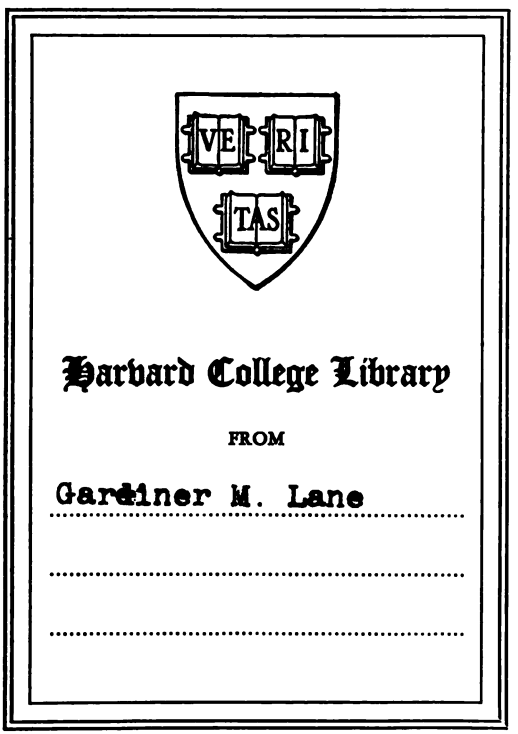
THE TEMPEST

EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE



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SHAKESPEARE'S

COMEDY OF

THE TEMPEST

EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

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TEMPEST.

W. P. 9

PREFACE

My former edition of *The Tempest* was first published in 1871, and was revised, with the addition of line numbers and other changes, in 1884. It is now substantially remade on the same general plan as the revised *Merchant of Venice* and other plays that have preceded it.

The notes on *textual variations* have been either omitted or abridged, as this play, like most of the others read in schools and colleges, is now among the twelve plays that Dr. Furness has edited. No teacher can afford to do without his encyclopedic volumes, which furnish not only a complete *variorum* of the textual readings, but a condensed library of the English and foreign literature relating to each play.

For most of the "Critical Comments" in the former edition I have substituted matter of my own, much of which is drawn from familiar lectures prepared for audiences of teachers and students.

Minor changes have been made throughout the Notes, and many new ones have been added, including a considerable number in place of those referring to my former editions of other plays. The book is now absolutely complete in itself.

I believe that teachers will prefer the new edition to the old one; but both can be used, without serious inconvenience, in the same class or club.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE TEMPEST

THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY

MALONE decided that *The Tempest* was the last of Shakespeare's plays, and several of the more recent critics have agreed with him. Campbell, the poet, in 1838, said that the play had "a sort of sacredness as the last work of the mighty workman"; and Lowell thought that in it "the great enchanter" was "bidding farewell to the scene of his triumphs." It is probable, however, that *The Winter's Tale* followed rather than preceded *The Tempest*, though both were quite certainly written in 1610 or early in 1611, and both were first printed in the folio of 1623.

The Tempest was acted before King James at Whitehall on the 1st of November, 1611, the forged record in the *Accounts of the Revels at Court* being founded upon correct information.

In 1610 Silvester Jourdan published a pamphlet entitled *A Discovery of the Barmudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with divers others. London, 1610.* This pamphlet tells of the tempest which scattered the fleet commanded by Somers and Gates, and the happy discovery, by some of the shipwrecked, of land which proved to be the Bermudas. It alludes to the general belief that these islands "were *never* inhabited by any Christian or heathen people," being "reputed a most *prodigious and enchanted* place," adding that, nevertheless, those who were cast away upon them, and lived there nine months, found the air temperate and the country "abundantly fruitful of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life." Prospero's command to Ariel to "fetch dew from the still-vexed Bermoothes" proves that his island was not one of the Bermudas, but the reference to them appears to have been suggested by Jourdan's narrative.

The Sources of the Plot

The plot of *The Tempest*, though it has not been traced to any foreign source, may have been borrowed

from some old Italian or Spanish novel. Collins the poet told Thomas Warton that he had seen such a novel, with the title of *Aurelio and Isabella*, and that it was "printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, in 1588"; and Boswell says that a friend of his assured him that, some years before, he had "actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Collins's description." But Collins was insane when he made the statement, and Boswell's friend may have been mistaken; at any rate, the romance has not yet been found. There is an early German play (published in 1618) called *Die Schöne Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, the plot of which has been imagined by several critics to be like that of *The Tempest*, and this has led them to suppose that the two were drawn from the same source; but the resemblance is far too slight to justify the conclusion. As Ayrer died in 1605 he cannot have borrowed from Shakespeare; and it is highly improbable that Shakespeare was acquainted with the German play. For a full discussion of the matter, with a translation of *Die Schöne Sidea*, see Furness's "New Variorum" edition of *The Tempest*, pp. 324-343.

General Comments on the Play

The Tempest is one of the shortest of the plays. It contains but 2065 lines ("Globe" reckoning), a trifle more than half as many as *Hamlet*, which has 3930 lines. The only late play about as short is *Macbeth*

(2108 lines), and the only shorter one is the very early *Comedy of Errors* (1778 lines). Some critics have thought that a part of *The Tempest* may have been lost, but its brevity appears to be chiefly due to the simplicity of the plot. It is difficult to see where additional scenes or parts of scenes could be appropriately introduced. Some scenes, indeed (ii. 1, for instance), seem to be somewhat "spun out," so to speak, that the play may be long enough for the stage; and the classical interlude may have been inserted for the same reason. The closing scene does not appear to be hastily finished, as in some of the plays, but is worked out with ample elaboration for theatrical effect. The play could hardly be lengthened unless by superfluous "padding."

The Tempest is also remarkable for being constructed with strict regard to the "unities" of place and time. The scene is one small island, and the whole period of the action does not much exceed three hours, as Shakespeare has indicated by three distinct references to the time in the last scene. The only other play in which these unities are observed is *The Comedy of Errors*, where the scene is confined to Ephesus, and the time is limited to the forenoon and afternoon of a single day.

In *The Tempest* the magic power of the poet is strikingly shown in the variety of character and incident presented within these narrow limits of space and time; and this, too, without any violation of dramatic propriety

or probability — indeed, with such extreme simplicity of plot that, when our attention is called to it, we are surprised to see how slight the story is, and how clearly its course is foreshadowed almost from the beginning.

Shakespeare has managed the supernatural part of the play in strict accordance with the theories of that day concerning magic, while at the same time he has avoided everything that was ridiculous or revolting in the popular belief. He thus exercises, as it were, a magic power over the vulgar magic, lifting it from prose into poetry; and while doing this he has contrived to make it so entirely consistent with what we can imagine to be possible to human science and skill that it seems as real as it is marvellous. It is at once supernatural and natural. It is the utmost power of the magic art, and yet it all goes on with no more jar to our credulity than the ordinary sequence of events in our everyday life.

Some of the critics, particularly those who take *The Tempest* to be the last of the plays, believe that Shakespeare intended to identify himself with Prospero, and in making him abjure his "rough magic" to indicate the close of his own career as a dramatist. But though Prospero seems more like the impersonation of Shakespeare than any other of his characters, I cannot believe that he had any thought of self-portraiture in the delineation, or that the princely magician, in breaking his staff and drowning his book represents the poet hinting at a purpose of ceasing to write. If the play was written in 1611, Shakespeare was then only forty-

seven years old. He was in the maturity of his powers, and more favourably situated for exercising them in his chosen field of authorship than ever before. If he had not then left London for Stratford, he was on the point of escaping from the cares and distractions of his life in the metropolis, and retiring with a well-earned competency to the loved home of his youth. He seems to have been disposed to rest for a time after the labours and anxieties of the preceding twenty-five years, and apparently wrote no plays after returning to Stratford; but had he not been suddenly cut off at the very threshold of his fifty-third year, I believe we should have found that his magic staff was not broken nor the list of his enchanted creations completed.

It may be added that, although Prospero's references to giving up magic may lend a certain support to this notion that he speaks for Shakespeare, his closing speeches are not in keeping with that theory. If he is not older than the poet was when he wrote the play, his experiences have been more painful and more exhausting. Now that the welfare of his daughter is assured by her prospective union with Ferdinand, and the wrongs he had suffered are all set right, he feels that the work of his life is accomplished; and he says:—

> "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-belov'd solemnized,
> And thence retire me to my Milan, where
> *Every third thought shall be my grave.*"

We cannot imagine Shakespeare saying this when he returned to Stratford to settle down at New Place.

"*The Tempest* is one of those works for which no other production of the author's prolific fancy could have prepared his readers. It is wholly of a different cast of temper, and mood of disposition, from those so conspicuous in his gayer comedies; while even the ethical dignity and poetic splendour of *The Merchant of Venice* could not well lead the critic to anticipate the solemn grandeur, the unrivalled harmony and grace, the bold originality, and the grave beauty of *The Tempest*. . . .

"There are several respects in which the play thus stands alone as distinguishable in character from any other of its author's varied creations. Without being his work of greatest power, not equalling several other of the dramas in depth of passion or in the exhibition of the working of the affections, surpassed by others in brilliancy of poetic fancy or exquisite delicacies of expression, it is nevertheless among the most perfect (perhaps, in fact, the most perfect) of all, as a work of art, of the most unbroken unity of effect and sustained majesty of intellect. It is, too, — if we can speak of degrees of originality in the productions of this most creative of all poets, — the most purely original of his conceptions, deriving nothing of any consequence from any other source for the plot, and without any prototype in literature of the more important personages, or any model for the thoughts and language, beyond the mate-

rials presented by actual and living human nature, to be raised and idealized into the 'wild and wondrous' forms of Ariel and Caliban, of the majestic Prospero, and, above all, of his peerless daughter. Miranda is a character blending the truth of nature with the most exquisite refinement of poetic fancy, unrivalled even in Shakespeare's own long and beautiful series of portraitures of feminine excellence, and paralleled only by the Eve of Milton, who, I cannot but think, was indirectly indebted for some of her most fascinating attributes to the solitary daughter of Prospero.

"Caliban, a being without example or parallel in poetic invention, degraded in mind, as well as in moral affections, below the level of humanity, and yet essentially and purely poetical in all his conceptions and language, is a creation to whose originality and poetic truth every critic, from Dryden downward, has paid homage. Nor is it a less striking peculiarity that the only buffoon characters and dialogue in the drama are those of the sailors, who seem to be introduced for the single purpose of contrasting the grossness and lowness of civilized vice with the nobler forms of savage and untutored depravity.

"It is partly on account of this perfect novelty of invention, and probably still more from the fairy and magical machinery of the plot, that the later critics have designated *The Tempest* as specially belonging to the Romantic Drama. Yet to me it appears, not only in its structure, but in its taste and feeling, to bear a more

classical character, and to be more assimilated to the higher Grecian drama, in its spirit, than any other of its author's works, or indeed any other poem of his age. The rules of the Greek stage, as to the unities of time and place, are fully complied with. This cannot well be the result of accident, for in an age of classical translation, and learned (even pedantic) imitation, it needed no classical learning to make the unities known to any dramatic author; and as Shakespeare had, in his other plays, totally rejected them, he would seem here to have expressly designed to conform his plot to their laws. But there also appears to me to be something in the poetic character and tone of the drama, approaching to the spirit and manner of the Greek dramatic poetry, which can certainly not be ascribed to intentional imitation, any more than to the unconscious resemblance often produced by habitual familiarity with favourite models. It has nothing of the air of learned and elaborate imitation which, in the works of Tasso, and Milton, and Gray, make the scholar everywhere as perceptible as the poet. But it is the resemblance of solemn thought, of calm dignity, of moral wisdom, of the dramatic dialogue in its most majestic form, passing now into the lyrical and now into the didactic or ethical. This resemblance of taste and feeling is rendered more striking by a similar bold and free invention and combination of poetic diction, making the English language as flexible as the Greek to every shade of thought. In all these respects, the resemblance to antiquity goes just

far enough to show that its result is not artificial or intentional, but the result of the same mental causes operating upon the author's poetic temperament and taste at the time, which predominated in forming the 'lofty grave tragedians' of ancient Athens."[1]

[1] From the introduction to the play in G. C. Verplanck's edition of Shakespeare (New York, 1847); the first critical edition published in this country, and still one of the best, but unfortunately long out of print, the plates and stock on hand having been destroyed by fire in 1853.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son of the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by Spirits.
Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE: *A ship at sea: an uninhabited island.*

PROSPERO CAST ADRIFT

ACT I

SCENE I. *On a Ship at Sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard*

Enter a Ship-master *and* a Boatswain

Master. Boatswain!

Boatswain. Here, master; what cheer?

Master. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir! [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners

Boatswain. 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*

Alonso. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boatswain. I pray now, keep below.

Antonio. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boatswain. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonzalo. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatswain. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin! Silence! trouble us not.

Gonzalo. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatswain. None that I love more 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.*

Gonzalo. 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.*

Enter Boatswain

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

Enter Sebastian, Antonio, *and* Gonzalo

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

Sebastian. A plague o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boatswain. Work you, then.

Antonio. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

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

Boatswain. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses. Off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter MARINERS *wet*

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

Boatswain. What! must our mouths be cold?

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

Sebastian. I'm out of patience.

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

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

[*A confused noise within.* 'Mercy on us!' — 60
'We split, we split!' — 'Farewell, my wife and children!' —
'Farewell, brother!' — 'We split, we split, we split!' —]

Antonio. Let 's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*

Sebastian. Let 's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonzalo. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Island. Before Prospero's Cell*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA

Miranda. 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.
Prospero. Be collected;
No more amazement. Tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.
Miranda. O, woe the day!
Prospero. 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.
Miranda. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Prospero. '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 wrack, 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
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.
Miranda. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, — 'Stay, not yet.'
Prospero. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Miranda. Certainly, sir, I can.
Prospero. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Miranda. '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?
Prospero. 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?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
Miranda. But that I do not.
Prospero. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
Miranda. Sir, are not you my father?
Prospero. 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
And princess no worse issued.
Miranda. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?
Prospero. Both, both, my girl;
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
Miranda. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

Prospero. 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 lov'd and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel. Those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?
Miranda. Sir, most heedfully.
Prospero. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for overtopping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd 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.
Miranda. O, good sir, I do!
Prospero. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness and the bettering of my mind

With that which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in it's contrary as great
As my trust was, which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded
But what my power might else exact — like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie — he did believe
He was indeed the duke, out o' the substitution
And executing the outward face of royalty
With all prerogative; hence his ambition
Growing, — dost thou hear?

Miranda. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

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

Miranda. O the heavens!

Prospero. Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Miranda. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother;
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Prospero. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,
Which was that he, in lieu o' the premises,
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother; whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
Miranda. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint
That wrings my eyes to 't.
Prospero. 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.
Miranda. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Prospero. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, 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,
Did us but loving wrong.

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

Prospero. 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 rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Miranda. How came we ashore?

Prospero. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, 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 lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Miranda. Would I might
But ever see that man!
Prospero. Now I arise. —
Sit still and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd; 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.
Miranda. 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?
Prospero. 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 inclin'd to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way. — I know thou canst not choose. —
[*Miranda sleeps.*

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

Enter ARIEL

Ariel. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Prospero. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ariel. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement; sometime I 'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-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.
Prospero. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ariel. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and play'd

Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plung'd 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.'

Prospero. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ariel. Close by, my master.

Prospero. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ariel. Not a hair perish'd,
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
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.

Prospero. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ariel. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she 's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep; and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again

And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrack'd
And his great person perish.

Prospero. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ariel. Past the mid season.

Prospero. At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ariel. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Prospero. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Prospero. Before the time be out? no more!

Ariel. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service,
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings. Thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Prospero. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Prospero. 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 bak'd with frost.

Ariel. I do not, sir.

Prospero. 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?

Ariel. No, sir.

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

Ariel. Sir, in Argier.

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

Ariel. Ay, sir.

Prospero. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine, within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
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.

Ariel. Yes, Caliban her son.

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

Ariel. I thank thee, master.

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

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

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

Ariel. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Prospero. 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!
Miranda. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Prospero. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Miranda. 'T is a villian, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Prospero. But, as 't is,
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.
Caliban [*Within*]. There 's wood enough within.
Prospero. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee;
Come, thou tortoise! when? —

Enter ARIEL, *like a water-nymph*

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

Ariel. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*
Prospero. Thou poisonous slave, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN

Caliban. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!
Prospero. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.
Caliban. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st 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 lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
Prospero. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Caliban. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Prospero. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst 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 confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison.
Caliban. 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!
Prospero. 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.

Caliban. No, pray thee.
[*Aside*] I must obey; his art is of such power
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Prospero. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Enter FERDINAND, *and* ARIEL (*invisible*), *playing and singing*

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands.
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
[Burthen, dispersedly, within. *Bow-wow.*]
The watch-dogs bark.
[Burthen, within. *Bow-wow.*]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-didle-dow.

Ferdinand. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?—

It sounds no more; — and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With it's sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 't is gone. —
No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell —
[Burthen, within. *Ding-dong.*]
Hark! now I hear them — Ding-dong, bell.

Ferdinand. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. — I hear it now above me.
Prospero. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.
Miranda. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,

It carries a brave form. But 't is a spirit.
Prospero. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have — such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wrack; and, but he 's something stain'd
With grief that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.
Miranda. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Prospero [*Aside*]. It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. — Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Ferdinand. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! — Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island,
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here; my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
Miranda. No wonder, sir,
But certainly a maid.
Ferdinand. My language! heavens! —
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Prospero. How! the best?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee?

Ferdinand. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me,
And that he does I weep; myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrack'd.
Miranda. Alack, for mercy!
Ferdinand. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Prospero [*Aside*]. The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't. — At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes. — Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. — [*To him*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong; a word.
Miranda. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for; pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!
Ferdinand. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The Queen of Naples.
Prospero. Soft, sir! one word more. —
[*Aside*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. — [*To him*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me. Thou dost here usurp

The name thou owest not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

Ferdinand. No, as I am a man.

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

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

Ferdinand. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*

Miranda. O dear father!
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle and not fearful.

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

Miranda. Beseech you, father!

Prospero. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Miranda. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.
Prospero. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee! What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.
Miranda. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Prospero. [*To Ferdinand*] Come on; obey.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.
Ferdinand. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid. All corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Prospero [*Aside*]. It works. — [*To Ferdinand*]
Come on. —
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! — Follow me. —
[*To Ariel*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.

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

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

Ariel. To the syllable.

Prospero. Come, follow. — Speak not for him. 500

[*Exeunt.*

CALIBAN AND TRINCULO

ACT II

SCENE I. *Another Part of the Island*

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

Gonzalo. 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.

Alonso. Prithee, peace.

Sebastian. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

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

Gonzalo. Sir, —

Sebastian. One; tell.

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

Sebastian. A dollar.

Gonzalo. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Sebastian. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gonzalo. Therefore, my lord, —

Antonio. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alonso. I prithee, spare.

Gonzalo. Well, I have done; but yet —

Sebastian. He will be talking.

Antonio. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Sebastian. The old cock.

Antonio. The cockerel.

Sebastian. Done. The wager?
Antonio. A laughter.
Sebastian. A match!
Adrian. Though this island seem to be desert, —
Antonio. Ha, ha, ha!
Sebastian. So, you 're paid.
Adrian. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —
Sebastian. Yet, —
Adrian. Yet, —
Antonio. He could not miss 't.
Adrian. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Antonio. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Sebastian. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.
Adrian. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Sebastian. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Antonio. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.
Gonzalo. Here is every thing advantageous to life.
Antonio. True; save means to live.
Sebastian. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gonzalo. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Antonio. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Sebastian. With an eye of green in 't.
Antonio. He misses not much.
Sebastian. No; he doth but mistake the truth *totally.*

Gonzalo. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

Sebastian. As many vouched rarities are.

Gonzalo. 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.

Antonio. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Sebastian. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gonzalo. 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.

Sebastian. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adrian. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gonzalo. Not since widow Dido's time.

Antonio. Widow! a plague o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Sebastian. What if he had said widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adrian. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that; she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gonzalo. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adrian. Carthage?

Gonzalo. I assure you, Carthage.

Antonio. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Sebastian. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Antonio. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Sebastian. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

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

Gonzalo. Ay?

Antonio. Why, in good time.

Gonzalo. 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.

Antonio. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Sebastian. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Antonio. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

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

Antonio. That sort was well fished for.

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

Alonso. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy remov'd

I ne'er again shall see her. — O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?
Francisco. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alonso. No, no, he 's gone.
Sebastian. 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.
Alonso. Prithee, peace.
Sebastian. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she 'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, forever; Milan and Naples have
Moe widows in them of this business' making

Than we bring men to comfort them; the fault 's
Your own.
Alonso. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gonzalo. My lord Sebastian
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore
When you should bring the plaster.
Sebastian. Very well.
Antonio. And most chirurgeonly.
Gonzalo. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Sebastian. Foul weather?
Antonio. Very foul.
Gonzalo. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —
Antonio. He 'd sow 't with nettle-seed.
Sebastian. Or docks, or mallows.
Gonzalo. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Sebastian. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.
Gonzalo. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty; —
Sebastian. Yet he would be king on 't.

Antonio. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gonzalo. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Sebastian. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Antonio. None, man; all idle, whores and knaves.

Gonzalo. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Sebastian. Save his majesty!

Antonio. Long live Gonzalo!

Gonzalo. And, — do you mark me, sir? —

Alonso. Prithee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gonzalo. 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.

Antonio. 'T was you we laughed at.

Gonzalo. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Antonio. What a blow was there given!

Sebastian. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gonzalo. 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*

Sebastian. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Antonio. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gonzalo. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Antonio. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio.*

Alonso. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts; I find
They are inclin'd to do so.

Sebastian. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it.
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Antonio. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest
And watch your safety.

Alonso. Thank you. — Wondrous heavy.

[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Sebastian. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Antonio. It is the quality o' the climate.

Sebastian. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Antonio. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? — O, what might? — No more. —
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be; the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
Sebastian. What, art thou waking?
Antonio. Do you not hear me speak?
Sebastian. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
Antonio. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.
Sebastian. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
Antonio. I am more serious than my custom; you
Must be so too, if heed me, which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
Sebastian. Well, I am standing water.
Antonio. I 'll teach you how to flow.
Sebastian. Do so; to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
Antonio. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.
Sebastian. 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.
Antonio. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, — this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, — hath here almost persuaded, —
For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade, — the king his son 's alive,
'T is as impossible that he 's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.
Sebastian. I have no hope
That he 's undrown'd.
Antonio. 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 can not pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?
Sebastian. He 's gone.
Antonio. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Sebastian. Claribel.
Antonio. 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 from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

Sebastian. 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.

Antonio. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd 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 that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Sebastian. Methinks I do.

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

Sebastian. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Antonio. True ;

And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Sebastian. But, for your conscience —
Antonio. 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 forever, whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk ;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Sebastian. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent ; as thou got'st Milan
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword ; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st,
And I the king shall love thee.
Antonio. Draw together ;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.
Sebastian. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Enter ARIEL, *with music and song*

Ariel. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in, and sends me forth, —
For else his project dies, — to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

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

Antonio. Then let us both be sudden.
Gonzalo [*Waking*]. Now, good angels
Preserve the king! — [*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why,
how now? — [*To Alonso*] Ho, awake! —
[*To Sebastian and Antonio*] Why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly looking?
Alonso [*Waking*]. What 's the matter?
Sebastian. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.
Alonso. I heard nothing.
Antonio. 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.
Alonso. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gonzalo. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming, —
And that a strange one too, — which did awake me.
I shak'd 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,
Or that we quit this place; let 's draw our weapons.
Alonso. Lead off this ground, and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gonzalo. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alonso. Lead away.
Ariel. 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 burthen of wood. A noise of thunder heard*

Caliban. 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,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;

Sometime like apes, that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. —

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.

Trinculo. 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 fishlike 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 gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing: a bottle in his hand*

Stephano. *I shall no more to sea, to sea,*
Here shall I die ashore, —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral. Well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[Sings] *The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,*
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too; but here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

Caliban. Do not torment me! — O!

Stephano. 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.

Caliban. The spirit torments me! — O!

Stephano. 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.

Caliban. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Stephano. 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.

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

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

Trinculo. I should know that voice. It should be — but he is drowned; and these are devils! — O, defend me!

Stephano. 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.

Trinculo. Stephano.

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

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

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

Trinculo. 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?

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

Caliban. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That 's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor;
I will kneel to him.

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

Caliban. I 'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject;
For the liquor is not earthly.

Stephano. Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

Trinculo. Swam ashore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

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

Trinculo. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Stephano. 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?

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

Caliban. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

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

Trinculo. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! — I afeard of him! — A very weak mon-

ster! — The man i' the moon! — A most poor credulous monster! — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Caliban. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And I will kiss thy foot. I prithee, be my god.

Trinculo. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! When 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Caliban. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Stephano. Come on, then; down, and swear.

Trinculo. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Stephano. Come, kiss.

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

Caliban. 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.

Trinculo. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Caliban. 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?

Stephano. 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.

Caliban [*Sings drunkenly*]. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trinculo. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Caliban. *No more dams I 'll make for fish;* 180
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish.
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-caliban
Has a new master; — get a new man.
Freedom, heyday! heyday, freedom! freedom, heyday, freedom!

Stephano. O brave monster! Lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log*

Ferdinand. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead

And makes my labours pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,
And he 's compos'd of harshness! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours,
Most busy, least when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA, *and* PROSPERO *at a distance*

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

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

Miranda. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.

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

Miranda. It would become me
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease, for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Prospero. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
Miranda. You look wearily.
Ferdinand. 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?
Miranda. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Ferdinand. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration, worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For several virtues
Have I lik'd 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!
Miranda. I do not know
One of my sex, no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen

More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father. How features are abroad
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. — But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

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

Miranda. Do you love me?

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

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

Prospero. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!
Ferdinand. Wherefore weep you?
Miranda. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid. To be your fellow
You may deny me, but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.
Ferdinand. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Miranda. My husband, then?
Ferdinand. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here 's my hand.
Miranda. And mine, with my heart in 't; and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.
Ferdinand. A thousand thousand!
[*Exeunt Ferdinand and Miranda.*
Prospero. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all; 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

Stephano. 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.

Trinculo. 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.

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

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

Stephano. 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.

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

Stephano. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

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

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

Caliban. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trinculo. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to justle 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?

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

Trinculo. Lord, quoth he! — That a monster should be such a natural!

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

Stephano. 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.

Caliban. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd
To hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

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

Enter ARIEL, *invisible*

Caliban. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,
A sorcerer that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.

Ariel. Thou liest.

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

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

Trinculo. Why, I said nothing.

Stephano. Mum, then, and no more. — Proceed.

Caliban. 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 dar'st,
But this thing dare not.

Stephano. That 's most certain.

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

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

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

Ariel. Thou liest; thou canst not.

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

Stephano. 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.

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

Stephano. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ariel. Thou liest.

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

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

Caliban. Ha, ha, ha!

Stephano. Now, forward with your tale. — Prithee, stand farther off.

Caliban. Beat him enough; after a little time
I 'll beat him too.

Stephano. Stand farther. — Come, proceed.

Caliban. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep; there thou mayst brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books, for without them
He 's but a sot as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command; they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter. He himself

Calls her a nonpareil. I never saw a woman
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Stephano. Is it so brave a lass?

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

Stephano. 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?

Trinculo. Excellent.

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

Caliban. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Stephano. Ay, on mine honour.

Ariel. This will I tell my master.

Caliban. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure.
Let us be jocund; will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

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

[*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Caliban. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Stephano. What is this same?

Trinculo. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

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

Trinculo. O, forgive me my sins!

Stephano. He that dies pays all debts; I defy thee. — Mercy upon us!

Caliban. Art thou afeard?

Stephano. No, monster, not I.

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

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

Caliban. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Stephano. That shall be by and by; I remember the story.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Another Part of the Island*

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

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

Alonso. 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.

Antonio [*Aside to Sebastian*]. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Sebastian [*Aside to Antonio*]. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Antonio [*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.

Sebastian [*Aside to Antonio*]. I say, to-night; no more.
[*Solemn and strange music.*

Alonso. What harmony is this? — My good friends, hark!

Gonzalo. 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*

Alonso. Give us kind keepers, heavens! — What were these?

Sebastian. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Antonio. 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.

Gonzalo. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say I saw such islanders, —
For, certes, these are people of the island, —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of

Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.
Prospero [*Aside*]. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well, for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.
Alonso. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing —
Although they want the use of tongue — a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.
Prospero [*Aside*]. Praise in departing.
Francisco. They vanish'd strangely.
Sebastian. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs. —
Will 't please you taste of what is here?
Alonso. Not I.
Gonzalo. 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.
Alonso. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

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

Ariel. 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 caus'd 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, etc., draw their swords.*

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle 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,
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child; for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. — Thee of thy son, Alonso,

They have bereft, and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition — worse than any death
Can be at once — shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from, —
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads, — is nothing but heart's 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 carry out the table

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

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

Alonso. 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, pronounc'd
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*
Sebastian. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.
Antonio. I 'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt Sebastian and Antonio.*
Gonzalo. 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.
Adrian. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Before Prospero's Cell*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA

Prospero. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a thread 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.

Ferdinand. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Prospero. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter; but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow, but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both. Therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.
Ferdinand. 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.
Prospero. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own. —
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL

Ariel. What would my potent master? here I am.
Prospero. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

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

Ariel. Presently?

Prospero. Ay, with a twink.

Ariel. 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?

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

Ariel. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

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

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

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

Enter IRIS

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
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,
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

Ceres. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter!
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,
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.

Ceres. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,

Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is 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.
Ceres. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,*
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

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

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

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

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

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*

Prospero. 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 Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.—

Enter certain Nymphs

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

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

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

Ferdinand. This is strange; your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.

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

Prospero. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. — Sir, I am vex'd;

Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell
And there repose; a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Ferdinand. Miranda. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Prospero. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL

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

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

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

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

Ariel. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet, yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanc'd 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 gorse, and thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins. At last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Prospero. 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.

Ariel. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

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

Enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.

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

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

Stephano. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us. — Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

Trinculo. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Caliban. 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.

Trinculo. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

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

Trinculo. That 's more to me than my wetting; yet this is your harmless fairy, monster!

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

Caliban. Prithee, my king, be quiet. Seest 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Trinculo. Thy grace shall have it.

Caliban. The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean,
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's along,

And do the murther first; if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Stephano. 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.

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

Stephano. 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.

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

Caliban. 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.

Stephano. 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.

Trinculo. And this.

Stephano. Ay, and this.

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

Prospero. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ariel. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Prospero. 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.
Ariel. Hark, they roar!
Prospero. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies; 261
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

Prospero. 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?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Prospero. I did say so

When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ariel. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
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
That if you now beheld them your affections
Would become tender.
Prospero. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Prospero. 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 mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel;

My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ariel. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Prospero. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid —
Weak masters though ye be — I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have requir'd
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.*

Here enter ARIEL *before: then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks*

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd. —
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. — O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. — Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter;
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act. —
Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian, —
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong, —
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,

Unnatural though thou art. — Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me or would know me. — Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings, and helps to attire him.*

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

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

Ariel. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gonzalo. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here; some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Prospero. 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.
Alonso. Whether thou beest 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?
Prospero. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.
Gonzalo. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.
Prospero. You do yet taste
Some subtleties 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 'll tell no tales.
Sebastian [*Aside*]. The devil speaks in him.
Prospero. No. —
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault, — all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce I know
Thou must restore.
Alonso. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here whom three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore, where I have lost —
How sharp the point of this remembrance is! —
My dear son Ferdinand.
Prospero. I am woe for 't, sir.
Alonso. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.
Prospero. 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.
Alonso. You the like loss?
Prospero. 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.
Alonso. A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Prospero. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrack'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.

Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess*

Miranda. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Ferdinand. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.

Miranda. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alonso. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Sebastian. A most high miracle!
Ferdinand. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have curs'd them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alonso. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about! 180
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Miranda. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Prospero. 'T is new to thee.
Alonso. 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?
Ferdinand. Sir, she is mortal,
But by immortal Providence she 's mine;
I chose her when I could not ask my father 190
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alonso. I am hers.
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Prospero. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrances
With a heaviness that 's gone.
Gonzalo. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. — Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alonso. I say Amen, Gonzalo!
Gonzalo. Was Milan thrust from Milan that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand her brother found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
Alonso. [*To Ferdinand and Miranda*] Give me your hands;
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gonzalo. Be it so! Amen! —

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?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

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

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

Prospero [*Aside to Ariel*]. My tricksy spirit!

Alonso. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. — Say, how came you hither?

Boatswain. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapp'd under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And moe diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; 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.

Ariel [*Aside to Prospero*]. Was 't well done?

Prospero [*Aside to Ariel*]. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alonso. 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.

Prospero. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business. At pick'd leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. — [*Aside to Ariel*] Come hither, spirit.
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. — [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel*

Stephano. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself, for all is but *fortune.* — Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trinculo. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Caliban. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

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

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

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

Caliban. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alonso. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Sebastian. He is drunk now; where had he wine?

Alonso. And Trinculo is reeling-ripe; where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em? —
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trinculo. 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.

Sebastian. Why, how now, Stephano!

Stephano. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

Prospero. You 'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Stephano. I should have been a sore one, then.

Alonso. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Prospero. 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.

Caliban. 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!

Prospero. Go to; away!

Alonso. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

Sebastian. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.*

Prospero. 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-belov'd solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alonso. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Prospero. I 'll deliver all,
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. — [*Aside to Ariel*] My Ariel, chick,
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! — Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO

Now my charms are all o'erthrown
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint; now, 't is true,
I must be here confin'd 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.
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 reliev'd 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.

NOTES

THE references to "Phila. ed." in the Notes are to *Notes of Studies on The Tempest: Minutes of the Shakspere Society of Philadelphia for 1864–65*, of which sixty copies were privately printed for the society in 1866 (quarto, 70 pp.). I am indebted for a copy to the kindness of Dr. Furness, who was at that time the secretary of the Society.

The references to "Luce" are to the recent (1901) edition of the play prepared by Mr. Morton Luce for the edition of Shakespeare now in course of publication under the general editorship of Professor Dowden.

Mr. Luce believes that Shakespeare was more indebted to Strachey (see note on i. 2. 333 below) than to Jourdan (see p. 10 above) for his knowledge of the Bermudas. Strachey's *Letter* or *Reportory*, describing the shipwreck of Somers and Gates, was written in July, 1610, but the earliest known appearance of it in print is in *Purchas his Pilgrimes*, 1625. It may have been published earlier, or Shakespeare may have seen it in MS. For extracts from Strachey, see Furness, who gives (pp. 313–315) all the passages which seem to him to contain allusions which "can be paralleled in *The Tempest*." Mr. Luce thinks that the "sea-owles" mentioned by Strachey are the perplexing "scamels" of the play (ii. 2. 172); but this seems to me very improbable.

BERMOOTHES

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

THE METRE OF THE PLAY. — It should be understood at the outset that *metre*, or the mechanism of verse, is something altogether distinct from the *music* of verse. The one is matter of rule, the other of taste and feeling. Music is not an absolute necessity of verse; the metrical form is a necessity, being that which constitutes the verse.

The plays of Shakespeare (with the exception of rhymed passages, and of occasional songs and interludes) are all in unrhymed or *blank* verse; and the normal form of this blank verse is illustrated by lines 10 and 11 of the second scene of this play: —

> "Had I been any god of power, I would
> Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere."

These lines, it will be seen, consist of ten syllables each, with the even syllables (2d, 4th, 6th, 8th, and 10th) accented, the odd sylla-

bles (1st, 3d, etc.) being unaccented. Theoretically, each line is made up of five *feet* of two syllables each, with the accent on the second syllable. Such a foot is called an *iambus* (plural, *iambuses*, or the Latin *iambi*), and the form of verse is called *iambic*.

This fundamental law of Shakespeare's verse is subject to certain modifications, the most important of which are as follows: —

1. After the tenth syllable an unaccented syllable (or even two such syllables) may be added, forming what is sometimes called a *female* line; as in the ninth line of the second scene: "Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!" The rhythm is complete with the first syllable of *perish'd*, the second being an extra eleventh syllable. Other examples (frequent in this play) are lines 2, 6, 7, 13, 18, 19, etc., in the same scene. In line 66, we have two extra syllables, the rhythm being complete with the second syllable of *Antonio*.

2. The accent in any part of the verse may be shifted from an even to an odd syllable; as in line 2: "Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them"; where the accent is shifted from the second to the first syllable. So also in lines 5, 47, 50, and many others. This change occurs very rarely in the tenth syllable, and seldom in the fourth; and it is very rare in two successive accented syllables.

3. An extra unaccented syllable may occur in any part of the line; as in lines 14, 20, and 38. In 14 the second syllable of *piteous* is superfluous; in 20 the second syllable of *Prospero;* and in 38 the last syllable of *attentive*.

4. Any unaccented syllable, occurring in an even place immediately before or after an even syllable which is properly accented, is reckoned as accented for the purposes of the verse; as, for instance, in lines 18 and 35. In 18 the last syllable of *ignorant* is metrically equivalent to an accented syllable; and so with the first syllable of *inquisition* in 35, which is also a female line. Other examples are the last syllable of *dignity* in 73, of *government* in 75, of *heedfully* in 78, and the first of *overtopping* in 81. In ii. 1. 271, *unnecessarily* has three metrical accents.

5. In many instances in Shakespeare words must be *lengthened* in order to fill out the rhythm : —

(*a*) In a large class of words in which *e* or *i* is followed by another vowel, the *e* or *i* is made a separate syllable ; as *ocean*, *opinion*, *soldier*, *patience*, *partial*, *marriage*, etc. For instance, in this play (v. 1. 309) the line, "Where I have hope to see the nuptial," appears to have only nine syllables, but *nuptial* is a trisyllable. This lengthening occurs most frequently at the end of the line, and is rare in the latest plays. For the only other instances in this play, see notes on iii. 1. 25 and iv. 1. 143.

(*b*) Many monosyllables ending in *r*, *re*, *rs*, *res*, preceded by a long vowel or diphthong, are often made dissyllables; as *fare*, *fear*, *dear*, *fire*, *hair*, *hour*, *your*, etc. In the fifth line of the second scene *fire* is a dissyllable. If the word is repeated in a verse, it is often both monosyllable and dissyllable ; as in line 53 of the same scene: "Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since"; where the first *year* is a dissyllable. In *J. C.* iii. 1. 172: "As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity," the first *fire* is a dissyllable.

(*c*) Words containing *l* or *r*, preceded by another consonant, are often pronounced as if a vowel came between the consonants; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 158: "While she did call me rascal fiddler" [fid-d(e)ler]; *All's Well*, iii. 5. 43: "If you will tarry, holy pilgrim" [pilg(e)rim]; *C. of E.* v. 1. 360: "These are the parents of these children" (childeren, the original form of the word); *W. T.* iv. 4. 76: "Grace and remembrance [rememb(e)rance] be to you both!" etc.

(*d*) Monosyllabic exclamations (*ay*, *O*, *yea*, *nay*, *hail*, etc.) and monosyllables otherwise emphasized are similarly lengthened; also certain longer words; as *vineyard* (trisyllable) in this play (iv. 1. 68); *safety* (trisyllable) in *Ham.* i. 3. 21; *business* (trisyllable, as originally pronounced) in *J. C.* iv. 1. 22: "To groan and sweat under the business" (so in several other passages); and other words mentioned in the notes to the plays in which they occur.

6. Words are also *contracted* for metrical reasons, like plurals

and possessives ending in a sibilant, as *balance, horse* (for *horses* and *horse's*), *princess* (plural in i. 2. 173 of this play), *sense, marriage* (plural and possessive), *image*, etc. So *spirit* (see on ii. 1. 209), *inter'gatories, dear'st* (v. 1. 172), *eld'st* (v. 1. 186), and many other superlatives, etc.

7. The *accent* of words is also varied in many instances for metrical reasons. Thus we find both *révenue* and *revénue* (see on i. 2. 98 of this play), *sólemnize* and *solémnize* (see on v. i. 310), *óbscure* and *obscúre, púrsue* and *pursúe, dístinct* and *distinct*, etc.

These instances of variable accent must not be confounded with those in which words were uniformly accented differently in the time of Shakespeare; like *aspéct, impórtune* (see on ii. 1. 136), *opportúne* (see on iv. 1. 26), *perséver* (never *persevére*), *perséverance, rheúmatic*, etc.

8. *Alexandrines*, or verses of twelve syllables, with six accents, occur here and there; as in the inscriptions on the caskets in the *M. of V.*, and ii. 1. 243 ("Professes to persuade, — the king his son's alive") and a few other instances in this play. They must not be confounded with female lines with two extra syllables (see on 1 above) or with other lines in which two extra unaccented syllables may occur.

9. *Incomplete* verses, of one or more syllables, are scattered through the plays. See, for example, i. 2. 159, 188, 195, 235, 253, 259, 268, and 394 in this play.

10. *Doggerel* measure is used in the very earliest comedies (*L. L. L.* and *C. of E.* in particular) in the mouths of comic characters, but nowhere else in those plays, and never anywhere in plays written after 1598.

11. *Rhyme* occurs frequently in the early plays, but diminishes with comparative regularity from that period until the latest. Thus, in *L. L. L.* there are about 1100 rhyming verses (about one-third of the whole number), in the *M. N. D.* about 900, in *Richard II.* and *R. and J.* about 500 each, while in *Cor.* and *A. and C.* there are only about 40 each, in this play only two, and in the *W. T.*

none at all, except in the chorus introducing act iv. Songs, interludes, and other matter not in ten-syllable measure are not included in this enumeration.

Alternate rhymes are found only in the plays written before 1599 or 1600. In the *M. of V.* there are only four lines at the end of iii. 2. In *Much Ado* and *A. Y. L.*, we also find a few lines, but none at all in subsequent plays.

Rhymed couplets, or "rhyme-tags," are often found at the end of scenes; as in the first scene, and twelve other scenes, of the *M. of V.* In *Hamlet*, 14 out of 20 scenes, and in *Macbeth*, 21 out of 28, have such "tags"; but in the latest plays they are not so frequent. This play, for instance, has but one (ii. 1), and the *W. T.* none.

12. In this edition of Shakespeare, the final *-ed* of past tenses and participles is printed *-'d* when the word is to be pronounced in the ordinary way; as in *suffer'd*, line 5, and *heav'd*, line 62, of the second scene. But when the metre requires that the *-ed* be made a separate syllable, the *e* is retained; as in *infused*, line 154, of the same scene, where the word is a trisyllable. The only variation from this rule is in verbs like *cry*, *die*, etc., the *-ed* of which is very rarely made a separate syllable.

Shakespeare's Use of Verse and Prose in the Plays. — This is a subject to which the critics have given very little attention, but it is an interesting study. In this play we find scenes entirely in verse (none entirely in prose), and others in which the two are mixed. In general, we may say that verse is used for what is distinctly poetical, and prose for what is not poetical. The distinction, however, is not so clearly marked in the earlier as in the later plays. The second scene of *M. of V.*, for instance, is in prose, because Portia and Nerissa are talking about the suitors in a familiar and playful way; but in the *T. G. of V.*, where Julia and Lucetta are discussing the suitors of the former in much the same fashion, the scene is in verse. Dowden, commenting on *Richard II.*, remarks: "Had Shakespeare written the play a few years later, we may be certain that the gardener and his servants (iii. 4) would not have

uttered stately speeches in verse, but would have spoken homely prose, and that humour would have mingled with the pathos of the scene. The same remark may be made with reference to the subsequent scene (v. 5) in which his groom visits the dethroned king in the Tower." Comic characters and those in low life generally speak in prose in the later plays, as Dowden intimates, but in the very earliest ones doggerel verse is much used instead. See on 10 above.

The change from prose to verse is well illustrated in the third scene of *M. of V.* It begins with plain prosaic talk about a business matter; but when Antonio enters, it rises at once to the higher level of poetry. The sight of Antonio reminds Shylock of his hatred of the Merchant, and the passion expresses itself in verse, the vernacular tongue of poetry. In the first scene of the present play, note the change at line 51. "Here, where all is lost and tragedy begins, blank verse also begins" (Luce). In ii. 1 Antonio and Sebastian talk in prose when bantering Gonzalo, but in verse when laying the plot for murdering Alonso.

The reasons for the choice of prose or verse are not always so clear as in these instances. We are seldom puzzled to explain the prose, but not unfrequently we meet with verse where we might expect prose. As Professor Corson remarks (*Introduction to Shakespeare*, 1889), "Shakespeare adopted verse as the general tenor of his language, and therefore expressed much in verse that is within the capabilities of prose; in other words, his verse constantly encroaches upon the domain of prose, but his prose can never be said to encroach upon the domain of verse." If, in rare instances, we think we find exceptions to this latter statement, and prose actually seems to usurp the place of verse, I believe that careful study of the passage will prove the supposed exception to be apparent rather than real.

SOME BOOKS FOR TEACHERS AND STUDENTS. — A few out of the many books that might be commended to the teacher and the critical student are the following: Halliwell-Phillipps's *Outlines of*

me Life of Shakespeare (7th ed. 1887); Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* (1898; for ordinary students, the abridged ed. of 1899 is preferable); Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d ed. 1902); Littledale's ed. of Dyce's *Glossary* (1902); Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare* (1895); Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (1873); Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *The Tempest* (1892; encyclopædic and exhaustive); Dowden's *Shakspere: His Mind and Art* (American ed. 1881); Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare* (revised ed. 1882); Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Women* (several eds.; some with the title, *Shakespeare Heroines*); Ten Brink's *Five Lectures on Shakespeare* (1895); Boas's *Shakespeare and His Predecessors* (1895); Dyer's *Folk-lore of Shakespeare* (American ed. 1884); Gervinus's *Shakespeare Commentaries* (Bunnett's translation, 1875); Wordsworth's *Shakespeare's Knowledge of the Bible* (3d ed. 1880); Elson's *Shakespeare in Music* (1901).

Some of the above books will be useful to all readers who are interested in special subjects or in general criticism of Shakespeare. Among those which are better suited to the needs of ordinary readers and students, the following may be mentioned: Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* (1900); Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* (1877; small but invaluable); Rolfe's *Shakespeare the Boy* (1896; treating of the home and school life, the games and sports, the manners, customs, and folk-lore of the poet's time); Guerber's *Myths of Greece and Rome* (for young students who may need information on mythological allusions not explained in the notes).

Black's *Judith Shakespeare* (1884; a novel, but a careful study of the scene and the time) is a book that I always commend to young people, and their elders will also enjoy it. The Lambs' *Tales from Shakespeare* is a classic for beginners in the study of the dramatist; and in Rolfe's ed. the plan of the authors is carried out in the Notes by copious illustrative quotations from the plays. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines* (several

eds.) will particularly interest girls; and both girls and boys will find Bennett's *Master Skylark* (1897) and Imogen Clark's *Will Shakespeare's Little Lad* (1897) equally entertaining and instructive.

H. Snowden Ward's *Shakespeare's Town and Times* (1896) and John Leyland's *Shakespeare Country* (1900) are copiously illustrated books (yet inexpensive) which may be particularly commended for school libraries.

ABBREVIATIONS IN THE NOTES. — The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

Other abbreviations that hardly need explanation are *Cf.* (*confer*, compare), *Fol.* (following), *Id.* (*idem*, the same), and *Prol.* (prologue). The numbers of the lines in the references (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" edition (the cheapest and best edition of *Shakespeare* in one compact volume), which is now generally accepted as the standard for line-numbers in works of reference (Schmidt's *Lexicon*, Abbott's *Grammar*, Dowden's *Primer*, the publications of the New Shakspere Society, etc.).

THE SEAMANSHIP OF THE PLAY. — The following notes on this subject were furnished to Malone by the second Lord Mulgrave, a distinguished naval officer: —

"The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakspeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. . . . The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of *Prospero*, that the shipwreck is to be attributed. The words of

command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakspeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do. He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.

1st Position.

"Fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground.

1st Position.

"Land discovered under the lee; the wind blowing too fresh to hawl upon a wind with the topsail set. *Yare* is an old sea term for briskly, in use at that time. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any order quickly.

2d Position.

"Yare, yare, take in the topsail; blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

2d Position.

"The topsail is taken in. 'Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.' The danger in a good sea boat is only from being too near the land: this is introduced here to account for the next order.

3d Position.

"Down with the topmast. — Yare, lower, lower, bring her to try with the main course.

3d Position.

"The gale increasing, the topmast is struck, to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to.

4th Position.

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

4th Position.

"The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up, the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way.

5th Position.

"We split, we split.

5th Position.

"The ship not able to weather a point, is driven on shore."

These views have been indorsed by Captain E. K. Calver, R.N., F.R.S., and other experts in nautical science. They all agree that the ship was wrecked through Prospero's magic, not for lack of good seamanship on the part of the officers and the crew.

ACT I

SCENE I. — In the first folio, the play is divided into acts and scenes. At the end, printed side by side with the Epilogue, a list of *dramatis personæ* is given, under the heading "*Names of the Actors*," and above this is "The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island."

1. Master. *Boatswain!* Furness quotes Captain John Smith, *Accidence for Young Seamen*, 1626: "The Maister and his Mate is to direct the course, command all the Saylors, for steering, trimming, and sayling the Ship. . . . The Boteswaine is to have the charge of all the cordage, tackling, sales, fids, and marling spikes, needles, twine and saile-cloth, and rigging of the Ship."

3. *Good, speak to the mariners.* That is, good *boatswain* or *fellow*. The folio has "Good: Speake to th' Mariners:" and some retain that pointing, making *good* = good *cheer*. But the cheer was *not* good, as they were running aground. Luce makes *good* = "That is right; I am glad to see you are ready"; but that

would be taken for granted by the Master. He would not speak to a subordinate in that way. Cf. also just below, "Nay, good, be patient," and *Ham.* i. 1. 70: "Good now, sit down."

4. *Yarely.* Readily, nimbly; from *yare*, quick, active. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 2. 216: "That yarely frame the office"; and for *yare* (v. 1. 224 below), cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 244: "be yare in thy preparation"; *A. and C.* v. 2. 286: "Yare, yare, good Iras, quick," etc.

5. *Cheerly.* An example of "*-ly* found with a noun, and yet not appearing to convey an adjectival meaning." Cf. "angerly," *Macb.* iii. 5. 1; "hungerly," *Oth.* iii. 4. 105, etc. S. uses *cheerly* often, but *cheerily* not once. Milton has *cheerly* in *L'Allegro* — the only instance in which he uses either.

6. *Tend.* Attend; as in i. 2. 47 below. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 93: "Good angels tend thee!" etc.

8. *If room enough.* If there be sea-room enough. Cf. *Per.* iii. 1. 45: "But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not;" and just above (43): "Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself!"

10. *Play the men.* Play the part of men, behave like men: as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 6. 16: "When they shall hear how we have play'd the men." Cf. Chapman's *Iliad*, bk. v.: —

> "Which doing, thou shalt know what souldiers play the men,
> And what the cowards;"

and Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, i. 1: "Viceroys and peers of Turkey, play the men." See also 2 *Samuel*, x. 12.

12. *Where is the master, boatswain?* Here the folio has "Boson," which is still the pronunciation.

14. *You do assist the storm.* Cf. *Per.* iii. 1. 19: "Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm."

16. *What cares these roarers*, etc. Some editors change *cares* to *care*, but the singular is often used before a plural subject. Cf. iv. 1. 261 below. Of course no typographical error is possible in cases where the *rhyme* requires the form in *-s;* as in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 168:

"There lies
Two kinsmen digg'd their graves with weeping eyes;"

and *L. C.* 230: —

"And to their audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums."

17. *To cabin.* For the omission of *the*, cf. "at door" (*W. T.* iv. 4. 352 and *T. of S.* iv. 1. 125), "at end" (*Cor.* iv. 7. 4), "to west" (*Sonn.* 33. 8), etc.

23. *Of the present.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 165: "For this present;" and 1 *Corinthians*, xv. 6.

24. *Hand.* Lay hands on, touch; as in *W. T.* ii. 3. 63: —

"Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me."

30. *He hath no drowning mark upon him*, etc. The allusion to the familiar proverb is obvious. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 156: —

"Go, go, begone to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore."

See also v. 1. 218 below. *Complexion* = look, personal appearance.

35. *Down with the topmast*, etc. Striking the topmast was a new invention in S.'s time, which he here very properly introduces. See the comments of Lord Mulgrave, p. 125 above. *Lower* is in the imperative mood.

36. *Bring her to try wi' the main course.* Keep her as close to the wind as possible with the mainsail. Malone quotes Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598): "And when the barke had way, we cut the hauser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and tried out all that day with our maine course." The phrase is also found in Smith's *Sea-Grammar*, 1627.

42. *Incharitable.* Used by S. only here. *Uncharitable* he does not use at all; but we find *uncharitably* in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 275.

47. *I'll warrant him for drowning.* *For* here may be either

"as regards" or "against." For the latter meaning, cf. Lyly, *Euphues:* "If he were too long for the bed, they cut off his legs, for catching cold," etc.

49. *Lay her a-hold, a-hold!* To lay a ship a-hold is to bring her to lie as near to the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea (Steevens).

Set her two courses. That is, the mainsail (the *main course* above) and foresail. The folio reads: "Lay her a hold, a hold, set her two courses off to sea againe, lay her off." The pointing in the text is Holt's, and is generally adopted. As the mainsail appears to be set already (see 36 above), the folio may possibly be right; but *Set her two courses off to sea* would hardly be nautical language. Perhaps, however, *two* is emphatic, and the order supplements and modifies the former one, which has been given only a moment earlier.

53. *Must our mouths be cold?* Must we die? Furness quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *Scornful Lady*, ii. 2: —

> "Would I had been cold i' the mouth before this day,
> And ne'er have lived to see this dissolution!"

56. *We are merely cheated*, etc. Absolutely cheated. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 265: "mere enemy"; *Oth.* ii. 2. 3: "the mere perdition (that is, the entire destruction) of the Turkish fleet"; *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 329: "the mere undoing (the complete ruin) of all the kingdom," etc. So in Bacon's 58th *Essay:* "As for conflagrations and great droughts, they do not merely (that is, entirely) dispeople and destroy"; where most of the modern editors (Montague and Whately included) have changed "*and* destroy" to "*but* destroy," though this (as the context shows) makes Bacon say the opposite of what he evidently means.

58. *Washing of ten tides.* Apparently an allusion (as Elze notes) to the execution of pirates, who "were hanged on the shore at lowe water marke, where they were left till three tides have overwashed them" (Harrison, *Description of England*).

60. *To glut him.* To swallow him; the only instance of this sense in S. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* x. 633: "sucked and glutted offal."

66. *Long heath, brown furze.* Hanmer suggested "ling, heath, broom, furze," which some editors adopt; but Furness finds *long heath* as the name of a plant in Lyte's *Herball*, 1576.

SCENE II. — Coleridge remarks: "In the second scene, Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example I remember of retrospective narration for the purpose of exciting immediate interest, and putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot. Observe, too, the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest) to open out the truth to his daughter, his own romantic bearing, and how completely anything that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician is reconcilable and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once laid open — it would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene."

3. *Stinking pitch.* The verb (which S. uses some twenty times) was not so offensive in his day as now. Cf. *o'erstunk* in iv. 1. 184.

4. *Mounting to the welkin's cheek.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 57: —

> "Their thundering shock
> At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven."

5. *Fire.* A dissyllable. See p. 119 above.

7. *Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her.* S. often has *who* = *which*, and *vice versa*. Some editors change *creature* (which may be collective) to "creatures."

11. *Or ere.* The *or* is undoubtedly the Anglo-Saxon *ær* (our *ere*) which appears in early English in the forms *er, air, ar, ear, or, eror*. We find *or* = *before* in Chaucer, as in the *Knightes Tale*, 1685: "Cleer was the day, as I have told or this"; and later, as in

Latimer and Ascham. *Ere* seems to have been added to *or* for emphasis when the meaning of the latter was dying out. In early English we find such combinations as *erst er*, *bifore er*, *before or*. Some explain *or ere*, which they write *or e'er*, as a contraction of *or ever* = before ever. *Or ever* is, indeed, not unfrequently found (in the Bible, for instance, in *Ecclesiastes*, xii. 6, *Proverbs*, viii. 23, *Daniel*, vi. 24, etc.); but, as Abbott remarks, it is much more likely that *ever* should be substituted for *ere* than *ere* for *ever*.

13. *Fraughting*. Making up her *fraught*, or freight. S. does not use *freight*, either as a verb or a noun. For *fraught*, cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 30: "A vessel . . . richly fraught"; and for the noun (= cargo), see *T. N.* v. 1. 64. The word is now used only in a figurative sense; as in "fraught with danger," etc.

15. *No harm*. Johnson plausibly suggests that this is a question, and that it belongs to Miranda's speech.

19. *More better*. For the double comparative, cf. 438 below.

20. *Full*. To the full, very. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 59: "full sorry," etc.

22. *Meddle with my thoughts*. That is, *mingle* with them. Cf. Wiclif, *Matthew*, xxvii. 24: "wyn medlid with gall"; *John*, xix. 39: "a medling of myrre and aloes"; Spenser, *Shep. Kal.* Apr. 68: "The redde rose medled with the white yfere," etc.

24. *Pluck*. See on v. 1. 127 below. *So* expresses "acquiescence or approval (= well)," as Schmidt notes. Cf. v. 1. 96 below. See also *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 4: "Reach a chair. So." and *Oth.* v. 1. 82: "Lend me a garter. So."

25. *Lie there, my art*. Fuller (*Holy State*, iv. 6) says that Lord Burleigh, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer."

26. *Wrack*. The word is invariably *wrack* in S., and was so pronounced. Cf. the rhymes in *V. and A.* 558, *R. of L.* 841, 965, *Sonn.* 126. 5, *Macb.* v. 5. 51, etc.

27. *The very virtue of compassion*. The very essence or soul of it.

28. *I have with such provision.* Some read, "prevision"; but, as Mrs. Kemble remarks (*Atlantic Monthly*, vol. viii. p. 290), "It is very true that *pre*vision means the foresight that his art gave him, but *pro*vision implies the exercise of that foresight or *pre*vision; it is therefore better, because more comprehensive."

29. *So safely order'd that there is no soul—.* This is quite obviously an instance of anacoluthon, but various alterations have been suggested.

31. *Betid.* The *-ed* of the participle is often omitted after *d* and *t*. Cf. *quit*, in 148 below.

32. *Which thou*, etc. For the "chiastic" arrangement of clauses, cf. 334 below; also *Macb.* i. 3. 60, 61, etc. S. was fond of it.

35. *Inquisition.* Inquiry; as in *A. Y. L.* ii. 2. 20: "Search and inquisition." S. uses the word only twice.

41. *Out.* Fully, completely. Cf. iv. 1. 101 below: "right out."

53. *Twelve year since*, etc. The folio reads, "Twelue yere since (*Miranda*), twelue yere since." The first *year* is a dissyllable. Some critics lengthen the preceding *Twelve* instead, and Furness approves that scansion; but, to my thinking, the rhythm is better satisfied by the dissyllabic *year*. For the variation in a repeated word, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 20, *J. C.* iii. 1. 171, etc.

This passage, in connection with 41 above, fixes the age of Miranda as less than fifteen. Marina in *Pericles* is fifteen when the play ends. Juliet is only fourteen. These are the only instances in which the age of S.'s young heroines is definitely stated or indicated.

56. *Piece.* Model, masterpiece. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 2. 28, etc.

58. *And his only heir*, etc. The reading of the folio is:—

> "Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
> And Princesse; no worse Issued."

With the omission of the semicolon this is clear enough (*was* being understood after *Princess*), but sundry attempts at emendation have been made Pope reads "A princess."

63. *Holp.* For *holpen*, the old participle of *help*. For the full form see *Psalms*, lxxxiii. 8, *Daniel*, xi. 34, etc. The contracted form is common in early writers. *Holp* is properly the past tense of *help*, and S. uses it oftener than *helped*.

64. *Teen.* Grief, trouble. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 13: "to my teen be it spoken"; *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 164: "of groans, of sorrow, and of teen," etc.

65. *From my remembrance.* That is, away from it. *From* is often so used; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "clean from the purpose"; *T. N.* i. 5. 201: "This is from my commission," etc.

66. *My brother, and thy uncle*, etc. This, with the following speech of Prospero, has well been called "a network of anacolutha." "The subject, *My brother*, is dropped, and taken up again as *he whom*, and finally in *false uncle*, before its verb (but only after another interruption) is reached in *new created*. A parenthesis begins with *as at that time;* but it ceases to be treated as a parenthesis, and eddies into the main current of expression at *those being all my study*" (*Notes of Studies on Temp.* by the Shaks. Soc. of Philadelphia).

70. *Manage.* For the noun, cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 25, etc.

As at that time. The *as* is probably redundant here, as often in statements of time. In early English *as* is often prefixed to dates: "as this year of grace," etc. Chaucer has *as now, as here*, etc. = *now, here*, etc. Professor G. Allen (Phila. ed.), who was the first to call attention to this use of *as* in S., quotes the Collect for Christmas in the Prayer-Book: "Almighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and *as at this time* to be born," etc. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 74: "One Lucio *as then* the messenger."

71. *Through all the signiories it was the first.* Botero (*Relations of the World*, 1630) says, "Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe."

72. *Prime.* First in rank. See 424 below; and cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 162: "The prime man of the state."

80. *Who to advance*, etc. *Who* = *whom*, as often. Cf. 231, etc. below.

81. *To trash for overtopping.* A metaphor taken from hunting. To *trash* a hound was to check or hamper him, so that he would not outrun the pack. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 312:—

> "If this poor trash of Venice, whom I *trash*
> For his quick hunting."

Some have thought that there is a mixing of metaphors here, *overtopping* being supposed to refer to the growth of trees (as in *A. and C.* iv. 12. 24); but in the present passage, as often, the word means simply to be too forward or too ambitious, as opposed to *advance*.

83. *The key*, etc. The means of getting into office, the control of it; not a figure taken from a tuning-key, as some assume.

85. *That now*, etc. So that now, etc.; a common ellipsis.

86. *The ivy*, etc. The ivy was thought to be a parasitic plant and injurious to trees. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 180: "usurping ivy."

87. *Out on't.* For *on* = *of*, cf. 361, ii. 1. 135, and iv. 1. 157 below.

90. *Closeness.* Privacy, seclusion; the only instance of the noun in S. Cf. "a close (secret) exploit of death" (*Rich. III.* iv. 2. 35); "we have closely (privately) sent for Hamlet" (*Ham.* iii. 1. 29), etc.

91. *But by being so retir'd.* "Were it only for the retirement it procured me;" or, perhaps, *except for* its being so retired.

94. *Like a good parent.* "Alluding to the observation that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it" (Johnson).

95. *It's.* The folio spelling. See on 392 below.

97. *Sans bound.* Without limit. As *sans* was much used by writers of the time of S., it appears to have been viewed as an English word. Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*) translates *Sans* by "Sanse, without, besides"; and Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) gives "sanse" as an English equivalent of *senza*. In a familiar passage in *A. Y. L.* (ii.

7. 166), S. uses it four times in a single line. *Lorded* = made a lord. Cf. *strangered* = made a stranger (*Lear*, i. 1. 207), and *servanted* = made subservient (*Cor.* v. 2. 89). But *kinged* = ruled (*K. John*, ii. 1. 371), *fathered* = provided with a father (*J. C.* ii. 1. 297 and *Lear*, iii. 6. 117), *lovered* = gifted with a lover (*L. C.* 320), etc.

98. *Revenue.* Accented by S. on either the first or second syllable.

100. *Unto truth*, etc. The folio has "into," which Dyce retains, quoting as another instance of *into* for *unto*, "And pray God's blessing into thy attempt," (*A. W.* i. 3. 269). In "telling of it," *it* refers to *lie*, by anticipation. Cf. Tennyson, *Sea Dreams*, 181: "So false he partly took himself for true." *As* is omitted before *To credit.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 9: "so fond to come abroad," etc. Some explain the passage thus: "having made such a sinner of his memory as to credit his own lie into truth by telling of it," that is, "believe it into the semblance of truth"; but this seems forced and awkward.

103. *He was indeed*, etc. An Alexandrine (with an extra final syllable), as Fleay makes it; but attempts have been made to cut it down to an eleven-syllable line.

107. *Screen.* "Prospero was the *screen* behind which the traitorous Antonio governed the people of Milan" (Daniel).

109. *Absolute Milan.* The actual duke of Milan. For the use of *Milan*, cf. 433 below: "myself am Naples"; that is, king of Naples. *Me, poor man*, etc., is another instance of anacoluthon. See on 66 above.

110. *Temporal royalties.* Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 190: "His sceptre shows the force of temporal power."

111. *Confederates.* Conspires; the only instance of the verb in S.

112. *Dry.* Thirsty. Wright says that this sense is "still common in provincial English"; and so it is in Yankee English. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 31, 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 14, etc.

117. *His condition and the event.* The bargain he made with the King of Naples, and the consequences that followed.

118. *Might be.* Could be. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 100, *Ham.* i. 2. 141, etc.

119. *To think but nobly.* That is, *otherwise than* nobly.

122. *Hearkens.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 303: "Hearken the end."

123. *In lieu o' the premises.* In consideration of. Cf. "in lieu thereof" (*T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 88 and *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 130), "in lieu whereof" (*K. John*, v. 4. 44), etc.

125. *Presently.* Immediately; as in iv. 1. 42 below, and often.

134. *A hint.* A cause, or subject. Cf. "our hint of woe," ii. 1. 3 below.

137. *The which.* Not uncommon in S. *The who* is not found; and *the whom* only in *W. T.* iv. 4. 539.

138. *Impertinent.* Irrelevant; used by S. only here and (by Launcelot) in *M. of V.* ii. 2. 146. Cf. the one instance of *impertinency* in *Lear*, iv. 6. 178. We still use *pertinent* in this original sense.

139. *Wench.* This word originally meant young woman only, without the contempt now annexed to it. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 167: "When I am dead, good wench," etc.; *Oth.* v. 2. 272: "O, ill-starred wench!" etc. *Demanded* = asked (as very often), not in the stronger modern sense.

144. *In few.* In short. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 126: "in few, Ophelia," etc. Here Milan is made a seaport. Cf. Valentine's voyage from Verona to Milan (*T. G. of V.* i. 1. 71 fol.).

146. *Boat.* The folios have "butt" or "but"; corrected by Rowe (from Dryden's version). It has been suggested that the "butt" of the folio was some kind of boat, and Furness thinks this is "unquestionably" true; but the *New Eng. Dict.* does not recognize the word in that sense.

148. *Have quit.* For *quit*, see on *betid*, 31 above. *Hoist* is a similar contraction, unless it be from the old verb *hoise*, which S. has in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 529: "Hoised sail," etc.

151. *Did us but loving wrong.* Only injured us by their sympathetic sighing, that is, blowing. Cf. "good mischief" in iv. 1. 214 below.

152. *A cherubin.* This is the reading of the folio here, as well as in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 63, *Mach.* i. 7. 22, *Oth.* iv. 2. 63, and *L. C.* 319, the only other places in which S. uses the singular, except *Ham.* iv. 3. 50, where *cherub* ("Cherube" in folio) occurs. He uses *cherubins* as the plural in *M. of V.* v. 1. 62, *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 23, *T. and C.* iii. 2. 74, and *Cymb.* ii. 4. 88. Neither *cherubim* nor *cherubims* is to be found in the folio, though both are given in many modern eds.

154. *Infused.* Inspired, filled; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 166, 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 41, *J. C.* i. 3. 69, etc.

155. *Deck'd.* "Here *deck'd* would appear to be a form, if it be not a corruption, of the provincial *degg'd*, i.e. *sprinkled*" (Dyce).

157. *An undergoing stomach.* A sustaining courage. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 129: "Gan vail his stomach" (began to let his courage sink), and *Ham.* i. 1. 100: "some enterprise That hath a stomach in 't" (that requires courage). Elsewhere it means anger, resentment, as in *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 68: "kill your stomach on your meat;" and pride, arrogance, as in *Hen. VIII.* iv. 2. 34: "He was a man of an unbounded stomach."

159. *By Providence divine.* The pointing of nearly all the modern eds. The folio has a comma after *divine*, and perhaps Furness is right in thinking that the clause belongs with what follows.

162. *Who being*, etc. A confused construction, but not unlike many others in S. *Charity* = kindness, goodness of heart, like *gentleness* in 165.

165. *Have steaded much.* Have been of much service. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 7: "May you stead me?" (Can you assist me?) etc.

169. *But ever see that man!* But once see that man.

Now I arise. All the attempts to find anything more than the literal meaning in these words are far-fetched and unsatisfactory;

and I am inclined to take them literally. Prospero is about to bring his narrative to an end, and rises — probably to put on his mantle again, as Dyce assumes. Miranda is going to rise also, but her father bids her "sit still" and hear the little that remains to be told of their "sea-sorrow." She wants to know further what were his reasons for raising the storm — but he answers her briefly, bids her "cease more questions," puts her to sleep, and hastens to call Ariel, whose report of the tempest he is impatient to hear.

172. *Made thee more profit Than other princess can. Profit* is here a verb. *Princess* (the reading of the folio) is here for *princesses*. As Abbott (*Grammar*, 471) has shown, "the plural and possessive cases of nouns of which the singular ends in *s*, *se*, *ss*, *ce*, and *ge*, are frequently written, and still more frequently pronounced, without the additional syllable." Cf. *Macb.* v. 1, 29 (folio): "Their *sense* are shut" (so also in *Sonn.* 112. 10); *Hen. V.* v. 2. 28: "Your *mightiness* on both parts best can witness," etc. See p. 120 above.

179. *Now my dear lady.* Now friendly to me; or, as Steevens puts it, "now my auspicious mistress." Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 42.

181. *I find my zenith*, etc. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 218: "There is a tide in the affairs of men," etc. *Zenith* (used by S. only here) = height of good fortune.

182. *Influence.* An astrological term. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 136, ii. 2. 113, etc.

185. *Thou art inclin'd to sleep.* It is not easy to decide whether Miranda is put to sleep by the art of Prospero, or falls asleep from the effect of the strange things she has seen and heard. *I know thou canst not choose* (perhaps said *aside*) favours the former interpretation. The latter view is well put by Franz Horn, who says: "The wonderful acts occasionally like the music upon Jessica in the fifth act of *The Merchant of Venice*. The external miracles of nature scarcely affect Miranda upon an island where nature itself has become a wonder, and the wonders have become nature. But for her, even on that account, there are only so many greater

wonders in the heart and life of man. . . . The checkered course of the world, its wild passions, are to her wholly strange; and the relation of such wonders might well affect her in the manner her father fears."

190. *To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly*, etc. Henley cites the imitation of this passage by Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess*: —

> "Tell me, sweetest,
> What new service now is meetest
> For the satyre; shall I stray
> In the middle ayre, and stay
> The sailing rack, or nimbly take
> Holde by the moone, and gently make
> Suit to the pale queene of night,
> For a beame to give thee light?
> Shall I dive into the sea,
> And bring thee coral, making way
> Through the rising waves?"

193. *Ariel and all his quality.* That is, all his ability, his powers; or it may mean "all his confederates," as Steevens and Dyce explain it.

194. *Perform'd to point.* Exactly, to the minutest point; like the French *à point.* Cf. "to the point" in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 254.

196. *The beak.* The point of the prow; not the "forecastle," as Schmidt explains it.

197. *The waist.* "That part of a ship which is contained between the quarter-deck and the forecastle" (Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*).

198. *I'd divide. Will* and *would* are often used to express a *repeated* or *customary* action. Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 147: "But still the house affairs would draw her thence;" and below, iii. 2. 132: "Will hum about mine ears." So in Gray's *Elegy*: "His listless length at noontide would he stretch," etc.

200. *Distinctly.* In its original sense of *separately.* An allusion

to the electrical phenomenon known as *Saint Elmo's fire.* Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1598) there is the following description of which S. may have had in mind: "I do remember that in great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the ni there came upon the toppe of our maine yard and maine-ma certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little can which the Spaniards call the *Cuerpo Santo.* This light contin aboord our ship about three houres, flying from maste to ma and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or th places at once."

207. *Coil.* Turmoil, tumult. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 236: "wha coil 's here!" *R. and J.* ii. 5. 67: "here 's such a coil!" *Constant* = self-possessed.

209. *Fever of the mad.* Fever of delirium.

210. *Tricks.* Wild freaks. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 121: "s fantastic tricks before high heaven," etc.

213. *With hair up-staring.* Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 280: "That mal my blood cold and my hair to stare." This use of *stare* was v common in the time of S.

217. *Are they . . . safe?* A needless question (cf. 26 fol. abov but perhaps intended only to bring out the particulars that foll

218. *Their sustaining garments.* Bearing or resisting the eff of the water (Mason and Schmidt). Some explain it as "bear them up in the water," comparing *Ham.* iv. 7. 176.

222. *Cooling of the air.* Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 3: "blowing his nails;" *J. C.* v. 3. 38: "saving of thy life," etc. For *odd,* v. 1. 255.

224. *In this sad knot.* Folded thus. Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 1 Folded arms were considered a sign of melancholy. Cf. Suckli *Sessions of the Poets:* "With folded arms and melancholy hat."

225. *The mariners.* Furness regards this as "parenthetic and would retain the comma in the folio after *ship;* but this se very awkward.

228. *Dew.* For its magic power, cf. 320 below.

229. *Still-vex'd Bermoothes.* The ever-disturbed Bermudas. "The epithet here applied to the Bermudas," says Hemley, "will be best understood by those who have seen the rising of the sea over the rugged rocks by which they are surrounded, and which render access to them so dangerous." Cf. "still-closing" in III. 3. 64 below.

231. *Who, with a charm.* See on 80 above.

234. *Flote.* Flood, wave; used by S. only here.

239. *Past the mid season.* This speech and the next have been variously re-distributed by the editors, on the ground that "Prospero asks a question and yet answers it himself." Warburton adopted the conjecture of Theobald that we should read: —

> "*Prospero.* What is the time o' th' day?
> *Ariel.* Past the mid season at least two glasses.
> *Prospero.* The time," etc.

Johnson, though thinking that "this passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question which the next moment enables us to answer," suggested: —

> "*Prospero.* What is the time o' th' day? Past the mid season?
> *Ariel.* At least two glasses.
> *Prospero.* The time," etc.

Staunton, to obviate the supposed inconsistency and render any change in the distribution of the speeches unnecessary, pointed Prospero's speech thus: —

> "At least two glasses — the time 'twixt six and now —
> Must by us both be spent most preciously."

But, as Wright observes, this would make the time 4 P. M., which hardly answers to Ariel's "Past the mid season;" and it would reduce the time of the play to little more than two hours, when it is clearly not less than three. On the whole there does not seem to be sufficient reason for disturbing the old text. Prospero asks the time of day, and when Ariel says it is past noon, he reflects a

moment and decides that it must be at least *two hours* later than that. He ought to know the time better than Ariel, but forgets this in his present excited state of mind. Ariel's loose reply sets him thinking, and he fixes the hour — perhaps by a glance at the sun — more precisely than his airy servitor.

240. *Two glasses.* Two hourglasses, or two hours. Cf. v. 1. 223 below, and *W. T.* i. 2. 306, iv. 1. 16, etc. The seaman's *glass* in the time of S., as now, was a half-hour one — a fact of which he seems to have been ignorant.

242. *Dost give me pains.* Dost give me hard work to do. See on iii. 1. 1 below.

243. *Let me remember thee.* Remind thee. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 231: "I'll not remember you of my own lord," etc. It is sometimes used in a similar sense (= mention) intransitively; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 2. 142: —

> "Our coronation done, we will accite,
> As I before remember'd, all our state."

Cf. 404 below: "The ditty does remember (mention, or commemorate) my drown'd father." The passive form *to be remembered* is sometimes = to call to mind, to recollect; as, "If you be remember'd" (*M. for M.* ii. 1. 110 and *T. of S.* iv. 3. 96); "I am remember'd" (*A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 131), etc.

244. *Is not yet perform'd me.* The *me* is the "indirect object" of the verb. Cf. 255 and 494 below.

248. *Mistakings.* Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 5. 49 and *M. for M.* iii. 2. 150. S. never uses the noun *mistake.*

249. *Grudge.* Murmur, repining. Schmidt makes *grudge or grumblings* = "grudgings or grumblings." For the verb in this sense, see *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 90: "he eats his meat without grudging," etc.

250. *To bate me.* Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 234: "I will not bate thee a scruple," etc.

252. *To tread the ooze.* The bottom (not the margin) of the

sea. Cf. *Ham. V.* i. 2. 164: "the ooze and bottom of the sea;" and below, iii. 3. 100: "my son i' the ooze is bedded."

258. *Envy.* Malice; as often. See *M. of V.* iv. 1. 10, 126, etc.

265. *Argier.* The old name for Algiers. It was not obsolete even in Dryden's day. See his *Limberham*, iii. 1: "you Argier's man."

266. *One thing she did.* But what it was the poet nowhere tells us, and very likely he could not have told if he had been asked. He simply wished to account for her being on the island, and intimates that she had done something to merit banishment but not death. Some believe that it was because she was with child; but we should not expect the *did*, if that were the meaning.

269. *This blue-eyed hag.* A *blue eye* in S. regularly means one with blue circles about it; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 393. Cf. *R. of L.* 1587:—

> "And round about her tear-distained eye
> Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky."

271. *Wast then.* The folio has "was then," which may be what S. wrote. So in 332 below the folio has "stroakst, and made much of me."

272. *And, for thou wast.* And because thou wast; a common use of *for* in S.

273. *Earthy.* Gross, low. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 34: "my earthy gross conceit."

274. *Hests.* Commands. Sometimes printed "'hests," but it is not a contraction of *behests*. It is used again in iii. 1. 37 and iv. 1. 65; and also by Wiclif, Chaucer, Spenser, etc.

277. *Into a cloven pine.* We sometimes find *into* for *in* with verbs of rest implying motion. See 359 below. Cf. *Rich. III.* v. 5. 51: "Is all my armour laid into my tent?" So we often find *in* with verbs of motion. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 56: "creep in our ears"; *Ham.* v. 1. 301: "leaping in her grave," etc. "Fall in love" is still a familiar idiom.

284. *Caliban.* Farmer says, "The *metathesis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident." Possibly that was the origin of the name.

297. *Correspondent to command.* Obedient to command.

298. *And do my spriting gently.* Do my work as a spirit meekly, or with good will (as opposed to *moody* above). Some editors print "spiriting," but the folio has "spryting." *Spirit* is often virtually a monosyllable. Cf. ii. 1. 209.

301. *Go make thyself,* etc. The folio reads thus: —

> "Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o' th' Sea,
> Be subiect to no sight but thine, and mine: inuisible
> To euery eye-ball else," etc.

The arrangement in the text is Malone's. Some omit *thine and* (which could well be spared), with no other change.

311. *Miss.* Do without. Cf. *Sonn.* 122. 8, *A. W.* i. 3. 262, and *Cor.* ii. 1. 253. Wright quotes Lyly, *Euphues:* "so necessary that we cannot misse them."

316. *Come, thou tortoise! when?* Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 5: "When, Lucius, when?" *When?* is often thus used to express impatience.

317. *Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel.* So below, "fine spirit," "fine Ariel," and "delicate Ariel." *Quaint* = pretty, dainty; as in *M. W.* iv. 6. 41, *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 99, etc.

320. *Wicked.* Baneful, poisonous. Cf. Chaucer, *Rom. of the Rose:* "a fruict of savour wicke."

322. *South-west.* Southerly winds are associated by S. with fog, rain, and unwholesome vapours. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 50, *Cor.* ii. 3. 34, *Cymb.* ii. 3. 136, etc.

325. *Urchins.* Mischievous elves. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 49: "urchins, ouphes (elves), and fairies." They were probably called so because they sometimes took the form of urchins, or hedgehogs. Cf. Caliban's account of Prospero's spirits in ii. 2. 5 fol. below.

326. *That vast of night.* That void, waste, or empty stretch. In *Ham.* i. 2. 198, the quarto of 1603 has "In the dead vast and middle of the night."

328. *Honeycomb.* Plural (as made up of cells); used by S. only here.

332. *Mad'st.* See on 271 above.

333. *Water with berries in 't.* Wright remarks: "It would almost seem as if this were intended as a description of the yet little-known coffee. 'The Turkes,' says Burton (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, part ii.), 'haue a drinke called *coffa* (for they use no wine), so named of a berry as blacke as soot, and as bitter, (like that blacke drink which was in vse amongst the *Lacedemonians*, and perhaps the same) which they sip still of, and sup as warme as they can suffer.' This passage occurs for the first time in the fourth edition of Burton which was printed in 1632, and it shows that the drink was as yet only known in England by report." But cf. the reference to *berries* in ii. 2. 160 below. Strachey in his description of Bermuda (1610), says of the islands: "They are full of Shawes of goodly ceder . . . the berries whereof, our men seething, straining, and letting stand some three or foure days, made a kind of pleasant drinke."

334, 335. *The bigger light*, etc. For the construction, see on 32 above.

337. *Place.* Probably plural. See on 172 above.

342. *Whiles.* Often used for *while.*

349. *Abhorred slave*, etc. The folio gives this speech to *Miranda*, and Furness believes that it is right; but I am inclined to agree with the great majority of editors that the speech almost certainly belongs to Prospero. For the discussion of the subject, see Furness, p. 73.

350. *Which.* Often = *who.* See on 7 above.

359. *Confin'd into this rock.* See on 277 above.

361. *On't.* Of it. See on 87 above.

362. *The red plague.* The leprosy. See *Leviticus*, xiii. 42, 43. Steevens explains it as the erysipelas. *Rid you* = destroy you. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 4. 11: "will rid his foe," and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 67: "you have rid this sweet young prince."

363. *Learning me your language.* Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 12: "Hast thou not learned me how to make perfumes?" In old English the word meant to *teach* as well as to learn.

364. *Thou 'rt best.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 3. 13: "Ay, and truly, you were best." Originally the *you* was dative (it were best for you) but it came to be regarded as nominative.

367. *Old cramps.* Such as Caliban had had before; or perhaps, cramps like those of age.

368. *Aches.* The noun *ache* used to be pronounced *aitch*, but the verb *ake* (as it is often printed). Baret, in his *Alvearie* (1580), says: "*Ake* is the Verbe of the substantive *ach, ch* being turned into *k*." That the noun was pronounced like the name of the letter *h* is evident from a pun in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 56: —

> "*Beatrice.* . . . By my troth, I am exceeding ill! Heigh-ho!
> *Margaret.* For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?
> *Beatrice.* For the letter that begins them all, H."

There is a similar joke in *The World runs upon Wheels*, by John Taylor, the Water-Poet: "Every cart-horse doth know the letter *G* very understandingly; and *H* hath he in his bones." Boswell quotes an instance of this pronunciation from Swift, and Dyce one from Blackmore, A.D. 1705. When John Kemble first played Prospero in London, he pronounced *aches* in this passage as a dissyllable, which gave rise to a great dispute on the subject among critics. During this contest Mr. Kemble was laid up with sickness, and Mr. Cooke took his place in the play. Everybody listened eagerly for his pronunciation of *aches*, but he *left the whole line out;* whereupon the following appeared in the papers as "*Cooke's Soliloquy*": —

> "*Aitches* or *akes*, shall I speak both or either?
> If *akes* I violate my Shakespeare's measure —
> If *aitches* I shall give King Johnny pleasure;
> I've hit upon 't — by Jove, I'll utter neither!"

It is curious that this old pronunciation of the noun *ache* should *have seemed* peculiar to the critics, since it differs from that of the

verb as certain other nouns do. For another instance see line 428 below: "I am the best of them that *speak* this *speech*." Cf. *break* and *breach*, *wake* and *watch*, *bake* and *batch*, *make* and *match*, etc. Observe that the verb has the *k* and the *noun* the *ch*, as in *ake* and *ache* (old pronunciation). It is strange that in this last pair the distinction should not have been preserved.

369. *That.* *So* that; as in 85 above. *Pray thee* = I pray thee; as often.

371. *Setebos.* S. probably got this name from the account of Magellan's voyages in Robert Eden's *History of Travaile* (A.D. 1577), where it is said of the Patagonians that "they roared lyke bulles, and cryed uppon their great devill, Setebos, to help them." Malone says that Setebos is also mentioned in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, 1598.

375. *Curtsied.* So spelled in the folios. *Curtsy* and *courtesy* are two forms of the same word, both found in the folio. In a single speech in *J. C.* (iii. 1. 35 fol.), we have "courtesies" and "curtsies."

And kiss'd The wild waves whist. That is, kissed the wild waves into silence; a touch of poetry that is quite lost as the passage is often printed, the line *The wild waves whist* being made parenthetical. As Allen suggests, the waves may be supposed to become still when the nymphs kiss each other at the beginning of the dance. *Whist* is the participle of the old verb *whist*, which is found both transitive and intransitive. Lord Surrey translates the first line of book ii. of the *Æneid*: "They whisted all, with fixed face attent." Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vii. 7. 59: "So was the Titanesse put downe and whist." Milton (*Hymn on Nativ.*) has the same rhyme as here: —

> "The winds with wonder whist
> Smoothly the waters kiss'd."

377. *Foot it featly.* Dexterously, neatly. Dyce quotes Lodge's *Glaucus and Scilla* (1589): "Footing it featlie on the grassie ground." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 176: "she dances featly." We have

the adjective (used adverbially) below, ii. 1. 268: "much feater than before"; and the verb in *Cymb.* i. 1. 49: "a glass that feated them."

386. *Where should this music be? Should* was used in direct questions about the past where *shall* was used about the *future*.

389. *Weeping again.* That is, again and again. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 205: "For wooing here until I sweat again."

391. *Passion.* Sorrow; as often. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 118: "passion's solemn tears," etc.

392. *With it's sweet air.* In the folio *its* occurs but once (*M. for M.* i. 2. 4), while *it's* is found nine times. *It* as a genitive (or "possessive") is found fourteen times, in seven of which it precedes *own*. This *it* is an early provincial form of the old genitive. In our version of the Bible *its* is found only in *Leviticus*, xxv. 5, where the original edition has "of it own accord." Cf. 95 above.

395. *Full fathom five.* The folio has "fadom," which some prefer to retain. In *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 210 the folio has "fathome." For the singular form, cf. *year* in 53 above. We have *fathoms* in v. 1. 55 below. The musical setting of this song, and of Ariel's in act v., by R. Johnson, is probably that which was used when the play was first performed. It is preserved in Wilson's *Cheerful Ayres or Ballads* (1660), and is reprinted by Furness.

396. *Of his bones are coral made.* S. may have written *are* to avoid the harshness of "bones is," but the inaccuracy is probably a "confusion of proximity."

397. *Those are pearls*, etc. In *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 322 we have *tears* "transform'd to orient pearl."

403. *Ding-dong, bell.* Cf. the *Song* in *M. of V.* iii. 2.

405. *Nor no sound.* Double negatives (with negative sense) were formerly good English; but their logical force as affirmatives was not unknown. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 24: "if your four negatives make your two affirmatives," etc.

406. *Owes* = owns; as in 453 and iii. 1. 45 below.

407. *The fringed curtains of thine eyes.* Cf. *Per.* iii. 2. 101:

"her eyelids Begin to part their fringes of bright gold." *Advance* = raise; as in iv. 1. 177 below.

410. *A brave form.* The word *brave* did much service in the time of S. to express what was fine, beautiful, gallant, etc.

413. *And, but.* And, except that, etc.

414. *Canker.* Canker-worm; a favourite metaphor with S. Cf. *V. and A.* 656, *Sonn.* 35. 4, 70. 7, 95. 2, etc.

420. *Most sure, the goddess.* Cf. the *O dea certe* of Virgil (*Æn.* i. 328).

421. *Vouchsafe my prayer May know . . . and that you will.* Here we have *that* omitted and then inserted, as often. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 38: "Think I am dead, and that even here," etc.

426. *Maid.* A *maid*, and not a *goddess*.

430. *Thou.* "The language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expressing companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; while *ye* [or *you*] is the language of a servant to a lord, and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty" (Skeat). A master finding fault with a servant often resorts to the unfamiliar *you* (Abbott). But sometimes, as Furness suggests, euphony appears to decide the choice.

431. *A single thing.* A feeble thing. Cf. *Macb.* i. 3. 140: "shakes so my single state of man"; *Id.* i. 6. 16: "poor and single business," etc.

437. *His brave son.* This son is not one of the *dramatis personæ*, nor is he elsewhere mentioned in the play. Some believe that he may have been taken from the story on which the play was possibly founded. Staunton conjectures that he was one of the characters as the play was first written, but was omitted when it was printed. He thinks that each player had a property in his own part, and that sometimes all the parts could not be bought up by the publishers. Fleay suggests that "perhaps Francisco is what is left of him." It had occurred to me, long before Fleay's *Manual* was published, that Francisco might be Antonio's son; and an examination of the two speeches assigned to him confirms the conjecture.

In the first (ii. 1. 121 fol.) there is something of youthful sympathy with the muscular energy of youth, and of youthful hopefulness as well. The other speech (iii. 3. 40) is the single sentence, "They vanish'd strangely," when the spirits that have spread the banquet disappear; and this seems like the expression of youthful wonder.

438. *More braver.* See on 19 above. *Control thee* = confute thee.

440. *Chang'd eyes.* Exchanged looks of love. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 156.

442. *Done yourself some wrong.* Misrepresented yourself. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 3. 221: "You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford."

445. *Pity move my father.* An example of "the subjunctive used optatively."

446. *O, if a virgin,* etc. The ellipsis is not uncommon.

449. *In either's.* In each other's; as in *Sonn.* 28. 5, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 106, etc.

452. *That thou attend me.* The subjunctive after verbs of command and entreaty is common. For the transitive use of *attend* in this sense, cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 103: "When neither is attended," etc.

453. *Owest not.* Ownest not. Cf. 406 above.

455. *On 't.* See on 87 above.

456. *There's nothing ill can dwell.* The omission of the relative is very common in Elizabethan English.

460. *I'll manacle thy neck and feet together.* A mode of punishment in the time of S.

467. *Gentle, and not fearful.* Of gentle blood, and therefore no coward. Smollett (in *Humphrey Clinker*) says: "To this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in *The Tempest* would express herself nearly in the same terms — Don't provoke him; for, being *gentle*, that is, *high-spirited*, he won't tamely bear an insult." Ritson takes the meaning to be: "mild and harmless, and not in the least terrible or dangerous"; and he may be right, as Furness suggests.

468. *My foot my tutor?* "Shall my heel teach my head? Shall

that which I tread upon give me law?" (Verplanck). Wright quotes *T. of A.* i. 1. 94: —

> "To show Lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
> The foot above the head."

470. *Come from thy ward.* Leave thy posture of defence. *Ward* was a technical term in fencing. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 215: "Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point."

472. *Beseech you, father!* See on *pray thee*, 369 above.

477. *There is no more such shapes.* The reading of the folio, changed by many editors to "there are." But "there is" is often found preceding a plural subject. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 36: "There is no moe such Cæsars"; *Id.* iv. 2. 371: "There is no more such masters," etc.

483. *Nerves.* Sinews; the only meaning that Schmidt recognizes in S. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 83, *Macb.* iii. 4. 102, *Sonn.* 120. 4, etc.

487. *Nor this man's threats.* Either a "confusion of construction" (Wright), or an instance (not infrequent) of the omission of *neither* before *nor* (Furness).

490. *All corners else o' the earth.* All other parts. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 39: "the four corners of the earth" (so in *Isaiah* xi. 12), *Cymb.* iii. 4. 39: "all corners of the world," etc. In *K. John* (v. 7. 116) we find "the *three* corners of the world."

ACT II

SCENE I. — 3. *Our hint of woe.* The cause of our sorrow. See on i. 2. 134 above.

5. *The masters of some merchant.* This is the reading of the folio, and probably what S. wrote. The first *merchant* means a merchant vessel, or *merchantman*, as we say even now. Malone quotes Dryden (*Parallel of Poetry and Painting*): "Thus as convoy-ships either accompany or should accompany their merchants."

Masters is probably = owners. Various emendations have been proposed.

11. *The visitor.* An allusion to priestly visitants of the sick or afflicted. Cf. *Matthew*, xxv. 36.

15. *One; tell.* Some see a play on *one* and *on* (that is, *go* on), the two words being pronounced, and sometimes written, alike. *Tell* = count. We still say "all told," "wealth untold," "to tell one's beads," etc., and a *teller* is one who *counts* (money, votes, etc.).

19. *Dolour.* Cf. the same play upon words in *M. for M.* i. 2. 50 and *Lear*, ii. 4. 54. Steevens quotes *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637: —

> "And his reward be thirteen hundred dollars,
> For he hath driven dolour from our heart."

29. *Which, of he or Adrian.* This is the reading of the folio. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 337: —

> "Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
> Of thine or mine, is most in Helena."

Walker quotes from Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Who should be the former [that is, the first to fight] against Phalantus, of the black or the ill-apparelled knight." S. often confounds the cases of personal pronouns. Cf. *R. and J.* iii. 5. 84: "no man like he"; *A. and C.* iii. 13. 98: "the hand of she here," etc.

32. *The cockerel.* The young cock; that is, Adrian.

34. *A laughter.* Dr. Ingleby (*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, p. 157) remarks that we want a "basis" for the pun here. "*Laughter*," he adds, "may be the cant name of some small coin (a doit or a denier) commonly *laid* in betting. At present the only meaning of the word (*laughter*, *lafter*, *lawter*) is a setting of eggs laid at one time. The word is in Brockett [*Glossary of North-Country Words*], and is still in provincial use: a gamekeeper at Yoxford, Suffolk, told us that he found he had better luck with the second *lawter* (of

pheasant's eggs) than with the first." Halliwell-Phillipps (*Archaic Dict.*) gives *lafter* as a Northern word for "the number of eggs laid by a hen before she sits."

37. *Ha, ha, ha!* The folio gives this speech to Sebastian, and *So, you're paid* to Antonio, and perhaps there is no need of change. On the whole, however, I prefer to follow White, who simply transposes the prefixes of the speeches on the ground that "Antonio won the wager, and was paid by having the laugh against Sebastian."

44. *Temperance.* Temperature. Antonio takes up the word as a female name, and it was so used by the Puritans.

55. *Lush.* Juicy, succulent, luxuriant. Not elsewhere used by S., though some read in *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 251, "Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine" where the folio has "luscious." *Lusty* = vigorous.

58. *An eye of green.* A tinge of green. Boyle says, "Red, with an eye of blue, makes a purple." Wright quotes Cotgrave, *Fr. Dict.*: "Couleur de Minime. A huswiues darke gray, or light soote colour, wherein there is an eye of gray"; and Sandys, *Travels*: "cloth of silver tissued with an eye of greene."

67. *Freshness and glosses.* The folio has "freshnesse and glosses." *Freshness* may be plural, like *princess* in i. 2. 173; or, more likely, *glosses* should be "gloss," as Dyce reads.

69. *If but one of his pockets*, etc. A joke or quibble of which no plausible explanation has been suggested. Perhaps it is introduced merely to prepare the way for the *pocket up* that follows.

80. *A paragon to their queen.* For their queen. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 143: "I know that we shall have him well to friend;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 306: "I have a king here to my flatterer;" also *Matthew*, iii. 9, *Luke*, iii. 8, etc. Below (iii. 3. 54) we find "that hath to instrument this lower world."

83. *Widow Dido.* The title of a popular song of that day. See Percy's *Reliques*, or Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. vii. p. 207.

87. *Study of that.* Study about that; wonder what you mean by it. We find *study on* in *A. and C.* v. 2. 10.

91. *The miraculous harp.* An allusion to the myth of Amphion, who raised the walls of Thebes by the power of his music.

101. *Ay?* The folio has "I." (as *ay* is always printed in that ed.), and Herford, retaining the period, takes it as addressed to Adrian in reply to his "Carthage?" Staunton gives it to Alonso, as an exclamation uttered on awakening from his trance of grief.

107. *Bate, I beseech,* etc. I beg that you will except Widow Dido (ironical, of course).

114. *Against the stomach,* etc. When I have no appetite (or desire) for them. See on i. 2. 157 above.

117. *In my rate.* In my estimation or reckoning. Cf. i. 2. 92 above.

122–130. *I saw him . . . to land.* Furness strongly doubts whether S. wrote this passage. See on i. 2. 437 above.

124. *Whose enmity he flung aside,* etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 107:—

> "The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
> With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
> And stemming it with hearts of controversy."

128. *His wave-worn basis. His* for *its;* as often before *its* came into general use. See on i. 2. 392 above.

129. *I not doubt.* This transposition of *not* is quite common. See below (v. 1. 38), "whereof the ewe not bites," (113) "I not know," and (304) "I not doubt." *As stooping* = as if stooping.

135. *Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.* Which (the *eye*) hath cause to weep. For *who,* see on i. 2. 7 above. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 120: "The heart Who great and puff'd up." Some make *who* refer to *she.*

136. *Importun'd.* Accented on the second syllable, as regular in S.

139. *Which end o' the beam she'd bow.* The folio has "shou' bow," which is probably a misprint for "sh 'ould bow."

141. *Moe.* More; as in v. 1. 234 below. It is used regularly with plural or collective nouns.

144. *The dear'st o' the loss.* "Throughout S., and all the poets of his and a much later day, we find this epithet (*dearest*) applied to that person or thing which, for or against us, excites the liveliest interest. . . . It may be said to be equivalent generally to *very*, and to import the excess, the utmost, the *superlative*, of that to which it is applied" (Caldecott). Cf. "dearest foe" (*Ham.* i. 2. 182), etc. See also v. 1. 146 below.

148. *Chirurgeonly.* Like a surgeon; used by S. only here.

151. *Had I plantation.* There is a play on the word *plantation*. Gonzalo uses it in the sense of *colony* (cf. Bacon, *Essay* 33, *Of Plantations*), but Antonio takes it in the sense of *planting*.

155. *I' the commonwealth*, etc. This passage is evidently copied from Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, published in 1603. The passage reads thus: "It is a nation, would I answere *Plato*, that hath *no kinde of traffike*, no *knowledge of Letters*, no intelligence of numbers, *no name of magistrate*, nor of politike superioritie; no *use of service, of riches, or of povertie; no contracts, no successions, no dividences, no occupation, but idle;* no respect of kindred, but common; no apparell, but naturall; no manuring of lands; *no use of wine, corn, or mettle.* The very words that import lying, falsehood, *treason*, dissimulation, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard amongst them."[1]

160. *Tilth.* Tillage, or tilled land; as in *M. for M.* iv. 1. 76.

[1] The original reads: "C'est une nation, diroy ie a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a aulcune espece de trafique, nulle cognoissance de lettres, nulle science de nombres, nul nom de magistrat ni de superiorité politique, nul usage de service, de richesse ou de pauvreté, nuls contracts, nulles successions, nuls partages, nulles occupations qu' oysifves, nul respect de parenté que commun, nuls vestements, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin ou de bled; les paroles mesmes qui signifient le mensonge, la trahison, la dissimulation, l'avarice, l'envie, la detraction, le pardon, inouyes."

168. *Endeavour.* Labour, exertion; as not unfrequently.

171. *Of it own kind.* See on i. 2. 392 above. *Foison* = plenty; as in iv. 1. 110 below. The word is French (*fuison* in Old French), the Latin *fusio*, from *fundere*.

176. *To excel.* As to excel. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 9: "So fond to come abroad," etc. *Save;* that is, *God* save.

178. *Talk nothing.* Talk nonsense. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 174: "This nothing's more than matter" (sense).

181. *Sensible and nimble.* Sensitive and excitable. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 337: "the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere."

188. *An it had not fallen flat-long.* That is, as if struck with the side of the sword instead of its edge. *Flatling* is used in the same sense; as in Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 5. 18: "Tho with her sword on him she flatling strooke."

190. *Sphere.* Alluding to the Ptolemaic astronomy; according to which the sun, moon, and planets were fixed in hollow crystalline spheres, by whose revolution they were carried about.

192. *A bat-fowling. Bat-fowling* was a method of fowling by night, in which the birds were started from their nests and stupefied by a sudden blaze of light. Markham, in his *Hunger's Preuention, or the Whole Arte of Fowling*, says, "I thinke meete to proceed to Batte-fowling, which is likewise a nighty taking of all sorts of great and small Birdes which rest not on the earth, but on Shrubbes, tal Bushes, Hathorne trees, and other trees, and may fitly and most conueniently be used in all woody, rough, and bushy countries, but not in the champaine." Cf. Browning, *Red Cotton Nightcap Country:* "Bat-fowling is all fair with birds at roost."

194. *Adventure my discretion.* That is, *venture* or risk my [character for] discretion. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 172: "that I have adventur'd To try," etc.

197. *Go sleep, and hear us.* Probably = Hear us, and go sleep. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 7: "dies and lives" (lives and dies), etc.

201. *Omit the heavy offer of it.* Neglect the offer of its heavi-

ness. *Omit* often means to pass over, lay aside, or neglect; as in i. 2. 183 above. Cf. *Oth.* ii. 1. 71: "do omit their mortal natures;" *M. for M.* iv. 3. 77: "What if we do omit This reprobate till he were well inclin'd?" etc.

214. *The occasion speaks thee.* The opportunity appeals to thee. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 41: "when extremities speak," etc.

223. *Wink'st.* Dost shut thine eyes. Cf. 292 below.

227. *If heed me.* If you intend to heed me. Such ellipses in conditional senses are common in S.

228. *Trebles thee o'er.* That is, over again. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 154: "I would be trebled twenty times myself." *I am standing water* = I am passive, ready to listen to you and to be influenced by you. He already guesses what Antonio means, and cherishes the purpose while he mocks it. Steevens quotes the following from the *Edinburgh Magazine* for November, 1786: "Sebastian introduces the simile of water. It is taken up by Antonio, who says he will teach his stagnant water to flow. 'It has already learned to ebb,' says Sebastian. To which Antonio replies, 'O, if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation!'" On *ebbing men*, cf. *A. and C.* i. 3. 43.

236. *Proclaim*, etc. Announce some important communication.

239. *This lord of weak remembrance*, etc. "This lord who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself as he can now remember other things" (Johnson).

242. *He's a spirit of persuasion*, etc. Johnson could "draw no sense" from "this entangled sentence," but there seems to be no special difficulty in it. The parenthesis is clearly marked in the folio, thus: —

> "(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely
> Professes to perswade) the King his sonne's aliue," etc.

The reference is clearly to Gonzalo, though several editors have supposed that Francisco (see 121 fol. above) is meant.

250. *But doubts discovery there.* But doubts whether there is anything to be discovered there. The folio has "doubt," which some critics think may be retained; "but doubt" being considered equal to "without doubting," or the "can not" being mentally carried on: "[can not] but doubt discovery there."

254. *Beyond man's life.* An obvious and intentional hyperbole. Hunter (*New Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 166) thinks that *Man's Life* is probably the translation of the name of some African city, and finds an ancient city, named *Zoa* (Greek for "Life"), not far from Tunis.

255. *Can have no note.* Can receive no information. Cf. Bacon, *Essay*, 49: "that if Intelligence of the Matter could not otherwise have beene had but by him, Advantage bee not taken of the Note, but the Partie left to his other Meanes." *Post* = messenger; as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 100, etc.

256. *The man i' the moon.* This is one of the oldest of popular superstitions. According to one version, the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath (*Numbers*, xxv. 32 fol.) was imprisoned in the moon; but another tradition made this personage to be Cain. In the *Testament of Cresseid* (written by Henryson, but sometimes ascribed to Chaucer) we find the following in a description of the moon (Laing's ed., 1865): —

> "Hir gyse was gray, and full of spottis blak,
> And on hir breist ane churle paintit ful evin,
> Beirand ane bunche of thornis on his bak,
> Quhilk for his thift micht clim na nar the hevin."

It will be recollected that the man in the moon is one of the characters in the clowns' play in *M. N. D.*

257. *She from whom.* That is, in coming from whom. The folio has "She that from whom," which a few editors retain. The emendation is Rowe's, and is generally adopted.

261. *In yours and my discharge.* *Is* in yours, etc.; that is, "depends on what you and I are to perform" (Steevens). "*Act* and *prologue* being technical terms of the stage, *discharge* also is so to be understood, as in *M. N. D.* i. 2. 95: 'I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard,' etc." (Phila. ed.). Cf. *Macb.* 1. 3. 128. For the use of *yours* here, cf. *mine* in iii. 3. 93. See also *Cymb.* v. 5. 186: "By hers and mine adultery," etc.

266. *Measure us back.* *Us* refers to that which is supposed to "cry out," or "every cubit."

269. *There be that*, etc. There are those who, etc.

272. *Could make A chough of as deep chat.* Could train a chough to talk as wisely. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 1. 22: "chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough." Yarrel (*History of British Birds*) observes that in the description of Dover Cliff ("The crows and choughs that wing the midway air," *Lear*, iv. 6. 13), "possibly S. meant jackdaws, for in the *M. N. D.* [iii. 2. 21] he speaks of 'russet-pated' (gray-headed) choughs, which term is applicable to the jackdaw, but not to the real chough."

276. *How does your content Tender*, etc. How does your favourable judgment regard, etc. For *tender* = regard, value, cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 175: "But we our kingdom's safety must so tender"; *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 77: "By my life, I do; which I tender dearly," etc.

280. *Much feater.* Much more neatly or trimly. See on i. 2. 377 above. S. often uses adjectives as adverbs.

283. *If 't were a kibe*, etc. If it were a sore heel, it would make me exchange my boot for a slipper. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 153: "the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe."

286. *Candied.* Congealed (Schmidt); as in *T. of A.* iv. 2. 226: "Candied with ice," etc. Wright explains it as "sugared over, and so insensible"; but *melt* confirms the other meaning. So *discandy* = melt, in *A. and C.* iii. 13. 165: "the discandying of this pelleted storm" (hail storm).

292. *Wink.* See on 223 above; and cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 317.

293. *Morsel* is contemptuous here. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 57: "How doth my dear morsel, your mistress?" For *Sir Prudence*, cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 93: "Sir Oracle"; *W. T.* i. 2. 196: "Sir Smile," etc.

294. *Should not upbraid.* Would not, etc.

295. *Suggestion.* Temptation, "hint of villainy" (Johnson). Cf. iv. 1. 26 below. The verb is likewise used in the sense of tempt; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 34: "Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested," etc.

296. *Tell.* See on 15 above.

299. *I'll come by Naples.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 4: "But how I caught it, found it, or came by it."

302. *When I rear my hand.* Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 30: "Casca, you are the first that rears your hand."

303. *To fall it.* The transitive use of *fall* is common in S. Cf. v. 1. 64 below.

306. *To keep them living.* The folio reading. Dyce changes *them* to "thee." This is plausible; but, as Wright suggests, "Ariel is half apostrophizing the sleeping Gonzalo, and half talking to himself." Furness adopts this explanation.

308. *Open-eyed.* Wakeful and watching; antithetical to *snoring* (= sleeping).

313–316. *Now . . . matter?* We adopt the arrangement of speeches given by Staunton and approved by Furness. The folio reads thus: —

"*Gon.* Now, good Angels preserue the King.
Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?"

Cf. what Gonzalo says in 324–328 below.

315. *Why are you drawn?* Why are your swords drawn? Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 73: "What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?" See also *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 402 and *Hen. V.* ii. 1. 39.

321. *A monster's ear.* That is, even a monster's ear.

326. *Shak'd.* S. generally uses *shook*, both as past tense and participle, but he has *shaked* in five instances, three being the participle.

328. *That 's verily.* Cf. *Cor.* iv. 1. 53: "That's worthily," etc. Some verb, as *said* or *done*, is easily understood.

331. *These beasts.* Spoken sarcastically, with an indirect reference to Antonio and Sebastian.

SCENE II. — 3. *By inch-meal.* Inch by inch. We still have *piecemeal* (not used by S.), but *inch-meal*, *limb-meal* (*Cymb.* ii. 4. 147: "tear her limb-meal"), *drop-meal*, and other compounds of the kind are obsolete. *Meal* here is the Anglo-Saxon *mæl* (time, portion) used adverbially, not *melu*, *melo* (meal, flour).

5. *Urchin-shows.* Elfin apparitions. See on i. 2. 325 above.

9. *Mow.* Make faces. Cf. iv. 1. 47 below, and the stage-direction in iii. 3. 82, "*with mocks and mows.*" Not from *mouth*, as some have made it, but from the Fr. *moue* (pouting, wry face).

10. *After.* Cf. iii. 2. 154 below.

11. *Mount Their pricks.* Raise their prickles. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 144: "The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er;" and *Id.* i. 2. 305: "mounting his eyes."

19. *At all.* Modifying *bear off*, not *weather*.

21. *Bombard.* Also spelled *bumbard*; a large flagon, or "black-jack," made of leather. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 497: "that huge bombard of sack." *Foul* probably means black with age and decayed — ready to fall to pieces, and hence leaky.

27. *Poor-John.* A cant name for salted *hake*, a coarse and cheap kind of fish. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 37: "'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John." So in Massinger's *Renegado*, i. 1: —

> "To feed upon poor-john, when I see pheasants
> And partridges on the table."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady* (ii. 3), "pitch and poor-john" are mentioned as the foul odours of Thames Street, London, where Billingsgate Market is.

31. *Make a man.* That is, make his fortune. Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 2. 18, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 60, etc.

32. *Doit.* The smallest of coins. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 141, etc.

33. *A dead Indian.* Cf. 57 below: "savages and men of Ind." There may be an allusion to the Indians brought home by Sir Martin Frobisher in 1576, or to later instances of the kind.

35. *Warm.* Here Trinculo touches the supposed *fish*, and finds it *warm*, which a fish could not be.

39. *Gaberdine.* A loose frock. Cf. 111 below and *M. of V.* i. 3. 113.

41. *Shroud.* Take shelter. Both noun and verb were thus used. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 71: "Put yourself under his shroud" (his protection). See also Milton, *Comus*, 147: "Run to your shrouds"; and 316: "Or shroud within these limits"; Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 8: "Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred," etc.

47. *Swabber.* One who *swabs* or mops the decks. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 217.

58. *Scaped.* Not to be printed "'scaped," *scape* being found in prose, both as verb and noun.

60. *Proper.* Comely, good-looking; as often. Cf. *Hebrews*, xi. 23.

62. *At nostrils.* In the folio this is printed "at' nostrils," and may be a misprint for "at 's nostrils"; but the article is often thus omitted in adverbial phrases.

69. *Ever trod on neat's-leather.* Cf. *J. C.* i. 1. 29: "As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather"; a proverbial expression which Trinculo cuts in two (cf. 60 above).

71. *Do not torment me*, etc. Meant to be verse, as Caliban's speeches regularly are. This line is an Alexandrine, with an extra syllable in *prithee* and in *faster*.

74. *Afore.* This form was common in old English, and so was *to-fore*, which we find in *T. A.* iii. 1. 294: "O, would thou wert as thou to-fore hast been!"

76. *I will not take too much for him.* That is, I will take all I can get.

78–80. *Thou dost . . . upon thee.* This speech is rhythmical, and has been variously arranged as verse by the editors.

79. *Trembling.* Supposed to be a sign of magical "possession." Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 4. 54.

82. *Will give language to you, cat.* Alluding to the proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat speak." In 99 below there is an allusion to the proverb, "He hath need of a long spoon that eats with the devil." Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 3. 64.

94. *Amen.* An attempt at prayer for protection if the *monster* should prove to be a *devil.*

106. *Siege.* Stool, excrement. It is used in the same sense by Ben Jonson and Sir Thomas Browne. S. also uses it in the sense of *seat* (*M. for M.* iv. 2. 101: "the siege of justice"), and of *rank*, or *place* (*Ham.* iv. 7. 77: "the unworthiest siege"; *Oth.* i. 2. 22: "men of royal siege").

Moon-calf. A monstrosity, supposed to be occasioned by lunar influence. In Holland's *Pliny* (vii. 15) we find, "a moone-calfe, that is to say, a lump of flesh without shape, without life."

115. *Not constant.* Unsettled; from the sack he has been drinking.

121. *Sack.* A name applied to Spanish and Canary wines. Cf. iii. 2. 13, 29 below.

127. *Here; swear then*, etc. Addressed to Trinculo; a repetition of what Stephano has said above (120). The speech has been much discussed, and emendations have been proposed.

138. *When time was.* Formerly; or "once upon a time."

140. *Thy dog, and thy bush.* See on ii. 1. 256 above. The *bush* was the bundle of sticks connected with the narrative in *Numbers*, xv. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 61 and v. 1. 136.

144. *Afeard.* Used interchangeably with *afraid*, and not limited to low characters. Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 39, etc.

146. *Well drawn, monster.* A good draught, monster.

167. *Crabs.* Crab-apples. "Roasted crabs" are mentioned in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 395 and *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 48. Cf. *Lear*, i. 5. 16: "as like this as a crab is like an apple," etc.

168. *Pig-nuts.* Also called *earth-nuts*, *hawk-nuts*, etc.; the tuberous root of *Conopodium denudatum*, a common weed in England. It is of a pleasant flavour, improved by roasting, but is "not much prized in England except by pigs and children" (Ellacombe). S. mentions it only here.

170. *Marmoset.* The word is used by S. only here, but is found in Mandeville and other early writers.

172. *Scamels.* This is the reading of the folio, but the word is found nowhere else in the literature of that day. Some have thought it a diminutive of *scam*, a name by which the limpet is said to be known in some parts of England; others read "sea-mells" or "sea-malls" (the latter form is found as the name of a bird in Holme's *Acad. of Armory*, 1688); and others "stannels" or "staniels." Montague (*Ornithological Dict.*) says that the "Kestrel, *Stannel*, or Windhover . . . is one of our most common species [of hawks], especially *in the more rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed.*" The bird is also mentioned by S. in *T. N.* ii. 5. 124: "And with what wing the staniel checks at it!" At least, no one doubts that this is the correct reading, though the old editions print "stallion." Stevenson (*Birds of Norfolk*) says that the female bar-tailed godwit is called a "scammel" by local gunners; and the *Century Dict.* assumes that S. refers to that bird, which, however, is not a rock-breeder.

175. *Inherit.* Take possession. Cf. the transitive use in iv. 1. 154 below.

183. *Trenchering.* The reading of the folio, changed to *trencher* by most of the editors; but, as White remarks, "surely they must have forgotten that Caliban was drunk, and after singing 'firing'

and 'requiring' would naturally sing 'trenchering.' There is a drunken swing in the original line, which is entirely lost in the precise, curtailed rhythm of 'Nor scrape *trencher*, nor wash dish.'"

186. *Heyday.* The folios have "high-day"; corrected by Rowe. The word is used as a noun in *Ham.* iii. 4. 69: "the heyday in the blood."

ACT III

SCENE I. — 1. *Painful* = requiring pains, or laborious. Cf. *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 23: "painful study"; *T. of S.* v. 2. 149: "painful labour both by sea and land." Fuller (*Holy War*, v. 29) speaks of Joseph as "a painful carpenter," and in his *Holy State* (ii. 6) he says, "O the holiness of their living, and painfulness of their preaching!" Cf. *pains* in i. 2. 242.

2. *Delight in them sets off. Delight* is the subject of *sets off* (= offsets). Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 55: "The labour we delight in physics pain."

6. *The mistress which.* See on i. 2. 350 above.

11. *Sore injunction.* That is, one with a *sore* or grievous *penalty*. For *sore*, cf. v. i. 289.

15. *Most busy, least when I do it.* This is the great *crux* of the play. No passage in S. has been the subject of more conjecture, and yet no wholly satisfactory emendation has been proposed. The first folio reads, "Most busie lest, when I doe it;" the other three folios, "Most busie least, when I do it." Theobald gave "Most busie-less when I do it"; and Dr. Johnson puts "busiless" into his *Dict.*, citing this passage to justify it. The editors from Theobald (1733) down to the *Variorum* of 1821 adopted "busiless." The difficulty of the passage is well shown by the vacillation of the best modern critics. Dyce in his 2d ed. (1864) says that "busiless" is "far more satisfactory, on the whole, than any of the numerous emendations that have been proposed"; while in

his 1st ed. (1857) he doubts "if so odd a compound ever occurred to anybody but the critic himself." Knight in 1839 followed Theobald, but in 1864 he adopts the reading of the later folios, defending it thus: "The opposition of *most* and *least* renders the line somewhat obscure; but if we omit *most*, reading 'Busy least when I do it,' the sense is clear enough. It is not less clear with *most*, so punctuated." Grant White in his *Shakespeare's Scholar* (1854) accepts "busy-less," and considers "busiest" to be "graceless and inappropriate;" but in his edition of S. (1857) he reads "busiest," adding this note: "The present text is the happy conjecture of Holt White.[1] *Busiest* of course refers to *thoughts*. Ferdinand's 'sweet thoughts' of Miranda were busiest when he was labouring to win her." For other attempts at emendation see Furness, pp. 144–156. I have preferred, on the whole, to follow Verplanck and retain the reading of the folios ("lest" and "least" may be regarded as identical), with the slight change in punctuation. The passage may then be explained as follows: "I am forgetting my work; but when I thus forget, my mind so teems with thoughts that I am really most busy when I seem to be least busy, and by these sweet thoughts I am even refreshed for my work" (Furness). On the transposition in *least when*, cf. i. 2. 375 above: "Curtsied when you have," etc.; but here there seems to be no reason for the inversion.

19. *'Twill weep for having wearied you.* May not this have been suggested by the exudation of moisture from imperfectly seasoned wood in an open fire? Lowell has a different allusion to it in *Sir Launfal*:—

> "Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
> Hunted to death in its galleries blind."

31. *And yours it is against.* Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 4. 2: "Hasten your generals after"; *A. W.* iii. 4. 6: "the cold ground upon,"

[1] The emendation is due to Holt, not "Holt White," a mistake made by several other editors (Furness).

etc. *Poor worm* = poor creature; expressing pity, not contempt, as in *M. W.* v. 5. 87: "Vile worm," etc.

32. *Visitation.* Visit; its ordinary meaning in S. He does not use *visit* as a noun. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 153: "in loving visitation was with me," etc. On *look wearily*, cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 30: "looked sadly"; *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 91: "look sweetly"; *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 11: "look merrily," etc.

37. *Hest.* See on i. 2. 274 above.

Admir'd Miranda! Ferdinand refers to the Latin origin of the name, from the gerundive of *mirari*, to admire.

38. *The top of admiration.* Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 76: "the top of judgment"; *Cor.* i. 9. 24: "top of praises," etc.

42. *Several.* Separate. Cf. v. 1. 232 below: "strange and several noises." So in Milton, *Comus*, 25: "commits to several government"; *Hymn on Nativ.* 234: "Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave," etc.

45. *Owed.* Owned, possessed. See on i. 2. 406 above.

46. *Put it to the foil.* Foiled, or neutralized it, by contrast.

48. *Every creature's best.* Cf. the description of Rosalind in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 149 fol.

49. *No woman's face remember.* Theobald suggests that Miranda forgets herself here. Cf. i. 2. 46. But the dreamy *remembrance* there refers to the mere existence of the women, and does not imply that she could recall their *faces*.

53. *Skilless.* Ignorant. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 3. 9: "skilless in these parts."

57. *To like of.* Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "if you like of me"; *L. L. L.* i. 1. 107: "But like of each thing that in season grows," etc.

62. *Than to suffer.* Pope reads "Than I would suffer;" but the insertion of *to* with a verb after its omission with a preceding one (especially an auxiliary) is not uncommon in S. Cf. iv. 1. 72.

63. *Blow.* Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 60 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 820.

67. *Do you love me?* "Such is the context that never in life

or in literature has this simple question been put so sweetly" (Luce).

69. *Event.* Issue, result; as in i. 2. 117 above.

70. *Hollowly.* Insincerely. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 3. 23: —

> "And try your penitence, if it be sound,
> Or hollowly put on."

For *invert*, cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 122: "invert the attest of eyes and ears."

72. *What else i' the world.* Whatever else there is, anything else. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 51: "With promise of his sister and what else."

84. *Your maid.* Your maid-servant. *Fellow* = companion; applied to both sexes. Cf. *Judges*, xi. 37. *Companion* was formerly used contemptuously, as *fellow* still is. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 138: "Companion, hence!" and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 10. 33: "Why, rude companion," etc. It is found in this sense in Smollett's *Roderick Random* (1748): "Scurvy companion! Saucy tarpaulin! Rude, impertinent fellow!"

87. *Thus humble.* Luce suggests that "Ferdinand is probably kneeling"; but *mistress* (antithetical to *servant* in Miranda's speech) sufficiently explains *humble*. The context does not favour the idea that he kneels.

91. *A thousand thousand.* That is, farewells.

93. *Who are surpris'd with all.* To whom it is all a surprise. Hudson would change *are* to "am," because the love must be no surprise to the young people, but "seems the most natural thing in the world"; but *surprise* is used in the familiar sense of coming *suddenly*. Surprises often seem natural enough as soon as they have come.

94. *My book.* One of the books on the magic art to which Caliban refers in the next scene (93).

SCENE II. — 2. *Bear up.* Take your course, sail up: as in *Oth.* i. 3. 8: "A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus."

4. *The folly of this island.* Probably said in ridicule of what he soon afterwards calls a "most ignorant monster" and a "natural" (fool). Brinsley Nicholson suggested that it is a "toast" proposed by Trinculo — an explanation which Furness regards as "plausible and dramatic."

9. *Set.* Cf. *T. N.* v. i. 205: "his eyes were set at eight i' the morning." Wright cites also 1 *Kings*, xiv. 4.

18. *Standard.* Standard-bearer, or ensign. The quibbles on this word, and on *lie*, just below, are obvious enough.

20. *Go.* Walk; as opposed to *run*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 388: "Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long that going will scarce serve the turn."

25. *Valiant.* A trisyllable. The speech is in verse; as lines 31, 32 may be, whether we omit *my* (as has been suggested) or retain it. The verse would bear the two extra unaccented syllables.

27. *Debosh'd.* The old spelling of *debauched*, and the only one in the folio.

34. *That a monster should be such a natural!* A quibble on *natural* as opposed to *monstrous* and as = *fool*.

45–47. *As I told thee*, etc. This is often printed as prose, but it was probably intended as verse. Like some other of Caliban's speeches, it is somewhat irregular.

59. *But this thing dare not.* That is, would not dare.

67. *Pied ninny.* Alluding to the motley dress of the professional jester, or fool, as the name *patch* perhaps does.

71. *Quick freshes.* Springs of fresh water. *Quick* (= living) is applied to water flowing from a spring, as "living" is in the Bible, etc.

74. *Make a stock-fish of thee.* "Beat thee as stock-fish (dried cod) is beaten before it is boiled" (Dyce).

95. *Weasand.* Throat, windpipe; the only instance of the word in S. It is also spelled *weazand*, *wesand*, and *weasand*.

97. *A sot.* A fool (Fr. *sot*); the only meaning in S. Cf. *C. of E.*

ii. 2. 196: "Thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!" *Lear*, iv. 2. 8: "he called me sot," etc.

100. *Utensils.* For the accent on the first syllable, cf. Milton, *P. R.* iii. 336: "And wagons fraught with utensils of war."

101. *When he has a house.* Instead of the *cell* (i. 2. 20, etc.), or cave, in which he dwells. *Withal* is the emphatic form of *with*, put at the end of a sentence and referring to a preceding object — *which* in this instance. The object is generally a relative.

102. *That.* That which; a common ellipsis of the relative.

105. *She.* Her. See on *he*, ii. 1. 29 above.

108. *Nonpareil.* Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 273: "The nonpareil of beauty," etc. S. uses the word five times.

122. *Troll the catch.* A *catch* is a *round*, in which the parts are taken up (or *caught* up) in succession. *Troll*, as a noun, means the same as *catch*; and *to troll* was to sing as in a troll, or catch.

123. *While-ere.* Erewhile, a while ago; used by S. only here.

131. *The picture of Nobody.* Probably an allusion to a ludicrous figure (head, arms, and legs, without a trunk, or *body*) prefixed to the old comedy of *Nobody and Somebody*. It was also the sign of a stationer's shop in London.

133. *Take 't as thou list.* Take what shape you please.

142. *Will hum*, etc. See on i. 2. 198 above.

146. *That, when I wak'd. So* that. See on i. 2. 85 above.

151. *By and by.* Presently; as in *M. W.* iv. 1. 7, *M. for M.* iv. 2. 73, etc. Cf. *Luke*, xxi. 2.

156. *Taborer.* Drummer; used by S. only here. The *tabor*, mentioned several times, was a small drum.

157. *Wilt come?* Some editors transfer the question to Stephano. It is probably addressed to Caliban; and perhaps the comma before *Stephano* should be omitted, as in the folio.

SCENE III. — 1. *By 'r lakin.* By our Ladykin, or the Virgin Mary. The diminutive, as often, expresses endearment = our *dear* Lady.

2. *Ache.* The 1st folio has "akes." See on i. 2. 368 above.

3. *Forthrights and meanders.* Straight paths and winding ones. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 158: "Or hedge aside from the direct forthright." There is an allusion to the artificial "mazes" of the olden time.

5. *Attach'd.* Seized. *Attach* is etymologically the same as *attack.* Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 8. 33:—

> "Like as a fearefull partridge, that is fledd
> From the sharpe hauke which her attached neare."

12. *Forgo.* The folio reading, and the more correct spelling.

14. *Throughly.* Thoroughly. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 173, *Ham.* iv. 5. 136, etc.

21. *Drollery.* Puppet-show. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 156: "a pretty slight drollery."

23. *One tree, the phœnix' throne,* etc. In Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* (xiii. 4) we read: "I myself verily have heard straunge things of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix,* which is supposed to have taken that name of this date-tree [called in Greek φοίνιξ]; for it was assured unto me that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itselfe as the tree sprung again." Lyly, in his *Thoughts,* says: "As there is but one phœnix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia wherein she buildeth." Florio, in his *Ital. Dict.,* defines "Rasin" as "a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but one found, and upon it the phœnix sits." See also Shakespeare's poem of *The Phœnix and the Turtle.*

30. *Certes.* Certainly. The word was nearly obsolete in S.'s day. He uses it only five times. It is a favorite archaism with Spenser.

32. *Gentle-kind.* Compound adjectives are common in S., but often not so marked in the early eds. The editors generally make this a compound, but Furness would read "gentle, kind" with the folio.

36. *Muse.* Wonder at. Cf. *Macb.* iii. 4. 85: "Do not muse at me"; *K. John*, iii. 1. 317: "I muse your majesty doth seem so cold," etc. We find the noun also = wonderment; as in Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 12. 29: "As in great muse."

39. *Praise in departing.* A proverbial expression. Praise given too soon may have to be retracted. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 9.

45. *Dew-lapp'd like bulls.* Probably a reference to the victims of *goître*, so common in mountainous districts, especially in Switzerland. Furness suggests that "the pouched apes gave rise to the story." *Dew-lapp'd* occurs again in *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 127.

47. *Whose heads stood in their breasts.* Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 144: "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Pliny (*Nat. Hist.* v. 8) tells of men that have no heads, but mouths and eyes in their breasts; and Hakluyt, in his *Voyages* (1598), describes "a nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders." Bucknill (*Medical Knowledge of Shakespeare*) suggests that the poet "may only refer to the effect produced by forward curvature of the spine, in which the head appears to be set below the shoulders."

48. *Each putter-out of five for one.* The allusion is to "a kind of inverted life insurance" which was in vogue in S.'s day. A traveller before leaving home *put out* a sum of money, on condition of receiving two, three, or five times the amount upon his return. If he did not return, of course the deposit was forfeited. Cf. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, ii. 3: "I am determined to put forth some five thousand pounds, to be paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of us miscarry in the journey, 't is gone: if we be successful, why, there will be twenty-five thousand pounds to entertain time withal."

52. As Steevens notes, the introduction of Ariel as a harpy was doubtless taken from Virgil (*Æn.* iii. 209 fol.). Cf. Milton, *P. R.* ii. 401–403.

53. *Whom destiny . . . Hath caused to belch up you.* For the supplementary pronoun with the relative, cf. *Sonn.* 36. 7, *W. T.* v.

1. 138, *Cymb.* v. 5. 464, etc. For *to instrument*, see on ii. 1. 80 above.

60. *Their proper selves.* Their own selves. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 97: "With my proper hand," etc.

62. *Of whom.* See on ii. 1. 124 above.

63. *Bemock'd-at.* Cf. "hoped-for" (3 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 35), "sued-for" (*Cor.* ii. 3. 216), "unthought-on" (*W. T.* iv. 4. 549), "unthought-of" (1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 141), etc.

64. *Still-closing.* See on i. 2. 229 above.

65. *Dowle.* A fibre of down; a word "of uncertain origin" (*New Eng. Dict.*). In 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 32 the folio has "There lyes a dowlney feather," and in the next line "that light and weightlesse dowlne"; but *dowlne* was no proper spelling of *down*, as some have supposed. *My fellow ministers* seems to imply that Ariel is accompanied by other spirits, though those that brought in the banquet have apparently departed.

66. *Like invulnerable.* Similarly invulnerable. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 83: "I had been like heedful of the other"; *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 183: "Shall be to you, as us, like glorious," etc.

67. *Massy.* Massive; as in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 18: "massy irons," etc. S. does not use *massive*. *Strengths* is plural because referring to more than one. Cf. *wraths* in 79 below.

71. *Requit.* Cf. "Have quit it," i. 2. 148 above.

77. *Than any death Can be at once.* Than any death-at-once can be. Similar examples of transposed "adjectival phrases" are frequent in S.

80. *Falls.* The relative often takes a singular verb, though the antecedent be plural.

82. *Clear.* Pure, blameless. Cf. *Macb.* i. 7. 18: "clear in his great office," etc.

86. *With good life And observation strange.* Johnson says, "*With good life* may mean 'with exact presentation of their several characters,' *with observation strange* 'of their particular and distinct parts.' So we say, 'he acted to the *life*.'" Or, *good life* may mean

"good spirit," and *observation strange* "wonderfully exact observance" [of my orders, or of the requirements of the part]. On *strange*, cf. *strangely* in iv. 1. 7 below.

92. *Whom they suppose is drown'd.* For the "confusion of construction," cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 165: "Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to-night," etc. See also *Matthew*, xvi. 13.

93. *Mine lov'd darling.* *Mine* is sometimes used for *my* when thus separated from the following noun. See on ii. 1. 261.

95. *Stare.* The only instance of the noun in S.

99. *Bass.* Utter in a deep tone; the only instance of the verb in S. The metre does not require the contraction *Prosper*. Cf. ii. 1. 333. The folio has *Prosper* again in ii. 2. 2, where also it is metrically unnecessary. Similar contractions occur in other plays; as *Desdemon* five times in *Oth.* (but *Desdemona* in the quartos), *Helen* often for *Helena* in *M. N. D.*, etc.

102. *But one fiend.* Let but one fiend come.

106. *Gins.* Not a contraction of *begins*, as often printed.

108. *Ecstasy.* Madness. In S. *ecstasy* "stands for every species of alienation of mind, whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause" (Nares).

ACT IV

SCENE I. — 3. *A thread of mine own life.* An intertwined part of my very life. The folio reads "a third," which, as Dyce remarks, "is rather an old spelling than a mistake: in early books we occasionally find *third* for *thrid*, i.e. *thread*." A few editors retain "third," giving various explanations of the fractional sense.

4. *Who.* For *who* = *whom*, cf. i. 2. 80, 231 above.

9. *Her off.* The 1st folio has "her of," which Keightley and Furness take to be a misprint for "of her." The later folios have *her off*, which is adopted by all other editors. Furness thinks that it suggests "exaggeration"; but the apologetic *Do not smile* indi-

cates that Prospero feared it might be so regarded by Ferdinand, and therefore seems to favour the reading. He appears to mean, "Don't think me extravagant in my praise of her, for you'll find it falls short of the truth."

14. *Purchas'd.* Obtained, won; as very often. Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 2. 360, *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 27, *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 181, etc.

15. *Virgin-knot.* Alluding to the zone or girdle which was worn by maidens in classical times, and which the husband untied at the wedding. Hence *solvere zonam* (loose the girdle) = to marry. Cf. *Per.* iv. 2. 160: "Untied I still my virgin-knot will keep."

16. *Sanctimonious.* Sacred, holy. It has the modern meaning in the only other instance in which S. uses it (*M. for M.* i. 2. 7).

18. *Aspersion.* Literally, sprinkling; the only instance of the word in S. There is perhaps an allusion to the old ceremony of sprinkling the marriage-bed with holy water.

23. *Lamps.* Elze plausibly suggests "lamp," as the allusion seems to be to the torch of Hymen.

26. *Opportune.* Accented on the penult; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 511: "And most opportune to our need I have." S. uses the word but twice. For *suggestion*, see on ii. 1. 295.

27. *Our worser genius can.* S. uses *worser* fifteen times. *Can* = "can suggest," as some explain it; or it may be = to have power, to be able, as in *Ham.* iv. 7. 85, v. 2. 331, etc. *Our worser genius* = the evil part of our nature; but doubtless suggesting a *genius*, or spirit, separate from ourself, that influences us to evil doing, in opposition to the "guardian angel" that resists this demonic prompting. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 66, *A. and C.* ii. 3. 19, 21, *Macb.* iii. 1. 56, etc.

29. *The edge of that day's celebration*, etc. The keen enjoyment of the wedding day.

31. *Spoke.* The *-n* or *-en* of the participle is often dropped by the Elizabethan writers.

37. *The rabble.* That is "thy meaner fellows"; but, like that expression, not particularly contemptuous.

41. *Some vanity.* Some illusion; or, perhaps, some trifle.

42. *Presently?* Immediately? This is almost unvariably the meaning of the word in S. So *present* is often = immediate.

43. *With a twink.* "In the twinkling of an eye" (*M. of V.* ii. 2. 177). Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 312: "in a twink."

47. *Mop and mow.* The two words have the same meaning (see on ii. 2. 9 above), and are often thus conjoined in writers of that day. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 1. 64: "mopping and mowing"; and Beaumont and Fletcher, *Pilgrim*, iv. 2:—

> "What mops and mowes it makes! heigh, how it frisketh!
> Is 't not a fairy? or some small hob-goblin?"

55. *White-cold.* The folio has "white cold," but it is probably a compound adjective, like "sudden-bold" (*L. L. L.* ii. 1. 107), "fertile-fresh" (*M. W.* v. 5. 72), etc.

56. *My liver.* The liver was anciently supposed to be the seat of love, especially as an animal passion. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 233: "if ever love had interest in his liver," etc.

57. *A corollary.* A surplus; an obsolete sense. S. uses the word only here.

58. *Pertly.* Briskly, promptly. Cf. the adjective in *M. N. D.* i. 1. 13.

63. *Stover.* Fodder for cattle. It has the same origin as the law-term *estover*. In some parts of England it means hay made of clover. *Thatch'd* probably means "covered, strewn," and not, as it has been explained, "having shelters thatched with straw."

64. *Pioned and lilied.* The folio has "pioned, and twilled," which some editors have retained, explaining it as "dug and ridged." But there is no satisfactory evidence that *pioned* ever meant "dug." The *pioner* or *pioneer* had to do much digging, but the word is not derived from a verb meaning to dig (but from *peon* or *pion*, a foot-soldier), and the only instance of a possible verb (or noun) *pioning* is in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 10. 63:—

"With painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mighty mound."

where it seems to have been suggested by *pioner*, and probably is = *pioneering*, or the work done by pioneers.

Professor T. S. Baynes (in the *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1872) says that *peony* is the provincial name in Warwickshire for the "marsh marigold," which "haunts the watery margins as the constant associate of reeds and rushes, blooms in 'spongy April,' and in common with other water flowers is twined with sedge 'to make cold nymphs chaste crowns.'" The local pronunciation, he says, is *piony*. Again, as Halliwell-Phillipps (*Archaic Dict.*) gives *twills* as = reeds, this writer maintains that "*twilled* is the very word to describe the crowded sedges in the shallower reaches of the Avon as it winds round Stratford." But, as Wright remarks, Halliwell-Phillipps simply follows Ray in giving *twills* as = "quills, reeds," for winding yarn; but there is no authority for going further and saying that it means "reed, the name of a plant." Baynes's statement that the peony is the marsh marigold has also been questioned.

Clarke remarks: "*Peoned and lilied* presents a poetical picture of brilliant colouring that we have often heard both Keats and Leigh Hunt admire." Some have said that the mention of *chaste crowns* seems to demand the previous mention of flowers, and therefore favors *pioned and lilied;* while others argue that the reference to April as *trimming* the banks implies that flowers have *not* been mentioned. But *betrims* may naturally mean "*thus* betrims," the mention of the flowers suggesting their history and the use that is made of them. Some have denied that lilies grow on the banks of rivers; but Milton (*Arcades*, 97) has: "By sandy Ladon's lilied banks."

Furness, after giving almost six pages of fine print to a summary of the discussion, leaves the matter thus: "I doubt if there be any corruption in this line which calls for change. We have simply lost the meaning of words which were perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare's audience. As agricultural or horticultural terms, *pioned* and

twilled will be some day, probably, sufficiently explained to enable us to weave from them the chaste crowns for cold nymphs. In the meantime I see no reason why we should not accept Henley's interpretation as the best means of enabling spongy April, in Emerson's fine phrase, to 'turn the sod to violet.'" Henley thinks the passage refers, not to river-banks, but to "the banks (or mounds) of the *flat meads*; . . . and the giving way or caving in of the *brims* of these banks, occasioned by the heats, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good by opening the trenches from whence the banks themselves were first raised, and facing them up afresh with the mire those trenches contain. This being done, the *brims of the banks* are, in the poet's language, *pioned and twilled*." For myself, since we do not know what agricultural operations, if any, are meant by the words (not a single clear instance of either *pioned* or *twilled* in connection with such operations having been found in our literature), I prefer to accept, for the present, the theory that flowers are probably meant, whether the *pionies* be peonies or marsh marigolds or something else, and whatever may be the species of *lilies*. Since *pioned* evidently *could* refer to peonies, *twilled*, if we retained it, might refer to some other flower or plant.

Rowe changed "twilled" into "tuliped," and Capell into "tilled." *Lilied* is due to Heath. Others have changed "pioned" to "pionied" and "peonied"; but "piony" is another form for "peony" and the spelling of the folio may as well stand. The peony may not suit our modern taste as a flower for "chaste crowns," but old writers are quoted who call it "the mayden piony" and "virgin peonie." It has been objected that peonies and lilies do not bloom in April, but Boswell quotes Bacon's Essay *Of Gardens*: "In *Aprill* follow, The Double white Violet; The Wall-Flower; The Stock-Gilly-Flower; The Couslip; Flower-de-lices, and Lillies of all Natures; Rose-mary Flowers; The Tulippa; The Double Piony;" etc.

65. *Spongy.* Rainy; as in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 349: "the spongy south."

66. *Broom groves.* Groves in which broom (*Spartium scopa-*

rium) abounds; though Steevens asserts that the broom itself sometimes grows "high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they pass through it, and in places where it is cultivated still higher." Hanmer changed *broom* to "brown."

68. *Lass-lorn.* Forsaken by his lass, or lady.

Pole-clipt. Not "clipped so as to be trained to a pole" (as some explain it), but with the poles *clipt*, or embraced, by the vines. S. uses *clip* fourteen times (counting *P. P.* 148, 156) in this obsolete sense (also *inclip* once), and only three times in its ordinary sense. *Vineyard* is here a trisyllable.

69. *Rocky-hard.* The hyphen is in the folio, and is doubtless right; but an attempt has been made to prove that *hard* is a noun, referring to an elevated area or plateau.

71. *Watery arch and messenger.* Iris was the goddess of the rainbow, and also the messenger of Juno.

72. *Bids thee leave these and . . . to come.* See on iii. 1. 62 above.

74. *Her peacocks.* The chariot of Juno was drawn by peacocks, as that of Venus was by doves (see 94 below). *Amain* = literally *with main* (which we still use in "might and main"), that is, with strength or force, vigorously.

78. *Saffron wings.* So Virgil describes her in *Æn.* iv. 700: "Iris croceis . . . pennis."

81. *Bosky.* Shrubby. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 313: "every bosky bourn."

83. *This short-grass'd green.* This is in keeping with the character. Ceres wonders that she should be invited to a piece of ground where not even a crop of hay could be raised. Her asking whether Venus is invited, and her comments on that celestial lady and her "blind boy," are also characteristic.

85. *Estate.* Grant, or settle as a possession. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 13: "the revenue . . . will I estate upon you," etc.

89. *The means that dusky Dis*, etc. The means by which Pluto carried off Proserpina. For *dusky*, cf. Virgil's "atri Ditis" (dark Pluto) in *Æn.* vi. 127.

90. *Scandal'd.* Scandalous. For the verb, cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 44, *J. C.* i. 2. 76, and *Cymb.* iii. 4. 62.

93. *Paphos.* A city in Cyprus, one of the favourite seats of Venus. Cf. *V. and A.* 1193 and *Per.* iv. prol. 32.

94. *Thought they to have done.* For the ungrammatical construction (not uncommon now) cf. 168 below.

96. *Bed-right.* The folio reading, changed by some editors to "bed-rite." *Right* and *rite* are often confounded by old writers.

98. *Mars's hot minion.* Mars's ardent favourite. Venus was the wife of Vulcan, but loved Mars. *Minion*, originally equivalent to "darling" (Fr. *mignon*), came at length to mean "an unworthy object on whom an excessive fondness is bestowed." In Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (1605) we find "God's disciple and his dearest minion." So in Stirling's *Domes-day:* "Immortall minions in their Maker's sight."

99. *Has broke.* See on 31 above.

102. *By her gait.* Cf. Virgil, *Æn.* i. 46: "divum incedo regina" (I walk queen of the gods); *Id.* i. 405: "vera incessu patuit dea"; *Per.* v. 1. 112: "in pace another Juno."

106. *Marriage-blessing.* The folio has "*marriage, blessing,*" but the editors generally make it a compound.

110. *Earth's increase, foison plenty.* The reading of 1st folio. The 2d folio has "and foison," which is adopted by many editors. *Plenty* = plentiful. The folios give the whole Song to Juno. Theobald made the correction. For *foison*, see on ii. 1. 171 above.

114. *Spring come to you,* etc. Cf. *Amos*, ix. 13. Mrs. Kemble cites *Leviticus*, xxvi. 5.

119. *Charmingly.* Enchantingly, delightfully; used by S. only here. Some explain it as "magically."

121. *Confines.* Abodes in air, earth, water, etc. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 155:—

> "Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
> The extravagant and erring spirit hies
> To his confine."

123. *So rare a wonder'd father and a wise.* Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 27: "So new a fashion'd robe"; *C. of E.* iii. 2. 186: "So fair an offer'd chain," etc. Some copies of the 1st folio read "wise," and others "wife." The change must have been made while the book was printing, but which is the corrected reading cannot now be determined. All the other folios have "wise." Mr. Ashhurst (Phila. ed.) says: "Miranda must be the chief cause of Ferdinand's finding the island a Paradise. *So rare a wonder'd father*, meaning father of so rare a wonder, though inverted and obscure, is hardly beyond the limits of poetic license. Having spoken of Prospero in what is to Ferdinand his most interesting position, as father of admired Miranda and himself her betrothed, he then passes to his individual characteristic, wisdom. This reading has at least the merit of adherence to the canon, keeping the text unchanged while it does not make Ferdinand guilty of omitting among his inducements to live forever on the isle the goddess on whom these airs attend." Wright remarks: "Both readings of course yield an excellent sense, but it must be admitted that the latter [*wise*] seems to bring Ferdinand from his rapture back to earth again. He is lost in wonder at Prospero's magic power. It may be objected that in this case Miranda is left out altogether, but the use of the word *father* shows that Ferdinand regarded her as one with himself." *Wonder'd* may be = wonder-working.

124. *Makes.* This might be cited in favour of *wise* if S. did not often use a singular verb with two singular nominatives.

128. *Winding brooks.* The folio has "windring," and it is doubtful whether we should read "wandering" or "winding."

129. *Sedg'd crowns.* Cf. Milton's description of the river-god Camus (*Lycidas*, 104): "his bonnet sedge."

130. *Crisp channels.* Rippled or ruffled by the wind. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iv. 237: "the crisped brooks"; and *Comus*, 984: "the crisped shades and bowers." *Land* may = laund, or lawn. Cf. *V. and A.* 813.

131. *Your summons.* The summons *received* by you.

132. *Temperate.* Chaste. Cf. "cold nymphs" in 66 above.

138. *Footing.* Dancing. Cf. i. 2, 377 above.

142. *Avoid!* Depart, begone! Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 242: "Avoid, and leave him"; *W. T.* i. 2. 462: "Let us avoid," etc. See also 1 *Samuel*, xviii. 11.

143. *This is strange*, etc. In this line *passion* is probably a trisyllable, *is* being treated as an extra unaccented syllable.

144. *Works.* Works upon, affects. Cf. v. 1. 17 below.

145. *Distemper'd.* Disturbed, excited. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 312: "marvellous distempered," etc.

154. *Inherit.* Possess. Cf. ii. 2. 175 above.

156. *Leave not a rack.* The folio has "racke." *Rack*, as applied to the clouds (*Ham.* ii. 2. 506, *Sonn.* 33. 6, etc.), is not the same word as *wrack* = wreck. The critics are not agreed which is the word here; but, to my thinking, *rack* is much better, and what S. probably wrote. The wreck of a world would be something substantial; but *rack* implies that not even a floating vapour would be left.

157. *Made on.* See on i. 2. 87 above.

158. *Rounded.* Perhaps = "finished off" (Wright); or we may accept Schmidt's paraphrase: "the whole round or course of life has its beginning and end in a sleep, is nothing but a sleep." Dr. Ingleby (*Shakespeare Hermeneutics*) says: "Hardly in all Shakespeare can two or three successive lines be found more touchingly beautiful than these. . . . To seize the central or leading notion here is not difficult. Jean Paul — a man worthy to be Shakespeare's unconscious interpreter — was certainly not thinking of this fine passage when he wrote the following in *Flower, Fruit, and Thorn-pieces*, chap. xv., which I quote from Mr. E. H. Noel's admirable version: 'And he thought of the clouds, the cold and the night, that reigned *around the poles of life* — the birth and death of man — as round the poles of the earth.' What does this mean, but that our life is rounded by the sleep of birth and death,

as if they were its poles? And ours is but a *little* life; but little is included between those poles, so little that we thank God that the later pole is but a sleep. The accomplished author of *Lorna Doone* thus freely (and legitimately) employs Shakespeare's image — only there is one word which one might wish expunged, namely *off* before *of:* 'In the farthest and darkest nook, overgrown with grass, and overhung by a weeping tree, a little bank of earth betokened *the rounding off of a hapless life.*'"

It was a happy thought to take this passage (151–158), with a few verbal changes to fit it to the purpose, for the inscription on the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey.

167. *Presented.* Represented, personated. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 6. 20: "Present the fairy queen."

176. *Unback'd colts.* Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 71 fol. See also *V. and A.* 320.

177. *Advanc'd.* See on i. 2. 407 above.

186. *Trumpery.* Used by S. only here and in *W. T.* iv. 4. 608 ("I have sold all my trumpery"), where it is somewhat contemptuous, as now. Perhaps here it refers to cast-off clothing. Ariel seems to understand what is meant without particular description.

187. *Stale.* Decoy, bait. Cf. Sidney, *Arcadia:* "But rather one bird caught served as a stale to bring in more"; Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 1. 4: "he craftie stales did lay," etc.

191. *With age.* Luce remarks that "this is much too old for Caliban"; but it is simply = "with time," or "as he grows older."

193. *Hang them on this line. Line* is the old name for the *lime* or linden tree, as in v. 1. 10 below; and the tree is probably meant here. Dyce says that Stephano's joke, "Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair," has no point unless we assume the "line" to be a *hair-line.* "Buy a hair-line" is one of the cries in an old woodcut of 1611, illustrating the trades and callings of that day; and in Lyly's *Midas,* a barber's apprentice facetiously says, "All my mistres' lynes that she dryes her cloathes on, are made only of Mustachio stuffe" (that is, of the cuttings of moustaches). No

stress need be laid on the fact that it is not easy to explain the jokes here, if a tree is meant. The point of these old jokes is often entirely lost, or very doubtful. See on ii. 1. 34, 64 above.

198. *Jack.* Perhaps = Jack-o'-lantern, or Will-of-the-wisp; but cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1, 186: "play the flouting Jack."

201. *Good my lord.* My good lord. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 255: "Dear my lord"; *R. and J.* iii. 5. 200: "Sweet my mother," etc. *Lord* may be a dissyllable here, as Abbott makes it.

203. *Hoodwink this mischance;* that is, make you overlook it, or disregard it.

214. *Good mischief.* For the "oxymoron," cf. "loving wrong" in i. 2. 151.

215. *I, thy Caliban.* For *I* = *me*, see on ii. 1. 29 above.

219. *O King Stephano! O peer!* An allusion to the old song, "Take thy old cloak about thee," one stanza of which (quoted in *Oth.* ii. 3. 92) begins, "King Stephen was a worthy peer," etc.

223. *A frippery.* A shop for second-hand clothes. S. uses the word only here.

228. *Let's along.* The folio has "let's alone"; corrected by Theobald. Some retain the old reading, explaining it thus: "Let us do the murder alone, without the Fool's aid."

231. *Make us strange stuff.* Subject us to some strange transformation.

233. *Jerkin.* A kind of doublet.

234. *To lose your hair.* A quibbling allusion to the loss of hair from fever (or other disease) in crossing the line, or equator; but its application to the *jerkin* is not clear. See on 193 above.

236. *Do, do.* Not easily explained. Some take it to be = "that will do;" referring approvingly to Stephano's jest.

241. *Pass of pate.* Sally of wit. *Pass* (= thrust) is a term in fencing. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 302, *Ham.* v. 2. 173, etc.

243. *Lime.* Bird-lime; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 68 and *Macb.* iv. 2. 64.

246. *Barnacles.* Probably not the shell-fish, but the geese into

which these were supposed to be transformed. Marston (*Malcontent*, iii. 1) says: —

"like your Scotch barnacle, now a block,
Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."

Gerard, in his *Herball* (1597) has a chapter (referred to by Wright), "Of the Goose tree, Barnakle tree, or the tree bearing Geese," in which it is said, "There are founde in the north parts of Scotland, & the Ilands adiacent, called Orchades, certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell fishes, of a white colour tending to russet; wherein are conteined little liuing creatures: which shels in time of maturitie doe open, and out of them grow those little liuing things; which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakles, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese." Gerard then goes on to tell what he had himself seen in "a small Ilande in Lancashire called the Pile of Fouldres," where branches of trees were cast ashore, "whereon is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breedeth vnto certaine shels, in shape like those of the muskle, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour." In process of time the thing contained in these shells "falleth into the sea where it gathereth feathers, and groweth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose; hauing blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such maner as is our Magge-Pie, called in some places a Pie-Annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose; which place aforesaide, and all those parts adioining, do so much abound therewith, that one of the best is bought for three pence: for the truth heerof, if any doubt, may it please them to repaire vnto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses." For a full account of this old superstition, and an explanation of its origin, see Max Müller's *Lect. on the Science of Language, Second Series*, pp. 552–571 (Amer. ed.).

247. *Villanous.* Used adverbially, as adjectives often are by S.

Cf. iii. 3. 19: "Marvellous sweet music." On the reproach implied in *low*, cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 198 and *A. and C.* iii. 3. 35.

257. *Dry.* Perhaps suggested by the idea of age, like *cramps* in the next line.

259. *Cat o' mountain.* Wildcat, catamount. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 27: "Your cat-a-mountain looks" (as it is spelt there). Topsell (*Hist. of Beasts*, 1607) makes it a small kind of leopard, and the *spotted* indicates that this is the meaning here. The name seems to have been used somewhat loosely.

261. *Lies at my mercy*, etc. See on i. 1. 17 above. Some eds. read "Lie," but there is no reason for changing the old construction.

ACT V

SCENE I. — 2. *Crack.* Break, fail. Cf. 31 below.

3. *His carriage.* His load, burden. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 2. 179: "take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage." See also *Judges*, xviii. 21, 1 *Samuel*, xvii. 22, *Isaiah*, x. 28, *Acts*, xxi. 15, etc.

10. *Line-grove.* Changed by most editors to "lime-grove"; but see on iv. 1. 193 above. *Weather-fends* = defends from the weather.

11. *Till your release.* Till you release them. *Your* is a "subjective genitive."

15. *Him that you term'd.* On *him* = *he*, see on ii. 1. 29 above.

17. *Works.* "Works upon" (ii. 2. 80 above).

18. *Affections.* Feelings; as often.

23. *That relish all as sharply Passion.* That feel everything with the same quick sensibility, or that are fully as sensitive to suffering. Some make *passion* a verb, putting a comma after *sharply*; as in *V. and A.* 1059, *L. L. L.* i. 1. 264, etc.

25. *High.* Often used by S. in the sense of excessive or extreme. Cf. iii. 3. 88, v. 1. 177, etc.

33. *Ye elves*, etc. Some expressions in this speech may have been suggested by Medea's speech in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (book vii.), which S. had probably read in Golding's translation: —

"Ye ayres and winds, ye *elves of hills, of brookes, of woodes* alone,
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approche ye everych one,
Through help of whom (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streames to run clean backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas playne,
And cover all the skie with clouds, and chase them thence again;
By charmes *I raise and lay the windes*, and burst the viper's jaw,
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw;
Whole woodes and forrests I remove, *I make the mountains shake*,
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moone,
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone:
Our sorcerie dimmes the morning faire, and *darks the sun at noone*.
The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set*,
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet."

34. *Printless foot.* Apparently imitated by Milton in *Comus*, 897: "printless feet." There are other reminiscences of S. in the poem.

36. *Demi-puppets.* The *demi-* seems to be used merely to emphasize the smallness of the creatures.

37. *Green sour ringlets.* "Fairy rings," or circles on the grass supposed to be made by the elves in their nightly dances. Dr. Grey (*Notes on S.*) says they "are higher, sowrer, and of a deeper green than the grass which grows round them." They were long a mystery even to scientific men. Priestley (1767) ascribed them to the effects of lightning; Pennant (1776) and others, to the burrowing of moles, by which the soil was loosened and thus made more productive; Wollaston (1807), to the spreading of a kind of *agaricum*, or fungus, which enriches the ground by its decay. This last explanation is now known to be the correct one.

39. *Mushrooms.* The folio has the old form, "mushrumps." S. uses the word only here.

41. *Weak masters.* Weak individually, and weak in organizing power; but Prospero knows how to make them work for him and aid in his great purposes. Blackstone explains it thus: "ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves." Jephson thinks that *masters* is "used ironically, as a term of slight contempt;" but the irony, if such it be, is affectionate rather than contemptuous.

Luce remarks that the following lines "contain some of the finest sound effects in S."

43. *Azur'd.* Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 222: "the azur'd harebell."

53. *Their senses that.* The senses of those whom.

54. *Airy charm.* Magical charm, or spirit charm; or, perhaps, referring to the *music.*

58. *A solemn air*, etc. May this solemn air, which is the best comforter, etc.

60. *Boil'd.* Cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 4: "seething brains"; and *W. T.* iii. 3. 64: "boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty."

62. *Holy.* Often used by S. as = pious, righteous, or virtuous. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 5. 41, *M. of V.* i. 2. 30, *W. T.* v. 1. 29, *K. John*, iii. 3. 15, etc.

63. *Sociable to the show*, etc. Sympathizing with what appears in thine.

64. *Fall.* See on ii. 1. 303 above. *Fellowly* (= sympathetic) is used by S. only here.

67. *The ignorant fumes*, etc. The fumes of ignorance that obscure their clearer reason. For *mantle*, cf. iv. 1. 182 above.

69. *Sir.* Gentleman; as in *T. N.* iii. 4. 81: "some sir of note"; *Cymb.* i. 6. 160: "the worthiest sir," etc.

70. *I will pay thy graces Home.* I will repay thy favours to the utmost, or thoroughly. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 288: "pay us home"; *Cymb.* iii. 5. 92: "satisfy me home," etc. We still say "charge home" (*Cor.* i. 4. 38) and "strike home" (*Id.* iv. 1. 8).

76. *Remorse and nature.* Pity and natural affection. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 35: "was wrought by nature, not by vile offence."

81. *Reasonable shore.* Shore of reason. Cf. *ignorant fumes* above.

85. *Discase me.* Undress myself. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 648: "therefore discase thee."

86. *Sometime.* Formerly; as often.

91. *I do fly After summer.* Cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 101: "Trip we after the night's shade"; and Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 236: "Fly after the night-steeds," etc. Critics have made sad work of the Song by attempts to improve the pointing of the folio, which is essentially as I have given it. The meaning is well brought out by Verplanck: "At night, 'when owls do cry,' Ariel couches 'in a cowslip's bell'; and he uses 'the bat's back' as his pleasant vehicle to pursue summer in its progress round the world, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms." It has been objected that bats do not "fly after summer," but become torpid in winter; but, even if the poet had known this zoölogical fact, he might none the less have made Ariel use the creature for his purposes. The "tricksy spirit" was not limited by natural laws.

100. *Being awake.* When awakened.

103. *Or ere.* See on i. 2. 11 above.

105. *Inhabits.* Cf. iii. 3. 57 above.

112. *Trifle to abuse me.* Phantom to deceive me. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 632: "Abuses me to damn me."

113. *I not know.* See on ii. 1. 129, and cf. 38 above.

114. *Since I saw thee.* We should now say "have seen thee." Cf. *A. and C.* i. 3. 1: "I did not see him since"; *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 58: "I was not angry since I came to France," etc.

117. *An if this be at all.* If indeed there be any reality in it.

118. *Thy dukedom.* Referring to the tribute to be paid him by Antonio. See i. 2. 120 fol.

119. *My wrongs.* The wrongs I have done. Cf. 11 (and 25) above.

123. *Taste Some subtleties o' the isle.* "This is a phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionery. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtilty*. Dragons, castles, trees, etc., made out of sugar, had the like denomination" (Steevens). Furness feels "a certain repugnance" to similes "drawn from the kitchen," especially in the mouth of Prospero; but S. has not a few such, and others as homely in their origin. The use of brine for pickling or preserving meat, for instance, is a favourite figure with him; as in *T. N.* i. 1. 30, *A. W.* i. 1. 55, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 72, *L. C.* 18 (where a wash-tub metaphor is combined with it), etc. He can go to the barnyard for a figure; as in *Cor.* v. 3. 162 and *Sonn.* 136. For other homely comparisons, see *Cor.* iii. 1. 252 (patching a garment), *Cymb.* iii. 4. 53 (ripping up an old one), *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 137, *W. T.* iv. 4. 375, *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 51, etc.

127. *Pluck.* Bring down. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 32: "pluck his indignation on thy head." *Pluck* is a favourite word with S. He uses it more than two hundred times.

128. *Justify you traitors.* Prove you traitors. Cf. *A. W.* iv. 3. 64: "*Second Lord.* How is this justified? *First Lord.* The stronger part of it by her own letters."

129. *I'll tell no tales.* But he has just done so. Cf. 75 fol. above. *No* is an answer to Sebastian's *aside*.

139. *I am woe for 't.* I am sorry for it. Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 14. 133: "Woe, woe are we, sir."

142. *Of whose soft grace.* By whose kind favour.

145. *As late.* As *it is* recent; but some explain it, "*and* as recent." *Supportable* is accented on the first syllable; unless we scan the line thus: "As great | to me | as late; | and support | able." Cf. "*détestáble*" (*K. John*, iii. 4. 29, *T. of A.* iv. 1. 33) and "*délectáble*" (*Rich. II.* ii. 3. 7). Steevens reads "portable," a word used by S. in this sense in *Lear*, iii. 6. 115 and *Macb.* iv. 3. 89. *Supportable* he has only here.

149. *Were living.* "The subjunctive used optatively."

151. *Myself were mudded*, etc. Cf. iii. 3. 102 fol. above. *Myself* and other reflexive pronouns are not infrequently used as nominatives. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 23, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 29, etc.

154. *Admire.* Wonder. Cf. *T. N.* iii. 4. 165: "wonder not, nor admire in thy mind," etc.

160. *Which was thrust forth.* See on i. 2. 350 and iii. 1. 6.

170. *To content ye. Content* (cf. the French *contenter*) often = "please" or "delight" in S. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 24: "it doth much content me To hear him," etc.

171. "*Here Prospero discouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chesse.*" Such is the stage direction in the folio. It is the only allusion to chess in S., unless there be a punning one in *T. of S.* i. 1. 58, where Katherine says, "I pray you, sir, is it your will To make a *stale* of me amongst these *mates?*" Steevens thinks that the introduction of the game here was suggested by the romance of *Huon de Bordeaux*, where "King Ivoryn caused his daughter to play at the chesse with Huon," etc. But, as Professor Allen suggests in the Phila. ed., even if S. *did* take a hint from that old romance, it was probably because he was aware that there was a *special* appropriateness in representing a prince of *Naples* as a chess-player, since Naples, in his day, "was the centre of chess-playing," and probably famed as such throughout Europe.

172. *Play me false.* Cheat me.

174. *Wrangle.* Dispute or quarrel with me. She would forgive him, however he might cheat her in the game.

175. *If this prove*, etc. Alonso has lost his son once, and if this which he now sees prove a mere vision, he will have to lose him again. The passage would seem to be clear enough, but one critic at least has been puzzled by it, and would insert *not* after *prove.*

186. *Eld'st.* For the harsh contraction, cf. *dear'st*, ii. 1. 144 and *strong'st*, iv. 1. 26 above. It was a strange whim with S. and other writers of the time, as the extra unaccented syllable is metrically admissible in all such cases.

196. *I am hers.* That is, her father.

199. *Remembrances.* The plural is used because of the reference to more than one person (see on iii. 3. 67); but it may be pronounced like the singular. See on *princess*, i. 2. 173 above.

200. *Inly.* Inwardly; as in *Hen. V.* iv. chor. 24: "inly ruminate."

203. *Chalk'd forth the way.* We should say "chalked out the way." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 60: "Chalks successors their way."

213. *No man was his own.* Was master of himself, or in his senses.

214. *Still embrace.* Ever embrace. See on i. 2. 229 above.

216. *Here is more of us!* See on i. 2. 477 above.

217. *I prophesied*, etc. See i. 1. 30 above.

218. *Blasphemy.* Cf. "diligence" in 241 below, and "malice" in i. 2. 365 above.

221. *Safely found Our king and company.* That is, found them safe. Cf. just below, "freshly beheld," etc. S. often uses adverbs as "predicate adjectives." Cf. above (iii. 1. 32), "look wearily" for "look weary." So in *M. W.* ii. 1. 198: "looks so merrily"; *A. Y. L.* i. 2. 162: "he looks successfully," etc. But elsewhere we have "looks pale," "looks sad," "look stern," "look fair," etc. We find also the adjective for the adverb, as in 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 117: "Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall," etc. The two constructions are often confounded by good writers even in our day.

223. *Gave out split.* Gave up as gone to pieces. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 3. 16: "gave him out incurable," etc. For *glasses*, see on i. 2. 240.

224. *Yare.* See on i. 1. 4 above.

226. *Tricksy.* Richardson (*Dict.*) defines the word "trickish, artful, dexterous, adroit, active, smart," and cites Warner, *Albion's Eng.* vi. 31: —

> "There was a tricksie girle, I wot,
> Albeit clad in grey,
> As pert as bird, as straite as boult,
> As fresh as flower in May."

230. *Dead of sleep.* In a dead sleep. Malone reads "on sleep" (cf. *Acts*, xiii. 36), but *on* and *of* were often used interchangeably.

232. *But even now.* Just now. *Several* = separate, distinct. See on iii. 1. 42 above.

234. *Moe.* See on ii. 1. 141 above.

238. *Capering to eye her.* Jumping for joy at the sight of her. S. understood the sailor's love for his ship.

On a trice. We say "in a trice," as S. does elsewhere. In *Lear*, i. 1. 219 we have "in this trice of time."

240. *Moping.* The folio has "moaping," but some editors print "mopping" (= grimacing). The Phila. ed. explains it rightly: "Depressed and moping, because suddenly interrupted in the midst of their rejoicing, separated from their companions, and 'enforced' to go, whither they knew not, by some irresistible supernatural power." For *mop*, see on iv. 1. 47.

244. *Conduct.* Conductor. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 157: "I will be his conduct"; *R. and J.* v. 3. 116: "Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!" etc.

246. *Infest.* Vex; used by S. only here. For *beating on*, cf. i. 2. 176 and iv. 1. 163 above. See also 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 20 and *Ham.* iii. 1. 182.

248. *Single I'll resolve you.* In private I will explain to you. For *resolve*, cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 131, iii. 2. 183, iv. 2. 14, etc.

249. *Which to you shall seem*, etc. Which *explanation*, etc. *Every these* = every one of these.

250. *Accidents.* Incidents, events; as in 306 below.

258. *Coragio.* Courage (Italian). It occurs again in *A. W.* ii. 5. 97: "Bravely, coragio!"

259. *These be.* Cf. iii. 1. 1 above.

262. *Fine.* Referring to the ducal robes which Prospero has put on. See 85 above.

267. *Badges.* The stolen apparel they had on. Johnson says: "The sense is, 'Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.'" "In the time of S. all the servants of the nobility wore

silver badges on their liveries, on which the arms of their masters were engraved" (Nares). Hence the allusion here and in several other passages in S. Cf. *R. of L.* 1053: —

> "To clear this spot by death, at least I give
> A badge of fame to slander's livery."

268. *True.* Honest. *True man* is often opposed to *thief;* as is *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 34, *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 187, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 98, etc.

269. *One so strong That*, etc. The relative is often thus used after *such* and *so*. Cf. 316 below.

271. *Deal in her command*, etc. "Act as her vicegerent without being authorized, or *empowered* so to do" (Malone). Staunton may be right in making *without her power* = "beyond her power" (cf. *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 150).

277. *Stephano.* Pronounced correctly, with the first syllable accented. S. had found that out since writing the *M. of V.*, where (v. 1. 28, 51) he accents the penult.

279. *Reeling-ripe. Ripe* may be one of the many "slang" terms for *drunk*, or *reeling-ripe* (ripe, or fit for reeling) may be a compound like *weeping-ripe* in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 274 and *sinking-ripe* in *C. of E.* i. 1. 78.

280. *This grand liquor*, etc. An allusion to the "grand elixir," or *aurum potabile* of the alchemists, which they pretended would confer immortal youth upon him who drank it. It was a joke of the time to compare sack to this elixir, and "gilded" is elsewhere found in the same sense as here. In Fletcher's *Chances* (iv. 3), in reply to the question, "Is she not drunk too?" we find, "A little gilded o'er, sir; old sack, old sack, boys!"

283. *I fear me.* Cf. "retire me" in 311 below.

289. *Sore.* For the play on the word, cf. 2 *Hen VI.* iv. 7. 9.

290. *This is a strange thing*, etc. Steevens reads "as strange a thing," but other examples of the ellipsis are to be found in S.

296. *Seek for grace.* Seek for pardon.

309. *The nuptial.* S. always uses *nuptial*, except in *Oth.* ii. 2. 8

(quarto text only) and *Per.* v. 3. 80. On the other hand, he has *funerals* (cf. the Latin *funera*, and the French *funérailles*) in *J. C.* v. 3. 105 and *T. A.* i. 1. 381 (if that be his), though elsewhere his word is *funeral*. *Nuptial* is here a trisyllable.

310. *Our dear belov'd solemnized.* This is the metre of the folio, and is followed by some editors, while others print it "dear-beloved solemniz'd." But we have "solémnized" in *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 42: "Of Ja-ques Falconbridge so-lém-nized." Cf. the one instance of the word in Milton (*P. L.* vii. 448): "Evening and morn solémniz'd the fifth day." In *M. of V.* ii. 9. 6, *K. John*, ii. 1. 539, and 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 168, the only other instances in which S. uses the word in verse, it is "sólemniz'd." This peculiarity of accent is found in other words ending in *-ised* (or *-ized*), as *advértised*, *canónized*, *authórized*, etc.

314. *I 'll deliver all.* I'll relate all. Cf. ii. 1. 47 above.

319. *Please you.* If it please you. The verb was originally impersonal. For the full form, see iii. 3. 42 above.

EPILOGUE

It is well known that the Prologues and Epilogues of the English Drama are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays, and White with good reason thinks that this Epilogue, though printed in the folio, bears internal evidence of being no exception to the rule. The thoughts are "poor and commonplace," and the rhythm is "miserable and eminently un-Shakespearian." It is apparently from the same pen as the Epilogue to *Henry VIII.* — "possibly Ben Jonson's, whose verses they much resemble." The Epilogue to 2 *Hen. IV.* is another that is evidently not Shakespeare's; and it is a significant fact that, in the folio, these three Epilogues "are plainly pointed out as separate performances." "For in these plays the characters are all sent off the stage by the direction *Exeunt*, and the Epilogue is set forth as

something apart from the play, being, in one case, separated from it by a single rule, in another by double rules, and in the third being printed on a page by itself, while in the other plays the *Exeunt* or *Exit* is not directed until after the Epilogue, which is included within the single border-rule of the page, no separation of any kind being made." A comparison of the various Epilogues shows that "this arrangement has no reference to the personage by whom the Epilogue is to be spoken;" and, as no other explanation of it can be given, it is probable that the editors of the folio meant thus to indicate that the Epilogues are not Shakespeare's. Furness agrees with White, but most of the editors apparently believe that S. wrote the present Epilogue.

10. *With the help of your good hands.* By your applause, by clapping hands. Noise, like speech, was supposed to dissolve a spell. Cf. iv. 1. 126 above: "hush, and be mute, Or else our spell is marr'd."

16. *Unless I be reliev'd by prayer.* "This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them" (Warburton). It may, however, be an allusion to "the custom, prevalent in S.'s time, of concluding the play by a prayer, offered up kneeling, for the sovereign;" or both allusions may be combined.

18. *Mercy itself.* The divine Mercy. *Frees all faults* = absolves all faults. Cf. *R. of L.* 1208: "My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it"; *Ham.* v. 2. 253: "Free me so far in your most generous thoughts," etc.

APPENDIX

The Magic in the Play

In reading *The Tempest* we must bear in mind that the belief in magic and witchcraft was in Shakespeare's day an established article in the popular creed, and accepted by the great majority of the cultivated and learned. To attack it was a bold thing to do, and few writers had ventured it. In 1583 Howard, Earl of Northampton, published his *Defensative against the Poyson of Supposed Prophecies*, and in 1584 Reginald Scot brought out his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, in which, with great learning and ability, he exposed the pretensions of the magicians and their craft. He made many enemies by it; and James I. ordered all the copies of it that could be found to be burned by the public hangman. In 1603 the king published his own book on *Dæmonologie*, in the preface to which he asserts that he wrote the book "chiefly against the damnable opinions of Wierus[1] and Scot." Richard Bernard, an eminent Puritan divine, also took Scot to task in his *Guide to Grand Jurymen with respect to Witches* (1627); as also did Joseph Glanvil (in his *Blow at Modern Sadducism*, etc.) and sundry other authors of the time. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), records that magic, in which he appears to have been a believer himself, is "practised by some now;" and he says that the Roman emperors "were never so much addicted to magic of old as some of our modern princes and popes are nowadays."

[1] This "Wierus" was John van Wier (or Weier), a distinguished Dutch physician (1515–1558), who is said to have been the first writer to oppose the belief in witchcraft, by his work entitled *De Præstigiis Dæmonum et Incantationibus ac Veneficiis* (1563).

We have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare believed in magic. From his 14th Sonnet we may infer that he did not believe even in astrology, as most people did long after his day; and yet Prospero is the grandest conception of the magician to be found in all our literature. The delineation is in strict accordance with the prevalent theory of the magic art, and yet it is so ennobled and idealized that in our day, when that theory is reckoned among the dead superstitions of a bygone age, we see nothing mean or unworthy in it.

Prospero belongs to the higher order of magicians — those who *commanded* the services of superior intelligences — in distinction from those who, by a league made with Satan, submitted to be his *instruments*, paying for the enjoyment of the supernatural power thus gained the price of their souls' salvation. The former class of magicians, as Scot remarks, "professed an art which some fond [foolish] divines affirm to be more honest and lawful than necromancy, wherein they work by good angels." Thus we find Prospero exercising his power over elves and goblins through the medium of Ariel, a spirit "too delicate to act the abhorred commands" of the foul witch Sycorax, but who answered his best pleasure and obeyed his "strong bidding."

The poet has, moreover, given to Prospero some of the ordinary adjuncts of the professional magician of the time. Peculiar virtue was inherent in his *robe*, according to Scot and other writers; and we find Prospero saying to Miranda: —

> "Lend thy hand
> And pluck my magic garment from me;"

and as it is laid aside he adds, "Lie there, my art."

His *wand* also, as in the case of ordinary conjurors, was a potent instrument. With it he renders Ferdinand helpless: —

> "I can here disarm thee with this stick,
> And make thy weapon drop."

And when he abjures his art he is to break his staff and "bury it certain fathoms in the earth," lest it should fall into hands that might not use it as wisely and beneficently as he has done.

His *books* were of yet greater importance to his art; and these the old magicians were supposed to guard with the utmost care. Scot says: "These conjurors carry about at this day books intituled under the names of Adam, Abel, Toby, and Enoch; which Enoch they repute the most divine fellow in such matters. They have also among them books that they say Abraham, Aaron, and Solomon made; . . . also of the angels, Riziel, Razael, and Raphael." Hence, we find Prospero saying: —

> "I'll to my book,
> For yet ere supper-time must I perform
> Much matter appertaining;"

and he is to drown his book "deeper than did ever plummet sound," when he breaks his staff, and for the same reason.[1] Caliban, too, says: —

> "Remember
> First to possess his books; for without them
> He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
> One spirit to command."

But while Shakespeare has thus given actuality to his noble magician by these externals of his art, he has avoided introducing the vulgar machinery connected with it. We are not shown how his spells are wrought. The *silence* requisite for their success — a con-

[1] So, in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the old monk tells Deloraine how Michael Scott on his dying bed gave orders that his magic book should be buried: —

> "I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
> That never mortal might therein look,
> And never to tell where it was hid,
> Save at his Chief of Branksome's need."

dition associated with the most ancient accounts of the magic art — is insisted upon: —

"Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd."

Had not the poet observed a like reticence as to the details of the enchantments, his spell over us had been marred. If he had introduced the forms and ceremonies of conjuration and adjuration described by Scot, the effect would have been either ludicrous or disgusting. In *Macbeth*, where the Witches were meant to appear the black and midnight hags they really were, we have all the details of their infernal *cuisine*. The hell-broth is concocted before our eyes, and all the foul and poisonous ingredients are enumerated in the song the beldams croak as they dance about the cauldron. But here in *The Tempest* the spells and incantations are only hinted at: "my charms crack not," "my spirits obey," "untie the spell," etc. In the one case the art of the poet is as conspicuous in what it hides as in the other in what it reveals.

The spirits were of various orders, according to their abode or sphere of operation, "whether," to quote *Hamlet*, "in sea or fire, in earth or air," the four ancient "elements." In the storm Ariel plays the part of a fire-spirit, "dividing and burning in many places" till the ship was all ablaze with him. Water-spirits or sea-nymphs sing the knell of Ferdinand's father in the ditty that deceives the weeping prince; and later Prospero invokes the elves of brooks and standing lakes, and those that "on the sands with printless feet do chase the ebbing Neptune." The earth-spirits, or goblins, are the ones set upon Caliban to torment him; and air-spirits are the musicians of the supernatural realm over which the magician holds dominion, filling the air at his bidding with sweet strains beyond the touch of mortal art.

Over all this spirit world Prospero bears sovereign rule by the power of a commanding intellect. His subjects are "weak masters," he says; that is, weak individually, weak in the capacity for com

bining to make the most of their ability to do certain things that men cannot do. Prospero knows how to make them work in carrying out his far-reaching plans. "By your aid," he says, "weak masters, though ye be," I have wrought the marvels of my art.

Shakespeare, while, as I have said, he has managed the supernatural part of the play in strict accordance with the theories of that day concerning magic, has at the same time avoided everything that was ridiculous or revolting in the popular belief. He thus exercises, as it were, a magic power over the vulgar magic, lifting it from prose into poetry; and while doing this he has contrived to make it all so entirely consistent with what we may conceive of as possible to human science and skill that it seems as real as it is marvellous. It is at once supernatural and natural. It is the highest exercise of the magic art, and yet it all goes on with as little jar to our credulity as the ordinary sequence of events in our everyday life.

Sundry attempts have been made to prove *The Tempest* an allegory, but Shakespeare had no such intention. The human characters are men and women distinctly individualized, not abstractions personified. Prospero, great as he is both as man and as magician, is not perfect, — not the ideal type of human genius and character, and not absolute master of himself. This is the explanation of something in the second scene which has puzzled and misled some of the commentators, and of which no one of them, so far as I am aware, has given the correct interpretation. When Prospero is telling Miranda the story of her early life, why does he again and again charge her with being inattentive to a narration in which it is impossible that she should not be intensely interested? If we could have any doubt on this point, it ought to be removed by her evident surprise that he could suppose her a careless or indifferent listener to so thrilling a tale. It is amazing that two critics at least should have taken the ground that Miranda is not listening attentively. Her thoughts, they agree in telling us, are wandering off to the foundered ship and the unfortunate folk in it, for whom her tender

heart was so deeply moved when she witnessed the shipwreck. A keener critic gets somewhat nearer the truth when he says, "He thinks she is not listening attentively to his speech, partly because he is not attending to it himself, his thoughts being busy with the approaching crisis of his fortune, and drawn away to the other matters which he has in hand, and partly because in her trance of wonder at what he is relating she seems abstracted and self-withdrawn from the matter of his discourse." But it is not mere mental abstraction on his part, — if, indeed, this were possible in telling the tale of his "high wrongs," — nor is Prospero the man to mistake entranced wonder for lack of interest and attention. His error is simply due to nervous excitement, which, as in meaner mortals, makes him irritable, impatient, and unreasonable. Shakespeare has given us varied and abundant evidence that this crisis in his fortunes is a tremendous strain upon his powers, and he almost breaks down under it. It does overcome his ordinary steadiness of nerve and tranquillity of spirit. It is this that makes him so unjust to Miranda, and, in the latter part of the same scene, so impatient with Ariel when the tricksy spirit ventures to remind him of the promise to set him free ere long.[1] Prospero himself is not unconscious of the weakness later, when he says to Ferdinand (and Miranda):—

> "Sir, I am vex'd;
> Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
> Be not disturb'd with my infirmity.
> If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
> And there repose; a turn or two I 'll walk,
> To still my beating mind."

[1] The commentators, with one exception, so far as I am aware, have not attempted to explain this; but Professor Moulton, in his *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist* (3d ed., p. 257), after recognizing it as "one of the most difficult incidents of the play," says that it "takes coherency if we see in it Prospero governing this incarnation of caprice *by out-capricing him* [the italics are not mine]; there is an absence of moral seriousness throughout, and a curious irony, by which Prospero, under the guise of

When Prospero, usually so self-poised and self-possessed, speaks thus, we get some notion of the mental strain, the terrible suspense and anxiety, of these three hours, on which his whole future life and that of his beloved daughter are dependent.

It is also to be noted that Prospero, mighty magician though he be, has no power to bring two young hearts to beat as one. He cannot make Ferdinand and Miranda love each other. He can bid Ariel bring them together; but, that done, he can only watch with paternal fondness and hope to see whether all goes on as his soul prompts it. But, it may be said, the notion that love could be excited by magic arts is old and familiar; and we find it more than once in Shakespeare. Why, then, did not Prospero exercise his art upon Ferdinand and Miranda, and thus settle in advance one at least of the uncertainties of that anxious day? One critic, who is rarely astray in a case like this, believes that he *did* play the magician here. "In the planting of love," he says, "Ariel beats old god Cupid all to nothing; for it is through some witchcraft of his that Ferdinand and Miranda are surprised into a mutual rapture." The misconception is a gross one, — gross in a double sense. Love could indeed be awakened by magic, according to the ancient theory of the art; but it was only love in the lower animal sense that was thus excited. The purer, nobler passion was beyond the control of wizard or necromancer; and Prospero, it is quite unnecessary to say, could never descend to the base devices of those who, having gained a measure of superhuman power by a compact with the great adversary of souls, became the ministers of his dark purposes. Almost any other dramatist of that day might have been willing to admit this as a prelude to a more honorable love (we find things not unlike it in the plays of the time), but Shakespeare never so degrades *his* mighty magic. In

invective, is bringing out Ariel's brave endurance and delicate refinement, and in the form of threats gives his rebellious subject more than he has asked for." This is ingenious, but, to my thinking, wrong in every particular.

this, as in other respects, Prospero is like his creator, though not, as some have supposed, intended to be the portrait of that creator.

Miranda and Ferdinand

Miranda is a unique and exquisite creation of the poet's magic. She is his ideal maiden, brought up from babyhood in an ideal way — the child of nature, with no other training than she received from a wise and loving father — an ideal father we may say. She reminds me of Wordsworth's lovely picture of the child whom nature has adopted as her own: —

"Three years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, 'A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"'Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

* * * * * *

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

"'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place

Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face' " —

into her face, and into her soul no less, the spiritual effect of nature's influences being as marked as the physical.

And nature on this enchanted island is more than nature anywhere else on earth, for the supernatural — that which is beyond and above nature — is added, through the potent and benign art of Prospero. He has been her teacher too — a loving teacher with ample leisure for the training of this single pupil, the sole companion, comfort, and hope of his exile life. He says: —

" Here in this island we arriv'd ; 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."

An excellent education, the worldly-wise may say, for the maiden on the lonely isle, if she is to live there all her days with her wise and watchful father for sole companion and guardian ; but will she not make a fool of herself if she is suddenly removed from this isolated existence to the ordinary surroundings of her sex? How will this child of nature behave in the artificial world of " society? " We may trust Shakespeare to solve this problem successfully, but who else than he could have done it ? Who else would have dared to bring this innocent and ignorant creature — ignorant at least of all the conventional ways of social life — face to face with a lover, and that lover a prince, the flower of courtly cultivation and gallantry, as her very first experience of the new world to which she is destined to be transferred ? The result is one of the highest triumphs of his art, — because, as he himself has said in referring to the development of new beauty in flowers by cultivation, " the art itself is nature " (*Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 97). This modest wild-flower, under his fostering care, unfolds into a blossom of rarer beauty, fit for a king's garden, without losing anything of its native

delicacy or sweetness. As Mrs. Jameson says, "There is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda." To attempt to comment upon it would be to gild refined gold or to paint the lily; and I shall be guilty of no such "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

I may, however, venture to call attention to the unconscious humour of Miranda's reply to her father, when, in playing the part of pretended distrust of Ferdinand, he says: —

> "foolish wench!
> To the most of men this is a Caliban,
> And they to him are angels."

"My affections," she replies, —

> "Are then most humble; I have no ambition
> To see a goodlier man."

Other men may be angels, in comparison with Ferdinand, but he is good enough for her!

And again must "inward laughter" have "tickled all his soul" (to borrow Tennyson's phrase) when Ferdinand is piling the logs, and the sympathetic girl comes to cheer him, little suspecting that Prospero is hidden within earshot. Love has made the artless maiden artful, and she suggests that the young man may shirk the unprincely labour for the nonce: —

> "My father
> Is hard at study: pray, now, rest yourself;
> He 's safe for these three hours."

Pretty traitor to the one authority that has been the law of her life till now!

Miranda's frank offer to carry logs while Ferdinand rests is a natural touch that might at first seem unnatural, but how thoroughly in keeping with the character it is after all! This child of nature, healthy, strong, active, familiar with the rough demands of life on

this uninhabited island, and unfamiliar with the chivalrous deference to woman that exempts her from menial labour in civilized society, sees nothing "mean" or "odious" or "heavy" in piling the wood, as Ferdinand does; and when he resents the idea of her undergoing such "dishonour" while he sits lazy by, nothing could be more natural than her reply: —

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

It *is* hard for him every way — as severe a strain upon his muscles as upon his pride. As he says later: —

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

Ferdinand has been well characterized by Miss O'Brien, in her paper on "Shakespeare's Young Men," in the *Westminster Review* for October, 1876. In her classification of these youths she puts Ferdinand and Florizel (of *The Winter's Tale*) together: "They are as much alike in nature as their charming companions, Miranda and Perdita. Both are wonderfully fresh and natural for the products of court training; both fall in love swiftly and completely; both have that tender grace, that purity of affection, shown in many others, but never more perfectly than in them. Theirs is not the wild passion of Romeo and Juliet; there is nothing high-wrought and feverish about their love-making; it is the simple outcome of pure and healthy feeling; and it is difficult to say which gives us

the prettier picture — Ferdinand holding Miranda's little hands on the lonely shore, or Florizel receiving Perdita's flowers among the bustle of the harvesting. Ferdinand has the most fire and energy, though he should not have been the first to desert the ship in the magic storm. He has the best character altogether, showing much affection for his father, and a manly, straightforward way of going to work generally. Florizel is grace and charm personified, and has the most bewitching tongue; but he is too pliant, too taken up with one idea, to be quite so satisfactory."

As to Ferdinand's behaviour in the shipwreck, it was due to the fact that it *was* a "magic storm" and he was not his own master. It was a part of Prospero's plan that the people on board the ship should be scattered in certain groups on shore and that Ferdinand should be separated from the rest; and Ariel carries out his master's directions. When Prospero afterward asks him whether the men are all safe, he replies: —

> "Not a hair perish'd;
> On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
> But fresher than before; and, *as thou bad'st me*,
> In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.
> 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."

Ariel and Caliban

Ariel — delicate and airy as his name implies, whom Prospero, except in that spasm of nervous impatience, addresses only with the daintiest, tenderest epithets, as one might speak to a pet bird — is near of kin to the fairies of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. He is not, like the fairies of ordinary literature, a human being in miniature, with superhuman endowments. He has no moral sense, though he has come to have a certain comprehension of such a

sense in the mortals with whom he has been associated. He lives, like a child, in the present, and thinks and feels like a child. He is almost incapable of reflection, and has little or nothing of what we call *tact* — or he would not have pressed his plea for liberty when he saw that Prospero was in no mood for listening to it. He loves the great magician as a young child — or, we might almost say, a pet animal — would love one who had treated it kindly; but we may be sure that he soon forgot him, or remembered him only in the vaguest way, after he was free to "fly after summer merrily," like a bird or butterfly.

Caliban is a more complex character, and in some respects one of the most wonderful of the poet's creations. Dr. David Wilson has given Shakespeare credit for anticipating Darwinian theories by furnishing in this strange being the "missing link" between man and the brute; and such he may be reckoned, with an admixture of the demon. At the same time, as Schlegel was, I think, the first to point out, he is a *poetical* being and always speaks in verse. More recent critics have quoted or repeated what Schlegel said, but without making it quite clear wherein Caliban is poetical. It is not merely, as one has said, that he is "a savage with the simplicity of the child," nor, as another seems to suppose, because his inherent and inherited coarseness of nature is different from the "vulgarity" of Stephano and Trinculo, and, in a sense, above it. They are degraded beings of their kind. He belongs to a lower, grosser kind, but he is an ideal specimen of that kind. Caliban is half-demon or part-demon by his parentage; and the evil that is in him overmasters and neutralizes the germs of a better nature which Prospero has endeavoured to cultivate and develop. But, though he seems incapable of rising above his low estate, he nevertheless feels certain blind aspirations after that which is higher, and *aspiration is poetical.*

It is to be noted that Shakespeare makes him sensible to the power of *music.* Elsewhere, as we know, the want of this sensibility has been associated with a depraved type of humanity.

"The *man* that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

But Caliban, with all his vileness, is superior to this *man* that is not moved by music. His reply to Trinculo and Stephano, when they are frightened by the mysterious music in the air, is one of the most poetical passages in the drama, and also one of the most pathetic: —

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

It is only in his dreams, inspired by the sweet music of better spirits, that Caliban can lift himself from the degradation to which his heritage of base tendencies has doomed him. Trinculo and Stephano are men, and might be better if they would; but they are not troubled by thoughts or dreams of anything better. They are content to be the wretched creatures they are; and as for music, they have only the coarsest taste for it. "I would I could see this taborer," says Stephano, "he lays it on!" That is all the "sweet airs" are to him. It is the drum that takes his ear, and the more because the drummer "lays it on!"

Caliban is, moreover, intellectually superior to the drunken sailors. He can form a plan and keep it steadily in view, while they are continually losing sight of it in their maudlin stupidity. He does not get so tipsy as to forget what he is driving at. He has

recognized the clowns as superior beings, as gods indeed; but when they are wasting time in quarrelling over the "glistering apparel" which Ariel has hung up to entrap them, he exclaims: —

> "The dropsy drown this fool! What do you mean,
> To dote thus on such luggage?"

In the end he is wise enough to see and to acknowledge what "a thrice-double ass" he had been — which your perfect fool never does.

In the various allegories which ingenious critics, English and other, fancy that they discover in *The Tempest*, Caliban of course plays a prominent part. According to Lowell, he represents "Understanding apart from Imagination;" Kreyssig takes him to be the People; the French critic Mézières thinks he is the Primitive Man abandoned to himself; another says he is "one of the powers of nature over which the scientific intellect obtains command," while Prospero is the founder of the inductive philosophy; another believes that he symbolizes the colony of Virginia; another, "the untutored early drama of Marlowe"; and this by no means exhausts the list.[1] My theory is that he is Caliban, the son of Sycorax and the slave of Prospero, with no allegorical significance whatever.

Mr. A. W. Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, 1899) says, "It seems difficult to escape from the conclusion that Shakespeare intended his monster as a satire incarnate on Montaigne's 'noble savage.'" Caliban has, in these latter days, inspired a poem by Browning (*Caliban upon Setebos*, 1864), a "philosophical drama" by Renan (*Caliban*, 1878), and a dramatic sketch (*Ariel and Caliban*, 1887) by our American poet, Christopher P. Cranch.

[1] "His mother, Sycorax (such are the varieties of critical points of view), has been supposed to allegorize Queen Elizabeth" (Ward). Surely the "pranks of Puck among the critics," as Dowden aptly calls them, could not farther go!

Renan's drama is a continuation of *The Tempest*. He asks the reader to regard it merely "as the amusement of an ideologist, not as a theory; a fantasy of the imagination, not a political thesis;" but Furness, who gives a good abstract of it, remarks: "Its political bearing, however, is manifest throughout, and, although much of it is local and temporary, its fundamental idea will be true until the millennium." The plot, in brief, is this: Prospero goes back to Milan with Ariel, Caliban, and the shipwrecked company, and is reinstated as duke; but, absorbed in his studies, he neglects his official duties as of old. Caliban, who hates him as thoroughly as ever, becomes imbued with socialistic ideas, plays the demagogue, and gets up a revolution. "Vive Caliban! Caliban chef du peuple!" is the cry; Prospero is deposed, and Caliban reigns in his stead. But, having now gained his end, he repudiates socialism, becomes a patron of literature and art, and when the Inquisition would take action against Prospero as a free-thinker and sorcerer, refuses to surrender him. "I am heir to his rights," Caliban says; "I shall defend them. Prospero is my protégé; he shall work at his ease, with his philosophers and his artists; his works shall be the glory of my reign." In the closing scene Prospero gives Ariel his liberty, which the tricksy spirit says will be his death: "the air has already reclaimed in me that which belongs to it. . . . Every idealist will be my lover, every pure soul my sister; I shall be the virgin snow on the bosom of young girls, the glow in the tresses of their hair; I shall blossom with the rose, I shall grow green with the myrtle, and exhale perfume with the carnation. . . . Adieu, my master, remember thy Ariel!" [*Ariel vanishes, and a pure, exquisite harmony breathes around. Prospero falls senseless. The end.*][1]

[1] I take this from Furness's abstract. It is to be regretted that no good translation of the drama has appeared in English. The one published some years ago in New York is grossly inaccurate, sometimes ridiculously so.

The Minor Characters

Of the minor characters the most interesting is Gonzalo, who is one of Shakespeare's most admirable old men. He reminds me in many respects of Camillo in *The Winter's Tale*, but he is finer in his way than the devoted minister of Leontes. He is the very antipodes, so to speak, of Polonius, another famous product of court life and training. He is the complete embodiment of unselfishness and the very soul of honour. His first thought is always for others, never for himself. He does his best to comfort the king, who repels his sympathy, as some men instinctively do under great affliction; and when Sebastian and Antonio, who are no less unfeeling than they are unprincipled, brutally charge Alonso with being responsible for the disaster they have suffered, Gonzalo, who knows that it would be useless to appeal to their sensibilities, draws them off from their attack on the king by allowing himself to be a butt for their ridicule and abuse. They cannot provoke him to anything more than good-natured retorts, and in wit he is as much their superior as in nobility of nature. They sneer at him, after the magic sleep has fallen upon all but themselves, as "this ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence;" but in the same breath they give him the high praise of being the one follower of the king who is absolutely incorruptible, and who cannot be induced to share in the spoils of their conspiracy: —

> "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."

It is Gonzalo who, warned by Ariel, thwarts the plot of the villains, and watches carefully that they shall have no opportunity to repeat the murderous attempt; and when, on the exposure of their guilt by Ariel in the disguise of a harpy, they rush from the scene like madmen, it is Gonzalo who sees their desperation and would save them from themselves: —

"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."

In the end no one is happier than this good old man, ready to weep with joy at the happiness of others: —

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

It is Gonzalo whom Prospero first addresses when he makes himself known to the bewildered company: —

"Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. . . . O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed."

And, when they have further recovered from their amazement, again Prospero turns to him: —

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

Nevertheless, the poet, who is never afraid to let us see the foibles and weaknesses of his favourite characters, does not disguise the little infirmities, due to age, in the good Gonzalo. In the opening scene, when the Boatswain is trying to get the obtrusive passengers out of the way, Gonzalo says: —

"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."

Like an old man, he is proud of his little joke, and repeats it twice in the same scene: —

"*Antonio.* Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

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

* * * * * * *

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

Gonzalo. He 'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at wid'st to glut him."

And when the Boatswain appears again in the last scene of the play, Gonzalo exclaims: —

"O, look, sir! look, sir! here is more of us!
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown."

The Moral Lessons of the Play

No play of Shakespeare's breathes a deeper religious spirit than *The Tempest.* I have already quoted Gonzalo's recognition of an overruling Providence in the events that have occurred: —

"Look down, you gods . . .
For it is *you* that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither."

The language is that of a dead mythology, but the spirit is that of living Christianity.

In the second scene, when Prospero begins the story of his wrongs and his exile, Miranda exclaims : —

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

And her father replies, with evident earnestness : —

> " Both, both, my girl!
> By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence,
> But blessedly holp hither."

Farther on, when she asks, " How came we ashore ? " his answer is, " By Providence divine."

In the scene where the mysterious feast is spread for the king and his company, and Ariel appears like a harpy, clapping his wings, whereat " with a quaint device the banquet vanishes," the sinners get a sermon instead of the dinner they expected (iii. 3. 52–82 : " You are three men of sin," etc.). Ariel delivers it, but, that we may not suppose it is his own — which it could not be — Prospero afterwards commends the airy spirit for having remembered and recited it so well : —

> " Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
> In what thou hadst to say."

Never was sermon briefer — two minutes at most — never one so crammed with sound doctrine, never one more practical and impressive. There is no more powerful writing in all Shakespeare, unless possibly in the 129th Sonnet, which is another sermon in fourteen lines. The villains are charged with their sin, and are reminded that, on account of it, they find themselves where they are. Destiny, the Divine Power or Nemesis, that has all created things for its instrumentalities, has made the sea cast them on this desolate island, unfit as they are to dwell among men. They are told that the madness which possesses them is the madness of desperation — such madness as drives the guilty to suicide. When they draw their swords, as if to attack this bold accuser, it is only

to hear the bolder and scornful response, "You fools! I and my fellows are ministers of Fate, invulnerable to all your insane wrath; besides, your arms are paralyzed and cannot wield your swords, if these had power to hurt." Again their sin is set before them — this time in no general terms, but specifically. They exposed Prospero and his child to the perils of the sea, and the sea has been made the agent of their punishment. The heavenly powers, "delaying, not forgetting," — what terrible meaning condensed into three words! — have roused the seas and shores, yea, all created things, against them. The king has already felt the fearful retribution in the loss of his son, and lingering perdition is to follow him and his companions in crime. There is but one way of escape from the awful doom of which they have had a foretaste, — "heart's sorrow," — but that is not enough without the "clear life ensuing." The after life must prove, by bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, that the sorrow has indeed been "heart's sorrow."

It is instructive to note how this strange and terrible arraignment of the criminals affects them at the time. For the moment they are paralyzed with amazement, as Shakespeare indicates, after his fashion, by the comments of another character. Gonzalo, himself amazed to see them standing as if thunderstruck, exclaims, "I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you in this strange stare?" and Alonso replies: —

> "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, pronounc'd
> The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.
> Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
> I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
> And with him there lie mudded."

Antonio and Sebastian, on the other hand, are only hardened and rendered defiant by the accusation and admonition they have heard. Sebastian cries: —

"But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er;"

and Antonio adds, "I 'll be thy second."

Shakespeare has prepared the way for this in the scene where the villains are plotting against their accomplice Alonso: —

"*Sebastian.* I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Antonio. True;
And look how well my garments sit upon me,
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.
Sebastian. But, for your conscience —
Antonio. 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!"

"Verily, the wicked boasteth of his heart's desire; he hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved; but how is he brought into desolation as in a moment!" Antonio exults in the success of his murderous plot against his brother; the time when there was risk of its detection seems long past. How comfortably he wears the stolen ducal robes! How humbly do his former companions in service look up to him as lord and master! And his conscience, about which his confederate in crime inquires with a sneer — what *is* this conscience? Were it some trifling bodily ailment, he might think it worth regarding — like a chilblain, which leads a man to exchange his boot for a slipper — but he feels not this so-called deity in the bosom. Twenty consciences should not stand between him and the goal of his ambition! And at this very moment he is at the mercy of the man whom he has robbed and would have murdered; and the conscience he laughs at will the next hour sting him like a serpent! The heavenly powers, as he is to learn,

may delay, but they do not forget. The retribution which he flatters himself that he has escaped is even now at his heels.

While referring to the moral lessons of the play, I cannot refrain from alluding to one which at the same time illustrates what I have said of Ariel. As I remarked, he is not a human being; he has no moral sense, no soul, no conscience. His impulses are naturally good, like those of a child before it has learned that it ought to be good. I said, without illustrating it, that he had come to have a certain understanding of human feelings and responsibilities by his association with Prospero and his daughter. Let me give the illustration now; and, to my thinking, it is one of the most beautiful touches in the play. At the beginning of the last act, when Prospero asks, "How fares the king and 's followers?" the sequel of the dialogue needs no comment to explain and enforce it: —

"*Ariel.* Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
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
That if you now beheld them your affections
Would become tender.
Prospero. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Prospero. 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 mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick.

Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel;
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves."

Prospero, as I have said, is not Shakespeare's portrait of himself, though he is more like Shakespeare — the Shakespeare of his later years — than any other of his characters; and no passage in the play is a better illustration of this than the one just quoted. Out of the depths into which he had been plunged when he wrote *Macbeth* and *Othello* and *Hamlet* and *Lear* the poet has risen to the heights where *Cymbeline* and *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are the inspired expression of the wisdom he has learned from that bitter experience — the highest wisdom of Christianity, the divine charity which is the crown of all the virtues and graces.

This charity, be it observed, is nowise due to any dulling of moral sensibility through familiarity with the evil that is in the world; it is no weak pity for the frailty of our poor human nature, so easily led astray by temptation. With the wrongs he has suffered he is "struck to the quick," as he says in a speech just quoted; and to Antonio he says: —

"For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault, — all of them."

While telling Miranda the story of her uncle's treachery, he had said, "Then tell me if this might be a brother!" He cannot ignore or extenuate the unnatural crime, but he can forgive it.

Well may the noble magician feel now that the work of his life is accomplished; that he may break his staff and drown his book, lest they fall into the hands of those who may not use them aright; and that he may then, as he says,

"retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave."

These words, almost the last he utters in the play, breathe the same religious spirit that has inspired his life — the life of which we have seen but four short hours, beginning with storm and shipwreck, and ending with sunshine and peace, with reunion of kindred severed by unnatural crime, forgiveness of injuries, righting of all wrongs, and marriage bells about to ring for happy lovers. Did ever so blessed an evening follow a tempest that raged at midday?

The Time-Analysis of the Play

The "unities of time and place" are strictly observed in this play. The period of time represented is little more than is required for the performance on the stage, being about four hours. In i. 2. 240 (very soon after the shipwreck) Ariel says that the time of day is "two glasses" past noon, or 2 P.M. At the beginning of the last scene, in reply to Prospero's question, "How's the day?" Ariel replies, "On the sixth hour." In the same scene Alonso speaks of having been wrecked "three hours since," and says that his son's "eld'st acquaintance" with Miranda "cannot be three hours." The Boatswain also refers to the wreck as having occurred "but three glasses since."

List of Characters in the Play

The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

Alonso: i. 1(2); ii. 1(26); iii. 3(26); v. 1(56). Whole no. 110.

Sebastian: i. 1(4); ii. 1(98); iii. 3(12); v. 1(8). Whole no. 122.

Prospero: i. 2(339); iii. 1(10), 3(15); iv. 1(98); v. 1(183); epilogue (20). Whole no. 665.

Antonio: i. 1(8); i. 2(126); iii. 3(12); v. 1(2). Whole no. 148.

Ferdinand: i. 2(45); iii. 1(59); iv. 1(23); v. 1(13). Whole no. 140.

Gonzalo: i. 1(22); ii. 1(90); iii. 3(28); v. 1(25). Whole no. 165.

Adrian: ii. 1(11); iii. 3(1). Whole no. 12.

Francisco: ii. 1(10); iii. 3(1). Whole no. 11.

Caliban: i. 2(30); ii. 2(55); iii. 2(66); iv. 1(20); v. 1(8). Whole no. 179.

Trinculo: ii. 2(58); iii. 2(33); iv. 1(16); v. 1(5). Whole no. 112.

Stephano: ii. 2(80); iii. 2(63); iv. 1(26); v. 1(5). Whole no. 174.

Master: i. 1(4). Whole no. 4.

Boatswain: i. 1(29); v. 1(17). Whole no. 46.

Miranda: i. 2(87); iii. 1(45); iv. 1(3); v. 1(7). Whole no. 142.

Ariel: i. 2(87); ii. 1(11); iii. 2(4), 3(30); iv. 1(29); v. 1(29). Whole no. 190.

Iris: iv. 1(41). Whole no. 41.

Ceres: iv. 1(24). Whole no. 24.

Juno: iv. 1(7). Whole no. 7.

"*All*": i. 1(5), 2(3). Whole no. 8.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number in each scene is as follows: i. 1(72), 2(500); ii. 1(327), 2(193); iii. 1(96), 2(163), 3(109); iv. 1(267); v. 1(318); epilogue (20). Whole no. in the play, 2065. *The Tempest* is the shortest of the plays, with the single exception of *The Comedy of Errors*, which has 1778 lines. The next shortest is *Macbeth*, with 2109 lines. The longest is *Hamlet*, with 3930 lines; and the next longest is *Richard III.*, with 3618 lines. *Troilus and Cressida* has 3496, 2 *Henry IV.* 3446, and *Coriolanus* 3410 lines. The numbering is that of the "Globe" edition, which differs slightly in the *prose* scenes from that of the present edition.

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