Maginn 1837   William Maginn, 'Shakspeare Papers. -- No. V. His ladies. -- I. Lady Macbeth', Bentley's Miscellany, Dec. 1837, 550-67 (vol. 2).

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... Such, then, is the female character as drawn in Shakspeare. It is pure, honourable, spotless, -- ever ready to perform a kind action, -- never shrinking from a heroic one. Gentle and submissive where duty or affection bids, -- firm and undaunted in resisting the approaches of sin, or shame, or disgrace. Constant in love through every trial, -- faithful and fond in all the great relations of life, as wife, as daughter, as sister, as mother, as friend, -- witty or refined, tender or romantic, lofty or gay, -- her failings shrouded, her good and lovely qualities brought into the brightest light, she appears in the pages of the mighty dramatist as if she were the cherished daughter of a fond father, the idolized mistress of an adoring lover, the very goddess of a kneeling worshipper. I have catalogued most of the female names which adorn the plays. One is absent from the list. She is absent; the dark lady of that stupendous work which, since the Eumenides, bursting upon the stage with appalling howl in quest of the fugitive Orestes, electrified with terror the Athenian audience, has met no equal. I intend to maintain that Lady Macbeth, too, is human in heart and impulse, -- that she is not meant to be an embodiment of the Furies.

Macbeth is the gloomiest of the plays. Well may its hero say that he has supped full of horrors. It opens with the incantations of spiteful witches, and concludes with a series of savage combats, stimulated by quenchless hate on one side, and by the desperation inspired by the consciousness of unpardonable crime on the other. In every act we have blood in torrents. The first man who appears on the stage is the *bleeding* captain. The first word uttered by earthly lips is, "What *bloody* man is that?" The tale which the captain

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relates is full of fearful gashes, reeking wounds, and *bloody* execution. The murder of Duncan in the second act stains the hands of Macbeth so deeply as to render them fit to incarnadine the multitudinous seas, and make the green -- one red. His lady imbrues herself in the crimson stream, and gilds the faces of the sleeping grooms with gore. She thus affords a pretence to the thane for slaughtering them in an access of simulated fury.

> "Their hands and faces were all badged with *blood*,
> So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
> Upon their pillows."

Macbeth carefully impresses the sanguinary scene upon his hearers:

> "Here lay Duncan,
> His silver skin laced with his golden *blood*,
> And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature
> For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers,
> Steeped in the colours of their trade, their daggers
> Unmannerly breeched in *gore*."

Direful thoughts immediately follow, and the sky itself participates in the horror. The old man who can well remember threescore and ten, during which time he had witnessed dreadful hours and strange things, considers all as mere trifles, compared with the sore night of Duncan's murder.

"The heavens,
Thou seest, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his *bloody* stage; by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp."

The horses of Duncan forget their careful training, and their natural instincts, to break their stalls and eat each other. Gloom, ruin, murder, horrible doubts, unnatural suspicions, portents of dread in earth and heaven, surround us on all sides. In the third act, desperate assassins, incensed by the blows and buffets of the world, weary with disasters, tugged with fortune, willing to wreak their hatred on all mankind, and persuaded that Banquo has been their enemy, set upon and slay him, without remorse and without a word. The prayer of their master to Night, that she would, with

"*Bloody* and invisible hand,
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond"

which kept him in perpetual terror, is in part accomplished; and he who was his enemy in, as he says,

"Such *bloody* distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my life,"

lies breathless in the dust. The murderers bring the witness of their deed to the very banquet-chamber of the expecting king. They come with *blood* upon the face. The hardened stabber does not communicate the tidings of his exploit in set phrase. He minces not the matter, -- his language is not culled from any trim and weeded vocabulary; and the king compliments him in return, in language equally vernacular and unrefined.

"*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats."

Cheered by this flattering tribute to his merits, the accomplished

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artist goes on, in all the pride of his profession, to show that he had left no rubs or botches in his work. Macbeth, after a burst of indignation at the escape of Fleance, recurs to the comfortable assurance of Banquo's death, and asks, in the full certainty of an answer in the affirmative,

"But Banquo's safe?
Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.
Mac. Thanks for that."

Presently the gory locks of Banquo's spectre attest the truth of what
the murderer has told, and the banquet breaks up by the flight, rather
than the retirement, of the astonished guests; leaving Macbeth dis-
mally, but fiercely, pondering over thoughts steeped in slaughter.
The very language of the scene is redolent of blood. The word itself
occurs in almost every speech. At the conclusion of the act, come
the outspeaking of suspicions hitherto only muttered, and the deter-
mination of the Scottish nobles to make an effort which may give to
their tables meat, sleep to their eyes, and free their feasts and ban-
quets from those bloody knives, the fatal hue of which haunted them
in their very hours of retirement, relaxation, or festival.

The sanguine stain dyes the fourth act as deeply. A head severed
from the body, and a bloody child, are the first apparitions that rise
before the king at the bidding of the weird sisters. The blood-bol-
tered Banquo is the last to linger upon the stage, and sear the eyes
of the amazed tyrant. The sword of the assassin is soon at work in
the castle of Macduff; and his wife and children fly from the deadly
blow, shrieking "murder" -- in vain. And the fifth act, -- from its ap-
palling commencement, when the sleeping lady plies her hopeless
task of nightly washing the blood-stained hand, through the continual
clangour of trumpets calling, as clamorous harbingers, to blood and
death, to its conclusion, when Macduff, with dripping sword, brings
in the freshly hewn-off head of the "dead butcher," to lay it at the
feet of the victorious Malcolm, -- exhibits a sequence of scenes in
which deeds and thoughts of horror and violence are perpetually, and
almost physically, forced upon the attention of the spectator. In
short, the play is one clot of blood from beginning to end. It was
objected to Alfieri, (by Grimm, I believe,) that he wrote his tragedies
not in tears, but blood. Shakspeare could write in tears when he
pleased. In Macbeth he chose to dip his pen in a darker current.

Nowhere in the course of the play does he seek to beguile us of
our tears. We feel no more interest in the gracious Duncan, in
Banquo, in Lady Macduff, than we do in the slaughtered grooms.
We feel that they have been brutally murdered; and, if similar occur-
rences were to take place in Wapping or Rotherhithe, London would
be in commotion. All the police from A to Z would be set on the
alert, the newspapers crammed with paragraphs, and a hot search insti-
gated after the murderer. If taken, he would be duly tried, wondered
at, gazed after, convicted, hanged, and forgotten. We should think
no more of his victim than we now think of Hannah Browne. The
other characters of the play, with the exception of the two principal,
are nonentities. We care nothing for Malcolm or Donalbain, or
Lenox or Rosse, or the rest of the Scottish nobles. Pathetic, in-

deed, are the words which burst from Macduff when he hears the
astounding tidings that all his pretty chickens and their dam have
been carried off at one fell swoop; but he soon shakes the woman out
of his eyes, and dreams only of revenge. His companions are slightly
affected by the bloody deed, and grief is in a moment converted into
rage. It is but a short passage of sorrow, and the only one of the
kind. What is equally remarkable is, that we have but one slight
piece of comic in the play, -- the few sentences given to the porter;/*
and their humour turns upon a gloomy subject for jest, -- the occu-
pation of the keeper of the gates of hell. With these two exceptions,
-- the brief pathos of Macduff, and the equally brief comedy of the
porter, -- all the rest is blood. Tears and laughter have no place in

this cavern of death.
  Of such a gory poem, Macbeth is the centre, the moving spirit. From the beginning, before treason has entered his mind, he appears as a man delighting in blood. The captain, announcing his deeds against Macdonwald, introduces him bedabbled in slaughter.

> "For brave Macbeth, -- well he deserves that name, --
> Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
> Which smoked with bloody execution,
> Like valour's minion carved out his passage
> Until he faced the slave;
> And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
> Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chops,/†
> And fixed his head upon our battlements."

After this desperate backstroke, as Warburton justly calls it,/† Macbeth engages in another combat equally sanguinary. He and Banquo

/* The speech of this porter is in blank verse.

> Here is a knocking indeed! If a man
> Were porter of hell-gate, he should have old
> Turning the key. Knock -- knock -- knock! Who is there,
> In the name of Beelzebub? Here is a farmer
> That hanged himself [up]on the expectation
> Of plenty: come in time. Have napkins enough
> About you. Here you 'll sweat for it. Knock -- knock!
> Who 's there, in the other devil's name? [I'] faith
> Here 's an equivocator, that could swear
> In both the scales 'gainst either scale; [one] who
> Committed treason enough for God's sake, yet
> Cannot equivocate to heaven. Oh! come in,
> Equivocator. Knock -- knock -- knock! Who 's there?
> 'Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither
> For stealing out of a French hose. Come in, tailor.
> Here you may roast your goose.
> Knock -- knock --
> Never in quiet.
> Who are you? but this place is too cold for hell.
> I 'll devil-porter it no longer. I had thought
> T' have let in some of all professions,
> That go the primrose-path to th' everlasting darkness.

The alterations I propose are very slight. *Upon* for *on*, *i' faith* for *'faith*, and the introduction of the word *one* in a place where it is required. The succeeding dialogue is also in blank verse. So is the sleeping scene of Lady Macbeth; and that so palpably, that I wonder it could ever pass for prose.
  /* Warburton proposes that we should read "from the *nape* to the chops," as a more probable wound. But this could hardly be called *unseaming*; and the wound is intentionally horrid to suit the character of the play. So, for the same reason, when Duncan is murdered, we are made to remark that the old man had much blood in him.

> "Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe;
> Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
> Or memorize another Golgotha,
> I cannot tell."

Hot from such scenes, he is met by the witches. They promise him the kingdom of Scotland. The glittering prize instantly affects his

imagination; he is so wrapt in thought at the very moment of its announcement that he cannot speak. He soon informs us what is the hue of the visions passing through his mind. The witches had told him he was to be king: they had not said a word about the means. He instantly supplies them:

> "Why do I yield to that suggestion
> Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
> And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
> Against the use of nature."

The dreaded word itself soon comes:

> "My thought, whose MURDER yet is but fantastical,
> Shakes so my single state of man, that function
> Is smothered in surmise."

To a mind so disposed, temptation is unnecessary. The thing was done. Duncan was marked out for murder before the letter was written to Lady Macbeth, and she only followed the thought of her husband.

Love for him is in fact her guiding passion. She sees that he covets the throne, -- that his happiness is wrapt up in the hope of being a king, -- and her part is accordingly taken without hesitation. With the blindness of affection, she persuades herself that he is full of the milk of human kindness, and that he would reject false and unholy ways of attaining the object of his desire. She deems it, therefore, her duty to spirit him to the task. Fate and metaphysical aid, she argues, have destined him for the golden round of Scotland. Shall she not lend her assistance? She does not ask the question twice. She will. Her sex, her woman's breasts, her very nature, oppose the task she has prescribed to herself; but she prays to the ministers of murder, to the spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, to make thick her blood, and stop up the access and passage of remorse; and she succeeds in mustering the desperate courage which bears her through. Her instigation was not in reality wanted. Not merely the murder of Duncan, but of Malcolm, was already resolved on by Macbeth.

> "The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
> On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
> For in my way it lies. Stars! hide your fires,
> Let not light see my black and dark desires!"

As the time for the performance of the deed approaches, he is harassed by doubts; but he scarcely shows any traces of compunction or remorse. He pauses before the crime, -- not from any hesitation at its enormity, but for fear of its results, -- for fear of the poisoned chalice being returned to his own lips, -- for fear of the trumpet-tongued indignation which must attend the discovery of the murder of so popular a prince as Duncan, -- one who has borne his faculties so meekly, and loaded Macbeth himself with honours. He is not haunted by any feeling for the sin, any compassion for his victim; --

the dread of losing the golden opinions he has so lately won, the consequences of failure, alone torment him. His wife has not to suggest

murder, for that has been already resolved upon; but to represent the weakness of drawing back, after a resolution has once been formed. She well knows that the momentary qualm will pass off, -- that Duncan is to be slain, perhaps when time and place will not so well adhere. Now, she argues, -- now it can be done with safety. Macbeth is determined to wade through slaughter to a throne. If he passes this moment, he loses the eagerly desired prize, and lives for ever after, a coward in his own esteem; or he may make the attempt at a moment when detection is so near at hand, that the stroke which sends Duncan to his fate will be but the prelude of the destruction of my husband. She therefore rouses him to do at once that from which she knows nothing but fear of detection deters him; and, feeling that there are no conscientious scruples to overcome, applies herself to show that the present is the most favourable instant. It is for him she thinks -- for him she is unsexed -- for his ambition she works -- for his safety she provides.

Up to the very murder, Macbeth displays no pity -- no feeling for anybody but himself. Fear of detection still haunts him, and no other fear.

> "Thou sure and steadfast earth,
> Hear not my steps which way they walk, for fear
> The very stones prate of my whereabout."

As Lady Macbeth says, it is the frustrated attempt, not the crime, that can confound him. When it has been accomplished, he is for a while visited by brain-sick fancies; and to her, who sees the necessity of prompt action, is left the care of providing the measures best calculated to avert the dreaded detection. She makes light of facing the dead, and assures her husband that

> "A little water clears us of this deed.
> How easy it is then!"

Does she indeed feel this? Are these the real emotions of her mind? Does she think that a little water will wash out what has been done, and that it is as easy to make all trace of it vanish from the heart as from the hand? She shall answer us from her sleep, in the loneliness of midnight, in the secrecy of her chamber. Bold was her bearing, reckless and defying her tongue, when her husband was to be served or saved; but the sigh bursting from her heavily-charged breast, and her deep agony when she feels that, so far from its being easy to get rid of the witness of murder, no washing can obliterate the damned spot, no perfume sweeten the hand once redolent of blood, prove that the recklessness and defiance were only assumed. We find at last what she had sacrificed, how dreadful was the struggle she had to subdue. Her nerve, her courage, mental and physical, was unbroken during the night of murder; but horror was already seated in her heart. Even then a touch of what was going on in her bosom breaks forth. When urging Macbeth to act, she speaks as if she held the strongest ties of human nature in contempt.

> "I have given suck, and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
> I would, when it was smiling in my face,

Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this."

Is she indeed so unnatural -- so destitute of maternal, of womanly feeling? No. In the next scene we find her deterred from actual participation in killing Duncan, because he resembled her father in his sleep. This is not the lady to pluck the nipple from the boneless gums of her infant, and dash out its brains. Her language is exaggerated in mere bravado, to taunt Macbeth's infirmity of purpose by a comparison with her own boasted firmness; but if the case had arisen, she who had recoiled from injuring one whose life stood in the way of her husband's hopes from a fancied resemblance to her father, would have seen in the smile of her child a talisman of resistless protection.

The murder done, and her husband on the throne, she is no longer implicated in guilt. She is unhappy in her elevation, and writhes under a troubled spirit in the midst of assumed gaiety. She reflects with a settled melancholy that

"Nought 's had, all 's spent,
When our desire is got without content.
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy."

This to herself. To cheer her lord, she speaks a different language in the very next line.

"How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making;
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With those they think on?"

Her own thoughts, we have just seen, were full as sorry as those of her husband; but she can wear a mask. Twice only does she appear after her accession to the throne; once masked, once unmasked. Once seated at high festival, entertaining the nobles of her realm, full of grace and courtesy, performing her stately hospitalities with cheerful countenance, and devising with rare presence of mind excuses for the distracted conduct of her husband. Once again, when all guard is removed, groaning in despair.

The few words she says to Macbeth after the guests have departed, almost driven out by herself, mark that her mind is completely subdued. She remonstrates with him at first for having broken up the feast; but she cannot continue the tone of reproof, when she finds that his thoughts are bent on gloomier objects. Blood is for ever on his tongue. She had ventured to tell him that the visions which startle him, were but the painting of his brain, and that he was unmanned in folly. He takes no heed of what she says, and continues to speculate, at first in distraction, then in dread, and lastly in savage cruelty, upon blood. The apparition of Banquo almost deprives him of his senses. He marvels that such things could be, and complains that a cruel exception to the ordinary laws of nature is permitted in his case. Blood, he says,

"---- has been shed ere now in the olden time,
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal," --

and in more civilized times also; but, when death came, no further consequences followed. Now not even twenty mortal murders [he

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remembered the number of deadly gashes reported by the assassin] will keep the victim in his grave. As long as Banquo's ghost remains before him, he speaks in the same distracted strain. When the object of his special wonder, by its vanishing, gives him time to reflect, fear of detection, as usual, is his first feeling.

"It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood!"

The most improbable witnesses have detected murder. Stones, trees, magotpies, choughs, have disclosed the secretest man of blood. Then come cruel resolves, to rid himself of his fears. Mercy or remorse is to be henceforward unknown; the firstlings of his heart are to be the firstlings of his hand, -- the bloody thought is to be followed instantly by the bloody deed. The tiger is now fully aroused in his soul.

"I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

He sees an enemy in every castle; everywhere he plants his spies; from every hand he dreads an attempt upon his life. Nearly two centuries after the play was written, the world beheld one of its fairest portions delivered to a rule as bloody as that of the Scottish tyrant; and so true to nature are the conceptions of Shakspeare, that the speeches of mixed terror and cruelty, which he has given to Macbeth, might have been uttered by Robespierre. The atrocities of the Jacobin, after he had stept so far in blood, were dictated by fear. "Robespierre," says a quondam satellite,/* "devenait plus sombre; son air renfrogné repoussait tout le monde; il ne parlait que d'assassinat, encore d'assassinat, toujours d'assassinat. Il avait peur que son ombre ne l'assassinât."

Lady Macbeth sees this grisly resolution, and ceases to remonstrate or interfere. Her soul is bowed down before his, and he communicates with her no longer. He tells her to be ignorant of what he plans, until she can applaud him for what he has done. When he abruptly asks her,

"How say'st thou, -- that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?"

she, well knowing that she has not said anything about it, and that the question is suggested by his own fear and suspicion, timidly inquires,

"Have you sent to him, *sir*?"

The last word is an emphatic proof that she is wholly subjugated. Too well is she aware of the cause, and the consequence, of Macbeth's *sending* after Macduff; but she ventures not to hint. She is no longer the stern-tongued lady urging on the work of death, and taunting her husband for his hesitation. She now addresses him in the humbled tone of an inferior; we now see fright and astonishment seated on her

face. He tells her that she marvels at his words, and she would fain persuade herself that they are but the feverish effusions of an overwrought mind. Sadly she says,

"You lack the season of all nature, -- sleep."

/* Causes secretes de la Révolution de 9 au 10 Thermidor; by Vilate, ex-juré révolutionnaire de Paris.

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Those are the last words we hear from her waking lips; and with a hope that repose may banish those murky thoughts from her husband's mind, she takes, hand in hand with him, her tearful departure from the stage; and seeks her remorse-haunted chamber, there to indulge in useless reveries of deep-rooted sorrow, and to perish by her own hand amid the crashing ruin of her fortunes, and the fall of that throne which she had so fatally contributed to win.

He now consigns himself wholly to the guidance of the weird sisters; and she takes no part in the horrors which desolate Scotland, and rouse against him the insurrection of the enraged thanes. But she clings to him faithfully in his downfall. All others except the agents of his crimes, and his personal dependents, have abandoned him; but she, with mind diseased, and a heart weighed down by the perilous stuff of recollections that defy the operation of oblivious antidote, follows him to the doomed castle of Dunsinane. It is evident that he returns her affection, by his anxious solicitude about her health, and his melancholy recital of her mental sufferings. He shows it still more clearly by his despairing words when the tidings of her death are announced. Seyton delays to communicate it; but at last the truth must come, -- that the queen is dead. It is the overflowing drop in his cup of misfortune.

"She should have died hereafter; --
There would have been a time for such a word."

I might have borne it at some other time; but now -- now -- now that I am deserted by all -- penned in my last fortress -- feeling that the safeguards in which I trusted are fallacious, -- now it is indeed the climax of my calamity, that she, who helped me to rise to what she thought was prosperity and honour, -- who clung to me through a career that inspired all else with horror and hate, -- and who, in sickness of body, and agony of mind, follows me in the very desperation of my fate, should at such an hour be taken from me, -- I am now undone indeed. He then, for the first time, reflects on the brief and uncertain tenure of life. He has long dabbled in death, but it never before touched himself so closely. He is now aweary of the sun -- now finds the deep curses which follow him, sufficiently loud to pierce his ear -- now discovers that he has already lived long enough -- and plunges into the combat, determined, if he has lived the life of a tyrant, to die the death of a soldier, with harness on his back. Surrender or suicide does not enter his mind; with his habitual love of bloodshed, he feels a savage pleasure in dealing gashes all around; and at last, when he finds the charms on which he depended, of no avail, flings himself, after a slight hesitation, into headlong conflict with the man by whose sword he knows he is destined to fall, with all the reckless fury of despair. What had he now to care for? The last tie that bound him to human kind was broken

by the death of his wife, and it was time that his tale of sound and
fury should come to its appropriate close.

Thus fell he whom Malcolm in the last speech of the play calls
"the dead butcher." By the same tongue Lady Macbeth is stig-
matized as the fiend-like queen. Except her share in the murder of
Duncan, -- which is, however, quite sufficient to justify the epithet in
the mouth of his son, -- she does nothing in the play to deserve the

title; and for her crime she has been sufficiently punished by a life
of disaster and remorse. She is not the tempter of Macbeth. It
does not require much philosophy to pronounce that there were no
such beings as the weird sisters; or that the voice that told the Thane
of Glamis that he was to be King of Scotland, was that of his own
ambition. In his own bosom was brewed the hell-broth, potent to
call up visions counselling tyranny and blood; and its ingredients
were his own evil passions and criminal hopes. Macbeth himself
only believes as much of the predictions of the witches as he desires.
The same prophets, who foretold his elevation to the throne, foretold
also that the progeny of Banquo would reign; and yet, after the com-
pletion of the prophecy so far as he is himself concerned, he en-
deavours to mar the other part by the murder of Fleance. The
weird sisters are, to him, no more than the Evil Spirit which, in
Faust, tortures Margaret at her prayers. They are but the per-
sonified suggestions of his mind. She, the wife of his bosom, knows
the direction of his thoughts; and, bound to him in love, exerts every
energy, and sacrifices every feeling, to minister to his hopes and
aspirations. This is her sin, and no more. He retains, in all his
guilt and crime, a fond feeling for his wife. Even when meditating
slaughter, and dreaming of blood, he addresses soft words of conjugal
endearment; he calls her "dearest chuck," while devising assassina-
tions, with the fore-knowledge of which he is unwilling to sully her
mind. Selfish in ambition, selfish in fear, his character presents no
point of attraction but this one merit. Shakspeare gives us no hint
as to her personal charms, except when he makes her describe her hand
as "little." We may be sure that there were few "more thorough-
bred or fairer fingers," in the land of Scotland than those of its
queen, whose bearing in public towards Duncan, Banquo, and the
nobles, is marked by elegance and majesty; and, in private, by af-
fectionate anxiety for her sanguinary lord. He duly appreciated her
feelings, but it is pity that such a woman should have been united to
such a man. If she had been less strong of purpose, less worthy of
confidence, he would not have disclosed to her his ambitious designs;
less resolute and prompt of thought and action, she would not
have been called on to share his guilt; less sensitive or more har-
dened, she would not have suffered it to prey for ever like a vulture
upon her heart. She affords, as I consider it, only another instance
of what women will be brought to, by a love which listens to no con-
siderations, which disregards all else beside, when the interests, the
wishes, the happiness, the honour, or even the passions, caprices,
and failings of the beloved object are concerned; and if the world, in
a compassionate mood, will gently scan the softer errors of sister-
woman, may we not claim a kindly construing for the motives which
plunged into the Aceldama of this blood-washed tragedy the sorely
urged and broken-hearted Lady Macbeth?