



Queen Margaret.

HINO HENRY 6. PART 3. ACT 3. SC. 3.

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MARGARET OF ANJOU

Margaret was a French princess, whose father, King Louis, was the brother of King Henry VI. She was married to Henry VI. in 1445. She was a very beautiful woman, and was very intelligent. She was a very good mother, and was very kind to her subjects. She was a very brave woman, and was very loyal to her husband. She was a very good friend to the poor, and was very kind to the sick. She was a very good friend to the church, and was very kind to the monks. She was a very good friend to the king, and was very kind to the queen. She was a very good friend to the people, and was very kind to the poor. She was a very good friend to the church, and was very kind to the monks. She was a very good friend to the king, and was very kind to the queen. She was a very good friend to the people, and was very kind to the poor.



Why art thou pale, Margaret?—
And I to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:
Thou should'st be wroth, I see, to make me sport.
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[Putting a paper crown on his head.]
O woe, sir, now looks he like a king!
O woe, he that took King Henry's crown!
O woe, he that was his adopted heir!

But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

After that murder of an innocent child, to avenge herself on the father, we can scarcely sympathize with her clamorous grief when her own son is pitilessly hacked to death at her feet; her denunciation of his "butchers" is no better than mockery, from the lips of a woman guilty of the same crime, committed in the wantonest spirit of malignity:

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!—
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by, to equal it:
He was a man—this, in respect, a child;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak;—
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst:—
Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stir'd up remorse;
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

We have the apparition of Queen Margaret in the play of *King Richard III.* also, where she presents the melancholy spectacle of defeated hopes, and a desolate old age spent in bitter imprecations, which seem to recoil with tenfold power upon her own head. Here she "stalks around the seat of her former greatness, like a terrible phantom of departed majesty," or like a "grim prophetess of evil," "filling the world with words" whose inten-

sity of cursing seems, as she says, to "ease the heart." And it would appear that her curses were true inspirations, not simply vindictive volubility, for she survives to see them fulfilled with appalling exactness:

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.
Q. Mar. I call'd thee, then, vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee, then, poor shadow, painted queen—
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant—
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says,—God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care.

The scene where, after the murder of the young princes in the Tower, the three women—Margaret, Queen Elizabeth, and the old Duchess of York—sworn foes till then, meet at the foot of the scaffold of their appalling wrongs and sorrows, is wrought with terrible effect:

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of seniority,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine :

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him :

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him ;

I had a Rutland too—thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death—

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood—

That foul defacer of God's handy-work—

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls!

* * * * *

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes ;

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;

Young York he is but boot, because both they

Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward,

And the beholders of this tragic play,

The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer—

Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,

And send them thither. But at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence ;—

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say the dog is dead !



while his final overthrow by Margaret, whose vigilance and energy in her husband's forlorn cause are untiring, displays with fine dramatic effect all the inhuman attributes of her character. The gibing malignity of her address to him, after he has been taken prisoner, is worthy of this "she-wolf of France," and inseparable from her characteristic spitefulness :

* * * * *
What ! was it you that would be England's king ?
Was 't you that revel'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent ?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now—
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
Look, York ! I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy ;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prythee grieve, to make me merry, York ;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
What ! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?
Why art thou patient, man ? thou should'st be mad ;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport ;
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York ;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a paper crown on his head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king !
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair ;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—