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### XVIII.—THE CHARACTER OF CRISEYDE.

The main view which I shall here present was formulated about the time of the last meeting of this Association in New Haven, when Professor Price, of Columbia University, read his paper before the Association on *Troilus and Criseyde*. In that year, 1895-6, I was giving an undergraduate course in Chaucer, and found, on coming to *Troilus and Criseyde*, that a majority of the men in the course felt that a great change for the worse had come over Criseyde's character after her departure for Troy. This led me to look with more care into the poem, both to see how far there might be a basis for such a view, and to discover items of evidence tending to modify this impression. The opinion which I then came to entertain was communicated to my graduate seminary in Chaucer in the academic year 1899-1900,<sup>1</sup> and in various other years. In the present paper, this view is supported by some additional considerations.

Of the modern commentators on the story, Ten Brink is certainly not among the least. His view is (*Hist. Eng. Lit.* 2. 1. 92, Eng. trans.): "The English Criseyde is more innocent, less experienced, less sensual, more modest, than her Italian prototype. What a multitude of agencies were needed to inflame her love for Troilus; what a concatenation of circumstances, what a display of trickery and intrigue, to bring her at last to his arms! We see the threads of the web in which she is entangled drawing ever closer around her; her fall appears to us excusable, indeed unavoidable. And if afterwards, after the separation, she does not resist the temptation of Diomedes, how is she

<sup>1</sup> See the reference to this in Dr. Robert K. Root's *Poetry of Chaucer* (1906), p. 115, note.

accountable, if her mind is less true and deep than that of Troilus? how is she accountable, when that first fall robbed her of her moral stay? . . . She only gives her heart to Diomedes when touched with sympathy for the wounds he had received from Troilus; and her infidelity is immediately followed by repentance. . . . The more innocent Criseyde is, the more inexperienced and helpless Troilus is, the greater grows the role of him who brings them together. . . . He is an elderly gentleman, with great experience of life, uncle to Criseyde—not, as in Boccaccio, her cousin.”

Mr. A. W. Ward (*Chaucer*, p. 92), calls Criseyde “not ignoble even in the season of her weakness.” Courthope (*Hist. Eng. Poet.* 1. 264) says: “It is not till the fourth book that the deterioration of Cressida’s nature reveals itself incidentally in the facility with which she listens, without displeasure though without response, to the artful love-making of Diomedes.” In 1893 Mr. A. W. Pollard, in his primer on Chaucer (p. 95), says: “Only a detailed study of the *Filostrato* reveals by how much Chaucer has ennobled the characters both of hero and heroine. In his hands . . . Cressida [becomes] the sweetest, most piteous of unfaithful women.” And in 1901, in the Chambers *Cyclopædia of English Literature* (1. 69), the same writer says: “In the end, as we all know, Criseyde failed to fight against the stress of circumstance, and was faithless.” Furnivall, treating of Shakespeare’s *Troilus and Cressida* in the *Leopold Shakespeare* (p. lxxx), thus cries out against the ruthlessness of the great dramatist: “To have the beautiful Cressida, hesitating, palpitating like the nightingale before her sin, driven by force of hard circumstances which she could not control into unfaithfulness to her love, to have this Cressid, whom Chaucer spared for very ruth, set before us as a mere shameless wanton, making eyes at all the men she sees, and showing

her looseness in the movement of every limb, is a terrible blow.”

What shall we say to a Criseyde suggested not only as an object for our pity, but, at least so far as the first half of her story is concerned, almost for our approval and affection?

In the first place, we must say that this conception is not warranted by antiquity. Criseyde's ancient prototype, whether we call her Briseis or Chryseis—and, according to Ovid (*Rem. Am.* 476), it is only the difference of a syllable—yielded and gave to the stronger, and could be transferred with much ease from one fighter to another. The scorn of a lawful wife for such temporary partners is fiercely proclaimed by Clytæmnestra over the dead body of Agamemnon (*Æschylus, Agam.* 1438–43):

There lies he, one who foully wronged his wife,  
The darling of the Chryseids at Troia ;  
And there [*pointing to Cassandra*] this captive slave, this augress,  
His concubine, this seeress trustworthy,  
Who shared his bed, and yet was as well known  
To the sailors at their benches !<sup>1</sup>

It is with something of the same scorn that Chaucer, speaking of the unfallen, characterless Emilye,<sup>2</sup> after Palamon had been overmatched, remarks (*K. T.* 1823–4):

For wommen, as to spoken in comune,  
They folwen al the favour of fortune.

The Pandarus who is eventually resolved into the cousin or uncle of Criseyde, according as Boccaccio or Chaucer tells the story, is already in the Fourth Book of the *Iliad* a truce-breaker. When he is about to shoot the arrow which makes

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ovid, *A. A.* 2. 711 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Another reflection, it must be remembered, of Boccaccio's notorious Maria ; see the Dedication to the *Teseide*, and Crescini, *Contributo agli Studi sul Boccaccio*, p. 211.

him a perjured man, Homer thus characterizes him: "So spake Athene, and persuaded his fool's heart." And of him we are told by the Pseudo-Dictys (2. 41): "He finally paid the penalty of an accursed mode of fighting."

Calchas, who becomes in Benoît de Sainte More the father of Criseyde, is in Homer and Virgil a Greek priest. It is the Pseudo-Dares (15) that first tells how, when Achilles went to Delphi to consult the oracle, Calchas also arrived, having been sent on behalf of the Phrygians. The oracle commanded that, when the Greeks should set sail, he should persuade them not to return till Troy was captured. Hereupon he and Achilles become friends, and betake themselves to Athens together. On Achilles' report of the occurrence, the Greeks receive Calchas among their number.

He who first associated Criseyde, Pandarus, and Calchas as members of one family, brought together a woman who had already been conceived by antiquity as bound to accede to the wishes of a conqueror, whoever he might be; a man who had brought woe upon two peoples by the renewal of war, against the sacred faith of a treaty; and a refugee priest, ready on the instant to incline to the stronger side, and more or less an object of suspicion to both parties to the struggle. The fact that Helen is the central figure of this struggle, and lives in ease, luxury, and wantonness while brave men all about her are dying in her quarrel, must not be lost from sight when we are considering the moral atmosphere in which this exemplary Trojan family is supposed to live.

As for Benoît de Sainte More, a few words will suffice to show his sentiments. According to his excellent editor, M. Joly, Briseida is with him the "synonym for perfidy and treason" (1. 274); she represents "the coquetry of love, its graces, its diplomacy, its deceptions" (*ib.*); the motto of the story in Benoît might well be: "Frailty, thy name is

woman" (1. 285). I need hardly remind you that in Benoît there is no long account of the amour of Troilus and Briseida. Briseida is thus described (5. 267-9): "Much was she loved, and much did she love, but her heart was changeable; she was of a full amorous disposition." Joly (1. 291) calls attention to the fact that, on the point of leaving Troy, she had all her precious possessions packed, "and," says the poet, "all her gowns put up; she clothed and decked her person with the richest garments she had" (13303-6), and these the poet then proceeds to describe, in terms which might well set any feminine heart a-flutter. This, be it remembered, is the morning after the night spent in tears and moans with Troilus. Could anything more clearly paint the character of the woman? However, says the poet (13469-71), "the damsel thinks she will die when obliged to part from him whom she so loves and holds dear;" but he has already assured us (13404 ff.) that she will be calmed in time, and will soon forget. "If now she has sorrow, then she will have joy. Her love will soon turn to one whom she has never seen." To which, in the extremity of his indignation, the poet adds (13415 ff.): "Grief does not last long with a woman; she weeps with one eye, and laughs with the other. They soon change their fancy; and the wisest of them is enough of a fool. When she has loved any one for seven years, she will forget him in a day." When Briseida bestows her affections upon Diomedes, she is quite aware, says Joly (1. 293), that he is the particular enemy of Troilus. On the way to the Greek camp, he opens conversation by assuring her that she is the first he ever loved (13527 ff.; cf. *T. and C.*, 5. 1555 ff.). "By the fourth evening," says Benoît, "she no longer had heart or desire to return to the city" (13823-5). "She was of such great knowledge," we are assured, "that she perceived and well knew that Diomedes loved her beyond

everything, and so she was three times as severe towards him" (14964-7); to which Benoît amiably subjoins: "Ladies are always like this." "The poet continues," says Joly (1. 295), "to paint with piquant strokes the adroitness of feminine coquetry, its calculated severities, the humiliation of Diomede, and his prayers." Meanwhile Troilus has a kind of revenge. When, after some days, he encounters and wounds Diomede, he thus taunts the latter (20085-8): "She will entertain many before the siege is over; watch her carefully, if you do not wish to share her with others." As for Calchas, now become her father, Benoît remarks that "the Trojans hated Calchas, and said that he was viler than a dog." Pandarus does not yet appear in his familiar role.

It is well known that Boccaccio's poem, the *Filostrato*, is the basis of Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*. Now the *Filostrato*, as Boccaccio's own preface shows, was written to image forth the relations between himself and Maria, natural daughter of Robert, king of Naples. The story of Boccaccio's passion for this young married woman—moving among the nobility of that dissolute court<sup>1</sup> which was soon to be presided over by the infamous queen Joanna—possessed of great beauty and gentle breeding, but of lax principles, is told, or sketched, or suggested, in no fewer than eight of his works, counting the *Canzoniere* as one, and in no fewer than eighteen passages.<sup>2</sup> It began with him on Holy Saturday, March 30, 1336, according to what seem the most trustworthy calculations, was crowned with mutual pleasure a few months later, and was interrupted by her faithlessness not later than about two years after it began. The story of this *liaison* having been so often repeated by Boccaccio in slightly different forms, and with a variety of assumed names, it

<sup>1</sup> See Symonds, *Ital. Lit.* 1. 121; cf. 1. 113, 122.

<sup>2</sup> According to the computation of Dr. E. H. Wilkins.

would seem as though the attentive reader, and especially the minute student, might be justified in forming an opinion about the character of the heroine. That she had beauty, wit, fine manners, grace, charm—upon this all are agreed; as to the essence of her nature there has been less outspokenness, but on this point also two of the most competent of recent investigators are at one. Speaking of her infidelity to Boccaccio—and it must be remembered that her yielding to him was disloyalty to an amiable and indulgent husband—Crescini says (*op. cit.*, p. 63): “But the lady did not keep faith with him; she left him, to love another. It follows from this that the love which united Maria to Boccaccio was a mere flash of caprice. This passionate and sensual woman”—mark the words—“gave herself to him for a time, but when her desires had been satisfied she passed on to other amours.”<sup>1</sup> A more recent investigator—who in fact published his researches only last year—is Della Torre. His decision is (*La Giovinezza di Giovanni Boccaccio*, p. 190): “Lasciviousness constituted the basis of Maria’s temperament,” and he adduces as proof her inconstancy, and the ease with which she passed from one amour to another. He continues: “See how, in the *Fiammetta*, Maria excuses herself to her own conscience for having betrayed the husband who so fondly loved her by giving herself to Panfilo [*i. e.* Boccaccio]. She says in so many words: ‘Things which are freely possessed are usually considered worthless, though they are really precious; and such as can not easily be had,

<sup>1</sup>In the *Filocolo* (Bk. 4: 8. 79 Mou.), the queen, another incarnation of Maria, says: “Rimanga adunque simile scellerato ardire nelle pari di Semiramis e di Cleopatra, le quali non amano, ma cercano di quietare il loro libidinoso volere, il quale quietato, non più avanti d’alcuno più che d’un altro non si ricordano.” See Maria’s picture of her own heartlessness and blasphemous arrogance in *Filocolo*, Bk. 5: 8. 260 ff. Mou. (cf. Della Torre, p. 191). With this compare *T. and C.* 4. 1406 ff.



though in fact worthless, are regarded as most precious.'"<sup>1</sup> Della Torre contributes another quotation from the *Fiammetta* to the same effect (*Fiam.*, p. 84). Later (p. 191), he speaks of the beautiful voluptuary, who, in the consciousness of her omnipotent beauty, became even cruel.

Were there time, I might quote from the *Wife of Bath's Prologue* (205-210) a sentiment uttered by that worthy woman, which could hardly be distinguished from the one cited above from the mouth of Fiammetta. In fact, the sentiments of both might have been drawn from the long discourse of the duenna in the *Roman de la Rose* (cf. 14098 ff., 14208 ff.) or from its principal source, Ovid's *Art of Love*<sup>2</sup> (cf. 3. 583-6), a book with which we may assume that Maria, under her name of Fiammetta, was acquainted, since she seems distinctly to allude (*Fiam.*, p. 54) to the *Remedies of Love* (139-168). The same principles recur in the *Filostrato* (2. 73-4), and are condensed from there in *Troilus and Criseyde* (2. 770 ff.).

The profession of Pandaro was not unknown to antiquity, but in the *Filostrato* it is dignified by his kinship with the heroine and his friendship with the hero. Were it not for this, he might be one of the rascally slaves of Roman comedy, a Davus or a Syrus, the prototype of such intriguing valets as Molière's Scapin or Mascarille. An even closer parallel might be afforded by the nurse as a dramatic personage, such a one, for example, as we have in the

<sup>1</sup> *Fiam.*, p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> From one point of view, the *Filostrato*, and *Troilus and Criseyde* as well, might be regarded as a lengthy series of illustrations of the less savory parts of the *Roman de la Rose*, and of certain portions of the *Art of Love* (especially Bk. 3). Crescini has shown how the *Fiammetta* may be regarded as modeled on Ovid's *Heroides* (pp. 156 ff.) I may perhaps mention in passing that Maria's unfaithfulness to Boccaccio is affirmed or clearly implied in at least six passages of his works, and is referred to in still others.

*Hippolytus* of Euripides. And here it is worth noting that in two of the autobiographical love-passages of Boccaccio's works, the nurse appears—once in the *Fiammetta*, where she first endeavors to dissuade her mistress from her folly, though afterwards she acquiesces in it (*Fiam.*, pp. 16 ff., 31); and once in the *Filocolo* (see the next note), where Glorizia, the foster-mother as well as nurse of the heroine—again Maria under an assumed name—discharges a function similar to that in which Pandare delights in the Third Book of *Troilus and Criseyde*.<sup>1</sup> Crescini has pointed out resemblances between the speeches of the nurse in the *Fiammetta* and those of the nurse in the *Hippolytus* of Seneca. It may well be, then, that Pandarus, in the capacity of bower-thane, is the masculine counterpart of the bower-woman of the *Filocolo*, the companion and foster-mother of the heroine. Glorizia is a more active agent than the nurse of the *Fiammetta*, the portrayal of the latter owing much, as mentioned above, to the *Hippolytus* of Seneca, as that is derived from the *Hippolytus* of Euripides.

Passing for the moment over Chaucer, we may remind ourselves what estimate Shakespeare formed of the character of Cressida. His keen eye, whose penetrative insistence no disguises or subterfuges could baffle, discerned in Chaucer's

<sup>1</sup>When Filocolo (Florio) is drawn up by the window in a basket of flowers, Glorizia receives him, hides him in a room adjoining that which is to be occupied during the day by Biancofiore and her attendants, and at night ensconces him behind the curtains of Biancofiore's bed. Meanwhile, the nurse passes from the one to the other, holding conversations with each about the other, Biancofiore having no suspicion that he is near. Finally, late at night, Filocolo discovers himself to Biancofiore, Glorizia being meanwhile asleep in an adjacent room (*Filocolo*, Bk. 5: 8. 166-182 Mou. ; cf. 7. 71, 118). See Della Torre, pp. 270 ff. ; Crescini, pp. 80 ff. ; and cf. *Ameto*, p. 156. Since writing the above, my attention has been called to the article of Mr. Karl Young, in *Modern Philology* for July, 1906 (4. 169-177), entitled *Chaucer's Use of Boccaccio's 'Filocolo.'*

heroine the nature which is revealed in the pages of Boccaccio. Already in the First Act (1. 2. 310 ff.), Cressida says :

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see  
 Than in the gloss of Pandar's praise may be ;  
 Yet hold I off. . . .  
 Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.

The shrewd maxims which she utters on this occasion might have come straight from the *Art of Love*.

In the Third Act (3. 2. 125 ff.), she says :

Hard to seem won, but I was won, my lord,  
 With the first glance that ever—pardon me,  
 If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.  
 . . . . .  
 But, though I loved you well, I wooed you not,  
 And yet, good faith, I wished myself a man,  
 Or that we women had men's privilege  
 Of speaking first.<sup>1</sup>

A little later she says (3. 2. 160 ff.) :

Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love.

But it is Ulysses, the wise, the much-experienced, who sums her up for Shakespeare (4. 5. 55-7) :

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip—  
 Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirits look out  
 At every joint and motive of her body.

And the continuation of the speech is even more explicit.

We at length come to Chaucer's poem. Here we may first consider Criseyde as a daughter. Calchas, we remember, learning from the gods that Troy was to be destroyed, had gone over to the Greeks, and thus earned the name of traitor (1. 87). That the Greeks did not fully trust him we see

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Filocolo*, Bk. 4 : 8. 78-9.

from a remark of Diomedes's (5. 897-9). Troilus says of him (4. 1459):

Your fader is in sleighte as Argus yed.<sup>1</sup>

When Calchas knew that there was to be an exchange of prisoners, he went before the Greeks (4. 68),

And with a chaunged face hem bad a bone.

He alleges his services, and begs the redemption of Criseyde:

Telling his tale alwey, this olde greye,  
Humble in speche, and in his lokinge eke,  
The salte teres from his eyen tweye  
Ful faste ronnen down by eyther cheke.<sup>2</sup>

This is the Criseyde whom the people had been ready to burn at once upon her father's departure (1. 90-1<sup>3</sup>), and who, to save herself, had been fain (1. 110 ff.) to fall upon her knees before Hector, and there

With pitous voys, and tendrely wepinge,  
His mercy bad, hirselves excusinge,

and, as Boccaccio adds (1. 12. 7), accusing her father. But the people never forgave him (cf. 4. 1467-8), nor did they forgive her for being her father's daughter, since (4. 194-5), when the proposal is once made, they are anxious to get rid of her.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. 5. 897-9.

<sup>2</sup> This facility in weeping, it will be recalled, was inherited by Criseyde (1. 111; 4. 750, 814, 912; 5. 712, 725, 1046, 1052). Perhaps she liked to verify Ovid's saying (*A. A.* 3. 291-2):

Quo non ars penetrat? discunt lacrimare decenter,  
Quoque volunt plorant tempore, quoque modo.

<sup>3</sup>

And seyden, he and *al his kin* at ones  
Ben worthy for to brennen, fel and bones.

Her father has effected her exchange, and Criseyde is consoling Troilus by devising means for her return, when she gives utterance to these filial sentiments (4. 1368 ff.): My father is old and avaricious. I will take him part of his goods, and tempt him to send for the rest; then I shall have to return to see them safely off, and to make his peace with Priam. I will so enchant him with my words that he shall dream he is in heaven. All his divination is not worth three haws; the gods are liars,<sup>1</sup> and so I shall persuade him:

Desyr of gold shal so his sowle blende,  
That, as me lyst, I shal wel make an ende.<sup>2</sup>

Moreover, we are expressly told that, hearing what her father had done to bring the exchange to pass, she (4. 667-8)

of hir fader roughte,  
As in this cas, right nought, ne whanne he deyde.

Here is a simple, innocent maiden for the nonce; but we know well that she was not a maiden, but already a widow when Calchas fled from Troy, old enough, though Chaucer cannot tell her age (5. 826), to have three nieces, apparently grown-up girls, as companions (2. 814 ff., 1716; 3. 597), and cool of head, though sufficiently warm of heart.

Her coolness of head admits of manifold illustration. She says herself (4. 1625 ff.) that she is not so silly as not to be able to devise ways of keeping her tryst with Troilus. When she visits the love-sick Troilus, who cannot speak for excess of passion (3. 80 ff.),

Criseyde al this aspyede wel ynough,  
For she was wys.

<sup>1</sup>Cf. above, p. 537, note.

<sup>2</sup>Cf. her reproaches to her father, *Roman de Troie* 13685-739.

On an earlier occasion, Pandarus makes dire threats as to what will happen if she does not look kindly on Troilus, so that she thinks (2. 462):

It nedeth me ful sleily for to pleye.

After this first intercession on the part of Pandarus, she passes the whole situation in review (cf. 5. 1023-9). She takes into account Troilus' prowess, estate, renown, wit, shape, and high birth (2. 660-2); she concludes that it would be an honor to deal with such a lord, as well for her estate as for his health (2. 703-7); besides, he is a king's son (cf. 4. 1667), and might do her an injury, if he were displeased with her (2. 708 ff.). Why shouldn't he love her, since no one in Troy is lovelier than she (2. 743 ff.); why shouldn't she love him, since she is her own woman, well at ease, young, and unencumbered (2. 750 ff.)? But as for a husband, oh no! freedom for her (2. 754 ff., 771 ff.; cf. her dread of poverty, 4. 1520-31; *Roman de Troie* 13692-5). Yet, "nothing venture, nothing have" (2. 807 ff.). Chaucer hastens to explain that she hasn't fallen in love at first sight, as one might suppose, but is merely inclined to like Troilus (2. 673 ff.), now that Pandarus has just broached the matter, and has been interrupted by Troilus' riding by.

We see in all this that she is both amorous and circumspect. Such she is at the beginning, and such she remains to the end. Her prototype, Maria, was wearing black when Boccaccio first saw her, because she was at church on Saturday in Passion Week. Criseyde in Chaucer's poem has no such reason, but then she is a widow, and besides Ovid might have taught her (*A. A.* 3. 189-190)—if her own shrewdness had not—that black was becoming to blondes (cf. 4. 736, 816), and that Briseis was dressed in black when she was carried off (1. 170; cf. 1. 109, 177;

2. 534; 4. 778 ff.). Moreover, there is evidence enough that the wearing of black was not fatal to her gayety (2. 1169; 4. 866-7). Although, in the temple, fear of the people, and perhaps her comparatively inferior position, made her stand quietly in the rear, with no companion (1. 178-180), yet she was of "ful assured loking and manere" (1. 182), with a rather haughty air (1. 290 ff.),

for she leet falle  
 Hir look a lite aside, in swich manere  
 Ascaunces, 'What, may I not stonden here?'

In manner she is the society woman of that period. After she had taken her leave of Helen and Deiphobus "ful thriftily, as she wel coude," they praised her excellence, her governance,<sup>1</sup> her wit, and her manner, so that it was a joy to hear (3. 211 ff.). We may be sure that her farewells to members of the royal house were not marked by any assumption of equality, but by deference, humble cordiality, and obsequious gratitude.

Her wit and governance never deserted her, apparently. She can pretend to her agonizing lover that she has no idea what he seeks of her (3. 124-6), and afterwards is ready to deal with Diomedes in the same way (5. 867-8); she does not scruple to speak to Troilus of her own dissimulation (5. 1613; cf. 4. 1625 ff.), and she is quite capable of telling Diomedes (5. 977-8), that, save for her dead husband,

other love, so helpe me now Pallas,  
 Ther in myn herte nis, ne ever was.

Yet there comes a time when even Troilus mistrusts her

<sup>1</sup> Troilus' good governance, by the way, consisted in dissimulation (3. 427-434; cf. 477-483); one would like to know how his reason bridled his delight (4. 1678), and precisely what Criseyde understood by his "moral vertue, grounded upon trouthe" (4. 1672).

(4. 1606 ff., 1427-8; cf. his fear of her, 4. 165-8). Her continual and apparently chief dread is, lest her reputation be compromised; at all hazards, she wishes to save appearances.<sup>1</sup> In this respect, Pandare feels as she does (3. 265 ff.). She dissembles her surrenders, because she enjoys prolonged wooings.<sup>2</sup> Thus, after allowing Pandare<sup>3</sup> to go through the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Wife of Bath's Tale*, 87-88:

For be we never so vicious withinne,  
We wol been holden wyse, and clere of synne.

Cf. *Filoc.*, pp. 78-9; *Fiam.*, p. 67.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Shakespeare, *T. and C.*, 1. 2. 312 ff.

<sup>3</sup> It is the fashion to regard Pandare as well advanced in years; Ten Brink, for example, calls him an "elderly gentleman with great experience of life." It might be worth while to marshal all the evidence for and against this assertion. I content myself here with adducing a few passages which point in the direction of relative youth:

1. In the *Filostrato*, Pandaro tells Troilo that he himself is in love (2. 13. 7, 8):

Ed io, come tu sai, contra mia voglia  
Amo, nè mi può tor nè crescer doglia.

Similarly in *T. and C.* 1. 666-7:

Right so fare I, unhappily for me;  
I love oon best, and that one smerteth sore.

Again (*T. and C.* 2. 57 ff.), Pandare's love made his hue green many times a day, and sent him to bed in woe, where he tossed through the night.

When he calls on Criseyde, she remarks (2. 98), "your maistresse is not here." Shortly afterward (2. 111-2), he proposes to dance, and do some observance to May.

Pandare's oath is (2. 234), "by the blisful Venus that I serve."

Troilus upbraids Pandare (4. 486-490); cf. *Filost.* 4. 57):

Why hastow not don bisily thy might  
To chaungen hir that doth thee al thy wo?  
Why niltow lete hir fro thyn herte go?  
Why niltow love another lady swete,  
That may thyn herte setten in quiete?

Cf. 491-2 (*Filost.* 4. 58. 1, 2).



motions of seduction and urgency, after keeping Troilus upon the rack for many weary days, she can calmly say, at the moment of her abandonment (3. 1201) :

Ne hadde I ere now, my swete herte dere,  
Ben yolde, ywis I were now not here.

We saw above (p. 535) that, in the *Roman de Troie*, the heroine had no desire after the fourth evening to return to Troy ; Chaucer seems to say (5. 1033-4) of Diomedes that, on the eleventh day after her arrival,

So wel he for himselve spak and seyde  
That alle hir sykes sore adoun he leyde,

though a few lines later he professes not to know how long it was before Criseyde forsook Troilus for Diomedes. It is significant that on that very tenth day when she was to return to Troilus, Diomedes calls at Calchas' tent, and she not only

Welcomed him, and down by hir him sette,

but

2. No allusion to the appearance of Pandare suggests that he is elderly.
3. Neither Criseyde nor Troilus treats him as elderly, nor, save for the use of the term "nece," does he treat either of them as considerably younger.
4. His interest and participation in Troilus' love-affairs is not that of an elderly person.
5. Chaucer (1. 860), following Boccaccio (2. 16. 7, 8), makes Pandare say :

Were it for my suster, al thy sorwe,  
By my wil, she sholde al be thyn tomorwe.

And Troilus reciprocates in similar terms (3. 409 ff. ; cf. *Filost.* 3. 18).

6. Pandare once calls Criseyde "suster" (4. 848), following *Filost.* 4. 98. 1.

7. Troilus repeatedly calls Pandare "brother" (1. 773 ; 2. 1046 ; 4. 541 ; 5. 414, 477 ; and cf. 5. 521), and Pandare reciprocates (2. 1359 ; 3. 239, 330 ; 5. 407, 1731 ; and cf. 3. 252).

But the younger Pandare is, and the more mature Criseyde is, the less is she excusable, since the less probable is it that she is his dupe (observe how promptly she forgives him, 2. 595).

after this, withouten longe lette,  
The spyces and the wyn men forth hem fette.

The latter point is significant, because spices and wine were usually reserved for the conclusion of a banquet, if we may trust the romances (cf. Schultz, *Das Höfische Leben zur Zeit der Minnesinger* 1. 432-3; Chaucer, *L. G. W.* 1109-10; *C. T. F.* 291-4), and the relation of wine to the amatory passion was sufficiently known in the Middle Ages (cf. Ovid, *A. A.* 1. 526-7; 3. 753; *Rem. Am.* 146, 805; Chaucer, *C. T. C.* 509; *D.* 464-8). In fact, if for the moment we may recall that Criseyde virtually represents Boccaccio's mistress (cf. p. 10), and that, as the daughter of a French-woman, she was very likely familiar with the *Roman de la Rose*,<sup>1</sup> we shall be sure that she was well informed on this point (cf. *Fiam.*, pp. 92-3; *Filocolo*, Bk. 5 : 8. 259; *R. de la R.* 14393-4). It is evident that Criseyde knew how to woo under the guise of being wooed. We need not be surprised, then, if she consents to make an appointment with Diomedes for the next day (5. 944, 949, 995, 1030), and that on that day

He refte hir of the grete of al hir peyne.

After all, it is Criseyde who has pronounced her own doom (5. 1058 ff.):

Allas, of me, unto the worldes ende,  
Shal neither been ywriten nor ysonge  
No good word, for these bokes wol me shende.

O, rolled shal I been on many a tonge!  
Throughout the world my belle shal be ronge;  
And wommen most wol hate me of alle.

ALBERT S. COOK.

<sup>1</sup> We may remember that Boccaccio, at the end of the Fourth Day of the *Decameron*, gives Fiammetta eyes "che parevan d'un falcon pellegrino" (cf. *T. and C.* 3. 1784, and that Idleness, *R. de la R.* 533 (Chaucer, *R. R.* 546),

Les yex ot plus vaire c'une faucons.