

John Bell (publ.), Macbeth, a tragedy, by Shakespeare, as performed at the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane (London, 1773).

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MACBETH,
A TRAGEDY, by SHAKESPEARE,

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

Regulated from the PROMPT-BOOK,
With PERMISSION of the MANAGERS,
By Mr. HOPKINS, Prompter.

An INTRODUCTION, and NOTES
Critical and Illustrative,
ARE ADDED BY THE
AUTHORS of the DRAMATIC CENSOR.

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MDCCLXXIII.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.
Duncan,	Mr. Bransby.	Mr. Gardner.
Malcolm,	Mr. Cautherly.	Mr. Perry.
Donalbaine,	Master Cape.	
Macbeth,	Mr. Garrick.	Mr. Smith.
Macduff,	Mr. Reddish.	Mr. Clarke.
Rosse,	Mr. J. Aickin.	
Banquo,	Mr. Packer.	Mr. Bensley.
Lenox,	Mr. Fawcett.	Mr. Hull.
Fleance,	Miss Collet.	
Siward,	Mr. Hurst.	
Young Siward.		
Seyton,	Mr. Ackman.	Mr. Thompson.
Angus,	Mr. Keen.	
Lady Macbeth,	Mrs. Barry.	Mrs. Hartley.
Lady Macduff,	Miss Ambrose.	

Hecate,	Mr. Champness.	Mr. Reinhold.
The Vocal Parts By Messrs. Vernon, Champness, Bannister, Kear, Fawcett, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Wrighton, Mrs. Hunt.		Mess. Mattokcs, Reinhold, Dubellamy, Baker, Owenson, Fox, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Lampe, and Mrs. Jones.
The Witches By Mess. Parsons, Baddeley, and Moody.		Mr. Dunstall, Mrs. Pitt, and Mr. Quick.

SCENE, to the End of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play in Scotland; and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

3

MACBETH.

INTRODUCTION.

Shakespeare was not more remarkable for the dignity of his characters, the strength of his expression, the elevation of his sentiments, and the natural beauty of his imagery, than for the happy choice of his subjects; which, however, disdaining the fetters of rule, he often sported with strangely. In the tragedy immediately before us, he is more regular than in many others; it records an important point of history, but gives a picture of the human heart rather too horrid; which no doubt is the reason that few female spectators like this piece. Indeed as the witches, though admirably written, are an insult on common sense; and the ghosts, though well introduced, still more so; this play, even amidst the fine sentiments it contains, would shrink before criticism, did not Macbeth and his Lady afford such uncommon scope for acting-merit: upon the whole, it is a fine dramatic structure, with some gross blemishes.

Though it is not strictly within our design to speak of Performers, we should deem ourselves ungrateful to Mr. Garrick's unparalleled merit, if we did not here remark, that he sustains the importance, marks the strong feelings, and illustrates the author's powerful ideas, with such natural, animated, forcible propriety, that the dullest heart must receive impressions from him, which the clearest head cannot adequately express.

ACT I.

SCENE an open Place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches. /*

1 Witch.

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 Wit. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

3 Wit. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Wit. Where the place?

2 Wit. Upon the heath.

3 Wit. There I go to meet Macbeth.

[Padocke calls within.]

1 Wit. I come, I come, Grimalkin ----

2 Wit. Padocke calls ---- anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover /† through the fog and filthy air.

[Thunder. The Witches sink.]

SCENE changes to a Palace at Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding Captain. /‡

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought

/* These ideal characters being furnished by the author with great peculiarity of style and sentiment, their expression should be outrè, their appearance, as far as decorum will admit, hagged and squalid. To this day in Scotland an ugly old woman stands a fair chance of being called a witch.

/† It is a great breach of propriety in action, to make the witches sink, after saying "hover through the fog, &c."

/‡ Theatrical managers are highly culpable in not dressing this play in the martial, striking habits, of the time and country.

'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Capt. Doubtful long it stood,

As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their art: the merciless Macdonel,
(Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses /* was supply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smook'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,
Till he had fac'd the slave ---
Who ne'er shook hands, nor bid farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Capt. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort well'd. /‡ Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels;
But the Norway lord, surveying 'vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Capt. Yes,
As sparrows eagles; or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons /† overcharg'd with double cracks,

/* Kernes and Gallow-glasses were heavy and light armed troops.

/‡ Welled, for flowed. Thirlby.

/† Shakespeare has inadvertently made a character mention cannons, which were not invented at that period, nor some centuries after.

6

So they redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell ----
But I am faint, my wounds cry out for help ----

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

[Exit Captain, &c.]

Enter Rosse and Angus. /*

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy Thane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes?

Mal. So should he look, that comes to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway, himself, with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The Thane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict,
'Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness!

Rosse. Now Sweno, Norway's king, craves composition.
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes-kill isle,
Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

King. No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[Exeunt.]

/* The characters of Rosse and Angus have been judiciously
blended, at Covent-Garden Theatre, into those of Macduff and
Lenox, to make them more worthy the attention of good perform-
ers and the audience.

7

SCENE changes to the Heath.

Thunder. The three Witches rise from under the stage.

1 Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

2 Witch. Killing swine. /*

3 Witch. Sister, where thou?

1 Witch. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
quoth I.

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' th' Tyger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,

And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do ---- I'll do ---- and I'll do.

2 Witch. I'll give thee a wind.

1 Witch. Thou art kind.

3 Witch. And I another.

1 Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I th' ship-man's card ---
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid;
Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost,
Look, what I have.

2 Witch. Shew me, shew me.

1 Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb.
Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within.]

3 Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!

All. The weyward sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,

/* The mischievous motives and actions of witchcraft, are admirably painted in this scene.

8

Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace! --- the charm's wound up.

A March.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. /* Command they make a halt upon the heath.

Sol. (within) Halt, halt, halt.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Foris? --- What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o' th' earth,
And yet are on't! Live you, or are you ought
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. --- You should be women;

And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can; what are you!

1 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of
Glamis!

2 Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of
Cawdor!

3 Witch. All-hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king
hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I' th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or That indeed [To the Witches.
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.

/* Macbeth requires a bold, graceful, soldier-like figure;
strong marking features; a firm, deep, extensive voice. Banquo,
being confined to level speaking, demands little more than a good
external appearance.

9

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 Witch. Hail!

2 Witch. Hail!

3 Witch. Hail!

1 Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So, all-hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

1 Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all-hail! /*

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;
By Sinel's death, I know I'm Thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosp'rous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,
With such prophetic greeting? --- Speak, I charge you.

[Thunder, and the Witches vanish.

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind. ---

Would they had staid.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And Thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune and words; who's here?

Enter Rosse and Angus.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads

/* The witches here utter their oracular predictions in a dubious stile, judiciously calculated to mislead a weak mind, which, in point of ambition, Macbeth seems to possess.

10

Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That,
In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post on post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence:
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The Thane of Cawdor lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the Thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. /* Whether he was
Combin'd with Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and 'vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not:
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor!

[Aside.]

/• The author has been here guilty of a strange lapse, by making a character who heard Rosse, in a former scene, give the king an account of Cawdor's rebellious conduct, here express himself dubious of the reasons which have brought him to condemnation; the passage might easily be brought to consistence thus,

for that he was
Combin'd with Norway, and did line the rebel
With hidden advantageous help: and that with both
He labour'd in his country's direful wreck:
These treasons, &c. &c.

11

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.

[To Angus.

Do you not hope your children shall be kings?

[To Banquo.

When those, who gave to me the Thane of Cawdor,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And often times, to sooth us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word, I pray you. [To Rosse and Angus.

Macb. Two truths are told, /* [Aside.

As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen ---

[To Rosse and Angus.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good. --- If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm Thane of Cawdor.
If good; 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? Present feats
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me king, why chance
may crown me [Aside.
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

/* It was very judicious, by Banquo's drawing the messengers aside, to give Macbeth a better opportunity of ruminating; and this speech of his is a masterly prologue to his future acts.

12

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are registred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them --- Let us tow'rd the king;
Think upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time,

[To Banquo.

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough. Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, /* Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor, yet?
Are not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O, worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude, e'en now,

/* This king having nothing of consequence to say or act, if he looks like a monarch, on the stage, may do well enough.

13

Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou had'st less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment,
Might have been mine! only I've left to say,
More is thy due, even more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne, and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, Thane,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must,
Not unaccompanied, invest him only;
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers. --- Hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife, with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland! --- that is a **stop**,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap; [Aside.
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:

14

The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

King. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's
Castle, at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.

Lady. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came messengers from the king, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weyward sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with hail, king that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou mightest not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor --- and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' th' milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst **strongly** win. Thou'dst have, great
Glamis,
That which cries, "thus thou must do, if thou have me;
"And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
"Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise, with the valour of my tongue

15

All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysic aid doth seem /*
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Messenger.

What are your tidings?

Mes. The king comes here, to night.

Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.

Is not thy master with him? who, were it so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Mes. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more

Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Mes.]

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan,
Under my battlements. Come, all ye spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, topfull
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood;
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, ye murd'ring ministers!
Wherever in your sightless substances
Ye wait on nature's mischief --- Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark, /†
To cry, hold, hold! ----

/* We like not sentiments which inculcate principles that favour predestination.

/† Blanket of the dark! an expression greatly below our author; Curtain is evidently better.

16

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! [Embracing him.
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ign'rant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here, to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh, never
Shall sun that morrow see! ---
Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming,
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further of this business.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever is to fear.
Leave all the rest to me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE before Macbeth's Castle-gate.

A Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant site; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer, /*

/* It is hard to meet a passage which conveys the intended ideas with more beautiful brevity than this. A modern author would have made Banquo meander through a labyrinth of description, without saying half so much to the purpose.

17

The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttress, or coigne of 'vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth, from the Castle.

King. See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you should bid Heav'n-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
(In every point twice done, and then done double)
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love (sharp as his spur) hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest, to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host, we love him highly;
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.]

18

SCENE changes to an Apartment in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well /†
It were done quickly; if that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all ---- Here.
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. --- But in these cases,
We still have judgment here, that we but teach
Bloody instructions; which being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed Justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice,
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murd'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless coursers of the air:
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye.
That tears shall drown the wind. /* I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on th' other ----

/† Through this Soliloquy, and the following Scene, Macbeth
should have a dubious, hesitant cast of countenance, with full,
solemn tones of voice; his Lady we expect to have a confirmed
countenance, with spirited tones.

/* The latter part of this speech exhibits strained and unnatural
imagery: in representation it would be better to conclude at

That tears shall drown the wind;
Or rather,
The deep damnation of his taking off.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now! what news?

Lady. He's almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk, /†
Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? from this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have That
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat in th' adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man:
Who dares do more, is none. /*

Lady. What beast was't, then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves; and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ----
I would, while it was smiling in my face,

/† Lady Macbeth is here rather unnecessarily indelicate; the effects of drunkenness alluded to, convey a surfeiting idea; at any rate the intoxication of hope is a most strange fancy.

/* Never was there a nobler sentiment than this, nor one more adequately expressed.

Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, /†
And dash'd the brains out, had I but so sworn,
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail!

Lady. How fail!

But **bring** your courage to the **proper** place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall **this** day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.]

/† This is the sentiment of a fiend, not a woman, too horrid
for public expression, though we admit real life produces inex-
pressible marks of cruelty.

/* This Act is replete with circumstances which materially
engage attention, and happily introduce the sequel: it has variety,
and a proper degree of spirit, though, save the witches, no person-
age has any thing striking to say, but Macbeth and his Lady,
whose characters open finely to our view.

End of the First Act.

21

ACT II.

SCENE, a Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Ban. How goes the night, boy? /*

Fle. The moon is down: I have not

heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I tak't 'tis later, sir.

Ban. A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful pow'rs!
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a light.

Who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? the king's a-bed.
He hath to night been in unusual pleasure,
And sent great largess to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess, and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt, last night, of the three weyward sisters:
To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business;
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep

/* The beginning of this act, though it has an easy, negligent appearance, is well conceived, as preparative to what follows.

22

My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, Sir, the like to you.

[Exit Banquo and Fleance.]

Macb. /* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Serv.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still;
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
As this which now I draw ---
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use ---
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest --- I see thee, still;
And on the blade o' th' dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. --- There's no such thing. ---
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes --- Now o'er one half the world,
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd murder,
(Alarmed, by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rds his design
Moves like a ghost. --- Thou sound and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it --- [A bell rings.]

/* This soliloquy is written all through in a most nervous,
masterly stile of expression, and conveys a striking picture of
Macbeth's alarmed, though determined mind; the imaginary
dagger; the description of night; the mention of witchcraft,
murder, &c. all act powerfully, even in the closet, as well as on
the stage.

23

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heav'n, or to hell. [Exit.]

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath
made me bold;
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark!
peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the stern'st good night --- he is about it ---
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their
possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what, ho? ---- /*
Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done; th' attempt and not the deed,
Confounds us --- hark! --- I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em --- Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had don't --- My husband!
Macb. I've done the deed --- didst thou not hear a
noise?
Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did you not speak?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I descended?
Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark! --- who lies i' th' second chamber?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looks on his hands.
Lady. A foolish thought, to say, a sorry sight.

/* The Scene of the murder is most admirably calculated for action, and should be played in a tremulous, under tone of voice, with a strong exertion of horror struck features, on the part of Macbeth; his lady's countenance should express an eager firmness, touch'd with apprehension.

24

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one
cry'd murder!
They wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addrest them
Again to sleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd, **Heav'n** bless us! and Amen, the
other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
List'ning their fear. I could not say Amen,
When they did say, **Heav'n** bless us.
Lady. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast. ---

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, sleep no more, to all the house;
Glamis has murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why, worthy
Thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more;
I'm afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

/* This is a most fanciful panegyric on that essential repose,
which repairs and invigorates nature.

25

Lady. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking? [Starting.
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood,
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red --- /†

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white; I hear a knocking, [Knock.
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easy is it then; your constancy
Hath left you unattended ... hark, more knocking!
[Knock.

Get on your night gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers: be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know
myself. [Knock.

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking: would thou
could'st! [Exeunt.
[A loud knocking.

A Servant crosses the stage, and opens the door.

Enter Macduff and Lenox. /*

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so long?

/† The fearfully exaggerated apprehensions of conscious guilt,
are finely expressed in this speech, which requires very emphatic
delivery.

/* The part of the porter is properly omitted; and the Italic
lines, by transposition, judiciously introduced to give Macbeth
time for change of appearance, of which, even now, he is allowed
too little.

26

Serv. *Faith, sir, we were carousing, till the second cock.*
Len. *The night has been unruly; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i'th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful times!
The obscure bird clamour'd the live long night;
Some say the earth did quake.*

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter Macbeth. /*

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.
Macb. Good-morrow both.
Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy Thane?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almost slipt the hour.
Macb. I'll bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in physicks pain:
This is the door.
Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
service. [Exit Macduff.
Len. Goes the king hence, to-day?
Macb. He did appoint so.
'Twas a rough night.
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel

A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!
Nor tongue nor heart cannot conceive, nor name thee.

Macb. and Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece,
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope

/* In this scene Macbeth should assume as disengaged a deport-
ment, as possible; but to the audience his countenance ought to
shew inward confusion.

27

The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. --- Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves: awake! awake!

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Ring the alarum-bell --- murder! and treason!
Banquo and Donalbane! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death it self --- up, up, and see
The great doom's image --- Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
To countenance this horror. ---

Bell rings. Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master's murder'd.

Banq. I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox and Rosse.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time: for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All are but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain. /*

Mal. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood,
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had don't;

/* Unless the princes had something more material to say, and something more to do than the author has furnished in this scene, they would be better kept out of sight; indeed they generally create laughter, and their pusillanimous resolution of departure, at the end of it, deserves no better treatment.

28

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they stared and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them. ---

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,

Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.

The expedition of my violent love

Out-ran the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan;

His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,

Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers

Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make love known? /*

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre hole,
May rush and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of Heav'n I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th' hall together.

/* This is a very bold, high finished poetical picture of the

murdered king, and by a forceable affectation of sorrow, artfully conceals Macbeth's guilt.

29

All. Well contented. [Exeunt.

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself when there's no mercy left. [Exeunt.

The SCENE changes to a Wood. Thunder and Lightning. Enter several Witches and sing.

1 Witch. Speak, sister --- is the deed done?

2 Witch. Long ago, long ago;
Above twelve glasses since have run.

3 Witch. Ill deeds are seldom slow,
Or single, but following crimes on former wait.

4 Witch. The worst of creatures safest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue;
Dread horrors still abound,
And ev'ry place surround,
As if in death were found
Propagation too.

2 Witch. He must!

3 Witch. He shall!

4 Witch. He will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

Chor. He will, he will spill much more blood,
And become worse, to make his title good.

1 Witch. Now let's dance.

2 Witch. Agreed.

3 Witch. Agreed.

4 Witch. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Chor. We should rejoice when good kings bleed.

30

When cattle die about, about we go;

When lightening and dread thunder
Rend stubborn rocks in sunder,
And fill the world with wonder,
What should we do?

Chor. Rejoice --- we should rejoice.
When winds and waves are warring,
Earthquakes the mountains tearing,
And monarchs die despairing,
What should we do? ---

Chor. Rejoice --- we should rejoice.

I.

1 Witch. Let's have a dance upon the heath,
We gain more life by Duncan's death.

2 Witch. Sometimes like branded cats we shew,
Having no music but our mew,
To which we dance in some old mill,
Upon the hopper, stone, or wheel;
To some old saw, or bardish rhime,

Chor. Where still the mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping crickets come,
And beetles sing in drowsy hum;
Sometimes we dance o'er fernes or furze,
To howls of wolves, or barks of curs:
Or if with none of these we meet,

Chor. We dance to th' echoes of our feet.

Chor. At the night raven's dismal voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
To th' echoes from a hollow hill.

[Exeunt.]

/* This Act is very interesting, more so than any other in
the play; several passages equal, if not exceed, any thing our
author ever wrote. The witches are well produced, and by the
aid of music, give a very spirited conclusion.

End of the Second Act.

31

ACT III.

SCENE, the Outside of Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Rosse, with an Old Man. /*

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remem-

ber well;
Within the volume of which time, I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness doth the earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange
and certain!)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of the race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke the stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. [Exit Old Man.]

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good Macduff.
How goes the world, sir, now?

/* This short scene consists so much of the marvellous, that it
is not severity to deem it repugnant to common-sense: however
it gives some solemnity to the general subject.

32

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled; which puts on them,
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;
Thriftless ambition! that will raven up
Thine own life's means. --- Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth!

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?
Macd. Carried to Colmkill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.
Rosse. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.
Rosse. Well, I will thither.
Macd. Well, may you see things well done there.
Adieu;
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new! [Exeunt.]

SCENE, an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
The weyward women promis'd; and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles, as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush, no more.

33

Trumpets sound. /* Enter Macbeth as King, Lenox,
Rosse, Lords and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
To night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your highness'
Command upon me; to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye,
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time,
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. Hie, to horse; adieu,

'Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel. [Exit Banquo.

Let ev'ry man be master of his time,
'Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
'Till supper time alone; till then, Heav'n be with you.
[Exeunt Lords.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a word with you; attend those men
Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

/* Macbeth should here put on a most fair-faced affability;
for a designing villain most particularly seems what he is not.

34

Macb. Bring them before us ---- To be thus, is
nothing; [Exit Servant.

But to be safely thus ---- Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature,
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
dares,

And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour,
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose being I do fear: and under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as it is said,
Anthony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king on me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace,
Only for them! and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings --- the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come fate into the list, /*
And champion me to the utterance! --- Who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Servant.]

Was it not yesterday that we spoke together?

Mur. It was so, please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have considered of my speeches;

/* Though this tragedy must be in general allowed a very noble composition, it is highly reprehensible for exhibiting the chimæras of witchcraft, and still more so for advancing, in several places, the principles of Fatalism. We would not wish young, unsettled minds to peruse or hear this piece, without proper companions, to prevent absurd prejudices.

35

Do you find

Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd,
To pray for this good Banquo and his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours, for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and grey-hounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves, are clep'd
All by the name of dogs; the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not the worst rank of manhood, say it,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

1 Mur. I am one,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance.
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.

1 Mur. True, my lord. /*

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being, thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,

For sundry weighty reasons.

/* We have seen these murderers dressed in the most ragga-muffin stile; such appearances could never come before a monarch; even suborned witnesses are decently rigged out by attorneys, to gain some credit, from externals.

36

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives ...

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour,
at most,
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
(For't must be done to night,
And something from the palace:) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Must embrace the fate,
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart,
I'll come to you, anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord. [Exeunt Murderers.]

Macb. It is concluded; --- Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out, to-night.

[Exit Macbeth.]

SCENE, another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again, to-night.

Lady. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[Exit.]

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

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it ---
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
 That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
 (Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,)
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
 In restless ecstasy. --- Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
 Can touch him further! /‡

Lady. Come on;
 Gentle, my lord, sleek o'er your rugged look:
 Be bright, and jovial, 'mong your guests, to-night.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
 Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
 The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hums,
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 'Till thou applaud the deed; come, seeling night, /||
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
 Which keeps me pale! light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to th' rooky wood:
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
 While night's black agents to their prey do rouse.

/* This speech contains most emphatic natural reflections,
 beautifully expressed: the distinction of innocent death and
 guilty life, is remarkably fine.

/|| This invocation to night, and the whole speech, are not only
 poetically beautiful, but happily adapted to the character and
 his gloomy circumstances. The tender eye of day is one of the
 finest ideas we recollect; and the imagery, which introduces
 night, is finely picturesque; but we doubt the propriety of crows
 winging to the rooky wood; crows and rooks are essentially dif-
 ferent.

Thou marvel'st at my words; but hold thee still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill. /*
[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to a Park; the Castle at a Distance.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth.

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo within.] Give us lights, there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he: the rest,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
(So all men do,) from hence to th' palace gate,
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance.

1 Mur. 'Tis he. Follow me. [Exeunt.]

[A clash of swords, they assault Banquo.]

Ban. Oh, treachery! [Within.]

Fly, Fleance; fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [Dies.]

[Fleance runs across the stage, and escapes.]

/* Not having before mentioned the requisites for supporting
Lady Macbeth on the stage, the opinion may properly fall in
here: she should be of a commanding stature, graceful in deport-
ment, possessed of a full-toned voice, with an elegant strength
and haughtiness of features, to mark strong passions.

39

SCENE changes to a room of state in the castle.

A banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse,
Lenox, Lords and Attendants. A Flourish. /*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Ross. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourselves will mingle with society,

And play the humble host:

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome. [They sit.

Lady. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends,
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts
thanks,

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' th' midst;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure,

Enter first Murderer.

The table round --- There's blood upon thy face.

[To the Mur. aside, at the door.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: *I had else been perfect, /*
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. 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.

/* The lines distinguished by Italics, though fanciful, would be better omitted in representation, as not consistent with Macbeth's agitated situation; however, they may please in perusal.

40

Macb. Thanks for that;

There the grown serpent lies: the worm that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear't ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

[The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,

And health on both!

Len. May't please your highness, sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the great person of our Banquo present, ---
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance.)

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting.]

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.

What is't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou can'st not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat,
The fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

[To Macb. aside.]

41

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that,
Which might appal the devil.

Lady. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear; [Aside.
This is the air drawn dagger, which you said,
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself! ---
When all's done, you look but on a chair. /†

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there!

Behold! /* look! lo! how say you? [Pointing to the Ghost.
Why, what care I! if thou canst nod, speak, too. ---
If charnel houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [The Ghost vanishes.]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here I saw him ---

Lady. Fie for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the general weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools; this is more strange,
Than such a murder is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget ---
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,

/† Lady Macbeth's imputing her husband's behaviour to a disorder of mind that he is liable to, and her reproaches to him, are admirable strokes of resolute, deep policy.

/* Macbeth, throughout this masterly scene, requires a very peculiar exertion of voice and features, to support and illustrate the author's ideas, which here manifestly flowed from a glowing, bold imagination.

42

I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. /|| Come, love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full ---
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[The Ghost rises again.]

Macb. Avaunt, and quit my sight! let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros or Hyrcanian tyger,
Take any shape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble; or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, so, --- being gone,

[The Ghost vanishes.]

I am a man again: pray you, sit still. [The Lords rise.

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,

With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder! You make me strange,
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

// It is something odd, that a man, so long and generally known,
as Macbeth must have been, should speak thus.

43

Rosse. What sights, my lord?

Lady. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him; at once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady. Good-night to all. [Exeunt Lords.

Macb. It will have blood --- they say blood will have blood:

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, that understood relations, have,
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st [men](#) of blood. --- What is the night?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,

At our great bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There's not a Thane of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will, to-morrow,
(Betimes I will) unto the weyward sisters: /*
More shall they speak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst for mine own good.
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and self-abuse

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:

We're yet but young in deed.

[Exeunt.]

/* By this line it appears that Macbeth has, since the beginning of the play, formed such an intimacy with the witches, as to know when and where they meet.

44

SCENE changes to the Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are?

Saucy and over-bold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son;
Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends, now; get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron,
Meet me, i' th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his destiny;
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for th' air: this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal, fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And that distill'd by magic slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear:
And you all know, security
Is mortals chiefest enemy. /*

/* Concluding the Third Act with what follows, happily adapted to music, gives the piece much more spirit and propriety, than the form in which Shakespeare left it: and the flat uninteresting scene, between Lenox and another useless lord, is properly omitted.

Witches within.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate, --- come away.

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd,
My little merry airy spirit see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and waits for me.

Witch. Hecate, Hecate, Hecate. (within)

Hec. Thy chirping voice I hear,
So pleasing to my ear,
At which I post away,
With all the speed I may.

Where's Puckle?

Enter Witches.

Witch. Here.

Hec. Where's Stradling?

Witch. Here.

And Hopper too, and Hellway too.
We want but you, we want but you.

3 Voi. Come away, come away, make up th' account.

Hec. With new-fall'n dew,
From church-yard yew,
I will but 'noint, and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnish'd for my flight.

[Symphony, whilst Hecate places herself in the machine.

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I,
O what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, to toy and kiss,
Over woods, high rocks and mountains;
Over hills and misty fountains;
Over steeples, tow'rs, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.

Chor. We fly by night 'mong troops of spirits.

[Exeunt.

/* The Third Act, though rather laboured, and made up of unnatural circumstances, is, when well performed, extremely entertaining; and the witches conclude it, both respecting what they speak and sing, excellently.

End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE a dark Cave: in the middle, a great
Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd. /*

2 Witch. Twice and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

3 Witch. Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw.

[They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients, as for the Preparation of their Charm.

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights has thirty-one,
Swelter'd venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i' th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

1 Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches mummy; maw and gulf

/* Amidst the multiplicity of our author's beauties, there is not, in our view, a stronger instance of original genius, than the ceremony of the cauldron, and its baleful ingredients. The reader who does not even in the perusal of the scene, feel a pleasing horror, must have a very dull conception; in representation we are struck through our eyes and ears, by externals; but without them, the pen of Shakespeare touches every intelligent breast.

47

Of the ravening salt sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' th' dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;

Make the gruel thick and slab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one shall share i' th' gains.

2 Witch. Hold, by the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. [A knocking.
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though castles topple on their warders heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins, tumble all together,
Even 'till destruction sicken, answer me,
To what I ask you. /*

/* This speech is masterly; we know not a finer progression of
climax, nor can form an idea of any address so applicable.

48

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Pronounce.

3 Witch. Demand.

Hecate. We'll answer.

1 Witch. Say if th' hadst rather hear it from our
mouths,
Or from our masters!

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murd'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thyself and office deftly show. [Thunder.]

Apparition of an armed head, rises. /*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power ---
I Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff.
Beware the Thane of Fife --- dismiss me --- enough.
[Descends.]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks,
Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more. ---
I Witch. He will not be commanded; here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Apparition of a bloody child, rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none, of woman born,
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.]

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of
thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,

/* In a very bad alteration of this play, by Betterton, he has hit upon what we think an emendation; that is, making the witches deliver all the prophecies; by which the surfeiting quantity of trapwork, ghosts, phantomes, &c. is judiciously lessened.

49

And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder. /* [Thunder.]

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or who conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to Dunsinane's high hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree

Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments!
--- Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The Cauldron sinks into the ground.]

Macb. I will be satisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

1 Witch. [Appear!](#)

2 Witch. [Appear!](#)

3 Witch. [Appear!](#)

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

[Eight Kings appear, and pass over in order; the last
with a glass in his hand; [then Banquo.](#)

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo --- down!
Thy crown doth sear mine eye-balls --- [\[To the first.](#)

/* Macbeth's resolution to prevent even possibility, is well
suited to the desperate state of his mind. Every one of the pro-
phecies are characteristically dubious, and Macbeth's favourable
explanation of them, natural.

50

A second like the first ---
A third is like the former --- filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this? --- A fourth? --- start eye!
[A fifth!](#)

Another yet? --- A seventh! I'll see no more ---
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more.

Horrible sight! nay, now I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so? /*

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antick round;
That this great king may kindly say,

Our duties did his welcome pay. [Musick.

[\[A dance of Furies, and then all vanish.](#)

Macb. Where are they? Gone? --- Let this perni-
cious hour

Stand ay accursed in the calendar!
Come in, there ---

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weyward sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. [Aside.] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,

/* The march of these shades is very picturesque, and Macbeth's disjointed remarks very proper.

51

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand.
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Macduff's Castle at Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse. /*

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the
land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness; when our actions do not;
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself doth fly? he loves us not;
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reasons.

Rosse. My dearest cousin,
I pray you school yourself; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much farther,

/* Here Shakespeare, as if the vigorous exertion of his faculties, in the preceding scene, required relaxation, has given us a most trifling superfluous dialogue, between Lady Macduff, Rosse, and her son, merely that another murder may be committed, on the stage too. We heartily concur in, and approve of, striking out the greatest part of it.

52

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward,
To what they were before: My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave, at once. [Exit Rosse.]

Enter Angus.

Ang. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Angus.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I'd done no harm? [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the King of England's Palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff. /*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us, rather,
Hold fast the mortal sword;

/* There are about eighty lines of this scene omitted, which retained, would render it painfully tedious; and indeed we think them as little deserving of the closet, as the stage.

53

Each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd /† out
Like syllables of [Grief](#).

Mal. This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you, yet. I'm young; but some-
thing

You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T'appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, e'en there, where I did find my
doubts.

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country?
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy
wrongs,

His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke:
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right:
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,

/† The word yell'd is here very low and inadequate.

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness:
Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth. /*

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland! ---

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live. Oh, nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-sceptred!
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne,
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed. Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh! fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh, my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth,
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r; and modest wisdom plucks me

/* Malcolm's self-abuse is well contrived to sound the feelings
of Macduff for his country; to which Macduff makes a sensible,
spirited reply.

From over-credulous haste: but Heav'n above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; what I am truly,

Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here approach,
Old Siward with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance, O goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at
once,
'Tis hard to reconcile. /*

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good Heav'n betimes re-
move

The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the
air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying or e'er they sicken.

/* The author has here lugged in, by neck and heels, a doctor,
for the strange purpose of paying a gross compliment to that royal
line, which ridiculously arrogated a power of curing the evil, by
a touch. But that scene is properly left out in, the representa-
tion.

56

Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well ---

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too. ---

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were all at peace, when I did leave

'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men:
An older, and a better soldier, none
That christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! but I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing could not catch them. /*

Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cause? or is it a grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.

/* Rosse's hesitant manner of bringing out the dismal tidings,
with which his sympathizing bosom swells, is sensible, friendly,
and tender.

57

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. *At once, I guess, and am afraid to know!*

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd. To relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. /†

Macd. My children, too! ---

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I *not with them.* My wife kill'd, too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children. --- All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? what all? oh, hell-kite, all?
What all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so.

But I must also feel it as a man. /*
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee!
Not for their own demerits, but for mine.

/† This speech of Malcolm's is finely thrown in, to give Macduff a pause from his violent shock, before he speaks.

/* As Macduff, before this scene has little to say of any consequence, the actor's essentials have not been mentioned; a good, though not a striking figure, a smooth flow of expression, a medium toned voice, tender feeling, and spirit, are required.

58

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape
Then heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt. /†

/+ The Fourth Act possesses more vivacity than the Third or First: the principal character warms upon an audience much. His powers expand, his situation begins to grow importantly critical, and the person who performs him should collect great spirit, and exert it.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT V.

SCENE an Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field. I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper. /*

Lo, you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

/* Never were the anxious horrors of conscious guilt more naturally or nervously painted, than in the character of Lady Macbeth. The introducing her as walking in her sleep, with murder haunting the agonized imagination, shews the author to be a most competent judge of nature and the stage; in no other shape could she have been introduced to so much advantage. It is difficult to perform this scene: she should speak in a low, anxious voice, keep moving slowly about, with fixed, glaring, open eyes, and horror-struck features.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue

in this, a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned spot; out, I say --- one, two; why then 'tis time to do't --- hell is murky. Fy, my lord, fy, a soldier and afraid! what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? --- yet who could have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him? /*

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now? What, will these hands ne'er be clean? --- no more o'that, my lord, no more o'that; you marr all, with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh! /†

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

/* Making blood-stained conscience haunt her sleep so powerfully, is infinitely fine, strictly natural, and a very instructive warning against similar guilt.

/† This deep sigh is highly in nature. Those who experienced oppressive dreams, have felt such without waking.

61

Doct. Well, well, well ---

Gent. Pray Heav'n it be, sir.

Lady. Wash your hands; put on your night-gown; look not so pale --- I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds

To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.
Good Heav'n, forgive us all! look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good doctor. /* [Exeunt.

SCENE the Castle of Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports. Let them fly all:
'Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? Then fly, false Thanes,
And mingle with the English Epicures.
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

Thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

/* A short and immaterial scene of the original, is here properly omitted.

62

Ser. There are ten thousand ---

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence --- Seyton! --- I'm sick
at heart,

When I behold --- Seyton, I say! --- this push
Will cheer me ever, or disease me now.

I have liv'd long enough; my May of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curses not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. /*
Seyton! ---

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirre the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

Enter Doctor.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,

/* Macbeth's picture of his own deplorable state, as a friendless,
detested tyrant, is highly natural and striking.

63

Cleanse the **full** bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart? /*

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it ---
Come, put my armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out --- Doctor, the Thanes fly from me ---
Come, sir, dispatch --- If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again. - Pull't off, I say ---
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence! hear'st thou of
them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord, your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Birnam wood.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, **Lenox**,
Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand,

That chambers will be safe.

Lenox. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Lenox. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us. [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure

/* Nothing can be more morally instructive than this ques-
tionary speech; from whence we may infer how much we should
prefer a clear, well-regulated conscience, to ill-got sublunary
grandeur.

64

Our sitting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate.

Mal. Towards which advance the war. /†

[Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to the Castle of Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Officers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, they come: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lie,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[A cry within of women.]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir,
As life were in't. I have sup'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

/† As, in a good cause, the brave man enters upon battle with some confidence, Malcolm's party shew it; while the tyrant, in opposition, should manifest violent rage, rising from despair.

65

Enter Seyton.

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, /*
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious lord,
I should report that which, I say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! [Striking him. /†

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till Birnam wood

/* This speech contains a most agreeable mixture of moral instruction and poetic painting; life is admirably assimilated to the transitory state of a stage player.

/† Shakespeare was too fond of blows, especially from royal hands.

66

"Do come to Dunsinane," --- and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun.
And wish the state o' th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell, blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness /* on our back. [Exeunt.

SCENE before Dunsinane.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army,
with boughs.

Mal. Now, near enough; your leafy screens throw
down,
And shew like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Brave Macduff and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Do we but find the tyrant's power, to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all your trumpets speak, give them all
breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [Ex.
[Alarums continued.

SCENE changes, and a grand battle is fought
across the Stage.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

67

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No --- though thou call'st thy self a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title,
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speakest.

[Fight, and young Siward's slain.

Macb. Thou wast born of woman --- I'm sure. [Exit.

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched Kernes,
Let me find him, Fortune. [Exit. Alarum.

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord, the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble Thanes do bravely in the war,
The day almost professes itself yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

68

To him enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words:
My voice is in my sword! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [Fight. Alarum.

Macb. Thou lovest labour;
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm!
And let the angel, whom thou still hath serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb

Untimely ripp'd. /†

Macb. Accursed be that tongue, that tells me so!
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o' th' time;
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under writ,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, hold, enough.

[They fight.]

/† The Witches' treacherous predictions are here all fulfilled;
and it is natural that the mind, weak enough to believe them,
should turn coward, finding the interpretations all against him.

69

Macd. This for my royal master Duncan;
This for my bosom friend, my wife; and this for
The pledges of her love and mine, my children.

[Macbeth falls.]

Sure there are remains to conquer --- I'll
As a trophy bear away his sword, to
Witness my revenge.

[Exit Macduff.]

Macb. 'Tis done! the scene of life will quickly close.
Ambition's vain, delusive dreams are fled,
And now I wake to darkness, guilt and horror;
I cannot bear it! let me shake it off ---
'Two' not be; my soul is clogg'd with blood ---
I cannot rise! I dare not ask for mercy ---
It is too late, hell drags me down; I sink,
I sink --- Oh! --- my soul is lost for ever!
Oh!

[Dies. /*

Retreat and flourish. Enter Malcolm, Siward, Rosse,
Thanes and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt;
He only liv'd but till he was a man,
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd,
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.

/* If deaths upon the stage are justifiable, none can be more so than that of Macbeth. Shakespeare's idea of having his head brought on by Macduff, is either ludicrous or horrid, therefore commendably changed to visible punishment -- a dying speech, and a very good one, has been furnished by Mr. Garrick, to give the actor more eclat; but as we are not fond of characters writhing and flouncing on carpets; and as from the desperate state of Macbeth's mind we think his immediate death most natural, we could wish it to take place. There are, in the last scene, some lines added, and some judiciously transposed, for perusal as well as representation.

70

Siw. Then is he dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, Heav'n's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more:
Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. The time is
free ---

The tyrant's dead; and though I should not boast
That one whom guilt might easily weigh down,
Fell by my hand, yet I present you with his sword,
To shew that Heav'n appointed me to take revenge,
For you, and all that suffer'd by his cruel power.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's peers,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine;
Hail, king of Scotland! [A flourish.]

All. Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish.]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,

And make us even with you. Thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers

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Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful else,
That calls upon us, by the grace of [Heav'n](#),
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all, at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone. /†

/† Our author has thrown an unusual share of fire into the
Last Act, and, contrary to his common practice, he has wound
up the plot, punished the guilty, and established the innocent, in
such a regular progression of important events, that nothing was
wanting but very slight alterations, to place it in the present state.

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