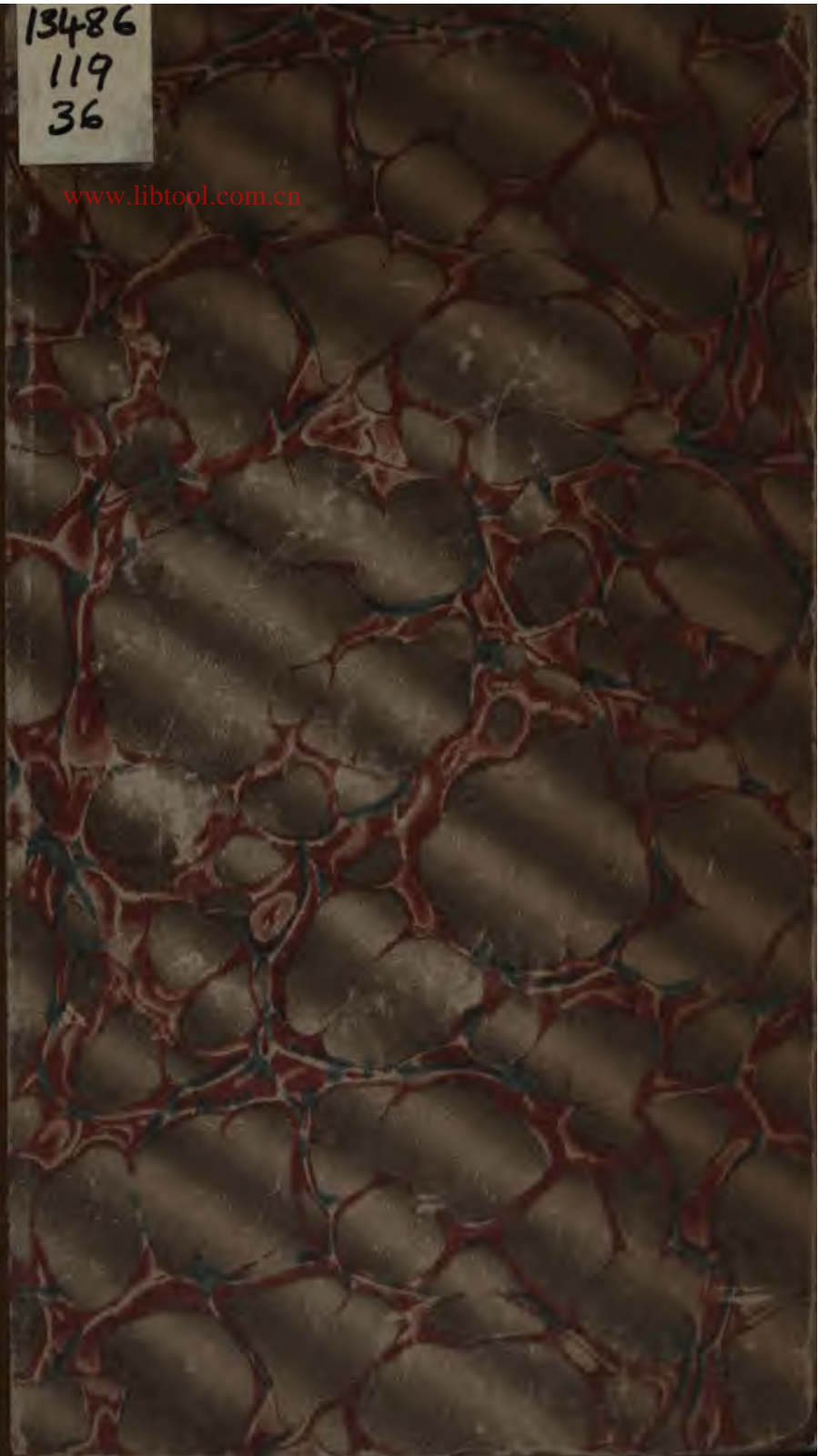


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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF

THE TEMPEST

ARRANGED FOR REPRESENTATION AT

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE,

WITH

HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.,

AS FIRST PERFORMED ON

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1, 1857.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

THIRD EDITION.

London:

PRINTED BY JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND CO.,

5, SHOE LANE, AND PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

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JOHN K. CHAPMAN AND COMPANY, 5, SHOE LANE, AND
PETERBOROUGH COURT, FLEET STREET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, (*King of Naples*)..... Mr. COOPER.
SEBASTIAN, (*his brother*) Mr. RAYMOND.
PROSPERO, (*the rightful Duke of Milan*) Mr. CHARLES KEAN
ANTONIO, { (*his brother, the usurping* } Mr. J. F. CATHCART.
 { *Duke of Milan* }
FERDINAND, (*Son to the King of Naples*) Miss BUFTON.
GONZALO, { (*an honest old Counsellor of* } Mr. GRAHAM.
 { *Naples* }
ADRIAN, } { Mr. BARSBY.
FRANCISCO, } { Mr. BRAZIER.
 } { (*Lords*)
CALIBAN, (*a Savage and Deformed Slave*) Mr. RYDER.
TRINCULO, (*a Jester*) Mr. HARLEY.
STEPHANO, (*a Drunken Butler*).... Mr. FRANK MATTHEWS.
BOATSWAIN, Mr. PAULO.

Master of a Ship and Mariners.

MIRANDA, (*Daughter to Prospero*) Miss CARLOTTA LECLERCQ.
ARIEL, (*an Airy Spirit*) Miss KATE TERRY.
JUNO, } { Miss POOLE.
CESES, } { (*Spirits.*) { Miss HONEY.
IRIS, } { { Miss A. DENVIL.

Nymphs, Spirits, attending on Prospero, &c., &c.

SCENE—The Sea, with a Ship; afterwards an Uninhabited Island.

THE SCENERY Painted by Mr. GRIEVE and Mr. TELBIN,
Assisted by Mr. W. GORDON, Mr. F. LLOYDS,
Mr. CUTHBERT, Mr. DAYES, Mr. MORRIS, &c., &c.

THE MUSIC under the direction of Mr. J. L. HATTON.

THE DANCES by Mr. OSCAR BYRN.

THE DECORATIONS & APPOINTMENTS by Mr. E. W. BRADWELL.

THE DRESSES by Mrs. and Miss HOGGINS.

THE MACHINERY by Mr. G. HODSDON.

PERRUQUIER, Mr. ASPLIN, of No. 13, New Bond Street.

For reference to *Historical Authorities indicated by
Letters, see end of each Act.*

PREFACE.

“*The Tempest*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakespeare, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense; or more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits.” Such are the words of one of our poet's most learned commentators, Doctor Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, conveying a true estimate of the genius which conceived and constructed the play of *The Tempest*. This wonderful drama—this bright creation of a sportive fancy which peoples the air with sylphs and spirits—may be said to symbolize, almost as much as a historical play, a definite period in the world's annals.

During the century that followed the first revelation of a new hemisphere to the eyes of astonished Europe, the mind of man was repeatedly excited by the announcement of fresh wonders. The inspired perseverance of Columbus had awakened a spirit not to be extinguished, and the names of Vasco de Gama, Ferdinand Magellan, Sebastian Cabot, Francis Drake, Walter Raleigh, and other bold navigators, remain

as bright monuments of an age of discoveries, which has since produced so great a change in the aspect of the entire world—has expanded the human intellect by the constant presentation of new objects—and has laid the foundation of those marvels which have emanated from the philosophy of modern science. It is this age of discoveries that is represented by *The Tempest*.

In 1609, about three years before the production of the play, the disastrous shipwreck of Sir George Somers had familiarized the multitude with the Bermuda Islands, which, as we learn from the supplement to Stow's Annals, by Howes, were "said and supposed to be enchanted, and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder-storm and tempest near unto those islands."

While the living generation was yet impressed with these wonderful additions to the geography of the globe's surface, and bewildered by the fabulous stories derived from the bold and unscrupulous adventurers who had traversed those distant regions—such, for instance, as the relation concerning "men whose heads stood in their breasts," in Sir Walter Raleigh's voyage to Guiana in 1595—a most fearful tempest swept the coast of England, destroying hundreds of ships, and creating a terror so universal, that public prayers were ordered, by authority, in the various churches.

This appalling visitation may, perhaps, have stimulated Shakespeare to compose a drama, which should combine a "topic of the day" with those wonders of far countries which were greedily received as facts by the credulous masses. The belief in sorcery and witchcraft, which at that period prevailed, more or less, throughout all society, and which had found an additional aliment in the reports circulated with regard to the Bermudas, had so much disposed the public mind in favour of supernatural subjects, that amongst the audiences who first witnessed the play of *The Tempest*, many, doubtless, were to be found, who gave ready credence to the reality of the prodigies therein introduced. Apart from the popular superstitious belief of the time, to which, perhaps, the play partially owed its origin, the inexhaustible genius of the poet has transmitted to posterity one of the most fascinating dramatic compositions that ever sprang from human intellect. The enchanted island, governed by the wand of Prospero, released from its association with the Bermudas, remains an imaginary kingdom, over which Ariel presides as the image of air, in spiritual contrast to the grosser Caliban, who embodies the earthly element.

In the stage arrangement, I have ventured to depart almost entirely from conventional precedent. To the close of the third act, for instance, where "strange shapes," without any specified identity, are described as bringing in a banquet, I have endeav-

voured to give a mythological character. In a later portion of the play, a Masque is performed for the entertainment of Ferdinand and Miranda, which Shakespeare has invested with the classical forms of antique goddesses and nymphs. I have, therefore, deemed myself at liberty to adopt a similar view with regard to the supposed Islanders, who invite the King of Naples and his attendant Lords to their magical repast. Naiads, Dryads, and Satyrs have taken the place of the ludicrous and unmeaning monsters hitherto presented, as being not only more picturesque and poetical, but also more in accordance with the classical figure of the Harpy, which rises in the midst of them. To preserve the mythological tone throughout, the principal demons and goblins commanded to torture the brute Caliban, and his drunken associates, Trinculo and Stephano, at the close of the fourth act, are copied from Furies depicted on Etruscan vases.

A great change has been made in the orchestral arrangements, under the direction of Mr. J. L. Hatton, who, with the exception of a few favorite and well-known airs, has composed the whole of the music. To give full strength to the vocal department, Miss Poole has been specially engaged to appear as "Juno" in the Masque, and to take the solo parts in the invisible chorusses which pervade the performance. The songs usually allotted to Ariel will be transferred to this lady, as leader of the spirit-

choir. In the play of *The Tempest*, no allusion being made to any definite period of action, I have exercised the liberty of selecting the thirteenth century as a date for costume. The vessel lost in the storm at the commencement, and restored in the calm at the close of the piece, is also copied from authentic records of the same period.

The scenery has been painted by Mr. Grieve and Mr. Telbin; and although a purely imaginative drama does not admit of those historical details which have been so accurately observed in earlier Shakespearian revivals at this Theatre, an endeavor has been made, in the present instance, to impart a generally new character to one of the most lofty productions of that master-poet, who supplied new worlds with the rapidity of thought, and of whom it has been so justly written, "that he lived, not for an age, but for all time."

CHARLES KEAN.

☞ The kind indulgence of the public is requested should any lengthened delay take place between the acts, during the first representations of *The Tempest*.

This appeal is made with greater confidence, when it is stated that the scenic appliances of the play are of a more extensive and complicated nature than have ever yet been attempted in any theatre in Europe; requiring the aid of above one hundred and forty operatives nightly, who (unseen by the audience) are engaged in working the machinery, and in carrying out the various effects.

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THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A SHIP IN A STORM.

The first scene, as now arranged, may be considered an introduction to the play; on its conclusion, therefore, the green curtain will descend, and the Overture will here be performed, for the purpose of giving time for the clearing away and re-setting of the stage.

SCENE II.—THE ISLAND OVERLOOKING THE SEA.

During the progress of the scene, the waters abate, the sun rises, and the tide recedes, leaving the yellow sands, to which FERDINAND is invited by ARIEL and the spirits.

PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them :
O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Pro. Be collected
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pro. 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 better¹
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,²
 And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know
 Did never meddle with my thoughts,³

Pro. 'Tis time
 I should inform thee further.
 Wipe thou thine eye; have comfort.
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such prevision in mine art⁴
 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 further.
 Can'st thou remember
 A time before we came unto this isle?
 I do not think thou can'st; for then thou wast not
 Out three years old.⁵

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what?—By any other place or person?
 Of any thing the image tell me, that
 Hath kept with thy remembrance?

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

¹ — *more better*] This ungrammatical expression is very frequent amongst our oldest writers.

² — *full poor cell,*] *i.e.*, a cell in a great degree of poverty.

³ *Did never meddle with my thoughts.*] *i.e.*, mix with them. To *meddle* is often used with this sense by Chaucer.

⁴ — *in mine art.*] The great magician had by his art *foreseen* that there should not be "so much perdition as an hair" among the whole crew.—COLLIER.

⁵ *Out three years old.*] Quite three years old.

Pro. Thou had'st, and more, Miranda :
Sixteen years, Miranda, sixteen years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mir. O, the heavens !
What foul play had we, that we came from thence ?

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called 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—
Thus having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts
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 :
I pray thee, mark me.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I thus neglecting worldly ends,
In my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature :
Hence his ambition
Growing,—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)⁶ with the King of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan !)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O, the heavens !

⁶ So dry he was for sway] i. e., so thirsty for power.

Pro. This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;
Which was that he in lieu o' the premises,—⁷
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 levy'd, one midnight
Fated to the practise,⁸ did Antonio open
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us ?

Pro. My child, 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 ; (A) the very rats
Instinctively had quit it : there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us,⁹ to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack ! what trouble
Was I then to you.

Pro. O ! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
Which rais'd in me
A courage to bear up
Against what should ensue.

⁷ — *In lieu o' the premises,—*] *In lieu of*, means here, in consideration of—in exchange for.

⁸ *Fated to the practise,*] Shakespeare constantly uses the word *practise*, to denote contrivance, artifice, or conspiracy.—COLLIER.

⁹ *To cry to the sea that roar'd to us,*] The same idea occurs in *The Winter's Tale*,—"How the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them."

Mir. How came we ashore ?

Pro. 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 my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. 'Would I might
But ever see that man.

Pro. Now I arise :— [*Soft music*

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd ; and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

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

Pro. Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady,¹⁰ 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 ; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way ;—I know thou can'st not choose.¹¹—

[*MIRANDA sleeps—(music ceases).*]

Come away, servant, come ; I am ready now :

Approach, my Ariel ; come. [*ARIEL appears.*]

Ari. All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,

¹⁰ *Now my dear lady,*] Fortune now my auspicious mistress.

¹¹ — *I know thou can'st not choose.*—] As the art of Prospero
has brought this sleepiness upon Miranda.

To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point¹² the tempest that I bade thee:

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,¹³
Now in the waist,¹⁴ the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. (B) The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,¹⁵ and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,¹⁶
Then all a-fire 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. (C)

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

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,¹⁷
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,

¹² *Perform'd to point*] i. e., to the minutest article.

¹³ *Beak,*] Forecastle.

¹⁴ — *the waist,*] The part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle.

¹⁵ — *felt a fever of the mad,*] i. e., not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is upon them.

¹⁶ — *quit the vessel,*] *Quit* is here used for *quitted*.

¹⁷ *On their sustaining garments not a blemish,*] Enduring-garments, which bore, without being injured, the drenching of the sea.

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

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

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in a deep nook she's hid:
The mariners, all under hatches stow'd,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And all upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.

Ari. 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.

Pro. How now, moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.¹⁸

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
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.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? (D)

Ari. No.

Pro. 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.

¹⁸ *What is't thou can'st demand?*

My liberty.] The spirits or familiars attending on magicians
were always supposed to be impatient of confinement.

Ari. I do not, sir.

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

Ari. No, sir.

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

Ari. Sir, in Argier.¹⁹

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st.
This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought
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.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. 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:
It was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. 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.

¹⁹ *Sir, in Argier.*] Argier is the ancient English name for Algiers.

Ari. Pardon, master :
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so ; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

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

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea ;
Be subject to no sight but mine ; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't : hence, with diligence.

[*ARIEL disappears.*
Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;
Awake !

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

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

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

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him :²⁰ he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood ; and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !
Thou earth, thou? speak.

Cal. (within.) There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say ; there's other business for thee ;
Come forth, thou tortoise ! when ?²¹

[*ARIEL rises from the sea like a water nymph.*
Fine apparition ! My quaint Ariel,²²
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Floats away.*

²⁰ *We cannot miss him :* i. e., we cannot do without him.

²¹ — *when ?*] An expression of great impatience, equivalent to "when will such a thing be done?"

²² — *My quaint Ariel,*] Quaint means brisk, spruce, dexterous, from the French *cointe*.

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

Enter CALIBAN (E) from Cavern.

Cal. As wicked dew²³ 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!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins²⁴
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,²⁵
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. 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: would'st 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 of the island.

Pro. 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 abuse

²³ *As wicked dew*] *Wicked*, having baneful qualities—so Spencer says, *wicked weed*.

²⁴ — *urchins*] *Urchins* sometimes mean hedge-hogs, but it is probable that in this place they denote fairies or spirits.

²⁵ — *for that vast of night that they may work,*] So in *Hamlet*—
“In the dead waste and middle of the night.”

My gentle child. 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 would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known.

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

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, th' wert 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; and make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee!—
Must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*]
It would control my dam's god Setebos,²⁶
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!
[*Exit CALIBAN.*]

*ARIEL floats across the sands, playing; FERDINAND
following.*

SONG AND CHORUS BY INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of chanticlere.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or the
earth?
sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,

²⁶ — *Setebos.*] Setebos, the supreme God of the Patagonians,
is mentioned in Magellan's voyage as a frightful horned monster.

Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters ;
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather :—But 'tis gone.

[*Chorus recommences.*

No, it begins again.

SONG AND CHORUS.

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 :
Hark ! now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
Burden, ding-dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father :—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owns.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mir. What is't ? a spirit ?

Pro. No, wench ; it eats and sleeps, and hath such
senses

As we have, such : This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck ; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine ; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess [*Kneels.*
On whom these airs attend !—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island ;

And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mir. No wonder, sir;

But, certainly a maid.

Fer. (*rising*) My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

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

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords.

Pro. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:²⁷—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!

[*Aside.*

Fer. O, if unmarried,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of Naples.

Pro. A word, good sir.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou own'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am alive.

Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

Pro. Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.

[*To FERDINAND.*

I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:

²⁷ *They have chang'd eyes:*] The mutual transposition of self-love,
or transfer of personal identity, at sight of the beloved object.

Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscled, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled : Follow.

Fer. No :

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

[*He draws his sword, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mir. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.²⁸

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor !²⁹—Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;³⁰
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are :

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.³¹
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, 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. [*ARIEL appears again.*]

Pro. Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [*To ARIEL.*]

²⁸ *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] The probable meaning of this line is, "He's noble and not timorous—he will not tamely bear an insult."

²⁹ *My foot my tutor!*] Shall my heel teach my head? Shall that which I tread upon give me law?

³⁰ — *come from thy ward;*] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence.—JOHNSON.

³¹ *My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.*] Alluding to a common sensation in dreams, when we struggle, but with a total impuissance in our endeavors, to run, strike, &c.—WARBURTON.

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

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

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him.

[*Exeunt.*

DISTANT CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

END OF ACT FIRST.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FIRST.

(A) *A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ;]*

In the British Museum there is a French copy of an ancient romance, entitled the *Geste of King Horn*. One might almost conclude that some English translation of it existed in Shakespeare's time, and that he had in the above passage imitated the following description of the boat, in which Horn and his companions were put by king Rodmund at the suggestion of Browans :—"Sir, said he, take one of your old boats, put into it these varlets whom I see here ; let them have no oars to help them, sail nor rudder to put them in motion."—*Illustrations of Shakespeare, by Francis Douce.*

(B) *I flam'd amazement,]* There is a meteor known to sailors, and called by the several names of the fire of *Saint Helen, Saint Elm, Saint Herm, Saint Clare, Saint Peter, and Saint Nicholas*. Whenever it appeared as a single flame it was supposed by the ancients to be *Helena*, the sister of Castor and Pollux, and in this state to bring ill luck, from the calamities which this lady is known to have caused in the Trojan war. When it came double it was called Castor and Pollux, and accounted a good omen. It has been described as a little blaze of fire, sometimes appearing by night on the tops of soldiers' lances, or at sea on masts and sail-yards, whirling and leaping in a moment from one place to another. Some have said, but erroneously, that it never appears but *after a tempest*. It is also supposed to lead people to suicide by drowning. Shakespeare seems to have consulted Stephen Batman's *Golden Booke of the leaden Goddess*, who, speaking of Castor and Pollux, says "they were figured like two lampes or cresset lightes, one on the toppe of a maste, the other on the stemme or foreshippe." He adds, that if the light first appears in the stem or foreship and ascends upwards, it is good luck ; if *either lights begin at the top-mast, bowsprit, or foreship, and descend towards the sea, it is a sign of tempest*. In taking therefore the latter position, Ariel had fulfilled the commands of Prospero to raise a storm.—*Douce.*

(C) *And all the devils are here.]* It is exceedingly probable that the outline of a considerable part of this play was borrowed from the voyage of Sir George Sommers to the Bermudas, in the year

1609, where he was shipwrecked. Several contemporary narratives of the above event were published, which Shakspeare might have consulted; and the conversation of the time might have furnished, or at least suggested, some particulars that are not to be found in any of the printed accounts. In 1610 Silvester Jourdan, an eye-witness, published *A discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the ISLE OF DIVELS: By Sir Thomas Gates, Sir Geo. Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with divers others*. Next followed Strachey's *Proceedings of the English colonie in Virginia 1612*, 4to, and some other pamphlets of less moment. From these accounts it appears that the Bermudas had never been inhabited, but regarded as *under the influence of enchantment*; though an edition to a subsequent edition of Jourdan's work gravely states that they are *not enchanted*; that Sommer's ship had been *split* between two rocks; that during his stay on the island several *conspiracies* had taken place; and that a *sea-monster in shape like a man* had been seen, who had been so called after the *monstrous tempests* that often happened at Bermuda. In Stowe's *Annals* we have also an account of Sommer's shipwreck, in which this important passage occurs: "Sir George Sommers sitting at the stearne, seeing the ship desperat of reliefe, looking every minute when the ship would sinke, hee espied land, which according to his and Captaine Newport's opinion, they judged it should be that dreadfull coast of the *Bermodes*, which island were of all nations said and supposed to bee *enchanted and inhabited with witches and devills*, which grew by reason of accustomed monstrous thunder, storm and *tempest*, neere unto those islands, also that for the whole coast is so wonderous dangerous of rockes, that few can approach them, but with unspeakable hazard of *ship-wrack*." Now if some of these circumstances in the shipwreck of Sir George Sommers be considered, it may possibly turn out that they are "the particular and recent event which determined Shakspeare to call his play *The Tempest*."—Douce.

(D) *Dost thou forget from what a torment I did free thee?*] That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, some (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it, *dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth*). Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthly spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the less vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

—————*Thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands.*

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The Black Art*,

or *Knowledge of Enchantment*. The enchanter being (as King James observes in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him*. Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntarily allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind, who dealt with them by way of command*. Thus Prospero repents of his art in the last scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, as serving with unwillingness; therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, *but hate him rootedly*.—Of these trifles enough.—*Johnson*.

(*Enter Caliban.*) In the British Museum is preserved translation by John Florio (1603), of Montaigne's *Essays*, in which Shakespeare's autograph is inscribed, thereby affording probability that this identical volume was once the property of the great poet. The chapter on Cannibals affords undoubted evidence that Shakespeare was acquainted with the work, as a speech of Gonzalo's, act 2nd, scene 1st (*omitted in representation*), is almost literally copied from Montaigne's descriptions of a newly discovered country (chap. 30)—and it is not unlikely that (according to Dr. Farmer's opinion) by transposing the letters of the word Canibal, Shakespeare formed the name of Caliban.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—INTERIOR OF THE ISLAND.

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

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause
(So have we all) of joy: for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: 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.

Alo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Gon. Well, I have done.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,
Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,
It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.¹
The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, almost beyond credit) that our garments being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold, notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water, and are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel, to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis, at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen. Are not, sir, my garments as fresh as the first day I wore them, at your daughter's marriage?

¹ — *delicate temperance.*] Soft temperature.

Alo. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense: Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost. O, thou, mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan.

Fra. Sir, he may live.
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs. I do not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alo. No, no, he's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter
But rather lose her to an African;
We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: the fault's your own.

Alo. So is the dearest of the loss.
Gon. My Lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Enter ARIEL invisible. Solemn music.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.
Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my dis-
cretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am
very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.
[*All sleep but ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, and ANTONIO.*]
Alo. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclined to do so.

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

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

Alo. Thank you. Wond'rous heavy.—
[*ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*]
Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more :—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on :
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir;
Although this lord hath almost persuaded
The king his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here swims.

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

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks I do.

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

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient s'eel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye² might put

² — for aye] for ever.

This ancient morsel,³ this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course.

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

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

Seb. O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

Music. *Re-enter* ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master, through his art, foresees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth,
(For else his project dies), to keep them living.⁴

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

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

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They wake.*]

Alo. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are you drawn!⁵
Wherefore thus ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

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

³ *This ancient morsel,*] This aged piece of a man—in allusion to Gonzalo.

⁴ — *to keep them living.*] To preserve their lives.

⁵ *Why are you drawn?*] Having your swords drawn.

Alo. I heard nothing.
Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one, too, which did awake me:
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity: 'Best stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alo. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

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

Alo. Lead away. [*Exeunt.*

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done.

[*Aside.*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son.

[*Flies away.*

Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometimes like apes, that moe⁶ and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their prickles at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders,⁷ who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—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.

⁶ ——— *that moe*] Make mouths at me.

⁷ ——— *wound with adders,*] Enwrapped by adders, wound or twisted about me.

Enter TRINCULO.

Tri. 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 bombard⁸ that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.⁹ A strange fish! Legg'd 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 suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas! the storm is come again; my best way is to creep under his gaberdine;¹⁰ there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shroud, till the drench of the storm be past.

A STORM TAKES PLACE.

Enter STEPHANO, singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die a-shore;—

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

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,

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune, too: But here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

⁸ *looks like a foul bombard*] The word bombard means a large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.

⁹ *Poor-John.*] A coarse kind of fish, salted and dried. The fish itself is called also hake.—*NARES'S GLOSSARY.*

¹⁰ *Gaberdine;*] The coarse frock, or outward garment of a peasant.

Cal. Do not torment me : O !

Ste. What's the matter ! Have we devils here ? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde ? 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.

Cal. The spirit torments me : O !

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

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee ;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now ; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit ; If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him ;¹¹ he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt Anon, I know it by thy trembling ;¹²
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, cat ;¹³ 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.

Tri. I should know that voice : It should be—But he is drown'd ; and these are devils : O ! defend me !—

¹¹ *I will not take too much for him ;*] Too much means, any sum, ever so-much.

¹² *I know it by thy trembling ;*] This tremor is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil.

¹³ *Cat ;*] Alluding to an old proverb, that *good liquor will make a cat speak.*

Ste. Four legs, and two voices ; a most delicate monster His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : Come,—Amen!¹⁴ I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.¹⁵

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

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth ; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed : How cam'st thou to be the siege¹⁶ of this moon-calf?¹⁷

Tri. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke :—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon's-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm : And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about ; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites. That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! Here ; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Tri. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck ; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

¹⁴ *Amen!*] Means, stop your draught—come to a conclusion. .

¹⁵ *I have no long spoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *a long spoon to eat with the devil.* It may be found in Chaucer.

¹⁶ *Siege*] Stool.

¹⁷ *Moon-calf.*] An inanimate shapeless mass.]

Tri. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

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

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?¹⁸

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon (A) when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee.

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

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afeard of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.¹⁹

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island; And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Tri. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

Tri. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew 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 wond'rous man.

¹⁸ *Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?*] The newly-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador, asked, by signs, whether Columbus and his companions were not come down from heaven.

¹⁹ *Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.*] Caliban has just had another draught from Stephano's bottle of "celestial liquor," and Trinculo compliments him upon having taken so capital a "pull," or "draw."

Tri. A most ridiculous monster ; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young sea-mells²⁰ from the rock : Wilt thou go with me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here ; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell.

[*Sings drunkenly.*]

Tri. A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.²¹

Ste. O brave monster ! lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

²⁰ *Sea-mells.*] A species of sea-gulls.

²¹ — *Get a new man.*] In allusion to Prospero, who must now find a new servant, as he (Caliban) is about to serve a new master.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT SECOND.

(A) *I was the man in the moon.*] This is a very old superstition, founded, as Mr. Ritson has observed, on *Numbers* xv. 32. See *Ancient songs*, p. 34. So far the tradition is still preserved amongst nurses and schoolboys; but how the culprit came to be imprisoned in the moon, has not yet been accounted for. It should seem that he had not merely gathered sticks on the sabbath, but that he had *stolen* what he gathered, as appears from the following lines in Chaucer's *Testament of Creseid*, where the poet, describing the moon, informs us that she had

"On her brest a chorle painted ful even
Bearing a bush of thorns on his backe,
Which for his *theyt* might climb no ner the heven."

We are to suppose that he was doomed to perpetual confinement in this planet, and precluded from every possibility of inhabiting the mansions of the just. With the Italians, Cain appears to have been the offender, and he is alluded to in a very extraordinary manner by Dante, in the twentieth canto of the *Inferno*, where the moon is described by the periphrasis *Caino e le spine*. One of the commentators on that poet says, that this alludes to the popular opinion of Cain loaded with the bundle of faggots; but how he procured them we are not informed. The Jews have some Talmudical story that Jacob is in the moon, and they believe that his face is visible. The natives of Ceylon instead of a man, have placed a hare in the moon; and it is said to have got there in the following manner:—Their great Deity, Buddha, when a hermit on earth, lost himself one day in the forest. After wandering about in great distress he met a hare, who thus addressed him: "It is in my power to extricate you from your difficulty; take the path on your right hand, and it will lead you out of the forest." "I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Hare," said Buddha, "but I am unfortunately very poor and very hungry, and have nothing to offer you in reward for your kindness." "If you are hungry," returned the hare, "I am again at your service; make a fire, kill me, roast me, and eat me." Buddha made the fire, and the hare instantly jumped into it. Buddha now exerted his miraculous powers, snatched the animal from the flames, and threw him into the moon, where he has ever since remained. This is from the information of a learned and intelligent French gentleman, recently arrived from Ceylon, who adds that the Cingalese would often request of him to permit them

to look for the hare through his telescope, and exclaim in raptures that they saw it. It is remarkable that the Chinese represent the moon by a rabbit pounding rice in a mortar. Their mythological moon Jut-ho is figured by a beautiful young woman with a double sphere behind her head, and a rabbit at her feet. The period of this animal's gestation is thirty days; may it not therefore typify the moon's revolution round the earth?—*Douce.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—ANOTHER PART OF THE ISLAND.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful ; but their labour
Delight in them sets off :¹ This my mean task would be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious ; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures.

Enter MIRANDA.

Mir. Alas, now ! pray you,
Work not so hard : I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile !

Fer. Dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : Pray, give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile. You look wearily.

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

Mir. Miranda :—O my father,
I have broke your hest² to say so !

Fer. Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard. But you, O you,

¹ — but their labour delight in them sets off :] The same thought
is in Macbeth—"The labour we delight in physicks pain."

hest] For *behest*, i.e., command.

So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.³

Mir. 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
Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ;
And, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Fer. O, heaven ! O, earth ! bear witness to this sound,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,⁴
I love, prize, honour you.

Mir. I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mir. At mine unworthiness.
But this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks⁵ 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 fellow⁶
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.
Here's my hand.

³ *Of every creature's best.*] A collection of the best things possessed by every other creature.

⁴ — *of what else i' the world,*] i.e., of aught else ; of whatever else there is in the world.

⁵ — *it seeks*] i.e., my affection seeks.

⁶ — *to be your fellow*] i.e., companion.

Mr. And mine, with my heart in't: And now, farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer.

A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*]

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em:⁷ Servant-monster, drink to me.

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

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

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

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ~~he~~ I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Tri. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.⁸

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

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

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

Tri. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to jostle a constable: Why, thou debauch'd fish thou, was there ever a 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?

⁷ ——— and board 'em:] a metaphor alluding to a chase at sea.

⁸ ——— he's no standard.] Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand.

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

Tri. Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

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

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

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

ABIEL appears.

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

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

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

Tri. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—
Proceed.

[To CALIBAN.]

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle:
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou dar'st:
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

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

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

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

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this?⁹ 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 shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

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

Tri. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further
off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

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

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

Cal. Ha, Ha, Ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further
off.

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

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him,
I'the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand¹⁰ with thy knife: Remember,
First to possess his books;¹¹ for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command.

⁹ *What a py'd ninny's this ?*] In allusion to the party-coloured
dress worn by Trinculo, the jester.

¹⁰ *Wezand*] i.e., throat.

¹¹ *Remember, first to possess his books ;*] In the old romances, the
sorcerer is always furnished with a *book*, by reading certain parts
of which he is enabled to summon to his aid whatever demons or
spirits he has occasion to employ. When he is deprived of
book, his power ceases.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be vice-roys:—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Tri. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master:

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure; Let us be jocund: Will you troll the catch¹² You taught me but while-ens?

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

Flout' em, and skout' em; and skout' em, and flout' em;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*The tune is played on a tabor and pipe, by ARIEL invisible.*

Ste. What is this same?

Tri. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of No-body.

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

Tri. O, forgive me my sins!

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

Cal. Art thou afeard?¹³

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,

¹²— [*Will you troll the catch*] Will you put about the song in a like jovial manner?—NARES.

¹³ [*Art thou afeard?*] To afeard is an obsolete verb.

Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

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

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

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow.—I would, I could see
this taborer : he lays it on. Wilt come ?

Tri. I follow, Stephano.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Gon. By'r lakin,¹⁴ I can go no further, Sir ;
My old bones ache : here by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alo. 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 frustrate¹⁵ search on land ; Well let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

[*Aside to SEBASTIAN.*]

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly. [*Solemn Music.*]

Alo. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet music !

¹⁴ *By'r lakin,*] The diminutive of our lady ; *id. est.*, ladykin.

¹⁵ *Our frustrate search*] Frustrate—frustrated.

THE SCENE IS GRADUALLY TRANSFORMED FROM
BARRENNESS TO LUXURIANT VEGETATION.

AFTER WHICH
ENTER MANY STRANGE SHAPES,^(A) BEARING FRUIT
AND FLOWERS,
WITH WHICH THEY FORM A BANQUET,
AND DISAPPEAR.

Alo. Give us kind keepers, heavens!
What were these!

Fra. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Wil't please you taste of what is here?

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?

Alo. 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.

ARIEL rises like a Harpy. (B)

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
Hath caused the never-surfeited sea
To belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit: you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live.

[*Seeing ALONSO, SEBASTION, &c., draw their
swords.—(Thunder.)*]

You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; 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

Ling'ring perdition shall step by step attend
 You, and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from
 Is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.¹⁶ [*He vanishes in thunder.*]

Alo. 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.¹⁷
 Therefore my son i'the ooze is bedded ; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
 I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.]

Gon. I do beseech you
 That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
 And hinder them from what this ecstasy¹⁸
 May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]

MUSIC. THE SHAPES, &c., RE-APPEAR.¹⁹

DANCE.

¹⁶ *And a clear life ensuing.*] i. e., a miserable state, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.

¹⁷ — *it did bass my trespass.*] It gave the bass notes to my trespass.

¹⁸ — *this ecstasy*] Alienation of mind—madness—in this sense the word is now obsolete.

¹⁹ Satyrs are described as always joining in the dances and revels of nymphs.

END OF ACT THIRD.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT THIRD.

(A) *Ariel rises like a Harpy.*] Pantomimes were exhibited in France and Italy, and were known and instituted in this country. Flying, rising, and descending services were to be found at entertainments given by the Duke of Burgundy, &c., in 1453, and by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1600, &c.

(B) *Enter many strange shapes, dressed as Naiads, Dryads, and Satyrs.*] The nymphs of fresh water, whether of rivers, lakes, brooks, or springs, were designated by the general name—Naiades. The early Greeks saw, in all the phenomena of nature, some manifestations of the Deity.

Springs, rivers, grottoes, trees, and mountains, all seemed to them fraught with life, and all were only the visible embodiment of so many divine agents. The salutary and beneficent powers of nature were thus personified, and regarded as so many divinities.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—PROSPERO'S CELL.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. 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; all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test:¹ here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: So
Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

[*ARIEL appears.*

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

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,²
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

¹ ——— *strangely stood the test:*] Strangely is here used as a term of commendation.—“Thou hast wonderfully stood the test.”

² *go, bring the rabble,*] The crew of meaner spirits.

Some vanity of mine art; ³ it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently? ⁴

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *so*, *so*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mowe: ⁵
Do you love me, master? no.

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

Ari. Well I conceive. [Disappears.]

Pro. No tongue; ⁶ all eyes; be silent. [Soft music.]

A M A S Q U E. (A)

IRIS (B) APPEARS.

VIEW OF ELEUSIS (C) AND ITS TEMPLE, DEDICATED TO THE GODDESS CERES.

Iri. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy banks with pioned and till'd ⁷ brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns.
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.

³ — *vanity of mine art*;] i. e., illusion of mine art.

⁴ *Presently!*] Now? at once?

⁵ — *with mop and mowe*:] A colloquial corruption of *mocks* and *mouths*.

⁶ *No tongue*:] Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, "else," as we are afterwards told, "the spell is marred."—JOHNSON.

⁷ — *with pioned and till'd brims*,] Till'd refers to cultivation by "pioning" or digging.—COLLIER.

Enter CERES. (D)

Cer. 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,⁸ and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth : Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

Iri. A contract of true love to celebrate ;
And some donation freely to bestow
On the bless'd lovers

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes : I know her by her gait.

JUNO DESCENDS, (E)

ACCOMPANIED BY

THE GRACES (F) AND THE SEASONS (G)

WITH OTHER SPIRITS.

SONG.

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

Cer. Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing ;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing ;
Rain come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest !
Earth's increase, and foison plenty ;⁹
Barns and garners never empty.
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

⁸ *My bosky acres,*] Woody acres, or fields divided from each other by hedge-rows.

⁹ *Earth's increase, and foison plenty ;*] The produce of the earth and (*foison*) plenty to the utmost abundance.

CHORUS.

At end of chorus, PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks.

Pro.— [To the Spirits.] Well done; — avoid: —
no more. [Spirits vanish.]

[*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.

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

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

Pro. 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-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,¹⁰ shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,¹¹
Leave not a rack behind:¹² We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. } We wish you peace. [*Exeunt.*
Mir. }

Pro. Come with a thought:—I thank you:—Ariel, come.
[ARIEL appears.]

¹⁰ — all which it inherit,] All who possess, who dwell upon it.

¹¹ faded,] Vanished.

¹² Leave not a rack behind:] Leave not a trace—leave not the smallest particle of a feathery cloud behind.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to:¹³ What's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.¹⁴

Ari. Ay, my commander!

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

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project; at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to their chins in the foul lake.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale¹⁵ to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Disappears.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture¹⁶ can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,

[*ARIEL re-appears, loaded with glittering apparel, &c.*]

Even to roaring:—Come, place them on this seat.
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,¹⁷ or cat o' mountain.

Ari. They shall roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies;

¹³ *Thy thoughts I cleave to:*] To cleave to, is to unite with closely;

¹⁴ — *o meet with Caliban.*] To counteract Caliban.

¹⁵ *For stale*] Stale is a word in *fowling*, and is used to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

¹⁶ *Nurture can never stick;*] Nurture is education.

¹⁷ *pard,*] Leopard.

Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
wet and muddy.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall :¹⁸ we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, 'is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.¹⁹

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

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

Tri. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good, my lord, give me thy favour still :
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance : therefore, speak softly ;
All hush'd as midnight yet.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tri. O, King Stephano ! O, peer ! O, worthy Ste-
phano ! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee !

¹⁸ *that the blindmole may not hear a footfall :*] The mole is supposed to possess the quality of hearing to a high degree.

¹⁹ ——— *play'd the Jack with us.*] Jack with a lantern ; has led us about like an ignis fatuus.

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

Tri. O, ho! monster; we know what belongs to a frippery.²⁰ O, King Stephano!

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

Tri. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage? Let's along, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown, he'll fill our skin with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.

Cal. We shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles,²¹ or to apes With foreheads villainous low.²²

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

Tri. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A NOISE OF HUNTERS HEARD.

ENTER DIVERS SPIRITS, IN VARIOUS SHAPES,

AND HUNT THEM ABOUT;

ARIEL, FLYING ON A BAT'S BACK,

SETTING THEM ON.

²⁰ — *a frippery.*] A frippery was a shop where old clothes were sold, and the person who kept one of these shops was called a fripper. Strype, in the Life of Stowe, says, that these frippers lived in Birchin-lane and Cornhill.

²¹ — *turn'd to barnacles.*] The barnacle is a kind of shell fish, growing on a flexible stem, and adhering to loose timber, bottoms of ships, &c., anciently supposed to turn into a Solan goose. Whether the fish or the bird be meant in the above passage, is not clear.—NARES'S GLOSSARY.

²² *With foreheads villainous low.*] Low foreheads were anciently reckoned amongst deformities.—STEEVENS.

HISTORICAL NOTES TO ACT FOURTH.

(A) *A Masque.*] The ancient English *pageants* were shows exhibited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the street. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were sometimes in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles very costly ornaments were bestowed. When King James and his Queen passed from the Tower to Westminster, seven gates or arches were erected in different places, through which the procession passed. Over the first gate "was represented the true likeness of all the notable houses, Towers and steeples, within the citie of London." "The sixt arche or gate of triumph was erected above the Conduit in Fleete-Streete, whereon the GLOBE of the world was seen to move, &c. At Temple-bar a seaventh arche or gate was erected, the fore-front whereof was proportioned in every respect like a TEMPLE, being dedicated to Janus, &c. The citie of Westminster, and dutchy of Lancaster, at the Strand had erected the invention of a Rainbow, the moone, sunne, and starres, advanced between two Pyramides, &c." ANNALS, p. 1429, edit. 1605.—*Malene.*

(B) *Iris*, is described by Homer in the *Iliad* as the messenger of the Gods, especially of Zeus and Hera (Jupiter and Juno). *Iris* appears to have been originally the personification of the rainbow: for this brilliant phenomenon in the skies, which vanishes as quickly as it appears, was regarded as the swift messenger of the Gods. Some poets describe *Iris* as the rainbow itself; but other writers represent the rainbow as only the road on which *Iris* travels. *Iris* is represented in works of art dressed in a long tunic, with wings attached to her shoulders, and carrying the Herald's staff in her left hand.

(C) Eleusis, a town of Attica, situate N. W. of Athens. It possessed a magnificent temple of Demeter (Ceres), and it gave its name to the great festival of the Eleusinia, which was celebrated in honour of Demeter (Ceres) and her daughter Tersephone.

(D) Ceres, under the name of Demeter, one of the greatest divinities of the Greeks—was the goddess of the earth, and her name probably signified *mother-earth*. She was the protectress of agriculture, and of all the fruits of the earth. The Romans received from Sicily the worship of Demeter, to whom they gave the name of Ceres.

In works of art, Demeter is represented wearing around her head a garland of corn-ears; and in her hand she held a sceptre of corn-ears or a poppy.

(E) Juno—this goddess was worshipped under the name of Juno at Rome, as the queen of heaven, but was called Hera by the Greeks. As Jupiter is the king of heaven and of the gods, so Juno is the queen or the female Jupiter. She is represented as adorned with a crown or diadem. A veil frequently hangs down the back of her head, to characterise her as the bride of Zeus (Jupiter); and the diadem, veil, sceptre, and peacock, are her ordinary attributes.

(F) The Graces, called Charites by the Greeks, were the personification of Grace and Beauty. They are usually described as three in number, and were the goddesses who enhanced the enjoyments of life by refinement and gentleness. They lent their grace and beauty to every thing that delighted and elevated gods and men, and were described as in the service of other divinities.

(G) Seasons (Horæ)—Originally the goddesses of the order of nature and the seasons, but in later times, the goddesses of order in general, and of justice. The course of the seasons is symbolically described as the dance of the Horæ. They bear a resemblance to, and are mentioned along with, the Graces, and both are frequently confounded or identified. They were the protectresses of youth, and gave to the state good laws, justice, and peace.

For Classical Authorities Vide Smith's Dictionary.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO.

PROSPERO *in his magic robes.*

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.¹ Ariel! say,

[*ARIEL appears.*

How fares the king and his?²

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir;
They cannot budge, till your release.³ The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay;
Your charm so strongly works them,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch,⁴ a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

¹ — *time goes upright with his carriage.*] Time goes upright with his burden. Events move on rightly.

² *How fares the king and his?*] And his followers.

³ — *till your release.*] Till you release them.

⁴ — *a touch,*] A sensation.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further : Go, release them, Ariel ;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Disappears.*]

Pro. Ye elves⁵ of hills (A), brooks, standing lakes and
groves ;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune ; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be,) I have be-dimm'd
The noon-tide 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 : 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.* PROSPERO describes a Circle
with his wand.]

Pro. Ariel [*ARIEL reappears.*]

Dainty spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free. I shall miss thee ;
But yet thou shalt have freedom :
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art :
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches ; the master, and the boatswain,

⁵ *Ye elves*] Fairies and elves are frequently in the poets mentioned together.

Being awake, enforce them to this place ;
And presently I pr'ythee.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

Pro. Set Caliban and his companions free.
Untie the spell.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit* ARIEL.]

Pro. I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan.⁶

[*Exit* PROSPERO into cavern.]

Enter 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.

Gon. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country.

SONG BY INVISIBLE SPIRIT.

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 sunset merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Enter PROSPERO, as the Duke of Milan.

Pro. There stand, for you are spell-stopp'd.
Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me.
Noble Gonzalo—honourable man—
Mine eyes e'en sociable to the flow of thine,
Fall fellow drops.—The charm dissolves apace ;

⁶ *I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:] id est., I will take off this dress,
and present myself as I was sometime since, the Duke of Milan.*

Pro. 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.

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

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.¹¹
 But howsoe'r you have
 Been jostled 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 wreck'd, was landed,
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this.
 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.

*The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND
 and MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Alo. If this prove
 A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

[FERDINAND and MIRANDA come from the cell.]

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
 I have curs'd them without cause.

[FERDINAND kneels to ALONSO.]

Alo. Now all the blessings

¹¹ *I am woe for't, sir.*] I am sorry for it. *To be woe* is often used by old writers to signify "to be sorry."

Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mir. O! wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!

Alo. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;

But, by immortal providence, she's mine;
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice: nor thought I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alo. I am hers:

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;

Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.

Alo. Give me your hands:

[To FERDINAND and MIRANDA.

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

Enter the MASTER and BOATSWAIN amazedly.

O, look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
What is the news?

Boa. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,
Is tight, and yare,¹² and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Pro. How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

¹² — *Yare,*] Ready,

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:—Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!¹³

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

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed! How fine my master is! I am afraid He will chastise me. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alo. Is this not Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Tri. 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.¹⁴

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.¹⁵

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

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

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

[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners, As in his shape:—Go, sirrah, to my cell; Take with you your companions; as you look To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will: and I'll be wise hereafter, And seek for grace: What a thrice-double ass Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, And worship this dull fool?

¹³ *Coragio!*] An exclamation of encouragement.

¹⁴ — *fly-blowing.*] Such a pickle alludes to their being left by Ariel "in the filthy mantled pool;" and *pickling* preserves meat from *fly-blowing*.

¹⁵ — *but a cramp.*] I am all over a cramp. Prospero having ordered Ariel "to shorten up their sinews with aged cramps."

Pro. Go to ; away !

[*Exeunt* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

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

Alo. I long

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

Pro. I'll deliver all ;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.
Please you draw near.

[*Exeunt all but* PROSPERO *into cell.*

My Ariel ; chick ! [ARIEL *appears.*
That is thy charge ; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well !

NIGHT DESCENDS.

THE SPIRITS, RELEASED BY PROSPERO,

TAKE THEIR FLIGHT FROM THE ISLAND, INTO THE AIR.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

Where the bee sucks, &c., &c.

MORNING BREAKS, AND SHOWS

A SHIP IN A CALM,

PREPARED TO CONVEY THE KING AND HIS
COMPANIONS BACK TO NAPLES.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO FROM THE DECK OF THE VESSEL.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own ;
Which is most faint : 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.¹⁶
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 ;¹⁷
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.

THE SHIP GRADUALLY SAILS OFF,

THE ISLAND RECEDES FROM SIGHT,

AND ARIEL REMAINS ALONE IN MID-AIR, WATCHING
THE DEPARTURE OF HIS LATE MASTER.

DISTANT CHORUS OF SPIRITS.

¹⁶ *With the help of your good hands.*] By your applause, by clapping hands.—Noise being supposed to dissolve a spell.

¹⁷ *Unless I be reliev'd by prayer ;*] This is an allusion 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.

THE END.

HISTORICAL NOTE TO ACT FIFTH.

(A) *Ye elves of hills.*] The different species of the fairy tribe are called in the Northern languages *aelfen*, *elfen*, and *alpen*, words of remote and uncertain etymology. The Greek *ολβιοι*, *felix*, is not so plausible an original as the Teutonic *helfen*, *juvare*; because many of these supernatural beings were supposed to be of a mischievous nature, but all of them might very properly be invoked to assist mankind. Some of the northern nations regarded them as the souls of men who in this world had given themselves up to corporeal pleasures, and trespassed against human laws. It was conceived, therefore, that they were doomed to wander for a certain time about the earth, and to be bound in a kind of servitude to mortals. One of their occupations was that of protecting horses in the stable. See Olaus Magnus *de gentibus septentrionalibus*, lib. iii, cap. xi. It is probable that our fairy system is originally derived from the Fates, Fauns, Nymphs, Dryads, Deæ matres, &c., of the ancients, in like manner as other Pagan superstitions were corruptedly retained after the promulgation of Christianity. The general stock might have been augmented and improved by means of the crusades and other causes of intercourse with the nations of the East.—*Douce*.

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