Thames.
Flat.

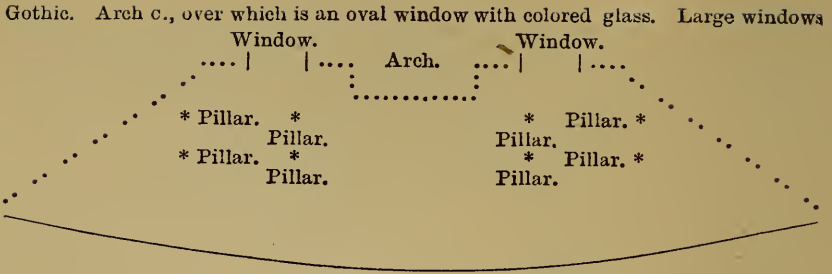


Upon the flat at back a view of Loudon and the Thames. Wings, L., represent buildings, from the windows of which are suspended the flags of England and France. The houses in the distance decorated with flags. Bridge from R. U. E. to R. C., running obliquely. Stone work from R. C. to R. 2 C. Wall from upper side of bridge, R. C. to flat at back, L. C.

ACT V., Scene I.—Apartment in the French Palace, Troyes, in 3d grooves. Doors L. and R. 2 E. Flat and sides handsomely decorated. French and English standards suspended upon flat at back.

Scene II.—A street in Troyes, in 1st grooves.

Scene III.—Interior of the Cathedral of Troyes, in 5th grooves. Architecture



R. and L. C., with colored glass. Sunlight effect through windows. Gothic pillars R. and L., forming arches at top with wings.

COSTUMES.

- KING HENRY.**—*First Dress*: Crimson robe; long sleeves, trimmed with ermine; crown; collar and pendant (See “*Badges and Collars*,” under “*Notes on Heraldry*”). *Second Dress*: Full plate armor, with arms of England and France quartered thereon; crown arched over helmet (See “*Royal Crown and Circlet*,” under “*Notes on Heraldry*”).
- GLOSTER.**—*First Dress*: Orange robes, trimmed with ermine. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- BEDFORD.**—*First Dress*: Blue robes, trimmed with ermine. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- EXETER.**—*First Dress*: Scarlet and ermine. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- YORK.**—*First Dress*: Maroon and ermine. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- SALISBURY.**—*First Dress*: Red trimmed with dark fur. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- WESTMORELAND.**—*First Dress*: Orange, trimmed with white fur. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- WARWICK.**—*First Dress*: Red, with white fur. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- CANTERBURY.**—Episcopal robes of the Fifteenth Century; gold cross.
- ELY.**—The same, with the exception of gilt crozier instead of gold cross.
- CAMBRIDGE.**—Yellow doublet, trimmed with white fur. Gray tights.
- SCROOP.**—Purple doublet, trimmed with gray fur. Red tights.
- GREY.**—Red doublet, trimmed with gray fur. Purple tights.
- ERPINGHAM.**—*First Dress*: Red robe, trimmed with brown fur. Black shoes. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- GOWER.**—Full armor.
- FLUELLEN.**—Full armor.
- MACMORRIS.**—Helmet; breast and back plate; legs encased in plates; red sleeves.
- JAMEY.**—Helmet; brown shirt; breast plate; brown tights.
- BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.**—Dark shirts and tights; breast-plates and helmets.
- NYM.**—Dark shirt and tights; russet boots; cap.
- BARDOLPH.**—Gray shirt, red tights, cap, and boots.
- PISTOL.**—Helmet, with single feather; brown doublet; breast-plate; brown tights; boots; sword.
- BOY.**—Brown shirt and tights, brown half-boots and cap.
- HERALDS.**—Shirts, with arms of England and France quartered thereon (See “*Notes on Heraldry*”); tights and caps.
- CHARLES VI.**—Long orange tunic; white robe, embroidered with gold *fleur-de-lis*; coronet.
- DUPHIN.**—*First Dress*: Orange tunic; pearl-colored arms and legs; red half-boots. *Second Dress*: Armor.
- BURGUNDY.**—Red tunic, trimmed with gray fur; white tights; boots.
- ORLEANS.**—*First Dress*: Crimson tunic trimmed with gold; light tights. *Second Dress*: Armor.

- BOURBON.**—*First Dress*: Purple tunic and tights. *Second Dress*: Armor.
- CONSTABLE.**—*First Dress*: Maroon tunic trimmed with fur; gray tights; half-boots. *Second Dress*: Complete armor; breast-plate studded with gold stars.
- RAMBURES and GRANDPRE.**—*First Dress*: Handsome tunics, tights, and boots. *Second Dress*: Full armor.
- GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR.**—Complete armor.
- MONTJOY.**—Orange tunic, long full sleeves; blue surcoat, and dark cap.
- FRENCH SOLDIER.**—Helmet; breast-plate; dark tunic; red tights.
- FRENCH LORDS.**—Handsome tunics and armors.
- ENGLISH SOLDIERS.**—Breast-plates; helmets; dark tights, and shirts.
- CHORUS (RUMOR).**—White flowing robe, low neck, short sleeves; band of gold about waist; plain gold wristlets and necklace.
- QUEEN ISABEL.**—High headdress; satin and velvet robes.
- KATHERINE.**—High headdress; satin skirt; long bodice trimmed with fur.
- ALICE and ATTENDANTS ON KATHERINE and QUEEN ISABEL.**—Satin dresses; long bodices.
- DAME QUICKLY.**—Dark gown; white apron; dark caul cap, with white cap beneath. Beard and moustache were seldom worn during the period of the play. Gentlemen and nobles wore very long full tunics, with flowing sleeves.

PROPERTIES.

- ACT I., Scene 1.**—Throne c., over which is a rich canopy, upon which is embroidered the royal coat-of-arms (See "*Notes on Heraldry*"). Sceptre for HENRY; crown. Over platform upon which the throne stands, red velvet fringed with gold. Trumpet for HERALD. Treasure chest, bearing the coat-of-arms of the French king, for ambassadors, ready, R. 2 E. *Scene 4.*—Purses to be used in tableau. *Scene 5.*—Scrolls for HENRY. Crossbows, swords, banners, for SOLDIERS.
- ACT II., Scene 1.**—Throne, over which are suspended the coat-of-arms of France (See "*Notes on Heraldry*"). Sceptre for KING; trumpets for HERALDS; paper for EXETER. *Scene 3.*—Crossbows and arrows for ARCHERS; ladders for SOLDIERS; cannon L. C.; banners and English standard. *Scene 5.*—Flag of truce for GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR; banners and English standard. *Scene 7.*—Arms for SOLDIERS.
- ACT III., Scene 2.**—Pieces of armor R. and L.; tables R. and L., with covers, bearing the French coat-of-arms; seats R. and L.; lamps (lighted); dice boxes and dice; richly ornamented flagons and goblets, containing wine, on tables. *Scene 3.*—Camp-fire opposite L. 2 E.; broken cannon R; glove for WILLIAMS. *Scene 5.*—Flags, banners, battle-axes, crossbows, etc., for SOLDIERS. *Scene 7.*—Arms, banners, etc., for French and English SOLDIERS. Horse, with neck and head encased in armor, saddled and bridled, R. C. *Scene 9.*—Bier ready, L. 1 E., large enough to bear the bodies of YORK and SUFFOLK. Glove for SOLDIER. Purse containing crowns for EXETER; paper for HERALD.
- ACT IV., Scene 2.**—Banners, royal arms for SOLDIERS and populace. Gold crosses for CLERGY, etc.
- ACT V., Scene 1.**—Scroll for BURGUNDY. *Scene 2.*—Leek and endgel for FLUFFLEN. *Scene 3.*—French and English standards and banners for SOLDIERS and KNIGHTS.

SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

It is quite evident that the incidents and story of Henry the Fifth, were derived by Shakespeare from Hollinshed's Chronicles, 1587; indeed, so closely has he followed that writer, that the production may be justly termed a dramatic history of the reign of "Harry of Monmouth," wherein many of the incidents related by the pen of the historian are vividly depicted in action, and embellished by the genius of the poet. It is believed that Henry the Fifth was first produced in May or June, 1599, t there is no absolute proof of the fact.

The first positive knowledge we have of its production, is obtained from an entry in the "*Revel's Accounts*," which shows that it was performed at court in 1605, "by his Majestie's plaiers." We have no other record of its representation until 1663—after the Restoration. In 1664, a play called "Henry the Fifth," written by the Earl of Orrey, was produced in London; but it bore no resemblance to Shakespeare's production, except, perhaps, in point of historical incident.

In 1723, an acting edition of "Henry the Fifth" was arranged by Hill, and produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, London; and in 1738, the play was performed at Covent Garden in its original form. In the construction of his drama, Shakespeare closely followed the story of the old play, but did not in the least encroach upon the dialogue, which is in fact extremely crude, and possesses little or no claim to literary merit. By the introduction of the chorus, the poet has followed the example set by the Greek writers. Shakespeare opens his play in the second year of Henry's reign—he having ascended the throne April 21st, 1413, being, at the time of his coronation, twenty-five years of age. It is asserted by most historians that the conquest of France was planned by the clergy, in order to prevent the passage of an act for dissolving certain religious institutions, and appropriating the funds used for their support to the crown, for the maintenance of 15 earls, 1,500 knights, 6,200 esquires and 200 alms-houses, besides adding £20,000 to the Royal Exchequer. The bill was much feared by the religious community, and very unpopular with the clergy; hence their determined efforts to prevent its passage. Some historians, however, even refuse to ascribe the French war to the "Spoilation Bill," as it was termed; holding that Henry had shortly after his accession to the crown made demands upon France, with which he could scarcely expect compliance without resort to arms. The Archbishop of Canterbury's oration on the "Law Salique,"—according to which, no woman was permitted to govern or reign in her own right—is given in Holinshed's Chronicles, and while Shakespeare has adhered closely to the sense of the same, he has managed to impart to it the true eloquence of poetry. (See Scene 2, Act I.) The era over which the play extends is about eight years.

Influenced by the force of Canterbury's argument, and doubtless prompted also by the ambition natural to his youth and character, Henry determined to compel Charles of France, by force of arms, to acknowledge the legitimacy of his claims to the French crown, which his grandfather, Edward the Third, had so confidently and successfully urged. The eve before sailing from Southampton, to invade France with an army of about 30,000 men, Henry was, as the historian informs us, "credible informed that Richard, Earl of Cambridge, brother to Edward, Duke of York, and Henrie, Lord Scroope, of Masham, lord treasurer, with Thomas Graie, a knight of Northumberland, being confederate together, had conspired his death, wherefore he caused them to be apprehended. * * * These prisoners, upon their examination, confessed that for a great summe of monie, which they had received of the French King, they intended verelie, either to have delivered the king alive into the hands of his enemies, or else to have murdered him before he should arrive in the duchie of Normandie. When King Henrie had heard all things opened which he desired to know, he caused all his nobilitie to come before his presence, before whome he caused to be brought the offenders also, and to them said: 'Having thus conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realme and governour of the people, it maie be (no doubt) but that you likewise have sworn the confusion of all that are here with me, and also the desolation of your own country—to what horror (oh lord) for any true English hart to consider that such an execrable iniquitie should ever bewrap you, as for plasing of a forren enemie to imbrue your hands in your blood, and to ruine your owne native soile. Revenge therein touching my person though I seek not, yet for the safeguard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be shewed. Get you hence, therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein God's majestie give you grace of His mercie, and repentance of your heinous offenses;' and so immediately they were had to execution." (See Scene 1, Act. I.)

On the 13th day of August, 1415, Henry sailed with his fleet of 160 ships from

Southampton. Arriving in France, he marched against Harfleur, which town, after a siege of six weeks, surrendered to him. (See Scene 5, Act II.) On October 25th, 1415, he fought the famous battle of Agincourt—achieving one of the most wonderful victories history has ever recorded. Hall informs us that the number of the French was estimated to be six times as many as that of the English. The loss of the English is estimated by various authorities, from seventeen to one hundred, while that of the French is stated by Monstrelet to have been full ten thousand. On November 23d, of the same year, King Henry returned to London. In August, 1417, he again crossed to France, and on the 20th day of May, 1420, the treaty of “perpetual peace” was entered into at Troyes, and Henry espoused to the Princess Katherine (see Scene 3, Act III.), whom he married on the second of the following June.

The object of the arrangement and publication of this work is to place at the disposal of the theatrical profession, an entirely new and complete acting edition of the play, with a view to facilitate its future production, and enabling the actors to obtain a correct and perfect idea of its characters. For the foundation of the work I have adopted Mr. Charles Calvert’s arrangement of the drama I have, however, restored much of the original text, which in some instances had been injudiciously omitted, and also taken pains to correct the typographical and other errors which have found their way into most of the acting editions previously published. I sincerely trust that my object has been fully accomplished, and that the following work may prove a valuable acquisition to the library of both manager and actor.

CHARLES E. NEWTON.

New York, May 6th, 1875.

REMARKS.

FOR many of the historical notes to this work, I am indebted to the careful research of Mr. Charles Calvert, and for the Notes on Heraldry, to Mr. Albert Derbyshire, by whom they were expressly arranged for Mr. Calvert’s revival of Henry the Fifth, at the Princess’ Theatre, London.

As “it is an established fact that Shakespeare derived the plot of the play from Holinshed, whom he has closely followed, both as regard to incident and language, I have appended explanatory notes from that author wherever I thought them expedient.

King Henry, at the time of his accession to the crown, is described as being “tall, and somewhat slim, with black hair, and closely shaven beard, keen dark eyes, and long, sinewy limbs, and a chest of great width and depth. His features were remarkably fine, his brow wide and expressive, and his forehead high, and the whole expression of his countenance noble and commanding.”

C. E. N.

NOTES ON HERALDRY.

THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND.—From the reign of Henry IV., till the accession of James VI., of Scotland, to the English throne, the royal shield and banner was blazoned *France modern* and *England quarterly*; much has been said in support of the theory that the shield hanging up with other relics in Westminster Abbey, belonging to Henry V., was the identical one used by the monarch at the battle of Agincourt; but the blazoning of this shield is so unlike any heraldry displayed by Henry, and so thoroughly French in character, the conclusion may be logically arrived at, that it is a mere trophy brought from that memorable field, a fact still further borne out by the statement of Elmham, a contemporary chronicler, who distinctly describes the king’s heraldry as consisting of “three golden flowers planted in an azure field, and three golden leopards sporting in a ruby field.”

THE ROYAL ARMS OF FRANCE.—The Royal Shield and Banner, or Oriflamme, as used at the period of the action of the play, had a blue ground charged with three golden Fleurs-de-lis. This display of the royal heraldry of France is known to heraldic scholars as *France modern*, in contradistinction to *France ancient*, which consisted of a blue field sprinkled all over with golden Fleurs-de-lis. The change from

France ancient to France modern was made by Charles V., about the middle of the fourteenth century.

BADGES AND COLLARS.—Badges form a very interesting section of heraldic study and investigation; they are not to be confounded with, or mistaken for, charges on shields or banners; they are entirely distinct heraldic figures, having reference to incidents of historical or personal interest. The royal badges form a most interesting group; and all have reference to the varying fortunes of their princely owners. The *planta genista*, or sprig of broom, is well known in connection with the great house of Plantagenet; the red and white roses of York and Lancaster, and the feathers of the Prince of Wales, are all familiar to the student of history.

The badges of Henry V., chosen for adoption in the revival of the play, are the *Black Swan chained*, the *Red Rose of Lancaster*, and a single *Ostrich feather*.

The Black Swan of the De Bohuns was the favorite badge of both Henry and his father, Henry of Bolingbroke. The following quotation from Miss Strickland's "Lives of the Queens," will explain the reason for its adoption: "Henry the Fourth's first wife was Mary de Bohun, the co-heiress of the Earl of Hereford, Lord Constable of England. * * * * Her sister was married to Henry's uncle, Gloucester. * * * She (Mary) died in the bloom of life, leaving six infants, namely, the renowned Henry V.; Thomas, Duke of Clarence; John, Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Protector of England; Blanche, married to the Count Palatine; and Phillipa, to Eric, King of Denmark. * * * It was from Mary Bohun that Henry derived his title of Duke of Hereford."

In addition to badges, the adherents of the two great rival houses wore *collars*, sometimes made of embroidered stuff, and often of metal wrought with all the cunning of the artistic goldsmith. The Yorkist collars were formed mostly of alternate *suns and roses*, and the Lancastrian of the letter "S" repeated, supposed to represent the word "*Soveraygne*," a motto of Henry the Fourth's. In the play, Henry wears this collar, having a pendant containing the Black Swan, with wings extended.

THE ROYAL CROWN AND CIRCLET.—A radical change took place in the form and details of the royal diadem in the reign of Henry V. Prior to this period, the crown consisted of a mere circlet of metal, ornamented with strawberry leaves and pearls, as represented on coins and sepulchral monuments. In Henry's reign, this circlet was first *arched over*, and surmounted by the *ball and cross*: the strawberry leaves gave way to *crosses, pateses, and fleurs-de-lis*. The circlet without the arches was worn by the heroic Henry, surmounting his steel cap, in warfare.

MONTJOY, THE HERALD OF THE FRENCH.—"Montjoy," the name given to the principal herald of Charles VI., plays an important part in Shakespeare's Henry V., and would probably hold an office somewhat analogous to that of "Garter" amongst English heralds. In the early days of English heraldry, individual devices or bearings became so popular, and, consequently, so numerous, that it was absolutely necessary to arrange, classify, and chronicle them, so that a knight might be easily recognized by his bearings and heraldic insignia. Not only was this desirable in the actual din of battle, but in the more peaceful lists at home. When a champion entered equipped for the tournament, his name and style were given by the heralds, who called attention by a blast or flourish of trumpets; afterwards the persons who arranged and chronicled armorial bearings were called heralds. These heralds acted in a collegiate capacity in the reign of Henry V., incorporated by Royal Charter in the reign of Richard III., followed by another in that of Edward VI. They consist of three kings, six heralds, and four pursuivants, and constitute what is known in our time as the "College of Herald's." The art of describing shields of arms was designated "*blazon*," and at the close of the thirteenth century a distinct and recognized science was established, which has ever since been called heraldry.

FLAGS AND BANNERS.—The banners displayed in Henry V. form a most interesting and decorative feature, and produce a rich and pleasing picture of the heraldry of the period. Boutell, in his admirable little work on "English Heraldry," divides the flags of mediæval times into three sections, viz., *The Pennon, Banner, and Standard*. The Pennon was a swallow-tailed pendant from the lance-head of the knight whose personal ensign it was, charged with badges or other armorial devices. The banner was nearly square in form, and was charged with the Cote-armor of the bearer, and not with any other devices. The sails of ships were also emblazoned with Cote-armor, as shown in illuminations, seals and coins. The Standard was of large dimensions, and of considerable length, in proportion to its depth, and tapering towards its extremity. Pennons and standards were charged with the owner's family badges, etc., in addition to coats of arms.

The following is a description of Henry's standard: "It had the *Cross of St. George* next the staff, and the fly was divided into red and white, the livery colors of the house of Lancaster—charged with the Bohun black swan, woodstocks, fox-tails, and the Lancastrian red roses."

HENRY THE FIFTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Clouds.* RUMOR, as CHORUS, discovered, c., on cloud bank.

RUMOR. Oh! for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;—
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. “But pardon, gentles, all,*
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar’d
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object; can this theatre hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we crowd
Within this wooden O the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crookèd figure may
Attest in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.”
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin’d two mighty monarchies,
Whose high up-rearèd and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean, parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i’ the receiving earth;
For ’tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o’er times;
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
Admit me, Chorus, to this history;
“Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. (*Music—Cloud drop
slowly ascends—RUMOR descends on bank through trap, c.*) †

* Those lines enclosed in quotation marks are usually omitted in the representation of the play.

† Both at the Princess’ Theatre, London, and at Booth’s, New York, a damask curtain was lowered after the delivery of the chorus, and then withdrawn, disclosing the scene following. I am, however, inclined to believe that those conversant with stage effect will agree that the disposal of the curtain is an improvement rather than the reverse.—Ed.

SCENE II.—*The Throne Room in the Palace at Westminster. Throne c., at back. The DUKES OF BEDFORD* and GLOSTER,† R., DUKE OF EXETER,‡ EARLS OF WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and NOBLES, L.*

Enter KING HENRY,§ R. 2 E.

KING HENRY. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury ?

EXETER.|| Not here in presence.

KING. Send for him, good uncle.

WESTMORELAND. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege ?

KING. Not yet, my cousin ; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY¶ and BISHOP OF ELY,** with attendants, R. 2 E.

CANTERBURY (R. C.). God and his angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

KING. Sure, we thank you
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed ;
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique†† that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim ;
And Heaven forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, rest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth ;
We charge you, in the name of Heaven, take heed ;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood ; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.

* John, Duke of Bedford, was the third son of King Henry IV., and his brother, Henry V., left to him the Regency of France. He died in the year 1435. This duke was accounted one of the best generals of the royal race of Plantaganet.

† Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, was the fourth son of King Henry IV., and on the death of his brother, Henry V., became Regent of England. It is generally supposed he was strangled. His death took place in the year 1446.

‡ Thomas Beaufort, youngest natural son of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swynford. He was in truth now only Earl of Dorset, not being created Duke of Exeter until 1416.

§ Henry the V. of that name, and some of Henry the III., began his reygne over this realme of Englande ye xxi day of the moneth of Marche * * * This man, before ye deth of his fader, applyed hym unto all vyce and insolency, and drewe unto hym all ryottours and wyld dysposed persones ; but after he was admtytted to the rule of the lande, anone and sodaynly he became a newe man, and tourned all that rage and wyldnes into sobernesse and wyse sadnesse, and the vyce into costant vertue.—*Fabyan*. (For description of King Henry's personal appearance, see Remarks.)

He was Duke of Lancaster and Earl of Chester and Derby.—*Tyler*.

¶ Exeter was half-brother to King Henry IV., being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Catherine Swynford.

¶ Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury.

** John Fordham, consecrated 1388 ; died, 1426.

†† THE LAW SALIQUE.—According to this law no woman was permitted to govern or be a queen in her own right. The title was only allowed to the wife of the monarch. This law was imported from Germany by the warlike Franks.

Under this conjuration, speak, my lord !
 CANT. Then hear me, gracious sovereign ; and you, peers,
 That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
 To this imperial throne :—There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France,
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond—
 “In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,”
 “No woman shall succeed in Salique land ;”
 Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land of Salique is in Germany,
 Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe.
 “Nor did the French possess the Salique land
 Until four hundred and twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;
 Besides their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
 Did, as heir-general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter of King Clothair,
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also—that usurped the crown
 Of Charles, the Duke of Loraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great—
 To fine* his title with some show of truth,
 Conveyed himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemagne, who was the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal to the Lady Ermengare.
 So that as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female ;
 So do the kings of France unto this day.
 Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
 Usurped from you, and your progenitors ?”
 KING. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim ?
 CANT. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !
 For in the Book of Numbers it is writ—
 When the son dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors ;
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince ;

* Display advantageously.

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France;
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.

' Oh, noble English! that could entertain
 With half their forces, the full pride of France;
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action!'

ELY (R.). "Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats;
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne—
 The blood and courage, that renownèd them,
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises."

EXE. (L. C.). Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you shall rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

WEST. (L.). They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and might;
 So hath your highness; never King of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
 And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

CANT. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 "With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right.
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

KING. We must not only arm to invade the French;
 But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot.
 For you shall read, that my great grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot, on his unfurnish'd kingdom,
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.

EXE. "She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
 For hear her but exempl'd by herself—
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
 She hath herself not only well defended,
 But taken and impounded as a stray,
 The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
 And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 With sunken wreck and sumless treasures.

CANT. They of the marches, gracious sovereign,
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our island from the pilfering borderers,
 Therefore, to France, my liege.
 Divide your happy England into four;
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

If we, with thrice that power left at home,
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
 Let us be worried; and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy."

KING. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

[*Exit* HERALD and NOBLES, R. 2 E. *The KING goes up, and ascends throne, c.*

Now, we are well resolv'd; and by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces.

Enter AMBASSADORS OF FRANCE, R. 2 E., *followed by* NOBLES and attendants, *bearing treasure-chest, which they deposit, c., then drop down, L.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin dauphin; for, we hear,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

AMBASSADOR (L. c.). May it please your majesty to give us
 Freely to render what we have in charge,
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 The dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

KING. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
 Under whose grace our passion is as subject
 As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
 Therefore, with frank, and with uncurbed plainness,
 Tell us the dauphin's mind.

AMB. Thus, then, in few.
 Your highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third,
 In answer of which claim, the prince, our master
 Says, that you savor too much of your youth;
 And bids you be advis'd, there's naught in France
 That can be with a nimble galliard won;
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
 Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This, the dauphin speaks.

KING. What treasure, uncle?

EXE. (*advancing, c., and examining contents of chest*). Tennis-balls, my liege.

KING. We are glad the dauphin is so pleasant with us,
 His present, and your pains, we thank you for;
 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 hazard;
 "Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valued this poor seat of England;
 And, therefore, living hence, did give ourself
 To barbarous license; as 'tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the dauphin—I will keep my state ;
 Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France ;
 For that I have laid by my majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working days—
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France—
 Yea! strike the dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
 Hath turned his balls to gunstones, and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them, for many a thousand widows
 Shall this mock mock out of their dead husbands ;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down ;
 And some are ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the dauphin's scorn."
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal and in whose name,
 Tell you the dauphin, I am coming on
 To 'venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well hallowed cause.
 So get you hence in peace, and tell the dauphin,
 His jest will savor but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it—
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well!

[*Exeunt* AMBASSADORS, R. 2 E.]

EXE. This was a merry message.

KING. We hope to make the sender blush at it. (*descends from throne, and comes down, c.*)

Therefore, my lord, omit no happy hour,
 That may give fartherance to our expedition,
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness, add
 More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
 We'll chide this dauphin at his father's door.
 "Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought."

[*Exeunt, followed by* LORDS *and attendants*, L. 2 E. *Music.*]

SCENE III.—*Exterior of the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap—Tavern door,*
 L. C.

Enter NYM, L., *and* BARDOLPH, R.

BARDOLPH. Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM Good-morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BAR. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet ?

NYM. For my part, I care not ; I say little, but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold out mine iron ; it is a simple one, but what though ? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will, and there's an end.

BAR I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be three sworn brothers to France ; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

NYM. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it, and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may; that is my rest, and that is the rendezvous of it.

BAR. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

NYM. I cannot tell; things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may, though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, and the BOY, from the tavern door, L. C.

BAR. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife—good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host, Pistol?

PISTOL. Base tike, call'st thou me host?

Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

QUICKLY (*perceiving* NYM). O, well-a-day, Lady, if he be not here. Now we shall see wilful burglary and murther committed. Good Lieutenant Bardolph—

BAR. Good corporal, offer nothing here.

NYM. Pish!

PISTOL. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.

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

NYM. Will thou shog off? I would have you *solus*. (*sheathing his sword.*)

PISTOL. *Solus*, egregious dog? O, viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs! yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels.

NYM. I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if you would walk off, I would prick your hide a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humor of it.

PISTOL. O, braggard vile, and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.

Therefore exhale. (*PISTOL and NYM draw.*)

BAR. Hear me—hear me, what I say. He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. (*draws.*)

PISTOL. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall.

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

PISTOL. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word—I defy thee again.

O, hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

"No! to the 'spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse;
I have and I will hold, the quandame Quickly
For the only she; and—*Panca*, there's enough.

BAR. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France to-

gether. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats ?

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

NYM. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

PISTOL. Base is the slave that pays.

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

PISTOL. As manhood shall compound, push home.

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

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

BAR. Corporal Nym, as thou wilt be friends, be friends ; and thou wilt not, why, then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

NYM. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting.

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

And liquor likewise will I give thee.

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood ;

I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me—

Is not this just ?—for I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

NYM. I shall have my noble ?

PISTOL. In cash most justly paid.

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

PISTOL. Bardolph, be blithe—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins ;

Boy, bristle thy courage up, for Falstaff he is dead.

And we must yearn therefore.

BAR. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is.

QUICK. Nay, sure, he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child ; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John," quoth I ; "what, man ! be of good cheer." So 'a cried out—"Heaven ! heaven ! heaven !" three or four times ; now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of heaven ; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet ; I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.

NYM. They say, he cried out of sack.

QUICK. Ay, that 'a did.

BAR. And of women.

QUICK. Nay, that 'a did not.

BOY. Yes, that 'a did ; and said they were devils incarnate.

QUICK. 'A could never abide carnation ; 'twas a color, he never liked.

BOY. " 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

QUICK. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatic."

BOY. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose ; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in flames ?

BAR. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire ; that's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from Southampton.

PISTOL. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my movables ;

Let senses rule ; the word is "Pitch and pay ;"

Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
 And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck ;
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
 Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
 Let us to France ! like horse-leeches, my boys ;
 To suck—to suck—the very blood to suck !

BOY. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

PISTOL. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARD. Farewell, hostess. (*kissing her.*)

NYM. I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it ; but adieu.

PISTOL. Let housewifery appear ; keep close, I thee command.

QUICK. Farewell ; adieu ! [*Exeunt.*]

BOY. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three ; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph—he is white-livered, and red-faced ; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword, by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are match'd with a few good deeds ; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs ; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service ; their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit BOY, R.**]

SCENE IV.—*Cloud drop descends, and RUMOR (CHORUS) rises on cloud bank, through trap, c.*

RUMOR. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;
 Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man ;
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits expectation in the air ;
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.

* In Mr. Macready's and Mr. Kean's versions of the play, the quarrel scene (the first of the Second Act in the unrevised editions) was omitted, and the Third Scene of the Second Act interpolated in its place. Mr. Charles Calvert has, however, by a slight alteration of the text, and the transposition of lines, succeeded in condensing into this scene the pith and marrow of the first and third scenes of the Second Act, which he ends with the Boy's speech, ingeniously transposed from the Second Scene of the Third Act.

O, England! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms which he fills
 With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men—
 One, Richard, Earl of Cambridge; and the second,
 Henry, Lord Scroop, of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland—
 Have, for the gilt of France, (O! guilt, indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die
 (If hell and treason hold their promises),
 Ere he take ship for France.

Clouds open at back, disclosing tableau—SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, and GREY, receiving gold from a French officer. Music. Aperture closes.

The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported to Southampton. (*clouds disperse, and RUMOR descends through trap.*)

SCENE V.—*The sea shore at Southampton—The English Fleet at anchor* in the background. EXETER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, discovered. L.—SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, and GREY, R.—LORDS, SOLDIERS, and attendants, moving hither and thither, at back.*

BED. 'Fore Heaven, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.†

* The King had a vessel 186 feet in length from the onmost end of the stern onto the post behind. The stern was in height 96 feet, and the keel in length 112 feet. The topcassles were not the forecassles, but were castellated enclosures at the mast heads, in which the pages to the officers were stationed during an engagement, in order to annoy the enemy with darts and other missiles.—*Vide Illuminations to Frois-sart.*

Some had three and others only two masts, with short topmasts, and a "fore-stage," or "forecassle," consisting of a raised platform or stage, which obtained the name of castle from its containing soldiers, and probably from its having bulwarks.—*Enc. Brit.*

Tyler holds the opinion that Henry of Monmouth should be regarded as the founder of the British Navy. Sir Henry Ellis, in his publication, suggests the same view, and many facts tend to confirm and illustrate it.

The *Bell Rolls* record the payment of a pension, which bears testimony to the interest taken by Henry in his infant navy, and to the kindness with which he rewarded those who had faithfully served him. The pension is stated to have been given to John Hoggekyns, master carpenter, of special grace, because by long working at the ships his body was much shaken and worsted.

When he sailed from Southampton, in his first expedition to France, he went on board his own good ship "The Trinity."

The high importance which Henry attached to these rising bulwarks of his country, shows itself in various ways; in none more curious and striking than (a fact, it is presumed, new to his history) in the solemn religious ceremony with which they were consecrated before he committed them to the mighty waters. One of the highest order of the Christian ministry was employed, and similar devotions were performed at the dedication of one of the royal "great ships," as we should find in the consecration of a cathedral. They were called also by some of the holiest of all names ever uttered by Christians. Thus at the completion of the good ship "The Gracedieu," at Southampton, the venerable father in Christ, the Bishop of Bangor, was commissioned by the King's council to proceed from London, at the public expense, to consecrate it.—*Tyler.*

† His men shipped, and the King himself ready to go on board; a conspiracy against his life is discovered, forged by Richard, Earl of Cambridge; Henry, Lord

EXE. They shall be apprehended, by-and-by.

WEST. How smooth and even they do bear themselves !
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty.

BED. The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.*

EXE. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favors—
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, and attendants, L. U. E.

KING. (c.) Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge—and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts. (SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, and GREY advance a step or two from R. toward c.)
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France ?

SCROOP. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best. †

KING. I doubt not that ; since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours.
“ Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAMB. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd, ‡
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY. True, those that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

KING. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday. (EXETER crosses R., speaks
to CAPTAIN OF GUARD who goes off, R. 2 E., returning immedi-
ately accompanied by SOLDIER, whose arms are pinioned—CAP-
TAIN removes cord, and SOLDIER crosses c., and kneels)
That rail'd against our person ; we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop of Masham, the Lord Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey, of Northumberland, who, being suborned by the French for a million of gold, as upon their apprehension they confessed (though their indictment contains other matter), were all three put to death ! which was no sooner performed but that the wind blowing fair, King Henry weighs anchor, and with a fleet of 160 ships, sets sail on Lady Day, An 1414. —Sanford's Genealogical History of the Kings.

* It is recorded that though this plot was solely to place the young Earl of March on the throne, he himself informed the king of its existence so attached was he to the person of Henry, who had treated him with unusual magnanimity.

† Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, was third husband of Joan, Duchess of York (she had four), mother-in-law of Richard, Earl of Cambridge.

‡ Richard, Earl of Cambridge, was Richard de Coninsbury, younger son of Edmund of Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard, Duke of York, father of Edward the Fourth.

SCROOP. That's mercy, but too much security ;
 Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example,
 Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

KING. O, let us yet be merciful.

CAMB. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life,
 After the taste of much correction.

KING. Alas! your too much love and care of me
 Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
 If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
 When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
 Appear before us ? We'll yet enlarge that man,
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
 And tender preservation of our person,
 Would have him punish'd. (SOLDIER *arises, and retires, R.*)
 And now to our French causes ;
 Who are the late commissioners ?

CAMB. I one, my Lord ;
 Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.

GREY. And me, my royal sovereign.

KING. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;
 There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight,
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.
 Read them, and know, I know your worthiness.
 My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
 We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen ?
 What see you in those papers, that you lose
 So much complexion ? Look ye, how they change !
 Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
 That hath so coward'd and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance ?

CAMB. I do confess my fault ;
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY. } To which we all appeal.
 SCROOP. }

KING. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd.
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy ;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters worrying them.
 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
 These English monsters ! My Lord of Cambridge here—
 You know how apt our love was, to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to this honor ; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton ; to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O !
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop ? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature ?
 Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 "That know'st the very bottom of my soul,"
 That almost might have coined me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use ;
 May it be possible, that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
 That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.
 If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions, I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
 Why, so didst thou : Seem they grave and learned ?
 Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble family ?
 Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious ?
 Why, so didst thou : " I will weep for thee,
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. Their faults are open.
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
 And God acquit them of their practices !

EXE. (*crossing, R., followed by CAPTAIN OF GUARD. To CAMBRIDGE*). I
 arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard, Earl of
 Cambridge.

(*to SCROOP*) I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry,
 Lord Scroop, of Masham.

(*to GREY*) I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
 Grey, knight of Northumberland. (*each unsheaths his sword,
 and surrenders it to the CAPTAIN, who after receiving GREY'S
 sword retires, R.*)

SCROOP. Our purposes Heaven justly hath discovered ;
 And I repent my fault more than my death ;
 " Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it."

CAM. For me—the gold of France did not seduce ;*
 Although I did admit it as a motive,
 The sooner to effect what I intended.

KING. Heaven quit you in its mercy ! Hear your sentence.
 You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
 Received the golden earnest of our death ;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;
 The taste whereof, God, of His mercy, give you

* The confession of the Earl of Cambridge and his supplication for mercy, in his own handwriting, are in the British Museum.

Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* GREY, SCROOP, and CAMBRIDGE, with CAPTAIN OF GUARD, R. 2 E.
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since Heaven so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings;—
Then forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.*
“Cheerily to sea—the signs of war advance,
No King of England, if not King of France. (*goes up*—SOLDIERS
shout. Music.—Quick Curtain.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Throne Room in the Palace of CHARLES VI. KING discovered seated on throne, C. DAUPHIN, R. C., DUKE OF BURGUNDY,† and CONSTABLE, L. C. NOBLES attached to the Court of France, R. and L. Music.*

CHARLES.‡ Thus come the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry, and of Bretange,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth—
And you, Prince Dauphin—with all swift despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant.

DAUPH.§ (C.). “My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us ’gainst the foe;”
But let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance;
For, my good liege, she is so idly king’d,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne

* But the grandest ship of all that went
Was that in which our good king sailed.—*Old Ballad.*

† John, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Fearless, succeeded to the Dukedom in 1403. He caused the Duke of Orleans to be assassinated in the streets of Paris, and was himself murdered Aug. 28th, 1419, on the bridge of Montereau, at an interview with the Dauphin, afterwards Charles VII. John was succeeded by his only son, who bore the title of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy.

‡ Charles VI., surnamed the Well-Beloved, was King of France during the most disastrous period of its history. He ascended the throne in 1380, when only thirteen years of age. In 1385 he married Isabella of Bavaria, who was equally remarkable for her beauty and her depravity. The unfortunate king was subject to fits of insanity, which lasted for several months at a time. On the 21st of October, 1422, seven years after the battle of Agincourt, Charles VI. ended his unhappy life, at the age of fifty-five, having reigned forty-two years.

§ Lewis, the Dauphin, was the eldest son of Charles VI. He was born 22d January, 1396, and died before his father, December 18th, 1415, in his twentieth year. History says: “Shortly after the battle of Agincourt, either for melancholy that he had for the loss, or by some sudden disease, Lewis, Dowphin of Viennois, heir apparent to the French king, departed this life without issue.”

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CONSTABLE.* O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question, your grace, the late ambassadors—
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal,
How terrible in constant resolution—
Your grace shall find his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

DAUPH. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter;
In case of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems.

Enter MONTJOY, L. 2 E. He advances and kneels before the KING.

MONTJOY. Ambassadors from Harry, King of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

CHARLES. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt MONTJOY and LORDS, L. 2 E.]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAUPH. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. "Good, my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head."

Enter EXETER, attended by English Lords, preceded by MOUNTJOY, L. 2 E.

CHARLES. From our brother of England?

EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wils you, in the name of Heaven,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all the wide-stretched honors that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of long oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line, (*gives a paper to MONT-*
JOY, who delivers it kneeling to the KING)

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign

* The Constable, Charles D'Albret, commanded the French army at the battle of Agincourt, and was slain on the field.

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

CHARLES. Or else what follows ?

EXE. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
And therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like Jove ;
That, if requiring fail, he will *compel*.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my message,
Unless the dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

CHARLES. For us, we will consider of this further :
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.

DAUPH. (*advancing, R.*). For the dauphin
I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

EXE. Scorn and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king ; and if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
That caves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

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

EXE. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it ;
" And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference
Between the promise of his greener day
And these he masters now : now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain ;—that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France."

CHARLES. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

EXE. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay ;
For he is footed in this land already.

CHARLES. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exit* MONTJOY, EXETER, and others, L. 2 E. FRENCH NOBLES group
about KING. *Music.*]

SCENE II.—*Cloud drop descends, and RUMOR rises on bank through trap, c.**

RUMOR. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well appointed king, at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet,

* At Covent Garden Theatre a panoramic view of the voyage of the English fleet from England to France was given during the above scene.

With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
 To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten'd sails
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: oh! do but think
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconsistent billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow! follow
 Grapple your minds to sterage of this navy—
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance,
 For who is he whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girdled Harfleur!
 The nimble gunner
 With linstock now the divilish cannon touches, (*sound of cannon in
 the distance*)
 And down goes all before them! (*clouds disperse, and RUMOR de-
 scends through trap.*)

SCENE III.—*The English position before Harfleur—Marked indications of a severe struggle having recently taken place. The walls of Harfleur extend obliquely up stage, from R. 3 E. to R. C. gate of city, a little above R. 3 E. The walls stand upon an elevation, leading up to which is a run, starting from L. C., which is masked in with rock and earth pieces. SOLDIERS with ladders, L. ARCHERS, R. C., fire volley of arrows, then retreat, L., followed by SOLDIERS with ladders. The head of the English Army, L., cannon, L. C.*

Enter hastily, KING HENRY, L. U. E., followed by EXETER, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

KING (*upon run, about c.*). Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,

Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 "Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favor'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gall'd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit

To his full height!" On, on, you noble English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 "Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument."
 Dishonor not your mothers; "now attest,
 That those, whom you call'd fathers, did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture;" let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George! (SOLDIERS
cheer, and follow KING up run.)

SCENE IV.—*In the neighborhood of the mines.*

Enter, alarmedly, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and the BOY, R. 1 E.

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

NYM. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PISTOL. The plain-song is most just; for humors do abound;
 Knocks go and come; our vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.

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

PIST. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither I would hie. [*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

Enter, severally, CAPTAIN GOWER and FLUELLEN, R. 1 E.

GOWER. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

FLU. To the mines! tell you the duke it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversars (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines; by Saint Tavy, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

GOWER. The Duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given,* is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

FLU. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

* The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the assault was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approached the walls with ordinaunce and engines and would not suffer them within to reste at any tyme.—*Hall's Chronicle.*

GOWER. I think it be.

FLU. By Saint Tavy, he is an ass as in the 'orld : I will verify as much in his peard ; he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

GOWER. Here 'a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

FLU. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain ; and of great expedition and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions : by Saint Tavy, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, L. 1 E.

JAMY. I say, gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

FLU. God-den to your worship, goot Captain Jamy.

GOWER. How now, Captain Macmorris ? have you quit the mines ? have the pioneers given o'er ?

MAC. By Saint Patrick, tish ill done : the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done ; it ish give over ; I would have blowed up the town. O, tish ill done, tish ill done ; by my hand, tish ill done.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication ; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military disciplines ? that is the point.

JAMY. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath ; and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

MAC. It is no time to discourse ; the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes : it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach ; and we talk, and, s'death, do nothing ; 'tis shame for us all : by Saint Patrick, 'tis shame to stand still ; it is shame, by my hand : and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done ; and there ish nothing done.

JAMY. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the grund for it ; ay, or go to death ; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long : Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your corrections, there is not many of your nation——

MAC. Of my nation ? What ish my nation ? ish it a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal ? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?

FLU. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you ; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MAC. I do not know you so good a man as myself : s'blood, I will cut off your head

GOWER. Gentlemen, both, you will mistake each other. (*a parley sounded*) The town sounds a parley.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war ; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE V.—*Before the walls of Harfleur.* ENGLISH SOLDIERS L. KING
HENRY C. GOVERNOR OF TOWN *appears before gate with a flag of truce.**

- KING. How yet resolves the governor of the town ?
This is the latest parle we will admit :
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to the worst : for, as I am a soldier
(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best),
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up ;
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell ; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infante.
What reign can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of headly murder, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls ;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes ;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What says you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
- Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end :
The dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy :
Enter our gates : dispose of us and ours ;
For we no longer are defensible.
- KING. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers—we will retire to Calais—

* Whiles at last thei bette the towne toures their,
And what the Kyng with faggottes that there were,
And his connyng werching under the wall,
With is Gunes castyng thei made ye toure to fall.
The Chronicle of Hardyng, ccxiii. Chapter.

To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest—
To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

KING HENRY and EXETER ascend run, followed by the English army. They pass through the city gates. Music.

SCENE VI.—*Interior of the French Palace at Rouen.*

Enter KING CHARLES,* the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, and others, R.

CHARLES. 'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme.

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

BOUR. *Mort de ma vie!* if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CONST. *Dieu de batailles!* Where they this mettle?

CHARLES. Where is Montjoy, the herald? Speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and with spirit of honor edged,
More sharper than your swords—hie to the field!
Charles *De-la-bret*, high constable of France,
You, Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon and Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy—
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames,
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur;
Rush on his host as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys; whose low, vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon;
Go down upon him—you have power enough—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

CONST. This becomes the great.

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

CHARLES. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPH. Not so; I do beseech your majesty—

CHARLES. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes, all;
And quickly bring us word of England's fall!

[*Exeunt* KING and DAUPHIN, R., and others L.]

* The French King being at Roan, and hearing that the King of England had passed the water of Some was not a little discontente. * * * * And so Mountjoy, King at Armes, was sent to the King of England, to defye him as the enemy of France.—*Stowe.*

SCENE VII.—*The English camp in Picardy.**

Enter GOWER, L. 3 E., and FLUELLEN, R. 2 E., meeting, C.

GOWER. How now, Captain Fluellen? Come you from the bridge?

FLU. I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

GOWER. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLU. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not (Heaven be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent disciplines. There is an ensign there at the pridge—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony—and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

GOWER. What do you call him?

FLU. He is called Ancient Pistol.

GOWER. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL, R. 2 E.

FLU. Do you not know him? Here is the man.

PISTOL. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors;

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLU. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

PISTOL. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

And of buxom valor, hath—by cruel fate,

And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling, restless stone——

FLU. By your patience, Ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffer before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variations, and mutabilities; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls—in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of fortune: Fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

PISTOL. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must 'a be.†

A damned death?

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,

And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate;

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice:

And let not Bardolph's vital breath be cut

* Then the dolphin and other lordes of Fraunce * * * brake the brydge, to lette ye kyng of his passage over ye water of Sum. Wherefore he was constraigned to drawe towarde Picardy, and so pass by the ryver of Peron, whereof the Frenchmen beyng ware assembled and lodged them at certayne townes named Agyncourt, Rolandcourt, and Blanzoy, with all the power of Fraunce.—*Fabyan's Chronicles.*

† After his landing at Caur, Henry issued a proclamation, prohibiting his soldiers—on pain of death—from taking anything out of any church, or lying violent hands upon priests, women, or any such as should be without weapons or armor and unable to make resistance.—*Holinshed.*

With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach ;
 Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLU. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PISTOL. Why, then rejoice therefore.

FLU. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at ; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions ; for disciplines ought to be used.

PISTOL. Die and be damned, and *figo* for thy friendship.

FLU. It is well.

PISTOL. The fig of Spain !

[Exit PISTOL, L. 2 E.

FLU. Very good.

GOWER. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal ; I remember him now ; a bawd ; a cutpurse.

FLU. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well ; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

GOWER. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue ; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. " And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names, and they will teach you by rote, where service was done—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on ; and this they can perfectly, in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new tuned oaths. And what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits ; is wonderful to be thought on ! But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellous mistook."

FLU. I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the 'orld he is ; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. (*drum heard*) Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, WESTMORELAND, LORDS and SOLDIERS, L. 4 E.

FLU. Got pless your majesty.

KING. How now, Fluellen ? cam'st thou from the bridge ?

FLU. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge ; the French is gone off, look you ; and there is gallant and most prave passages ; marry ! th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge—I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

KING. What men have you lost, Fluellen ?

FLU. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great ; marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church ; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man ; his face is all bubuckles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames of fire ; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.*

KING. We would have all such offenders so cut off ; " and we give ex-

* Yet in this great necessitie the poor people of the countrie were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of them without payment, nor any outrage or offence doone by the Englishmen except one, which was that of a souldiour took a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once removed till the box was restored, and the offender strangled — *Holinshed.*

press charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."

Trumpet.—Enter MONTJOY* and two GUARDS, R. 2 E.

MONT. You know me by my habit?

KING. Well, then, I know thee—what shall I know of thee?

MONT. My master's mind.

KING. Unfold it.

MONT. This says my king: "Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead we did but sleep. Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial—England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and, for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced." So far, my king and master, so much my office.

KING. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONT. Montjoy.

KING. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king—I do not seek him now; † But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage), My people are with sickness much enfeebled; My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have Almost no better than so many French. Yet, forgive me, Heaven! That I do brag thus!—this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am; My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk; My army but a weak and sickly guard; Yet, Heaven before, tell him we will come on Though France himself, and such another neighbor, Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy. Go bid thy master well advise himself; If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,

* And so Montjoy, king-at-arms, was sent to the King of England to defie him as the enemy of France, and to tell him that he should shortly have battell—*Holinshead.*

† The king answered:—"Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God, I will not seeke your maister at this time; but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them, God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it, and yet wish I not anie of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red blood." When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward and licence to depart.—*Holinshead.*

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolor ; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this :
 We would not seek a battle as we are ;
 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it ;
 So tell your master.

MONT. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit MONTJOY, R. 2 E.]

GLOS. I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
 March to the bridge. It now draws towards night.
 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
 And on to-morrow bid them march away.

Picture—Curtain.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Clouds.* CHORUS (RUMOR) *discovered, c.*

RUMOR. Now entertain conjecture of a time
 When creeping murmur and the poring dark,
 Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
 From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fixed sentinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch :
 Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face :
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
 The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad
 Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile :
 And calls them—brothers, friends and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrounded him. (*clouds disperse, and Ru-*
MOR disappears through trap, c.)

SCENE II.—*Interior of the FRENCH DAUPHIN'S tent. Drapery drawn aside, making an opening, c., through which a view of the French camp is obtained. Lights well down. Tables R. and L., upon which are flagons of wine, goblets, dice-boxes and dice. SENTRY passes at back at intervals. The DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, and others seated about table, R., drinking and throwing dice. CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, and LORDS about table, L.**

CONSTABLE. Tut! I have the best armor of the world,—
Would it were day!

ORLEANS. You have an excellent armor, but let my horse have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLEANS. Will it ever be morning?

DAUPH. Why, lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armor.

ORLEANS. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAUPH. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs. *Le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* when I but ride him, I soar, I am a hawk—he trots the air—the earth sings when he touches it. The basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes. Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CON. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I fain would be about the ears of the English.

ORLEANS. My lord constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to-night—are those stars or suns upon it?

CON. Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope—

CON. And yet my sky will not want—

DAUPHIN. That may be, for you bear many superfluously, and it were more honor some were away—

CON. Even as your horse bears your praises—who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

ORLEANS. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CON. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

DAUPH. (*rising*). 'Tis past midnight. I'll go arm myself.

[*Exit DAUPHIN, c.*]

ORLEANS. The dauphin longs for morning.

He longs to eat the English.

CON. I think he will eat all he kills.

ORLEANS. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince!

CON. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORLEANS. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CON. Doing is activity—and he will still be doing.

ORLEANS. He never did harm that I heard of.

CON. Nor will do more to-morrow. He will keep that good name still—

ORLEANS. I know him to be valiant.

CON. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

ORLEANS. What's he?

CON. Marry! he told me so himself—and he said he cared not who knew it.

* "They were lodged even in the waie by which the Englishmen must needs passe towards Calais, and all that night after their coming thither made great cheare and were verie merie, pleasant, and full of game."—*Holinshed's Chronicles*.

Enter MESSENGER, C.

MESSENGER. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.*

CON. Who hath measured the ground?

MES. The Lord Grandpre.

CON. A valiant and most expert gentleman. (*motions MESSENGER to depart.*)

[*Exit MESSENGER, C.*

Would it were day! Alas! Poor Harry of England!

He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

ORLEANS. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

CON. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

ORLEANS. That they lack, for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

CON. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORLEANS. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CON. Just! just! and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives—and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel—they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

ORLEANS. Ay! But these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON. Then shall we find to-morrow, they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is the time to arm. Come, shall we about it? (*rising.*)

Re-enter DAUPHIN, C.

DAUPH. It is now two o'clock—but let me see by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt all, C., tables, etc., drawn off, R. and L.*

Change.

SCENE III.—*The English camp (night).*† *Camp-fire L., opposite 3 E., about which are SOLDIERS collected. SOLDIERS R., sleeping.*

Enter KING HENRY, L. 3 E., meeting, C., GLOSTER and BEDFORD, who enter R. 2 E.

KING. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford.

Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, † L. 2 E.

* Holinshed says that the distance between the two armies was but 250 paces.

† The night was passed in silence and earnest devotion in the English camp, every one contemplated the morrow with an awful solemnity. The resolution to exert themselves to their last breath for their own preservation and honor was universal; but their state of weakness from disease and suffering, and the vast superiority of the enemy, forbade much hope.—*Sharon Turner.*

‡ Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Brittany, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. Holinshed describes him as "a man of great experience in the warre," and farther states that it was he who gave the signal for archers, secreted in a meadow, to fire upon the French, and thus opened the famous battle of Agincourt.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERP. Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

KING. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—(ERPINGHAM gives him cloak)
Brothers both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp ;
Do my good morrow to them ; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavillion.

GLO. We shall, my liege. [Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD, L. 3 E.]

ERP. Shall I attend your grace ?

KING. No, my good knight ;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England :
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

ERP. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry !

[Exit ERPINGHAM, L. 3 E.]

KING. God-a-mercy, old heart ! thou speaketh cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL, R. 2 E.

PIST. *Qui va la.*

KING. A friend.

PIST. Discuss unto me ; Art thou officer ?
Or art thou base, common and popular ?

KING. I am gentleman of a company.

PIST. Trail'st thou the puissant pike ?

KING. Even so : What are you ?

PIST. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING. Then you are a better than the king.

PIST. The king's a bawcock and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame ;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant ;
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heartstrings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

KING. Harry *Le Roy*.

PIST. *Le Roy* ! a Cornish name ; art thou of Cornish crew ?

KING. No, I am a Welshman.

PIST. Knowest thou Fluellen ?

KING. Yes.

PIST. Tell him, I'll knock is leek about his pate,
Upon St. David's day.

KING. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day,
Lest he knock that about yours.

PIST. Art thou his friend ?

KING. And his kinsman too,

PIST. The *figo* for thee then !

KING. I thank you : Heaven be with you.

PIST. My name is Pistol called.

[Exit, L. 2 E.]

KING. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[SOLDIERS exit severally, R. and L., and HENRY goes up.]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, R. 2 E.

GOWER. Captain Fluellen !

FLU. So ! in the name of the saints, speak lower.* It is the greatest

* Shakespeare has here, as usual, followed Holinshed : " Order was taken by com-

admiration in the universal world, when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept; if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tittle-tattle, or pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

GOWER (L. C.). Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

FLU. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your own conscience now?

GOWER. I will speak lower.

FLU. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN*, L. 2 E.]

KING. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter WILLIAMS and BATES, and COURT—three SOLDIERS, R. 2 E.]

WIL. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BATES. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WIL. We see yonder the beginning of day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

KING (*advances*, c.). A friend.

WIL. (R.). Under what captain serve you?

KING. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WIL. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

KING. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES (L. C.). He hath not told his thoughts to the king?

KING. NO—nor it is not meet he should. "For though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to him as it doth to me—the element shows to him as it doth to me—all his senses have but human conditions—his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are. Yet, in reason," no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES. He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck—and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures so we were quit here.

KING. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

BATES. Then 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

KING. I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not

die anywhere so contented as in the king's company ; his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

WILL. That's more than we know.

BATES. Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects ; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILL. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make ; " when all these legs and arms and head, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all :—' We died at such a place' —some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left." I am afraid there are few die well that die in battle ; for how can they charitably dispose of anything when blood is their argument ? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it ; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

KING. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him ; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation :— But this is not so : Every subject's duty is the king's ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained.

WILL. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

BATES. I do not desire he should answer for me ; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

KING. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

WIL. Aye, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully ; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

KING. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WIL. 'Mass ! You pay him then ! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch ! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after ! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

KING. Your reproof is something too round ; I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

WILL. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

KING. I embrace it.

WIL. How shall I know thee again ?

KING. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet ; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WIL. Here's my glove ; give me another of thine. (*they exchange gloves.*)

KING. There !

WIL. This will I also wear in my cap ; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, " This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

KING. If ever I live to see it I will challenge it.

WIL. Thou darest as well be hanged.

KING. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

WIL. Keep thy word ; fare thee well.

-BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

KING. Indeed! the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders. But it is not English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt* BATES, COURT and WILLIAMS, L. 2 E.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king.
We must bear all.

O, hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite hearts-ease must kings neglect
That private men enjoy?

And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?

Oh, ceremony! show me but thy worth;

What is the soul of adoration?

Art thou aught else but place, degree and form

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;

I am a king that find thee, and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,

The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,

The inter-tissu'd robe of gold and pearl,

"The farcèd title running fore the king,"

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp

That beats upon the high shore of this world—

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,

Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,

Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,

Gets him to rest cramm'd with distressful bread;

"Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,

Doth rise, and follows so the ever running year,

With profitable labor to his grave;"

And but for ceremony, such a wretch

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

Enter ERPINGHAM, L. 2 E.

ERP. My Lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

KING. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent;
I'll be before thee.

ERP. I shall do't, my lord. [Exit, L. 2 E.]

KING. (*kneeling, c.*) Oh, God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear! Take from them now
The sense of reckoning if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, oh, Lord,
Oh, not to-day! Think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I, Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood—
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood. And I have built,
Two charities, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul*—more will I do,
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER, L. U. E.

GLOS. My liege!

KING (*rising*). My brother Gloster's voice! Ay,
I know thy errand—I will go with thee!

[*Exeunt hastily, L. U. E.*]

SCENE IV.—*The FRENCH DAUPHIN'S tent (as before). Sunrise.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, and NOBLES, c.

ORLEANS. The sun doth gild our armor; up, my lords.

DAUPH. *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet!* *laquay!* ha!

ORLEANS. O, brave spirit!

DAUPH. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre.*

ORLEANS. *Rein, puis? l'air et le feu—*

DAUPH. *Ciel!* Cousin Orleans.—

Enter MESSENGER, c.

MES. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Enter CONSTABLE, c.

DAUPH. Now, my lord constable!

* He sent unto ye fryers of Langley, where the corps of Kynge Richarde was buried, and caused it to be taken out of ye erth, and so with reverence and sol-empntie to be conveyed unto Westmynster, and upon the south syde of Seynt Edwardes shrine, there honourably to be buried by quene Anne his wife, which there before tyme was entered. And after a solempn terment there holdon, he provyded that iiij tapers shulde breune daye and nyght about his grave, whyle the world endureth; and one day in the weke a solempn dirige, and upon the morrowe a masse of Requiem by note; after which masse endyed, to be gyven wekely unto pore people, XI. S. VIII., in pens; and upon ye day of his anniversary, after ye sayd masse of Requiem is songe, to be yerely distributed for his soule, XX. li. d.—*Fabyan.*

CON. To horse, you gallant princes! streight to horse!
 Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
 Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
 There is not work enough for all our hands;
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
 To give each naked curtle-ax a stain.
 Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
 Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
 Ill-favor'dly become the morning field:
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully,
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping their hides and hips:
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;
 And in their pale dull mouths the grimmel bit
 Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless;
 And their executors, the knavish crows,
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

ORLEANS. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAUPH. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
 And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after figh' with them?

CON. I stay but for my guard. On to the field; I will the banner
 from a trumpet take,
 And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
 The sun is high, and we outwear the day! [Exeunt, c.

SCENE V.—*The field of Agincourt. The English Army in order of battle,*
 L. GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, ERPINGHAM, and
 WESTMORELAND, L. C.

GLOS. (*coming R.*). Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have three score thousand.

EXE. God's arm strike with us—there's five to one—
 Besides, they all are fresh.

ERP. 'Tis a fearful odds.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,
 My dear Lord Gloster, and my good Lord Exeter,
 And my kind kinsmen, warriors all—adieu!

WEST. Oh! that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY, L. U. E., attended.

But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day!

KING (*down c.*). What's he, that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men the greater share of honor.
 I pray thee, wish not one man more.*

* "Manie words of courage he uttered to stirre them to doo manfullie, assuring

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold :
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
 But, if it be a sin to covet honor,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England .
 Oh ! do not wish one more :
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart : his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian ;
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian :*
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian :
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
 And say—these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day : Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :
 This story shall the good man teach his son :—
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd :
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

SOLDIERS shout and press forward. Enter GOWER, R. 2 E.

GOWER. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :

them that England should never be charged with his ransome, nor anie Frenchman triumph over him as a captive, for either by famous death or glorious victorie would he (by God's grace) win honour and fame. It is said that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: 'I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England!' the king answered, 'I would not wish a man more here than I have ; we are indeed in comparison to the enemies but few, but if God in his clemencie do favour us, and our just cause (as I trust He will), we shall speed well inough. But let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and might, but onelie to God's assistance, to whom I have no doubt we shall worthilie have cause to give thanks therefore.'—*Holinshed.*

* "The daie following was the five and twentieth of October, in the year 1415, being then fridaie and the feast of Crispine and Crispinian, a daie faire and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowful and unluckie to the French."—*Holinshed.*

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

KING. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WEST. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

KING. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WEST. Heaven's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out.

KING. Why, now, thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

*Trumpet. Enter MONTJOY, and attendants, R. 2 E.**

MONT. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow;
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf
Thor needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING. Who hath sent thee now?

MONT. The constable of France.

KING. I pray thee, bear my former answer back!
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly),
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'ill be in fresher robes; or they will pluck
'The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this—
As if God please they shall—
My ransom then will soon be levied.
Herald, save thou thy labor;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONT. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well—

* "Here we may not forget how the French thus in their jolitie sent an Herald to King Henry to enquire what ransome he would offer. Whereunto he answered that within two or three hours he hoped it would so happen that the Frenchmen should be glad to common rather with the Englishmen for their ransome than the English to take thought of their deliverance, promising for his owne part that his dead car-casse should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen than his living bodie should paie anie ransome."—*Holinshed.*

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[*Exit, followed by attendants, L. 2 E.*]

KING. I fear, thou wilt once more come again for ransom.
Now, soldiers, march away—
And how thou pleaseth God, dispose the day.*

KING HENRY *leads the army to the attack, R. Music. Change.*

SCENE VI.—*In the neighborhood of the battle-field. The din of the battle heard, R.*

Enter, R., FRENCH SOLDIER, PISTOL, and the BOY.

PISTOL. Yield, cur!

FRENCH SOLDIER. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualite.*

PISTOL. Quality, call you me! Construe me, art thou a gentleman?
What is thy name? discuss.

FR. SOL. *O, Seigneur Dieu!*

PISTOL. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman—
Perpend my words, O, Signieur Dew, and mark—
O, Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O Signieur, thou do give to me
Egrecious ransom.

FR. SOL. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy.*

PISTOL. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out of thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

FR. SOL. *Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras?*

PISTOL. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass.

FR. SOL. *O, pardonnez moy!*

PISTOL. Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys!
Come hither, boy? ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

BOY. *Escoutez: Comment estes vous appellé?*

FR. SOL. *Monsieur le Fer,*

BOY. He says his name is—master Fer.

PISTOL. Master Fer; I'll fer him and firke him, and ferret him—discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

PISTOL. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FR. SOL. *Que dit-il, Monsieur?*

BOY. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé toute à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

PISTOL. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, pesant,
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

* King Henry, also like a good leader, and not as one led, like a sovereign, and not an inferior, perceiving a plot of ground verie strong and meet for his purpose, which on the back half was fenced with the village wherein he had lodged the night before, and on both sides defended with hedges and bushes, thought good there to imbattle his host, and so ordered his men in the same place, as he saw occasion, and as stood for his most advantage. First he sent privitilie 200 archers into the low medow, which was neere to the vauktgard of his enemies; but seperated with a great ditch, commanding them there to keep themselves close till they had a token to them given to let drive at their adversaries. Besides this, he appointed a vaward of which he made capteine, Edward, Duke of York, who of a haultie courage had desired that office — *Holinshed.*

FR. SOL. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner ! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison ; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

PISTOL. What are his words ?

BOY. He prays you to save his life ; he is a gentleman of a good house ; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

PISTOL. Tell him—my fury shall abate,
And I the crowns will take.

FR. SOL. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il ?*

BOY. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier ; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

FR. SOL. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

PISTOL. Expound unto me, boy.

BOY. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks : and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

PISTOL. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.

Follow me, cur.

[Exit PISTOL, L. 1 E.

BOY. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exit FRENCH SOLDIER, L. 1 E.

I never did know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart ; but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger ; and they are both hanged ; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp : the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it ; for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit, L. 1 E.

SCENE VII.—*The battle of Agincourt.—Tableau. The English occupy the L. and the French the R of stage. KING HENRY on foot. C., in fierce encounter with the DUKE OF ALENÇON, who is mounted. The stage well filled with men.*

NOTES.

The king is reported to have dismounted before the battle commenced, and to have fought on foot.

Holinshed states that the English army consisted of 15,000 and the French of 60,000 horse and 40,000 infantry—in all, 100,000. Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9,000, and other authors say that the number of the French amounted to 150,000. Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7,000. The battle lasted only three hours.

The noble Duke of Gloucester, the king's brother, pushing himself too vigorously on his horse into the conflict, was grievously wounded, and cast down to the earth by the blows of the French, for whose protection the King being interested, he bravely leapt against his enemies in defence of his brother, defended him with his own body, and plucked and guarded him from the raging malice of the enemy's, sustaining perils of war scarcely possible to be borne.—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

Thus this bataille continued iii long heures, some strake, some defeded, some foyned, some traversed, some kylled, some toke prisoners, no man was idle, every man fought either in hope of victory or to save him selfe. The Kyng that day shewed him selfe like a valiaunt knight, whiche notwithstanding that he was almost felled with the Duke of Alaunson, yet with plain strength he slew ii of the Duke's company, and felled the Duke ; but when the Duke would have yielded to him, the Kynge's garde, contrary to the Kynge's minde outrageously slewe him.—*Hall's Chronicle.*

During the battle the Duke of Alençon most valiantly broke through the English lines, and advanced fighting near the King—inasmuch that he wounded and struck down the Duke of York. King Henry seeing this stepped forth to his aid, and as he was leaning down to aid him the Duke of Alençon gave him a blow on his helmet that struck off part of his crown. The King's guards on this surrounded him, when

seeing he could no way escape death but by surrendering, he lifted up his arms and said to the King, "I am the Duke of Alençon, and yield myself to you." But as the King was holding out his hand to receive his pledge he was put to death by the guards.—*Monstrelet*.

SCENE VIII.—*Part of the field of battle.*

Enter DAUPHIN, CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, *and others, in confusion,*
L. 2 E.

CON. *O diable!*

ORLEANS. *O Seigneur!—le jure est perdu, tout est perdie!*

DAUPH. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. *O meschante fortune!*

Do not run away. (*a short alarum.*)

CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAUPH. O, perdurable shame! Let's stab ourselves!

Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

ORLEANS. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame?

Let us die instant. Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

"Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,

His fairest daughter is contaminate."

CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now,

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives

Unto these English, or else die with fame.

ORLEANS. We are enough, yet living in the field,

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR. The devil take order now; I'll to the throng:

Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt*, R. 2 E.]

Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK,* BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and others,*
L. 2 E.

KING. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

EXE. The Duke of York† commends him to your majesty.

KING. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour,
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXE. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds),
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

* Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He did not obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play.

† The Duke of York commanded the vanguard of the English army, and was slain in the battle.

This personage is the same who appears in Shakespeare's play of King Richard the Second by the title of Duke Aumerle. His Christian name was Edward. He was the eldest son of Edmund Langley, Duke of York, who is introduced in the same play, and who was the fifth son of King Edward III. Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward, Duke of York.

Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
 And takes him by the beard kisses the gashes,
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
 And cries aloud,—Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast ;
As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry !
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up ;
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says—*Dear, my lord,*
Commend my service to my sovereign.
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck'
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;
 And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

KING. I blame you not ;
 For, hearing this. I must perforce compound
 With misiful eyes, or they will issue too. (*alarum.*)
 But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?

*Enter, hastily GOWER and several KNIGHTS, L. 2 E, one of whom speaks to the KING, while GOWER speaks aside to FLUELLEN.**

FLU. Kill the boys and the luggage ! 'tis expressly against the law of arms ; 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not ?

GOWER. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive ; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter.

KING. The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men ;—
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners ; give the word through.
Exit, attended, L. 2 E.

GOWER. O, 'tis a gallant king !

FLU. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the pig was porn ?

GOWER. Alexander the Great ?

FLU. Why, I pray you, is not pig great ? The pig, or the great, or

* "In the meane season, while the battell thus continued, and that the Englishmen had taken a great number of prisoners, certeine Frenchmen on horsebacke, whereof were capteine Robinet of Borneville, Riffart of Clamas, Isambert of Agincourt, and other men of armes to the number of six hundred horsemen, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavilions were a good waie distant from the armie, without anie sufficient gard to defend the same, either upon a covetous meaning to gain by the spoile, or upon a desire to be revenged, entered upon the king's campe, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and caried awaie caskets, and slue such servants as they found to make anie resistance. * * * * But when the outcrie of the lackies, and boies, which ran awaie for fear of the Frenchmen, thus spoiling the campe, came to the king's eares, he, doubting lest his enemies should gather together and begin again a new field, and mistrusting farthur, that the prisoners would be an aid to his enemies, or the verie enemies to their takers in deed, if they were suffered to live, contrairie to his accustomed gentlenes, commanded by sound of trumpet that everie man (upon paine of death) should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner."—*Holinshed.*

the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

GOWER. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon ; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLU. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain—if you look in the maps of the 'orld I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth ; it is called Wye at Monmouth ; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river ; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well ; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (Heaven knows, and you know), in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his augers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

GOWER. Our king is not like him in that ; he never killed any of his friends.

FLU. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and finished. I'll tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth. [Exeunt, l. 2 e.]

SCENE IX.—*In the neighborhood of KING HENRY'S quarters.*

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, WARWICK, GLOSTER, and SOLDIERS, l. 1 e.

KING. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald ;
Ride thou unto the horseman on yon hill ;*
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field ; they do offend our sight :
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Go, and tell them so.

Enter SOLLIERS, l., carrying bier bearing the bodies of YORK and SUFFOLK. They halt c. Music, plaintive. KING HENRY advances, draws his sword from its scabbard, kisses the hilt, then presses it to the lips of YORK and SUFFOLK. EXETER, WARWICK, GLOSTER, and SOLDIERS display emotion. SOLDIERS carry bier off, r. 1 e. Trumpet.

EXE. (*looking l.*). Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Enter MONTJOY, l. 1 e. He kneels before HENRY.

GLOS. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

KING. How now, what means this, herald ?
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

MONT. No, great king :
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

* "Some write that the kyng, perceiving his enemies in one part to assemble together as though they meant to give a new battell for preservation of the prisoners, sent to them an herald, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once and give battell."—*Holinshed.*

To book our dead, and then to bury them ;
 " To sort our nobles from our common men ;
 For many of our princes (woe the while !)
 Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;
 (So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes) ; and their wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
 Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters.
 O, give us leave, great king.

KING. I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not if the day be ours or no ;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
 And gallop o'er the field.

MONT. The day is yours.

KING. Praised be God, and not our strength for it !—
 What is this castle call'd that stands hard by ? (*pointing R.*)

MONT. They call it—Agincourt.

KING. Then call we this—the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLU. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty,
 and your great uncle Edward, the plack prince of Wales, as I have read
 in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING. They did, Fluellen.

FLU. Your majesty says very true. If your majesty is remembered
 of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow,
 wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps ; which your majesty knows to
 this hour is an honorable padge of the service ; and, I do believe, your
 majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

KING. I wear it for a memorable hour :

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLU. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh blood
 out of your pody, I can tell you that : Got pless it and preserve it, as
 long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too !

KING. Thanks, good my countryman.

FLU. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who
 know it ; I will confess it to all the 'orid : I need not to be ashamed of
 your majesty, praised be Got, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

KING. God keep me so—our heralds go with him.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither. (*points to WIL-*
Liams, who is at back in the ranks.)

[*Exeunt* MONTJOY and ENGLISH HERALDS, L. 1 E.]

EXE. Soldier, thou must come to the king.

KING. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap ?

WIL. (*coming forward ; he has a glove fastened on his helmet.*) An't please
 your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be
 alive.

KING. An Englishman ?

WIL. An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last
 night ; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have
 sworn to take him a box o' the ear ; or, if I can see my glove in his cap
 (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive), I will
 strike it out soundly.

KING. What think you, Captain Fluellen ? is it fit this soldier keep
 his oath ?

FLU. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my
 conscience.

KING. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLU. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look, your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath : if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la.

KING. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WIL. So I will, my liege, as I live.

KING. Who servest thou under ?

WIL. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

FLU. Gower is a goot captain! and is goot knowledge and literated in the wars.

KING. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WIL. I will, my liege.

[Exit WILLIAMS.]

KING. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm; if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, as thou dost me love.

FLU. Your grace does me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects; I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; an please Heaven of its grace that I might see it.
(places glove in his helmet.)

KING. Knowest thou Gower ?

FLU. He is my dear friend, and please you.

KING. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

[Exit KING HENRY, L. 2 E., followed by WARWICK, GLOSTER, and EXETER.]

FLU. I will fetch him.

Re-enter WILLIAMS with GOWER.

WIL. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

FLU. Heaven's will and its pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king; there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WIL. Sir, know you this glove ?

FLU. Know the glove ? I know the glove is a glove.

WIL. I know this; and thus I challenge it. (strikes him.)

FLU. 'Sblud! an arrant traitor as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

GOWER. How now, sir? you villain?

WIL. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLU. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WIL. I am no traitor,

FLU. That's a lie in thy throat—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER, L. 2 E.

WAR. How now, how now! what's the matter?

FLU. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER, L. 2 E.

KING. How now! what's the matter?

FLU. (c.). My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WIL. (R. c.). My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he, that I gave it to, in change, promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLU. Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood), what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is; I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty gave me, in your conscience now.

KING. Give me thy glove soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promis'd to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms. (WILLIAMS falls on his knees.)

FLU. An please, your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the 'orld.

KING. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WIL. All offences, my liege, come from the heart; never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

KING. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WIL. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

KING. Here, uncle Exeter! fill this glove with crowns.

And give it to this fellow. (*gives glove to EXETER.*)

Keep it, fellow,

And wear it for an honor in thy cap,

Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns. (EXETER fills glove with crowns and gives it to WILLIAMS. To FLUELLEN)

And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLU. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly. (*to WILLIAMS*) Hold! there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

WIL. I will none of your money.

FLU. It is with a good will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you pe so pashful? Your shoes is not so goot—'tis a goot shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it. (WILLIAMS accepts the money with apparent reluctance.)

Enter an ENGLISH HERALD, L. 2 E.

KING. Now, herald; are the dead number'd?

HER. Here is the number of slaughter'd French. (*delivers a paper.*)

KING. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXE. Charles, Duke of Orleans,* nephew to the king,
John, Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt;
Of other lords and barons, knights and 'squires
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

* Charles Duke of Orleans was wounded and taken prisoner at Agincourt. Henry refused all ransom for him, and he remained in captivity twenty-three years.

KING. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six : added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights :
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Where is the number of our English dead ? (HERALD presents
another paper)

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire ;
None else of name ; and of all other men
But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on the other ?* Take it, God,
For it is only Thine !

EXE. 'Tis wonderful !

KING. " Come, go we in procession to the village,
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

FLU. Is it not lawful, an' please your majesty, to tell how many is
killed ?

KING. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment—
That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, He did us great good !"

KING. Do we all holy rites.

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay ;
We'll then to Calais—and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

All kneel. Music ; " Non nobis Domine " is sung.† Tableau.

CURTAIN.

* " Among the most illustrious prisoners slain were the Dukes of Brabant, Darré, and Alençon, five counts, and a still greater proportion of distinguished knights ; and the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Vendôme, who was taken by Sir John Cornwall, the Marshal Bouciquault, and numerous other individuals of distinction, whose names are minutely recorded by Monstrelet, were made prisoners. The loss of the English army has been variously estimated. The discrepancies respecting the number slain on the part of the victors, form a striking contrast to the accuracy of the account of the loss of their enemies. The English writers vary in their statements from seventeen to one hundred, whilst the French chroniclers assert that from three hundred to sixteen hundred individuals fell on that occasion. St. Remy and Monstrelet assert that sixteen hundred were slain."—*Nicolas's History of Agincourt.*

† " In short, the number of persons, including princes, knights, and men of every degree, slain that day, amounted to upward of ten thousand, according to the estimates of heralds and other able persons. * * * * * Of these ten thousand it was supposed only sixteen hundred were of low degree, the rest all gentlemen ; for in counting the princes, there were one hundred and six score banners destroyed."—*Monstrelet.*

† " The King, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown, and gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so hap-

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Clouds.*—RUMOR *discovered, c., on cloud bank. Music.*

RUMOR. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
 That I may prompt them. Now we bear the King
 Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,
 Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts,
 Athwart the sea; behold the English beach
 Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys.
 Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep mouth'd sea,
 Which like a mighty whiffer 'fore the king,
 Seems to prepare his way, so let him land
 And solemnly, see him set on to London.
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
 How London doth pour out her citizens!
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort—
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With plebeians swearing at their heels,—
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in.
 "As by a lower but by loving likelihood,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress*
 (As in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit,
 To welcome him? Much more and much more cause,
 Did they this Harry."
 Now in London place him; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France;
 There must we bring him; and myself have played
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
 After your thought, straight back again to France. (*clouds dis-*
perse, and RUMOR descends through trap, c.)

SCENE II.—*An Historical Episode.† A view of old London bridge from the Surry side of the Thames. Grand entry of KING HENRY into London.*

Extracts of King Henry's reception into London from an anonymous Chronicler, who was an eye-witness of the events he describes:

"And when the wished-for Saturday dawned, the citizens went forth to meet the King. * * * viz., the Mayor and Aldermen in scarlet, and the rest of the inferior citizens in red suits, with party coloured hoods, red and white. * * * When they had come to the Tower at the approach to the bridge, as it were at the entrance

pie a victorie, causing his prelates and chapleins to sing this psalme:—'In exitu Israel de Aegypto,' and commanded every man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse, 'non nobis domine, non nobis, sed nomiui tuo da glorium.' Which doone, he caused Te Deum with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or any humane power."—*Holinshed.*

* Referring to the Earl of Essex in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

† This scene, which has no authority in the text of Shakespeare, was first introduced by Mr. Charles Kean, upon his revival of the play at the Princess' Theatre, London, March 28th, 1859. The interpolation is intended to portray the events of Henry's reception upon entering London, founded upon incidents related by an old chronicler, who witnessed the scene. Mr. Calvert, in his revival of the piece, both in London and New York, has followed in Mr. Kean's footsteps, and although he has succeeded in producing a gorgeous spectacle, he has paid but little regard to histori-

to the authorities to the City. * * * Banners of the Royal Arms adorned the Tower, elevated on its turrets; and trumpets clarions, and horns, sounded in various melody; and in front there was this elegant and suitable inscription upon the wall, 'Civitas Regis justicie'—('The City to the King's righteousness.') * * * And behind the tower were innumerable boys, representing angels, arrayed in white, and with countenances shining with gold, and glittering wings, and virgin locks set with precious sprigs of laurel, who, at the King's approach, sang with melodious voices, and with organs, an English anthem.

* * * * *
 "A company of prophets, of venerable hoariness, dressed in golden coats and mantles, with their heads covered and wrapped in gold and crimson, sang with sweet harmony, bowing to the ground, a psalm of thanksgiving.

* * * * *
 "And they sent forth upon him round leaves of silver mixed with wafers, equally thin and round. And there proceeded out to meet the King a chorus of most beautiful virgin girls, elegantly attired in white, singing with timbrol and dance, as it were an angelic multitude, decked with celestial gracefulness, white apparel, shining feathers, virgin locks studded with gems and other resplendent and most elegant array, who sent forth upon the head of the King passing beneath minæ of gold, with bows of laurel; round about angels shone with celestial gracefulness, chaunting sweetly, and with all sorts of music.

"And besides the pressure in the standing places, and of men crowding through the streets, and the multitude of both sexes along the way from the bridge, from one end to the other, that scarcely the horsemen could ride through them. A greater assembly, or a nobler spectacle, was not recollected to have been ever before in London."

CURTAIN.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*France. An apartment in the Palace at Troyes.*

The PRINCESS KATHARINE and her attendant discovered.

KATHARINE. *Alice tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

ALICE. *Un peu, madame.*

KATH. *Je te prie, m'enseigniez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?*

ALICE. *La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

KATH. *De hand. Et les doights?*

cal facts, insomuch that the scene portrayed did not take place at London Bridge, though something similar to it did transpire at the Cross of Chepe; nor was Henry clad in armor, but, "was simply attired in a purple robe, and rode gravely along attended by a very small retinue." The following is an extract from Holinshed's Chronicles, relative to the event:

"The maior of London and the aldermen apparrelled in orient grained scarlet, and four hundred commoners, clad in beautiful murrie, well-mounted and trimlie, horsed, with rich collars, and greate chaines, met the king on Blackheath, rejoicing at his returne; and the clergie of London, with rich crosses, sumptous capes, and masie censers, received him at Saint Thomas of Waterings with solemne procession. The king, like a grave and sober personage, and one remembering from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vain pompe and shews, as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcoming home from so prosperous a jounie in so much, that he would not suffer his helmet to be carried with him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blows and dints that were to be seen in the same. Neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and sung by minstrels, of his glorious victorie, for that he would wholie have the praise and thanks altogether given to God."

It would be next to an impossibility to give a full and complete synopsis of the business of this scene as done at the Princess' or Booth's Theatre, as the effectiveness of its rendition rests solely upon the taste and judgment of the stage manager, for whose benefit the above notes and extracts are given.—Ed.

ALICE. *Les doights ? ma foy, je oublie les doights ; mais je me souviendray. Les doights ? je pense qu'ils sont appellés de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.*

KATH. *La main de hand ; les doights, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon escolier. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?*

ALICE. *Les ongles ? les appelons, de nails.*

KATH. *De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy si je parle bien : de, hand, de fingres, de nails.*

ALICE. *C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.*

KATH. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

ALICE. *De arm, madame.*

KATH. *Et le coude ?*

ALICE. *De elbow.*

KATH. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

ALICE. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

KATH. *Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.*

ALICE. *De elbow, madame.*

KATH. *O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie, De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?*

ALICE. *De nick, madame.*

KATH. *De nick : Et le menton ?*

ALICE. *De chin.*

KATH. *De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.*

ALICE. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

KATH. *Jene doute point d'apprendre par la grâce de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.*

ALICE. *N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

KATH. *Non je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails—*

ALICE. *De nails, madame.*

KATH. *De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

ALICE. *Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WEST-MORELAND, and other LORDS, L. KING CHARLES, QUEEN ISABEL, DUKE OF BURGUNDY carrying a scroll. LORDS and LADIES, R.*

KING. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine ;
And (as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd!)
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

CHARLES. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England ; fairly met—
So are you, princes English, every one.

QUEEN ISABEL. You English princes all, I do salute you.

BUR. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labor'd

* Shortly after his arrival he waited on the King and Queen of France, and the Lady Catherine their daughter, when great honor and attentions were by them mutually paid to each other.—*Monstrelet*.

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,
 To bring your most imperial majesties
 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
 Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
 That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
 You have congregated; let it not disgrace me,
 If I demand, before this royal view,
 What rub, or what impediment, there is,
 Why that naked, poor, and mangled peace,
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
 Should not, in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in its own fertility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
 Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time.
 The sciences that should become our country:
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,
 To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
 And everything that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favor
 You are assembled; and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences,
 And bless us with her former qualities.

KING. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenors and particular effects
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

BUR. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
 There is no answer made.

KING. Well, then, the peace
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

CHARLES. I have but with a cursory eye
 O'er glanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

KING. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,
 And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,
 Warwick, and Huntington, go with the king:
 And take with you free power to ratify,
 Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 Anything in, or out of, our demands;
 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. ISA. Our gracious brother, I will go with them,
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,

When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

KING. Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us ;
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. ISA. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all R. and L., excepting KING HENRY, the PRINCESS, and ALICE.*]

KING. Fair Katherine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love suit to her gentle heart ?

KATH. Your majesty shall mock at me ; I cannot speak your English.

KING. O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate ?

KATH. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

KING. An angel is like you, Kate ; and you are like an angel.

KATH. *Que dit-il ? que je suis semblable à les anges ?*

ALICE. *Ouy, vrayment (sauf vostre grace), ainsi dit-il.*

KING. I said so dear Katherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATH. *O bon Dieu ! les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*

KING. What says she, fair one ? that tongues of men are full of deceits ?

ALICE. *Ouy ; dat de tongues of de mans is full of deceits : dat is de princess.*

KING. The princess is the better English woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding.

KATH. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand weil.

KING. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off : but, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier : If thou canst love me for this, take me : if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true : but—for thy love, by the Lord, no ; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy ; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places : for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they do always reason themselves out again. What ! a speaker is but a prater ; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall ; a straight back will stoop ; a black beard will turn white ; a curled pate will grow bald ; a fair face will wither ; a full eye will wax hollow ; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon ; or, rather the sun, and not the moon ; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me.

KATH. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France ?

KING. No ; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate : but in loving me, you should love the friend of France ; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it ; I will have it all mine : and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

KING. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moy* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*done vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATH. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois le quel je parle.*

KING. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

KATH. I cannot tell.

KING. Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me. How answer you, *la plus Belle Katherine du monde, mon tre schere et divine déesse*?

KATH. Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to decieve de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

KING. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate. Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shall no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken. Wilt thou have me?

KATH. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon pere*.

KING. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATH. Den it sall also content me.

KING. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

KATH. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon tres puissant seigneur.*

KING. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH. *Les dames, et demoiselles, pour estre baissées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutûme de France.*

KING. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France—I cannot tell what is *baiser* en English.

KING. To kiss.

ALICE. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moy*.

KING. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE. *Ouy, vrayment.*

KING. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion; therefore, patiently and yielding. (*kissing her*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council: and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

The KING leads out the PRINCESS, followed by the ATTENDANT, c. and off L.

Change.

SCENE II.—*Street in Troyes.*

Enter CAPTAIN GOWER, and FLUELLEN (*who has a leek in his cap and a cudgel in his hand*), L 1 E.

GOWER. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

FLU. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL, R. 1 E.

GOWER. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLU. 'Tis no matters for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, Ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

PISTOL. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan, To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLU. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLU. There is one goat for you. (*strikes him.*)

Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

PISTOL. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLU. You say very true, scald knave, when Heaven's will is; I will desire you to live in the meantime, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. (*striking him again*) You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to, if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER. Enough, captain, you have astonished him.

FLU. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek. or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

PISTOL. Must I bite?

FLU. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt and out of questions, too, and ambiguities?

PISTOL. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat—and eat—I swear.

FLU. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

PISTOL. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see, I eat.

FLU. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away, the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to seek leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

PISTOL. Good.

FLU. Ay, leeks is goot. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

PISTOL. Me a groat?

FLU. Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PISTOL. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

FLU. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. Heaven be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit with GOWER, R. 1 E.]

PISTOL. All hell shall stir for this!

[Exit, L. 1 E.]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Cathedral of Troyes. Discovered KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, LORDS and ENGLISH KNIGHTS,* KING CHARLES, QUEEN ISABEL, PRINCESS KATHERINE, DUKE OF BURGUNDY, LORDS and LADIES. Music.*

QUEEN ISABEL. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks;
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

KING. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

CHARLES. We have consented to all terms of reason.

KING. Is't so, my lords of England?

WEST. The king hath granted every article:

His daughter, first; and then, in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

EXE. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this:—Where your majesty demands,—That the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Noter tres cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin:—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angle, et hæres Francie.*

CHARLES. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.†

* At this interview, which is described as taking place in the Church of Notre Dame, at Troyes, King Henry was attired in his armor, and accompanied by sixteen hundred warriors. Henry is related to have placed a ring of "inestimable value" on the finger of Katharine, "supposed to be the same worn by our English queen-consorts at their coronation," at the moment when he received the promise of the princess.

Katharine was crowned Queen of England February 24, 1421; and shortly after the death of her heroic husband, which event took place August 31st, 1422, the queen married a Welsh gentleman of the name of Owen Tudor, by whom she had three sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Edmund, married Margaret Beaufort, the heiress of the house of Somerset. His half-brother, Henry VI., created him Earl of Richmond. He died before he reached twenty years of age, leaving an infant son, afterwards Henry VII., the first king of the Tudor line. Katharine died 1437, in the thirty-sixth year of her age, and was buried at Westminster Abbey.

† Councils were then holden for the ratification of the peace, and whatever articles had been disagreeable to the king of England in the treaty were then corrected according to his pleasure. When relating to the peace had been concluded, King Henry, according to the custom of France, affianced the Lady Catherine.—*Monstrelet.*

The principal articles of the treaty were, that Henry should espouse the Princess Catherine: That King Charles, during his lifetime, should enjoy the title and dignity of King of France: That Henry should be declared and acknowledged heir of the monarchy, and be intrusted with the present administration of the government: That that kingdom should pass to his heirs general: That France and England should for ever be united under one king, but should still retain their several usages, customs, and privileges: That all the princes, peers, vassals, and communities of France, should swear, that they would both adhere to the future succession of Henry and pay him present obedience as regent: That this prince should unite his arms to

KING. I pray you, then, in love, and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest:
And thereupon, give me your daughter.*

CHARLES. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL. Amen!

KING. Now welcome, Kate—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine our hearts in one, our realms in one!
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

ALL. Amen!


Flourish.—Picture.

CURTAIN.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R. C. Right of Centre; L. C. Left of Centre. D. F. Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage; C. D. F. Centre Door in the Flat; R. D. F. Right Door in the Flat; L. D. F. Left Door in the Flat; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; 1 E. First Entrance; 2 E. Second Entrance; U. E. Upper Entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G. First Second or Third Grooves.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

 The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

those of King Charles and the Duke of Burgundy, in order to subdue the adherents of Charles, the pretended dauphin; and that these three princes should make no peace or truce with him but by common consent and agreement. Such was the tenor of this famous treaty—a treaty which, as nothing but the most violent animosity could dictate it, so nothing but the power of the sword could carry it into execution.—*Hume's History of England.*

* On the morrow of Trinity-day the King of England espoused her in the parish church near to where he was lodged. Great pomp and magnificence were displayed by him and his prince, as if he were at that moment King of all the world.—*Monstrelet.*



—“Sweetest Shakespeare, Nature’s child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.”—MILTON.

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- 31 TAMING A TIGER. A Farce in one act, altered from the French.** Three male characters. In this a dashing light comedian and fiery, petulant old man cannot fail to extort applause. Modern dresses: and scene, a modern apartment. Time in representation, twenty five minutes.
- 32 THE LITTLE REBEL. A Farce in one act, by J. Sterling Coyne.** Four male and three female characters. An excellent piece for a sprightly young actress. Dresses and scenery of the present day. Easy of production. Time in representation, about forty-five minutes.
- 33 ONE TOO MANY FOR HIM. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams.** Two male and three female characters. Adapted from a popular French vaudeville. Costume of the time. Scene, parlor in country house. Time of representation, fifty minutes.
- 34 LARKIN'S LOVE LETTERS. A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams.** Three male and two female characters. The piece has excellent parts for first low comedy—first old man and a soubrette. Dresses of the day. Scene, a parlor. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 35 A SILENT WOMAN. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Hailes Lacy.** Two male and one female characters. One of the prettiest little pieces on the English stage. Dresses of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 36 BLACK SHEEP. a Drama in three acts, from Edmund Yates' novel of the same name, and arranged for the stage by J. Palgrave Simpson and the author.** Seven male and five female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scenery, an interior; gardens at Homburg, and a handsome parlor. Time in playing, two and a half hours.
- 37 A SILENT PROTECTOR. A Farce in one act by Thomas J. Williams.** Three male and two female characters. An active, bustling piece of ingenuity, which affords abundant opportunities for the display of Quickfidget's eccentricities. Costumes of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 38 THE RIGHTFUL HEIR. A Drama in five acts, by Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer).** Ten male and two female characters. A revision and improvement of the author's play of the "Sea Captain," originally produced under management of Mr. Macready. Costumes of the English Elizabethan period, armor, doublets, tights, &c. Scenery picturesque and elaborate. The play contains numerous scenes and passages, which could be selected for declamation. Time in representation, two hours and forty-five minutes.
- 39 MASTER JONES' BIRTHDAY. A Farce in one act, by John Maddison Morton.** Four male and two female characters. A very amusing and effective composition, particularly suited to amateurs. Dresses of the day; and scene, a plain interior. Time of playing, thirty minutes.
- 40 ATCHI. A Comedietta in one act, by John Maddison Morton.** Three male and two female characters. A gem in pleasantry, whose conclusion is irresistibly comic. Costume of the day. Scene, a tastefully laid out garden. Time in representation, forty minutes.

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No.

- 41 BEAUTIFUL FOREVER.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Two male and two female characters. A sprightly satirical rebuke to those that patronize advertised nostrums. Costumes of the day. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 42 TIME AND THE HOUR.** A Drama in three acts, by J. Palgrave Simpson and Felix Dale. Seven male and three female characters. An excellent acting play, full of life and incident, the parts of Medicott and Marian Beck being capable of impressive representation—all others good. Costumes of the present period. Scenery, gardens and exterior, cottage and garden, and an old oaken chamber. Time in representation, two hours and a half.
- 43 SISTERLY SERVICE.** An original Comedietta in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Seven male and two female characters. An interesting piece. Costumes, rich dresses of the musketeers of Louis XIII. Scenes, an apartment of that period, and a corridor in the royal palace of France. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 44 WAR TO THE KNIFE.** a Comedy in three acts, by Henry J. Byron. Five male and four female characters. A pleasing, entertaining and morally instructive lesson as to extravagant living; capitably adapted to the stage. Costumes of the present time. Scenes, three interiors. Time in representation, one hour and three quarters.
- 45 OUR DOMESTICS.** A Comedy Farce in two acts, by Frederick Hay. Six male and six female characters. An irresistibly facetious exposition of high life below stairs, and of the way in which servants treat employers during their absence. Costumes of the day. Scenes, kitchen and dining room. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 46 MIRIAM'S CRIME.** A Drama in three acts, by H. T. Craven. Five male and two female characters. One of the best acting plays, and easily put on the stage. Costumes modern. Scenery, modern English interiors, two in number. Time in representation, two hours.
- 47 EASY SHAVING.** A Farce in one act, by F. C. Burnand and M. ntagu Williams. Five male and two female characters. A neat and effective piece, with excellent parts for low comedian and singing chamber maid. Costumes of the days of Charles II of England. Scene, a barber's shop. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 48 LITTLE ANNIE'S BIRTHDAY.** An original personation Farce, by W. E. Suter. Two male and four female characters. A good farce, whose effectiveness depends upon a singing young lady, who could make the piece a sure success. Costumes modern. Scene, an apartment in an English country house. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 49 THE MIDNIGHT WATCH.** A Drama in one act, by J. Maddison Morton. Eight male and two female characters. A successful little play. Costumes of the time of the French Revolution of 1795. Scene, the platform of a fortress. Time in representation, one hour.
- 50 THE PORTER'S KNOT.** A serio-comic Drama in two acts, by John Oxenford. Eight male and two female characters. Interesting and thoroughly dramatic. Costumes of the day. Scenes, an interior of cottage and exterior of seaside hotel. Time in representation, one hour and a quarter.
- 51 A MODEL OF A WIFE.** A Farce in one act, by Alfred Wigan. Three male and two female characters. Most amusing in conception and admirably carried out. Costumes of the day. Scene, a painter's studio. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 52 A CUP OF TEA.** A Comedietta in one act. Translated from the French of *Une Tasse de Thé*, by Charles Nuttier and J. Derley. Three male and one female characters. An exquisite petty comedy, well adapted for amateur representation. Costumes modern. Scene, handsome drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 53 GERTRUDE'S MONEY BOX. A Farce in one act**, by Harry Lemon. Four male and two female characters. A successful, well written piece; an incident in rural life. Costumes of the present time. Scene, interior of a cottage. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 54 THE YOUNG COLLEGIAN (The Cantab). A Farce in one act**, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and two female characters. A rattling piece, filled with ludicrous situations, which could be splendidly worked up by a good light comedian. Costumes modern; and scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, fifty minutes.
- 55 CATHARINE HOWARD; or, the Throne, the Tomb and the Scaffold.** An historical play in three acts [from the celebrated play of that name, by Alexander Dumas]; adapted by W. D. Suter. Twelve male and five female characters. A most successful acting drama in both France and England. Costumes of the period of Henry VIII of England, artistic and rich. Scenery elaborate and historical. Time in representation, two hours and a half.
- 56 TWO GAY DECEIVERS; or, Black, White and Gray.** A Farce in one act by T. W. Robertson. Three male characters. Adapted from the French of one of the most laughable vaudevilles on the Parisian stage. Costumes of present day. Scene, a cell in a police station. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 57 NOEMIE. A Drama in two acts, translated and adapted from the French of Dennery and Clement** by T. W. Robertson. Four male and four female characters. Originally acted in Paris, this piece created such a sensation that it was produced subsequently at all the leading theatres of London. Costumes modern. Scenery, a garden scene and a richly furnished interior. Time in representation, one hour and a half. Easily put on the stage.
- 58 DEBORAH (LEAH); or, the Jewish Maiden's Wrong.** A Drama in three acts, by Charles Smith Cheltnam. Seven male and six female characters. A strangely effective acting play. Costumes picturesque yet simple. Scenery elaborate and cumbersome to handle. Time in representation, two hours and fifteen minutes. Elegant extracts can be taken from this drama.
- 59 THE POST BOY. An original Drama in two acts**, by H. T. Craven. Five male and three female characters. Very successful. Costumes modern. Scenery, two interiors. Time of playing, an hour and a half.
- 60 THE HIDDEN HAND; or, the Gray Lady of Perth Vennon.** A Drama in four acts, by Tom Taylor. Five male and five female characters. Costumes of the period of James II of England. Scenery somewhat elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and a half.
- 61 PLOT AND PASSION. A Drama in three acts** [from the French], by Tom Taylor. Seven male and two female characters. A neat and well constructed play, admirably adapted to amateur representation. Costumes of the period of the First Empire, rich and attractive. Scenes, an interior in a French mansion, and one in a country villa. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 62 A PHOTOGRAPHIC FIX. A Farce in one act**, by Frederick Hay. Three male and two female characters. A brilliant, witty production. Costumes of the day. Scene, a photographic room. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 63 MARRIAGE AT ANY PRICE. A Farce in one act**, by J. P. Wooler. Five male and three female characters. A decided success in London. Costumes of the day. Two scenes, a plain chamber and a garden. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 64 A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY. A domestic Sketch in one act**, by Francis Talfourd. One male and one female character. A gem in its line; artistic, dramatic and very natural. Modern costumes, and scene a poorly furnished apartment. Time in playing, twenty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 65 CHECKMATE. A Comedy in two acts, by Andrew Halliday.** Six male and five female characters. Costumes, English, of the present day. Scenes, interior of a country hotel, and exterior of same, with landscape. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 66 THE ORANGE GIRL. A Drama in a prologue and three acts, by Harry Leslie and Nicholas Rowe.** Eighteen male and four female characters. Costumes of the present day; this piece requires considerable scenery, and some of an especial nature. Time in representation, two hours and a quarter.
- 67 THE BIRTHPLACE OF PODGERS. A Farce in one act, by John Hollingshead.** Seven male and three female characters. A capital acting extravaganza, introducing a number of eccentric personages. Costumes of the present time. Scene, a workingman's room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 68 THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE. A Drama in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Velesville and Roger de Beauvoir, by T. W. Robertson.** Nine male and three female characters. A very popular and favorite play. Costumes, very rich, in velvet, court and hunting dresses, breeches, stockings, &c. Scenery, a tavern and garden, an interior, style Louis Seize, and a plainer interior. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 69 CAUGHT BY THE CUFF. A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay.** Four male and one female characters. An exquisitely ludicrous production, crammed with situations. Costumes of the day. Scene, a kitchen. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 70 THE BONNIE FISHWIFE. A Farce in one act, by Charles Selby, Comedian.** Three male and one female characters. A very sprightly piece, in which the lady is required to sing, and to be capable of assuming the Scottish dialect. The costumes, although modern, involve eccentric Scottish and deer stalking dresses. Scenes, a handsome chamber and interior of Highland cottage. Time of playing, forty-five minutes.
- 71 DOING FOR THE BEST. A domestic Drama in two acts, by M. Rophino Lacy.** Five male and three female characters. An effective acting piece, popular in London. Costumes of the day. Two scenes, one interior of cottage, the other a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 72 A LAME EXCUSE. A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay.** Four male and two female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 73 A GOLDEN FETTER (FETTERED). A Drama in three acts, by Watts Phillips.** Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scenery extensive and peculiar to the piece. Time in representation, one hour and a half.
- 74 THE GARRICK FEVER. A Farce in one act, by J. R. Planche.** Seven male and four female characters. Costumes of the year 1742—court dresses, regimentals, velvet trains, &c. Scenery, a plain interior. Time of representation, forty-five minutes.
- 75 ADRIENNE; or, the Secret of a Life. Drama in three acts, by Harry Leslie.** Seven male and three female characters. A telling romantic drama. Italian and French costumes, civil and military. Scenery, elaborate interiors and landscapes. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.
- 76 THE CHOPS OF THE CHANNEL. An original Nautical Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay.** Three male and two female characters. A very mirth exciting and whimsical composition. Costumes of the present day. Scene, the saloon of a steamer. Time in representation, forty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 77 THE ROLL OF THE DRUM.** A romantic Drama in three acts, by Thomas Egerton Wilks. Eight male and four female characters. A standard piece with the British theatres. Costumes of the period of the first French revolution. Scenery, interior of a farm house, a picturesque landscape and a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.
- 78 SPECIAL PERFORMANCES.** A Farce in one act, by Wilmot Harrison. Seven male and three female characters. A most ludicrous, ingenious and sprightly production. Dresses of the present day. Scene, a chamber. Time in performance, forty minutes.
- 79 A SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.** A domestic Drama in one act, freely adapted from Madame de Girardin's "*Une Femme qui deteste Son Mari*," by Tom Taylor. Seven male and five female characters. A neat and pleasing domestic play, founded upon incidents following Monmouth's rebellion. Costumes of the time of James II of England. Scene, a tapestried chamber. Time of playing, one hour.
- 80 A CHARMING PAIR.** A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Four male and three female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a handsomely furnished apartment. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 81 VANDYKE BROWN.** A Farce in one act, by Adolphus Charles Troughton. Three male and three female characters. Popular wherever performed. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a chamber, backed by a window. Time of representation, one hour.
- 82 PEEP O' DAY; or, Savourneen Dheelish.** An Irish romantic Drama in four acts (derived from "Tales of the O'Hara Family"), by Edmund Falconer. The New "Drury Lane" version. Twelve male and four female characters. Costumes, Irish, in the year 1798. Scenery, illustrative of Munster. Time in representation, three hours.
- 83 THRICE MARRIED.** A personation piece in one act, by Howard Paul. Six male and one female characters. The lady sings, dances and assumes personification of a French vocalist, of a Spanish dancer and of a man of fashion. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room in a lodging house. Time in representation, three quarters of an hour.
- 84 IT GUILTY.** A Drama in four acts, by Watts Phillips, ten male and six female characters. A thrilling drama founded upon a fact. Costumes of the present day. Scenery illustrative of localities about Southampton and its harbor, and of others in India. Time in representation, three hours.
- 85 LOCKED IN WITH A LADY.** A Sketch from Life, by H. R. Addison. One male and one female character. A very pleasing and humorous interlude. Costume of the day, and scene a bachelor's apartment. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 86 THE LADY OF LYONS; or, Love and Pride.** A Play in five acts, by Lord Lytton (Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer). Twelve male five female characters. Four of the male characters are very good ones; and Pauline, Madame Deschappelles and the Widow Melnotte are each excellent in their line. The piece abounds in eloquent declamation and sparkling dialogue. This edition is the most complete in all respects ever issued. It occupies three hours in representation. The scenery, gardens and interior of cottage and mansion. Costumes French, of 1795.
- 87 LOCKED OUT.** A Comic Scene, illustrative of what may occur after dark in a great metropolis; by Howard Paul. One male and two female characters, with others unimportant. Scene, a street; dress, modern. Time in playing, thirty minutes.
- 88 FOUNDED ON FACTS.** A Farce in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Four male and two female characters. A favorite acting piece, easily put on the stage and never failing in success. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a hotel parlor. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 89 AUNT CHARLOTTE'S MAID.** A Farce in one act, by J. Maddison Morton. Three male and three female characters. One of the best of this prolific humorist's dramatic pieces. Dresses of the period, and scene an apartment in a dwelling house. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 90 ONLY A HALFPENNY.** A Farce in one act, by John Oxenford. Two male and two female characters. Dresses of the present day, and scene an elegantly furnished interior. Time in representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 91 WALPOLE; or, Every Man has his Price.** A Comedy in rhyme, by Lord Lytton. Seven male and two female characters. Costumes of the period of George I of England. Scenery illustrative of London localities, and residences of the same era. Time of playing, one hour and ten minutes.
- 92 MY WIFE'S OUT.** A Farce in one act, by G. Herbert Rodwell. Two male and two female characters. This piece had a successful run at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. Costume modern, and scene an artist's studio. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 93 THE AREA BELLE.** A Farce in one act, by William Brough and Andrew Halliday. Three male and two female characters. Costumes of the present time, and scene a kitchen. Time in performing, thirty minutes.
- 94 OUR CLERKS; or, No. 3, Fig Tree Court, Temple.** An original Farce, in one act. Seven male and five female characters. Costumes modern, and scene a large sitting room solidly furnished. Time in representation, sixty-five minutes.
- 95 THE PRETTY HORSE BREAKER.** A Farce, by William Brough and Andrew Halliday. Three male and ten female characters. Costumes modern English, and scene a breakfast room in a fashionable mansion. Time of playing, forty-five minutes.
- 96 DEAREST MAMMA.** A Comedietta in one act, by Walter Gordon. Four male and three female characters. Costume modern English, and scene a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour.
- 97 ORANGE BLOSSOMS.** A Comedietta in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Three male and three female characters. Costume of the present day, and scene, a garden with summer house. Time in playing, fifty minutes.
- 98 WHO IS WHO? or, All in a Fog.** A Farce, adapted from the French, by Thomas J. Williams. Three male and two female characters. Costumes, modern English dresses, as worn by country gentry; and scene, parlor, in an old fashioned country house. Time of playing, thirty minutes.
- 99 THE FIFTH WHEEL.** A Comedy in three acts. Ten male and two female characters. An excellent American production, easily managed. Costumes of the modern day. Scenery not complicated. Time of representation, about one hour and three quarters.
- 100 JACK LONG.** A Drama in two acts, by J. B. Johnstone. Nine male and two female characters. Costume of the frontiers. Scenery illustrative of localities on the Texan frontier. Time of performance, one hour and twenty minutes.
- 101 FERNANDE; or, Forgive and Forget.** A Drama in three acts, by Victorien Sardou. Eleven male and ten female characters. This is a correct version of the celebrated play as performed in Paris and adapted to the English stage, by Henry L. Williams, Jr. Costumes, modern French. Scenery, four interiors. Time in representation, three hours.
- 102 FOILED; or, a Struggle for Life and Liberty.** A Drama in four acts, by O. W. Cornish. 9 males, 3 females. Costumes, modern American. Scenery—a variety of scenes required, but none elaborate. Time in representation, three and a half hours.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 103 FAUST AND MARGUERITE.** A romantic Drama in three acts, translated from the French of Michel Carre, by Thomas William Robertson. Nine male and seven female characters. Costumes German, of the sixteenth century; doublets, trunks, tights. Scenery, a laboratory, tavern, garden, street and tableau. Time in representation, two hours.
- 104 NO NAME.** A Drama in five acts, by Wilkie Collins. Seven male and five female characters. A dramatization of the author's popular novel of the same name. Costumes of the present day. Scenery, four interiors and a sea view. Time in representation, three hours.
- 105 WHICH OF THE TWO.** A Comedietta in one act, by John M. Morton. Two male and ten female characters. A very neat and interesting petty comedy. Costume Russian. Scene, public room of an Inn. Time of playing, fifty minutes.
- 106 UP FOR THE CATTLE SHOW.** A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Six male and two female characters. Costumes English, of the present day. Scene, a parlor. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 107 CUPBOARD LOVE.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Two male and one female characters. A good specimen of broad comedy. Dresses modern, and scene, a neatly furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 108 MR. SCROGGINS; or, Change of Name.** A Farce in one act, by William Hancock. Three male and three female characters. A lively piece. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 109 LOCKED IN.** A Comedietta in one act, by J. P. Wooler. Two male and two female characters. Costumes of the period. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 110 POPPLETON'S PREDICAMENTS.** A Farce in one act, by Charles M. Rae. Three male and six female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 111 THE LIAR.** A Comedy in two acts, by Samuel Foote. Seven male and two female characters. One of the best acting plays in any language. Costumes, embroidered court dresses, silk sacques, &c; still the modern dress will suffice. Scenes—one, a park, the other a drawing room. Time in representation, one hour and twenty minutes. This edition, as altered by Charles Mathews, is particularly adapted for amateurs.
- 112 NOT A BIT JEALOUS.** A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and three female characters. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room. Time of playing, forty minutes.
- 113 CYRIL'S SUCCESS.** A Comedy in five acts, by Henry J. Byron. Ten male and four female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, four interiors. Time in representation, three hours twenty minutes.
- 114 ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.** A petite Comedy in one act, by Shirley Brooks. Three male and three female characters. Costumes present day. Scene, an interior. Time in representation, fifty-one minutes.
- 115 NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES.** A Comedy in three acts by Tom Taylor. Eight male and five female characters. Costumes present day. Scenery somewhat complicated. Time in representation, two hours.
- 116 I'M NOT MESILF AT ALL.** An original Irish Stew in one act, by C. A. Maltby. Three male and two female characters. Costume of present day, undress uniform, Irish peasant and Highland dress. Scene, a room. Time in playing twenty-eight minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 117 NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.** A farcical Drama in three acts, by Henry J. Byron. Five male and four female characters. Excellent for amateurs. Costumes of the day. Scenery, three interiors. Time in representation, two hours.
- 118 WANTED, A YOUNG LADY.** A Farce in one act, by W. E. Suter. Three male characters. Effective for amateurs. Costumes of the day. Scene, a room. Time in playing, forty minutes.
- 119 A LIFE CHASE.** A Drama in five acts, by Adolph Belot; translated by John Oxenford and Horace Wigan. Fourteen male and five female characters. Costumes modern French. Scenery elaborate. Time in representation, two hours and twenty minutes.
- 120 A TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.** Petite Comedy in one act. Two male and one female characters. Admirably adapted for private performance. Costumes of the day. Scene, an interior. Time of representation, thirty-five minutes.
- 121 A COMICAL COUNTESS.** A Farce in one act, by William Brough. Three male and one female characters. Costumes French, of last century. Scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 122 ISABELLA ORSINI.** A romantic Drama in four acts, by S. H. Mosenthal. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes Italian, three hundred years ago. Scenery complicated. Time in representation, three and a half hours.
- 123 THE TWO POLTS.** A Farce in one act, by John Courtney. Four male and four female characters. Costumes modern. Scenery, a street and two interiors. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 124 THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW; or, The Little Man in Green.** A Farce in one act, by Thomas J. Williams. Six male and six female characters. Easily localized, as the "Home Guard," or "Militia Muster." Costumes of the day; and scene, a room. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 125 DEERFOOT.** A Farce in one act, by T. C. Burnand. Five male and one female characters. Costumes of the day; and scene, a public house. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.
- 126 TWICE KILLED.** A Farce in one act, by John Oxenford. Six male and three female characters. Costumes modern; scene, landscape and a drawing room. Time in playing, forty-five minutes.
- 127 PEGGY GREEN.** A Farce in one act, by Charles Selby. Three male and ten female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scene, a country road. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 128 THE FEMALE DETECTIVE; or, The Mother's Dying Child.** A Drama in three acts, by C. H. Hazlewood. Eleven male and four female characters. Costumes of fifty years since. Scenery very elaborate. Time of playing two hours.
- 129 IN FOR A HOLIDAY.** A Farce in one act, by F. C. Burnand. Two male and three female characters. Costumes of the period, and scene an interior. Time in performance, thirty-five minutes.
- 130 MY WIFE'S DIARY.** A Farce in one act. From the French of MM. Denney and Clairville, by T. W. Robertson. Three male and one female characters. Costumes modern French, and scene a drawing room. Time in representation, fifty minutes.
- 131 GO TO PUTNEY.** A Farce in one act, by Harry Lemon. Four male and three female characters. Excellent for amateurs. Costumes of the day; scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 132 A RACE FOR A DINNER.** A Farce in one act, by J. F. G. Rodwell. Ten male characters. A sterling piece. Costumes of the day. Scene, a tavern exterior. Time in representation, sixty minutes.
- 133 TIMOTHY TO THE RESCUE.** A Farce in one act, by Henry J. Byron. Four male and two female characters. In this laughable piece Spangle assumes several personifications. Costumes of the day, and scene a plain interior. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.
- 134 TOMPKINS, THE TROUBADOUR.** A Farce in one act, by MM. Lockroy and Marc Michel. Three male and two female characters. Costumes modern, and scene an ironmonger's shop. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.
- 135 EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.** A Comedy in three acts, by J. Sterling Coyne. Six male and five female characters. Costumes modern, and scenery three interiors. Time in performance, two and a half hours.
- 136 THE WOMAN IN RED.** A Drama in three acts and Prologue, by J. Sterling Coyne. Six male and eight female characters. Costumes French and Italian. Scenery complicated. Time of playing, three hours and twenty-five minutes.
- 137 L'ARTICLE 47; or Breaking the Ban.** A Drama in three acts, by Adolph Belot, adapted to the English stage by Henry L. Williams. Eleven male and five female characters. Costumes French, of the day. Scenery elaborate. Time in representation, three hours and ten minutes.
- 138 POLL AND PARTNER JOE; or, The Pride of Putney and the Pressing Pirate.** A Burlesque in one act and four scenes, by F. C. Burnand. Ten male and three female characters. (Many of the male characters are performed by ladies.) Costumes modern, and scenery local. Time of playing, one hour.
- 139 JOY IS DANGEROUS.** A Comedy in two acts, by James Mortimer. Three male and three female characters. Costume, modern French. Scenery, two interiors. Time in representation, one hour and forty-five minutes.
- 140 NEVER RECKON YOUR CHICKENS, &c.** A Farce in one act, by Wybert Reeve. Three male and four female characters. Modern costumes, and scene, an interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 141 THE BELLS; or, the Polish Jew.** A romantic moral Drama in three acts, by MM. Ereckmann and Chatrain. Nine male and three female characters. Costumes Alsatian, of present date. Scenery, two interiors and a court room. Time of playing, two hours and twenty minutes.
- 142 DOLLARS AND CENTS.** An original American Comedy in three acts, by L. J. Hollenius, as performed by the Murray Hill Dramatic Association. Nine male and four female characters. Costumes modern, and scenery, three interiors and one garden. Time in representation, two and three quarter hours.
- 143 LODGERS AND DODGERS.** A Farce in one act, by Frederick Hay. Four male and two female characters. Costumes of the present time. Scene, a furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes. One character a Yorkshire farmer.
- 144 THE LANCASHIRE LASS; or, Tempted, Tried and True.** A domestic Melodrama in four acts and a Prologue, by Henry J. Byron. Twelve male and three female characters. Costumes of the present day. Scenery, varied and difficult. Time in representation, three hours.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 145 FIRST LOVE. A Comedy in one act, by Eugene Scribe.** Adapted to the American stage by L. J. Hollenius. Four male and one female characters. Suitable for amateurs. Modern costumes, and scene, a parlor. Time in playing, forty-five minutes.
- 146 THERE'S NO SMOKE WITHOUT FIRE. A Comedietta in one act, by Thomas Picton.** One male and two female characters. Costumes of the present day, and scene, an apartment. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 147 THE OVERLAND ROUTE. A Comedy in three acts,** by Tom Taylor. Eleven male and five female characters. Costumes East Indian (European). Scenery, steamship saloon and deck, and coral reef. Time in representation, two hours and forty minutes.
- 148 CUT OFF WITH A SHILLING. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith.** Two male and one female characters. Scene, a drawing room. Time in playing, twenty-five minutes.
- 149 CLOUDS. An American Comedy in four acts, by Fred. Marsden (W. A. Sliver).** Eight male and seven female characters. Costumes of the day. Scenery, cottage, river scene and drawing rooms. Time in representation, three hours.
- 150 A TELL-TALE HEART. A Comedietta in one act, by Thomas Picton.** One male and two female characters. Excellent for private representation. Costumes of the day. Scene, a villa room. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 151 A HARD CASE. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Picton.** Two male characters. A most ludicrous piece for two performers. Costumes of the day. Scene, an interior. Time in playing, thirty-five minutes.
- 152 CUPID'S EYE-GLASS. A Comedy in one act, by Thomas Picton.** One male and one female characters. Adapted for amateur performance. Costumes of the day, and scene, a drawing room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 153 'TIS BETTER TO LIVE THAN TO DIE. A Farce in one act, by Thomas Picton.** Two male and one female characters. Can be played readily and effectively by amateurs. Costumes, modern, and scene, an artist's studio. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 154 MARIA AND MAGDALENA. A Play in four acts, by L. J. Hollenius.** Eight male, six female characters. An uniformly good stock company is alone needed to properly produce this charming piece. Costumes modern. Scenery, fine interiors and beautiful gardens. Time in representation, three hours.
- 155 OUR HEROES. A Military Play in five acts, eight allegorical tableaux, and ten grand pictures, including a grand transformation tableau, by John B. Renauld.** Twenty-four male and five female characters. Large parties of retired volunteers can appear with great effect in this play. Costumes modern, civil and military. Scenery, interiors of dwellings, encampments and battle-fields.
- 156 PEACE AT ANY PRICE. A Farce in one act, by T. W. Robertson.** One male and one female characters; but a variety of voices are heard throughout the piece, the speakers being invisible. A capital sketch for two lively amateur comedians. Costume modern. Scenery—there is but one scene throughout the piece—a meanly furnished apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 157 QUITE AT HOME. A Comedietta in one act, by Arthur Sketchley.** Five male and two female characters. A real lively taking piece. All the characters passable. Costumes modern. Scenery, a shabbily furnished apartment. Time in representation, forty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 158 SCHOOL. A Comedy in four acts, by T. W. Robertson.** Six male and six female characters. Is a very superior piece, and has three characters unusually good for either sex. Could be played with fine effect at a girls' seminary. Costumes modern. Scenery, English landscape and genteel interiors. Time in representation, two hours and forty minutes.
- 159 IN THE WRONG HOUSE. A Farce in one act, by Martin Becher.** Four male and two female characters. A very justly popular piece. Two of the male characters are excellent for light and low comedian. Good parts, too, for a young and old lady. Costumes modern. Scenery, an ordinary room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 160 BLOW FOR BLOW. A Drama in a Prologue and three acts, by Henry J. Byron.** Eleven male and six female characters. Full of homely pathos as well as rich humor. Has several excellent parts. Costumes modern. Scenery, interiors of offices and dwellings. Time in representation, three hours.
- 161 WOMAN'S VOWS AND MASONS' OATHS. In four acts, by A. J. H. Duganne.** Ten male and four female characters. Has effective situations, fine characters and beautiful dialogues. Costumes modern, with Federal and Confederate uniforms. Scenery, interiors in country houses, and warlike encampments. Time in performance, two hours and thirty minutes.
- 162 UNCLE'S WILL. A Comedietta in one act, by S. Theyre Smith.** Two male and one female characters. A brilliant piece; can be easily played in a parlor. Costumes modern, and naval uniform for Charles. Scenery, set interior drawing room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 163 MARCORETTI. A romantic Drama in three acts, by John M. Kingdom.** Ten male and three female characters. A thrillingly effective piece, full of strong scenes. Costumes, brigands and rich Italian's dress. Scenery, interior of castle, mountain passes, and princely ball room. Time in representation, two hours.
- 164 LITTLE RUBY; or, Home Jewels. A domestic Drama in three acts, by J. J. Wallace.** Six male and six female characters. This drama is at once affecting and effective. Little Ruby fine personation for young prodigy. Costumes modern. Scenery, interior of dwelling and gardens. Time in representation, two hours.
- 165 THE LIVING STATUE. A Farce in one act, by Joseph J. Dilley and James Allen.** Three male and two female characters. Brimful of fun. Trotter a great character for a droll low comedian. Costumes modern, with one old Roman warrior dress. Scenery, a plain interior.
- 166 BARDELL vs. PICKWICK. A Farcical sketch in one act, arranged from Charles Dickens.** Six male and two female characters. Uncommonly funny. Affords good chance to "take off" local legal celebrities. Costumes modern. Scenery, a court room. Time in performance, thirty minutes.
- 167 APPLE BLOSSOMS. A Comedy in three acts, by James Albery.** Seven male and three female characters. A pleasing piece, with rich part for an eccentric comedian. Costumes modern English. Scenery, exterior and interior of inn. Time in representation, two hours and twenty minutes.
- 168 TWEEDIE'S RIGHTS. A Comedy in two acts, by James Albery.** Four male and two female characters. Has several excellent characters. John Tweedie, powerful personation; Tim Whiffler very funny. Costumes modern. Scenery, a stone mason's yard and modest interior. Time in representation, one hour and twenty-five minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 169 MY UNCLE'S SUIT.** A Farce in one act, by Martin Becher. Four male and one female characters. Has a jolly good low comedy part, a fine light comedy one, and a brisk, pert lady's maid. Costumes modern. Scenery, a well furnished sitting room. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 170 ONLY SOMEBODY; or, Dreadfully Alarming.** A Farce in one act, by Conway Edwardes and Edward Cullerne. Four male and two female characters. Immensely funny. Full of queer incidents. Every way fitted for amateurs. Costumes modern. Scenery, a garden and back of a house. Time of playing, thirty minutes.
- 71 NOTHING LIKE PASTE.** A Farce in one act, by Chas. Marsham Rae. Three male and one female characters. Every character superexcellent. Billy Doo a regular Burtonian part. Admirable piece for amateurs. Costumes modern. Scenery, exterior of a small villa, with gardens. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 172 OURS.** A Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Six male and three female characters. One of the best and most admired plays in our language—while a fair stock company can play it acceptably. It has several characters fit for stars. Costumes modern, with British military uniforms. Scenery, gardens, park, drawing room, and rude hut in the Crimea. Time of representation, two hours and thirty minutes.
- 173 OFF THE STAGE.** An entirely original Comedietta in one act, by Sydney Rosenfeld. Three male and three female characters, all equally excellent. One of the sprightliest, wittiest and most amusing little plays ever written, causing almost an hour's constant merriment. Costumes modern. Scene a handsome interior.
- 174 HOME.** A Comedy in three acts, by T. W. Robertson. Four male, three female characters. A charming piece. Needs but a small company. Every character very good. Costumes modern. Only one scene throughout the play. Time of representation, two hours.
- 175 CAST UPON THE WORLD.** An entirely Original Drama in five acts, by Charles E. Newton. Ten male, five female characters. A remarkably effective piece. Costumes modern. Scenery somewhat elaborate, but very fine. Time of representation, two hours and thirty minutes.
- 176 ON BREAD AND WATER.** A Musical Farce in one act, being a free adaptation from the German, by Sydney Rosenfeld. A rollicking little piece. One male and two female characters. Containing a brilliant soubrette part. Costumes modern. Scene an uncarpeted school room. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 177 I SHALL INVITE THE MAJOR.** A Parlor Comedy in one act, by G. von Moser. Containing five characters, four male and one female. A very pleasing little play, with good parts for all. Very bright and witty. Costumes modern. Scene, a handsome interior. Time in representation, forty minutes.
- 178 OUT AT SEA.** An entirely Original Romantic Drama in a prologue and four acts, by Charles E. Newton. Sixteen male, five female characters. Powerfully written. Full of strong situations. Very telling scenic effects. Costumes modern. Time in representation, two hours and ten minutes.
- 179 A BREACH OF PROMISE.** An extravagant Comic Drama in two acts, by T. W. Robertson. Five male, two female characters. A capital, very merry piece. Good for amateurs. Time in representation, one hour. Scenery, two interiors. Costume, modern.
- 180 HENRY THE FIFTH.** An Historical Play in five acts. By William Shakespeare. Thirty-eight male, five female characters. This grand play has a rare blending of the loftiest tragedy, with the richest and broadest humor. This edition is the most complete in every respect ever published. Costumes rich and expensive. Scenery, etc., very elaborate. Time of representation, three hours.



“Let those laugh now who never laughed before ;
And those who always laughed now laugh the more.”

Nothing so thorough and complete in the way of Ethiopian and Comic Dramas has ever been printed as those that appear in the following list. Not only are the plots excellent, the characters droll, the incidents funny, the language humorous, but all the situations, by-play, positions, pantomimic business, scenery and tricks are so plainly set down and clearly explained, that the merest novice could put any of them on the Stage. Included in this Catalogue are all the most laughable and effective pieces of their class ever produced.

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DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 1 THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS.** An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart. Three male and one female characters. Costumes of the day, except Indian shirts, &c. Two scenes, chamber and wood. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 2 TRICKS.** An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart. Five male and two female characters. Costumes of the period. Two scenes, two interiors. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 3 HEMMED IN.** An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart. Three male and one female characters. Costumes modern, and scene, a studio. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 4 EH? WHAT IS IT?** An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart. Four male and one female characters. Costumes of the day, and scene, a chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 5 TWO BLACK ROSES.** An Ethiopian Sketch, by J. C. Stewart. Four male and one female characters. Costumes modern, and scene, an apartment. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 6 THE BLACK CHAP FROM WHITECHAPEL.** An eccentric Negro Piece, adapted from Burnand and Williams' "B. B." by Henry L. Williams, Jr. Four male characters. Costumes modern. Scene, an interior. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 7 THE STUPID SERVANT.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Two male characters. Characters very droll; fit for star "darky" players. Costumes modern and fantastic dresses. Scenery, an ordinary room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 8 THE MUTTON TRIAL.** An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by James Maffit. Four male characters. Capital burlesque of courts of "justice;" all the parts good. Costumes modern and Quaker. Scenery, a wood view and a court room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 9 THE POLICY PLAYERS.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Seven male characters. A very clever satire upon a sad vice. Costumes modern, and coarse negro ragged clothes. Scenery, an ordinary kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 10 THE BLACK CHEMIST.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. All the characters are A 1, funny in the extreme. Costumes modern or Yankee—extravagant. Scenery, an apothecary's laboratory. Time in representation, seventeen minutes.
- 11 BLACK-EY'D WILLIAM.** An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by Charles White. Four male, one female characters. All the parts remarkably good. Costumes as extravagant as possible. Scenery, a police court room. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 12 DAGUERREOTYPES.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. Full of broad humor; all characters excellent. Costumes modern genteel, negro and Yankee garbs. Scenery, ordinary room with camera. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 13 THE STREETS OF NEW YORK; or, New York by Gaslight.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Six male characters. Three of the parts very droll; others good. Costumes some modern, some Yankee and some loaferish. Scenery, street view. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 14 THE RECRUITING OFFICE.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one act, by Charles White. Five male characters. A piece full of incidents to raise mirth. Three of the parts capital. Costumes extravagant, white and darkey, and a comical uniform. Scenery, plain chamber and a street. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 15 SAM'S COURTSHIP.** An Ethiopian Farce in one act, by Charles White. Two male and one female characters. All the characters particularly jolly. Two of the parts can be played in either white or black, and one in Dutch. Costumes Yankee and modern. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 16 STORMING THE FORT.** A burlesque Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Five male characters. Richly ludicrous; all the characters funny. Costumes fantastical, and extravagant military uniforms. Scenery, ludicrous "take off" of fortifications. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 17 THE GHOST.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one act, by Charles White. Two male characters. A right smart piece, full of laugh. Costumes ordinary "darkey" clothes. Scenery common looking kitchen. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 18 THE LIVE INDIAN; or, Jim Crow.** A comical Ethiopian Sketch in four scenes, by Dan Bryant. Four male, one female characters. As full of fun as a hedgehog is full of bristles. Costumes modern and darkey. Scenery, chamber and street. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 19 MALICIOUS TRESPASS; or, Points of Law.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Charles White. Three male characters. Extravagantly comical; all the parts very good. Costumes extravagant modern garbs. Scenery, wood or landscape. Time of playing, twenty minutes.
- 20 GOING FOR THE CUP; or, Old Mrs. Williams' Dance.** An Ethiopian Interlude, by Charles White. Four male characters. One capital part for a bright juvenile; the others very droll. Costumes modern and darkey. Scenery, a landscape or wood. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 21 SCAMPINI.** An anti-tragical, comical, magical and laughable Pantomime, full of tricks and transformations, in two scenes, by Edward Warden. Six male, three female characters. Costumes extravagantly eccentric. Scenery, plain rustic chamber. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 22 OBEYING ORDERS.** An Ethiopian Military Sketch in one scene, by John Arnold. Two male, one female characters. Mary Jane, a capital wench part. The piece very jocose. Costumes ludicrous military and old style dresses. Scenery either plain or fancy chamber. Time of playing, fifteen minutes.
- 23 HARD TIMES.** A Negro Extravaganza in one scene, by Daniel D. Emmett. Five male, one female characters. Needs several good players—then there is "music in the air." Costumes burlesque, fashionable and low negro dresses. Scenery, a kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 24 BRUISED AND CURED.** A Negro Burlesque Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt. Two male characters. A rich satire upon the muscular furore of the day. Costumes tights and guernsey shirts and negro dress. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 25 THE FELLOW THAT LOOKS LIKE ME.** A laughable Interlude in one scene, by Oliver Durivarge. Two male characters—one female. Boiling over with fun, especially if one can make up like Lester Wallack. Costumes genteel modern. Scenery, handsome chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 26 RIVAL TENANTS.** A Negro Sketch, by George L. Stout. Four male characters. Humorously satirical; the parts all very funny. Costumes negro and modern. Scenery, an old kitchen. Time of playing, twenty minutes.
- 27 ONE HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF HAMLET.** A Negro Sketch, by Charles White. Seven male, one female characters. Affords excellent chance for imitations of popular "stars." Costumes modern, some very shabby. Scenery, plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 28 UNCLE EPH'S DREAM.** An Original Negro Sketch in two scenes and two tableaux, arranged by Charles White. Three male, one female characters. A very pathetic little piece, with a sprinkling of humor. Costumes, a modern southern dress and negro toggery. Scenery, wood, mansion and negro hut. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 29 WHO DIED FIRST? A Negro Sketch in one Scene,** by A. J. Leavitt. Three male, one female characters. Jasper and Hannah are both very comical personages. Costumes, ordinary street dress and common darkey clothes. Scenery, a kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 30 ONE NIGHT IN A BAR ROOM.** A Burlesque Sketch, arranged by Charles White. Seven male characters. Has a funny Dutchman and two good darkey characters. Costume, one Dutch and several modern. Scenery, an ordinary interior. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ETHIOPIAN AND COMIC DRAMA.

No.

- 31 GLYCERINE OIL. An Ethiopian Sketch, by John Arnold.** Three male characters, all good. Costumes, Quaker and eccentric modern. Scenery, a street and a kitchen. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 32 WAKE UP, WILLIAM HENRY. A Negro Sketch, arranged by Charles White.** Three male characters, which have been favorites of our best performers. Costumes modern—some eccentric. Scenery plain chamber. Time in representation, ten minutes.
- 33 JEALOUS HUSBAND. A Negro Sketch, arranged by Charles White.** Two male, one female characters. Full of farcical dialogue. Costumes, ordinary modern dress. Scenery, a fancy rustic chamber. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 34 THREE STRINGS TO ONE BOW. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White.** Four male, one female characters. Full of rough, practical jokes. Costumes, modern. Scenery, a landscape. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 35 COAL HEAVERS' REVENGE. A Negro Sketch in one scene, by George L. Stout.** Six male characters. The two coal heavers have "roaring" parts. Costumes, modern, Irish and negro comic make up. Scenery, landscape. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 36 LAUGHING GAS. A Negro Burlesque Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White.** Six male, one female characters. Is a favorite with our best companies. Costumes, one modern genteel, the rest ordinary negro. Scenery, plain chamber. Time of playing, fifteen minutes.
- 37 A LUCKY JOB. A Negro Farce in two scenes, arranged by Charles White.** Three male, two female characters. A rattling, lively piece. Costumes, modern and eccentric. Scenery, street and fancy chamber. Time in representation, thirty minutes.
- 38 SIAMESE TWINS. A Negro Burlesque Sketch, in two scenes, arranged by Charles White.** Five male characters. One of the richest in fun of any going. Costumes, Irish, darkey and one wizard's dress. Scenery, a street and a chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 39 WANTED A NURSE. A laughable Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White.** Four male characters. All the characters first rate. Costume, modern, extravagant, one Dutch dress. Scenery, a plain kitchen. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 40 A BIG MISTAKE. A Negro Sketch in one scene, by A. J. Leavitt.** Four male characters. Full of most absurdly funny incidents. Costumes, modern; one policeman's uniform. Scenery, a plain chamber. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 41 CREMATION. An Ethiopian Sketch in two scenes, by A. J. Leavitt.** Eight male, one female characters. Full of broad, palpable hits at the last sensation. Costumes modern, some eccentric. Scenery, a street and a plain chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 42. BAD WHISKEY. A comic Irish Sketch in one scene, by Sam Rickey and Master Barney.** Two male, one female characters. One of the very best of its class. Extravagant low Irish dress and a policeman's uniform.
- 43 BABY ELEPHANT. A Negro Sketch in two scenes.** By J. C. Stewart. Seven male, one female characters. Uproariously comic in idea and execution. Costumes, modern. Scenery, one street, one chamber. Time in representation, twenty-five minutes.
- 44 THE MUSICAL SERVANT. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Phil. H. Mowrey.** Three male characters. Very original and very droll. Costumes, modern and low darkey. Scenery, a plain chamber. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 45 REMITTANCE FROM HOME. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene,** by A. J. Leavitt. Six male characters. A very lively piece, full of bustle, and giving half a dozen people a good chance. Time in representation, twenty minutes.
- 46 A SLIPPERY DAY. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene,** by Robert Hart. Six male, one female characters. By a very simple mechanical contrivance, plainly planned and described in this book, a few persons can keep an audience roaring. Time in representation, sixteen minutes.
- 47 TAKE IT, DON'T TAKE IT. A Negro Sketch in one scene,** by John Wild. Two male characters. Affords a capital chance for two good persons to "do" the heaviest kind of deep, deep tragedy. Time of representation, twenty-three minutes.
- 48 HIGH JACK, THE HEELER. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene,** by A. J. Leavitt. Six male characters. Happily hits off the short-haired bragging "fighters" that can't lick a piece of big taffy. Time of playing, twenty minutes.
- 49 A NIGHT IN A STRANGE HOTEL. A laughable Negro Sketch in one scene,** arranged by Charles White. Two male characters. Although this piece has only two personators, it is full of fun. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 50 THE DRAFT. A Negro Sketch in one act and two scenes,** by Charles White. Six male characters. A good deal of humor of the Mulligan Guard and Awkward Squad style, dramatized. Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 51 FISHERMAN'S LUCK. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene,** by Charles White. Two male characters. Decidedly the best "fish story" ever told. It needs two "star" darkeys to do it. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 52 EXCISE TRIALS. A Burlesque Negro Sketch in one scene,** arranged by Charles White. Ten male, one female characters. Full of strong local satire; can be easily adapted to any locality. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 53 DAMON AND PYTHIAS. A Negro Burlesque,** by Chas. White. Five male, one female characters, in two scenes. A stunning burlesque of the highfalutin melodrama; capital for one or two good imitators. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 54 THEM PAPERS. An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene,** by A. J. Leavitt. Three male characters. Full of comical mystifications and absurdly funny situations. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 55 RIGGING A PURCHASE. A Negro Sketch in one scene,** by A. J. Leavitt. Three male characters. Full of broad comical effects. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 56 THE STAGE STRUCK COUPLE. A laughable Interlude in one scene,** by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. Gives the comical phase of juvenile dramatic furor; very droll, contrasted with the matter-of-fact darkey. Time in representation, fifteen minutes.
- 57 POMPEY'S PATIENTS. A laughable Interlude in two scenes,** arranged by Charles White. Six male characters. Very funny practical tricks of a fast youth to gain the governor's consent to his wedding his true love. Half a dozen good chances for good actors. Time in representation, twenty minutes.

DE WITT'S ACTING PLAYS.

No.

- 58 GHOST IN A PAWN SHOP.** An Ethiopian Sketch in one scene, by Mr. Mackey. Four male characters. As comical as its title; running over with practical jokes. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 59 THE SAUSAGE MAKERS.** A Negro Burlesque Sketch in two scenes, arranged by Charles White. Five male, one female characters. An old story worked up with a deal of laughable effect. The ponderous sausage machine and other properties need not cost more than a couple of dollars. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 60 THE LOST WILL.** A Negro Sketch, by A. J. Leavitt. Four male characters. Very droll from the word "go." Time of representation, eighteen minutes.
- 61 THE HAPPY COUPLE.** A Short Humorous scene, arranged by Charles White. Two male, one female characters. A spirited burlesque of foolish jealousy. Sam is a very frolicsome, and very funny young darkey. Time of playing, seventeen minutes.
- 62 VINEGAR BITTERS.** A Negro Sketch in one scene, arranged by Charles White. Six male, one female characters. A broad burlesque of the popular patent medicine business; plenty of humorous incidents. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 63 THE DARKEY'S STRATAGEM.** A Negro Sketch in one act, arranged by Charles White. Three male, one female characters. Quaint courtship scenes of a pair of young darkies, ludicrously exaggerated by the tricks of the boy Cupid. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 64 THE DUTCHMAN'S GHOST.** In one scene, by Larry Tooley. Four male, one female characters. Jacob Schrochorn, the jolly shoemaker and his frau, are rare ones for raising a hearty laugh. Time of representation, fifteen minutes.
- 65 PORTER'S TROUBLES.** An Amusing Sketch in one scene, by Ed. Harrigan. Six male, one female characters. A laughable exposition of the queer freaks of a couple of eccentric lodgers that pester a poor "porter." Time in representation, eighteen minutes.
- 66 PORT WINE vs. JEALOUSY.** A Highly Amusing Sketch, by William Carter. Two male, one female characters. Twenty minutes jammed full of the funniest kind of fun.
- 67 EDITOR'S TROUBLES.** A Farce in one scene, by Edward Harrigan. Six male characters. A broad farcical description of the running of a country journal "under difficulties." Time of representation, twenty-three minutes.
- 68 HIPPOTHEATRON OR BURLESQUE CIRCUS.** An Extravagant, funny Sketch, by Charles White. Nine male characters. A rich burlesque of sports in the ring and stone smashing prodigies. Time of playing, varies with "acts" introduced.
- 69 SQUIRE FOR A DAY.** A Negro Sketch, by A. J. Leavitt. Five male, one female characters. The "humor of it" is in the mock judicial antics of a darkey judge for a day. Time of representation, twenty minutes.
- 70 GUIDE TO THE STAGE.** An Ethiopian Sketch, by Chas. White. Three male characters. Contains some thumping theatrical hits of the "Lay on Macduff," style. Time of playing, twelve minutes.

MANUSCRIPT PLAYS.

Below will be found a List of nearly all the great Dramatic successes of the present and past seasons. Every one of these Plays, it will be noticed, are the productions of the most eminent Dramatists of the age. Nothing is omitted that can in any manner lighten the duties of the Stage Manager, the Scene Painter or the Property Man.

ON THE JURY. A Drama, in four Acts. By Watts Phillips. This piece has seven male and four female characters.

ELFIE; or, THE CHERRY TREE INN. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has six male and four female characters.

THE TWO THORNS. A Comedy, in four Acts. By James Albery. This piece has nine male and three female characters.

A WRONG MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE. A Farce, in one Act. By John Oxenford. This piece has one male and three female characters.

JEZEBEL; or, THE DEAD RECKONING. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has six male and five female characters.

THE RAPAREE; or, THE TREATY OF LIMERICK. A Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault. This piece has nine male and two female characters.

'TWIXT AXE AND CROWN; or, THE LADY ELIZABETH. An Historical Play, in five Acts. By Tom Taylor. This piece has twenty-five male and twelve female characters.

THE TWO ROSES. A Comedy, in three Acts. By James Albery. This piece has five male and four female characters.

M. P. (Member of Parliament.) A Comedy, in four Acts. By T. W. Robertson. This piece has seven male and five female characters.

MARY WARNER. A Domestic Drama, in four Acts. By Tom Taylor. This piece has eleven male and five female characters.


PHILOMEL. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts. By H. T. Craven. This piece has six male and four female characters.

UNCLE DICK'S DARLING. A Domestic Drama, in three Acts. By Henry J. Byron. This piece has six male and five female characters.

LITTLE EM'LY. (David Copperfield.) A Drama, in four Acts. By Andrew Halliday. "Little Em'ly" has eight male and eight female characters.

DE WITT'S MANUSCRIPT PLAYS.

- FORMOSA. A Drama, in four Acts. By Dion Boucicault.**
This piece has eighteen male and eight female characters.
- HOME. A Comedy, in three Acts. By T. W. Robertson.**
"Home" has four male and three female characters.
- AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN; or, THE SQUIRE'S LAST Shilling. A Drama, in four Acts. By Henry J. Byron.** This piece contains nine male, four female characters.
- FOUL PLAY. A Drama, in four Acts. By Dion Boucicault.**
This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.
- AFTER DARK. A Drama, in four Acts. By Dion Boucicault.** This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.
- ARRAH-NA-POGUE. A Drama, in three Acts. By Dion Boucicault.** This piece has fourteen male and two female characters.
- BREACH OF PROMISE. A Comic Drama, in two Acts. By T. W. Robertson.** The piece has five male and two female characters.
- BLACK AND WHITE. A Drama, in three Acts. By Wilkie Collins and Charles Fechter.** This piece has six male and two female characters.
- PARTNERS FOR LIFE. A Comedy, in three Acts. By Henry J. Byron.** This piece has seven male and four female characters.
- KERRY; or, Night and Morning. A Comedy, in one Act. By Dion Boucicault.** This piece contains four male and two female characters.
- HINKO; or, THE HEADSMAN'S DAUGHTER. A Romantic Play, in a Prologue and five Acts. By W. G. Wills.** The Prologue contains four male and three female characters. The Play contains ten male and seven female characters.
- NOT IF I KNOW IT. A Farce, in one Act. By John Madison Morton.** This piece contains four male and four female characters.
- DAISY FARM. A Drama, in four Acts. By Henry J. Byron**
This piece contains ten male and four female characters.
- EILEEN OGE; or, DARK'S THE HOUR BEFORE THE Dawn. A Drama, in four Acts. By Edmund Falconer.** This piece contains fifteen male and four female characters.
- TWEEDIE'S RIGHTS. A Comedy-Drama, in two Acts. By James Albery.** This piece has four male, two female characters.
- NOTRE DAME; or, THE GIPSY GIRL OF PARIS. A Romantic Drama, in three Acts. By Andrew Halliday.** This play has seven male, four female characters.
- JOAN OF ARC. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Tom Taylor.**
This piece has twenty-one male, four female characters.

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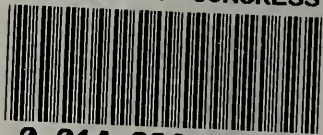
No.	Composer.
86. Last Farewell.....	Tucker.
86. My Heart is Thine Alone.....	Glover.
87. Come Back to Erin.....	Claribel.
88. Morn on the Meadow....	Wrighton.
90. Sad Brown Leaves.....	Chantrey.
91. Fond Memory.....	Glover.
92. I Heard a Spirit Sing.....	Taylor.
94. Autumn Twilight.....	Glover.
95. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.....	Tucker.
98. Origin of the Harp.....	Moore.
100. Strangers Yet.....	Claribel.
102. Sweet Land of Tyrol.....	Theresa.
103. My Pretty Bird, Sing On. Lindbland.	
104. Spring and Autumn.....	Tucker.
106. Upon the Snowy Mountain Tops. Moller.	
107. Ave Maria.....	Guonod.
110. Believe Me if all Endearing Charms.....	Moore.
114. Children's Voices.....	Claribel.
115. Long, Long Weary Day.....	Tucker.
116. Why was I Looking Out? Blumenthal.	
117. Angels Ever Bright and Fair. Tucker.	
122. Annie Laurie.....	Tucker.
123. My Pretty Jane.....	Bishop.
124. Distant Land.....	Henslett.
125. Dream of Love.....	Rodwell.
127. I Love and I am Beloved..	Richard.
128. Xenia.....	Lutz.
129. On the Mountains.....	Benedict.
130. Oh, Waly, Waly, Up the Bank. Blumenthal.	
131. The Birds were Telling One Another.....	Smart.
132. Come Sit Thee Down.....	Snclair.
133. The Standard Bearer..	Lindpainter.
134. Shells of Ocean.....	Cherry.
135. Isle of Beauty, Fare Thee Well. Bayley.	
136. Bloom Again, Sweet Prison Flower.....	Young.

No.	Composer.
137. Ever of Thee.....	Hall.
138. As I'd Nothing Else to Do. Hatton.	
139. Grieve Not for Me.....	Wrighton.
140. I Cannot Sing the Old Songs. Claribel.	
141. Why Do Summer Roses Fade? Barker.	
144. I Cannot Mind my Wheel, Mother.....	Linley.
145. Araby's Daughter.....	Kiallmark.
146. Young Jenny.....	Allen.
147. O Fair Dove! O Fond Dove! Gatty.	
148. Oh, Keep Me in Your Memory. Glover.	
152. Upon the Danube River...Tucker.	
154. Just Touch the Harp Gently, My Pretty Louise.....	Blamphin.
159. When the Corn is Waving, Annie.....	Blamphin.
160. Love's Secret.....	Tucker.
163. When my Ship Comes Home. Lee.	
164. Bird on the Tree.....	Nish.
165. Yeoman's Wedding Song, Poniatowski.	
166. Linden Waltz.....	Aide.
167. Michael Bray.....	Philp.
168. Lover's Pen.....	Poniatowski.
169. Eily's Reason.....	Molloy.
170. With the Stream.....	Tours.
174. Out in the Cold.....	Bagnall.
175. The Wishing Cap.....	Wrighton.
178. The Island of Green. Arranged by Tucker.	
180. Meeting in Heaven.....	Wrighton.
182. Jenny of the Mill.....	Leduc.
186. Esmeralda.....	Levey.
196. Heavenly Golden Shore..	Rosenthal.
197. Don't You Remember, Love? Lawrence.	
198. Hark! the Drum.....	Nish.
200. Anita (the Chieftain's Wife). Richards.	

OPERATIC SONGS.

10. Little Blue Butterfly.....	Herve.
27. Loving Daughter's Heart....	Balfe.
29. Paradise of Love.....	Balfe.
69. O Rare Malvoisie!.....	Offenbach.
71. Light of Other Days.....	Balfe.
73. Rhotomago's Partner Fair. Offenbach.	
77. Ah! What a Fate!.....	Offenbach.
80. Then You'll Remember Me..	Balfe.
84. Turtle Doves.....	Offenbach.
83. 'Tis Sad to Leave Our Father land.....	Balfe.

84. On Yonder Rock Reclining...Auber.	
85. Walk Up Now, This is No Hum- bug.	
89. Song of the Tight Rope Dancer. Offenbach.	
93. These Aching Teeth.....	Offenbach.
97. Painted so Fine—Eyes Divine, Offenbach.	
99. Anvil Chorus.....	Verdi.
101. Fool, You may Say it if You Please.....	Offenbach.



- | No. | <i>Composer.</i> |
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| 105. Oh, Flowers so Fair and Sweet. | Offenbach. |
| 108. Mignon..... | Thomas. |
| 109. Pleased with Myself..... | Offenbach. |
| 111. Heart Bowed Down..... | Balfe. |
| 112. Young Agnes, Beauteous Flower..... | Auber. |
| 113. I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls. | Balfe. |
| 118. Her Gentle Voice Expressed, etc. | Balfe. |

- | No. | <i>Composer.</i> |
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| 119. The 1 | |
| 120. Why Linger, Mourner Memory? | Mellow. |
| 121. List to the Gay Castanet.... | Balfe. |
| 126. The Ball..... | Thomas. |
| 142. My Own, My Guiding Star. | Macfarren. |
| 143. Ah! So Pure..... | Flotow. |
| 155. Where shall I Take my Bride? | Herne. |

COMIC AND SERIO COMIC SONGS.

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| 1. Pretty Polly, if you Love Me. | Coote. |
| 2. Fisherman's Daughter.... | Bagnall. |
| 4. I'll Tell Your Wife..... | Egerton. |
| 7. Up in a Balloon..... | Hunt. |
| 9. Captain Jinks..... | MacLagan. |
| 11. Champagne Charlie..... | Lee |
| 12. Thady O'Flynn..... | Molloy. |
| 13. Tassels on the Boots..... | Tucker. |
| 15. Tommy Dodd... .. | Clarke. |
| 17. That's the Style for Me..... | Young. |
| 18. Pretty Little Flora..... | Leyborne. |
| 19. Bother the Men..... | Walker |
| 22. I Wish I was a Fish..... | Hunt. |
| 24. Put it Down to Me..... | Gatty. |
| 28. Oh, Wouldn't You Like to Know? | Musgrave. |
| 30. Where is my Nancy?... .. | Hunt. |
| 33. Immenseikoff..... | Lloyd. |
| 38. Good-bye, John; or, Chickabiddy. | |
| 40. Beau of Saratoga..... | Vance. |
| 42. Not for Joseph..... | Lloyd. |
| 44. California Gold..... | Hunt. |
| 48. Susan, Susan, Pity my Confusion. | Burnam. |
| 50. Walking in the Park..... | Lee. |
| 52. Bell Goes a-Ringing for Sa-i-rah. | Hunt. |
| 53. Call Her Back and Kiss Her. | Mnasi. |
| 56. Flying Trapeze..... | Lee. |
| 58. It's Nice to be a Father.... | Hunt. |

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| 66. She Danced Like a Fairy.. | Dudley. |
| 67. I Never Go East of Madison Square. | |
| 68. Lancashire Lass..... | Williams. |
| 96. Rowing Home in the Morning. | Edgerton. |
| 151. If Ever I Cease to Love.. | Leybourne. |
| 153. His Heart was True to Poll. | Tucker. |
| 156. I'm a Timid, Nervous Man. | Cherry. |
| 157. Rhein Wine Sharley.. | Leybourne. |
| 158. Heathen Chinee..... | Tucker. |
| 162. Housekeeper's Woes.... | Fechter. |
| 171. Down in a Coal Mine.. | Geoghegan. |
| 172. Dolly Varden..... | Lee. |
| 173. Little Coquette..... | Lee. |
| 176. Good-bye, Charlie. | Hunt. |
| 181. Bom! Bom! Bom!..... | Hunt. |
| 183. Modern Times..... | Coote. |
| 184. The Hardware Line..... | Banks. |
| 185. Jack's Present.... | Byron. |
| 189. When the Band Begins to Play. | Hunt. |
| 190. Upon the Grand Parade... Davies. | |
| 191. Ada with the Golden Hair. | G. W. M. |
| 192. Awfully Clever..... | Hunt. |
| 193. Perhaps She's on the Railway. | McCarthy. |
| 194. Mother Says I Mustn't..... | Hunt. |

MOTTO SONGS.

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| 34. Way of the World..... | Ellery. |
| 36. It's All the Same to Sam... Hunt. | |
| 46. It's Better to Laugh than to Cry. | Clifton. |
| 54. On, Boys, On, the Course is Always Clear. | Fetchet. |
| 60. Act on the Square, Boys... Lee. | |
| 177. A Bit of my Mind..... | Bell. |
| 179. An Old Man's Advice..... | Tinney. |
| 187. Up and be Doing..... | Smith. |
| 188. Ten Minutes Too Late.... | Clifton. |

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| 195. Would You be Surprised?.. | Coote. |
| 199. O'Donnell Aboo..... | Morline. |
| 149. Popular Airs for Little Fingers,
No. 1. Walking in the Park; Beautiful Bells. | |
| 150. Popular Airs for Little Fingers,
No. 2. Captain Jinks; Tapping at the Garden Gate. | |
| 161. Berger Family "Bells Mazurka." | |