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METHUEN'S ENGLISH CLASSICS

THE TEMPEST

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by

GEORGE H. COWLING, M.A.

Lecturer in English in the University of Leeds

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
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EDITOR'S NOTE

THIS edition of Shakespeare differs from most annotated editions. It contains an account of Shakespeare's life and of the Elizabethan stage. It says little about Shakespeare's etymology and prosody. One is apt at times to forget that Shakespeare was an Elizabethan poet, and not merely the forgotten author of much inspired writing.

My aim in offering one more edition is to make the way clear to an appreciation of the immense interest of Shakespeare's plays; and I have tried in my notes to remove obscurities and difficulties, rather than to add another contribution to "the insignificance of human learning." Every edition of Shakespeare is either a personal document or an encyclopædia. I have not tried to make an exhaustive study of each play. There are limits to juvenile learning, and to me it seems better that students should solve their problems from reference books, than that they should find in their text all the answers to every possible questioning.

G. H. COWLING

Leeds, 1922

NOTE ON FRONTISPIECE : A GALLEON

THIS picture of an Elizabethan galleon comes from a book of prints in the British Museum. Upon a wooden ship something like this, Shakespeare would imagine that Alonso and his friends sailed from Tunis to Prospero's enchanted island. Note the pointed "*beak*" of the vessel, designed to prevent its being swept by head seas. Note the "*waist*" between the forecastle and the poop. Under the poop were the *cabins* of the captain and master, whence in scene i, the nobles came forth to hinder the mariners working in the waist. This galleon has four masts—a foremast, main-mast, mizen, and a bonaventure mizen. The fore- and main-masts each carry a main-course and a topsail, and the two mizen-masts are rigged with a lateen yard and sail. All the sails are furled, and the galleon is cleared for action. The topmasts of the fore- and main-masts were lowered in stormy weather. Hence the boatswain's "Down with the topmast!"

The *master* was the navigating officer under the captain, who would probably be an officer of the court, not necessarily a seaman. The *boatswain* was in charge of the mariners. He was responsible for the rigging and sails, and before he passed an order he piped his whistle.

Sailing ships are the most beautiful machines ever invented by man, and the lines of this galleon, though squat and broad in the beam, are instinct with the romance of discovery and the manly resolution of the Elizabethan seamen upon uncharted seas.

NOTE ON THE *BLACKFRIARS* THEATRE

THIS is a picture of a conjectural restoration, made by Mr. G. Topham Forrest, F.R.I.B.A., by whose kind permission it is here reproduced, of the interior of the second *Blackfriars*, one of the theatres used by the King's Company.

James Burbage, the builder of *The Theatre*, bought in February, 1596, the refectory of the Black Friars, which since the dissolution of monasteries had been put to secular uses, and began to convert it into a theatre. Before the work was finished he died, and the Privy Council forbade the hall to be opened as a public theatre. Richard Burbage, his son, overcame the prohibition by making it a private theatre, i.e., by a legal fiction it was assumed that the performances were given at a private house before guests, as at the first *Blackfriars* theatre of Richard Farrant. Thus performances were freed from the penalties against public dramatic entertainments within the city.

The second *Blackfriars* theatre was small. It held less than a thousand people. There were galleries, and the stage probably was of the type used in the public theatres. The children of the Chapel Royal played here under the management of Henry Evans from 1597 to 1608. In 1608 they were suppressed, and Burbage then leased the theatre to a company consisting of himself and six other members of the King's Company. Shakespeare owned one share. The *Blackfriar* theatre was the most prominent private theatre, and it remained in use until it was closed on the outbreak of the Civil War.

A SHORT LIST OF USEFUL BOOKS

THE following books might conveniently form the basis of the library of a class which is studying Shakespeare. Even young students may profitably be encouraged to read Hazlitt's *Characters* and to dip into the history of the strenuous life of merrie England.

A Shakespeare Glossary, by C. T. Onions ; Clar. Press.

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

Hazlitt's Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.

Shakespeare, by Sir Walter Raleigh ; Macmillan.

Shakespeare, by John Masefield ; Home Univ. Library.

Shakespeare Criticism, Ed. by D. Nichol Smith ;
World's Classics.

Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century, by Sir
Sidney Lee ; Constable.

Shakespeare's London, by T. F. Ordish ; Dent.

Harrison's Elizabethan England, Ed. by Lothrop
Withington ; Scott.

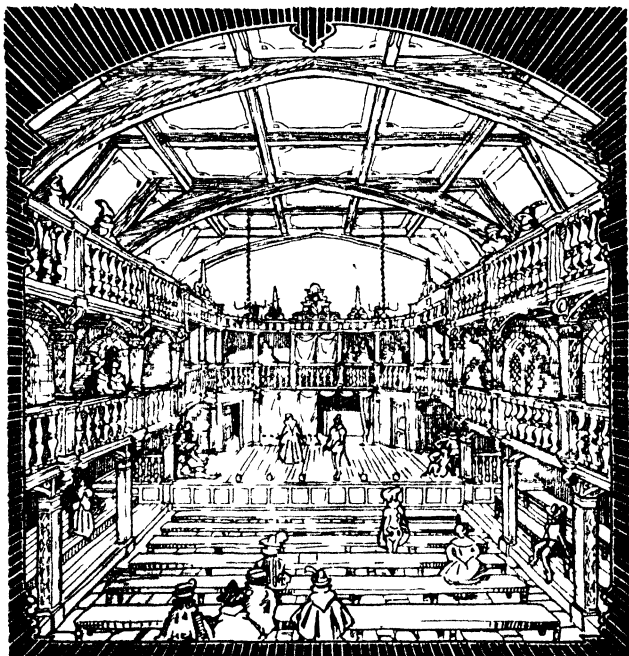
Music on the Shakespearean Stage, by G. H. Cowling ;
Camb. Press.

The most useful annotated critical edition of Shakespeare's Plays, for reference and advanced study, is *The Arden Shakespeare*, by various Editors (Methuen & Co. Ltd.).

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BLACKFRIARS THEATRE



CONJECTURAL RECONSTRUCTION *by G Topham Forrest*

INTRODUCTION

1. SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE

MOST of the known facts of Shakespeare's life have survived either in the faded leaves of old registers, in the title pages of printed quartos, or in contemporary allusions. No biography was attempted until some generations after his death; so that any reconstruction of Shakespeare's life is like attempting to piece together the surviving fragments of a shattered old stained-glass window. Some of the pieces we have; others we can guess; the vast majority are lost. The form is clear in its main outline, but there are wide yawning gaps for which even conjecture has no restoration. William Shakespeare was baptized at Stratford-on-Avon parish church on April 26th, 1564. The register describes him as the son of John Shakespeare, who was a Stratford trade-man, prosperous enough about this time to be Alderman and to become High Bailiff (Mayor) in 1568. Tradition describes him both as a butcher and as a buyer and seller of wool. His wife, Mary, the poet's mother, came of the yeoman stock of the Warwickshire Ardens. We know little of Shakespeare's childhood. Probably he attended Stratford Grammar School, where he would study Lily's *Latin Grammar*, the common textbook of Elizabethan schools. There he appears to have read the *Eclogues* of Mantuan (cf. *L.L.L.* IV. 2, 95) and Livy's *History*, Book I (cf. *Lucrece*). Possibly there he made the acquaintance of some of the works of Ovid, Virgil, Seneca, Plautus, and Terence.

Concerning Shakespeare's first plunge into the world after leaving school, tradition says variously that he was a school-master and that he helped his father. At the age of eighteen, in November, 1582, he married Anne Hathway, of Shottery, his elder by seven years, "without the consent of her friends", and three years or so later left her and their

three children to try his luck in London. According to tradition, he obtained employment in some humble capacity at *The Theatre*, where James Burbage, the founder and manager, had made famous the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players. Whether it was domestic infelicity, or a feud with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, whose deer had been stolen, that drove Shakespeare from Stratford and home, we know not. It may have been simply natural inclination, long fought against and finally triumphant. According to tradition, Shakespeare was not a model boy, and he may have had a passion for the stage after seeing strolling players perform in Stratford. This episode in Shakespeare's life is dark, and perhaps it is well that it is so.

The first contemporary allusion to Shakespeare, which stamps him as a London actor and playwright, occurs in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, written in 1592. The venom of Greene's shaft was neutralized by his editor, Henry Chettle, who, writing a little later in the same year, certified to Shakespeare's "uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty; and his facetious grace in writing that approves his wit." In 1593, Richard Field, a Stratford man, published Shakespeare's first book, a quarto edition of the poem *Venus and Adonis*, with the haughty motto:

"Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia pleni ministret aqua."

This was followed by *Lucrece*, in 1594, dedicated "To the Right Honourable Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton." The common assumption, which is probably correct, is that Shakespeare was a player in the company managed by the Burbages, which acted at *The Theatre*, *The Curtain*, and after 1599 at *The Globe*, and was known as The Lord Chamberlain's Company from 1594 until 1603, and afterwards as The King's Company. He lived in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate (1589-1598), and spent some of his leisure in adapting old-fashioned plays for a stage where dramatic taste changed very quickly. Then, his ambition to write growing by what it fed on, he attempted and wrote original plays.

Shakespeare's early dramatic works comprise essays in each of the categories: Comedy, History, and Tragedy,

into which his editors classified his plays. His earliest recorded play, *Titus Andronicus* (1589 ?), which was entered at Stationers' Hall in February, 1593/4, is a tragedy of revenge, madness, and blood. For the character of the hero it looks back to successful plays such as Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* (1587 ?) and Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* (1589 ?). It portrays a victim of ingratitude such as Shakespeare afterwards depicted in *King Lear*. Marlowe's influence is also apparent in the handling of *Richard II* and *Richard III*. Shakespeare's earliest comedies reveal his search for the style which pleased him most: a comedy of love, where unhappiness and separation are turned to joy and comradeship; an aristocratic comedy, where gentle mates with gentle and simple with simple; a romantic comedy, set under a southern sun in a land where the almost impossible happens unchallenged. *Love's Labour's Lost* (1590 ?), an original and winsome play, is an approach to comedy of manners, a gentle mockery of absurdity and affectation whether in princes or pedants. *The Comedy of Errors* is a farce based on the *Menæchmi* of Plautus. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* also depends upon its setting, an enchanted wood, and upon the action rather than upon characterization, for its fun.

Shakespeare found his true bent in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, a not very important play, but interesting as a boundary is interesting. It marks the beginning of the typically Shakespearean comedy, a comedy where human character is presented with such power, that the interest it creates becomes as prominent as that roused by the tangle of the plot; a comedy presenting noble, loyal women with practical minds, and noble soldierly youths with romantic friends. It is Shakespeare's first comedy in which the heroine is presented masquerading as a man. *Romeo and Juliet* was another early attempt to dramatize a tragic story. Its hero and heroine are the victims of circumstance. Like the early comedies, its interest lies in the story rather than in elaborate character drawing. Its only claim to the title "tragedy" is its unhappy ending, which follows as the result of a chain of accidents. It has the same romantic atmosphere as the early comedies, together with the pathos which is felt at the death of happy possibilities. It was a unique experiment. Shakespeare never attempted this

INTRODUCTION

form of tragedy again. The three parts of *King Henry VI* and *King John* also belong to this period of early experiment.

We know little of Shakespeare's life as an actor. His name appears in the cast of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (1598), and doubtless he acted in his own plays. Tradition says that "the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet." It would be pleasant to think that, having reached a comfortable prosperity as actor and dramatist, Shakespeare sent for his wife and family; but of that we possess no hint. It was at Stratford on May 26th, 1583, that Susanna, eldest daughter of William Shakespeare, was baptized. It was at Stratford in February, 1584, that the twins, Hamnet and Judith, were baptized; and it was at Stratford, in August, 1596, that young Hamnet, Shakespeare's only son, was buried.

It is more profitable, since speculation is essential, to turn to consider the schooling which the dramatic apprentice gave himself. From boyhood he had been endowed with a keen sense of observation, and the London stage sharpened his eye for men's habits and behaviour, and taught him to think dramatically in terms of human emotion. He learned also to look within himself and to read others' thoughts there. One can trace in his plays, as he goes on from strength to strength, a keener appreciation of what differentiates one man from another, differences of thought, of temperament, of conscience. In this school he learned his knowledge of the human heart. But with Burbage's clamour for more plays came the need for a wider survey of literature. Shakespeare read widely.

The fashion of eighteenth century critics was to decry Shakespeare's knowledge of literature. He was supposed to have been an untutored genius, unable to mould his plots according to the "rules" of dramatic form, and unfurnished with the scholarship necessary to garnish his verses with "imitations" of the classical authors. Yet dramatic criticism and plot construction must have been common topics of conversation at The Mermaid, and Ben Jonson must have expounded the "unities" to Shakespeare. If Shakespeare constructed and versified his dramas in his own English way, it must have been because he realized that no attempt to make drama pass for actual life can succeed, and because he would rather bring forth verses

from his own overflowing store than steal them from other men's barns. Shakespeare's reading, as revealed in his works, was wide in fathom, if not deep. He had a fair acquaintance with the best known Roman poets, especially Virgil and Ovid. He read Plutarch's *Lives* in North's translation. He appears to have been an omnivorous reader of contemporary prose and poetry, including historical chronicles, and Elizabethan novels, such as Sydney's *Arcadia*, Lodge's *Rosalynde*, and Greene's *Pandosto*.

After serving his apprenticeship to drama, Shakespeare turned to the writing of comedy. By 1596 he had discovered the art of depicting human character in a situation calculated to reveal its emotions. He had learned to restrain the exuberance of his fancy, and to avoid the most obvious kinds of verbal wit. He had discovered that minor characters in a drama have an added interest when they play a part in the development of the action. Henceforth he devoted greater care to the characterization of small parts. Typical plays written between 1596 and 1601 are *The Merchant of Venice* (1596?), *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (ent. 1601), unique as being Shakespeare's sole attempt at comedy with an English background, *Much Ado about Nothing* (ent. 1600), *As You Like It* (ent. 1600), and *Twelfth Night* (Feb., 1601/2). Shakespeare's finest work in comedy belongs to this period, and it is interesting to note that comedy, in "the conceived mirth of Sir John Falstaff," penetrates into the histories which were written at this time, *Henry IV* (ent. Feb., 1597) and *Henry V* (pub. 1600).

Shakespeare's waxing prosperity is reflected in his transactions. In 1596 John Shakespeare, the poet's father, applied for a coat of arms—a spear, gold on a bend sable—with a falcon as crest. This application could scarcely have been made without the knowledge of his son William, who, early in 1597, bought New Place, Stratford, from William Underhill. In 1598 Shakespeare gave up his London house and went to lodge with a Huguenot refugee, a wig-maker, named Mountjoy, in a house at the corner of Monkwell Street and Silver Street in the City of London. Shakespeare was, of course, a shareholder in the Globe Theatre, at which The King's Company played after 1599. ~ Possibly he went on tour with the company

from time to time. Probably he often went home to Stratford.

Having proved his mastership of comedy, Shakespeare turned to the graver sort of drama. The great tragedies were either precluded or accompanied by two dramas which are "comedies" only in having a happy ending, *Troilus and Cressida* (ent. 1602) and *Measure for Measure*. *All's Well that Ends Well* may have been written at this time. They are stern and ironical in tone. Then come the great tragedies, *Hamlet* (ent. 1602), *Othello* (1604?), *King Lear* (ent. 1607), and *Macbeth*. The Roman "Histories" were also written during this period. *Julius Cæsar* (1599?) was probably written before *Hamlet*. *Antony and Cleopatra* (ent. 1608) and *Coriolanus* (1608?) followed *Macbeth*. Shakespeare's dramas, written between 1601 and 1609, are remarkable for their powerful characterization, for their wisdom of observation and reflection, and for their deeper sympathy with men in the throes of passion or suffering. Shakespeare at this time wished to depict men in circumstances which evoked their deepest emotions. His technical powers were at their highest. His verse attained a power of rhythmical suggestion which he never surpassed. Thought and expression were exactly adapted each to each.

The events of this part of Shakespeare's life are hidden. The *Sonnets*, published 1609, indicate deep admiration and love of a noble patron, and the influence of an unknown "dark lady" upon the poet's life. The conjecture has been made that Shakespeare turned to the writing of tragedies owing to some unknown sorrow in his life; but it seems more reasonable to suppose that, after exhausting his taste for romantic comedy, he turned towards tragedy deliberately with the intent to prove his powers as a serious dramatist. Tragedy was not a new style. He had attempted it early in his career, and a period of gloom is not suggested to account for the writing of *Titus Andronicus*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Richard II*, and *Richard III*. The greatest difference between his early attempts at tragedy and the great tragedies is that the centre of his interest had swun from the story to the personality of the tragic hero. He had learned to realize and to express character.

Shakespeare exhausted his tragic vein in 1608 or 1609

and reverted to comedy ; but it was a new adventure in comedy. *Cymbeline* (1609?), *The Winter's Tale* (1610?), and *The Tempest* are more theatrical and less dramatic than their predecessors. They indicate not only that Shakespeare is no longer young ; they indicate a change in dramatic taste. Their plots abound in spectacular and semi-tragic situations. The love interest is highly sentimental. The heroines are no longer ruling figures, like Portia or Beatrice. Perdita and Miranda are childlike girls depicted with the fatherly interest of an elderly friend. On the other hand, Shakespeare in *The Winter's Tale* reaches his highest flight of imaginative beauty, and in *The Tempest* his most lofty exposition of philosophic idealism.

In what year Shakespeare sheathed his pen, sold his shares, and retired to Stratford is not definitely known. Certainly his last years were spent there, and tradition gives an idyllic picture of him enjoying "ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends." He died in his fifty-third year, and was buried in Stratford church on April 25, 1616.

We know so little about Shakespeare's personality that we are wont to think of him as impassive, inscrutable, sphinx-like, standing aloof from life, like his creation Prospero ; and yet, if the sadly too short testimonies of his friends are to be believed, he was anything but that. They dwell on his wit, his kindness, his geniality, and his honesty. He was a winsome, attractive man. What would we not give for a contemporary record of his talk !

He was a man of keen observation, intelligent, and shrewd, endowed by Nature with a love of romantic fiction, and a wonderful fluency of happy expression in writing. He "never blotted a line." He never posed as a scholar or as a critic. Once, in *Hamlet*, he ventured to give his opinions upon the art of declamation ; but knowing how to declaim did not make him a great actor like Burbage or Alleyn. He seems to have been a man of conventional views, ambitious to improve his social standing and to become a country gentleman. He had his fits of depression, when he hated the profession of the theatre, black times when he was out of tune with the rhythm of life ; but he was temperamentally a man of common sense, who prized as the highest possession of himself and others an unaffected,

sensible nature. His capacity for feeling was enormous, yet he was not hypersensitive and petulant. In political views he stood for that internal goodwill which makes government and the arts possible. He hated mobs and sedition. He liked a diplomatic, popular, and successful king. Fortunately he had the inward eye and the sense of humour which are the saving graces of successful men. As he loathed pomposity, affectation, and pedantry in others, so, one imagines, he avoided it in himself. One pictures him a gentle, genial, humorous soul.

What impresses one, above all, is the deep wisdom and understanding of his great mind. His knowledge of men is as wide as it is deep. Combined with this he had an inimitable command of vivid and beautiful imagery, an instinctive sense for apt word and phrase, and a spiritual power of moulding idea into rhythm which practice only made more facile. Perhaps his greatest endowment, one which does not readily transpire, was his wonderful sense of fitness. He rarely admitted a scene which is offensive even in our age. A comparison of Shakespeare's grossest scenes with others presented on the Elizabethan stage reveals his amazing delicacy of mind. The same restraint characterizes his treatment of men and women in the pangs of deep emotion or suffering. It is this restraint, this delicacy, which, coupled with his tolerance towards types of men that he disliked, and his great imaginative sympathy, stamp him as the greatest poet and the greatest dramatist who has ever written in English.

Shakespeare's complete works were first published, "according to the True Originall copies," in 1623. This edition, now commonly known as the "First Folio," was edited by two members of Shakespeare's Company, named John Hemmings and Henry Condell. They edited the volume "without ambition either of self-profit or fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." This is the canon of Shakespeare's works. Ben Jonson's words, in the address to Shakespeare's memory prefixed to this edition, are a fitting valedictory :

"He was not of an age, but for all time."

2. THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE

The first public theatres in London, *The Theatre* and *The Curtain*, came into a ramshackle existence of props and sheltings in Finsbury fields sometime about 1576. *The Theatre* was occupied by James Burbage until his death in 1597, and afterwards by his sons, until a too greedy landlord drove them to migrate in the winter of 1598 to fresh pastures. Therefore it was at *The Theatre*, in all likelihood, that Shakespeare served his apprenticeship to the theatrical profession. The success of these theatres brought others into being, notably a theatre near the archery ground at Newington, south of the river, and *The Swan* in Paris Garden, opposite Blackfriars. In the spring of 1599 Cuthbert and Richard Burbage built *The Globe* theatre near Henslowe's *Rose Theatre*, in Bankside, and migrated thither with their company. It became the head-quarters of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and for its stage Shakespeare's tragedies and later romances were written. In 1613 it was accidentally burned down, but it was rebuilt. Another famous theatre was *The Fortune*, in Cripplegate, the scene of the triumphs of Burbage's rival, Edward Alleyn, the creator of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, the founder of Dulwich College of God's Gift.

Viewed from a distance, Elizabethan theatres looked like the keeps of castles, almost as high as broad, and dotted with small windows. They differed slightly in detail: *The Globe* and *The Swan* were hexagonal, *The Fortune* square; yet certain conventions were followed in all. Their common features were, firstly, the play-booth, a roofed house used as dressing-rooms, music-rooms, and as a store-house for dresses, properties, and musical instruments; secondly, a stage erected in front of the play-booth and extending about half-way across an arena or pit open to the sky; and, lastly, surrounding the pit and stage on three sides, the grand-stands, roofed with thatch or tiles. Obviously Elizabethan stages differed greatly from ours. The stage which we know never projects beyond the limit of the boxes and side galleries. It is, moreover, framed by a proscenium and footlights. Scenery is its background. The actors on this stage are seen like living pictures in a looking-glass. The Elizabethan stage was a platform erected between the side galleries. It was not restricted

to one side of the theatre, but extended over what we know as the orchestra and stalls. It occupied half the floor of the theatre. Elizabethan actors were viewed not only from the front of the stage, they were also seen by the spectators who sat in galleries opposite each side of the stage and by the "groundlings," who stood in the pit between the galleries and the stage. There was no proscenium, no curtain, no scenery. There were no footlights, nor were they needed, for dramatic performances were acted in summer by daylight in theatres open to the sky. The origin of the pit and grand-stands is to be found in the cockpits used for cock fighting, which in turn were probably modelled upon the courtyards of inns surrounded by galleries, such as the White Hart Inn, in the Borough High Street, where Mr. Pickwick first made the acquaintance of Samuel Weller. The pits of the Elizabethan theatres were known as "cockpits" or "yards." The stage represented in all probability a temporary platform erected by strolling players in such a courtyard or cockpit.

Let us now attempt to describe an Elizabethan stage in greater detail. It consisted of a platform erected in a pit. Walking across it, one could enter by one of two doors the play-booth or "tiring house." Within the doors a winding staircase led to an upper room with windows looking out upon a balcony and across that to the galleries facing the stage. If we are minded to go higher, we can squeeze our way up a narrow stair to a loft above the level of the roof of the grand stands. Here a flag was displayed during performances, and a trumpeter sounded a flourish to signify that the actors were ready to begin. Coming downstairs we might notice that the upper story of the play-booth had a projecting roof (the "heavens") overhanging the balcony, and supported by two pillars rising from the platform in front of the play-booth. We observe, too, that the balcony extends across the front of the first floor of the play-booth, and we might notice a feature which had escaped our eye. Between the doors leading to the dressing room from the stage, the doors by which the players' exeunts were made, was a curtain (the traverse) hanging from a cornice beneath the balcony. We pull the curtain aside and discover a recess (the inner chamber, or "within"). It is the room under the tiring-room, walled on three sides, curtained off

in front. If occasion demanded, the curtains were drawn aside and this room became part of the stage.

Thus, by accident rather than design, an Elizabethan stage was not unlike a Roman stage, which represented a stone house or temple fronted by a long narrow platform representing a street. The Elizabethan stage consisted of a house (the play-booth) fronted by an open place (the platform), and though most of the action of an Elizabethan play was performed on the platform, yet the house could also be used. The balcony and the recess especially were employed if a scene "aloft" or "within" was required. Hence it is usual to say that there were three main parts of an Elizabethan stage—the platform, the balcony, and the recess. In some plays all were in use. For example, in *Romeo and Juliet*, the main action of the play was presented on the platform, but Juliet's balcony would be the balcony of the play-booth, and the recess would serve as the tomb of the Capulets.

Sometimes the play-booth represented a town. For instance, in *Coriolanus*, Act I, Sc. 4, the house represented Corioli. The balcony was "the walls" upon which the Volscians came to parley with the Romans. One of the side doors of the stage represented "the gates." Through it the Volscians made a sortie and drove back the Romans. Through it again Marcius drove back the Volscians and was shut in with them. From the balcony the citizen of Angiers addressed the rival kings of England and France in *King John* (Act II, Sc. 1), the stage doors representing the gates of Angiers, to which the heralds of France and England in the same scene advanced "with trumpets." From the balcony also Buckingham, accompanied by two bishops, addressed the citizens of London in the scene at Baynard's Castle (*Richard III*, Act III, Sc. 7). The recess was often used to indicate an interior. It would serve, for example, as the scene of Desdemona's bedchamber. It would stand for the hovel on the heath in *King Lear*. It would be Christopher Sly's bedroom in the induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Possibly it was used as the scene of the play within the play of *Hamlet*.

A precise idea of the plan of an Elizabethan theatre is given in the builder's specification of *The Fortune*, Cripple-gate, erected by Edward Alleyn and Philip Henslowe

in 1600, burnt down in 1621. *The Fortune* was square in shape, and built of wood and plaster upon a foundation of piles and concrete. The platform was 43 feet wide and extended $27\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the play-booth across the pit, from which it was fenced by a railing. The roofless pit was 55 feet square, so that there were strips of standing room 6 feet wide on each side of the platform. In the rear of the platform stood the play-booth with glazed windows and a tiled roof, from which projected a tiled "heavens," supported by square pilasters rising from the stage. The other three sides of the pit were enclosed by galleries and boxes built in three stories, respectively 12 feet, 11 feet, and 9 feet high from floor level to floor level. The uppermost gallery was roofed with a tiled roof, furnished with a leaden gutter to prevent the rain streaming into the galleries below. The grand-stands were $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep from front to rear. They were floored with wood and seated with wooden benches. The boxes (rooms) were plastered and ceiled. The outside walls of *The Fortune* were 83 feet square, and the entrance was probably at the rear of the stage, by doors on each side of the back wall of the play-booth.

The public theatres had no scenery. The spectators' only clue to a change of scene was the disappearance of the actors from the stage. Hence the need for such devices as the rimed couplet at the end of the scene, and the notice boards displayed and changed with each scene. Scenery was precluded by the structure of the play-booth and platform; but other aids to illusion were sought in properties, dress, and music. The players' costumes were often highly elaborate, and such moveable objects as tables, thrones, chairs, beds, tents, and armour were used. There was no orchestra in our sense of the word, but there was music between the acts, played either in the tiring house or in a box next to the stage. There were songs in nearly every play. Drummers entered with armies, trumpets sounded "sennets" and flourishes for the entry of important persons, and lutenists came on the stage to accompany the singers of serenades and songs. In *Antony and Cleopatra* (Act IV, Sc. 3) musicians were even sent beneath the platform, like the Ghost in *Hamlet*, to play "infernal music."

It now remains to point out the influence of this type of stage on the Shakespearean drama. Dramatic realism in

Elizabethan theatres was most limited. Playwrights were forced to rely greatly upon the audience's imagination. There was no artificial scenery and no artificial lighting. A beautiful setting, such as modern stage-managers are wont to give us, was unknown. It was impossible in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for instance, to represent Athens, save by a notice-board, ATHENS, displayed on the stage. It was impossible to represent a wood, except by a few property bushes. It was impossible to represent night at all. Elizabethan audiences needed no such props to imagination as our modern stage realists provide in elaborate-painted scenes, wind-machines, and bird-warblers. The spectators at *The Globe* let it be granted that the stage might symbolize anything—the inside or outside of a house, a street, a garden, a wood, a ship, an island, a city. The stage might represent anywhere—London, Rome, Milan, Athens, the forest of Arden, or the coast of Bohemia. In *Richard III* Shakespeare could even show the rival camps of Richard and Richmond on opposite sides of the platform.

Another effect of this type of stage was that a "picture" or grouping of the actors before the fall of the curtain was out of the question. Actors had either to walk or to be carried off the platform in sight of the spectators. Shakespeare's tragedies usually end with a processional dead march. *Othello* is an exception. It is likely that in this play the recess represented Desdemona's room, and the traverse would be drawn to conceal the bodies of Othello and his unhappy bride. Shakespeare's comedies often end with a song, a dance, or wedding festivities. The histories most nearly approach our custom of the "curtain." They end often with a speech by one of the principal actors, whilst the rest form a "picture" around him. Plays written for the modern type of stage end usually after the completion of the action, or at a point immediately before it is completed. True love is made happy, but the wedding breakfast is left to the imagination. The tragic hero goes to his death, but we are spared the horror of it; or does the dramatist depict death on the stage, the curtain falls almost before we realize what has happened. The structure of the Elizabethan type of stage forced dramatists almost inevitably to prolong the action beyond the limit of dramatic interest. The song and dance finale of comedy,

the funeral procession of tragedy is usually a trifle tame, coming as it does after an interesting or a thrilling climax.

The division of Shakespearean plays into "acts" is merely formal. The unit of the plays is the scene. Nevertheless, their division into acts for the readers' benefit is justified. It serves to bracket a group of related scenes together, or to indicate a lapse of time; but it can have had little meaning in actual presentation, except when a pause in the action was indicated by music or a dance. Elizabethan plays consist of consecutive scenes, and the end of an act is just like the end of any other scene—the actors simply walk off the stage, leaving it empty.

It is necessary to remember that there were no actresses on the Elizabethan stage. Women's parts were played by boys, the apprentices to the players. Some of them were singers. Ariel's songs in *The Tempest*, the fairy songs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Desdemona's "willow" song were sung by boys; so were the pages' songs in *As You Like It* and the "Girge" in *Cymbeline*. There was often one singing man in a company. The parts of Balthasar in *Much Ado about Nothing* and Amiens in *As You Like It* were taken by a singer.

The foregoing description of the Elizabethan stage applies to the public theatres; but there were also private theatres, or halls with platforms, where dramatic performances were given. These theatres had more elaborate incidental music than the public theatres. They had also scenery, consisting of wings and a painted back cloth. They had footlights, for plays were performed in half darkness. Performances were given by companies of boys, such as the choristers of the Chapel Royal, of St Paul's, and the Children of the Revels. The chief private theatre was the *Blackfriars* Theatre, opened in 1576 by Richard Farrant, the composer, on the present site of the offices of "The Times" newspaper. This theatre, the original home of Lyly's *Campaspe*, was rebuilt by James Burbage in 1596, and became after 1600 the stage of Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. In 1608 the boy actors were suppressed, and Richard Burbage took possession of the *Blackfriars* as a winter theatre for The King's Company. The plays of Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher were performed there.

3. *THE TEMPEST*

If it be true, as Shakespeare once observed, that "the truest poetry is the most feigning," then *The Tempest* is one of the greatest of Shakespeare's comedies. In this, perhaps his last comedy, he created a dream-picture which surprises at once by the variety and grace of its imagination and the skill and beauty of its dramatic form.

The subtle blend of real and fantastic beings, in a world of imaginary happenings depicted with fidelity to real life; stamps the play with the English hall-mark of romanticism from Beowulf and the Green Knight to Mr. Pickwick and Nellie Trent. "Even the local scenery," as William Hazlitt remarked, "is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest-tossed vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape-background of some fine picture." In every respect *The Tempest* is one of the richest of Shakespeare's plays. To quote the sagacious Dr. Johnson, Shakespeare "made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin, the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested."

The Tempest is a difficult play, written in that loose blank verse, admirably suited to dramatic dialogue, which is characteristic of Shakespeare's later plays,—blank verse so wanton of conformity to type, so loose in structure that it is almost iambic prose set out in verses of five feet. The sense is often hard to grasp, so metaphorical is the language, and so embedded the meaning, like a diamond in a nest of cotton-wool. For example in Act II, ii, 275, Antonio, the usurper of Prospero's dukedom, is urging Sebastian to murder his brother Alonso, King of Naples.

To Sebastian's asking, Has he a conscience? Antonio answers that he feels no stirrings of conscience. There lie the sleeping Alonso and his friend Gonzalo. It would be an easy thing to make their sleep last for ever, and to tell the rest that they were lost. What a contrast in style and versification does this passage offer to the verse of the early plays!

Seb. But, for your conscience?

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if 't were a kibe,
 'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
 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 't fits the hour.

Here is a running conversational style which overflows the boundary of the line, and refuses to be bound by tick-tack metrical shackles—a style, differentiated from prose by its suggestion of regular beats, and by its verse structure, which is prevented from becoming monotonous by varied pause, cadence, elision, and extra-metrical syllables; a style which is far more highly metaphorical than good lucid prose ought to be. Such a style would swamp a meagre play, but it is well adapted to the variety and the swiftness of *The Tempest*.

The action of the play passes before our imaginations in a stretch of time no longer than is required for its reading or its presentation on the stage. The scene is confined to the enchanted island, the succession of events happens within the short limits of an afternoon, and the design of the play leads up to and ends in the wedding of Ferdinand and Miranda. In taking leave of his magic isle of dramatic poesy, Shakespeare proved that it was as easy to dream within the precincts of the unities of action, time, and place, as to rove at will over the expansive panorama of the years.

4. TEXT AND DATE

The Tempest is the first play in the First Folio, and it probably enjoys that place of pride because the editors had access to a fair copy, or perhaps even to the original manuscript. It is a good text. It offers no difficulties which Shakespeare's way of writing English, or the misreading of his script, will not account for. There are no other editions to dispute the authenticity of the version of 1623. The First Folio is the sole authority. Of this, ours is a modernized text with added stage directions.

The style of the play is that of a group of grave comedies which Shakespeare wrote in the last years of his connexion with the stage. The four plays *Cymbeline*, *Pericles*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* are often called "romances" to distinguish them from the earlier comedies. It is not a good name, for all Shakespeare's comedies are romantic. Perhaps "tragi-comedies" would be a better defining name. They are all plays which contain a tragic plot solved as a comedy. There is usually presented some harshness or wrong, creating a grief or bitterness, which is sweetened at the end by forgiveness and reconciliation. It has been suggested that this ethical tendency is the product of a mature nobility of Shakespeare's character. It may be that, or it may be merely an accidental feature due to the choice of a particular type of plot. Certainly the actions of these plays are even more remote from probability than those of the earlier comedies. Supernatural happenings are common in the highly romantic world of the later comedies. Wives are sundered from their husbands, and again lovingly united. Children are lost, and found again in a most wonderful way. Ben Jonson, who liked plain common-sense matter, scoffed at a certain playwright, the author of *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *drolleries*, who had created such fictions of the imagination as might "make Nature afraid" to look at them and compare them with the facts of her own making.¹

It used to be thought that *The Tempest* was Shakespeare's last play, written consciously as a farewell to the drama. It was suggested that, as the play was performed together

¹ *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), Induction.

with others at the festivities which followed upon the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine, 14 February, 1612-3, it was written specially for this august occasion. The last opinion, however, has been shown to be wrong. The precise date of production of the play remains unknown, but the date of its composition can be determined. According to Dryden,¹ *The Tempest* was played at the *Blackfriars* theatre. This is most probable when one reflects that, owing to its music and masking, *The Tempest* was written for a private theatre and not for the *Globe*, which had no gear for illusions and little space for musicians. Hence *The Tempest* was written after 1608, when James Burbage took over the *Blackfriars* as a winter theatre. . . .

We shall see anon that it is most probable that *The Tempest* was written shortly after the autumn of 1610, when public interest was excited by the wreck of Sir George Somers and his companions in the *Sea-Adventure*, and by their amazing deliverance. Now the first recorded performance of *The Tempest* is a performance before King James I and the Court at Whitehall, on 1 November, 1611; and this is hardly likely, for commercial reasons, to have been a first performance, with the actors all strangers to their parts and to the music, and not yet perfect in their cues. The record of this performance is still extant in some loose leaves from *The Booke of the Revels*² for 1611-2, kept in the Public Record Office. "The names of the playes And by what Company played them hereafter followethe. . . . By the King's players *Hallomas* nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kinges Ma^{tie} a play called the *Tempest*." So that we can say with almost complete certainty the *The Tempest* was written between the autumn of 1610 and the autumn of 1611, and we can agree with Malone in dating it 1611.

¹ Preface to Dryden's and Davenant's *The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island*, 1667.

² Edited by Peter Cunningham, in *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels, etc.*, Shakespeare Society, 1842.

5. SOURCES OF *THE TEMPEST*

The Tempest shares with *Love's Labour's Lost* the honour of an undiscovered source. No story has been found which is clearly the original of the play. It is possible that some day such a story may be found. Thomas Warton, an eighteenth-century professor of poetry at Oxford and the author of a *History of English Poetry* (1774-81), thought he had found it in the romance of *Aurelio and Isabella*. "I was informed," he says, "by the late Mr. Collins of Chichester,"—(the poet whose works are nowadays often bound up with Gray's)—"that Shakespeare's *Tempest*, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on this favourite romance. But although this information has not proved true on examination, an useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakespeare. Mr. Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgment and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamitous indisposition, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another." Here is a veritable bonnie white hare, which the beagles of Shakespearean scholarship did not fail to pursue. James Boswell, the son of Dr. Johnson's friend and the editor of the *Variorum Edition* of Shakespeare (1821), "had indeed been told by a friend that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Mr. Collins's description"; but no reader has ever come forward with the novel. The hounds have suffered a complete check. The quarry has eluded the hunt.

It is likely that the memories of Collins and of Boswell's friend were at fault, and we may begin our inquiry after the sources of *The Tempest*, as if the alleged Italian novel never had an existence, save in the confused memory of a muddled brain. We may find the raw material of Shakespeare's conception of *The Tempest* chiefly in suggestions for the setting and for the story. Probably the play was designed originally as a sea piece. It is remarkable that three of Shakespeare's last plays, *Pericles* (1608), *The Winter's Tale* (1610?), and *The Tempest* (1611), display in turn a storm at sea. It is not unlikely that the King's

Company of actors had become acquainted with an effective way of imitating lightning and thunder, and that their storms were appreciated by their audiences.

THE SETTING. There are many ways of contriving a story. To mention only three, we may think of the tale as an action or a series of incidents; and, having conceived a suitable chain of happenings, proceed to imagine men and women to work out the "plot." Or we may think first of characters ordinary and extraordinary; and, having conceived them with forms and dresses and personalities, construct a story or plot in which they shall live and act. Or, again, we may think first of the scenery and setting of our story, believing that human nature is affected by its surroundings, and then think of incidents or characters in keeping with our setting. The last, the method of Poe, seems to have been Shakespeare's method in writing *The Tempest*. First came the setting of the story—a magic island, haunted by supernatural beings, a storm-shattered fleet and the wreck of the admirals' ship, adventures on the magic island, and finally the safe-homecoming of all. And that came, as Edmund Malone pointed out in his edition of *Shakespeare* (1790), from "the circumstances attending the storm by which Sir George Somers was shipwrecked on the island of Bermuda in the year 1609." This famous disaster was the talk of the town in 1610 and the occasion, in the absence of daily newspapers, of something like a baker's dozen of pamphlets and "Letters" and "True Relations."

Virginia, it will be remembered, was a new colony founded 1607-9 by Captain Bartholomew Gosnold and (amongst other adventurers) that Captain John Smith who was led captive by an Indian chief, Powhattan, and saved from the braining-stone by the Princess Pocahontas. Its first governor was Lord Delaware. In May, 1609, five hundred new settlers bound for Virginia left England in nine ships commanded by Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers the deputy-governor. Voyages were long in those days of cumbersome square-bowed sailing-ships, and it was not until July that the expedition neared the coast of America. On 25 July a great and fearful storm met

them, and scattered the little fleet. All the vessels reached Virginia save the *Sea-Adventure*, the flagship in which Gates and Somers were sailing, and one other. The admirals' ship, the *Sea-Adventure*, was driven to the Bermudas, and wrecked off the shore "between two rocks where she was fast lodged." All the crew and passengers got safely to land on an island uninhabited save by flocks of birds amongst the rocks, which they took to be fairies, and herds of lean wild swine in the woods, who made noises and misled the settlers to think them devils. There they remained for forty-two weeks. The settlers got water by digging in the ground, and found an easy and varied living upon the shell-fish, fruits, and wild-fowl with which the island abounded; for the climate was mild, though the weather was often stormy. They built two boats of cedar wood, and in May, 1610, set sail once again for Virginia, where they soon arrived safely, and told a story which was a nine days' wonder.

The tidings of the disaster to the Virginia fleet reached London in the autumn of 1609, and it was believed that the ship of Gates and Somers had foundered with all hands. The assumed loss was naturally a reflection both upon the wisdom of emigrating to Virginia, and upon the leadership of the expedition. It was not until the autumn of 1610, when Gates, Somers, and some of their shipwrecked crew arrived again in England (they sailed from Virginia in July), that the amazing story was known; and the Virginians were eager to vindicate their leaders and to tell the tale of their miraculous escape. The first was a letter¹ written by one of the colonists, William Strachy, whilst still in Virginia. It is dated 15 July, 1610, and was brought to London together with a "Despatch" from Lord Delaware, the governor, by Sir Thomas Gates. In the same ship came Silvester Jourdan, one of those wrecked in the *Sea-Adventure*. He published a pamphlet (the dedication of which is dated 13 October, 1610), entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with diuers others. Set forth for the loue of my Country, and*

¹ See Purchas *His Pilgrims*, Part II, Book ix, cap. 6: "A true reportory of the wracke and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates, Knight; upon, and from the Islands of the Bermudas: his coming to Virginia, and the Estate of the Colonie then, and after, under the government of the Lord La Warre, July 15, 1610."

also for the good of the Plantation of Virginia. *Sil. JOURDAN*.¹ This pamphlet has been accepted as the classical account of the adventures of the shipwrecked colonists; and its publication, coming whilst public thankfulness for the deliverance of the lost crew was still being expressed, must have been an event of great importance and interest, comparable to some account of the safe return of a lost polar explorer in our own day. The matter was surprising and strange, and the fact that not a man perished must have excited the public mind even more than the first rumour of the loss of the *Sea-Adventure* with all hands. Nevertheless, the Council of Virginia was not content with entrusting its vindication to a private individual, even though he were one of the wrecked. On 8 November, 1610, was entered in the register of the Stationers' Company, a pamphlet (written by one in the confidence of Lord Delaware and Sir Thomas Gates), entitled, "*A True Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia, with a confutation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprise. Published by Advice and direction of the Councill of Virginia.*"

When we consider this contemporary interest in the disaster to the Virginia fleet, and when in *The Tempest* we find the Bermudas alluded to as "the still vex'd Bermoothes" (I, ii, 229), a shipwreck comparable to that of the *Sea-Adventure*, and an island with a reputation for magic, we can agree that Shakespeare found material for the setting of his *Tempest*, and perhaps some of its local colour, in this wonderful wreck and deliverance. And, that being granted, we have a contribution towards the date of writing the play. If our supposition is true, Shakespeare must have written *The Tempest* after the autumn of the year 1610.

THE ACTION. The original tale which was rebuilt to form the action of *The Tempest* was evidently a folk-tale, bearing some resemblance to the story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. It is the story of the magician's beautiful daughter, the magician, and the captive prince. I don't know where you can read such a tale, but the

¹ It was of course the "Discovery of the Bermudas," and not the pamphlet, which was "by Sir Thomas Gates" and his companions.

material for it is all there in those three main characters ; and if you have imagination, you can make the story for yourself. It is surprising to find a fairy tale in a Shakespearian play, but it is not strange. A tale of a fairy who lent gold, a borrower, and his legal-minded wife is buried under the southern splendour of *The Merchant of Venice*. The tale of Snow-White and the Dwarfs is repeated in the episode of Imogen and the sons of Cymbeline in *Cymbeline*. Shakespeare showed his good taste by choosing stories akin to these old, old tales, so rich in primitive hopes and fears, and actions of eternal interest. Some of the best stories in the world are "fairy-tales."

Now it is quite possible that the story of the prince and the magician's daughter was rewritten as an Italian short-story or *novella* in the sixteenth century, just as the tale of the fairy loan was made into the tale of Giannetto and the cruel Jew ; and, if so, this would be the Italian romance which poor Collins's memory failed to snatch from the wallet of oblivion. It has not been placed on record yet, but some day a fortunate reader of those old stories of roguery, treachery, and romantic love may find it ; and by simply finding it he will earn enduring fame. It may be that some reader of this introduction will add to his French and Latin in later years Italian (and a nodding acquaintance with Italian is not hard to one who is well grounded in Latin), and that that good fortune will be his. But at present we know no tale, Italian, French, or English, to which we can point and say, "Shakespeare dramatized this story as *The Tempest*."

The nearest analogue is the story which is the plot of a play by a sixteenth-century German, a lawyer of the picturesque old town of Nürnberg, named Jacob Ayrer. Ayrer's play is called *Die schoene Sidea* (The lovely Sidea), and Sidea is of course the heroine, the daughter of an exiled magician, Prince Ludolph of Lithuania, who has a familiar spirit to attend him, as Prospero has Ariel. The son of Ludolph's enemy falls into his power, and, by the magician's magic, the sword of the captive prince is held spellbound. The prince is made to carry logs, and Sidea, pitying him, frankly confesses her love for him and pleads for him. The play ends with the marriage of the lovers, and the reconciliation of Ludolph and his foe. Jacob

Ayrer died in 1605. *The Tempest*, we have decided, was written in 1611. Therefore Ayrer did not borrow Shakespeare's plot. It is unlikely that Shakespeare directly borrowed from *Die schoene Sidea*, for we have no evidence that he knew High German, and it is very unlikely that a copy of this play reached London in Shakespeare's age. The probability is that both *Die schoene Sidea* and *The Tempest* were based by their respective authors on an older English play, now lost. We know that *The Merchant of Venice* was Shakespeare's version of an earlier play based on an Italian story, so was *Much Ado About Nothing*, and so probably was *The Tempest*.

How Jacob Ayrer might have adapted an old English play for the Nürnberg stage is an interesting problem, to which a plausible solution is not hard to find. The English actors had a famous and well-deserved reputation, not only at home but abroad. They travelled at times when performances were forbidden in London or engagements were hard to find, and they performed in many of the towns and villages of England. They even crossed the sea and acted their plays in the Netherlands, in Germany, and even in Denmark. It seems likely that the old play, on which we may suppose Shakespeare's *Tempest* was founded, was carried to Germany by the English actors, and was adapted for the German stage by Ayrer. German dramatists borrowed greatly from English drama in Shakespeare's age. Many old Elizabethan plays were rewritten for the German stage with a "Pickelherring" instead of a clown. We might mention *Titus Andronicus*, the elder *Hamlet*, an earlier *Twelfth Night*; and Ayrer's works include several plays adapted from the English, among which are probably the originals of *The Comedy of Errors* and *Much Ado* as well as *The Tempest*.

We may say, I think with certainty, that *The Tempest* was an old English play rewritten. From the old play came Prospero, Ariel, Miranda, Ferdinand, and his father Alonso, King of Naples. Whether the other *dramatis personæ* came from the old play, and whether the original scene was an island, and the time one afternoon, we cannot say. But, as we have seen, it is most probable that the storm and the island were suggested to Shakespeare by the disaster to the Virginia expedition of 1609, one ship of which

“discovered” the Bermudas, “otherwise called the Ile of Divels.”

Caliban, called “a savage and deformed slave” in the “Names of the Actors” prefixed to the play, is a more perplexing person for whom to find a source. Whether he was a person in the old play or a new addition of Shakespeare’s, it is obvious that he is a figure partly suggested by tales of travellers and seafarers. He is a black native, a dispossessed owner of the country, enslaved by the white settler; a savage slave, like Robinson Crusoe’s man Friday, made romantic and wonderful by his strange and odd shape, which makes him appear almost supernatural. The mythology of his descent from the witch-woman, Sycorax, who was banished from Algiers to the island scene of *The Tempest*, adds to Caliban’s strangeness; but this is merely such an addition of unreal attributes to imaginary figures as is common in romantic fiction. One thinks of Dickens’s Uriah Heap, who traced with his finger a snail’s slime on the page of his ledger; or of Quilp, the savage and deformed dwarf in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, who ate prawns without removing either heads or tails, and bent his fork with the intensity of his bite. There is nothing really supernatural about Caliban. He has no kinship with Ariel and the spirits. He is of the earth, earthy, a hewer of wood and drawer of water, “a savage and deformed slave,” an islander of the south seas,—a cannibal, in fact.

Dr. Farmer, an eighteenth-century critic, was the first to point out that Caliban is merely “Canibal” transposed, and he suggested that Shakespeare took the name from Montaigne’s essay (in John Florio’s English version of 1603) *Of the Canniballes* which is to be found in book 1, cap. 30; for it is upon the state of nature described in this essay that Gonzalo’s description of his ideal commonwealth in *The Tempest*, Act II, i, 146, is based. Dr. Farmer also traced Caliban’s god Setebos to his source. He found him in Eden’s *History of Travail* (1577). Setebos was the name of the chief god of the Patagonians. Perhaps Shakespeare had read Eden’s *Travels* for local colour; for, according to Malone, one of the great editors of Shakespeare, the names Alonso, Ferdinand, Sebastian, Gonzalo, and Antonio may be found there. But more probably the

Italian names have a foundation in history. "Of names and facts brought into *The Tempest* which might have been derived from Thomas's *Historye of Italye*, 1561, it will be enough to mention that a Prospero Adorno was lieutenant of the Duke of Milan in 1477, 'but he continued scarcely one yeare, tyl by meane of new practises that he held with Ferdinando Kyng of Naples, he was had in suspicion to the Milanese.' Eventually this Prospero was deposed, and 'then was Antony Adorno made gouernoure of the citee for the Duke.' Also there was an Alonzo, King of Naples, who in 1495 was succeeded by his son Ferdinand; and this Alonzo married the daughter of the Duke of Milan, and thus united the two houses."¹ If historical truth is mingled with the fiction of the plot, the supposed Italian novel, on which the old play was based, must have been written as late as the sixteenth century. Prospero and Stephano are also names of characters in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* (1598). The name "Stephano" occurs in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, accented on the second syllable. Perhaps it was Ben Jonson who taught Shakespeare the correct pronunciation of "Stephano" which he observes in *The Tempest*.

In conclusion it remains to be remarked that in *The Tempest*. Shakespeare observes the unity of time, and practically keeps the unity of place, though the form of the comedy is not classical. Only in one other play, *The Comedy of Errors*, did Shakespeare fulfil the classical requirement of the unities of action, time, and place. When the plot of *The Tempest* is compared with that of *The Winter's Tale*, the difference of Shakespeare's method of presentation will be clear. *The Tempest* is not constructed according to Shakespeare's usual method; and it seems likely that, in departing from his usual method, he was following the form of the older play about the magician and his daughter, which we have supposed was his "source" of *The Tempest*.

6, CONSTRUCTION AND CHARACTERIZATION

If to make *The Tempest* Shakespeare had dramatized a novel or a chronicle, the action would have extended over

¹ Morton Luce, "Arden" *Tempest*, p. xix.

a number of years, and the scene would have varied between Milan, Naples, Tunis, and the enchanted island. The scenes of the play would have been like chapters in the story, and its form would have resembled that of *As You Like It* or *The Winter's Tale*. In the first act we should have seen the quarrel between Prospero, Duke of Milan, and his brother and lieutenant Antonio; moreover the characterization of the studious and philosophic Prospero and his ambitious and treacherous brother would have been outlined. The second act would have shown the enmity of Alonso, King of Naples, to Prospero; and the conspiracy of Antonio with Alonso to subordinate the dukedom to the kingdom in exchange for help from Naples to depose Prospero. This act would have culminated in the flight of Prospero and Miranda, aided by Alonso's minister Gonzalo, who, though he was directing the *coup d'état*, had enough Christian charity to furnish the banished with the necessaries of life, and some valuable books from the library of Prospero. The third act would have shown us Prospero and Miranda on the island with their slave Caliban; and then, returning from the marriage of Alonso's daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis, the king's ship would have been wrecked on Prospero's beach, and the comedy would have followed, though shortened perhaps, as in our version of *The Tempest*.

But Shakespeare observed the unities of place and time in *The Tempest*. The scene is always "The Island" or "Another part of the island," with the exception of the first scene—one of the most striking opening scenes that Shakespeare ever conceived—which is laid on the deck of King Alonso's ship, just off the shore. The story opens in the middle of its course, and the beginning of the story is related by Prospero in Act I, ii. The unity of place is kept; but the story loses in clearness and in interest, and all opportunity of portraying the character of Prospero, Antonio, Alonso, and Gonzalo before the eventful afternoon of the mysterious tempest and the shipwreck is lost.

The Tempest, as Shakespeare constructed it, falls into three parts. In Act I the stage is set and the puppets are set in motion. Acts II and III are interludes for incident and characterization. Acts IV and V end the story with the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda, and the recon-

ciliation of Alonso with Prospero. The first scene, the wreck of the King's ship, serves to arouse the interest and expectation of the audience or reader, and to whet his appetite for what is to come. We cannot guess what it is to lead to. We see the deck of a storm-tossed ship in which the courtly passengers show their human nature by getting in the way of the sailors, and by cursing those whom they should assist. In this welter of fear-bred confusion the mariners plunder the rum, and the ship is driven aground. From the wreck are to emerge two of the principals of the story, Ferdinand, the lover, and his father Alonso, king of Naples. It is a skilfully drawn scene. The atmosphere of storm and confusion is cleverly suggested by the technical jargon of mariners of the old school of galleons and carracks. Such a scene was a novelty in Shakespeare's age, and this is one of the first of similar scenes ever displayed on the stage. For us it has an historical as well as a dramatic interest. It is a sketch of an Elizabethan passenger ship in a storm, and the boat-swain is an old sea-dog drawn from life. He is a burly, managing spirit, cheery to command whilst there is hope of saving the ship, and ready for the grog-bottle when all hope is lost,—

“What, must our mouths be cold?”

Act I, ii opens on the island, “near the cell of Prospero,” as Theobald suggested for the stage direction. Miranda has seen the shipwreck, and calls upon her father, who is skilled in magical art, to allay the storm. Prospero has indeed raised the tempest, in order to wreck his treacherous brother Antonio and his ancient foe Alonso on the enchanted island. It is now time that Miranda should know the history of their enforced guests and of their coming; and as this involves the history of how Prospero and Miranda came to the island, which is unknown to Miranda (for she was but a little girl when they came hither), Prospero doffs the magic mantle which he is wont to don when he produces illusions and beckons attendant spirits, and proceeds to tell Miranda their romantic story. This long dialogue is necessitated by the dramatist's selection of the enchanted island as the single scene of his play, and by his contrivance that the scenes of the play

shall represent merely the events of a single afternoon. It puts the audience in possession of the beginning of the story, like Scene i of *As You Like It*. It introduces the characters and sets the plot in motion. We learn that Antonio is treacherous, that Alonso is Prospero's inveterate enemy, that Gonzalo has a heart of gold. When we meet them we shall expect them not to belie their reputation. The scene, moreover, tells us a good deal about Prospero and Miranda. We gather that Miranda is a simple, eager girl, obedient to her father as to a god; one to whom Prospero, the philosopher, is father, mother, teacher, and companion.

Shakespeare uses pleasant artifice to relieve the dullness of this long but needful scene. The narrative is introduced by a sympathetic appeal for great Prospero's mercy, which makes Miranda at once a friend, and we need not wait until she desires to meet and thank Gonzalo to know that she is pitiful and grateful. Prospero's narration, which might have been told at length, be it remembered, is broken artfully to sustain and to whet the interest of the audience or reader. Before he begins to tell his story, Prospero removes his magic cloak. He comes down from the air to share a common humanity with Miranda and their partners in their story. He leads up to his narrative by questioning Miranda's memory and prompting it. He punctuates his story by requests for attention—"Dost thou attend me?" "Thou attend'st not,"—reproaches which are meant for the audience as well as for Miranda, who obviously is all eagerness to hear her wonderful history for the first time, for she interrupts Prospero's narrative with exclamations of excitement—"O the heavens!" "Alack, for pity!"—and with questions which bewray her interest—"Wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?" "How came we ashore?" And then, the tale being told and further magic afoot, Prospero dons his mantle to the further expectation of the audience and charms Miranda to sleep. There is nothing artificial about the scene. It is naturally and yet artfully contrived. We think more of Miranda, her pity and her curiosity, than of Prospero's narrative and his plan to wreck his enemies together on the coast of his isle of banishment.

As Miranda falls asleep, Prospero turns to consult his

familiar spirit, and thus Ariel is introduced. A further account of the wreck is given by this spirit of air, who had been on the ship in the shape of St. Elmo's fire. It is a poetic account of the wreck, unlike Miranda's, in that it is warmed by imagination and not sentiment. In a turmoil of lightning, thunder, and surf, the vessel has safely run ashore. The despairing mariners have remained in the ship asleep under hatches, by the potency of spirit perhaps, rather than by the influence of Ariel. The courtier passengers

Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,

leaving the ship still flickering with lightning to save herself as best she might. Ferdinand, the King's son, was the first to leap ashore, crying

"Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."

Our fears for the safety of the vessel and its freight are now stilled. We know that all are safe, and that they will turn up on the island as Prospero wills.

Then follows a skilful stick of dialogue which unfolds the history of Ariel, and introduces the name of Caliban, like a musical discord which has to be "prepared" before it can be introduced into the theme. Ariel must be "moody," and disinclined for work. Shakespeare skilfully leads up to this by Prospero's question, apt from a strategist, but inept from a director of operations who ought to know it :

"What is the time o' th' day?"

To which Ariel, like a true soldier of the ranks, grouses

"Is there *more* toil?"

and proceeds to enquire when he is to be set free, in other words he demands his liberty. This provides Prospero with the opportunity, which Shakespeare desired him to have, of recounting Ariel's past history. He had been the familiar spirit of a malignant witch Sycorax, whom the Algerians had banished to the enchanted island. The witch had died leaving Ariel confined in a cloven pine tree, and it was from this uncomfortable position that

Prospero on his arrival in the island had freed Ariel, after an imprisonment of a dozen years.

This scene serves to indicate that even a beneficent despot like Prospero may have trouble with his subjects ; and when Prospero and Miranda turn to visit Caliban, the wretched, deformed son of Sycorax the witch, their unwilling slave, who meets them with a curse, we realize that the dominion of Prospero is in danger from internal dissention, and understand the urgency of his scheme :

“ 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.” (I, ii 181.)

The scene between Prospero and Caliban which follows is our introduction to Caliban, the most complex and interesting character in the play. Although he is referred to by others as a “ fish ” (i.e. an odd fellow), a “ moon-calf,” a “ beast,” a “ strange thing,” and to him is attributed a supernatural origin, we may think of him as the title-page names him, “ A savage and deformed slave.” He is a black slave, not in the perfection of his manhood, like Friday, but warped and deformed by his unfortunate parentage. He is not a spirit, neither is he a monster, though he is a freak of nature ; he is a man, and it is only by his manhood that he arouses our sympathy. He is the type of the lowest race of man, akin to primitive man in his sense of the marvellous, his brutishness, and his dislike of regular work. Prospero had treated him as a harmless pet and taught him speech and the rudiments of natural history, until he showed on emerging from boyhood that his bestial and treacherous nature made him unfit for companionship on a basis of equality with Prospero and his daughter. At the time of the shipwreck he is a slave to Prospero, held to his work by Prospero’s magic spells ; and we gather from the dialogue between Prospero and his slave that Caliban, jealous of the happiness of his master, having seen the possibilities of his knowledge and the benefits of his power, is out for “ a fuller life ” with less work and more freedom, a freedom which he could no doubt enjoy until, deprived of Prospero’s constructive control, it would melt away to thriftless and fireless

barbarism. Caliban's first move is the everlasting complaint of the slave that his master has dispossessed him of his land, enslaved him, and grown rich by taking the surplus of his toil, leaving him only a miserable and half-starved existence. Prospero's answer is that he treated Caliban as a possible equal, until it was apparent that his sense of honour and duty was as deficient as his intelligence. Then, when it was plain that he was a slave by nature, Prospero made him a slave. What Caliban's second move was, we shall see later.

Lastly, to conclude this long and most important scene, comes Ariel dressed "like a nymph of the sea," but invisible to all save to himself and Prospero, piping the king's son Ferdinand from the shore to Prospero's cell, and singing his water ditties to which other sea-nymphs chant a refrain. Ferdinand approaches, and Miranda, who has never seen a fair young man before, calls him a thing divine. Their love at first sight is mutual, for even the more sophisticated prince, dazzled by her radiance, mistakes Miranda for the goddess of the island. Thus is the first part of Prospero's design accomplished. Ferdinand has been lured away from his companions to Miranda, and when they arrive on the scene the lovers will already have exchanged vows of troth. And yet both are ignorant of Prospero's design that they shall be wedded. The enchantment of Ferdinand's sword is comedy. We miss the point if we suppose that Prospero bears any grudge against the son of his enemy. He is merely cruel for the time in order to be kind as soon as Ferdinand is seen to be true.

The first act is so full of matter, so different from Shakespeare's usual acts divided into several scenes, that one is tempted to conjecture that Act I, ii, of *The Tempest* is the first act of the earlier play with a new opening scene, the wreck in Scene i prefixed; and with the addition perhaps of Caliban, for Ariel (as we have assumed) was a figure in the original version of the story. It not only introduces the beginning of the story, but it indicates the end. We know that Ferdinand and Miranda are fated to be married to each other at the end of the play. It merely remains for Prospero to give his consent, and for Alonso, in giving his, to become reconciled to Prospero. This is a fault,

spellbound that Ariel pities them. So far, all was going as Prospero willed it. It merely remained for him to give his consent to the betrothal of Miranda to Ferdinand, and then to bring Alonso on the scene to acquiesce in a *fait accompli*. Prospero is busy celebrating the gift of his daughter to Ferdinand with a mask of Juno and Ceres, an illusion produced by his art, when suddenly he remembers "that foul conspiracy of the beast Caliban and his confederates." The mask vanishes into thin air, and, with an apology, Prospero dismisses Ferdinand and Miranda and calls for Ariel. Like a good subordinate Ariel has remembered the wishes of his chief, and has already acted in the spirit of his instructions. The three associates of the bottle have been led by Ariel into thorns and briars, and left up to the neck in a filthy mantled pool. When they come to have their will on Prospero, they are enticed from their half-hearted plan by new and splendid clothes, and, whilst undressed and changing their wet and weedy garments for Ariel's "glistening apparel," they are chased thence by ghostly hounds.

One is scarcely prepared for Prospero's forgetfulness. Why should Shakespeare have caused him to overlook Caliban's conspiracy? The answer is, I think, that the conspiracy of the comical confederates had to be brought to an end. The excellence of their fooling deserved no less, and Shakespeare prepared to end it in the scene of the mask rather than in Act V, the scene of Prospero's abjuration of his magic art and his reconciliation as a man, not as a wizard, with his old persecutors. The final scene is a solemn occasion which would have been diminished by the punishment of the drunken butler and his accomplices. Another consideration is the light which his forgetfulness throws upon Prospero's powers. Prospero is not superhuman. He is an enlightened man, who has learned how to control forces of nature of which ordinary mortals have no knowledge. But this knowledge and control need concentration of will and supreme effort. Without constant vigilance he cannot control the powers which serve him. He is only a man after all, and liable to human error. Forgetfulness and neglect may lead to his overthrow. It was a skilful touch to show the human side of Prospero's magic. By realizing Prospero's difficulties,

we participate in his plan and share in his triumph. When Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their hastily put-on clothes, enter in the final scene, it is to receive Prospero's pardon after their punishment.

MEANING

What is the meaning of *The Tempest*? Some have seen in it a symbol of Shakespeare's renunciation of his magic art of poesy. It is indeed a strange thing, if there is nothing of Shakespeare's mind in Prospero. The hope of retirement, his eagerness for reconciliation and mutual forgiveness, the speech after the mask of Juno:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. (IV, 1, 155)

—and the famous speech of renunciation (V, i, 33-57) beginning

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,

all seem to be tinged with such thoughts as Shakespeare must have had, when aged forty-seven he was thinking of retiring from the London stage to the home of his boyhood. Every serious character in fiction is a poet's conception of what he would be, were he so incarnated and situated. It is only the comical characters and the lay figures which can be drawn from models. The great characters must be revealed from within. So that we may truly say that, just as there is Shakespeare in Romeo and in Hamlet, so there is a good deal of Shakespeare's mind in the character of Prospero. It may be there unconsciously, as Milton put part of himself into Satan and into Samson, but none the less it is there for those who care to search for it. But we should be wrong, I think, if we imagined that *The Tempest* was intentionally written as Shakespeare's farewell to the stage. *The Tempest* is expressive of aspiration, rather than of fulfilment. It is a baffling play. It looks like an allegory; but fairy stories often do. The more one

for, unless there shall be some difficulties to overcome,—as, in *As You Like It*, Orlando must woo a Rosalind, disguised as a shepherd boy,—there will be no middle to the comedy of *The Tempest*. The middle of the play is indeed weak in dramatic interest, and its appeal to the audience depends largely upon the wonderful intervention of Ariel and some sound low-comedy. Two strands of comedy are interwoven in Acts II and III, the adventures of Alonso's party on the island, and the adventures of Alonso's servants, Trinculo and Stephano. The former thread is tragi-comedy, the latter is farce.

When the curtain rises on Act II, Alonso and his brother Sebastian, Antonio the traitor, and Gonzalo the charitable wanderer are seeking help and hospitality on the island. Their wanderings are made a pretext for introducing Gonzalo's scheme for colonizing the island. Gonzalo is an idealist, who, forgetting that for good or ill change in the social order is as inevitable as time itself, would like to bring about the return of a golden barbaric age in which men are equal, free, and idle,—a commonwealth where evil and sin are unknown, and where nature, kinder than her wont, provides plenty for all. Such an ideal is but a poet's dream. The golden age never did nor never could subsist, and Gonzalo's rosy picture is its own satire. There is to be no sovereignty in the commonwealth, and yet Gonzalo is to govern. The subjects are to abstain from "use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil," and yet they are to have abundance! All are to be idle, "but innocent and pure." How Gonzalo would prohibit treason, felony, sword, and pike, and keep his idlers innocent is an interesting conundrum. Gonzalo's dream of riches and freedom for all is an illusion. He thinks of his nation, not as an association of individuals and families for mutual protection and well-being, but as a community amply endowed by nature with wealth enough for all, regardless of man's work and productivity, regardless even of nature's failings such as the destruction of storm, drought, and fire, or plague, pestilence and famine. It is a political ideal which Shakespeare introduced in order to laugh thereat. It is that imaginary "state of nature,"—the commonwealth of the noble savage,—which enjoyed quite a vogue amongst the political theorists from Montaigne to Rousseau. A revolutionary

theory of sovereignty and political liberty was based on this golden illusion, which later inquiry into the habits of the primitive races of mankind has disproved. Like Alonso, Shakespeare had no use for an equality of herbed barbarians. He believed in the natural inequality of men, and the division of the world's work according to opportunity and capacity. He saw that, in a real commonwealth, Prospero could not enjoy the arts to which he had attained, without a slave to hew his wood and fetch his water.

The dramatic interest of this scene is sustained by the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonso. Antonio is made to suggest the crime in order to reveal his ~~late~~ treachery. It is a piece of direct characterization fulfilling the indirect characterization of Prospero's narrative (I, ii, 68 *et seq.*). Prospero "through his art foresees the danger," and sends Ariel to prevent the accomplishment of the assassination. The second scene of Act II introduces another group of wanderers, Trinculo the jester and Stephano the butler of Alonso. They alone of the commoners in the ship had been allowed to land when the rest of the crew were under hatches; and Shakespeare landed them, and set them wandering, in order to provide a farcical scene or two. They are droll fellows when sober, but, as they have joined the sailors in plundering the ship's liquor, they have lost what little common sense they ever had. Stephano enters with a bottle in his hand singing a sailor's chanty, and a rare good one too! Their meeting with Caliban and their mutual surprise provide the comedy of this scene, which is introductory to Act III, ii. This develops a plot against Prospero, led by Caliban, to deprive him of his sovereignty. It is meant to be an amusing counterpart to Antonio's treason, and the work of bringing it to naught provides Ariel with another opportunity of fairy intervention.

Whilst the love of Ferdinand and Miranda grows from the exchange of sighs to the plighting of troth (Act III, i) Ariel performs Prospero's commands. He leads like a will-o'-the-wisp the tired nobles of Alonso's party over the island, perplexes them with his mask of "strange shapes," tantalizes them with the banquet which as a harpy he snatches from them, until they are so distracted as

examines it, the harder is it to find a consistent interpretation for an allegory of an exiled duke, who controls a genius of the air, who enslaves the son of an exiled witch, and finally, after bringing about the marriage of his daughter and the restoration of his dukedom by magic, goes back to his dukedom with pardons for all his enemies. *The Tempest* has been interpreted as an allegory, wrongly, I think. Shakespeare was not a mystic. Failing to interpret the play as an allegory, others have sought to explain it as the elaboration of a theme. It has been suggested that the play discusses the theme of sovereignty in various aspects. The introduction of Caliban raises the question of the white men's treatment of the black, not to speak of the relationship of master and servant, worker and work-giver. Prospero is a tyrant, a beneficent tyrant it is true, but still a tyrant. The play shows us that tyranny is the sinecure, and that it is an able tyrant who can keep his subjects in willing subjection. Gonzalo is a would-be ruler of a more advanced type. He is liberal, very liberal. He would rule in a state without sovereignty. Certainly, if this view is true, one must criticize it by saying that Shakespeare made a feeble contribution to the solution of the problems which the necessity for sovereignty raises. The more correct view, I think, is that the reflections upon government are merely accidental, arising from Shakespeare's introduction of Caliban under the influence of reports of the contemporary traffic in black slaves, which Hawkins had shown to be a profitable trade.

Some again have seen in the play an elaboration of freedom as a motive. Prospero finds his freedom in bringing about a reconciliation with his enemies, in laying aside his forbidden arts, and in assuming again his ducal responsibilities. Ariel and Caliban, his island-subjects, long for and gain the freedom from restraint which they desire. Ferdinand finds freedom in enforced service where the heart is willing :

"Space have I in such a prison "

he says (I, ii, 490), and there is no doubt a contrast between Ferdinand's happy freedom in servitude tempered by love and Caliban's slavery in rebellious servitude; but it is doubtful whether the contrast is intentional.

Others have pointed out that the play was written around the theme of wrong and reconciliation. Certainly this theme is part of the plot, but whether it is the motive of the play is another question. Reconciliation as a theme was not peculiar to Shakespeare's last years as a dramatist. It is found in *The Winter's Tale*, it is true, but is it not also found in *Much Ado About Nothing*? The final reconciliation was necessitated by the plot. If a play whose story contains a great wrong is to end as a comedy, the wronger and the wronged must be reconciled. The happy ending of *The Tempest* required the reconciliation of the exiled duke with the king who has wronged him.

So we are left without a satisfactory solution, and failing a clearer interpretation we will rest content in the belief that Shakespeare wrote the play simply to provide thoughtful pleasure. The play contains many suggestive openings for ethical, political, and metaphysical speculation, but no unity of theme. It is a romantic comedy, a fantasy of the New World, made more delectable by supernatural illusions and music; and like all romantic plays it can never be fully interpreted or appreciated. Certainly it can never be satisfactorily represented on the stage. Prospero must be a man, and yet something more than a man. Caliban must be a man, and yet something brutish and monstrous. Miranda must be what no actress can possibly represent—Miranda. Ariel is as impossible of representation as the fairies in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It is just this indefinable beauty, this fleeting sense of something other-worldly that melts like snow in the hand, which raises the play far above the world of the observation and memory into the realm of imagination and sunset-emotions. There are times when it seems a silly play. When we feel that, we should put it down. The horns of elf-land are not blown to order. There are other times when it seems a thing of mysterious beauty, leading by its beauty to faint glimpses of truth. It is a hard play, hard to read and harder to understand, and each time, on again reading it in this mood, one realizes new beauties and new apprehensions of philosophic truth. Shakespeare's verses mean more than they seem to say, and only Shakespeare could tell us all that he meant by it. Perhaps even he could not express it all to our understanding. It

is a play that one appreciates more highly at forty than at fourteen; but it is well to begin young to study *The Tempest*, for its understanding is the work of a lifetime.

8. THE TEMPEST AS A COMEDY

In *The Tempest* we approach a very different kind of comedy from *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. Fashion in comedy had changed, and Shakespeare to some extent followed popular taste. The "old comedy" of Lyly, Greene, and Peele had died soon after its authors, and Ben Jonson ruled the comic stage. Shakespeare followed Jonson's style in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in some of the characters of his plays written soon after the production of *Every Man in His Humour* (1598), namely, in Falstaff, Shallow, Hotspur, Jaques, Sir Toby Belch, Aguecheek, Malvolio. But Shakespeare had little taste for the realistic comedy of Jonson, Dekker, Marston, and Middleton. He loved romance, and romantic comedy was his true field.

The production of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, probably in 1608, offered a new type of comedy, different from the prevailing realistic style of Jonson. If Jonson's be the comedy of sense and sensibility, Beaumont and Fletcher's is the comedy of pride and prejudice. They delighted in the delineation of the passions, and the contrast of virtue with jealousy, treachery, and murder. Fidelity to human nature, in which Shakespeare had excelled, was largely ignored for the sake of striking contrast and dramatic effect. Following Horace's principle—

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quae sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quae
Ipse sibi tradit spectator,—

they delighted in a succession of startling scenes, emotional and even horrifying, with spectacular appeal to the eye, and music and dancing for the ear. Characterization became subordinated to dramatic effect. Their good men are too good. Their bad men are fiends, and to secure a happy ending they did not hesitate to bring about sudden

and unexpected conversions of character. Tragic themes were made comedies by a happy ending, or comedy became thrilling and melodramatic. Nevertheless, the ease, the versatility, and the popularity of Fletcher and Beaumont must have attracted Shakespeare's attention, and he must have felt that in *Philaster* (c. 1608), *The Maid's Tragedy* (c. 1610), and *A King and No King* (1611) was created a new kind of romantic drama,—a drama which relied for its interest upon a surprising story, and was at once more popular in its simplicity than his tragedy of character, and more poetic than Jonson's comedy of humours. Hence perhaps Shakespeare's collaboration with Fletcher in *Henry VIII* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

The influence of the new literary and incredible romantic sort of comedy is more apparent in *Cymbeline* (1609?) and in *The Winter's Tale* (1610?) than in *The Tempest* (1611). Yet there are many features which differentiate the play from the early comedies. In the first place, it is obvious that Shakespeare is older and looks upon his lovers with a difference. In the early comedies one usually is made to feel that the principals of the comedy are free agents. At least we may say that Shakespeare is in friendly sympathy with the hero and heroine. They are his contemporaries. He understands their emotions, thoughts, and difficulties. But in *The Tempest* Ferdinand and Miranda seem like children. Their characters are taken for granted rather than portrayed. They have no freedom of choice. They stand under the spiritual tyranny of Prospero, who lectures them about their duty to him and to each other. How different is this from the affairs of Portia and Bassanio, Rosalind and Orlando! Shakespeare regards Ferdinand and Miranda, not as contemporaries, but as members of a younger generation. He sees them with the wise mind of an elderly friend.

Secondly, the striking scenes of the later comedies are different, in that they are not dramatic but spectacular. In the early comedies such scenes were dramatic and grew naturally out of the story. We can find examples in the trial scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, the wrestling match in *As You Like It*, or the comical duel between the unwilling rivals in *Twelfth Night*. But in *The Tempest* we

have one realistic scene, the first scene of the shipwreck in the tempest, a scene designed to give atmosphere to the play like the striking opening scenes of *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Coriolanus*. The other striking scenes are not dramatic in themselves. They are spectacles, and, moreover, they depend for their imaginative effect on magic. Such for example are Act I, ii, where Ariel charms Ferdinand to Prospero's cell, when Ferdinand falls in love with Miranda, and Prospero puts a spell on Ferdinand,

lest too light winning
Make the prize light ;

and Act II, i, where Sebastian and Antonio have conspired, and are just ready to murder Alonso and Gonzalo when Ariel, "invisible," enters and rouses their sleeping victims. Or, again, Act III, iii, with its mask of strange shapes and Ariel like a harpy to tantalize the hungry nobles, a mask which, with its "solemn and strange music" and its two dances,—one of "gentle actions of salutation" the other of "mocks and mows"—must have been most spectacular. And again, Act IV, i, with its mask of Juno and Ceres, with Iris as prologue, and a graceful dance of nymphs and reapers "properly habited," has also much in common with some of the masks which Ben Jonson wrote for the courtly entertainments at Whitehall.

The introduction of short masks—musical interludes in which one or two principal figures introduce dancers dressed as shepherds, fauns, nymphs, or in some other romantic disguising, and sing a song or two—is not entirely typical of Shakespeare's last comedies. There was a mask of Hymen in *As You Like It*, and the fairy epilogue to *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* has some affinity to this type of entertainment; but in the later plays masks are regularly introduced, and their presence indicates a taste for toys of this sort, cultivated no doubt by the masks of Whitehall and the Inns of Court. It was an indication of the popular love of music, and an evidence of Shakespeare's readiness to develop a musical kind of comedy to suit popular taste. It was also an indirect confession that romantic comedy had lost its charm, and needed musical sugar plums and marzipan to make it palatable. The

introduction of these little operettas into pure comedy, which should delight simply by its story, its characters, and its language and acting, was an indication that popular taste in 1610 was not as pure as it had been ten or fifteen years earlier. The song and dances of such masks were more warmly applauded and appreciated than a fine dramatic situation with its human interest.

Thirdly, the "low comedy" of the comical characters is different. We may say, I think, that it is better than the clownery of the early comedies. Such clowning as there is in *The Tempest* is developed naturally from the characters of Trinculo and Stephano, in association with that plaintive slave Caliban. It is good comedy because it is natural as well as funny. It is poles apart from the rather artificial "conceits which clownage keeps in pay" of the early comedies. In the early comedies, the introduction of a clown or a fool was essential. It was a tradition with which Shakespeare did not care to risk breaking until the production of *Macbeth*. Audiences expected the fool, and Shakespeare satisfied their expectation. He gave them Launcelot, Bottom, Touchstone, and Feste. They are hearties all, and one would not be deprived of one of them; but, looking at them critically and without sentiment, one sees that they are opportunities for the drolleries of "low comedians" rather than intrinsic dramatic figures; and one admires Shakespeare the more because his rich imagination could produce such splendid variations on the same themes of impudence, roguery, and wit. Their function is to be at once the outspoken critic and the argumentative servant. If they are fools in motley like Touchstone and Feste, they add to this the frank witticisms of the professional jester. But Trinculo has no sallies of wit with his master the King of Naples, nor does Stephano bandy words with Alonso; their work is to play a definite part in the plot. Their petty and comical conspiracy is in symmetry with the grander and more sophisticated cunning of Antonio and Sebastian. They sing and prate and patronize Caliban, flounder in the mire, and fail of their drunken ambitions. In so doing they provide farcical scenes which are not merely additions to the plot, but an intrinsic part of the play, both for their comical conspiracy and for their characterization of the

“ man-monster ” Caliban, which could be obtained only in some such way as this, or by soliloquy. For Caliban, being less than a man, may not herd with sane and sober gentlemen.

So much has been said in criticism of *The Tempest* in order to mention its points of difference from Shakespeare's early comedies. It now remains to describe its excellences. It is the very summit of romantic imagination. The distant desert island, with its yellow sands, its blue seas, and its beetling cliffs, is a fitting scene for the magic of Prospero assisted by Ariel, his spirit of air and light. There is realism and terror, that unconvincing terror which is really a thrilling delight, in the scene of the wreck. There is beauty and sentiment in the simple love of Miranda for Ferdinand. What else more could one wish to see than idyllic love in such a setting of sunlit blue and gold ! But the shipwreck upsets the natural equilibrium of shipmates and passengers. The lower and meaner mortals see an easy and unprincipled way of putting down the mighty from their seats. There is treachery toward ; treachery, erring rather than malignant, which is countered by the magic of Prospero, and forgiven and forgotten in love and reconciliation at the end of the play. It is an unreal and romantic play, and its very unreality gave Shakespeare for a moment a glimpse of philosophical truth. Formerly he had seen a similarity between life and drama.

“ All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,”

says Jaques in *As You Like It* (II, vii, 140). But in *The Tempest* he approaches a purely idealistic view of life. Just as the mask of Ceres and Juno fades away into thin air, at the bidding of its creator, so the world shall fade :

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.

Life is unreal, a dream, an illusion. Its physical basis is non-material—"insubstantial." Its real basis is mind :

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. (IV, i, 155.)

A play which could be the occasion of such a wedding of beauty to truth is no mean play. And with that we leave it. Prospero releases Ariel and doffs his wizard's mantle. A merry ship-load of friends and reconciled enemies sets sail for Naples. Only Caliban is left on the island, watching with regretful vision the proud galleon sailing into the night. The sun sinks in a west of fire and gold. The island fades in the darkness. Only Caliban remains, forlorn, inscrutable, a fit victim for a new tyranny.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*

PROSPERO, *the rightful 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 of Naples.*

CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*

TRINCULO, *a Jester,*

STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler,* } *servants to Alonso.*

Master of a Ship.

Boatswain.

Mariners.

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS,

CERES,

JUNO,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} *presented by Spirits.*

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 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground : bestir, bestir.

[Exit.

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. 10

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. 18

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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, 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. 27

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. 37

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, and as leaky as an unstanch'd keg.

Boats. Lay her a-hold; a-hold! set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off. 49

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. 58

[*A confused noise within and cries: "Mercy on us!—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, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*]

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 suffer'd
 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. 'T is 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.

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 order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair 30
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 40
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. 'T is 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 abysm of time ? 50
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

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 ? 60
Or blessed was 't we did ?

Pros. Both, both, my girl :
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help 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 70
Through all the signories 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, who to advance, and who 80
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 . . . 90
 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 into truth, by telling of it, 100
 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 110
 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 121

To me inveterate, hearken 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, 130
 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,
 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 141
 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 butt, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats
 Instinctively have 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, 150
 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 160
 A noble Neopolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, who 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. 170
 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 't is 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 ; 't is a good dulness,
 And give it way : I know thou canst not choose.

highest point
180

[PROSPERO *charms* MIRANDA to sleep.

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

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, ^{wel come} hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly, 190
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, 200
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning 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?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners 210
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 blemish,

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

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle. 220

The king's son have I landed by himself ;

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot. [*Folds his arms.*]

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 ; 230

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

At least two glasses.

Pros. The time 'twixt six and now 240

Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more to do ? 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 250
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. 260

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 *magi*
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 indeed,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave, 270
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
 A dozen years ; within which space she died, 279
 And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans
 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,
 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 arriv'd 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 stomach
 Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command
 And do my spiriting 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 ? 300

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 ;
Awake !

Mir. [*Waking*] 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. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pros. But, as 't is, 310
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. [*Whispers*]

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, come forth !

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd 320
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, 320
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins
Shall forth at 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, 330
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest 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' th' 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, ~~th'~~ 340
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used
thee,
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!

Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take, 350
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 gabble 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. 360

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, *370*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos, *U' Anagu*
And make a vassal of him. *another*

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 :*

lightly *Foot it fealty here and there :*

And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

done song *Hark, hark !* *380*
Burthen [dispersedly] : *Bow-wow.*

Ari. *The watch dogs bark :*

Burthen [dispersedly] : *Bow-wow.*

Ari. *Hark, Hark ! I hear* *Pro-... feather*
The strain of strutting chanticleer *done in a*
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' th' air c
th' earth ?

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,

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. 10

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
y and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One : tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have spoken
nearer than you purposed. 20

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
ould.

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. 30

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. 40

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 't were perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live. 50

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. 60

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. 70

Seb. 'T was 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! 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. 81

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage. *Amphist...*

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. 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. 90

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Alon. 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. 100

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

Ant. That "sort" ^{search} was well fished for. ^{looked} searched out

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 far so from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir IIO
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Franc. ^{wave} ^{waves} Sir, he may live :
I saw him beat the ^{waves} 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, ^(l. 11)
As stooping to relieve him : I not doubt ^{for} ^{to} ^{the} ^c I20
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, ^{Scale} I30

I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have
Mo widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them :
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
 And time to speak in it : you rub the sore,
 When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly. *like a good surgeon*

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, 140

When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather ?

Ant. Very foul.

4) Gon. Had I ^{King's law} plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed. *bushes with th.*

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

2) Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do ?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

1) Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries *abh. s. of*

Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic *from Montaigne*

Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;

'Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,

And use of service, none ; contract, succession, 150

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 :—

Seb. 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, *stealing*

Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, *war* 160

Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,

Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,

To feed my innocent *abundance* people.

I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty !

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir ?—

Alon. Prithee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me. 170

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. 'T was 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 !

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long. 180

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. 189

[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
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not 200
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble, &
They fell together all, as by consent; ~~expressed~~
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?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st 210
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. *takes you away from this wo*

Seb. Well, I am standing water. *not decid* 220

Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. *limits my action* Do so: to ebb *to the*
Hereditary sloth instructs me *the*
Ant. *natural laziness, the* O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles you thus mock it! how, in stripping it, *over come*
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. ^{Gov.} Thus, sir : 230
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,
'T is 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, ^{wait for even} ²⁴⁰
But ~~doubt~~ discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd ? ^{unmade}

Seb. ^{ever doubt des. v. a} He 's gone.

Ant. ^{if he is drown} 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 ; 250
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 ?
'T is 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 259
 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 chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
 The mind 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. *care agree with* I remember
 You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True. 270

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 't were a kibe, *Some*
 'T would put me to my slipper; but I feel not
 This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they, *be u c*
 And melt, ere they *can* molest! Here lies your brother, *Pr*
 No better than the earth he lies upon, 280
 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 *conclusion*
 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, 290

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* 300

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. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing 310
Like bulls, or rather lions : did 't not wake you ?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O ! 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake ! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

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. 'T is best we stand upon our guard, 320
Or that we quit this place : let 's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground ; and let 's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts !
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done :
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. : [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of
thunder heard.*

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease ! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch, ^{bit}
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire, ^{spirits}
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark ^{darkness}
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 10
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. ^{bent}

Enter TRINCULO.

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.

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 thunderbolt.
[*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again ! my best
way is to creep under his garberdine ; 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 a-shore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral ;
—well, here's my comfort. *be* [Drinks.]

[Sings.]

*The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Moll, 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!'* 50

*She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.*

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:—O!

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 nostrils. 63

Cal. The spirit torments me:—O!

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. 72

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. 81

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. [*Gives CALIBAN wine*]. 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. 94

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 afraid, —thy good friend Trinculo. 101

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 ?

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 over-blown ? 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 ! 111

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about ; my stomach is not constant. *slight*

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 escape ? 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. 121

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. Swam 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. [*Drinks.*] 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 ?

132

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 afraid of him ! A very weak monster ! The man i' the moon ! A most poor credulous monster ! [*CALIBAN drinks.*] 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.

145

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 it in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink. An abominable monster !

155

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs ; I 'll pluck thee berries ;

I 'll fish for thee, 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.

160

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 ! 173

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. 180

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 logs.

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 *ordinar*
Point to rich ends. This my mean task *again*

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, *crabbed*
 And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
 Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, *collect*
 Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress *orders* 10
 Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
 Had never like executor. I forget :
 But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
 Most busy lest, when I do it— [Sees MIRANDA
sees

Enter MIRANDA : PROSPERO enters after her, unseen.

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
 Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoind to pile ! *asked*
 Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns, *Miranda*
 'T will weep for having wearied you. My father *is e*
 Is hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself ; 20
 He 's safe for these three hours.

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

Mir. *am* 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, 30
 And yours it is against.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected !
 This visitation shows it. *influence*

Mir. *Tadi callin* You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 't is 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 hest to say so !

Fer. ^{order} 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 40
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 50
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,
Beside yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts ^{talk too much}
I therein do forget. _{order}

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ; 60
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

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 ^{reward}
What best is boded me to mischief ! I, ^{fulfil} 70
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world, ^{paid col to me}
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool .

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. [*Aside.*] Fair encounter ^{meeting}
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, 80
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 in 't : and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand ! 91

[*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA 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.

[*Exit.*]

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 ~~fall~~, *will go to dogs*

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. 11

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned 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. *He who carries the flag*

Trin. Your lieutenant, ^{pick} if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you'll lie, like dogs, and yet say nothing neither. 20

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 is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed 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? 31

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. 41

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.

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. 50

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more. [To CAL.] 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? *renewed* 60

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

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not. *big fool!*

Cal. What a pied ninny's this! Thou scurvy patch I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows. *m'*
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. *... alive*

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. 72

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 him.*] 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! 82

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, 't is a custom with him I' th' afternoon to sleep ; there thou mayst brain him, Having first seized his books ; or with a log ^{kill him} 90
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, ^{stone} burst
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 ^{de corali}
The beauty of his daughter ; he himself 100
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} Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord.

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.

110

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 ? *Sing the song*

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*They sing.*

Air Flout 'em and scout 'em, do not
And scout 'em and flout 'em ; *121*
Thought is free. *but then about*

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.

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 !

130

Ste. He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee.
Mercy upon us ! *It's okay*

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*
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, 140

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. 151

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,
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. 10

Ant. [*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.] 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* ANTONIO.] The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. [*Aside to* SEBASTIAN.] 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 ANTONIO.*] 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? 20

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 't is 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,— 30
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 gestures, 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.

Seb. No matter, since 40
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 50
The best is past. Brother, my lord and 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.

{*ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows 60
Are ministers of Fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowl 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 ; 70
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed 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 wraths to guard you from,—
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls 80
 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; 90
 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' th' ooze is bedded ; and 100
 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 austerly punish'd you,
 Your compensation makes amends ; for I
 Have given you here a third 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. 10

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 20
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 't is 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 Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke. 31
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 40
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.*

Pros. Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance 51
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood : be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow !

Fer. 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 !
[To FER. and MIR.] No tongue ! all eyes ! be silent.

A mask of Marriage. Enter IRIS. Soft music.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas 60
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfy 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 betrimms,
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,
Where thou thyself dost air ;—the queen o' the sky, 70
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 ; ^{good wife} ^{Jew}
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubb'd down, 80
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. ^{mother of} 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, ^{Plot}
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company 90
I have forsworn. ^{Real}*

*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
Till Hymen's torch be lighted ; but in vain ;
Mar's fair minion is return'd 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. ^{upset} High'st queen of state, 100
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.

Song.

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; 110
where
we the
of said
the
be it!
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 120
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Makes this place a 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, call'd Naiades, of the windring
brooks,
With your saged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command; 130

*Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.*

Enter certain Nymphs.

*You sunburn'd 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. ~~dance~~*

*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 ~~colleague~~
Against my life : the minute of their plot 140
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 moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.
Our revels are now 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, 150
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve, ~~show~~
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; ^{troubled}
 Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell, 160
 And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer., Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*
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 171
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor; ^{boom}
 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 follow'd through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
 Which enter'd their frail shins; at last I left them 180
 I' the 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 trumpery 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, 190
 So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring.

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, which he hangs on the trees.

Pros. 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 filth ; 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,— 201

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,—

Str. 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. 211

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. 220

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. *ucler*

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 dropsy drown this fool ! what do you mean To dote thus on such luggage ? Let 's alone, 230 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. 239

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 turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villanous 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. 251

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting 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 !

[*CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO 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 ! 260

Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies 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 the Cell of PROSPERO.*

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 raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers ?

Ari. Confined together
 In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
 Just as you left them ; all prisoners, sir, ^{shelter}
 In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ; 10
 They cannot budge till your release. The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
 And the remainder mourning over them.
 Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
 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, edge ^{that is} ^{not}
 That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human. 19

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 ^{some}
 In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel : 30
 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 eye not bites ; and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid— 40
 Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault ^{blue sky}
 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 50
 I here abjure ; and, when I have required ^{g. we up}
 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, followed by 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, 60
 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 70
 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 80
 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. [Exit ARIEL.
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit ;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Re-enter ARIEL, who sings and helps to doff PROSPERO'S
 magic robes, and to attire him.*

*Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I :
 In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
 There I couch when owls do cry. 90
 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, 100
 And presently, I prithee.

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

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

Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged 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. 110

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 pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero
Be living and be here ?

Pros. [To GONZALO.] First, noble friend, 120
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

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

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all !
[*Aside, to SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.*] 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.

Seb. [*Aside.*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother 130
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 140
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 150
Myself were mudded 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 159
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this ;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor

Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
 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.

170

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.

my *Mir.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle, fight ^{near}
 And I would call it fair play.

Alon.

If this prove

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 cursed them without cause.

[Kneels.

Alon.

Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about !

180

Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mir.

O, wonder ! *Chil.*

How many goodly creatures are there here !

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't !

Pros.

'T is new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at,
 play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together ?

Fer.

Sir, she is mortal ;

Hapless was
 a gre
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a comment
 the was
 of it
 fast

Chil.

M.

She d
 not
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love

her

bet

But by immortal Providence she 's mine :
 I chose her when I could not ask my father
 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
 Received a second life ; and second father
 This lady makes him to me.

190

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 remembrance with
 A heaviness that 's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept, 200
 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 210
 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 FERDINAND and MIRANDA.] 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'erboard, not an oath on shore ?
 Has thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ? 220

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

Ari. [*Aside to PROSPERO.*] Sir, all this service
 Have I done since I went.

Pros. [*Aside to ARIEL.*] My tricky 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 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep, 230
 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 no 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.

Ari. [*Aside to PROSPERO.*]: Was 't well done ?

Pros. [*Aside to ARIEL.*]: Bravely, my diligence.
 Thou shalt be free. 241

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. ^{correct} ^{full} 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, 250
 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.*

copy of the source work
 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!* *Courage*

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head,
 here's a goodly sight. *supernatural creature* 260

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, *these small pictures of these men*
 Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave, *the*
 His mother was a witch ; and one so strong *will*
 That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, *held*
 And deal in her command, without her power. 270
 These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil *and*
 Had plotted with them *palace*
 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 ?— 280
How camest thou in this pickle ? ^{fully drunk} ^{excited the} ^{an great cliff}

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. ^{small insect}

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano !

Ste. O, touch me not ;—I am not Stephano, but a cramp. ^{would be to}

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. 290

[*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.

Seb. Or stole it, rather. 300

[*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-beloved solemnized ; 310
 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 ! [To the rest.] 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, 't is true,
 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 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.

[*Exit.*

These are super powers
that rule the destinies of men
and, it may be the will of Providence
that the cause I represent
may prosper more by my suffering
than by my remaining free.

Tilak

NOTES AND GLOSSARY

ACT I

SCENE I

3. **Good**: Either short for "Good boatswain," cf. l. 10, or equivalent to "That is right."
4. **yarely**: readily, briskly.
6. **yare**: The adjective corresponding to the adverb above. O.E. *gearu*, ready.
7. **Blow . . . room enough**: addressed to the storm. Blow until thou canst blow no more, if we have sea-room enough.
16. **What cares these roarers**: The grammatical fault is said to be due to the influence of the foregoing word, cf. "Of his bones *are* coral made," I, ii, 397. But in the heat and energy of writing, it was easy for Shakespeare to think first of "What cares the tempest," etc., then to correct it to the more graphic, "these roarers." The word "roarer," we might add, conveyed a meaning (which is now lost) of a blusterer or a roisterer. A "roaring boy" was a slang name for a dandy swashbuckler.
29. **his complexion is a perfect gallows**: His face shows that he is born to be hanged, not to be drowned. There was a proverb: "He who is born to be hanged will ne'er be drowned."
35. **Bring her to try with main-course**: Bring the helm over, so as to sail near to the wind, under the main-sail. To "try" is to sail towards the air of the wind, hence "try-sail." A "course" is a sail or sheet.
37. **office**: duty, i.e. than we are when at our work. L. *officium*, duty, service.
48. **Lay her a-hold**: Lay the ship's course as nearly into the wind as her sails will hold it, keep her close to the wind; like "bring her to try," above.
- her two courses**: the main-sail and the fore-sail.
49. **lay her off**: The ship is near the shore, and the boatswain is trying to manoeuvre her out to sea.
55. **merely**: simply, absolutely. The seamen have broached the spirits, cf. l. 54.
58. **to glut**: swallow, cf. Fr. *engloutir*.
66. **long heath, brown furze**: Hammer suggested, "lung, heath, broom, furze."

SCENE II

4. **welkin**: cloud. O.E. *wolcen*.
13. **fraughting**: making her freight or lading. For the verb, cf. Ger. *frachten*, from *Fracht*, freight. We use only the p.p. 'fraught' in modern English, e.g. a ship fraught with souls.

29. **no soul**—: supply “lost” to complete the sense.
30. **perdition**: loss. L. acc. *perditionem*, related to *perditus*, p.p. of *perdere*, to lose.
35. **bootless inquisition**: useless conjecture. “Boot” is a good old word meaning “profit.” O.E. *bōt*.
41. **out**: fully.
50. **dark backward and abysm**: dim past and gulf. Note the poetical licence in the use of “backward” as a substantive. “Abysm” is another form of “abyss,” O.Fr. *abisme*.
56. **piece**: here equivalent to “model,” “perfect example.”
59. His only heir, a princess, was of equal birth and breeding.
63. **help**: holpen, the archaic p.p. of *help*.
64. **teen**: vexation, grief, O.E. *tēona*, related to *tēon*, to accuse, injure.
65. **from**: out of, (gone) from.
70. **manage**: management, administration.
71. **signories**: petty states of Northern Italy, governed by a *signior* or lord.
81. **To trash for over-topping**: To lop for growing too high; a metaphor from forestry. “Trash” meant the sticks found under trees, hence the cuttings of trimmed bushes and trees. Others explain the phrase as “to check,” as the huntsman checks a too eager hound with a strap attached to his neck, for running ahead and over-topping or over-running the scent.
87. **verdure out on ’t**: greenness out of it. “Verdure” may be used here in the sense of “life” or “sap.”
89. **all dedicated to closeness**: entirely devoted to seclusion.
91. **that**: the secret studies of l. 77.
but by being: except for being, if it were not.
92. **O’er prized all popular rate**: surpassed in value all popularity or popular esteem.
94. **like a good parent**: since good parents often have bad sons.
97. **sans bound**: boundless. The French *sans*, “without,” was often used by Elizabethan poets, especially with words of French origin, as a useful unaccented monosyllable, which allowed the qualified word to be stressed.
lorded: made a lord.
98. **revenue**: The accent is on the middle syllable.
100. **into**: unto. The sense is: “Who, by telling it, made his memory such a sinner unto truth (a liar) as to believe his own lie.” Antonio had told the tale so often, that he began at last really to believe that he was the duke.
103. **out o’ the substitution**: in consequence of acting as substitute for the real duke, through being the duke’s representative.
109. **Absolute Milan**: the actual Duke of Milan.
Me: for me, as for me.
112. **dry**: thirsty, hence “eager.”
117. **condition**: compact, agreement.
123. **in lieu o’ the premises**: in return for the conditions or stipulations.
125. **presently**: at once.
extirpate: root out. L. *extirpatus*, uprooted; *stirps*, a stalk. The stress falls on the middle syllable.
131. **ministers**: agents, hirelings. The accent is on the medial syllable.

134. **hint**: subject, lit. something grasped; related to O.E. *hentan*, to seize. Shakespeare never, or very rarely, used the word in the modern sense of "allusion."
138. **impertinent**: irrelevant, not to the purpose.
144. **In few**: in few (words), "in short," as Mr. Micawber would say.
146. **a butt**: a tub, used contemptuously of a ship.
148. **quit, hoist**: when verbs ended in *t* or *d* in older English an inflexion containing a dental consonant, such as *-th*, or *-ed* was reduced to *t*. Hence these forms stand for "quitted," "hoisted"; cf. Chaucer, *Prologue*, l. 187, "As Austin bit" (biddeth).
155. **deck'd**: covered. A "deck" is literally a covering; Du. *dek*, cognate with O.E. *thac*, thatch. Some suggest that deck'd is equivalent to *deg'd*, sprinkled.
156. **which**: referring to Miranda's smile of l. 153.
157. **An undergoing stomach**: An enduring courage. The stomach was supposed to be the seat of the emotion of courage; cf. such phrases as "he has no stomach for the fight." It is a fact that fear can, if given way to, make people sick.
165. **steaded much**: stood us in good stead, been of service to us.
172. **more profit**: profit more.
173. **princess'**: princesses. Since the word already ended in *s*, no plural inflexion was added.
181. **zenith**: the highest point (of my fortunes). The "zenith," a word ultimately of Arabic origin, introduced to western Europe through the Spanish, is the highest point in the seen track of a star.
183. **omit**: neglect: cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV, iii, 218. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc.
186. **And give it way**: and yield to it, let it come.
193. **quality**: either qualities, powers; or of a like nature, i.e. other spirits like him.
194. **to point**: exactly, precisely. Fr. *à point*.
196. **beak**: prow, bow.
197. **waist**: mid-ship.
198. **I flamed amazement**: I astounded them by appearing like fire. The allusion is to the electrical glow seen sometimes during thunder-storms, especially in southern climates, upon such objects as the masts and yards of ships, trees, steeples, etc. The phenomenon is known as *St. Elmo's Fire*.
207. **coil**: noise, uproar.
209. **a fever of the mad**: a fever such as possesses madmen.
213. **up-staring: standing on end**: cf. *Julius Cæsar*, IV, ii, 277.
218. **sustaining**: bearing (them) up.
227. **nook**: creek.
228. **dew**: dew was used by magicians and witches as an ingredient in their magic potions.
229. **the still-voiced Bermoothes**: the ever-raging Bermudas. These islands were reputed by seamen to be enchanted, and the sea was always rough there. Silvester Jourdain's pamphlet entitled, *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels*; (1610), declared that the islands were "ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather."
231. **Who**: whom.
234. **flote**: flood, sea.

239. **Past the mid season At least two glasses**: At least two hours after twelve; i.e. after 2 p.m. This passage gives an indication of the time of the play. The action takes place between two and six on a summer's afternoon.
242. **pains**: labours, tasks.
243. **remember**: remind.
250. **bate**: abate, diminish, deduct.
258. **envy**: ill-will.
261. **Argier**: an old form of Algiers.
266. **one thing**: one solitary good action to the Algerians. What was it? Did she, as Charles Lamb suggested, once save their city? Perhaps an older version of the story might tell us.
272. **for**: for that, since.
274. **hests**: behests, commands.
281. **strike**: strike the water—thud! thud! thud!
282. **litter**: bear, give birth to. A term which is used only of animals such as pigs or rabbits.
297. **correspondent**: responsive, obedient.
298. **do my spiriting gently**: do my work as a spirit pleasantly.
311. **miss**: do without.
317. **quaint**: a word used by Shakespeare in various meanings: clever, pretty, ingenious; O.Fr. *coint*, from L. *cognitus*, known, p.p. of *cognoscere*. The verb "to acquaint" keeps the original sense.
326. **Shall forth at vast of night**: Shall creep out during the long night, cf. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 198: "In the dead vast and middle of the night." Our text is an emendation of the original, which reads, "Shall for that vast of night," etc.
341. **Which**: who, and I.
348. **honour**: chastity.
350. **print**: imprint, impression. Prospero says that Caliban is so constituted that goodness makes no impression on him, but he is "capable of all ill," i.e. he can take any and every evil impression. In the Folio this speech is given to Miranda; but this must be an error, for at the time referred to Miranda was only a child.
356. **race**: nature, disposition.
362. **rid you**: rid the world of you, destroy you.
364. **thou'rt best**: an impersonal construction made personal, equivalent to "thee were best," it were best for thee.
368. **aches**: pronounced "aitches," two syllables.
371. **Setebos**: the name of the chief god of the Patagonians.
377. **whist**: hushed. When you have courtied and kissed each other—the wild waves being still the while. The notion that the spirits are to kiss the wild waves to make them quiet is fantastic.
378. **featly**: neatly, gracefully.
381. **Burthen**: a stage direction for the refrain, or "burden." The burden was originally a droning bass accompaniment, or under-song. Later it acquired the meaning, as here, of refrain, i.e. words repeated in a stanza.
390. **their fury and my passion**: the fury of the waves and my emotion.
403. **remember**: commemorate.
405. **owes**: owns.
406. **advance**: raise, lift.
407. **yond**: yonder.
412. **but**: but that, except that.
417. **It goes on**: My plan works.
430. **single**: (1) solitary, (2) one and the same; probably both meanings are intended.

431. **Naples**: the King of Naples.
436. **And his brave son**: This looks like a slip. The Duke of Milan in the play has no son.
437. **control**: check, prove you wrong.
452. **owest**: should'st.
466. **He's gentle, and not fearful**: He is an aristocrat, and not a coward. If you vex him he will attack you.
469. **Come from thy ward**: come from thy attitude of defence, i.e. sheathe thy sword.
467. **My foot my tutor?**: Shall the girl who sits at my feet tell me what to do?
482. **nerves**: sinews.

ACT II

SCENE I

3. **hint of woe**: occasion of woe, sad plight.
5. **merchant**: merchant-ship, merchantman.
11. **visitor**: One who goes to see (L. *visitare*) the sick, bearing spiritual comfort and counsel.
15. **One tell**: He has already struck one, count the strokes!
28. **Which, of he or Adrian**: Which of the two, he or Adrian.
41. **subtle . . . temperance**: delicate . . . temperature; L. *subtilis*, finely woven.
73. **Temperance**: a Puritan woman's name.
67. **pocket up his report**: hear his report and say nothing, as one "pockets" a gibe or an insult.
74. **to their queen**: as their queen.
75. **widow Dido**: When Æneas fled from Troy with his companions, his ships were driven by a storm to Carthage. There he came before the queen, Dido, who fell madly in love with him. She was a widow and Æneas was a widower, but Antonio and Sebastian think that Gonzalo is rather too precise in mentioning that she was a widow. The story of Æneas and Dido is told in Virgil's *Æneid*.
82. **This Tunis, sir, was Carthage**: Gonzalo is right, but not exact. Tunis is not built on the site of Carthage. The ruins are three miles away.
85. **the miraculous harp**: the harp of Amphion, whose lyre was said by the ancients to have reared the walls of Thebes in Bœotia. Antonio jestingly suggests that Gonzalo has raised Tunis out of the ruins of Carthage.
93. **Ay?**: Alonso has been either dozing or day-dreaming during the jesting conversation, and now breaks in with a monosyllable, meaning "What was that?" Antonio's response, "Why, in good time," indicates that he thinks the King has intervened at the right moment. Gonzalo then explains what they were talking about.
99. **Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido**: Please don't introduce the subject of Dido again. "Bate" is a shortened form of "abate," meaning here "except."
102. **in a sort**: in a way, "in a manner of speaking," i.e. relatively, comparatively speaking.
103. **That "sort" was well fished for**: That "comparatively speaking" of yours was a lucky addition after much effort. An-

- tonio is poking fun at Gonzalo's saying that his coat was as fresh as when new, and then qualifying his statement by a phrase which robs the statement of its value.
106. **stomach**: inclination. A meaning derived from "stomach" in the sense of appetite.
108. **in my rate**: in my opinion.
126. **Who hath cause to wet the the grief on 't**: Either, which hath cause to wet its grief with tears; or (from your highness) who hath reason to weep for grief of it.
129. **Weigh'd**: equally balanced, hesitating, as to which end of the beam should fall,—reluctance (to marry a black) or obedience (to her father's will).
139. **most chirurgeonly**: like a good chirurgeon or surgeon.
142. **the plantation of this isle**: Gonzalo uses the word "plantation" in the sense of colonizing. Antonio and Sebastian employ it wilfully in the literal meaning of planting.
146. **by contraries**: in the opposite way, by the "rule of contrary."
151. **bound**: frontier or border; O.Fr. *borne*, of Gaulish origin, derived from a word which meant a mark or boundary.
- bound of land**: boundary of private properties, O.Fr. *bone*, a shorter form of *borne*. When this form of the word was taken into English, a *d* was added as in Fr. *son*, Eng. *soun-d*. So that, curious as it may seem, "bound" (a border) and "bound" are merely two different ways of pronouncing the same original word, and their meanings were originally identical.
160. **engine**: mechanical contrivance, implement, machine; especially in the sense of "instruments of war," such as guns, catapults, etc.
162. **foison**: profusion, plenty; Fr. *foison*, L. *fusionem* (acc.).
173. **sensible and nimble lungs**: sensitive and quick wit. The lungs are here thought of as the seat of the emotion of laughter, as the stomach was supposed to be the seat of courage, and the heart of affection; perhaps because impressions were supposed to be drawn in with the breath and turned to ridicule in the lungs.
180. **flat-long**: with the flat, not with the edge. Sebastian is thinking of the blow of a sword.
181. **You are gentlemen of brave mettle**, etc.: Gonzalo means: You are wonderful fellows! You can add wonders to wonders. He is alluding mockingly to their mode of wit, which consists in singling out the surprising statements of Gonzalo and travestying them.
184. **go a bat-fowling**: go a-hunting for birds at night with a "bat" or stick and a net. Sebastian, of course, is talking nonsense.
186. **adventure my discretion**: risk my reputation for discretion.
193. **omit the heavy offer of it**: neglect the drowsy opportunity of sleep.
206. **the occasion speaks thee**: the opportunity calls to thee, now is the time.
215. **wink'st**: thou blinkest, thou art half asleep.
219. **if heed me**: if (you) heed me.
220. **Trebles thee o'er**: makes thee thrice what thou art now.
224. **in stripping it, You more invest it**: in trying to throw it off, you become more entangled therein; like a bound prisoner trying to free himself from a rope.

225. **Ebbing men**: men whose fortunes are waning; unsuccessful men.
229. **A matter from thee**: something serious and weighty from thee. that thou hast something in thy mind.
230. **throes**: causes thee pain or difficulty. O.E. *throwian*, to suffer.
232. **of as little memory**: as little in remembrance (as his own "weak remembrance" or poor memory).
235. **only Professes to persuade**: who only speaks in order to persuade. His profession is the art of persuasion, for he is a minister and a diplomatist.
241. **pierce a wink beyond**: gaze further; literally, cannot see a glimpse beyond that high hope.
242. **But doubt discovery there**: except to suspect that there is something awaiting discovery. The meaning of this difficult passage is disputed. I take it to be: You have no hope, if you think Ferdinand undrowned; (for he is the heir, and assassination of Alonso is futile). But another way (i.e. if you believe him to be drowned) there is, if you like, a hope of the crown beyond the dreams of ambition, a hope so remote usually that ambition cannot rise to it, and can only suspect that there is a hope beyond the limits of its vision.
247. **no note . . . post**: no information by messenger or post. "Post" originally meant a military post. Then, since such posts were usually on roads, it acquired the meaning of a stage on a road; and, since horses for travellers were kept at the stages, it was applied to messengers who used relays of horses. From this comes the modern meaning of the organized delivery of messages. Shakespeare uses here the word "post" in the sense of a messenger.
249. **she that from whom**: Claribel, from whom (in coming hither): "that" is redundant, and merely used as a demonstrative to "she."
250. **some cast again**: some of us were cast up again (after being swallowed by the sea, and are here on the island). The meaning of the lines which follow is: And by that fate, namely our wreck and our safety, are cast like actors to perform an act. What has already happened is the prologue. What is going to happen is for you and me to discharge.
258. **Measure us back**: count the cubits back again; come back again. The *L. cubitus* meant an elbow, and a cubit was a measure of length from the elbow to the tip of the fingers.
265. **A chough of as deep chat**: a chough who would be as wise a talker as he.
 you bore The mind that I do: you thought as I think.
268. **And how does your content Tender your own good fortune?**: How does your ambition regard your opportunity? "Content" (what is contained) here appears to mean desire; "tender" (a verb from the adjective "tender") means to regard with tenderness. The precise meaning of the passage is disputed. The general sense is: What do you think of this opportunity?
272. **feater**: more neatly, cf. I, ii, 380.
275. **kibe**: chilblain.
278. **candied**: sugared over. A "sugared" conscience is one in which the natural sense of right and wrong is obscured by self-interest. If twenty consciences

appeal to my sense of right, let them be sugared and melt in sugar, before I heed them. Candy is derived ultimately from an Arabic word *gandi*, made of sugar.

287. **suggestion**: what we suggest, our version of the story.
288. **tell the clock**: tell the time (not according to the clock, but according to what we say the time ought to be). They will comply with all that we demand.
320. **That's verily**: That's so, verily.

SCENE II

3. **By inch-meal**: inch by inch, cf. "piecemeal" = bit by bit.
5. **urchin-shows**: elfin apparitions. An "urchin" is properly a hedgehog; but it acquired the meaning of an elf or goblin, because it was believed that such beings took the form of urchins.
9. **mow**: grimace, make faces; cf. Fr. *moue*, a grimace.
13. **wound**: wound about.
21. **bombard**: a leather bottle.
27. **Poor-John**: dried hake.
32. **doit**: a small Dutch coin, worth half a farthing.
36. **suffered**: died, cf. the Nicene Creed: "He suffered and was buried"; and so martyrs for their religious or even political faith were said to "suffer."
40. **shroud**: shroud myself, take shelter.
46. **swabber**: a ship's drudge, who swabbed the decks.
60. **proper**: fine. The praisers of Stephano's courage spoke ironically. They meant: The best man who ever walked with two crutches can't frighten him.
68. **recover him**: cure his ague. Caliban is trembling violently.
70. **that ever . . . neat's-leather**: that ever walked on ox-hide, i.e. that ever lived. "Neat" is a good old English word for an ox, cf. neat's-foot oil, the name given in the north of England to the oil extracted from hooves.
73. **after the wisest**: according to the wisest fashion.
80. **anon**: soon. The word originally meant "in one (moment)," at once.
82. **Come on your ways**: Come on! "your ways" is an old genitive case used adverbially.
98. **I have no long spoon**: An allusion to the old proverb: "He who sups with the devil needs a long spoon," cf. *Comedy of Errors*, IV, iii, 62.
105. **the siege of this moon-calf**: the seat of this monstrosity, Fr. *siège*.
143. **Well drawn**: A good pull! You got a good drink that time!
163. **crabs**: crab-apples.
168. **scamels**: The meaning of this word, if it is a real word and not a printer's mistake, has not been explained, for it only occurs here. The probable explanation, suggested first by Keightley, is that the word is a misprint for "seamels" = sea-mews, sea-gulls. Young sea-gulls were eaten as a delicacy.
171. **we will inherit here**: we shall come to the throne here, rule the island, which he imagines to be peopled with savages like Caliban.
181. **hey-day**: an interjection uttered with intent to tell others to get out of the way; equivalent to "hey there!"

ACT III

SCENE I

1. Some pastimes are laborious, but our delight therein compensates for (sets off) their toilsome nature; some kinds of labour are a noble service, and most drudgery leads to a rich reward at the end.
6. **quickness**: enlivens, stimulates.
15. **Most busy lest, when I do it—**: Ferdinand sees Miranda approach and his soliloquy is broken off. If he had continued, perhaps his thoughts would have been something like this: "These sweet thoughts of Miranda add vigour to my labour, and I am most busy lest, as I toil, she see me at work, and weeps." Or, "Sweet thoughts of her are most busy in my brain lest, when I do my tasks, I forget her and become tired." Perhaps even Shakespeare was not very clear about what he meant Ferdinand to say. The dramatic effect is not that he shall finish his reflections, but that Miranda shall appear whilst he is at work. Commentators have insisted on taking this line as a corruption, and very many emendations have been suggested—all foolish without exception. I owe the suggestion for this interpretation of this line to Mr. W. F. Trench (*T.L.S.*, 28 July, 1921).
32. **visitation**: (1) visit (to Ferdinand), (2) attack of love-sickness. Diseases were regarded as "visitations of providence."
37. **hest**: behest.
38. **the top of admiration**: Ferdinand plays upon the meaning of the name *Miranda*, which means, "admirable" or "meet to be

admired," L. *miranda*, fem. gerundive of *miror*.

42. **several**: different.
45. **owed**: had, possessed.
46. **put it to the foil**: foiled it, overcame it. "Foil" in this sense was a wrestling term meaning a set-back, "the fact of being almost thrown," but not quite. Hence the verb "to foil" = to repulse a person who meant to come to grips. To foil with the sword was to parry a thrust; hence also the villain in the old melodrama of our grandfathers, exclaimed, "foiled again!" when his wicked plans were upset.
52. **features**: bodies, shapes, forms. What men and women look like elsewhere, I don't know.
69. **with kind event**: with a happy issue or ending.
94. **I'll to my book**: I'll turn to my book of magic. Prospero learns his magic from a book.
96. **appertaining**: pertaining to my scheme.

SCENE II

2. **bear up, and board 'em**: literally, up with the helm and board the enemy; figuratively, have another pull at the bottle.
6. **be brained**: be fitted with brains, have brains.
16. **standard**: (1) standard bearer, (2) upright support. Trinculo proceeds to point out that Caliban is too drunk to serve as a "standard."
26. **in case to**: in a condition to.

26. **debauched**: an old form of "debauched," Fr. *débaucher*, to lead astray, either from one's duty or from virtue.
33. **such a natural**: such a freak of nature.
50. **supplant**: displace.
60. **party**: Here in a colloquial sense = "fellow," which can still be heard, e.g. "a party I know." It was originally a law term meaning one side in a suit or case, and also a partner or sharer. Hence it acquired the same meaning as "fellow," which also originally meant a sharer.
64. **What a pied ninny's this!**: Trinculo, being the King's jester, is, of course, attired in motley, which looked "pied" (i.e. black and white), like a pied-wagtail. "Pied" means variegated like a "pie." Fr. *pie*. L. *pīca*, a magpie.
68. **the quick freshes**: the live springs of fresh water. The adjective "fresh" is here used as a noun, and the phrase means "the flowing fresh waters"—"quick" being the opposite of "standing" or stagnant.
71. **make a stock-fish of thee**: Stock-fish is dried cod. Stephano means that he will do with Trinculo what the cook does with stock-fish before he boils it—make it tender by beating it.
91. **paunch him**: stab him in the "paunch," or belly.
92. **wezand**: a good old English word for the wind-pipe.
94. **sot**: a stupid fellow.
98. **which, when he has a house, etc.**: with which he'll deck his house, when he has one.
117. **troll the catch**: join in the part song.
118. **but while-ere?**: but ere-while, only a little while before.

- S.D. **tabor and pipe**: a tiny drum and a small flageolet with three holes, which provided the musical accompaniment for morris-dancers. They were also used by the clowns Tarleton and Kempe, in their interludes.
127. **the picture of Nobody**: an allusion to some jesting picture, designed to make people laugh. What the picture was we don't know. It may have been the picture of "Nobody"—all head, legs, and arms, but without a body—which was the title page of the old anonymous comedy, *No-body and Some-body*.

SCENE III

1. **By'r lakin**: a contraction of "By our Ladykin." "Ladykin" is a diminutive form of "lady," and "Our Lady" is of course S. Mary, the Virgin.
2. **trod**: trodden.
3. **forthrights**: straightforward paths.
meanders: winding, like the letter S. The paths which twist and turn are called "meanders" after the River Mæander, the ancient name of a river in the principality of Caria, in Asia Minor, proverbial for its serpentine course.
5. **attach'd with**: seized, overcome by. This is a legal word of French origin used figuratively. To attach, O.Fr. *atachier*, *estachier*, meant originally to fasten to a stake or picket, O.Fr. *estache*, derived from the same Germanic word as the English *stake*. Used in a legal sense it meant to arrest or seize. The modern meaning, "to join together," is post-Shakespearean.
10. **frustrate**: a past participle in

Latin dress, *L. frustratus*, disappointed, made vain, used here as an adjective.

S.D. **above**: on the balcony.

21. **drollery**: puppet show (like "Punch and Judy"). Literally a show given by "drolls" or comedians. Cf. droll, Fr. *drôle*, comical.

23. **phœnix**: The legend of the Phœnix was handed down through the Middle Ages from Ovid (*Metamorphoses*, XV, 390), where it follows on the statement that she-bears lick their cubs into shape. This tale of the unique fowl, which in its old age was consumed by fire and sprang up a new and young Phœnix from the ashes of its nest in the top-most tuft of a palm-tree, was used as a symbol of immortality in the "Bestiaries" of the Middle Ages. But Shakespeare was thinking here of the fable that "as there is but one Phœnix in the world, so there is but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth" (*Euphues*), and alluding to it as an untrue story. Sebastian means: If there are such "strange shapes" as these on earth, I will believe any wild fable, even that unicorns and the phœnix really exist.

32. **gentle-kind**: gently kind. The folio reads, "gentle, kinde."

36. **muse**: wonder at.

39. **Praise in departing**: A proverbial phrase meaning: Praise the entertainment when it is ended; don't praise it whilst it is still going on.

45. **Dew-lapp'd like bulls**: A "dew-lap" is a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat, and Shakespeare is thinking of travellers' tales of goitre (swollen throat), which used to be prevalent in Savoy and amongst the Alps.

47. **men whose heads stood in their**

breasts: a fabulous race of savages, according to the mediaeval geographers, who lived in Ethiopia. "In this land be many nations with divers faces wonderly and horribly shapen." This race is called "Bennii, and it is said, they have no heads, but they have eyes fixed in their breasts . . ." "Other men of Ethiopia live only by honey-suckles dried in smoke, and in the sun, and these live not past forty years." Such marvellous travellers' tales were common in all ages until the habitable world was explored. An English traveller to Russia, Giles Fletcher, in his *Of the Russe Common Wealth* (1591), said that in Russia were "men of prodigious shape—some overgrown with hair like wild-beasts, others have heads like dogs and their faces in their breasts without necks."

48. **Each putter-out of five for one**: a periphrasis for "each traveller." It was not uncommon for travellers and voyagers to pledge a sum of money with a capitalist or goldsmith on condition that if they failed to return through shipwreck or other adversity, the sum should be forfeited to the financier; on the other hand, if they did return, five times the premium should be paid to them. This kind of underwriting preceded insurance.

S.D. **Ariel, like a harpy**: The harpies of classical mythology were loathsome birds with maidens' faces, hands armed with claw-like nails, and faces pale with hunger. When Æneas and his companions landed in the islands known as the Strophades, in the Ionian sea, and made a feast for themselves, the harpies swooped upon them from the mountains and plundered the banquet (*Æneid* III, 209-57).

54. **to instrument**: for instrument, cf. *S. Luke* iii, 8. "We have Abraham to our father."
55. **the never-surfeited sea**: Note the order of this sentence: You are three men of sin, whom Destiny . . . hath caused the never-surfeited sea to belch up (you). The redundant "you" is necessary to supplement "whom" after the parenthesis: "you" is placed after "belch up" because the verb and its adverb were regarded as a compound verb = to upbelch.
62. **Of whom**: Of which. In Shakespeare's English "who" and "which" could be used indiscriminately either for persons or things.
64. **still-closing**: ever-closing, i.e. that (when stabbed) always closes again.
65. **dowl**: soft, downy feather.
71. **requit**: requited, cf. "quit" = quitted, I, ii, 148.
79. **whose wraths**: the wraths of which powers; "whose" refers to the "powers" of line 73.
80. **falls**: fall. A mistake singular for plural form of the verb due to the relative "which", which refers to "wraths."
81. **is nothing but**: there is no alternative but.
82. **clear**: blameless.
- S.D. **mows**: grimaces, cf. note to IV, i, 47.
84. **a grace it had, devouring**: There was grace in your harpy, even when snatching away the banquet.
85. **bated**: abated, omitted.
86. **with good life**: in a most life-like way, to the very life.
87. **observation strange**: extraordinary attention. "Observation" is here the equivalent of "observance."
88. **Their several kinds**: their different rôles. "Kind" meant "nature." Hence the closely related meaning—natural disposition, character.
93. **mine**: my.
99. **bass**: utter in deep tones—"bass," meaning the deepest voice in music, used as a verb. It is thunder, be it noted, which roars "Prosper." Shakespeare, to suit the sense to the sound, wisely omitted the final syllable of Prospero.
108. **ecstasy**: state of frenzy, whether of amazement or madness or fear; here, the desperation of a guilty conscience. We use the word now only of religious or artistic rapture, we speak of ecstatic pleasure; but in Shakespeare's day the word was used in its original sense, Gk. *ἐκστασις*, the state of being beside oneself.

ACT IV

SCENE I

3. **third**: The meaning is not clear. Suggested meanings are (1) a "thread", of which "third" or "thrid" was an Elizabethan form; (2) a "thrid" in its literal sense—a third of that for which I live, namely myself, my daughter, and my dukedom.
7. **strangely**: uncommonly, rarely.
9. **boast her off**: boast of her, or, praise her highly. "Off" is a

- modernization of the Folio reading "of," and it is not clear whether "of" is a preposition or an adverb.
12. **Against an oracle**: in spite of the contrary spoken by an oracle.
15. **virgin-knot**: the girdle worn by an unmarried woman in ancient times.
16. **sanctimonious**: sacred, cf. L. *sanctimonia*, sanctity.
18. **aspersion**: sprinkling. L. *aspersio-nem*, from *spargere*, to bestrew.
23. **Hymen's lamps**: Hymen was the god of marriage, and the phrase is a periphrasis for the torches carried in a bridal procession.
24. **fair issue**: fine offspring, children.
26. **the strong'st suggestion**: the strongest evil suggestion, the hardest temptation.
27. **Our worser genius can**: that our worse nature can make. The reference is to the belief that the better and worse sides of our nature are attended and prompted by a good spirit and an evil,—genii or angels, white and black, who suggest our actions to us, and are in conflict with each other for our souls; cf. *Sonnet* cxliv, "the better angel . . . the worser spirit."
29. **the edge**: the keen delight, bright and sharp like an edge, because it is unstained and unspoiled by regret.
30. **or Phoebus' steeds**: either the horses of the sun-god. According to ancient mythology, day was the effect of Phoebus' driving his chariot, the sun, across the heavens.
33. **What!**: Prospero is calling Ariel, and "what" is here short for "what ho!" = hallo!
41. **Some vanity of my art**: the illusion of the mask of marriage, which begins at l. 60.
42. **Presently**: immediately; the original sense of the word which is still kept in Scotland and in Ulster. It is a strange comment on the slackness of human nature that the words which once meant "immediately"—such as "soon," "anon," "presently,"—now mean "in a short time."
43. **twink**: lit. "wink," in the twinkling of an eye; M.E. *twinken*, to wink, related to *twitch* and *tweak*.
47. **mop and mow**: mocking gesture and grimace. Mop is related to *mope*. Mow is Fr. *moué*, pouting.
50. **conceive**: understand.
56. **the ardour of my liver**: The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of the passions, particularly of love and courage.
57. **a corollary**: an addition, a surplus. A corollary, Fr. *corollaire*, means an addition made to an argument or a thesis; from L. *corollarium*, a chaplet of flowers. Since a *corollarium* was often given as a present, the word became a synonym for a gift; and in late Latin it acquired the meaning of something given in addition to what had gone before, hence the "corollaries" to Euclid's propositions. Here it means an additional actor in the mask, a supernumerary.
- S.D. **A Mask of Marriage**: A mask or masque, so called from the "disguising" worn by the actors and actresses who were often amateurs, was an operetta with dances. They were much in favour in Tudor and Stuart times amongst the aristocracy and at court. Ben Jonson's masks were famous, and indeed his *Hymenaei*, or mask of Hymen, may be compared with

this marriage mask of Shakespeare. The action of Shakespeare's mask is simple. Iris (the rainbow), as messenger of Juno, the Queen of heaven, summons Ceres, the goddess of harvest, to join with Juno in blessing the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda. The mask ends in a dance of nymphs and reapers, the servants of Juno and Ceres respectively.

63. **stover**: hay, fodder.

64. **Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims**: One of the most difficult verses in Shakespeare's works. The exact meaning is uncertain. The banks are presumably river banks made flowery by rainy April, and it is suggested that pioned is "peonied" = covered with peonies or marigolds, and twilled is a rustic form of "quilled" = fringed with sedge. For the form of "twilled," cf. "twilt" for "quilt," and "twitch" for "quitch." Interpreting the passage in this spirit, Hammer suggested as an emendation "peonied and lilled," i.e. covered with peonies and lilies. Another interpretation is that "ponied and twilled" refers not to flowers but to ditching. The phrase is said to describe the appearance of river banks in spring after clearing and banking operations. "Pioned" is then taken in its usual Elizabethan meaning of digged with the spade (as by a pioneer), and "twilled" is said to mean ridged with marks of the spade, like the "twill" of serge. The former seems the better interpretation. For the pronunciation, "ponied" has three syllables and "twilled" two.

65. **spongy**: damp like a sponge, showery.

hest: best, bidding.

68. **lass-lorn**: lorn is a past par-

ticipale of "lose" which was formerly a strong verb. O.E. *lēōsan*, p.p. *loren*. "Lass-lorn" is formed on the analogy of *forlorn*, and we make take it as the equivalent of *lass-forsaken*, jilted by his lass.

pole-clipt vineyard: A vineyard is said to be "pole-clipt" because the poles, up which the vines grow, are conceived of as being "clipped" or embraced by the vines.

70. **dost air**: dost take the air, wanderest.

71. **watery arch**: Iris was the personification of the rainbow.

74. **her peacocks**: According to the mythology of the classical poets, the chariot of Juno was drawn by peacocks, just as that of Venus was drawn by pigeons, cf. line 94.

81. **bosky acres**: bushy fields, i.e. thickets. L.L. *boscus*, a bush.

85. **to estate**: to grant (as an estate is granted).

89. **dusky Dis**: Pluto, the god of the underworld, Hades, who carried off Proserpine, the daughter of Ceres.

93. **Paphos**: an island in the Ægean Sea, believed by the ancients to be a favoured haunt of Venus.

97. **Mars's fair minion**: Venus, the darling of Mars, since "valour is the friend of love;" Fr. *mignon*.

99. **play with sparrows**: the chariot of Cupid was supposed by the poets to be drawn by a flock of sparrows, cf. Lyly's song, "Cupid and my Campaspe played at cards for kisses."

109. **foison**: profusion, plenty.

122. **wonder'd**: wondrous, able to perform wonders, or to be wondered at.

127. **Naiades**: water-fairies in Greek mythology.
windring: This may be a misprint, or a Shakespearian coinage for "winding" or "wandering."
129. **crisp**: curled with ripples. L. *crispus*, curly.
137. **footing**: dance.
141. **avoid**: away, be gone.
143. **works**: agitates.
144. **distemper'd**: out of temper, vexed.
153. **all which it inherit**: all things that live in it, or possess it.
155. **rack**: drifting clouds, mist.
156. **made on**: made of. "Of" was often confused with "on," possibly because the contracted or unemphatic form of both was "o'", cf. line 249, "none on 't."
157. **rounded with a sleep**: our daily life is a glimpse in the midst of sleep; or, perhaps, our period of life emerges from and ends in sleep.
163. **Come with a thought**: Come as soon as I think of you.
166. **presented**: represented. Evidently Ariel acted the part of Ceres in the mask.
176. **Advanced**: raised. To "advance" a standard was military English for to raise a flag.
177. **As they smelt**: As if they heard.
179. **goss**: gorse; cf. "foss" and "force" both meaning a waterfall.
181. **filthy-mantled**: covered with a filthy film.
186. **stale**: a thing to be stolen, a lure or bait; related to "steal."
188. **Nurture**: upbringing, education.
- S.D. **glistering**: glittering.
192. **line**: linden or lime tree, cf. V, i, 10. Ariel confines the prisoners
 "In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell."
 Our word, "lime" is a corruption of the correcter "line," which is again a corruption of "lind," O.E. *lind*, the linden tree. "Lind-en" is the adjective from "lind," like "wooden" from "wood."
196. **played the Jack**: played the knave. The knave in cards is still often called the "Jack."
205. **hoodwink**: blindfold, cover with a hood. A metaphor from hawking.
221. **O King Stephano! O peer!**: An allusion to an old song—cf. *Othello* II, iii, 93.
 "King Stephen was a worthy peer,
 His breeches cost him but a crown;
 He held them sixpence all too dear,
 Therefore he called the tailor "Loon."
 Hence Trinculo's: "look what a wardrobe!" The whole song, "Take thy auld cloak about thee," is given in Percy's *Reliques*, Series I, Book II, 7.
223. **trash**: rubbish. The word originally meant broken twigs, such as are found in forests under the trees.
225. **frillery**: old clothes shop, Fr. *friperie*; cf. Fr. *fripier*, a dealer in old clothes.
235. **under the line**: under the linden tree; but also punningly and fancifully "under the equatorial line," where in such tropical heat the jerkin might lose its hair. Evidently it was a leather jerkin—a sleeveless coat—with the hair left on the hide. Jerkins of this kind, made of goat skin, were worn by some of

- our troops in the winter campaigns of the great war of 1914-8.
238. **by line and level**: by rule, systematically.
an 't like: if it please.
243. **pass of pate**: thrust of wit.
244. **lime**: bird lime.
247. **barnacles**: a kind of small wild geese called barnacle geese, which in popular belief were supposed to be hatched from barnacles, or duck-mussels, crustaceans which may be seen on the sea-side attached to rocks.
251. **Go to**: go, begone; a Elizabethan impatient command.
256. **hark, hark!**: a call to hounds, meaning "forward!"
259. **Aged cran**: as aged people.
260. **pard or cat o' mo**: leopard or wild cat.
262. **Lies**: see note on I, i

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ACT V

SCENE I

2. **crack not**: show no weakness or flaw.
3. **Goes upright with his carriage**: walks upright under his burden. "Carriage" = the thing carried, a load.
10. **line-grove**: plantation of linden trees.
weather-tends: defends from the weather.
11. **your release**: released by you.
18. **affections**: feelings.
24. **Passion**: suffer passion, feel.
37. **Sour ringlets**: fairy rings in the grass. Because they are green and sour, the ewe bites them not.
41. **Weak masters**: invaluable as servants, but weak and useless when they are their own masters.
45. **Jove's stout oak**: the oak was sacred to Jupiter, according to classical belief.
47. **spurs**: roots which branch off like the three-legged arrangement of a spur.
51. **required**: asked for.
58. Play solemn music to the best comforter, etc.
60. **boil'd**: seething, from *A Midsummer-Night's* V, i. 4—"seething brain"
63. Mine eyes, simply refer to the look of thine, sympathetic tears.
67. **ignorant fumes**: forgetfulness. The metaphor from the fumes of those which stupefy the senses dull the brain. Prospero put such a fume-like spell on King's party (cf. V, i. 27) now the spell is waning.
71. **Home**: fully, to the shore.
74. **pinch'd**: pinched by conscience.
76. **remorse and nature**: compassion and kindness, or epithets for natural feelings.
81. **the reasonable shore**: shore of reason.
85. **discease me**: take off my "case" or magic robe.

I was sometime Milan: As once when Duke of Milan.

so, so: the attiring is just so, and Prospero is regarding himself and dismissing his servant.

presently: immediately.

Wronounced as one syllable. Folio reads "where."

enchanted trifle: illusion produced by magic.

use: delude.

late I have been: As I have been mocked and deluded.

with dukedom I resign: My dukedom by thy dukedom. Antonio the usurper made Milan subject to thy wrongs: the wrongs I have done thee.

justify you: prove you to be true: sorry; an adjective.

late: as recent (like *late*): dire.

no more weaker: Prospero has no more children. In Miranda to Ferdinand of whom he loses all his family.

counter: meeting.

ire: marvel, wonder.

"s," says Miranda, "You have caught me. You could play me with twenty kingdoms take, and, however you please, I should call it fair. Such is the roseate hue of my complexion." cf. also ll. 181-4.

ess: sorrow.

glasses since: three years, cf. I, ii, 239.

see note on I, i, 6.

strengthen: increase in strength.

232. **several**: separate, different.

234. **mo**: more in number. O.E. *mā*. The word "more," O.E. *māra*, originally meant bigger, more in size or quality. On the other hand "mo," or "moe" as it was sometimes spelled, was almost invariably found in association with plurals owing to its plural sense. We may take it that the phrase "diversity of sounds," which collective, has the numerical sense which required "mo" rather than "more."

238. **on a trice**: in a trice, in an instant.

240. **moping**: in a state of dullness or bewilderment. The word, "mope" (to be sulky) is closely related to "mop" (a grimace) of IV, i, 47.

246. **infest**: vex. L. *infestare*, to attack.

248. **single I'll resolve you**: I alone will inform you.

249. **which**: which (explanation) and my story.

every: all, every one of.

257. **Coragio**: It., courage.

258. **bully**: originally, as here, a dear friend; cf. Ger. *Buhle*.

267. **badges**: A badge was originally the owner's mark on silver or liveries. Noblemen's servants wore the badge of their master. Presumably Stephano and Trinculo wore the badge of Alonso. If this be not the meaning, we must assume here that "badges" is used in a wider sense equivalent to liveries or clothes.

268. **true**: honest. As they were dressed in stolen "glistening apparel," obviously they were not true men.

269. **one so strong That could control**: In Modern English we should have to say: one so

strong as could control, or, that she could control. In other words, after "so" . . . "that" is a conjunction, and the verb which follows requires a subject. But in Shakespeare's and in earlier English "that" was recognized as a pronoun, e.g. a witch . . . that could control.

279. **reeling ripe**: and ready for eating.

280. **gilded**: A metaphorical way of saying "made drunken." The metaphor is supposed to be derived from the elixir of life,

which was thought to be brought somehow from gold.

284. The allusion is to the fact that flies do not blow pickled (salted) meat.

303. **waste**: spend.

312. **shall be my grave**: shall be my grave.

316. **so expeditious that shall catch**: See note on l. 269 above. The meaning here is: so expeditious that it shall overtake your fleet which is now far ahead.

EPILOGUE

The actor who took the part of Prospero pretended in this Epilogue that he was spellbound on the magic island, and could be released only if the onlookers broke the spell by clapping hands. It will be remembered that similarly at the end of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* Puck asks for applause. It is a practice which seems to us quaint rather than admirable.

13. **want**: lack.

14. **to enforce**: to carry out will.

THE MYSTERY OF DR. FU-MANCHU

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