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THE TEMPEST

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS
HEAD MASTER OF BEDFORD SCHOOL, AND FORMERLY FELLOW OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

RIVINGTONS
WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON
Oxford, and Cambridge
1876
In 1609, an English ship came ashore on Bermudas.

Eternal void (e.g., reg. 3 Montague) shows that some could not have been written before 1604. Since there is no earlier edition of 1603, external evidence would make it a later folio.

In terms of method, 1) metaphors that are hard to play have fewerShiping lines, many things with 3 sight and 2) let us get a Calmness of atmosphere of Hamlet.
The first draught of this edition was written in 1870, and privately published for immediate use. An endeavour has now been made to incorporate the more recent results of Shakespearian criticism. The book would never have reappeared had the Clarendon Press edition of the play been as adequate on the aesthetic side as it is on the philological; but in all the one hundred closely-printed pages of preface and notes in that edition there is not a word on the plot or the characters. Those who are interested in making English literature take its proper place in English education have loudly expressed their disappointment at this omission. No lover of Shakespeare can help feeling grateful to Mr. Wright for his invaluable contributions on his own lines of study. Few, however, will agree with him in his present contention. "Æsthetic notes," he declares, "are beside the scope and purpose of these books as vehicles of instruction and education," and "have been deliberately and intentionally omitted, because one main object of this edition is to induce those for whom they are expressly designed to read and study Shakespeare himself." (King Lear, Preface, p. xviii.) An excellent object, but a strange way to reach it. The natural way to induce young or old to study an author is surely to make the study attractive by bringing the more interesting side into
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the folio collection of 1623, in which it
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on Montaigne's influence on Shak
prominence. It is a further question whether the more interesting side be not also the more stimulating, and therefore of the higher educational value. "Second-hand opinion," like second-hand information, is no doubt inferior to first-hand; but the knowledge that some opinion as to the bearing of parts on the whole is required, is likely to turn the reader's attention to forming a judgment as he reads. A second-hand opinion on one play may thus lead to a first-hand opinion on another. It is with this object that this edition has appeared; and if it fills a temporary gap, till one of our many competent Shakespeare critics deals with the play, the purpose of the editor will have been fully served.

Mr. C. E. Moberly has most kindly prepared the book for press, and has contributed several notes and many suggestive ideas, and especially an Appendix on the connection of Shakespeare and Montaigne. My thanks are also due to Mr. R. Hill for comparing the text minutely with that of the first folio, and particularly to Mr. Furnivall for kindly looking over the whole and adding several valuable references.

J. Surtees Phillpotts.

Bedford,
January, 1876.
DATE.—The evidence by which we may, within a few years, fix the date of the *Tempest* is of two kinds—(1) external, (2) internal. First as to external evidence. From Gonzalo’s speech (iv. 1, 150) being obviously borrowed from Montaigne, some have fixed the earlier limit of date as 1604, the year when Florio’s translation of Montaigne was published. But Gonzalo’s speech, however important as proving Shakespeare’s study of Montaigne* at some period of his life, is of very little use in fixing the date. Indeed, as a matter of fact, it seems clear that the earlier limit of date must be 1610, in which year an account was published of the shipwreck, in 1609, of Sir George Somers on the coast of the Bermuda Islands, “which islands were of all nations said and supposed to be enchanted and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed thunderstorm and tempest near unto those islands.” The fact that it was only the admiral’s ship which was wrecked on this occasion, and that he had to make a stay on the island, supposed till then to be enchanted, when coupled with the express mention of the “still-vexed Bermoothes” in the *Tempest*, make it highly probable that at least the framework and name of the play were taken by Shakespeare from this source. No earlier edition of the *Tempest* is known than the folio collection of 1623, in which it

* See Appendix on Montaigne’s influence on Shakespeare.
stands first.* The memorandum preserved in the Audit Office of its having been performed before King James at the Whitehall festivities on All Saints' Day (1st Nov.) in 1611, has now been proved to be a forgery. Though this or the previous year seems the most probable date, there is really no trustworthy evidence for fixing on any particular year between 1610 and 1616, when Shakespeare's death took place. But in any case the external evidence makes the Tempest one of Shakespeare's latest efforts, made not long ere his magic 'staff was broken and buried certain fathoms in the earth' (v. i. 53), and the internal evidence leads to the same conclusion. This internal evidence is of two kinds, touching (1) the matter, including the characters and plot of the play, and (2) the metrical form.

(1.) It is necessary in considering the internal evidence to review as far as we can the experiences gone through by Shakespeare himself, and also to compare our play with those which we believe to have preceded and followed it. The development of Shakespeare's genius cannot be more easily perceived than by reading such a play as the Two Gentlemen of Verona immediately after the Tempest. Every play presents a knot to be unravelled, and the main difference between them we shall find to be the way in which this knot is unravelled, whether by the accident of circumstances or by the characters developing themselves naturally in appropriate circumstances. Take the Two Gentlemen of Verona. Here the knot to be unravelled is the treacherous love of Proteus for Silvia, which separates her from her true love Valentine, and Proteus himself from his true love Julia. There is a great deal

* Shakespeare, born at Stratford in Warwickshire, 23rd April, 1564.

Elizabeth reigned 45 years—from 1558 to 1603.

James I. " 22 " 1603 to 1625.

Shakespeare died on his 53rd birthday, 1616, of a fever "contracted after a meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson."
of art in the arrangement of the two friends contrasting in character each with the lady he is to love, and even with the servant who accompanies him. But the actual unravelling of the knot is by the mere incident of PROTEUS being discovered by both JULIA and VALENTINE in the act of making love to SILVIA. Shame makes him feel the truth of the words in which JULIA excuses her disguise in man's clothes—

"It is the less blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds."

This little touch makes PROTEUS in six lines repent of his fault, confess, and say—

"What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy  
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?"

Contrast this easy shrift with WOLSEY'S remorse in Henry VIII.—making all allowance for the difference of subject—or with the prolonged humiliation given to the various traitors in the Tempest. So in the Winter's Tale, the oracle requires that the wrong done by LEONTES' jealousy shall be as far as possible undone before the knot is unravelled; but the opening of the last act shows that the only condition on which the poet will allow LEONTES to escape the penalty of his wrong action is, that he has "redeemed his fault by saint-like sorrow," and paid down more penitence than done trespass. So still more strikingly in Cymbeline, with the reconciliation of POSTHUMUS and IMOGEN. POSTHUMUS' mistaken suspicion of IMOGEN is cured only when he deserves its cure by showing that want of faith has not touched the constancy of his life. As in the Winter's Tale, this note is struck at the outset of the fifth act, where, with the bloody handkerchief in his hand, POSTHUMUS wishes he had been killed instead of IMOGEN, and vows that now he will die for her.

The Tempest, with Cymbeline and the Winter's Tale, form a group succeeding the great tragedies, Othello,
INTRODUCTION.

Lear, Hamlet, which show Shakespeare's mind to have been grappling with the disappointments and trials of life. In Hamlet he is dwelling on such wrongs as the unavenged murder of the king, and the consequent torture of a nature both sensitive and irresolute; in Lear we see a father done to death by the ingratitude of his children; and we ask why such sorrows follow on so small a fault as Lear's, when in Othello we see such a villain as Iago able to wreck lives far above his own. And, repeated over and over again, as in Ophelia's or Cordelia's death, we see the innocent suffering with the guilty. So little is known of the life of Shakespeare, that we can only surmise that there may have been something in his own lot which forced him to such contemplation of sorrow and evil, and especially of the baseness of ingratitude. Be that as it may, the fact remains that in the Tempest, Cymbeline, and Winter's Tale the poet seems to rise into a calmer atmosphere, and instead of each play closing with confusion and despair, we have in each a reconciliation.* In both Cymbeline and the Winter's Tale it is a husband who receives the forgiveness of a wrongfully-suspected wife—forgiveness only won after penitence. In the Tempest it is Prospero who first by his magical power wakes remorse in his enemies' hearts, and then has the greatness to pardon.

(2.) Metrical tests also have their place in questions of date. They will be found fully applied in Mr. Furnivall's Succession of Shakespeare's Works; but the four most useful are these:

* "It is not, as in the earlier comedies—the Two Gentlemen of Verona, Much Ado about Nothing, As You Like It, and others—a mere dénouement. The resolution of the discords in these latest plays is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of his play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart. Its significance here is ethical and spiritual: it is a moral necessity."
—Dowden.
LATE DATE OF PLAY.

The later plays* have
1. Few rhyming lines.
2. Few end-stopped lines.
3. Many lines with an extra syllable.
4. Many lines with a weak ending.

No metrical test can be used confidently by itself, and even taken together they must not be unduly pressed, as if the accuracy of the arithmetic guaranteed the certainty of the inferences; still they afford a fair indication of periods in the development of Shakespeare's style. As instances of 1 and 2, compare BIRON'S speech (Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1, 101)—

"Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate"—

with PROSPERO'S (Tempest, i. 2, 285)—

"Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out."

* A few of the most striking results are—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>No. of 5-measure Rhyming Lines</th>
<th>No. of Blank Verse Lines</th>
<th>11-syllable Lines per cent.</th>
<th>Without Stop at End.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Love's Labour's Lost</td>
<td>1028</td>
<td>579</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1 in 18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempest</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1458</td>
<td>33</td>
<td>1 in 3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter's Tale</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>1825</td>
<td>31</td>
<td>1 in 2</td>
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INTRODUCTION.

As an example of (4) weak ending; i.e. where the second syllable of the fifth foot is a word that would naturally be without accent*—

"It should' the good' ship so' have swallo'w'd, and'
    The fraughting souls within her."

This must be distinguished from (3) an extra syllable, as in the next line—

"The fraught'ing soul's within' her. Be' collect'ed."

The effect of the weak ending and of the extra syllable is to reduce the monotony of the metre.

Origin of the play. Little or nothing is known about the pre-existing story which Shakespeare used as the groundwork of the Tempest. The only work known which bears any resemblance to it is one unearthed in Germany by the celebrated Tieck, considered by him to be itself modified from an unknown English original. It is called Die Schöne Sidea, and an abstract of it may be seen, quoted from Mr. Thom's Three Notelets on Shakespeare, in Mr. Aldis Wright's edition. (Intro. p. xiii.) It is enough here to say that in it the son of an usurping prince comes into the power of the brother deposed, who is, like Prospero, a magician; that he tries to resist, but is forced, like Ferdinand, to drop his sword by enchantment, and that he is set, also like Ferdinand, to pile logs, while Sidea, moved with pity to see him thus employed, grants him her love just as Miranda does. Those who have access to old libraries would do well to detect the original form from which Sidea was derived.

* Weak endings are—

and for nor that
but from on to
by if or with

There are also many light endings approaching these, as parts of the verbs, to be, do, and other auxiliaries, also pronouns, conjunctions, &c.
The Plot. The drama of the Tempest, admirable as it is for its beauty and interest, is at the same time perfectly simple in its structure, and for the most part in its language; yet, like most of Shakespeare's plays, it presents as many different points of view as a kaleidoscope. To take one of the most obvious, one might say, that had the drama a second name, it might have been called, "Lost but Found."* If the main action be the finding of the lost Duke, yet this key-note sounds again and again through infinitely subtle variations in the other characters of the piece. The contrast between the first and second scenes gives the audience the clue at once: the first depicts the shipwreck; the second shows us the foundered ship safely ensconced in harbour. Ariel, whose groans as Sycorax' slave "did make wolves howl," becomes Prospero's freedman, and "foots it featly here and there," singing meanwhile the sweetest songs, till he regains the full liberty he had lost, and can "fly on the bat's back merrily," or "lie in the cowslip's bell." So while Ferdinand's "eyes are ne'er at ebb since he beheld the king his father wrecked," Alonzo will not be comforted because his "son is lost:" again at the very time that Alonzo is mourning because "in his rate his daughter's lost, who is so far removed from Italy that he can ne'er see her again," his lost son is winning him a new daughter of far greater interest to the reader than the shadowy Claribel

* Compare Gonzalo's final speech, which is the real epilogue to the play:

"Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost: Prospero, his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own."—Act v. sc. 1, 205.
in Tunis. As a counterpart to this, were it not that Prospero’s wishes are too plainly declared, he might seem to be losing his daughter’s obedience in the letter, only to find it in the spirit, when she plots for her lover’s rest against her father’s orders, or again when she reveals his name, though she breaks her father’s hest to do so.

All this would be monotonous if it were not for the other note, which breaks in continually, when “open-eyed conspiracy” “takes its time,” and Alonzo is twice so nearly killed by Antonio’s “obedient steel;” and other passages in which it seems as if the cardinal idea was—‘How short is life! and yet the madness and wickedness of men are for ever curtailing the few moments of satisfaction which it contains;’ while to prevent our horror at this villany from turning into a serious tragedy the light masque or romantic drama, for which the Tempest is evidently intended, these plotters or seekers who never find are for ever parodied by the interludes of the grotesque trio, who “arrive at the minute of their plot” for “braining” Prospero when asleep, but only succeed, like the jay, in decking themselves with the peacock’s feathers, suffering for their theft as he did.*

The Characters. The simplicity of the plot in itself makes us the more inclined to dwell on the characters in detail.

Prospero, himself once Duke of Milan, that “chief of all the signories” of Italy, by the contrivance of the basest and most unnatural of enemies, has been cast upon a haunted island, with Caliban for his sole subject. All the time he has been there he has been brooding over his wrongs; and it requires a strong effort of his nobler nature to restrain himself from gratifying, when the opportunity occurs, that rooted desire for vengeance which has been

* Notes on the plot and structure of the play will be found on pp. 61, 71, 75, 86, 88.
fixed in his Italian soul. Hence he is stern, even to his own loved MIRANDA; hence also, when FERDINAND becomes his daughter's recognized lover, he reiterates expressions of his fear that the prince may show himself a true son of his father, and soil the paradise on whose threshold he stands. The severity of PROSPERO'S island government of the spirits contrasts with his ready forgiveness of the traitors, and may be explained by supposing him to have learnt by experience that a lax governor injures both himself and those he rules. The charm of his character lies in this—that ill-used as he has been, and holding unlimited power in his hands, he yet can lay his magic arts aside when he has brought his enemies to repentance, and behave to them on the footing of a man superior to them only in moral goodness. His resolution to bury his "wand deeper than ever plummet sounded," when once he has gained his end, is what we should expect from his wisdom when he again finds himself in the company of human beings, and accords with his practice of keeping his dealings with the spirit-world in the background before MIRANDA, who is evidently not taken into her father's counsels. And we are conscious that he will have lost none of his mastery over mankind when he parts with his magic power, but will retain it in virtue of the calm spirit of reflection, autumn-like in its seriousness, which in its mercy and slow-footed justice reminds us of the steps of Providence itself.

We may notice here how, while other poets of Shakespeare's time rest the success of their plays on a number of magical tricks, designed to startle the spectators into pleasure, Shakespeare himself uses his magic with such delicate art, that even in the Tempest—where the whole motive power is PROSPERO'S will—it never overpowers our sense of the natural, even in reading the play; still less would it do so on the stage. For instance, in the shipwreck scene we feel that the sailors do their utmost, and had they but sea-room would probably save
ship. So when Prospero wishes to talk to Ariel, he tells Miranda he knows "she is inclined to sleep," and "cannot choose but give way to it;" and when Miranda awakes at his word directly the interview is over, she believes it was the strangeness of his story put heaviness in her. When Ariel separates Ferdinand from his companions, it may only have been because he was the first to leap out of the ship, and to save himself by swimming; when Ariel keeps the other princes separate from the crew, it may be because the former sprang overboard, but the latter did not; when Ariel bewitches the sailors with sleep, he says himself that their weariness had done half the work for him; when he leads the princes astray by apparitions, it may be that

Their great guilt,
   Like poison given to work a great time after,
   Now 'gins to bite their spirits:

while the episode of the horse-pond may be fairly paralleled by incidents in islands which are not known to be enchanted. "Thus we might strike the magic out of the play, and nature would remain."

In this respect the Tempest should be contrasted with Midsummer Night's Dream—the one the play of Fancy, whose exquisite delicacy of touch can catch the surface-colours of things and group them anew by laws of beauty; the other the play of Imagination, by which poetry sees into the heart of things, and reveals their inmost harmonies. The one then is really a dream, a fairyland where spirits make man their sport; in the other human life is only removed into an ideal sphere, in which the spirits serve the wise. To try and fancy Puck taking Ariel's place as Prospero's minister would give some measure of the difference of the two, and the harmony of the parts in each.

* Ariel is, as his name implies, a spirit of the air, on pp. 61, 62; he often, at Prospero's bidding, plays the part
of the other elemental spirits. So irksome is it to his volatile nature to have any restraint put upon his liberty, that in spite of his gratitude to Prospero—always quickly revived when his master reminds him of the torments he was released from—he cannot be patient in his servitude. He longs to be no more accountable, no more bound to one course, than the winds of heaven are. “Unchartered freedom” will never tire him, because chance is the element in which he naturally lives. The key-note of his nature is contained in his exquisite half-appeal to Prospero in favour of Sebastian and Antonio (act v. scene 1), “Mine would, sir, were I human;” and there is nothing more touching in the play than the kind of approach which the creature of air, himself without feelings, makes towards sympathy with the feelings of human beings. The bond between Prospero and Ariel is unnatural, because common sympathies are wanting between man and spirit; but in this case we see it maintained merely by kindness on the one side, and gratitude on the other. This relation supplies a foil to the unnatural division between Prospero and Antonio, who not only share the same nature as men, but are united by the closest ties as brothers. The perfect consistency of Ariel’s character, as of Caliban’s, is a marvel of art. We feel that though unrealized in nature, he is yet true to nature; though unreal, he is yet most real.

Little notice has been taken by commentators of Caliban’s being African by birth, his mother, Sycorax, having come from Algiers. We seem to catch in him an echo of tales told by prisoners on their return from that Algerine captivity which overtook so many a seafarer of the time. Shakespeare transmutes such rude accounts by creating a being who, though fierce and vile in every way, is still penetrated with the spirit of that surrounding nature of which he is a part. Thus it cannot be overlooked, that in spite of his low and degraded nature,
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CALIBAN is one of the poetic characters of the play, as distinguished from the commonplace sot and jester to whom he joins himself. Just as in Macbeth Shakespeare has made the fatal sisters not mere witches, but weird sisters full of the poetry of Norse mythology, so in the Tempest he has thrown a magical light on CALIBAN. The key to his character is given in his first words, when he prays that “as wicked dew as e'er his mother brushed with raven's feather from unwholesome fen should drop on both” his visitors; and his whole being is in keeping with the wondrous island, where the barrier between man and the spirit-world is broken down, and all is realized that superstition ever dreamed; an island whose inhabitants should be alike excitable and credulous, and should speak with all the overflowing imagery that marks the wild eloquence of the barbarian child of nature. CALIBAN is the very reverse of ARIEL. He can feel neither gratitude nor attachment. The only reverence he shows for PROSPERO is a brutish fear of what he may suffer from a superior being whose motives he imagines to be revenge or mere caprice; while, with a fine irony, he is represented as eager to fall down and worship STEPHANO and his bottle. 'To him he gives his loyalty as to his true king, and joins with him in the conspiracy to dispossess PROSPERO, a burlesque parody on the conspiracy of the princes. The character may have had a special bearing on the great question of a time when we were discovering new countries, subjecting unknown savages, and founding fresh colonies. If PROSPERO might dispossess CALIBAN, England might dispossess the aborigines of the colonies.* Even if there were

* It may be remarked, that CALIBAN's name can hardly have any more connection with the word 'Cannibal' than his nature has. The mention of his mother's country points to a Moorish origin for his name, which may possibly be the Kalebôn, or 'vile dog,' of Arabic slang.
special dangers to savage races when first brought into contact with civilization, yet we might justify the usurpation of power by those who were mentally and morally the stronger, as long as that usurpation was only used to educate and humanize the savage.

If PROSPERO's Mediterranean home has the features of Bermuda, or of some West Indian coral islet, so we may say that MIRANDA's heart may be compared to a Bermudian sea, transparent to any depth. She has no imitated, no artificial graces; as Mrs. Jameson well remarks, "We see the simple elements of womanhood—pity, tenderness, affection—standing in her, each with a distinct and peculiar grace." If ever Wordsworth's lines could be realised, it would be here in such a child of nature, reared in the solitude of the enchanted island—

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
   Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
   Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willows bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the cloud,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
   By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
   In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
   Shall pass into her face."

We feel that ARIEL, the spirit of air, and her "wonder'd father," are the most appropriate beings to contrast with MIRANDA. Her contact with ARIEL in particular tends
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to show by the contrast that she is a real human being, ethereal though she be. Mrs. Jameson remarks how skilfully the poet's art brings out Miranda's ideal character by the effect she produces on others—

"Be sure! the goddess on whom these airs attend!"

In fact, it is mainly "by the sympathy she both feels and inspires" that Miranda is bound to earth.

Homer and Shakespeare. Another poet had depicted a magical tempest with a shipwrecked prince cast upon an enchanted island, and there relieved and tended by the king's daughter. The pictures are both beautiful, but they are not the same, and their difference is as marked a feature in their beauty as their likeness.

If an uneducated person wished to understand the meaning of a poetical creation, or, in other words, to see in what the essential unity of a poem consisted, he could hardly do better than exchange the details in Homer's canvass,* piece by piece, for those in Shakespeare. He would then see what magic art there is in a poet's colouring, and how even the most trivial details are made to throw a reflected light on the main action of the piece; how, for instance, the attractiveness of the one island enhances the fidelity of Ulysses, while the barrenness of the other blackens the guilt of Antonio.

Caliban could not be transferred. He is a purely Celtic creation, the grotesque demonology which made such beings conceivable being wholly foreign to the sunny sportiveness of an Hellenic myth.

Ariel's song would not have been a fit vehicle for conveying sage advice to Ulysses in deadly peril, nor would stern-eyed Athene have ever won her liberty as a "felix in amoribus index," even the heavenly grace she sheds on her hero for the nonce being at once turned to the practical end of winning him a free passage to his home.

* Od. vi. 244, 275, 310.
HOMER AND SHAKESPEARE.

If we fancy Ulysses taking the place of FERDINAND in the *Tempest*, it is obvious that it must have been a tale without an end, or have had the same end which poor Calypso found so sad. FERDINAND is fresh to the world; he “carries a brave form,” unlike the toil-worn Ulysses; he has all his life before him, with no memories of long years passed with Penelope, of never-ending travels by land and sea, “of the towns and moods of many men;” he is, in short, MIRANDA’s peer.

There is a real resemblance, on the other hand, between the characters of Nausicæa and MIRANDA. Each stands before us as an ideal of maidenhood, while the depths of tenderness in each is half revealed to us by their expressions of pity and sympathy.

“Modesty is the jewel in the dower” of either, but the frankness of Homer’s heroine has been tempered with a spice of worldly caution from the censoriousness she has met with in her courtly life; whereas MIRANDA, who, to use her own words, is “skilless of how features are abroad,” soon reveals to FERDINAND that she “could not wish any companion in the world but him”—a feeling that Nausicæa only confesses to her handmaids, when Ulysses is sitting apart on the shore. In the same way she is eager to be FERDINAND’s surety with her father, while Nausicæa never pleads in Ulysses’ favour, but tells him privately how he can best win her mother to his side.

Yet, for all its unrivalled simplicity, MIRANDA’s character marks the growth in the conception of woman’s relation to society since the epic times. Nausicæa is no free agent, she may have preferences but she does not choose; with a quaker-like simplicity we see her preparing for her wedding with the suitor of her father’s choice. Shakespeare required for his MIRANDA an amount of self-assertion which to Nausicæa would have seemed indecorous. It may be generally remarked that, feminine as Shakespeare’s heroines are, he endows them with a force of will and independence of character that lifts them out of a position
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in which the bent of their lives would be determined by an exaggerated regard to the requirements of others.

Homer could have drawn no such ruler as PROSPERO. For PROSPERO has the true kingly spirit, which governs for the good of the governed, all inferior as they are to himself; Alcinous, with his hearty good fellowship, is, compared to him, as the chieftain of a nomad tribe to the modern constitutional monarch.

Unity of Time. A striking structural difference between the Greek dramatists and Shakespeare is, that while unities of time and place are observed in the Greek plays, as well as the unity of action, this last is the only one of the three that we generally find in Shakespeare. The unity of time strictly means that the events represented shall not require much more time than is taken by the representation of the piece; and in the Tempest this is observed the whole action taking about four hours.

"Pro. What is the time o' day?
Ar. Past the mid season.
Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now Must by us both be spent most preciously."

—Act i. 2, 240.

"Pro. * * * How's the day?
Ar. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease."—Act v. 1, 3.

"Boats. * * * Our ship,— Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,— Is tight, and yare," * * *.—Act v. i, 224.

The unity of place* requires that the scenes should not be at a greater distance than could be reached by the characters during the time of the representation. Here the whole action is between PROSPERO's cell and the seashore adjoining. If, as we suppose, the Winter's Tale

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belongs to the same period as the *Tempest*, the two plays form a curious contrast to each other in respect of all three unities. To jump from a daughter’s birth to her marriage is a transition compared to which the passage from Sicily to Bohemia is as nothing. Shakespeare no doubt saw that the only limit is the power of imagination in the audience. As long as there is a real unity in the action of the piece, the imagination does not feel the difference between hours or months, still less does it measure geographical distances. Whether the imagination does not feel a hiatus in the *Winter’s Tale* is a question with which we are not concerned here.
APPENDIX

ON MONTAIGNE'S INFLUENCE ON SHAKESPEARE

GONZALO'S speech in iv. 1, 150, is a citation from Montaigne, i. 30, as translated by Shakespeare's friend Florio. As this translation was first published in 1604, it has been argued that the Tempest cannot have been written before that year, especially as a copy of the translation, supposed to have belonged to Shakespeare himself, exists in the British Museum. This, however, is not conclusive evidence, as

1. The best authorities consider it very doubtful whether Shakespeare's autograph in the volume is genuine.

2. It cannot be supposed that the influence of Montaigne upon Shakespeare's mind, be it what it was, began with 1604; for not only

1. Was Florio's Montaigne, as Mr. Hunter has shown, registered at Stationers' Hall as early as 1599, so that parts of it may probably have been seen by Shakespeare, either in print or in MS., before the publication in 1604; but,

2. From Florio's position in Lord Southampton's household, he and Shakespeare must have met frequently.

This being so, we can hardly suppose that Florio's large and laborious work was never the subject of conversation between the two.

M. Philarète Chasles professes that from the moment of the publication in 1604 Shakespeare's genius underwent a thorough change, becoming reflective, serious, and sceptical as it never had been before. From the considerations given above, M. Chasles might have to
antedate his change in Shakespeare's mind by five years, and show that the plays from 1599, or earlier, bear the impress of Montaigne's philosophy. But in truth, it is not easy to imagine two writers more different in their mode of reflection than Shakespeare and Montaigne. When they dwell upon the same subjects the discrepancy becomes most marked. What, for instance, is there in common between the shrinking horror with which Shakespeare views death in all its aspects, and Montaigne's practical view of death and suicide—his precepts that, if possible, one ought to die while planting one's cabbages; that it is well to familiarize ourselves beforehand with death by imagining him in ugly and terrible forms; that we must not commit suicide, because that is the same thing as killing our very nearest and dearest friend? Instead of calmly and experimentally investigating death, as Montaigne does, by remembrance of the consequences of a bad fall from horseback, Shakespeare seems to have the physical and mental repugnance to it which was so characteristic of Goethe. Like Montaigne, he forecasts it in all kinds of different forms; but he does this not as a mental exercise, but as an expression of utmost aversion. Sometimes he dwells (as in Measure for Measure, iii. i, or in Hamlet) on the mere physical circumstances of mortality, the kneaded clod which man must become, or the loathsome appearance of relics turned up from the grave; sometimes (as in Macbeth, v. 5) of the way in which fools who trusted in to-morrow find that to-day has lighted them the way to dusty death; sometimes (as in Hamlet's soliloquies) his mind dwells with alarm on the uncertainties of the world to come, and the risks of greater evil there. But in each case the tone is too real and deep-felt to be merely assumed for dramatic purposes; indicating at once a mind not self-possessed and stoical on this subject, like Montaigne's, but sensitive and even timid from the very fineness of its oration.
APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION.

As this is the most important point of coincidence between the two writers which German diligence has been able to discover, and as it tends rather to show that the two had a common subject of meditation, than that they thought of it in the same way, it is hardly necessary to dwell on the other coincidences noted by Elze (Essays, p. 7), such as that the idea that there is nothing good or bad in itself, but that our thinking makes it so, may be found *totidem verbis* in Montaigne, or that the description of the music in the spheres in the *Merchant of Venice* may be taken from Montaigne.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS,
CERES, } presented by Spirits.
JUNO,
Nymphs
Reapers,

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—A ship at Sea: an island.
THE TEMPEST

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-Master and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: what cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to, yârely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit. 5

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.
Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?
Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.
Gon. Nay, good, be patient.
Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.
Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 21
Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot,
THE TEMPEST

give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say.

[Exit.]

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable; for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter Boatswain.

BOATS. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

40

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEB. A curse o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you then.

ANT. Hang, cur! hang, you insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.

50

Enter Mariners wet.

MARINERS. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them, For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I'm out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards: This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightst lie drowning The washing of ten tides!

GON. He'll be hang'd yet, Though every drop of water swear against it And gape at widest to glut him.

[A confused noise within.] 'Mercy on us!'

60

65
'We split! we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!'—'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!' [Ant. Let's all sink with the king. Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exeunt Antonio and Sebastian. GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, ling, heath, broom, furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exeunt. 72

Scene II.—The island. Before Prospero's cell.
Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them. The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her, Dash'd all to pieces! O, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The fraughting souls within her.

Pros. Be collected:

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,— Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter,—who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am, nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me. So: [Lays down his mantle.
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort. 25
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch’d
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard’st cry, which thou saw’st sink.
Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.

MIR. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp’d,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding ‘Stay: not yet.’

PROS. The hour’s now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIR. Certainly, sir, I can.

PROS. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIR. ’Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance,
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROS. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abyss of time?
If thou remember’st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou may’st.

MIR. But that I do not.

PROS. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

MIR. Sir, are not you my father?

PROS. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess no worse issued.

MIR. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence? 
Or blessed was't we did?

    PROS. Both, both, my girl: 

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence, 
But blessedly holf hither.

    MIR. O, my heart bleeds 

To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to, 
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

    PROS. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should 

Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself, 
Of all the world I loved, and to him put 
The manage of my state; as at that time 

Through all the signiories it was the first, 
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed 

In dignity, and for the liberal arts 
Without a parallel; those being all my study, 
The government I cast upon my brother, 
And to my state grew stranger, being transported 

And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle— 

Dost thou attend me?

    MIR. Sir, most heedfully. 

    PROS. Being once perfected how to grant suits, 

How to deny them, whom to advance and whom 

To trash for over-topping, new created 
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em, 

Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key 

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state 

To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was 
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk, 

And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

    MIR. O, good sir, I do.

    PROS. I pray thee, mark me. 

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated 

To closeness and the bettering of my mind 

With that which, but by being so retired, 

O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother 

Awaked an evil nature; and my trust, 

Like a good parent, did beget of him 

A falsehood in its contrary as great 

As my trust was; which had indeed no limit, 

A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded, 

Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

MIR. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROS. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIR. O the heavens!

PROS. Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

MIR. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROS. Now the condition.

This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIR. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

PROS. Hear a little further,
Scene 2] THE TEMPEST

And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

MIR. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROS. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIR. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROS. O, a cherubin
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIR. How came we ashore?

PROS. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIR. Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROS. Now I arise: [Resumes his mantle.
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

MIR. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROS. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.

[Miranda sleeps.

Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter Ariel.

ARI. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.

PROS. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARI. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places: on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROS. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Scene 2]  

THE TEMPEST

ARI. Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here.'

PROS. Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

ARI. Close by, my master.

PROS. But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARI. Not a hair perish'd;

On their sustaining garments not a blémish,

But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.

The king's son have I landed by himself;

Whom I left a cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot.

PROS. Of the king's ship,

The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,

And all the rest o' the fleet.

ARI. Safely in harbour

Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;

Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet

Which I dispersed, they all have met again

And are upon the Mediterranean flote,

Bound sadly home for Naples,

Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd.

And his great person perish.

PROS. Ariel, thy charge

Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.

What is the time o' the day?

ARI. Past the mid season.

PROS. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARI. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROS. How now? moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

ARI. My liberty.

PROS. Before the time be out? no more!

ARI. I prithee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

PROS. Dost thou forget

From what a torment I did free thee?

ARI. No.

PROS. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARI. I do not, sir.

PROS. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARI. No, sir.

PROS. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

ARI. Sir, in Argier.

PROS. O, was she so? I must

Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARI. Ay, sir.

PROS. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
Scene 2] THE TEMPEST

A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans 280
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born—not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARI. Yes, Caliban her son.

PROS. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban 285
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax 290
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

ARI. I thank thee, master.

PROS. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till 295
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

ARI. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spriting gently.

PROS. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARI. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PROS. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be
subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in’t: go, hence with diligence!

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well; 305
Awake!

MIR. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

PROS. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIR. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROS. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices  
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!  
Thou earth, thou! speak.

CAL. [Within] There's wood enough within.

PROS. Come forth, I say! there's other business for thee:  
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

ARI. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.

PROS. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself  
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CAL. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd  
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye  
And blister you all o'er!

PROS. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins  
 Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.

CAL. I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou comest first,  
Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't, and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:  
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whereas you do keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

PROS. Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Scene 2]

THE TEMPEST

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CAL. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

PROS. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gable like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CAL. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

PROS. Hag-seed, hence!

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CAL. No, pray thee.

[Aside] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROS. So, slave; hence! [Exit CALIBAN.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;
Ferdinand following.

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Burthen [dispersedly]. Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

ARIEL. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

FER. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL SINGS.
Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Burthen. Ding-dong.

ARIEL. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

FER. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

PROS. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.

MIR. What is 't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir.

It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

PROS. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

MIR. I might call him
Scene 2] THE TEMPEST

A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROS. [Aside] It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FER. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

MIR. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FER. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROS. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FER. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

MIR. Alack, for mercy!

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROS. [Aside] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. [To FER.] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIR. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FER. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

PROS. Soft, sir! one word more.

[Aside] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
THE TEMPEST

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [To FER.] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FER. No, as I am a man.

MIR. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

PROS. Follow me.

Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No;

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[MIR. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

PROS. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

MIR. Beseech you, father.

PROS. Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIR. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

PROS. Silence! one word more

Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

MIR. My affections

are then most humble; I have no ambition
Scene 1] THE TEMPEST

To see a goodlier man.

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth,
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. [Aside] It works. [To Fer.] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [To Fer.] Follow me.
[To Ari.] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

Mir. Be of comfort:
My father's a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which new came from him.

Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.


[Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the island.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo,
Adrian, Francisco, and others.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee peace.
SEB. He receives comfort like cold porridge.  
ANT. The visitor will not give him o'er so.  
SEB. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by  
and by it will strike.  
GON. Sir,—  
SEB. One: tell.  
GON. When every grief is entertained that's offered,  
Comes to the entertainer—  
SEB. A dollar.  
GON. Dolour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken  
truer than you purposed.  
SEB. You have taken it wiserlier than I meant you should.  
GON. Therefore, my lord,—  
ANT. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!  
ALON. I prithee, spare.  
GON. Well, I have done: but yet,—  
SEB. He will be talking.  
ANT. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first  
begins to crow?  
SEB. The old cock.  
ANT. The cockerel.  
SEB. Done. The wager?  
ANT. A laughter.  
SEB. A match!  
ADR. Though this island seem to be desert,—  
SEB. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.  
ADR. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—  
SEB. Yet,—  
ADR. Yet,—  
ANT. He could not miss't.  
ADR. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate  
temperance.  
ANT. Temperance was a delicate wench.  
SEB. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.  
ADR. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.  
SEB. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.  
ANT. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.  
GON. Here is everything advantageous to life.  
ANT. True; save means to live.  
SEB. Of that there's none, or little.  
GON. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!  
ANT. The ground indeed is tawny.  
SEB. With an eye of green in't.
ANT. He misses not much.
SEB. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
GON. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—
SEB. As many vouched rarities are.
GON. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.
ANT. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
SEB. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.
GON. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.
SEB. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.
ADR. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.
GON. Not since widow Dido's time.
ANT. Widow! a plague o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!
SEB. What if he had said 'widower Æneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!
ADR. 'Widow Dido' said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.
GON. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.
ADR. Carthage?
GON. I assure you, Carthage.
SEB. His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall and houses too.
ANT. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
SEB. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.
ANT. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.
GON. Ay.
ANT. Why, in good time.
GON. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.
ANT. And the rarest that e'er came there.
SEB. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.
ANT. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

GON. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

ANT. That sort was well fished for.

GON. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALON. You cram these words into mine ears against the stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for, coming thence, My son is lost, and, in my rate, she too, Who is so far from Italy removed I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

FRAN. Sir, he may live: I saw him beat the surges under him, And ride upon their backs; he trod the water, Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd, As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt He came alive to land.

ALON. No, no, he's gone.

SEB. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss, That would not bless our Europe with your daughter, But rather lose her to an African: Where she at least is banish'd from your eye, Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALON. Prithee, peace.

SEB. You were kneel'd to and importuned otherwise By all of us, and the fair soul herself Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son, I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have More widows in them of this business' making Than we bring men to comfort them: The fault's your own.

ALON. So is the dear'est o' the loss.

GON. My lord Sebastian, The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness And time to speak it in: you rub the sore, When you should bring the plaster.
Scene 1]  THE TEMPEST

SER.  Very well.
ANT. And most chirurgeononly.
GON. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
SER.  Foul weather?
ANT.  Very foul.
GON. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—
ANT.  He'ld sow't with nettle-seed.
SER.  Or docks, or mallows.
GON. And were the king on't, what would I do?
SER. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
GON. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—
SER.  Yet he would be king on't.
ANT. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.
GON. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
SER.  No marrying 'mong his subjects?
ANT. None, man; all idle: whores and knaves.
GON. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
SER.  God save his majesty!
ANT. Long live Gonzalo!
GON.  And,—do you mark me, sir?
ALON. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.
GON. I do well believe your highness; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such
sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh
at nothing.
ANT. 'Twas you we laughed at.
GON. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to
you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.
ANT. What a blow was there given! 180
SEB. An it had not fallen flat-long.
GON. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in
it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

SEB. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.
ANT. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.
GON. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I
am very heavy?
ANT. Go sleep, and hear us. 190

[All sleep except ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.
ALON. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.
SEB. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.
ANT. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.
ALON. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.

SEB. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!
ANT. It is the quality o' the climate.
SEB. Why 200
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.
ANT. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
SEB. What, art thou waking?
ANT. Do you not hear me speak?
Scene 1] THE TEMPEST

SEB. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

ANT. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

SEB. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

ANT. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

SEB. Well, I am standing water.

ANT. I'll teach you how to flow.

SEB. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANT. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEB. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

ANT. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

SEB. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

ANT. O, out of that 'no hope'

What great hope have you! no hope that way, is

Another way so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown’d?

SEB. He’s gone.

ANT. Then, tell me,

Who’s the next heir of Naples?

SEB. Claribel.

ANT. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man’s life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post—
The man i’ the moon’s too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom

We all were sea-swallow’d, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what’s past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

SEB. What stuff is this! how say you?
’Tis true, my brother’s daughter’s queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples: ’twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANT. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, ‘How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.’ Say, this were death

That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A clout of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEB. Methinks I do.

ANT. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEB. I remember

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANT. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother’s servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEB. But, for your conscience?

ANT. Ay, sir; where lies that? if ’twere a kibe,
’Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
Scene 1] THE TEMPEST

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

SEB. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

ANT. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

SEB. O, but one word. [They talk apart.

Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

ARI. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

[Sings in GONZALO's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy.
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ANT. Then let us both be sudden.

GON. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! [They wake.

ALON. Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you
drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

GON. What's the matter?

SEB. While we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: didn't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

\textbf{ALON.} I heard nothing.

\textbf{ANT.} O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

\textbf{ALON.} Heard you this, Gonzalo?

\textbf{GON.} Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

\textbf{ALON.} Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

\textbf{GON.} Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

\textbf{ALON.} Lead away.

\textbf{ARI.} Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. \textit{[Exeunt.]

\textbf{SCENE 11.—Another part of the island.}

\textit{Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.}

\textbf{CAL.} All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prospero fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

\textit{Enter Trinculo.}

\textbf{Lo, now, lo!}

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.
Scene 2]  THE TEMPEST

TRIN. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt. [Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.

STE. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
   Here shall I die ashore—
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [Drinks. [Sings.

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might win her, who only could stitch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.

CAL. Do not torment me; Oh!
STE. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do
you put tricks upon’s with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at’s nostrils.

CAL. The spirit torments me; Oh!

STE. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he’s a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat’s-leather.

CAL. Do not torment me, prithee; I’ll bring my wood home faster.

STE. He’s in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CAL. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STE. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who’s your friend: open your chaps again.

TRIN. I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

STE. Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come:—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRIN. Stephano!

STE. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

TRIN. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afeard—thy good friend Trinculo.
Scene 2]

THE TEMPEST

STE. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

TRIN. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

STE. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

CAL. [Aside] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.

I will kneel to him.

STE. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

CAL. I'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STE. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

TRIN. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STE. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

TRIN. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STE. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CAL. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

STE. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

CAL. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:

My mistress show'd me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

STE. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

TRIN. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeard of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!
CAL. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island; 
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.
TRIN. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.
CAL. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.
STE. Come on then: down, and swear.
TRIN. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

STE. Come, kiss.
TRIN. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!
CAL. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries; 
I'll fish for thee and and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve! 
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, 
Thou wondrous man.
TRIN. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!
CAL. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow; 
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts; 
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee 
To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?
STE. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here: here; bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.
CAL. [Sings drunkenly]
Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!
TRIN. A howling monster; a drunken monster!
CAL. No more dams I'll make for fish; 
Nor fetch in firing 
At requiring; 
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish: 
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca Caliban 
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!
STE. O brave monster! Lead the way. [Exeunt.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero’s cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

FER. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what’s dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father’s crabbed,
And he’s composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do evenrefresh my labours,
Most busy least, when I do’t.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance, unseen.

MIR. Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin’d to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
’Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He’s safe for these three hours.

FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIR. If you’ll sit down,
I’ll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I’ll carry it to the pile.

FER. No; precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIR. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

PROS. Poor worm, thou art infected!

This visitation shows it.

MIR. You look wearily.

FER. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers—
What is your name?

MIR. Miranda.—O my father,
I have broke your best to say so!

FER. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIR. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FER. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake.
Scene 2]

Am I this patient log-man.

MIR. Do you love me?

FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i’ the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIR. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROS. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between ’em!

FER. Wherefore weep you?

MIR. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I’ll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I’ll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIR. My husband, then?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e’er of freedom: here’s my hand.

MIR. And mine, with my heart i’nt: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FER. A thousand thousand!

[Exeunt FER. and MIR. severally.

PROS. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I’ll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

SCENE II.—Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

STE. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink
water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRIN. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

STE. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

TRIN. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STE. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

TRIN. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard. 20

STE. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRIN. Nor go neither; but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

STE. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

I'll not serve him: he's not valiant. 28

TRIN. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou debossed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CAL. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRIN. 'Lord,' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

CAL. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

STE. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer,—the next tree! The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CAL. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

STE. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. 40

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

CAL. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.
Scene 2]  THE TEMPEST

ARI. Thou liest.

CAL. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

STE. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRIN. Why, I said nothing.

STE. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

CAL. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for I know thou darest,
But this Thing dare not,—

STE. That's most certain.

CAL. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STE. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou
bring me to the party?

CAL. Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

ARI. Thou liest; thou canst not.

CAL. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

STE. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt
the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn
my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

TRIN. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

STE. Didst thou not say he lied?

ARI. Thou liest.

STE. Do I so? take thou that. [Beats TRIN.] As you
like this, give me the lie another time.

TRIN. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and
hearing too? A plague o' your bottle! this can sack and
drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil
take your fingers!

CAL. Ha, ha, ha!

STE. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther
off.

CAL. Beat him enough: after a little time
I'll beat him too.

STE. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

CAL. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
'th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him, 95
Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils—for so he calls them—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STE. Is it so brave a lass?

CAL. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

STE. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I
will be king and queen—save our Graces!—and Trinculo
and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot,
Trinculo?

TRIN. Excellent.

STE. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but,
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CAL. Within this half hour will he be asleep:

Wilt thou destroy him then?

STE. Ay, on mine honour.

ARI. This will I tell my master.

CAL. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

STE. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.
Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

CAL. That's not the tune.

[ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

STE. What is this same?

TRIN. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of Nobody.
Scene 3]

THE TEMPEST

STE. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness:
if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

TRIN. O, forgive me my sins!

STE. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

CAL. Art thou afeard?

STE. No, monster, not I.

CAL. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

STE. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

CAL. When Prospero is destroyed.

STE. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRIN. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

STE. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

TRIN. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

GON. By'r lakin, I can go no further, sir; My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience, I needs must rest me.

ALON. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, Who am myself attach'd with weariness, To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest. Even here I will put off my hope and keep it No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANT. [Aside to Seb.] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

SEB. [Aside to ANT.] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

ANT. [Aside to SEB.] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

SEB. [Aside to ANT.] I say, to-night: no more.

[Solemn and strange music.

ALON. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!
GON. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange
Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it
with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the
King, etc. to eat, they depart.

ALON. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?
SEB. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne, one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

ANT. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GON. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders—
For, certes, these are people of the island—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

PROS. [Aside] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

ALON. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROS. [Aside] Praise in departing.
FRAN. They vanish'd strangely.
Scene 3]  THE TEMPEST

SEB.  No matter, since They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. Will 't please you taste of what is here?
ALON.  Not I.
GON.  Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountaineers Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find Each putter-out of five for one will bring us Good warrant of.
ALON.  I will stand to and feed, Although my last: no matter, since I feel The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke, Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

ARI.  You are three men of sin, whom Destiny, That hath to instrument this lower world And what is in't, the never-surfeited sea Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; And even with such-like valour men hang and drown Their proper selves.

[ALON., SEB., &c. draw their swords.
You fools! I and my fellows Are ministers of Fate: the elements, Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well Wound the loud winds, or with bemoak'd-at stabs Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish One doyle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt, Your swords are now too massy for your strengths And will not be uplifted. But remember— For that's my business to you—that you three From Milan did supplant good Prospero; Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it, Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso, they have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the
Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

PROS. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform’d, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown’d,
And his and mine loved darling. [Exit above.

GON. I’ the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

ALON. O, it is monstrous, monstrous! Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i’ the ooze is bedded, and
I’ll seek him deeper than e’er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

SEB. But one fiend at a time,
I’ll fight their legions o’er.

ANT. I’ll be thy second.

[Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.

GON. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now ‘gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

ADR. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pros. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thrid of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test; here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,
With such love as's now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!
Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say 'come' and 'go,'
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [Exit. 50

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!

Fel. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [Soft music.

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimis,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Scene 1] THE TEMPEST

Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o’ the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

CER. Hail, many-colour’d messenger, that ne’er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusat honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My busy acres and my unshrub’d down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon’d me hither, to this short-grass’d green?
IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

CER. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy’s scandal’d company
I have forsworn.

IRIS. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen’s torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars’s hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

CER. High’st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

JUNO. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour’d in their issue.

[They sing:]
JUNO. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FER. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROS. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FER. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.

PROS. Sweet, now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the windring
brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with
the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end.
whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

PROS. [Aside] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [To the Spirits.] Well done! avoid; no more!

FER. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIR. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROS. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

FER. MIR. We wish your peace. [Exit.]
PROS. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter Ariel.

ARI. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROS. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARI. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

PROS. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARI. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

PROS. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trampetry in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

ARI. I go, I go. [Exit.

PROS. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistening apparel, &c.

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN,
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

CAL. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STE. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

TRIN. Monster, I do smell all horse-pond; at which
my nose is in great indignation.

STE. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If I should
take a displeasure against you, look you,—

TRIN. Thou wert but a lost monster.
CAL. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRIN. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—
Scene 1]  THE TEMPEST  

STE. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRIN. That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STE. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CAL. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here? This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

STE. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRIN. O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CAL. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

TRIN. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O King Stephano!

STE. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRIN. Thy grace shall have it.

CAL. The drapsy drowst this fool! what do you mean To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches, Make us strange stuff.

STE. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRIN. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

STE. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate: there's another garment for't.

TRIN. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CAL. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

STE. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.
THE TEMPEST

[Act V]

TRIN. And this.
STE. Aye, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

PROS. Hey, Mountain, hey!
ARI. Silver, there it goes, Silver!
PROS. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!

CAL., STE., and TRIN. are driven out.

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.

ARI. Hark, they roar!
PROS. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

PROS. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?
ARI. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROS. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARI. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimfull of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Scene 1] THE TEMPEST

Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo,'
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

PROS. Dost thou think so, spirit?
ARI. Mine would, sir, were I human.
PROS. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARI. I'll fetch them, sir.       [Exit.

PROS. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back: you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedim'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book. [Solemn music.

Re-enter Ariel before: then Alonso with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and Antonio
in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made,
and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing,
speaks:

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discourse me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ariel sings and helps to attire him.
Scene 1]  THE TEMPEST  51

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

PROS. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

ARI. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat.

[Exit.

GON. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROS. Behold, sir king,
The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALON. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
An if this be at all, a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou dukedom me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

PROS. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

GON. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROS. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[Aside to SEB. and ANT.] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.


PROS. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

ALON. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROS. I am woe for't, sir.

ALON. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROS. I rather think
You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.

ALON. You the like loss!

PROS. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALON. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddied in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROS. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely...
Scene 1]  THE TEMPEST  53

Upon this shore, where you were wreck’d, was landed,
To be the lord on’t.  No more yet of this;
For ‘tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting.  Welcome, sir;  165
This cell’s my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA
playing at chess.

MIR.  Sweet lord, you play me false.
FER.  No, my dear’st love,
I would not for the world.
MIR.  Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
ALON.  If this prove  175
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
SEB.  A most high miracle!
FER.  Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curs’d them without cause.  [Kneels.
ALON.  Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thec about!  180
Arise, and say how thou cam’st here.
MIR.  O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!  O brave new world,
That has such people in’t!
PROS.  ’Tis new to thee.
ALON.  What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld’st acquaintance cannot be three hours:  186
Is she the goddess that hath sever’d us,
And brought us thus together?
FER.  Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she’s mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father  190
For his advice, nor thought I had one.  She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALON. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROS. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrances with
A heaviness that's gone.

GON. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.

ALON. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GON. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis,
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle, and all of us ourselves,
When no man was his own.

ALON. [To Fer. and Mir.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GON. Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erbord, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

BOATS. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd as when
We first put out to sea.

ARI. [Aside to PROS.] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Scene 1. THE TEMPEST

PROS. [Aside to Ariel.] My tricksy spirit!
ALON. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
BOATS. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.
ARIAL. [Aside to Pros.] Was't well done?
PROS. [Aside to Ariel.] Bravely, my diligence.
Thou shalt be free.
ALON. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.
PROS. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. [Aside to Ariel.

Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [Exit Ariel.] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

STE. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio,
bully-monster, coragio!
TRIN. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.
CAL. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

SEB. Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy ’em?

ANT. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROS. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb’d me; and this demi-devil—
For he’s a bastard one—hath plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CAL. I shall be pinch’d to death.
ALON. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
SEB. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
ALON. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded ’em?
How camest thou in this pickle?
TRIN. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you
last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

SEB. Why, how now, Stephano!
STE. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
PROS. You ’ld be king o’ the isle, sirrah?
STE. I should have been a sore one then.
ALON. This is a strange thing as e’er I look’d on.

[Pointing to CALIBAN.

PROS. He is as disproportion’d in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
CAL. Ay, that I will; and I’ll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!

PROS. Go to; away!
ALON. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.
Scene 1] THE TEMPEST

SEB. Or stole it, rather.

[Exeunt CALIBAN, STEPHANO and TRINCULO.

PROS. Sir, I invite your highness and your train To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it Go quick away; the story of my life. And the particular accidents gone by Since I came to this isle: and in the morn I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples, Where I have hope to see the nuptial Of these our dear-belovéd solemnized; And thence retire me to my Milan, where Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALON. I long To hear the story of your life, which must Take the ear strangely.

PROS. I'll deliver all; And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales, And sail so expeditious that shall catch Your royal fleet far off. [Aside to ARIEL.] My Ariel, chick, That is thy charge: then to the elements Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[Exeunt.
EPILOGUE.
SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not, 5
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands: 10
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free. 20
NOTES

ACT I. SCENE I.

The lines are numbered by the Globe Edition.

N.B.—‘A’ refers to Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*.

3 *Good*—‘I am glad you are at hand;’ not, as some have taken it, referring to ‘friend’ or ‘fellow,’ understood. In line 20, ‘good’ = ‘you are in the right.’

*Fall to’t yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.* From this speech of the master we discover the position of the ship: land is close under their lee, and they are carrying all their canvas, trying to beat off from the lee-shore, on which the wind is driving them. This speech is therefore a notice to be ready for any orders. First position. (See Lord Mulgrave’s notes on the successive positions of the ship.)

*Yarely;* ‘quickly,’ ‘readily.’ A.S. ‘gearn,’ ‘ready,’ ‘prepared.’ So “our ship is tight and *yare*” (*v. i.* 224), and “be *yare* in thy preparation.” (*Twelfth Night,* iii. 4, 245.) Cp. the Ger. ‘gar,’ as in ‘der fisch ist gar,’ ‘the fish is done or ready.’ So in Robert of Gloster’s *Chronicle* (1250): “His gold he dealt to poorer men, and made his barnes bare and his treasury all so good, and to God him made at *yare;*” i.e. ‘made himself ready for God.’ ‘Yare’ was used as a sea term after it became otherwise obsolete.

7 *Heigh, my hearts; . . . yare, yare!* *Take in the topsail* ‘Heigh’ calls the crew; ‘yare’ is a caution at which they take hold of the halyards; ‘take in the topsail’ discovers the second position of the ship: the breeze has freshened, and they cannot carry so much top canvas with their sails close hauled without heeling over so much that there is a danger of capsizing. When the topsail is furled the sails are snug, and they can defy the storm to burst its wind with blowing, *if* only there is *sea-room enough,* which by the next order we see there was not.
Burst thy wind. The humour of the comparison to a horse 'breaking its wind' marks the self-reliance of the speaker.

9 If room enough. Cp. the storm in Pericles, iii. 1, 43—
"1st SAIL. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou?
Blow and split thyself.
2nd SAIL. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss
the moon, I care not."

11 Play the men. Contrast with Macbeth, iv. 3, 230: "Play
the woman with mine eyes."

13 Boatswain. In some copies spelt 'boson' here, as it is
pronounced.

15 Cp. Pericles, iii. 1: "Do not assist the storm."

17 What cares these roarsers. In Greek, even in Attic, the
singular verb is sometimes joined to a plural subject if the verb
precedes, and the idiom may be the same here. But 'cares' may
also be an old form of the plural, as in Early English there were
three forms of the 3rd plural indicative—the Northern in -es, the
Midland in -en, and the Southern in -eth: 'they hopes,' 'they
hopen,' 'they hopeth.' So in Cymbeline, ii. 3, 24: "Those
springs on chaliced flowers that lies;" and Coriolanus, iv. 1, 7:
"Fortune's blows craves a noble cunning." A.: So iii. 3, 80 n.,
and, "Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives."—
Macbeth, ii. 1.

Roarers. Cp. scene 2, 2: "Put the wild waters in this roar."

24 Hand = 'handle."

30 No drowning mark. See v. 1, 217—
"I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown;"

and Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1, 157—
"Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore."

37 Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! The ship is
making too much leeway, so the topmast is struck to take the
weight from aloft, that the ship may not heel over so much. Of
course, when the vessel is not upright, the keel can only press
the water edgewise, and therefore the vessel, though she may
go faster, must be more liable to drift, the most dangerous
thing when they want to beat off a lee shore. Striking the
topmast was a new expedient first introduced in Shakespeare's
time.

To try with main-course was a technical term for keeping close
haulled, and beating up into the eye of the wind when there was
too strong a breeze blowing for a ship to carry her topsail. The
tack (or bottom of the sail nearest the mast) would be hauled
quite close to the mast, instead of being fastened to the gunwale;
and the sheet (or rope attached to the other or loose end of the
ottom of the sail) would be hauled close aft; while the helm
would be put so as to keep her as close to the wind as possible. Some commentators suggest, "Bring her to; try with the main-course." Cp. Hackluyt's *Voyages* (1598): "And when the barke had way, we cut the hawser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and *tried* out all that day with our maine course." And also John Smith's *Sea Grammar* (1627), which embodied the nautical knowledge of those times: "It overcasts; we shall have wind, foul weather. Settle your topsails, take in the spretail, in with your topsails, lower the foresail, tallow under the panels, brade up close all them sails, lash sure the ordnance, *strike your top-masts* to the cap, make it sure with your sheep's-feet;" and again: "Let us lie as *trie with our main course*; that is, to hale the tack aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helm tied close aboard."

**Main-course; i.e. main-sail.** Cp. "two courses," below. "The main sail and the fore sail is called the fore-course and the main-course, or a pair of courses."—SMITH'S *Seaman's Grammar*, p. 31, ed. 1692.

40 *Louder than our office; i.e. than the noise we make about our work.*

49 *For drowning.* In respect of; *i.e. against it.* Cp. i. 2, 272 n.

52 *Lay her a-hold, a-hold!* Fourth position. We must imagine the ship in a bay between two points. She sees she cannot make the one point, so she tries to weather the other. To do this they 'lay her a-hold;' *i.e. probably 'put her about,' putting her head up to the wind till the sails shake, then letting the foresail fill or *hold* the wind so as to bring the ship round with her head the other way, to bring her on the other tack; then 'set the two courses' (*i.e. foresail and mainsail*) on the other side; and finally turn her head 'off to sea again,' so as to try and weather the other point. The punctuation is important here; it should be, 'Set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off.' The folio has, "Set her two courses off to sea again." 'A-hold;' *i.e. 'on hold.' So 'fell on sleep;' *i.e. 'a-sleep,' 'a-wake,' 'a-hunting.'

56 *Must our mouths be cold?* 'You go to prayers; we'll stave some of the puncheons of liquor to warm our mouths.' Hence Antonio calls them 'drunkards,' line 59.

57 *To prayers!* The stage direction gives this speech to the mariners. Would it not be better assigned to king Alonzo, who does go to prayers with his son, prince Ferdinand; whereas the mariners, after crying, "All lost! all lost!" (while he cries, "To prayers, to prayers!") follow the boatswain to the wine and spirit room?

59 *Merely; simply,' 'absolutely.' Latin 'merus,' 'unmixed,' 'of itself.' Cp. 'meram tunicam habere,' 'to have *nothing but*
a shirt.’ (‘Mere’—A.S. ‘mere,’ ‘sea’—‘a pool,’ with ‘marsh’ and ‘moor,’ is akin to Lat. ‘mare.’)

60 Wide-chapped. As he opens his jaws wide to drink now, so may he have to drink the sea-water, while ten tides ebb and flow.

64 We split! Fifth position. The ship cannot weather the point, and strikes on a reef.

70 The folio reads, “Long heath, brown furze.” The uselessness of these epithets is manifest, and justifies Hamner’s excellent emendation, “ling, heath, broom, furze, anything.” The difference between the spikes of ling and the bell-like flowers of the heath must have been easily seen on the Warwickshire heaths.

Observe in this scene the clearness and definiteness of the images which the poet presents to us. There are no blunders in seamanship, such as novelists often make in law or other technical subjects. We get an idea of a good ship well manned, and the energy of the crew, in trying every possible expedient, makes us interested at once in their fate.

The most important point in a play is to see how the poet develops his characters. Notice that Antonio and Sebastian first abuse and curse the boatswain, and then despair; whereas Gonzalo, though he talks too much, keeps up his cheerfulness to the end. Observe also the irony of the boatswain’s speech—how little man’s artificial rank counts for in danger, as compared with the natural nobility of courage and resource.

The scene is in prose, as being fittest for a dialogue with sailors; when all is lost, the scene becomes tragic, and the blank verse begins.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

The metre is blank verse; that is, five measures of two syllables each generally, though occasionally any measure may be of three syllables, and some of one. The stress is generally on the second syllable of each measure, as in an iambic (u—)

“The sky’ | it see’ms | would pou’r | down sti’n | king pi’rch.”

A series of such regular lines would be very monotonous. Variety and rapidity are obtained by making some of the measures like trochees (− u), or anapaests (uu −); the first measure of the line especially being often trochaic—

“But that | the sea’ | mou’nting | to the we’l | kin’s chee’k.”

Here the first and third mesures are like trochees, the fourth like an anapest, but with a quasi-contraction which makes it nearly an iambus.

Often the line is hyper-metric; i.e. has one or two extra syllables, ὑπὲρ μέτρον—
"If' by | your a’rt, | my dea’r | est fa’ | ther, you’ | have
Pu’t the | wild wa’ | ters in | this roa’r, | alla’y | them."
This is especially common in *dramatic* blank verse.
In the second line there is no stress in the third measure; this varies the rhythm, and gives a stronger stress to the words "this roa" which follow. So again—
"Da’shes | the fi’ | re out. | O, I | have su’f | fer’d."
In this line ‘fire’ is scanned, as it is pronounced, like a dissyllable (fi’er). In line 110—
"Was du’ke|dom la’rge | enou’gh | of te’mp |(o)ral ro’y|(a)lities,"
the unaccented syllable of the two trisyllables is softened or slurred, which gives variety to the line without affecting the number of stresses.

Ger. ‘wolken,’ ‘clouds.’

*Welkin’s cheek.* Mr. Jephson says there is a confusion of metaphors here; but (1) in an excited speech allowance must be made for the *rapidity* of thought, which does not stay to complete a metaphor, but passes to another; (2) if the sky is personified at all, it might breathe forth the fiery pitch from its mouth and nostrils, in which case there would not even be a change of metaphor. Compare *Pericles,* iii. 1, 1–10—
"Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having called them from the deep! O still
Thy deaf’ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! . . . Thou stormest venomously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman’s whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard."

7 *Vessel, who.* Who— and she. Cp. Addison, "Plenty, who was his first counsellor." ‘Who’ was originally an interrogative only.

11 *Or ere.* ‘Or,’ for ‘before,’ is a corruption of A.S. ‘ær,’ Eng. ‘ere.’ So in *Rob Roy:* "’Ther’ will be broken heads amang us or it’s long." So ‘or’ and ‘ere’ both mean ‘before,’ and are combined for emphasis, just as in "but an(d) if that evil servant say, ‘an’ or ‘and’ is combined with ‘if.’ (Cp. ii. 1, 180 n.) Probably the ‘or’ belongs to the first sentence, ‘ere’ to the second, as *προθέθησα* is often put in Greek to prepare for a *πλήν,* which is coming. So in Robert of Gloster—
"Five hundred year and twenty it was eke before,
Ere than our Lord Jesu Christ on earth was ybore."
And again in *Maundeville:* "Before or they receive them they kneelen down," where ‘before’ belongs to ‘kneel.’ Others think the later use of ‘or ever,’ as in *Psalm* lviii. 9, gives the key to the original expression.
13 Fraudging, 'making the freight;' the active participle of 'to fraught,' an old form of 'freight,' passive 'fraught' (with woe, &c.). So, "If thou fraught the court with thy unworthiness, thou diest." —Cymbeline, i. 1, 126. "Thise marchants han doon fraught hir shippes newe." —CHAUCER, Man of Law's Tale, cant. i. b. 171. 'Have caused their ships to freight or load (= to be loaded) anew.' E.E. 'frahten,' O. Dutch 'vrachten.' "Vrachten, or bevrachten. To fraught, or to lade." —HEXHAM. According to Mätzner, it is the same as the Ger. 'frēhte,' which meant 'desert,' thence apparently 'earnings,' and what a ship earns. For the way in which a new verb is formed out of this, cp. the note on 'tender-hefted,' in King Lear, ii. 4, 174 (Rugby edition).

19 Nought knowing of [the answer to the question] whence I am. More better. Shakespeare often uses a double comparative or superlative, so "more braver daughter," line 439. The inflection -er had perhaps lost some of its force, so that 'more,' 'most,' were added for emphasis, as in 'Most Highest.' But see the note to King Lear, i. 1, 214, where the growth of the double comparative is accounted for.

27 The very virtue. 'Very' comes from Lat. 'verus,' 'true.' Cp. "my very friends" (Merchant of Venice, iii. 2, 226. A.), and "the very minute," line 37, below.

29 No soul; 'lost' being supplied from "perdition [of] an hair." This is called an anacoluthon, or breaking off, from α, 'not,' and ἄκολοουθεῖ, 'to follow.'

36 Bootless. 'Boot' means (1) help, or profit, as here; (2) satisfaction; so 'kin-bote' is compensation for slaughter of a kinsman; and so 'man-bote,' 'thief-bote,' &c. Mr. Jephson aptly quotes what Robin Hood says to his bow when it breaks in his hand: "My bane thou art, my boot when thou shouldst be." A.S. 'bôt,' 'remedy,' 'help,' 'cure.'

Cp. "When the bale is hest [highest],
Thenme is the bote nest [highest]."

—HENDYNG, H.'s Proverbs, l. 147-9. (About A.D. 1300.)

41 Out; i.e. 'out and out,' 'completely.'

50 The backward. Observe how flexible the language was in Shakespeare's time. An adverb is made into a substantive simply by prefixing an article to it, as in Greek τὸ πρῶ. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 2, 108: "I was an inward of his." So the 'forward' in Cotgrave (1611): "Avant-garde. The forward, or vaunt-guard of an armie." This is only one of the many instances of the interchange of parts of speech. Compare "to barn a harvest" (Rape of Lucrece); "to false one's faith." (SPENSER'S Faerie Queen.)

Abysm, from Fr. 'abysme;' now spelt 'abîme.' Our spelling represents Gr. ἀβυσσός more nearly.
Scene 2] NOTES 65

53 Twelve years since. The strong emphasis on the first word gives it the time of two syllables. So the word 'pause' is lengthened in Hamlet, iii. 1, 68; and 'long' in Hamlet, ii. 1, 91; the object in each case being to give the idea of prolonged time.

58 A princess. Folio 'and princess;' i.e. 'thou his heir, and so a princess of no meanner origin than this.'

63 Holp. Compare "Hath holpen the children of Lot." (Ps. lxxxiii. 8.) The -n is often omitted, as in "He hath holpe a thousand out Of the devil's punfolde."

—Piers Plowman's Vision.

64 Teen. (1) 'Irritation,' 'anger,' 'injury;' (2) 'trouble.' A.S. 'teona,' 'injury,' 'wrong,' 'vexation;' so Scotch 'teynful,' 'wrathful,' 'tene-waryt,' 'worn out with woe.' Compare 'tinder' and 'to teen' or 'teend;' i.e. 'light a candle;' and Ger. 'zünden.'

65 From; 'out of.'

70 Through all the signiories. The Visconti of Milan were perpetual vicars of the Emperor in Italy. (ROBERTSON, Charles V. i. 108.)

81 Trash. (1) 'To lop off.' 'Trash' properly means the clipping of trees; so here the metaphor is from cutting a hedge level. (2) 'To humble or crush.' Compare "Such as was fit for hard-hearted Jews to encumber and trash them."—HAMMOND. On the moors they make a wild pointer work even with a steady one by putting a trash-cord on him; i.e. a long cord with a bit of heather at the end.

83 The key. For tuning; the 'tuning-fork.'

87 Suck'd my verdure out on't. 'On' was used for 'in,' 'at,' or as here, 'of.' Compare Coriolanus, iv. 5, 174: "Worth six on him."

Thou attend'st not. This harshness to Miranda, who is attending with all her soul, may perhaps spring from the peculiarly sharp sense of personal injury which characterises Prospero. Or it may merely be to bring before the audience the importance to Miranda of this revelation, since the success of Prospero's purpose depends on her understanding who she is. In any case the interruptions relieve the monotony of what would otherwise be a monologue.

89 Dedicated. Steevens suggests the shortened form 'dedicate.'

91 Which, but by being so retired. The sense of the passage is, 'I was engaged with studies which, by the very fact that they were carried on in retirement, were beyond popular estima-
tion.' The 'but,' if taken as 'except,' as in the Clarendon Press edition, makes a sense which does not seem so apt as that of 'merely.'

92 O'er-prized. Intrans. 'was of price beyond.'

Rate. 'Estimation.' Compare 'pro rata' (parte), from Latin 'reor,' 'to think or reckon.' Hence rates and taxes, and to rate or tax a man with something; i.e. impute it to him.

94 Like a good parent. As an indulgent father often has unruly children.

97 Lorded. 'Invested with lordship.'

100 Who having unto truth, by telling of it; 'it' referring on to 'his own lie,' the main idea of the sentence, not back to 'truth.' With the emendation 'unto truth,' it will mean, 'who has by telling of it (the lie) made his memory such a sinner to truth as at last to credit his own lie.' [With the original reading, 'into truth,' may it not be for 'who having by telling of it credited his own lie into truth, making thereby a sinner of his memory'? The full construction then will be: 'Who made such a sinner of his memory that he credited his own lie into truth by telling of it.' The sentence would have run: 'Who having into truth, by telling of it, credited his own lie.' But the words 'made such a sinner of his memory,' which should have been parenthetical, attracted 'credited' into 'to credit' to suit themselves.]

108 Need-s. 'Of necessity.' Genitive case used as an adverb. So 'el-se' (O.E. 'elles,'), 'al-way-s,' etc.

112 The king of Naples. On the death of Filippo Visconti, in 1447, Alfonso of Naples was one of the competitors for his dukedom.

118 To think but nobly. Here 'but' means 'except.' So 'but gif' is Scotch for 'unless;' and 'he is but a poor creature,' comes from 'He n' is but;'' i.e. 'he is nothing but.' 'But' originally is 'be-out' (by or at-out), like 'with-out;' as in Scotch, 'Touch not the cat but [without] a glove.' (2) 'But' has also superseded the A.S. 'ac,' Lat. 'at,' Gk. ἀλλά. 'N' is this maiden dead, ac heo slepdr," means, "This maiden is not dead, but she sleepeth." Hence the modern use, "Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?" "Egad, but I will, Jack." Hence (3) 'but' comes to═Fr. 'mais,' 1.lat. 'magis,' 'rather.'

122 Hearkens my brother's suit. So usually in Shakespeare of the thing without 'to;' as in "There will she hide her to listen our purposes."—Much Ado, iii. 1. With the person the preposition is inserted: "Listen to the cardinal." The line must be scanned:

"To me | invet'rate, | hea'rakens | my bro' th | er's suit," the extra syllable often inserted at the end of the line being generally here inserted after the second measure to make the pause.
We seldom find in Shakespeare an instance of lines of six accents with a pause after the third, and a full close at the end, like the last lines of Spenserian stanzas—

“As o’ne | for kni’ght | Iey gui’sts | and fie’rce | encou’n | ters fi’t.”

—Faerie Queen, i. 9.

Such lines are called Alexandrines, probably from a long French poem on Alexander in this metre. In Shakespeare lines of six measures, that seem like Alexandrines, have often quite a different rhythm, from having a weak ending, or no pause at the end.

123 Premises. Lat. ‘præmissa,’ ‘things rehearsed before,’ hence, in legal language, ‘mentioned above;’ i.e. appurtenances of houses, &c., which are specified once and not repeated. Here, ‘specified amount agreed upon.’ ‘Premisses,’ or ‘preliminary statements on which a conclusion is founded,’ is another form from the same root.

141 Nor set. Nor did they set.

145 In few (words).

146 Boat. The original reading is ‘but,’ which may be used for ‘boat’ as we use ‘tub’ now.

148 Quit, for ‘quitted.’ Some verbs ending in te, t, and d, on account of their already participial terminations, do not add ed in the participle. Compare “And I of ladies most deject and wretched.”—Hamlet, iii. 1, 163. “An enshiel’d beauty.”—Measure for Measure, ii. 4, 80. A.

151 Cherubin. Really the plural of ‘cherub.’

155 To ‘deck’ or ‘deg’ means to ‘sprinkle’ in the north of England; the word being the same as to ‘dew.’ Ger. ‘thau.’ So ‘luke(warm)’ is Ger. ‘lau.’


165 Which si’nce I have ste’ad’ed mu’ch; so’, of his ge’n’tleness. The weak ending and lack of pause differentiate this from the true Alexandrine.

173 Princess’ (the folio has princesse); i.e. princess(es), a dissyllable. See note to As You Like It, i. 2, 175. Cp. l. 122.

181 I find my zenith, &c. ‘My zenith line, the line drawn from my standing-point vertically to the heavens, passes through an auspicious star which is culminating.’ This inverted way of saying that a star is just overhead is like Virgil’s “terrasm. suspenderes sulco,” ‘to graze the earth with the ploughshare.’ For the belief in astrology, see the notes on King Lear, i. 2, 112, 113. ‘Influence,’ in line 182, also has an astrological meaning. The Clarendon Press edition well compares the passage in Julius Caesar, iv. 3, 218–221—

“There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

193 Quality, Lat. 'qualitas;' here concrete, as we use 'profession' for the members of it. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2: "Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing?" So 'the quality' is used for persons of rank in Pope and Addison.

196 Waist; the middle or hollow space between the quarter-deck and forecastle of a ship, lower than either.

197 I flamed amazement. Capell (School of Shakespeare) quotes the following from Hakluyt: "I do remember that in this great and boysterous storm, in the night, there came upon the top of our maine yarde and maine maste a certain little light, much like the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called Caerpo Santo, and saide it was S. Elmo, whom they take to be the advocate of sailors. This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from maste to maste, and from top to top, and sometimes it would be on two or three places at once." The work here quoted was published in 1598. A more modern account of the same phenomenon will be found in Delarue's Electricity, iii. p. 168.

199 Coil. The word appears to be Celtic—'coileid'='tumult.'

209 A fever of the mad. Abbott, p. 20, gives numerous instances where adjectives are thus used as substantives, as in Gower—

"Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad."

218 Note the miracle implied in "sustaining garments."

223 In this sad knot. So in Aristophanes, Ran., 139: "εν πλοιαρπῳ τών ναυτῶν" (where the actor made his hand hollow to show the size of the boat).

229 The still-vex'd Bermoothes. The pronunciation is that of the discoverer's name, 'Bermudez,' which is sometimes mistaken for a plural. Capt. Basil Hall's charming description of Bermuda, in his Fragments of Voyages, part i., shows that the epithet 'still-vexed' is not applicable to it. So the poet Waller has celebrated its beauty in the Battle of the Somers' Islands, to repay it for the refuge afforded to him and several other eminent Parliamentarians when their cause broke down. For the opinion in Shakespeare's time, see Raleigh's Discovery of Guiana: "The rest of the Indies for calms and diseases very troublesome, and the Bermudas a hellish sea for thunder, lightnings, and storms."

234 Flore; 'flood' or 'sea.' French 'flot,' 'wave;' A.S. 'flot;' E.E. 'o flote,' 'a-float' (on sea). Cp. 'a-shore.'

240 Two glasses. As Macaulay tells us that 'another glass' was a not unfrequent request from a congregation to a preacher whose first hour's sermon had pleased them. There were giants in those days.

243. Remember; transitive, like 'remind,' 'remember' being
originally reflexive, as 'remember ourselves' in the collect. Cp. Fr. je me rappelle, or 'je me souviens.'

261 In Argier—Algiers. So an Italian peasant shouts, "Viva Garibardi!" and asks, "Siete Ingrese?" (for Inglese).

263 Sycorax. Mr. Moberly suggests, that Sycorax, as an Algerine witch, would have an Arabic name, possibly 'Shokereth' (the deceiver), which would be equivalent to Sycorax. In that case the Arabic 'Kalebon,' 'dog' (as a term of extremest reproach), may represent Caliban. The ordinary explanation, that Caliban is a transposition of 'cannibal,' seems untenable. Shakespeare was familiar with this word in its usual form; and, moreover, there is nothing cannibalistic in Shakespeare's monster.

268 This blue-eyed hag. Probably this means that her eyes had the cold, startling blue which suggests malignity so strongly. It is difficult to accept Mr. Aldis Wright's suggestion, that the reference is to the blueness of the eyelids.

272 For thou wast. 'For' meant originally 'in front of,' as in 'former;' hence (1) of motion forwards, or 'forth' (compare Lat. 'pro-d-eo'), a meaning it still retains in compounds, as 'forbid,' 'bid a thing away,' 'forget,' 'get it away' [from memory], 'forego,' 'go without,' 'forswear,' 'swear away' [from truth]. (2) Of the cause which comes before the effect; hence, like Lat. 'praex,' 'owing to.' Hence (3) with an adverbial clause, as here, 'for [that cause that] thou wast;' i.e. 'because,' the English idiom retaining the preposition and omitting the relative, the reverse of the Latin and Greek idiom [propterea] 'quod,' [di] τε. (4) Lastly, 'for,' Gr. γαρ, Lat. 'nam,' 'enim,' to mark a relation of cause and effect between two co-ordinate clauses.

298 And do’ | my spri’t | ing ge’nt | ly,
with the answer,

Do’ so | and a’f | ter two’ | days,
seem to be two lines of three feet each with the extra syllable, like line 235—

Bound sa’d | ly ho’mé | for Na’p | les.
There is a still shorter line (255): "Of the salt deep."

311 Miss. 'Not to hit,' 'then feel want of;' here simply 'do without.' Compare Fr. 'manquer,' and the Scotch 'I can't want sleep;' so 'when they wanted wine.'—John ii. 3.

317 Quaint. Cp. 'my dainty Ariel.' 'Elegant;' from the Lat. 'comitus,' 'trim,' through the Fr. 'coint.' So 'quens' is the old French spelling for 'comes,' 'a count.' [Often said to be from Lat. 'cognitus;' but the meaning, if sometimes 'knowing,' is never 'known.] 'Quaint' is always 'neat,' and not 'curious,' in Shakespeare; it is now 'neat after a past fashion.'

321 Wicked (dew). 'Faulty,' hence 'harmful.' 'A wykked
felone’ is used for ‘a bad sore’ in an old book on Hawking. So in Tennyson’s *Lucretius*, 19—

“The wicked broth

Confused the chemic labour of the blood.”

322 Raven’s feather. Compare *Batman on Magic* (1582): “It is said that raven’s birds be fed with dew of heaven all the time that they have no black feathers by benefit of age,” and “Southern winds corrupt and destroy; they heat and maketh men fall into sickness.”

326 Urchin. E.E. ‘irchoun;’ O. Fr. ‘ireçon,’ ‘urchôn;’ Lat. ‘ericius’ (‘Promptorium’); (Fr. ‘herisser,’ ‘to set up bristles’). ‘A lytell beest full of prickes;’ *i.e.* ‘a hedgehog.’ Compare ii. 2, 10.

327 That vast of night. ‘Vast’ is used by Shakespeare as a substantive in *Pericles* iii. 1, 1—

“Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell.”

337 All the qualities. Like the Lat. ‘naturae.’

349 O ho is the characteristic cry of the devils in old English moralities. It is here, ‘extra metrum.’

364 The red plague. Dr. Bucknill (Shakespeare’s *Medical Knowledge*, 210) explains this (like the ‘red pestilence’ in *Coriolanus*, iv. 1, 12) to mean the skin eruption marking the plague.

364 Rid you; *i.e.* of life. Compare “As deathsmen you have *rid* this sweet young prince”—3 *Henry VI.* v. 5, 67. But in the *Psalms*, “Rid me, and deliver me,” like German *rütten*, means to ‘clear away from danger.’

369 Old cramps. Cp. ‘aged cramps,’ iv. 1, 261. Warwickshire for ‘great,’ ‘plenty of;’ as we use ‘fine,’ ‘pretty.’ Compare Mr. Furnivall, in *New Shak. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, p. 500: “On this word *old* Mr. John R. Wise has the following interesting passage in his *Shakespeare: his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood*, 1861, p. 106-7: ‘But there is an expression used both by Shakespeare and his contemporaries which must not be so quickly passed over. Wherever there has been an unusual disturbance or ado . . . the lower orders round Stratford-on-Avon invariably characterize it by the phrase “there has been *old* work to-day,” which well interprets the porter’s allusion in *Macbeth* (act iii. scene 3), “If a man were porter of hell gate, he would have *old* turning the key,” which is simply explained in the notes as “frequent,” but which means far more. So, in the *Merchant of Venice* (act iv. scene 2), Portia says, “We shall have *old* swearing”—that is, very hard swearing; and in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (act i. scene 4), we find, “Here will be an *old* abusing of God’s patience and the king’s English;” and in the second part of *King Henry IV.* (act ii. scene 4), “By the mass, here will be *old* utis.” And so also, in
Much Ado about Nothing (act v. scene 2), Ursula says, "Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home:" and to this day, round Stratford, is this use of old still kept up by the lower classes."

370 Aches. Pronounced aitches. The verb, however, is always a monosyllable.

373 Setebos. Eden's History of Travayle (1577) says that some captured Patagonians "cryed uppon theyr great devill Setebos to helpe them." See Browning, vol. vi. for Caliban's view of Setebos, "who made all we see, and us in spite; how else?" and how Caliban keeps

"A sea-beast, lumpish, which he snared,
Blinded the eyes of, and now pens the drudge
In a hole of the rock, and calls him Caliban;"

and hopes

"That some strange day, will either the Quiet catch
And conquer Setebos, or likewise he
Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as die;"

'the Quiet' being what his dam held made all things, which Setebos vexed only: and then when

"His thunder follows! fool to gibe at him."

he "lieth flat and loveth Setebos."

378 Kissed the wild waves whist. It seems on the whole best to take "The wild waves whist" as the object of the verb 'kissed,' as (1) otherwise the song would have no special applicability to Ferdinand's circumstances; and (2) Ferdinand says a few lines later the music (i.e. the rhythmic kisses of the singers) having alyed the fury of the waters. Mr. Furnivall prefers the construction with the comma, "The wild waves whist" (i.e. 'being still!') a nominative absolute. It was the custom in Shakespeare's time for partners in a dance to courtesy and kiss at its conclusion. Cp. Milton's Ode on the Nativity—

"The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed."

And "But how mustch the young gentlemen saw him whist and silent, the more he was influenced."—1567, Painter's Rhomeo, p. 97, N. Sh. Soc.

380 Featly. 'Neatly,' 'cleverly;' literally 'well made.' Fr. 'fait,' O. Fr. 'faict;' i.e. 'factum,' from 'facere.'

381 Burden. Literally 'drone of a bagpipe;' hence an accompaniment. Compare Fr. 'bourdonner' of a bee.

400 A sea-change. We may compare this with the fine passage in Richard III. (i. 4, 26) describing the bottom of the sea, with its

"Heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men’s skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,
As ’t were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,” &c.;
and notice the happy way in which the tragedy contrasts the relics of mortality with the lost treasure, while the lighter drama fuses them into all that is most lovely and pure in nature.

409 That the earth owes; i.e. ‘owns.’ Cp. Acts xxii. 2: “So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that oweth this girdle.” (A.V. 1708.)

432 A single thing = ‘lonely,’ ‘forlorn.’ Cp. Macbeth, i. 6, 16—

“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.”

439 Could control thee. ‘Controller’ is, in O. Fr., to keep a counter-roll, or second copy of accounts (as Chaucer did at the Custom House in Thames Street, London); hence to regulate or check them; and then ‘to contradict,’ as here and in Sonnet lxvi.—

“Folly (doctor-like) controlling skill.”

441 They have changed eyes. So that the eyes of each belong entirely to the other.

443 Done yourself some wrong. ‘Uttered a falsehood about yourself.’ Cp. Merry Wives, iv. 2, 160: “This is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.”—Steevens.

450 ‘Both’ seems to be put for ‘each,’ or ‘either’ used for ‘each other.’ There may, however, be an ellipsis of ‘each’ after ‘both.’ “They are both [each] in either’s powers.” Compare Sonn. 131: ‘A thousand groans . . . came [one] on another’s neck.”—A.

463 Gentle. (Lat. ‘gentilis,’ or of a family.) ‘High-born,’ ‘high-spirited.’

464 My foot my tutor; i.e. the subject lecturing the ruler. Compare Mirror for Magistrates (1587), p. 163—

“What honest heart would not conceive disdain
To see the foote surmount above the head?”

So the common citizen is called the ‘great toe,’ as contrasted with the ‘kingly crowned head;’ “for that being one of the lowest, basest, poorest, he goes first.”—Coriolanus, i. 1, 160. Mr. Wright aptly quotes Lily’s Euphues: “How vaine it is that the foote should neglect his office to correct the face.” In these passages the context makes the ‘foot’ and ‘toe’ clear. Here the expression is harsh, but could be made clearer in acting by a gesture.

488 Nor this man’s threats. ‘Or’ has been suggested; but
Shakespeare probably wrote 'nor,' intending to finish the phrase by some such construction as 'would not trouble me.'

490 Compare Lovelace's *Lines to Althea from Prison*—

"When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the gates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty."—*Golden Treasury*, xcix.

Before we can appreciate the plot we must be acquainted with the characters. The poet's problem is to create a dramatic necessity for narrating their previous history. Euripides had recourse to prologues; Shakespeare was more artistic.

Here (1) the shipwreck interests Miranda in the passenger's fate. She suspects that her father has caused it. He must explain why. (2) Prospero is more eager to tell than she to ask. His zenith depended on his courting his star then; and if Miranda should meet Ferdinand before she knew her birth and history, his plans might be marred through her ignorance.

Prospero's speeches are described by Coleridge as the "finest example of retrospective narration," and he remarks how "completely anything that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician, is reconciled and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father."

Ariel's songs form a pretty opening to a soft scene which is a lyric in itself. Such a scene so opened should not be too rudely closed; but Prospero's motive for interrupting the lovers' harmony—"lest too light winning make the prize light"—is just of the romantic nature that best harmonizes with their pure passages of love.

**Act II. Scene i.**

3 *Our hint of woe is common.* Cp. *In Memoriam*, vi.—

"That loss is common would not make
Mine own loss better; rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break."


28 *Which, of he or Adrian.* 'He' for 'him.' Compare,
"Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together."—Othello, iv. 2, 3.
Probably two constructions mixed—(1) 'Which, he or A'; (2)
'Whether of him and A.'—A.

36 Ha, ha, ha! Antonio has won the match, as Adrian
speaks first; so Sebastian pays with a laugh.
40 He could not miss 't. 'It;' i.e. the 'Yet' with which
Sebastian prompts him. Others say that 'missing it' means
'going wrong in his description of the island;' but that belongs
to line 55.

41 Adrian uses 'temperance' for 'temperature;' Antonio, for
a girl's name.

46 The air breathes . . . most sweetly. So in Howel's account
of the shipwreck at the Bermudas, 1609: 'Being come ashore,
they were soon refreshed and cheered, the soil and air being
most sweet and delicate.

52 Lush; 'juicy,' 'luxuriant,' 'rich.' Compare 'luscious'
and Ger. 'flüssig.'

55 The jesting pair mean that the grass is really tawny ('tanned,
'dried up'), and that the only 'green' spot in it is Gonzalo him-

86 If Gonzalo makes Carthage and Tunis into one city, his
word has more power than Amphion's harp, which raised the
walls of Thebes.

104 That sort was well fished for. 'You did well to qualify
your statement by "in a sort;",' 'fished for,' of course, having
the double meaning of 'bringing in the word' and 'recovering,'
in allusion to his ducking. Mr. Hunter sees a play in 'sort'
('lot') also.

112 Oar'd himself. Like Milton's—
"The swan that rows her state with oary feet."

119 Lose her to an African. The horror of alliances with
Mohammedan powers was strongly felt in the times from
Henry VIII. onward. Such was the feeling as to Francis'league with Solyman against Charles V. in 1537; and that of
Charles V., as king of Naples, with the exiled king of Tunis in
1518. * Marriage alliances between princesses of Constantinople
and other Turkish sovereigns of Adrianopole had been not un-
frequent in the century which preceded the fall of the Eastern
empire; but the West had not learned to sanction them, and
Othello remains as a perpetual monument of Shakespeare's belief
that they were unnatural.

126 She at least is out of your sight, whose unsuitable marriage
might well make you weep. Others refer 'who' to 'eye,' quite
grammatically, but less agreeably to the context.

131 Should bow. [She] should bow. Malone prefers 'she'd
bow.'

* See Macaulay's History of England, iii. 126.
Very well. Sebastian says this contemptuously to Gonzalo, as much as to say, “So that’s your opinion.” Antonio takes it up as though it meant, “And very well done of me too.”

Chirurgeon. Literally ‘working with hand,’ now abbreviated into ‘surgeon.’

141 No kind of traffic. This is the celebrated passage which Shakespeare took almost verbatim from Florio’s translation of Montaigne (i. 30): “It is a nation... that hath no kind of traffice, no knowledge of letters, no intelligience of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike supeiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no manuring of lands; no use of corne, wine, or mettle.” For the arguments which have been founded on this adaptation by Shakespeare, see Appendix to Introduction.

143 Plantation; i.e. ‘colonizing.’ For other words which have changed meaning, cp. ‘animosity’ (‘courage’), ‘caitiff’ (‘captive’), ‘generosity’ (‘high birth’), ‘glorious’ (‘boasting’), ‘insolent’ (‘unusual’), ‘miscreant’ (‘unbeliever’), ‘defend’ (‘forbid’). So ‘distinctly’ above, and ‘aspersion;’ i.e. ‘sprinkling’ (iv. 1, 18).

153 Bourn. Fr. ‘borne,’ English ‘bound;’ compare Ger. ‘boden,’ Lat. ‘fundo.’

163 Foison. ‘Abundance.’ From Lat. ‘fusio,’ ‘pouring out.’ Compare “Estait deja si foible pour la foison du sang qu’il avoit perdu.” (Old French romance.)

179 Am nothing to you. ‘Am not to be compared with you.’

180 An = ‘if.’ This particle has been derived from ‘an,’ the imperative of ‘unan,’ ‘to grant.’ But the word is generally written ‘and’ in Early English, and frequently in Elizabethan authors. The true explanation seems to be that the ‘if’ is expressed not by the ‘and,’ but by the subjunctive, and that ‘and’ merely means ‘with the addition of,’ ‘plus;’ just as ‘but’ means ‘leaving out,’ ‘minus.’ Thus the sentence, “Go not my horse the better, I must become a borrower of the night,” with ‘and’ would be, “I must become, ... and my horse go not the better;” i.e. ‘with or on the supposition that my horse go not the better.’ Latterly the subjunctive, losing its force, was felt to be too weak and unaided to express the hypothesis; and the same tendency which introduced ‘more better’ superseded ‘and’ by ‘and if’ (Matthew xxiv. 48), ‘an if,’ and ‘if.’

182 Mettle is really the same word as ‘metal,’ on the temper of which a weapon’s power depends.

184 Bat-fowling. On dark nights parties of men went out
carrying lights tied to the ends of poles, which attracted small birds. The birds were then easily knocked down by means of thick bunches of furze, &c., mounted on long handles.

204 This is a strange repose. Cp. Macbeth, v. 1, 10: "A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching."

207 The occasion speaks thee. 'Makes thee known as that which thou canst and wilt be.'

218 For 'ebbing men,' cp. Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4, 43—

"And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd by being lacked."

220 If heed me. 'If [you intend to] heed me.'

226 Invest. 'Put on like a garment;' contrasted with 'stripping off.' The more Sebastian, by putting forward his natural indolence, seems to decline entering into Antonio's counsels, the more, as Antonio can perceive, is he really inclined to slip into them as into a garment.

232 This lord of weak remembrance appears to mean Gonzalo, though it was Francisco who said that Ferdinand might have escaped drowning. By 'remembrance' seems to be meant, 'who cannot remember the best-known facts, and shall therefore be not remembered himself when once dead.'

237 Only professes to persuade. 'Who makes persuading his whole profession.'

238 Ten leagues beyond man's life. Here the unnaturalness of Claribell's going to Tunis is boldly typified and brought to view by supposing Tunis, which is almost in sight from Sicily, to be at an immeasurable distance from Naples.

242 There refers to 'beyond.' 'You have a hope so high that ambition can see nothing beyond it, and even doubts the discovery of anything higher.'

Doubt. The absence of s marks the subjunctive.

250 She that [returning] from whom we all were sea-swallow'd; 'she that' being repeated to match the three preceding sentences, here an anacoluthon. Cp. i. 2, 29, n. The Globe retains "She that—from whom?" which is not clear.

261 Tender your own good fortune. 'Esteem your own good fortune;' as Polonius, in Hamlet, i. 3, 109, says: "You'll tender me a fool."

276 Kibe. 'A broken chilblain.' 'Kibby' is the Devonshire form of 'chapped.'

276 Candied be they. The general meaning of 'candied' in Shakespeare is 'sugared' or 'frozen over;' here it seems to be rather 'turned to sugar so as to melt easily.'

"Since when those frosts which winter brings,
Which candy every green."

—Drayton's Quest of Cynthia.
Scene 1] NOTES

280 They'll tell the clock. 'Whatever we say it is the time for, they'll say, "Just so."'

284 The tribute. Mentioned above, in i. 2, 115.

308 A humming. Ariel's warning song.

310 While. 'While' is a noun; A.S. ðæl, 'time.' Ger. 'weile.' Cp.

"Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused."—Milton.

And in the dative plural—

"Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilom wont the Templar knights abide."—Spenser.

So "Will you troll the catch you taught me but while-ere" (iii. 2, 127); i.e. 'a little time before'. Then '[during] the while [in which],'' as a conjunction—

"I muse, as in a trance, the while
Comes out thy deep ambrosial smile."—Tennyson.

'While' used to be more commonly used in the sense of 'as long as,' 'while' meaning 'until,' as now, in Yorkshire.

Observe the adaptation of style to sense; prose suffices for bantering Gonzalo, but Alonzo's grief and the conspirator's treason find utterance in metre. These adaptations help to maintain the illusion that it is not that the poet writes in verse, but that the dignity or emotion of the speaker falls into it.

The intermixture of the humorous element is an essential feature of the Elizabethan drama—an element as welcome to an English as the lyrical interludes to a Greek audience. This element not only gives naturalness to the piece, but has a reflex action of its own; the "language of passion becomes elevated by comparison with the lighter conversation of men under no strong emotion."

The scene is essentially subordinate. It is not this new plot against Alonzo, but the old plot against Prospero, which is the real groundwork of this piece. The dramatic purpose of it is merely to let the audience judge for themselves of Antonio's baseness, and thus to enlist their sympathies more strongly in behalf of the rightful duke. From the sensational nature of the scene, it might, in the hands of a less skilful manager, have assumed an undue prominence, and thus have marred the unity of the play; but as a matter of fact we never believe the plot will be successful, and yet we are revolted at the cold-blooded calculations of the plotters. What we feel is not suspense, but disgust. And why is this? Simply because of the prominence of the magical element; the very improbability which mars the completeness of the illusion preventing us from centering our interest on that which is merely a piece of bye-play.

Coleridge remarks that "here, as in many other places,
Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good; and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness more easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian.

"The intended assassination of Alonzo and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarising a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it."

ACT II. SCENE 2.

3 Inch-meal. From the A.S. dative 'mælum,' 'in separate portions.' Hence, literally 'inches separately.' Cp.—"O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal."

—Cymbeline, ii. 4.

So 'drop-meal,' for 'by drops;'; and A.S. 'bit-mælum,' 'dæl-mælum,' 'by separate bits or deals.'

9 To mow, or 'moe.' Fr. 'faire la moue,' 'to make a pouting face.' It is often joined with 'to mop;' i.e. 'to make a sulky or moping face.' So in stage direction, iii. 3: "Enter the shapes again, and dance with mops and moves." Cp.—"'Apes and monkeys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and

Contemn with moves the other."

So in King Lear, iv. 1, 64: "Flibbertigibbet [fiend] of mopping and mowing." Johnson quotes Psalm xxxv. 15: "The very objects came together against me unawares, making mows at me," which the printers have now altered into "making mouths."

13 Wound. Probably 'twisted round,' not for 'wounded.'

20 Bombard. An enormous leather drinking-vessel or jug, like a 'black-jack' (still used at Winchester). So Falstaff is called "a huge bombard of sack."—1 Henry IV. ii. 4, 497. Ben Jonson uses it like Gr. ἄμπελος, Lat. 'ampulla'—"Their bombard phrase, their foot and half-foot words."

'Bombard' was also used for a cannon or mortar, probably of the same shape; hence 'to bomba'rd.'

27 Poor John. Salted herring. Cp. our use of 'John-Dory.'

28 Fish painted. So in Old Play: "Enter Bright, hanging out the picture of a strange fish—
Scene 2] NOTES

'This is the fifth fish now
That he hath shewn thus.'"

31 Makes a man. Cp. Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 2, 18: "We had all been made men."

33 Doit. (Venetian 'da-otto,' a piece 'of eight' soldi.) A half-farthling.

34 Dead Indian. Cp. Henry VIII. v. 4, 34: "Or have we some strange Indian come to court, the women so besiege us?" So Eden's Travels, 1577: "The captayne retayned two of these [Patagonian giants], which were youngest and best made." They seem to have been sometimes exhibited embalmed, or even manufactured at home, as we see in line 61: "Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind?"

40 Moon-calf. 'Untimely birth,' 'misshapen monster.'

Gaberdine. Shepherd's coarse frock or coat. Old Fr. 'galvardine.' Cp. "My Jewish gaberdine." —Merchant of Venice, i. 3, 113.

48 Swabber. Man who washed the decks. 'Swab,' a mop of unravelled rope.

81 I will not take too much for him; i.e. 'However much I get, it will not be too much.' Or perhaps merely, 'I will get what I can.'

86 Give language to a cat. Cp. proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat speak." —Steevens.

99 Amen; i.e. 'Finish your draught.'

103 'He needs a long spoon that will eat with the devil.'

110 Siege. 'Stool.' Fr. 'siège.' Cp. Lat. 'obsidium.'

144 Cp. Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1, 263, for the man in the moon, his bush and dog. The man in the moon was supposed to be the same who gathered sticks on the sabbath day. His bush represents the sticks.—Hunter.

151 Well drawn; i.e. 'a good draught,' as in 'draw breath.'

175 Marmoset, a kind of monkey.

176 Scamels. Unexplained word, probably 'sea-gulls.' This gives a point to the word 'young;' young gulls being more easily caught. [c for e is the most difficult of all misprints to detect, so it may be a misprint for 'seamels;' i.e. 'sea-malls,' or 'sea-mews.'] Mr. Wright quotes for the 'godwit,' being called a 'scamel' at Blakeney in Norfolk; but the reference is still uncertain.

The part the trio play in the piece will be seen from their reappearance in the second scene of the next act. Notice how a few bold strokes in this scene suffice to sketch the vices of a low civilization.

It has been truly remarked, what a strange harmony there is between the monster Caliban and the nature which surrounds
him, and of which he is in some sense a part: whence a kind of grace, which places him as much above the drunken and graceless European as he is below Prospero and Miranda. Remark, in act iii. 3, 130, how much more sensitive he is than they to sweetness of sound.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

6 The mistress which. 'Which' is now used as the neuter of 'who;' but 'which' (A.S. 'hwilc,') originally answered to 'such,' as 'who' answers to 'he.' It was sometimes spelt 'wuche;' hence 'which' is Lat. 'qualis,' Fr. 'quel,' or 'le quel' (as often 'the which'). Originally it was used for all genders; as in biblical language: "Jhesu Crist, the wuche is consceyved of holy gost;" "Our Father which art in heaven;" "Shall I bear a child, which (ñrus) am old?" (Gen. xviii. 13); "He which received seed;" "They which pursued after them."

13 But [though I forget my work, I am not lazy; for] these sweet thoughts even refresh my labours; i.e. 'make my labours fresh again.' 'The sweet thoughts which made my labours pleasures, occupy me so intensely that they make my pleasures back into labours again.' 'Refresh' is, however, generally taken as 'refresh [me after] my labours;' but then there is no point in the 'even.' The whole speech is a study of oxymoron in the strictest sense of the term. The sports are painful, the baseness noble, poor is rich, dead is quick, labour is pleasure, and then, as the crown of all, the pleasure is so pleasant that it becomes more laborious than the labour.

14 Most busy least, when I do it. It seems to me simplest to take this as it stands, treating it as an oxymoron, 'Least most busy, when I do it [the carrying];' i.e. 'I am least busy at the time, when any one would think I am most busy; viz., when I am carrying the logs. I am really most busy, when I am apparently resting, because then I think of my love.' [It might also be 'Most busy—least;'] i.e. 'I am most busy when thinking, least [busy] when working.] As he says 'do it' he shoulders the log which he had put down while speaking.

The paradoxes are meant to portray the 'exaggeration of love.' The speech is quite like some of Shakespeare's own sonnets, as—

"Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee.

* From ἐξπτφι, 'sharp,' and μω φός, 'dull;' hence 'pointedly foolish;' i.e. 'a paradox; like 'insaniens sapientia,' μη νημον.
Scene 1] NOTES

Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee and for myself no quiet find.”—xxvii.

Cp. Romeo and Juliet, i. 1, 186-200.

Mr. Staunton says: “This is the great crux of the play. No
passage in Shakespeare has occasioned more speculation; and
on none has speculation proved less happy.”

In such a passage the first point is to examine the text of the
original editions. In this passage the early editions agree even
in the punctuation, and only differ in the spelling of the word
‘lest’ or ‘least,’ which is merely a matter of orthography—

1) Most busy lest, when I doe it.
2) Most busy least, when I doe it.

(1) Is the reading of the first of the complete editions of
Shakespeare (1623), generally called the folios, from their size, as
opposed to the quarto editions which exist of some single plays,
though not of the Tempest; (2) is the reading of the other
folios, the second (1632), third (1663), and fourth (1685). The
first interpretation given above alters neither words nor punctua-
tion, ‘I am least most busy,’ &c.

(ii.) Mr. Hunter alters the punctuation, and reads, ‘Most busy,
least when I do it.’ He says the construction is, ‘Most busy
when I do it least,’ the inversion, ‘least when I do it,’ being
quite in Shakespeare’s manner. Cp. in Ariel’s song—

“Courtsied when you have and kissed.”

It may be added that there would be a special reason for the
transposition here, to bring ‘least’ into more direct contrast
with ‘most.’

(iii.) It once occurred to me that ‘lest’ or ‘least’ might be
another form of ‘less;’ i.e. ‘unless.’ ‘Most busy, least’ (i.e.
‘less, or unless) ‘when I do it;’ i.e. ‘Most busy at all times,
except when I do it’ (my laborious work); his care for Miranda
being so intense that he is never really occupied except when he
has leisure to think of her.

[For ‘least’ in this sense, cp. Marlow, Jew of Malta, iii. 4—

“And, least thou yield to this that I entreat,
I cannot think but that thou hast ‘st my life.”

The word ‘unless’ is ‘on-less,’ Fr. ‘a moins que;’ as in
“That may not be, upon-less-than (i.e. ‘unless’) we sall toward
heavens from the erthe, where we ben.”—Maundeville. ‘Lest’
(‘quo minus’) is A.S. ‘last,’ Lat. ‘minime,’ O.E. ‘least,
‘leste,’ probably the superlative of ‘less.’ ‘Less’ is often
used for ‘unless,’ as in—

“(He), ’less you fly beyond the seas,
Can fit you with what heirs you please.”

—Butler’s Hudibras.

And apparently for ‘lest’ in—
"But yet lest thou do worsè, take a wyfe;  
Bet is to wedde than brenne in worse wyse."

—D’Envoy de Chaucer a Bukton, r. 17, 18.

(iv.) Theobald conjectures, ‘Most busieless when I do it;’  
i.e. ‘My mind being least occupied when I am at work.’ See S.  
Walker, vol. ii. p. 286, for adjectives compounded with ‘less.’  
(v.) As a small excess of ink on the types would turn ‘busiwest’  
into ‘busiest,’ another change has been suggested by Mr. Holt  
White—  

“But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,  
Most busiest when I do it;”  
i.e. ‘Even when my labour is at the hardest, these thoughts are  
sweet enough to refresh it.’ For this the adverb ‘busiliest’  
would be better.

(vi.) The Cambridge editors (the highest modern authority)  
retain the old text, but say it is manifestly corrupt, and approve  
a conjecture, ‘Most busy left, when idlest;’ the meaning being,  
‘When idlest’ (as regards labour), ‘I am left most busy’ (with  
thoughts of Miranda). The old form of ‘s’ is so like ‘f,’  
that the change of ‘lest’ into ‘left’ is very slight; but ‘idlest’ for  
‘I doe it’ changes two letters, and seems unlikely.

33 ’Tis fresh morning with me. An echo of the 43rd Sonnet.  
46 And put it to the foil; i.e. ‘defeat it,’ ‘disparage it.’ There  
is difficulty in making out clearly the various senses of the word  
‘foil.’ When Hamlet says, ‘I’ll be your foil, Laertes,’ he  
means, ‘I will be like the worthless leaf which sets off a jewel.’  
This first is from Fr. feuille, Lat. folium, ‘a leaf.’ The ‘foil’  
with which Hamlet fights is of course a blunted weapon, and  
with it he hopes to ‘foil’ Laertes. We can, perhaps, account  
for both these latter senses from the O. Fr. ‘De tes command-  
enenz ne folia’ (I did not go astray from thy commandments);  
whence also ‘affoler’ is said of a compass-needle which will  
‘not point true;’ so that ‘a foil’ is not an unnatural name for  
that which has had its point blunted, and therefore cannot accu-  
rately point at anything. ‘To foil a lance-thrust’ is, in the same  
way, ‘to turn it aside,’ ‘to make it go astray;’ and the word,  
when generalised, comes to mean, ‘to defeat the attacks of an  
adversary.’ Wedgwood compares Fr. fouler, ‘trample on.’

52 Feature. Often used of the whole person; Lat. ‘factura.’  
“Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide.”—Spenser.  
Cp. the limitation of ‘figure’ in French to the ‘face’ only.

57 To like of. The ‘of’ after ‘to like’ is perhaps a result of  
the old impersonal use of the verb, ‘me liketh,’ ‘him liketh,’  
which might seem to disqualify the verb from taking a direct  
object.

70 Invert . . , to mischief. For the idea of inverting a thing  
into its opposite, cp. Virgil’s Æneid, ii. 131—
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"Assensere omnes; et quae sibi quisque tenebat
Unius in miserii exitium conversa tulere;"
the meaning being, 'they carried all their fears for themselves
over into zeal for my death.' Cp. also the fine lines in the Angel
in the House—

"The wrong we rate and measure by
The right's inverted dignity;
Adulterous heart, as love is high,
So low in hell thy bed shall be!"

72 Of what else in the world. Cp. 'So beauty blemished once
[is] for ever lost.' For 'what else' ('whatever') cp. the Ger.
'was auch.'

74 Fair encounter of two most rare affections! 'What a meet-
ing between such tears and such joy! May the heavens rain
grace upon the love which grows between them.' This may be
compared with the Homeric "delighting in tears." It is a poet's
masterpiece thus to reconcile incongruous feelings, such as joy
and sorrow; and as such it is peculiarly dear to Shakespeare.
Cp. in King Lear, iv. 3, 18, the unparalleled description of
Cordelia—

"Patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That played on her ripe lip, seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes; . . ."

84 I'll be your servant. Cp. Catullus, lxiv. 158-163—
"Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra,
Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,
Quæ tibi jucundo familiarer serva labore,
Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
Purpureave tuum consternens veste cubile."

87 Thus humble ever. He has fallen on his knees.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

1 Trinculo was entrusted with the bottle (ii. 2, 180), and
proposes to put it in his pocket.
3 Bear up [i.e. 'close with'] and board 'em. Stephano thinks
his ship is boarding the foe.
10 Set, (1) of the sun, (2) 'placed.' Cp. the puns on 'standard,'
'run,' 'lie,' and 'natural,' which follow.
20 No standard; i.e. 'drunk.'
30 Deboshed. 'Baucher' is to lay rows of bricks; hence
'debaucher' is to disorder them. 'Deboshed' is the spelling in
Scotland even now.
55 This Thing. Trinculo.
71 Pied ninny. Trinculo, as jester, in motley.
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Patch. The regular name of a fool, probably from his dress. Cp. "Man is but a patched fool."—Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1, 207.

79 Stock-fish. (Ger. 'stocken,' Eng. 'to stick.') 'Dried fish.'
83 Beat him too. Cp. the courage of the populace in Juvenal—
"Dum jacet in ripâ, calcemus Cæsaris hostem."
99 Wesand, or 'weasand;' 'windpipe' ('wheeze').
106 And that [that] most deeply, &c. The relative is often omitted, especially where the antecedent clause is emphatic and evidently incomplete. Cp. Measure for Measure, ii. 2, 33: "I have a brother [who] is condemned to die." In these cases, and often in Shakespeare, it is the nominative which is omitted. Modern usage mostly confines the omission to the objective:
"A man [whom] I saw told me," &c.

136 Picture of nobody. As represented on signboards, &c. One was found on an old pavement with this scroll—
"Nobody is my name
That beyrith everybodye's blame."

156 By and by; 'directly.' Used like 'presently' is in Shakespeare. A doubled form of 'by,' 'near.'

160 Taborer. 'Tabour,' 'timbrel,' or 'tabret' (Psalms), is a hoop with parchment on it. Cp. the Venetian voyager's description of the desert of Lop, in Asia: "You shall heare in the year the sound of tabers and other instruments to put travellers in feare of evill spirites that make these soundes, and also do call diverse of the travellers by their names."—Marco Polo (translated 1579).

ACT III. SCENE 3.

1 By'r lakin; 'our little lady.' Like 'marry,' 'by Mary,' as now in 'Marry, come up; ' i.e. 'Get out of that, by Mary.' In Shakespeare's time such minced oaths were common: 'zounds,' 'sblood,' 'sdeath,' for 'God's wounds,' meaning 'Christ's death,' &c. So in Ophelia's song: "By Gis and by Saint Charity;" i.e. 'O Jesu.'—Hamlet, iv. 2. So our 'lor' is 'by the Lord;' the Scotch 'faiks,' or 'gude faikins,' 'by my faith,' &c.

3 Forth-rights. 'Paths at right angles' in one of the labyrinths common in old gardens.

5 Attach and 'attack' were the same (cp. Lat. 'tango,' and Ang. 'take,' 'tack on to'). 'Attach' is still used legally for 'to take up,' 'arrest.'

21 A living drollery. The figures on a Christmas masque realised. (Fr. 'drole,' 'wag;' Eng. 'to drive or be childish.') Properly, 'show of puppets.' 'Living' is emphatic.

22 Unicorns. Such as Cæsar tells of in Germany.

Phœnix. As related by Herodotus and Clement of Rome. See Mr. Aldis Wright's note.
36 Muse such shapes. ‘Muse’ is very rarely transitive. It is (1) properly from Lat. ‘mussare,’ ‘to mutter,’ ‘grumble;’ hence (2) ‘to brood over.’ We see the transition in “My heart was hot within me, and while I was thus musing [Heb. ‘moaning’] the fire kindled: and at the last I spake with my tongue.” —Psalm xxxix. 3.

39 Praise in departing. ‘Wait till you see all.’

48 Each putter-out of five for one. ‘Every traveller.’ Cp. “I intend to travel, and because I will not altogether go upon expence, I will put forth some £5000, to be paid me 5 for 1, upon the return of my wife, myself, and my dog from the Turk’s court at Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry, ’tis gone; if we be successful, why there will be £2500 to entertain time with.” —BEN JONSON. This insurance reversed became a popular mode of adventurous betting. One gentleman writes a Defence of Adventures upon Returns. He confesses he travelled solely for the gain, but complains that when

“They took a broke worth twelve pence, and were bound
To give a crowne, an angell, or a pound,”

nearly half his 1600 debtors did not pay.

‘Of five for one,’ an abbreviated expression for ‘of [money at] five for one,’ ‘taking the odds of five to one.’ Cp. an epigram of Ben Jonson—

“Who gave, to take at his return from hell,
His three for one.”

52 A quaint device (of theatre machinists) to make it appear that Ariel devoured the banquet. Cp. 84.

53 Whom Destiny, that hath this world to [as her] instrument, hath caused the sea to belch up; ‘you’ being added for clearness, because the relative is so far from its verb.

53 Bemocked-at. ‘At’ is superfluous, as ‘be-’ (‘by;’ i.e. ‘near,’ ‘about’) means ‘at,’ and, when prefixed to an intransitive verb, makes it practically transitive. Cp. ‘to belie’ and ‘by-word’ with the force of κατά in κατά-θρηνέω, ‘be-wail;’ from θρηνέω, ‘I wail.’

65 Doule. (Fr. ‘douillet,’ ‘soft,’ ‘delicate.’) ‘A feather, or single particles of down.’ Cp. Plowman’s Tale, v. 3202—

“And swore by cock ’tis herte and blode,
He would tear him every doule.”

80 Falls has ‘wrathes’ for its subject. Cp. “What cares these roarers?” (Act i. 1, 17, n.)

82 Mocks and mows. Often printed ‘mops and mows’ (conjectured by Theobald), as being the more usual combination. Cp. iv. i, 47; but ‘mock’ is very common as a noun in Shakespeare.

86 With good life and observation strange. ‘With liveliness, and yet with remarkable attention.’ Cp. “strangely stood the test,” (iv. 1, 7.)
99 *It did bess my trespass.* That the terror of a storm discovers secret crime is an idea which recurs in Shakespeare. Cp. *King Lear*, iii. 2, 49 (see the note there)—

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"Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life!—Close pent-up guiltis,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace..."
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A remarkable instance of a murderer being terrified into confession by a storm is given in Sir W. Scott's *Demonology*, p. 368.

108 *Ecstasy*, as it comes from εκ-στασις, may imply 'being beside oneself' with pain, as well as with pleasure.

**ACT IV. SCENE 1.**

3 *Thrid.* Mss. 'third,' and so Cambridge Shakespeare. 'Third' and 'thrid' are both old ways of spelling 'thread;' so "To cut in twain the twisted third of life" occurs in the comedy of Moscoris. (1619.) Pope uses the verb 'thrid' in "Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair."

—Rape of the Lock, ii. 139.

Some take it for a fibre of the parent stock; but it is merely like—

"The destinies do cut his thread of life."

—*Pericles*, i. 2, 108.

15 *Knot.* 'Zone or girdle,' the classical emblem of maidenhood.—*Pericles*, iv. 2, 160.

18 *Aspersion.* 'Sprinkling.' As the Cambridge edition points out, this is an instance of a word having acquired a bad meaning. Bacon also uses it in its original sense.


50 *Conceive* is common in Shakespeare in the classical sense of Lat. 'concipere,' 'to take in thoroughly.' So "conceive and fare thee well."—*Lear*, iv. 2, 24.

57 *Corollary.* 'Corollarium' meant a 'garland,' especially of gold and silver flowers, thrown like a bouquet to an actor, &c.; then 'a gift beyond one's due,' hence of a deduction in geometry. Here 'some extra ones.'

58 *Pert.* 'Brisk.' Cp. "How that child pertis up its head!"—*Beaumont* and *Fletcher*. Cp. 'perk,' 'to prick up ears.'

60 *Lea,* or 'lay,' 'fallow land.' A.S. 'leag.' Here 'tilth.'
63 Stover. From 'estovers,' a legal term for supply of fodder, fuel, &c.; from an Old French word for necessaries. Cp. Tusser, "Barley fresh threshed for stover thy cattle desire." In Drayton, "Reed for thatch and stover fit."

64 Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims. There is an obvious allusion to the nymphs of the river (cp. Comus); therefore 'banks' must be 'river-banks,' and it seems best to take 'pioned' for 'peonied,' as the large yellow marsh-marigolds are said to be still called peonies in Warwickshire; while 'twills,' being 'quills' or 'reeds' for winding yarn, may possibly be for 'reeds.' Generally, 'twilled' would mean 'twined with sedge.' This is the interpretation of Edinb. Rev., Oct., 1872. [Henley interpreted 'pioned' as 'dug' (cp. 'pioneer'), and 'twilled' as 'mixed,' 'besmeared' (Fr. 'touiller'). In this case the bank would not be that of a river, but of a ditch or hedge.] A formal or prosaic idea is no objection in itself, as the Masque is purposely pitched in a lower key. 'Twilled' may mean 'matted' or 'ridged,' like 'twilled' cloth.

66 Broom groves. Cp. Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, iii. 2: "Marriage is an hell: give me my yellow hose again."

68 Pole-clipt. 'Clipt' (see on l. 123) must here be actively used. 'Embracing the poles;' like "The raven'd salt sea shark," and "O knowledge ill-inhabited!" Cp. Beaumont and Fletcher, Lover's Progress, i. 1—

"The lustie vine not jealous of the ivy
Because she clips the elm."

81 Bosky. 'Woody.' So also 'boske,' 'boscage,' Eng. 'bush,' 'am-bush,' 'am-buscade,' It. 'bosco,' Fr. 'bois,' whence 'bouquet' for 'bousquet."

89 Dusky Dis. Cp. Ovid, Fasti, iv. 419-618—

"Hanc videt, et visam patruus velociter auffert
Regnaque carēleis in sua portat equis."

For Pluto's name cp. "Panditur interea Diti via;" and for Venus's part, "Jupiter hanc lenit, factumque excusat amore." Cp. also—

"Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Prosērine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
Was gather'd, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world."

—Paradise Lost, iv. 270.

98 Mars' hot minion has returned again. 'Venus has gone back to Cyprus unsuccessful.' She was Vulcan's wife, but Mars' love. (Fr. 'mignon,' 'darling.')

114 Spring . . . at end of harvest. Cf. Spenser's Faerie Queen, iii. 6, 42—

"There is continuall spring and harvest there
Continuall, both meeting at one time."
And *Amos* ix. 13: "The plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed."

119 Charmingly. Here literally, 'by charm of magic.' Lat. 'carmina.'

123 So rare a wondered father and a wise. If the reading is wife—'rare a wondered' refers to her as well as to the father. The folios favour 'wife;' *i.e.* 'wise,' a rhyme which is used in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3, 72—

"What fool is not so wise,
To break an oath to win a *Paradise*?"

and would not be unsuitable here to heighten the effect of the saying. [Otherwise 'admired Miranda' (iii. 1, 37) points the other way; and for 'makes,' cp. i. 1, 17, n.] 'Wondered,' Dr. Schmidt (*Shakes. Lex.*, p. 1418) rightly interprets 'endowed with the power of performing miracles,' and acutely suggests that this and 'ravened,' 'ill-inhabited,' etc., are adjectives, and not participles.

128 Wind'ring. A form between 'winding' and 'wandering.' *Crisp.* 'The curled ripple of the water.' *Cp. in Paradise Lost*, iv. 237—

"How from that sapphire fount the *crisped* brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar."

142 Avoid. 'Make [the place] void [of yourselves].' Fr. 'vider la maison.' So to 'avoid a contract' is to make it void. In Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ix. 294—

"To avoid

The attempt itself intended by our foe,

we see the transition to the modern meaning.

144 In some passion. The speech which follows this is imitated from the Earl of Sterline's *Tragedy of Darius* (published 1603-1604), where we read—

"Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt—
Not scepters; no; but reeds soon bruised, soon broken—
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant:
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Then golden palaces, then gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair;
Then stately courts, then shy encountering walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air."

It is no wonder that Shakespeare was struck by these lines. But why did he introduce his adaptation of them here? and why was Prospero so moved with such anger at this time? Not certainly from the absurd plot of Caliban and his confederates, which he can frustrate in a moment; but from the sense of all injuries, past and present, surging upon his mind at once. Therefore he
Scene 1]  

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seems to think, "Life is but a dream, the time of a sleep, unsubstantial, fleeting. It can at best have little in it that is sound or contenting; yet this little is usurped upon by men's wickedness. What these contemptible enemies are now vainly planning was accomplished years ago by still baser opponents, who have succeeded for years past in maiming and mutilating my life, making me the inhabitant of a desert isle, with Caliban for my sole subject, when I should have been gracing 'the first of the signiories' of Italy." Hence his 'beating mind,' and the necessity of a few moments' retirement to still it, and also to rid himself of an Italian's strong wish for vengeance on his old enemies, now so completely in his power, a wish which he conquers only when spurred to compassion by Ariel's sympathy.

156 Rack. Bacon says, "The winds in the upper region, which move the clouds above, which we call the rack." So 3 Henry VI. ii. 1, 27—

"Three glorious suns, . . .

Not separated with the racking clouds."

'Rack' is scud or drift of clouds. From the meaning of 'to drive' comes 'sea-wrack'; i.e. 'weed driven on shore.'

'Wreck,' a vessel so driven; to 'wreak' vengeance, let it have its way.

167 Presented. 'Represented,' 'played.'

176 Like unbacked colts. Cp. Merchant of Venice, v. 1, 71—

"Do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts;

* * * * * *

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music."

182 Mantled pool. 'Mantle' here is the green scum of stagnant water, covering the surface. So we speak of a 'mantling blush.'

197 Stale. 'Bait,' 'decoy,' 'snare.' Cp. Ger. 'stellen,' 'to place,' 'post; 'eine Falle stellen,' 'to set a trap,' 'Stell-vogel,' 'a decoy bird.' Cp. Fr. 'étaler,' to spread out.

198 Jack. Probably 'Jack-o'-lantern,' the 'firebrand' of ii. 2, 6. 'Jack' = 'man,' as 'Gill' (Julia) = 'woman,' implying contempt. Hence 'Jack-an-apes,' and "Silken, sly, insinuating Jacks."—Richard III. i. 3, 53. So "Do ye play the flouting Jack?"—Much Ado, i. 1, 186. Then, whatever did the work of a man. 'Jack-of-the-clock,' the figure that struck the bell; so our 'Jacks' play the part of turnspit men. Hence the old 'Jack-of-Lent,' our 'cock-shy' (only it was on Shrove Tuesday that cocks were thrown at).
221 O King Stephano, &c. Play on an old ballad on poor King Stephen's wardrobe, which is quoted again in Othello, ii. 3—

"King Stephen was a worthy peer,
    His breeches cost him but a crown."

See Percy Reliques, i.

225 A frippery. A shop for second-hand finery. The owner was called a 'friper.'

230 Let's alone. 'Alone' is probably slang for Fr. 'allons'; so, in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3, 383, Biron says, 'Alone, alone,' for which late editions put, 'Allons, allons.' [Theobald conjectured 'let's along,' and some have thought 'alone' is only another spelling of 'along;'] see Staunton, who quotes a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher, where it rhymes to 'gone.' But the old spelling 'and-lang' (i.e. 'on long') is against this.

236 Line. (1) 'Clothes-line,' (2) 'equator;' hence 'lose hair;' (3) 'plumb-line;' i.e. 'with method.'

249 Barnacle. Diminutive of Lat. 'perna,' περναί, being changed into β. Pliny speaks of shells called 'pernae,' from likeness to a leg of pork. Max Muller (ii. 535) quotes 'barnacle' as a good instance of the power language has to create myths. There were certain geese called in the middle ages Hiberniculae, because they came from Ireland (Hibernia). This name was shortened into Berniculae, while the shell-fish barnacles were Bernaculæ. The names being the same, people imagined the creatures must be identical; and a whole history of shell-geese existing on timber washed up by the sea is to be found as late as 1677, affirmed before a scientific public. The Berniculæ geese were lawful food during Lent even for priests, because they were not birds, but fishes. A shell-fish-goose would be an appropriate metamorphosis for Caliban.

Observe that the Masque is in rhyme. We see in Pope how rhyme heightens the effect of balanced diction; and so it is employed here, as in the play which is introduced in Hamlet, to add an air of solemnity and theatrical pomp to the piece. As a masque is generally a matter of simple personification, and as the action thus becomes itself allegorical, it can hardly escape being frigid. Ben Jonson even introduced an anti-masque, or parody, as an antidote to the mawkishness of the ideal flatteries which the gods were brought down from Olympus to receive.

These pieces were chiefly used for court festivals, and were performed with dancing and singing, and with elaborate stage machinery. (See Schlegel, Dram. Lit. chap xxvii.)

It has been conjectured that the masque in this act was a
"compliment to the Earl of Essex, on his being united in wedlock to Lady Frances Howard in 1611. He had been abroad ever since he was first contracted to her in 1607."

ACT V. SCENE I.

3 *Time goes upright with his carriage.* ‘Does not faint under the burden of carrying out my plans.’ *Carriage* (‘carry,’ ‘car’), now ‘the thing which carries us,’ used to mean the ‘act of carrying anything,’ or the ‘thing carried.’ So Bacon speaks of ‘the manner of *carriage* of the business.’ So in *Winter’s Tale*, iii. i. 17: ‘The violent *carriage* [mode of conducting it] will clear or end the business.’ We use now ‘a noble *carriage*’ of bearing one’s self well. A passage in *Merry Wives*, ii. 2, 179: ‘For easing me of the *carriage*’ (of a bag of gold), marks the transition to the sense of ‘burden’ or ‘baggage,’ as in ‘We took up our *carriages.*’—Acts xxi. 15.

10 *Line-grove.* ‘Lind,’ ‘linden,’ and ‘line’ are the same as ‘lime-tree.’

*Weather-fend.* So Wordsworth expresses surprise at the umbrella.

‘Which weather-fends the Celtic herdsman’s head.’

11 *Budge.* Fr. ‘bouger,’ ‘to move.’

12 *Your release; i.e. your releasing them.* ‘Release’ is generally passive; here active. Conversely, *πάθος,* generally active, is passive in *σόν πάθος,* ‘your being loved by me,’ so *τάμα νουθέτωμαι,* ‘my being advised by you.’ Cp. “pardon my wrongs” (line 119), and “*your* compensation” (iv. 1, 2). So “Love’s dislike” in Spenser-Prothol means ‘dislike for love.’

23 *Passion as they.* A verb, as in *Venus and Adonis*, 1509: “Dumbly she *passions,* frantically she doteth;” and *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, i. 1: “I passion to say wherewith.” Some remove the comma at ‘sharply’ to convert ‘passion’ into a substantive.

33 *Ye elves of hills, brooks, of standing lakes.*

‘Ye airs and winds, ye elves of hills, of brooks, of woods alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approach ye every one,
Through aid of whom,” &c.

These are the opening words of Medea’s speech in Golding’s translation of Ovid’s *Metamorphoses* (vii. 197), published 1576. Shakespeare then had studied Medea before drawing Prospero.

41 *Weak masters.* (Cp. “Fire is a good *servant,* but a bad *master.*”) ‘The spirits cannot act without the magician’s order.’ So it was believed that evil spirits could not enter a house or room of themselves, but must be lifted across the threshold. The ghostly lady in *Christabel* has to be so brought in.

*Bedimmed the noontide sun.* Cp.—

“*Our sorcery darks the sun at noon.*”—GOLDING’S OVID.
42 Called forth the wind.  Cp.—
   "By charms I make the calm sea rough."—Ovid.
47 Shake.  Cp.—
   "Whole woods and forests I remove;
   I make the mountains shake,
   And e'en the earth itself to groan,
   And fearfully to quake."—Ovid.

Spurs.  The lateral shoots made by the roots of trees.

48 Graves.  Cp.—
   "I call up dead men from their graves."—Ovid.

60 Boiled braines.  Cp. Winter's Tale, iii. 3, 64: "Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?" with Troilus and Cressida, i. 2, 47, where Thersites calls Ajax "a sodden-witted lord." Cp. "water on brain." The folios read 'boil:' to this it would be necessary to supply 'which.'

63 Even sociable; i.e. ('sympathetic'). Particles are freely transposed in Shakespeare; so 'even' might be either 'even as much as yours seem,' or 'even fall drops.' It is possible that 'even' here may itself have the sense of 'fellowly and sociable,' as "Their even Christian."—Hamlet, v. 1, 35; and in Wiclif: "My brother and even worker and even knight" (A.V. "Companion in labour, and fellow-soldier").—Philippians, ii. 25.

64 Fall. Latin verbs are mostly either transitive or intransitive. Greek and English verbs are mostly both.

102 Drink the air.  Cp. 'carpere viam,' and "devour the way."—2 Henry IV. i. 1.

128 Justify you traitors.  Cp. "It is justifiable by Caesar that they used to shave all except their head." (Quoted by Richardson.)

139 Woe is an adjective, like Scotch 'wae.' Cp. "Woe is me," and—
   "But be you sure I coulde bee woo
   If ye shulde chance to begyle me so."

(Quoted by Nares.)

172 Discovers.  So, "Pulling down and dis-covering[unroofing] churches."—Grindal. Also, "Discover the several caskets."—Merchant of Venice, ii. 7; and, "Discovers the thick bushes;"
i.e. 'stripeth of leaves.'—Psalm xxix. 9.

174 Notice the play in "play false," followed up by the one on "not for the world," &c.

199 Remembrances; a trisyllable, 'remembrance'; cp. 'princess', i. 2, 173.

224 Ship is tight and yare.  So in the shipwreck on Bermudas, in 1609, the ship, "by God's divine providence, at a high water, ran right between two strong rocks, where it stuck fast without breaking." The poet has of course dramatic reasons as well.  Cp. i. 308.
244 Conduct, for 'conductor,' still retained at Eton and in some colleges.

258 Coragio. A traveller should be able to talk all languages. So Dogberry says 'palabras,' Much Afo, iii. 5, 18.

Bully. 'Blustering,' especially of a coward at heart. Caliban is shrinking back. Cp. line 262.

268. True. 'Honest.'

271 Deal in her command without her power. 'Power' meaning 'authority.' 'Exercise her rule without being empowered by her to do so;' have her κράτος without the ἀρχή.

279 Reeling ripe='drunk to reeling.'

280 Gilded them. A play (1) on their clothes, (2) on sack being the true 'aurum potabile,' or elixir. Cp. Antony and Cleopatra, i. 5—

"Yet coming from him that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee,"

with Beaumont and Fletcher's Chances—

"Is she not drunk too? Ans. A little gilded o'er, sir."

284 Fly-blowing. After being pickled in the pool.

**EPILOGUE.**

10 Your good hands. The island is the stage; the magician is the poet, spell-bound till his audience applaud. 'Vos valete et plaudite.'
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