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Shakespeare - The Tempest - 1873
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BEGUN IN 1858
William Shakspeare's play

Of

The Tempest:

With

Critical and Explanatory Notes.

Adapted for Scholastic or Private Study, and for those qualifying for University and Government Examinations.

By the Rev. John Hunter, M.A.

One of the National Society's Examiners of Middle-Class Schools:
Formerly Vice-Principal of the Society's Training College, Battersea.


London:
Longmans, Green, and Co.
1873.

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# Hunter's Annotated Shakespeare

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The play of *The Tempest* stands first in the folio collection of 1623, and no earlier copy of it is known; but probably its first production was in 1610 or 1611.

In 1603 was first printed Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, a copy of which having Shakespeare's autograph on the fly-leaf is in the Library of the British Museum; and as in the present play there is a speech of Gonzalo unquestionably founded on a passage in Florio's Montaigne, we may be sure that *The Tempest* was not written before 1603, unless Shakespeare had earlier access to Florio's translation in manuscript. That it was written not later than 1611 is evident from 'Accounts of the Revels at Court,' preserved in the Audit Office, which contain a memorandum of a play called *The Tempest* having been presented before King James on Hallowmas Night (Nov. 1), 1611. Probably *The Tempest* was then a new play, as 'the still-vexed Bermoothes,' to which it refers, had recently become notorious from a narrative, published in 1610, of the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on the coast of Bermudas in 1609. In this and in other accounts the Bermudas were said to be inhabited only by witches and devils; and as earlier voyagers had reported the stormy dangers of the Bermudas, the recent relation of the disaster of 1609 might naturally suggest to Shakespeare the epithet 'still-vexed.'

Probably no actually existing island was intended by Shakespeare as the scene of this play. Certainly he could not with any propriety have chosen Bermuda to be the residence of such a being as Miranda, although he might well feign the midnight dew of that habitation of witches and devils to be of such
magic potency as to justify Ariel being sent thither to fetch some of it for the spell-devising Prospero. In a Disquisition on Shakespeare's Tempest, by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, it is maintained that the scene of the play was Lampedusa, an uninhabited island in the Mediterranean, believed by sailors to be enchanted, and 'lying not far out of a ship's course passing from Tunis to Naples.' Douce also asserts that this Lampedusa 'will turn out to be the veritable island' of Prospero 'whenever the Italian novel on which the play was founded shall be discovered.' For our own part, we cannot think that Shakespeare would have hazarded the interest of his play by permitting its incidents to be referred to any known locality. The island of Prospero should be merely conceived as having been somewhere in a circuitous route from Tunis to Naples, and as having never again been visited or seen after Prospero's wand was broken, and his book drowned in the unfathomable sea.

That 'some novel on which the play was founded' may yet be discovered is possible enough; for Shakespeare was ever more ready to dramatize existing stories than to devise plots for himself. Collins, the poet, appears to have read a romance that might have supplied the groundwork of The Tempest; for he stated to Mr. T. Warton that the principal character in the story was a chemical necromancer who had a spirit like Ariel in his service; but Collins, who was then unsound in his mind, gave as the name of the romance, 'Aurelio and Isabella,' in which he has been shown to have been mistaken.

In the 'New Monthly Magazine,' for January 1841, is a paper by Mr. Thoms, on the 'Early English and German Dramas,' in which is mentioned a play by Jacob Ayrer, a notary of Nuremberg, entitled Die schöne Sida (the Beautiful Sida), as bearing considerable resemblance to The Tempest, and as conjectured by Tieck to have been a translation of some old English play from which Shakespeare derived his plot. In the German drama, it is said, Prince Ludolph and Prince Leudegaß supply the places of Prospero and Alonso. Ludolph is a magician, and has an only daughter, Sidae, and an attendant spirit, Runcifal. Ludolph having been vanquished
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

by his rival, and with his daughter driven into a forest, summons his spirit, Runcifal, to learn from him their future destiny and prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who is, like Ariel, somewhat 'moody,' announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. We afterwards see Prince Leudegast, with his son Engelbrecht and the councillors, hunting in the same forest; when Engelbrecht and his companion, Famulus, having separated from their associates, are suddenly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners: they refuse, and try to draw their swords, when Ludolph, with his wand, keeps their swords in their scabbards, paralyses Engelbrecht, and gives him over to Sidea as a slave, to carry logs for her. Towards the end of the play, Sidea, moved by pity for the labours of Engelbrecht, declares to him that she will be happy if he will be faithful and marry her—an event which, in the end, is happily brought about, along with the reconciliations of their rival fathers.

Jacob Ayrer was the author of several dramas at the beginning of the seventeenth century, some of them obviously founded on English plays, and as Shakespeare does not appear to have been known in Germany till nearly the close of that century, it seems not improbable that some old play or fable suggested incidents to both Ayrer and Shakespeare.
'There is a sort of improbability with which we are shocked in dramatic representation, not less than in a narrative of real life. Consequently, there must be rules respecting it; and as rules are nothing but means to an end previously ascertained, we must first determine what the immediate end or object of the drama is. And here I find the two extremes of critical decision:—the French, which evidently presupposes that a perfect delusion is to be aimed at; and the exact opposite to it, brought forward by Dr. Johnson, who supposes the auditors throughout in the full reflective knowledge of the contrary. In evincing the impossibility of delusion, he makes no sufficient allowance for an intermediate state, which I have before distinguished by the term illusion, and have attempted to illustrate its quality and character by reference to our mental state when dreaming. In both cases we simply do not judge the imagery to be unreal; there is a negative reality, and no more. Whatever, therefore, tends to prevent the mind from placing itself, or being placed, gradually in that state in which the images have such negative reality for the auditor, destroys this illusion, and is dramatically improbable.

'The Tempest is a specimen of the purely romantic drama, in which the interest is not historical, or dependent upon fidelity of portraiture, or the natural connection of events; but is a birth of the imagination, and rests only on the coaptation and union of the elements granted to, or assumed by, the poet. It is a species of drama which owes no allegiance to time or space,
and in which, therefore, errors of chronology and geography—no mortal sins in any species—are venial faults, and count for nothing. It addresses itself entirely to the imaginative faculty; and although the illusion may be assisted by the effect on the senses of the complicated scenery and decorations of modern times, yet this sort of assistance is dangerous. For the principal and only genuine excitement ought to come from within—from the moved and sympathetic imagination; whereas, where much is addressed to the mere external senses of seeing and hearing, the spiritual vision is apt to languish, and the attraction from without will withdraw the mind from the proper and only legitimate interest which is intended to spring from within.

'Ariel has in everything the airy tint which gives the name. And it is worthy of remark that Miranda is never directly brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other should tend to neutralize each other. Caliban, on the other hand, is all earth, all condensed, and gross in feelings and images; he has the dawning of understanding, without reason or the moral sense; and in him, as in some brute animals, this advance to the intellectual faculties, without the moral sense, is marked by the appearance of vice; for it is in the primacy of the moral being only that man is truly human.

'The scene of the intended assassination of Alonso and Gonzalo is an exact counterpart of the scene between Macbeth and his lady, only pitched in a lower key throughout, as designed to be frustrated or concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarizing a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast of another counterpart of it in low life—that between the conspirators, Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in the second
scene of the third act, in which there are the same essential characteristics. In this play, and in the scene of it, are also shown the springs of the vulgar in politics—of that kind of politics which is inwoven with human nature. In his treatment of this subject, wherever it occurs, Shakespeare is quite peculiar. In other writers we find the particular opinions of the individual; but Shakespeare never promulgates any party tenets. He is always the philosopher and the moralist, but, at the same time, with a profound veneration for all the established institutions of society, and for those classes which form the permanent elements of the state—especially never introducing a professional character, as such, otherwise than as respectable. If he must have any name, he should be styled a philosophical aristocrat, delighting in those hereditary institutions which have a tendency to bind one age to another, and in that distinction of ranks of which, although few may be in possession, all enjoy the advantages. Hence, again, you will observe the good nature with which he seems always to make sport with the passions and follies of a mob, as with an irrational animal. He is never angry with it, but hugely content with holding up its absurdities to its face; and sometimes you may trace a tone of almost affectionate superiority, something like that in which a father speaks of the rogurities of a child. See the good-humoured way in which he describes Stephano, passing from the most licentious freedom to absolute despotism over Trinculo and Caliban. The truth is, Shakespeare's characters are all genera intensely individualized; the results of meditation, of which observation supplied the drapery and the colours necessary to combine them with each other. He had virtually surveyed all the great component powers and impulses of human nature—had seen that their different combinations and subordinations were, in fact, the individualizers of men, and showed how their harmony was produced by reciprocal disproportions of excess or deficiency. The language in which these truths are expressed was not drawn from any set fashion, but from the profoundest depths of his moral being, and is, therefore, for all ages.'—Coleridge.
REMARKS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS

"The Midsummer Night's Dream and The Tempest may be in so far compared together that in both the influence of a wonderful world of spirits is interwoven with the turmoil of human passions and with the farcical adventures of folly. The Midsummer Night's Dream is certainly an earlier production; but The Tempest, according to all appearance, was written in Shakespeare's later days: hence most critics, on the supposition that the poet must have continued to improve with increasing maturity of mind, have honoured the last piece with a marked preference. I cannot, however, altogether concur with them: the internal merit of these two works is, in my opinion, pretty nearly balanced, and a predilection for the one or the other can only be governed by personal taste. In profound and original characterization the superiority of The Tempest is obvious: as a whole we must always admire the masterly skill which he has here displayed in the economy of his means, and the dexterity with which he has disguised his preparations—the scaffolding for the wonderful aerial structure.

"The Tempest has little action or progressive movement; the union of Ferdinand and Miranda, is settled at their first interview, and Prospero merely throws apparent obstacles in their way; the shipwrecked band go leisurely about the island; the attempts of Sebastian and Antonio on the life of the King of Naples, and the plot of Caliban and the drunken sailors against Prospero, are nothing but a feint, for we foresee that they will be completely frustrated by the magical skill of the latter; nothing remains therefore but the punishment of the guilty by dreadful sights which harrow up their consciences, and then the discovery and final reconciliation. Yet this want of movement is so admirably concealed by the most varied display of the fascinations of poetry, and the exhilaration of mirth, the details of the execution are so very attractive, that it requires no small degree of attention to perceive that the dénouement is, in some degree, anticipated in the exposition. The history of the loves of Ferdinand and Miranda, developed in a few short scenes, is enchantingly beautiful: an affecting union of chivalrous magnanimity on the one part, and on the other of the
 virgin openness of a heart which, brought up far from the world on an uninhabited island, has never learnt to disguise its innocent movements. The wisdom of the princely hermit Prospero has a magical and mysterious air; the disagreeable impression left by the black falsehood of the two usurpers is softened by the honest gossipping of the old and faithful Gonzalo; Trinculo and Stephano, two good-for-nothing drunkards, find a worthy associate in Caliban; and Ariel hovers sweetly over the whole as the personified genius of the wonderful fable.

'Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of gnome and savage, half daemon, half brute, in his behaviour we perceive at once the traces of his native disposition, and the influence of Prospero's education. The latter could only unfold his understanding, without, in the slightest degree, taming his rooted malignity: it is as if the use of reason and human speech were communicated to an awkward ape. In inclination Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as portrayed occasionally by Shakespeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is, in his way, a poetical being; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language to compose out of it a vocabulary of his own; and of the whole variety of nature, the hateful, repulsive, and pettily deformed have alone been impressed on his imagination. The magical world of spirits, which the staff of Prospero has assembled on the island, casts merely a faint reflection into his mind, as a ray of light which falls into a dark cave, incapable of communicating to it either heat or illumination, serves merely to set in motion the poisonous vapours. The delineation of this monster is throughout inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

'In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken, his name even bears an allusion to it; as, on the other
hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them simple, allegorical personifications, but beings individually determined. In general we find in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, in *The Tempest*, in the magical part of *Macbeth*, and wherever Shakespeare avails himself of the popular belief in the invisible presence of spirits, and the possibility of coming in contact with them, a profound view of the inward life of Nature and her mysterious springs, which, it is true, can never be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in an equal degree with Dante and himself.'—Schlegel.

'It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revival* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But, whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.'—Johnson.
THE TEMPEST.
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

(Appears)


FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples  .  .  .  .  Act I. sc. 1; sc. 2. Act III. sc. 1. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1.


ADRIAN, a lord  .  .  .  .  Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.

FRANCISCO, a lord  .  .  .  .  Act II. sc. 1. Act III. sc. 3. Act V. sc. 1.


IRIS, a spirit  .  .  .  .  .  .  Act IV. sc. 1.

CERES, a spirit  .  .  .  .  .  .  Act IV. sc. 1.

JUNO, a spirit  .  .  .  .  .  .  Act IV. sc. 1.

Nymphs  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Act IV. sc. 1.

Reapers  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  .  Act IV. sc. 1.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE—THE SEA, WITH A SHIP: AFTERWARDS AN ISLAND.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.

Enter a Shipmaster and a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master: What cheer?
Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit.

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! take in the topsail! tend to the master's whistle! [Execut Mariners.] Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!  

1 Good.] Good boatswain. The word is used similarly in Gonzalo's first speech, and elsewhere in the play.

2 Yarely.] Actively. Yare, as in the next speech, and again in the Boatswain's speech, Act V. sc. 1, means active. 'The Persian galleys being high cargued, heavy, and not yare of steerage.' North's Plutarch, Themistocles. 'Cesar's ships were light of yarage' [= action]. Ditto, Antonius. 'The galleys of the enemies, the which were heavy of yarage, both for their bigness, as also for lack of watermen to row them.' Ibid.

3 If room enough.] If we have sea-room enough.

B 2
Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.¹

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows.² Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging!

¹ Play the men.] Play the part of men: behave like men. 'Let us play the men for our people.' 2 Sam. x. 12. 'I will not use long circumstance to encourage you to play the men.' Knolles's Hist. of the Turks' (1603), p. 576. The expression occurs also in 1 K. Henry VI. i. 5.

² Perfect gallows.] Quite that of a fellow destined to be hanged: alluding to the proverb, 'He never will be drowned who is born to be hanged.' Compare Two Gent. of Verona, i. 1:—

'Go, go, begone to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.'
Scene I. THE TEMPEST. 

make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the top-mast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [A cry within.] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.²

Re-enter Sebastian, Antonio, and Gonzalo.

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

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

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

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold!³ set her two courses⁴ off to sea again; lay her off.

Re-enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Exeunt. Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?⁵

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them, For our case is as theirs.

¹ To try with main-course.] To try whether she will clear the land by taking in all the tacking, hauling the mainsail close aft, &c.
² Our office.] Our calls of direction to the seamen.
³ Lay her a-hold.] 'To lay a ship a-hold is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.' Steevens.
⁴ Her two courses.] Mainsail and foresail.
⁵ Be cold.] Be fruitless or of no force, speak in vain.
Seb. I'm out of patience.  
Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—This wide-chapped rascal,—would thou mightst lie drowning  
The washing of ten tides! [Exit Boatswain.]  
Gon. He'll be hanged yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at wid' st to glut him.  
[A confused noise within.] 'Mercy on us!' 'We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!' 'Farewell, brother!' 'We split, we split, we split!'—  
Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit,  
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.  
Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel—  
Who had no doubt some noble creature in her—  
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perished!  
Had I been any god of power, I would

1 Merely.] Absolutely.  
2 The washing of ten tides.] While ten tides ebb and flow.
SCENE IV.

THE TEMPEST.

Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er
It should the good ship so have swallowed, and
The fraughting souls within her.

_Pro._

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

_Mira._

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 better
Than Prospero master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

_Mira._

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

_Pro._

'T is time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

_[Lays down his mantle._

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely ordered, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel,

1 _Full._ An abbreviation of _to the full = very._

2 _Lie there my art._ Fuller, in his Holy State, iv. 6, says of Lord
Burleigh, 'At night, when he put off his gown, he used to say, _Lie
there, Lord Treasurer,' and bidding adieu to all State affairs, dis-
posed himself to his quiet rest.'

3 _The very virtue._ The very soul, the inmost source.

4 _There is no soul._ This uncompleted assertion is in natural
keeping with Prospero's ardency.
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, Stay, not yet.

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

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

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

Mira. '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?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abyss\(^1\) of time?
If thou rememberest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.

Mira. But that I do not.

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

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father

\(^1\) Abyss. Old Fr. abisme.
Was Duke of Milan; and his only heir
A princess, no worse issued.

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

Pro. Both, both, my girl.
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,¹
Which is from my remembrance! Please you further.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so pernicious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signiories it was the first,²—
And Prospero the prime duke—being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance, and who
To trash³ for over-topping—new created

¹ The teen, &c.] So in 3 K. Henry VI. v. 6, 'And all the trouble
thou hast turned me to.' Teens is grief: the word occurs again in
Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3, and in Romeo and Juliet, i. 3.
² It was the first.] Botero, in his Relations of the World (revised
edition, 1630), says, 'Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe.'
³ To trash.] To check. To trash a hound was to restrain him.
The creatures that were mine,—I say, or changed them,  
Or else new-formed them; having both the key  
Of officer and office, set all hearts  
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was  
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And sucked my verdure out on 't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated:  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being 1 so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was,—which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like one  
Who having unto truth, by telling of it, 2  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe

when too eager, by means of a collar weighted with lead. In  
Fletcher's Bondua, i. 1, Caratach, referring to the hindrance of his  
speed through carrying a boy on his back, says:—

"Young Hengo there, he trasht me, Nennius,  
For when your fears outran him, then stept I,  
And, in the head of all the Romans' fury,  
Took him, and with my tough belt to my back  
I buckled him."

1 But by being. With the exception of its being.

2 By telling of it. Through his manner of stating it, that is, his  
misrepresentation of it. The commonly received interpretation of  
the text here makes the pronoun it refer to the noun lie, and thus,  
as I think, imputes to Shakspeare a very gross impropriety of  
arrangement.
He was the duke, out of the substitution,¹
And executing the outward face, of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.² Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry³ he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbowed, (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition,⁴ and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

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

Pro. Now the condition:
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother’s suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o’ the premises—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon,

¹ *Out of the substitution.* Scil. of royalty.
² *Absolute Milan.* The very duke of Milan; no other than the duke.
³ *Dry.* Thirsty.
⁴ *Condition.* Arrangement or compact with the king of Naples.
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

_Mira._
Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint\(^1\)
That wrings mine eyes to 't.

_Pro._
Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

_Mira._
Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

_Pro._
Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,—
So dear the love my people bore me,—nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,\(^2\) they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigged,—
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist\(^3\) us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

_Mira._
Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

---

\(^1\) _A hint._ An occasion.

\(^2\) _In few._ In few words, in brief. So in _Hamlet_, i. 3, 'In few,
Ophelia, do not believe his vows.'

\(^3\) _Hoist._ Hoised: past tense.
SCENE II. THE TEMPEST.

Pro. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked\(^1\) the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,\(^2\) to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. 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 loved my books, he furnished me
From my own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—

[Resumes his robe.

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit\(^3\)
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for 't! And now I pray you, sir,

\(^{1}\) Decked.] If this be Shakspeare's word, it may perhaps mean covered or augmented.

\(^{2}\) Undergoing stomach.] Enduring or patient temper.

\(^{3}\) More profit.] Profit is here a verb: made thee to profit more.
(For still 't is 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—hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my preknowledge
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way;—I know thou canst not choose.—

[MIRANDA sleeps.

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

Enter Ariel.

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

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,

1 Now my dear lady.] Now friendly to me.
2 If now I court not, &c.] Compare Julius Cæsar, iv. 3, "There is a tide in the affairs of men," &c.
3 Canst not choose.] Canst not help falling asleep.
4 Quality.] Art, ability.
5 To point.] Pointedly, exactly.
I flamed amazement: sometime I'd divide,
And burn in many places: on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,¹
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seemed to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil²
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,³ and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring⁴ (then like reeds, not hair),

¹ Distinctly.] Severally at the same moment. There is here an
allusion to the meteor sometimes called Saint Elmo. The account
in Hakluyt's Voyages, of Robert Tomson's Voyage into Nova His-
pania in the year 1655, contains the following passage:—'This light
continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to
mast, and from top to top; and sometime it would be in two or
three places at once."
² Coil.] Tumult.
³ Fever of the mad.] Fever of delirium.
⁴ Up-staring.] Standing out. 'And rearing fiercely their up-
staring crests.' Spenser's Faerie Queen, II. xii. 39. 'With ragged
weeds, and locks up-staring high.' Ditto, VI. xi. 27. 'Casts up
her neck, and shakes her staring hair.' Sandys' Ovid, iii. 728.
'Of these one cried and tossed her staring hair.' Ditto, xi. 6.
Compare Hamlet:—
'And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.'—i, 5.
Was the first man that leaped; cried, *Hell is empty,*

*And all the devils are here!*  

**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 perished;

On their sustaining garments not a blemish,

But fresher than before; and, as thou bad’st me,

In troops I have dispersed them ’bout the isle:

The king’s son have I landed by himself;

Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs

In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,

His arms in this sad knot.  

**Pro.**

Of the king’s ship,

The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,

And all the rest o’ the fleet.

**Ari.**

Safely in harbour

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

Thou call’dst me up at midnight to fetch dew

From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she’s hid:

The mariners all under hatches stowed;

Whom with a charm, joined to their suffered labour,

I have left asleep: and for the rest o’ the fleet,

Which I dispersed, they all have met again.

---

1 *Sustaining.* That held them up.
2 *In this sad knot.* Folded thus.
3 *Still-vexed Bermoothes.* The ever-vexed Bermudas. The sea around these islands was supposed to be agitated with perpetual storms, and the islands themselves were said to be inhabited by witches and devils.

‘The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell,

To victual out a witch for the Bermoothes.’

Fletcher’s *Women Pleased,* i. 2.
SCENE II.

THE TEMPEST.

And are upon the Mediterranean flote, 1
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king’s ship wrecked,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed; but there’s more work:
What is the time o’ the day?

Ari. Past the mid season,
At least two glasses. 2

Pro. The time ’twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.

Pro. How now! moody?
What is’t thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

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, served
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?

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 baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

1 Flote.] Wave. Fr. flot.
2 Two glasses.] Two hours: the hour-glass is referred to.
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.²
Pro. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished; for one thing she did³
They would not take her life: is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred 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
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,

¹ Sycorax.] This name has been supposed, but in my opinion improbably, to have etymological relation to Corax, the Greek word for a raven.
² Argier.] An old name for Algiers. Massinger, in the Unnatural Combat, i. 1, refers to 'pirates of Argiers and Tunis.'
³ For one thing she did, &c.] What thing this was we have no means of determining; but Shakspeare's reference to it has been thought to indicate that he had read some old legend about such a witch as Sycorax.
SCENE II. THE TEMPEST.

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 honoured 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: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo. It was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmurest, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howled away twelve winters.¹

Ari. Pardon, master:

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprite gently.²

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 eyeball else. Go, take this shape,

¹ Twelve winters.] It was formerly common to say winters for
gears. 'Though that I might a thousand winter tell.' Chaucer's
Friar's Tale. 'I trowe thirty winter he was old.' Chaucer's Ship-
man's Tale.

² Gently.] Meekly, or with good will.
And hither come in 't: hence, with diligence! [Exit Ariel.

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

Mira. 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.

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

Pro. But, as 'tis is,
We cannot miss him: ¹ 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?²—

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

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

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

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

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew³ as e'er my mother brushed |

¹ Miss him.] Do without him.
² When?] This was formerly a common expression of impatience.
⁴ Wicked dew.] Dow accursed and made malignant by the bat of witchcraft.
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; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycombs, 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 cam’st first,
Thou strok’dst me, and mad’st much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in ’t; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I loved thee,
And showed 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 used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

1 _Urchins._ A kind of dwarf spirits that delighted in mischief.
_See the Editor’s Comus of Milton, p. 45._

2 _That vast of night, &c._ Those waste hours of night, when they are permitted to be abroad. _See the Editor’s Hamlet, p. 22, Note 1._
Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

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

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

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,¹
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st; or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,²

¹ Thou 'rt best.] Thou wert best, that is, it were, or would be
best for thee.
² Old cramps.] Enough of cramps. The word old was often
used in colloquial language as an augmentative = abundant or in
excess. 'We shall have old swearing that they did give the rings
away to men.' Merch. of Ven. iv. 2. 'Yonder's old coil at home.'
Much Ado, &c. v. 2. 'Here will be old abusing of the king's
English.' Merry Wives, i. 4. 'If a man were porter of hell-gate,
he should have old turning the key.' Macbeth, ii. 3.
Fill all thy bones with aches,¹ make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

_Cal._

No, pray thee!—

I must obey: his art is of such power,

It would control my dam's god, Setebos,²

And make a vassal of him.

_Pro._

So, slave! hence! [Exit Caliban.

Re-enter _Ariel_ invisible, playing and singing; _Ferdinand_ following.

_Ariel's song._

_Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kissed,—
The wild waves whist,—³
Foot it feathly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

_Hark, hark!_

[Burden. 

_Bow, wow._

[Dispersedly.

¹ _Aches._] The noun _ache_ was pronounced _aitch_; the kindred verb was spelt _ake_. That the noun was pronounced like the name of the letter _H_, is evident from Much Ado, &c., iii. 4, where Beatrice, being asked if her illness and sighing is for a hawk, a horse, or a husband, answers, 'For the letter that begins them all, H.' In Spenser's _Shepherd's Calendar (August)_ , we have _ache_ in rhyme with _match_. See the Editor's Much Ado, p. 61, note 6.

² _Setebos._] Eden, in his _History of Travayle_ (1577), says of the Patagonians: 'When they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cried upon their great devil, Setebos, to help them.'

³ _Whist._] That is, being _whist_ or _hushed_. 'When all were whist, King Edward thus bespoke.' _Peele's Honour of the Garter_, 1593.

'So was the Titaness put down and whist.' _Spenser's F. Q._ VII, vii, 69.

The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kissed.³

_Milton's Odes on the Nativity._
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

The watch-dogs bark:

[Burden.  
Bow, wow.  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chantecler  
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

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

ARIEL sings.

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

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

Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned father.—  
This is no mortal business, nor no sound  
That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

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

Mira. What is 't? a spirit?

1 Weeping again.] Weeping against, deploring.
2 What thou seest yond.] Yond, for beyond, as an adverb, is not often met with. It occurs in Milton's Il Penseroso, 'Him that yond soars on golden wing.'
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis 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 stained
With grief that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

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

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

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

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

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is 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;

1 Brave. Fine, gallant.
2 A single thing. One person only. Ferdinand means that he is himself the king of Naples, his father, Alonso, as he supposes, being drowned. Substit.
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;  
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
The king my father wrecked.

_Mira._  
_Alack, for mercy!_  

_Fer._ Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan  
And his brave son being twain.

_Pro._ [Aside.]  
_The duke of Milan_  
And his more braver daughter could control thee,¹  
If now 't were fit to do 't.—At the first sight  
They have changed eyes:²—Delicate Ariel,  
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;  
I fear you have done yourself some wrong:³ a word.

¹ *His more braver daughter, &c.* Ferdinand having just referred to Antonio as duke of Milan, and his brave son (of whom, by the way, we find no other mention in the play), Prospero means that himself and Miranda, a braver (i.e. finer) offspring than Antonio's son, could control Ferdinand in reference to the assertion that the duke of Milan was drowned.

² *Changed eyes.* Exchanged glances of love. Sandys, in his Commentary on Ovid, Met. iv. thus accounts for the love at first sight between Perseus and Andromeda: 'For certain subtle rays expiring from within the heart, where the hottest and sweetest of the vital blood hath a residence, dart from the eyes of the beautiful into the eyes of the admiring beholder, and penetrating from thence into the heart, inflames it forthwith with ardent affection; wherein the sudden glances and dartings are more powerful than long gazing.'

³ *Done yourself some wrong.* Represented yourself falsely. So in the Merry Wives, iii. 8, 'This is not well, Master Ford, this wrongs you.'
SCENE II.

THE TEMPEST.

Mira. [Aside.] Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

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

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more—

[Aside.] They are both in either's powers; but this swift
business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy,¹ to win it
From me the lord on 't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,²
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

Pro. Follow me.—[To Fer.]

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

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [He draws, and is charmed
from moving.

¹ As a spy.] Compare Joseph's treatment of his brethren. Gen.
  xlii.

² Have so fair a house.] Perhaps alluding to Luke xi. 24.
**Mira.**
O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.\(^1\)

**Pro.**
What! I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward; \(^2\)
For I can here disarm you with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

**Mira.**
Deseech you, father!
**Pro.** Hence! hang not on my garments.
**Mira.**
Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

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

**Mira.**
My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

**Pro.**
Come on; obey: \([To Ferd.\)]
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

**Fer.**
So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

---

\(^1\) *He's gentle, &c.* He is noble and not of a timid or succumbing temper. Miranda fears what may happen to a man of such spirit as Ferdinand, who, she probably thinks, would rather die than yield to the indignity her father has threatened.

\(^2\) *Come from thy ward.* Leave thy posture of defence.
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough,
Have I in such a prison.

_Pro._ [Aside.] It works.—Come on.—

_To Ferd._
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—

_To Ferd._
Hark what thou else shalt do me.

_To Ariel._

_Mira._
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._ [To Ariel.]
Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

_Ariel._
To the syllable.

_Pro._ Come, follow. Speak not for him.

[Exit._
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

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

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause—
So have we all—of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe¹
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant,² and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor³ will not give him o'er so.

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

¹ Our hint of woe.] That which prompts our woe; the occasion of our sorrow.

² The master, &c.] The sailing-master of some vessel belonging to, or freighted by, a merchant. I do not admit the commonly received interpretation, which makes the word merchant, in this line, to have, first, the signification of merchantman or merchant vessel, and, secondly, its ordinary meaning: the word signifies trader in both instances.

³ The visitor.] An allusion to visitors of the sick or afflicted.
Scene I. The Tempest.

Gon. Sir—

Seb. One:—tell.¹

Gon. When every grief is entertained that's offered, comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.²

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

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

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

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

Alon. I prithee spare.

Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.³

Seb. Done: the wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!⁴ So you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

¹ Tell.] Count the strokes of his wit.

² A dollar.] This reference to remuneration for entertainment is introduced for the sake of the quibble that follows.

³ The cockrel.] The young cock, viz. Adrian.

⁴ Ha, ha, ha!] Sebastian having agreed that a laugh should be the wager, and having lost, now pays with a laugh. Antonio, no doubt, in proposing the wager, intended that he who should win should laugh. The old copies wrongly assign to Antonio the words So you're paid.
Ant. He could not miss it.\(^1\)
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.\(^2\)

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle: as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 't were perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How lush\(^3\) and lusty the grass looks; how green!
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green\(^4\) in't.
Ant. He misses not much.\(^5\)
Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.
Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?
Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

\(^{1}\) *He could not miss it.* That is, *yet* was sure to be the next word.
\(^{2}\) *Temperance.* Temperature. The word is then taken up by Antonio as one of a class of names very common among the puritans.
\(^{3}\) *Lush.* Juicy. 'Lush and foggy is the blade.' Golding's Ovid, xv. 203.
\(^{4}\) *Eye of green.* This phrase, which properly means a slight tint of green, is here intended to include a quibbling reference to green-eyed credulity or simplicity.
\(^{5}\) *Misses not much.* Does not miss the truth much. *This is said ironically.*
SCENE I.

THE TEMPEST.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

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

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too?¹ good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that:² she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.³

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.⁴

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

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

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

¹ What if he had said, &c.] Dido had indeed lost a husband, viz. Sichaeus; and Æneas a wife, viz. Creusa.

² Study of that.] Wonder what you mean by that.

³ Tunis, sir, was Carthage.] Tunis is near the supposed site of ancient Carthage.

⁴ His word is more, &c.] Amphion, king of Thebes, was a skilful player on the lyre, and was said to have built the walls of that city by the magic charm of his music; hence Gonzalo, having, as it were, resuscitated Carthage by identifying it with Tunis, is regarded as surpassing Amphion.
Alon. Ay!  
Ant. Why, in good time.  

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.  
Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.  
Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.  
Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.  
Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.  
Ant. That sort was well fished for.  
Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?  
Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against the stomach of my sense. Would I had never married my daughter there! for, coming thence, my son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,  
Who is so far from Italy removed, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;  

1 Ay!] An old form of the interjection ah! which Staunton rightly assigns to Alonso, the preceding editors of Shakspeare giving it erroneously to Gonzalo.  
2 Why, in good time.] You come out of your silent trance in good time.  
3 That sort was well fished for.] There is here a punning allusion to chance or luck as one of the meanings of the word sort.  
4 In my rate, &c.] In my reckoning she too is lost.  
5 I ne'er again.] That I never again.  
6 And of Milan.] This refers to Antonio's bond of vassalage to the king of Naples.  
7 Sir, he may live, &c.] From the rhetorical style of this speech of Francisco we may understand why he is afterwards described by Antonio as 'a spirit of persuasion,' one who 'professes to persuade.'
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and cared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone!

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banished from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.¹

Alon. Prithée, peace.

Seb. You were kneeled to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weighed² between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever. Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time³ to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.⁴

¹ Who hath cause, &c.] Which hath cause to weep for the griev-
ance of it, i.e. of being denied the sight of so beautiful an object.
² Weighed.] Deliberated.
³ Time.] Proper season.
⁴ Very well.] Well, or very well, often denoted all right.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir, When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather!
Ant. Very foul.¹
Gon. Had I plantation² of this isle, my lord—
Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries Execute all things: For no kind of traffic Would I admit; no name of magistrate; Letters should not be known; riches, poverty, And use of service, none; contract, succession, Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none; No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil; No occupation; all men idle, all, And women too, but innocent and pure: No sovereignty—
Seb. And yet he would be king on 't!
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony, Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine, Would I not have; but nature should bring forth, Of it's own kind, all poison,² all abundance, To feed my innocent people.

¹ *Very foul.* That is, very foul wit.
² *Plantation.* The colonising.
³ *Poison.* A French word, meaning *plenty*. We must not imagine Gonzalo to be serious in his scheme of a new commonwealth; he was trying to beguile Alonso's sorrow, and designed, as he afterwards says, 'to minister occasion' of laughter to Antonio and Sebastian.
Scene I.

*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Ant.* None, man; all idle whores and knaves.

*Gon.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,

To excel the golden age.

*Seb.* Save his majesty!

*Ant.* Long live Gonzalo!

*Gon.* And, do you mark me, sir—

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

*Gon.* I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs,¹ that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Ant.* 'T was you we laughed at.

*Gon.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you:² so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Ant.* What a blow was there given!

*Seb.* An it had not fallen flat-long.³

*Gon.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.⁴

Gonzalo's discourse is derived from Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays, i. 30, where we find the following passage:—"It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate nor of politic superiority; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no succession, no partitions; no occupation, but idle; no respect of kindred, but common; no apparel, but natural; no use of wine, corn, or metal. The very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them.'

¹ Of such sensible and nimble lungs.] Of such excitable lungs.

² See Hamlet, ii. 2, and the present Editor's note in loc. 'The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sore.'

³ To you.] Compared to you.

⁴ Flat-long.] Flatly, not with any edge or point.

If she would continue, &c.] If she took five weeks instead of four from change to change.
Enter Ariel invisible; solemn music playing.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.¹

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

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

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alon., Seb., and Ant.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

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

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

Alon. Thank you.—Wondrous heavy!

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian—O, what might²—No more!—

¹ Bat-fowling.] A method of taking birds in the dark by rousing them from their nests and stupefying them with a sudden blaze of light, was called bat-fowling.

² What might.] Antonio is here venturing to suggest what might now be done, viz. the murder of Sebastian's brother Alonso.
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.
  *Seb.* What, art thou waking?
  *Ant.* Do you not hear me speak?
  *Seb.* I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.
  *Ant.* Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whilest thou art waking.
  *Seb.* Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.
  *Ant.* I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.
  *Seb.* Well, I am standing water.3
  *Ant.* I'll teach you how to flow.
  *Seb.* Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.
  *Ant.* O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whilest thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

1 *Standing.* That is, they were but now standing.
2 *Die rather.* That is, or rather thou lett'st it die.
3 *Standing water.* Still and attentive.
4 *The purpose cherish, &c.* Argue in support of what I mean by
the very jest you make upon my words.
Seb. Prithee say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.
Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance—this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed—hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the king his son's alive—
'Tis as impossible that he's undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.
Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrowned.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is,
Another way, so high a hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells

1 Of weak remembrance.] Of feeble memory. Francisco is referred to.
2 A spirit of persuasion, &c.] Antonio here means to describe Francisco as a mere rhetorician, one who professes the art of persuasion. See Francisco's speech, and Note 7, p. 34.
3 Doubts discovery.] Makes the eye of discovery doubtful. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bonduca, i. 2.
'The virtues of the valiant Caratach
More doubts me than all Britain.'
Scene I.

THE TEMPEST.

Ten leagues beyond man's life;¹ she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post
(The man i' the moon's too slow), till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable, she from whom
We were all sea-swallowed, though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come,
In yours and my discharge.²

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'T is true my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat.³ 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.

¹ Beyond man's life.] Beyond a life-time of travelling. This,
and what follows, respecting the time it would take (sixteen or seven-
teen years) to convey intelligence from Naples to Tunis, is of course
intentional hyperbole, and makes Sebastian say, 'What stuff is this?'
while he admits that betwixt Tunis and Naples 'there is some space.
² In yours and my discharge.] Is left for you and me to accom-
plish. See the Editor's Text Book of Eng. Gramm. Appendix ii. 10.
³ Make a chough, &c.] Make, or teach, a chough to talk as
wisely.
**The Tempest.**

_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 fatter than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

_Seb._ But for your conscience—

_Ant._ Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'T would put me to my slipper; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother—
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead—
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it, 
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink 3 for aye might put
This ancient morsel, 4 this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest, 5
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

_Seb._ Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou gott'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke

---

1 _How does your content, &c._ How does the degree or scope of your ambition regard, &c.

2 _No better._ Who would be no better.

3 _Wink._ Sleep. Compare 'A lasting wink' in Winter's Tale, i. 2.

4 _This ancient morsel._ Gonzalo.

5 _For all the rest, &c._ As for the rest, they will take our prompting or counsel as readily, &c.
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.

_Se._ O, but one word. [They converse apart.

_Music._ Re-enter _ARIEL_, invisible.

_Ari._ My master through his art foresees the danger 
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth 
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.  
[ _Sings in Gonzalo’s ear._

_While you here do snoring lie,_  
_Open-eyed conspiracy_  
_His time doth take:_  
_If of life you keep a care,_  
_Shake off slumber, and beware:_  
_Awake! Awake!_

_Ant._ Then let us both be sudden.  

_Gon._ Now good angels preserve the king! [ _They wake._

_Why, how now? ho! awake!—Why are you drawn?  
Wherefore this ghastly looking? What’s the matter?  
_Se._ While 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._

_Alon._ I heard nothing.

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

_Alon._ Heard you this, Gonzalo?

_Gon._ Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity. 'T is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

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

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

Alon. Lead away. [Exit

Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done;
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows,¹ pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand,² in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe³ and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound⁴ with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness—Lo, now! lo!

¹ Urchin-shows.] Apparitions of urchins, a mischievous kind of fairies. See the Editor's Comus of Milton, Note on 1. 845.
² Like a firebrand.] An allusion to the ignis fatuus, or Will o' the Wisp.
³ Moe.] To moe is to make moves or mouths. See Note 3, p. 6.
⁴ Wound.] Wreathed round.
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.

Enter Trinculo.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing
i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks
like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor.¹ 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.²
A strange fish! Were I in England now (as once I was),
and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but
would give a piece of silver: there would this monster
make a man;³ any strange beast there makes a man: when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will
lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and
his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let

¹ A foul bombard, &c.] The bombard or bombard was a large
black-jack or flagon made of leather, which when old and foul was
apt to burst.
² Poor-john.] This was a name for the fish called hake.
'To feed upon poor-john, when I see pheasants
And partridges on the table.'
Massinger's Renegado, i. 1.
'I looked this morning in my glass—the river,
And there appeared a fish called a poor-john,
Cut with a lenten face in my own likeness.'
Massinger, The Picture, iii. 1.
'Thames Street stinking of pitch and poor-john.'
Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady, ii. 3.
³ Make a man.] Make a man's fortune. A quibble, of course,
loose my opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunder-bolt.

[Thunder.] Alas! the storm is come again: my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore;—

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

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a tang;
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang:
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

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

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 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!

1 Let loose.] Let go, abandon.
2 Gaberdine.] A kind of frock or loose upper garment.
3 Tang.] Ringing sound.
4 Tricks.] An allusion to the impostures of showmen.
Scene II.

THE TEMPEST.

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

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee! I'll bring my wood home faster.

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

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

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

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

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

Trin. Stephano—

[1 Come on your ways.] This expression is generally abridged to come your ways. See the Editor's Hamlet, p. 29, Note 5.

[2 Give language to you, cat.] Alluding to the proverb, Good nur will make a cat speak.
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.\(^1\)

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afraid,—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 camest thou to be the siege\(^2\) of this moon-calf?\(^3\) Can he vent Trinculos?

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

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

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

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

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

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

---

\(^1\) *I have no long spoon.* Alluding to the proverb, *He hath need of a long spoon that eats with the devil.*

\(^2\) *Siege.* Scat or lower part.

\(^3\) *Moon-calf.* A moon-calf was a false conception, supposed to be without father.
Scene II.  THE TEMPEST.

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

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

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

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

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

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

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

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

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

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

Trin. By this light, a most pernicious 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.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

1 And thy bush.] The thorn-bush or faggots which the man in the moon was supposed to carry on his back; he being identified, in ancient superstition, with the man who gathered sticks on the Sabbath-day.
Trin. But that the poor monster’s in drink:—an abomi-
nable monster!
Cal. I’ll show thee the best springs; I’ll pluck thee berries;
I’ll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I’ll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee.
Thou wondrous man.
Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a
poor drunkard!
Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay’s nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmozet; I’ll bring thee
To clustering filberds; and sometimes I’ll get thee
Young stamels1 from the rocks. Wilt thou go with me?
Ste. I prithee now, lead the way, without any more
talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being
drowned, we will inherit here.—[To Calib.] Here; bear
my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we’ll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master: farewell, farewell!

[Sings drunkenly.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I’ll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish.

1 Stamels.] The old text has scamels—a word for which nobody
has yet found a meaning. Sea-mels, supposed to mean sea-mews,
may possibly have been Shakspeare’s word; but I prefer to trust
stamels as the true reading, because stamel was a common name for
a light-red colour, and might designate some bird of that colour.
‘Your stamel petticot with two guards.’
Old Play of Eastward Ho! i. 1.
'Dan, 'Dan, Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero’s Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as odious, but that
The mistress which I serve quickens what’s dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father’s crabb’d;
And he’s composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
I had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;
Most busy, least when I do it.¹

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had

¹ Most busy, least when I do it.] It surprises me that this line
has been the subject of so much speculation among the commentators,
and that not one of them has hit the right meaning of it. The con-
struction undoubtedly is—Most busy when I do it least; the inversion,
‘least when I do it,’ being quite in Shakespeare’s manner. Compare,
in Ariel’s song, Act. i. sc. 2, ‘Court’sied when you have and kissed.’
SCENE I.

THE TEMPEST.

Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile! Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

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

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

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

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

Pro. [Aside.] Poor worm! thou art infected;¹ This visitation² shows it.

Mira. 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?

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

Fer. Admired Miranda!³

Indeed the top of admiration! worth What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

¹ Infected.] Smitten, charmed.
² This visitation.] This visit of thine; thy coming hither.
³ Miranda.] A Latin or Italian word, meaning wonderful.
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best! ¹

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

Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda—I do think, a king²
(I would not so)—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul speak:—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

¹ Are created, &c.] Consist of all that is best in other creature
² I do think, a king.] He means as heir to his father whom
supposes drowned; and therefore he adds 'I would not so!'
SCENE I.

THE TEMPEST. 55

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

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

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: ¹ to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest!
And I thus humble ever!

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: ² here's my hand.

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

Fer. A thousand thousand! ³

[Exeunt Fer. and Mir.

¹ Maid.] Maid-servant.
² For of freedom.] Ever was willing to have freedom.
³ A thousand thousand.] Scil. farewells.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT III.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be, Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing At nothing can be more. I'll to my book; For yet, ere supper time, must I perform Much business appertaining. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo; Caliban following with a bottle.

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

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

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

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

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.¹

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

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.²

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

¹ Standard.] Ensign.
² Say nothing.] A quibble on the two meanings of lie.
Scene II.  THE TEMPEST.

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

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

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord? Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural! 1

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

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

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

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

Enter Ariel, invisible.

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

Ari. Thou liest.

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

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[To Caliban.] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle; from me he got it. If thy greatness will

1 A natural.] Another pun: natural being opposed to monstrous, and also signifying a fool.
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 compassed! Canst thou bring me to the party?

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

_Ari._ Thou liest; thou canst not.

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

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

_Trin._ 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.

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

_Cal._ Ha, ha, ha!

_Ste._ Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee stand
further off.

_Cal._ Beat him enough: after a little time,
I’ll beat him too.

_Ste._ Stand further.—Come, proceed.

1 _Pied ninny._ Alluding to the motley dress of Trinculo. _Cal-
ban calls him also a patch, that is, a fool or jester._
**SCENE II.**  

**THE TEMPEST.**

_Cal._ Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,  
Having first seized his books; or with a log  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possess his books; for without them  
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not  
One spirit to command: they all do hate him  
As rootedly as I:—burn but his books;  
He has brave utensils (for so he calls them),  
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.  
And that most deeply to consider is  
The beauty of his daughter; he himself  
Calls her a nonpareil: I ne'er saw woman,  
But only Sycorax my dam and she;  
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
As greatest does least.  

_St._ Is it so brave a lass?  

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

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

_Trin._ Excellent.  

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

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

_St._ Ay, on mine honour.  

_Ari._ This will I tell my master.  

_Cal._ Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of merriment;  
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch  
You taught me but while-ere?
Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason: Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [Sings.

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

Cal. That's not the tune.

[ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.¹

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.²

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee:

Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

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

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

¹ The picture of Nobody.] Nobody was a ludicrously dressed figure often painted on signs, and intended for him who so commonly bears the blame in the words Nobody did it. Ben Jonson, in one of his entertainments, the Satyr, introduced a speaker 'who,' he says, 'was in the person of Nobody, and attired in a pair of breeches which were made to come up to his neck, with his arms out at his pockets, and a cap drowning his face.'

² Take's as thou list.] Take what shape pleases thee.
SCENE III.  

**Cal.** When Prospero is destroyed.  
**Ste.** That shall be by and by: I remember the story.  
**Trin.** The sound is going away: let's follow it, and after do our work.  
**Ste.** Lead, monster: we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer: he lays it on.  
**Trin.** Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.  

*[Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.

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

**Gon.** By 'r lakin,¹ I can go no further, sir;  
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,  
Through forth-rights and meanders!² by your patience,  
I needs must rest me.  
**Alon.** Old lord, I cannot blame thee,  
Who am myself attached 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 drowned  
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks  
Our frustrate 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 resolved to effect.**  
**Seb.** The next advantage  
**Will we take throughly.**  
**Ant.** Let it be to-night;  
**For,** now they are oppressed with travel, they

¹ *By 'r lakin.*] By our ladykin or little lady, the Virgin Mary.  
² *Forth-rights and meanders.*] Rectangular and curvilinear paths: an allusion to two kinds of artificial mazes.
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

*Seb.* I say, to-night: no more.

**Solemn and strange Music; and Prospero above, invisible.**

*Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they
dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, in-
viting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

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

*Gon.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

*Seb.* A living drollery.¹ Now I will believe
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia
There is one tree the phœnix' throne,² one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

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

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

*Pro.* [Aside.] Honest lord,

¹ *Drollery.* Puppet-show.

² *One tree, &c.* One of the fabulous accounts of the Phœnix is
given in Pliny's Nat. Hist. (Bk. xiii. ch. 4), and states that there was
a certain palm-tree that died when this bird died, and that both
bird and tree afterwards revived also together. He gives a particular
description of the Arabian bird in Bk. x. ch. 2.
SENE III.

THE TEMPEST.

Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,\(^1\)
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.\(^2\)

Fran. They vanished strangely.

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

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls,\(^3\) whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?\(^4\) which now, we find,
Each putter-out of one for five\(^5\) will bring us
Good warrant of.

\(^1\) Muse.] Wonder.

\(^2\) Praise in departing.] Praise at the conclusion of the entertain-
ment. Such praise was most appreciated by dramatists and actors,
as being an approval of the performance generally.

\(^3\) Dew-lapped like bulls.] 'The mountaineers with wallets of flesh
at their throats were without doubt subjects of goitre, who abound
in mountainous districts.'—Bucknill's Med. Knowl. of Shakspeare.

\(^4\) Whose heads stood in their breasts.] In Othello, i. 3, there is
mention of 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.'
Fabulous monsters of this kind are referred to in Pliny's Natural
History, vii. 2.; and Raleigh in his Discoverie of Guiana, 1598,
mentions 'A nation of people whose heads appear not above their
shoulders.' See the Editor's Othello.

\(^5\) Putter-out of one for five.] The original text has *five for one*,
but the meaning of both expressions is the same, viz. five times as
much money to be received as is put out or deposited. The poet
refers to a kind of gambling practised in former times, when a person
Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

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

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny—
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up, and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

[Seeing Alon., Seb., &c., draw their swords.
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are tempered may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,

was about to go on a long or dangerous voyage: the traveller at his
departure depositing with another person a certain sum of money on condi-
tion of receiving in lieu of it, at his return, a much larger sum.
In Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, ii. 3, Pantarvolo,
intending to travel, says 'I am determined to put forth some 5,000l.
to be paid me, five for one, upon the return of myself, my wife, and
my dog, from the Turk's court in Constantinople. If all or either of
us miscarry in the journey, 'tis gone: if we be successful, why, there
will be 25,000l. to entertain time withal.'

1 To instrument.] To here means for or as. Compare the phrase
take to wife. See the Editor's Macbeth, p. 81, note 4.

2 Dowle.] A small flake or tuft of down or wool. The word is
found in several old writers. Plume in this line means wing.
SCENE III.

THE TEMPEST.

Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember
(For that 's my business to you), that you three
From Milan did supplant\(^1\) good Prospero—
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it—
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonzo,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perditation (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wrathes to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads), is nothing\(^2\) but heart's sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft music, enter the Shapes
again, and dance with mops and mowes,\(^3\) and carry out the table.

Pro. [Aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:\(^4\)
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life,
And observation strange,\(^5\) my meaner ministers

\(^1\) Supplant.] Expel.
\(^2\) Is nothing.] There is nothing; nothing avails.
\(^3\) Mops and mowes.] So in Act iv. sc. 1, Ariel says 'Each one,
tripping on his toe, shall be here with mop and mow.' Mops are
grimaces: in Massinger's Bondman, iii. 3, Asotus, imitating an ape,
is described as making moppes. To make mowes, or to moc, is to
make mouths. 'Those that would make mowes at him while my
father lived.'—Hamlet, ii. 2. 'What mops and mowes it makes.'
—Fletcher's Pilgrim, iv. 2.
\(^4\) Devouring.] Even in the act of devouring.
\(^5\) With good life, &c.] With good spirit, or liveliness, and won-
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand (whom they suppose is drowned),
And his and my loved darling. [Exit Prospero from above.

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

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

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

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.

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

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

derfully exact observance.

1 Bass.] Utter in a deep tone.

2 But one fiend.] Let but one fiend come.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation¹ makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test; here, afore IIcavon,
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 purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot² before

¹ Your compensation.] The compensation I have given you in Miranda.

² A thread, &c.] A thread which, if cut, would end my thread of life also: an allusion to the mythological notion of the three Destinies or Fatal Sisters, one of whom, Clotho, held the distaff; another, called Lachesis, span the thread of human life; and the third, Atropos, cut it off.

³ Virgin-knot.] Among the Romans, a bride on her wedding day was dressed in a long white robe with a woollen girdle tied in a knot, which it was part of the ceremony for the husband to untie.
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be ministered,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your beds with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

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

_Pro._ Fairly spoke:
Sit then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant Ariel!

_Enter Ariel._

_Ari._ What would my potent master? here I am.

_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,¹
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

_Ari._ Presently?

_Pro._ Ay, with a twink.

¹ *The rabble.* The meaner spirits,
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:
Do you love me, master? no?

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

Ari. Well I conceive. [Exit.

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

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

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,¹
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly!—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent! [Soft music.

A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;²
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,³

¹ A corollary. A surplus.
² Thatched with stover, &c. Having shelters thatched with straw, roods, &c. So in Drayton’s Polyolbion, song 25:
   ‘To draw out sedge and reed for thatch and stover fit.’
³ Pioned and twilled brims. The meanings of pioned and twilled have not been distinctly ascertained. Some read pionied and litied. I suspect that both words refer, not to flowers, but to the form of the banks. Spenser, in his Faerie Queene, uses pioning in the sense of digging.
Which spongy April at thy best betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom
groves,¹
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyards; ²
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o’ the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,³
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks⁴ fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-coloured 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 bosky⁵ acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.

¹ Broom groves.] Groves in which broom abounds. The lass-
lorn bachelor is said to love the broom groves, because the colour of broom denotes melancholy. Lass-lorn means having lost his lass.
² Pole-clipt vineyards.] To clip is to twine round or embrace.
³ Whose watery arch, &c.] Iris was the goddess of the rainbow and the messenger of Juno.
⁴ Her peacocks.] The chariot of Juno was drawn by peacocks.
⁵ Bosky.] Wooded. Ital. bosco, a wood or thicket.
‘And every bosky bourn from side to side.’—Milton’s Comus, 313.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis\(^1\) my daughter got,
Her and her blind-boy's scandal'd company
Have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Putting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion\(^2\) is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

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

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister?\(^3\) Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honoured in their issue.

Song.

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

---

\(^1\) *The means that dusky Dis.*] The contrivance by which dusky Auto got my daughter Proserpina.

\(^2\) *Mars's hot minion.*] Venus was the wife of Vulcan, but secretly wed Mars.

\(^3\) *Bounteous sister.*] Bounteous was a common epithet of Ceres, the goddess of corn and husbandry.
Cer.  Earth's increase and plenty,  
      Barns and garner never empty,  
      Vines with clustering bunches growing,  
      Plants with goodly burden bowing,  
      Spring come to you, at the farthest,¹  
      In the very end of harvest!  
      Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
      Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly.²  May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro.  Spirits which by mine art
I have from their confines³ called to enact
My present fancies.

Fer.  Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondered father and a wife;⁴
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pro.  Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the winding brooks,
With your sedged crowns, and ever-harmless looks,

¹ *At the farthest.*]  Not later than. With the blessing here pronounced compare Amos, ix. 13, 'The ploughman shall overtake the reaper,' &c.

² *Charmingly.*]  Enchantingly, with magical power.

³ *Their confines.*]  Fire, air, earth, and water, were all supposed to be confines of spirits.

⁴ *A wondered father and a wife.*]  Wonders, as applied to father, means attended with wonders, and as applied to wife has reference to the name and perfections of Miranda. For wife, the old text wise. Spenser, *F. Q.* II. xii. 44, has 'The wonder'd Argo.'
Scene I.

THE TEMPEST.

Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true-love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

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

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

Pro. [Aside.] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[To the Spirits.] Well done:—avoid!¹—
No more!

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

Mira. Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed: 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-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

¹ Avoid.] Leave the place; disappear.

E
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack\(^1\) behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [Exeunt.

Pro. Come with a thought!—I thank thee.—Ariel, come!

Enter Ariel.

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

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

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. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music; so I charmed their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing followed through
Toothed briars, sharp furzes, prickling goss, and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,

\(^1\) A rack.] A wrack or wreck, a ruinous relic or memento.
There dancing up to the chins, that the soul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale\(^1\) to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [Exit.

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

Re-enter Ariel, laden with glistering apparel, &c.

Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.

Prospero and Ariel remain invisible. Enter Caliban,
Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

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

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless
fairy, has done little better than played the Jack\(^2\) with us.

Trin.\(^6\) Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my
nose is in great indignation.

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

\(^1\) Stale.] A stale was a decoy to catch birds.

\(^\cdot\) Of such false bliss as there is set for stales
To entrap unwary fools.'—Spenser's F. Q. VI. x. 3.

Shall hoodwink this mischance; therefore, speak softly;—
All's hushed as midnight yet.

_Trin._ Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—
_Ste._ There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
monster, but an infinite loss.

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

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

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

_Ste._ Give me thy hand; I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

_Trin._ O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look
what a wardrobe here is for thee!

_Cal._ Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

_Trin._ O, ho, master; we know what belongs to a frippery:—O king Stephano!

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

_Trin._ Thy grace shall have it.

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

1 _O King Stephano, &c._ Trinculo is here prompted by the old
song 'Take thy old cloak about thee,' one of the stanzas of which
(quoted in Shakspeare's Othello) begins thus:—

'King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown.'

2 _A frippery._ A shop for second-hand apparel.
scene i. the tempest.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line:¹ now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do.² We steal by line and level,³ an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't. Wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: Steal by line and level is an excellent pass of pate;⁴ there's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime⁵ upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time, And all be turned to barnacles,⁶ or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

¹ The jerkin under the line.] The jerkin was a sort of doublet. Stephano, when he has taken one from the clothes-line, ludicrously quibbles on the hair of which the line was made, and the loss of hair that was sometimes occasioned by fevers in tropical countries.

² Do, do.] This is said in approval of Stephano's punning, being an abbreviation of That will do.

³ By line and level.] The point of this jest seems to be that the clothes-line is level or horizontal, whereas in architecture one of the implements, the plumb-line, is perpendicular.

⁴ Pass of pate.] Sally of wit. A pass is a thrust in fencing.

⁵ Lime.] Bird-lime.

⁶ Barnacles.] In Marston's Malcontent, iii. 1, a flatterer is said to be like the 'Scotch barnacle, now a block, instantly a worm, and presently a great goose.' Perhaps from the word barnacle having sundry meanings arose the ridiculous notions we find in some ancient writers about the tree-goose. Steevens refers to the following passage in Gerard's Herbal. 'There are in the north parts of Scotland certain trees whereon do grow shell-fishes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call barnakes, in the north of England brant-geese, and in Lancashire tree-geese.' Caliban is an intellectual monster, and dreads being transformed into a goose, or into an ape 'with forehead villainous low.'
Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

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

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.]

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

Ari. Hark, they roar!

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

[Exeunt]
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero in his magic robes, and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.¹ How's the day?

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

Pro. I did say so.
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, sir; all prisoners
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;²
They cannot budge till your release.³ The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him you termed, sir, The good old lord, Gonzalo;
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops

¹ Time goes upright with his carriage.] Time goes on uprightly and vigorously with what I have laid upon him. Carriage here signifies load or burden.
² The line-grove, &c.] The linden or lime grove that defends your cell from the weather.
³ Till your release.] Till you gain release.
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works them, 
That if you now beheld them, your affections 
Would become tender.

_Pro._ Dost thou think so, spirit?
_Ari._ Mine would, sir, were I human.

_Pro._ And mine shall.

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

_Ari._ I'll fetch them, sir. [Exit.

_Pro._ Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

1 _Ye elves of hills, &c._] In this address of Prospero may be 
observed several expressions evidently suggested to Shakspeare by 
the following speech of Medea in Golding's translation of Ovid's Met. 
(Bk. vii.):—

*Ye airs and winds, ye elves of hills, of brooks, of woods alone, 
Of standing lakes, and of the night, approach ye every one; 
Through help of whom—the crooked banks much wondering at the 
thing—

I have compelled streams to run clean backward to their spring. 
By charms I make the calm seas rough, and make the rough seas 
plain,

And cover all the sky with clouds and chase them thence again. 
By charms _I raise and lay the winds and burst the viper's jaw, 
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw. 
Whole woods and forests I remove, _I make the mountains shake, 
And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets\(^1\) make
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms,\(^2\) that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew;\(^3\) by whose aid
(Weak masters\(^4\) though ye be) I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war:—To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,

_\textit{I call up dead men from their graves, and thee, O lightsome moon,}
I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soon:
Our sorcery dims the morning fair, and \textit{dark\,s\, the\, sun\, at\, noon.}
The flaming breath of fiery bulls ye quenched for my sake,
And caused their unwieldly necks the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a \textit{mortal war did set,}
And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shut._

\(^1\) \textit{Green-sour ringlets.}\] These were circles on the grass which were supposed to mark where fairies had been dancing in a ring; they were distinguished by a bright green colour; hence, in The Merry Wives, v. 4:—

‘And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the garter-compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears,—green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see.’

\(^2\) \textit{Midnight mushrooms.}\] Mushrooms growing in rings, and supposed, on account of their springing up in a few hours, to be made by fairies.

\(^3\) \textit{Rejoice to hear, &c.}\] Because it ‘tolls the knell of parting day,’ and ushers in the night when fairies are free to roam abroad.

\(^4\) \textit{Weak masters.}\] Possessed of very little independent power.
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have required
Some heavenly music (which even now I do),
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff;
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.                      [Solemn music.

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

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.—
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,¹
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou 'rt pinched for 't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,

¹ Sociable, &c.] Sympathising with what they see in thine.
SCENE I.  THE TEMPEST.

Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong),
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art:—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,¹
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—  [Exit Ariel.
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:²—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

_ Ariel re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Prospero._

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

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

_Ari._ I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.  [Exit Ariel.

_Gon._ All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

¹ The reasonable shore.] The shore of reason.
² Discase me, &c.] Put off this dress, and present myself in the
   garb I used to wear as duke of Milan.
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

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

Alon. Whether thou beest he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all)¹ a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign,² and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. [To Gon.] First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not,³ I’ll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o’ the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[Aside to Seb. and Ant.]

¹ _An if this be at all._ If there be any reality in this. The Saxon word _an_, meaning _if_, often redundantly preceded _if_, and is very frequently found corrupted into _and._
² _I resign._ I set free from the homage which Antonio, the usurping duke, agreed to render.
³ _Whether this be, &c._ Whether what I now see and hear I reality or not.
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors; at this time  
I'll tell no tales.—  

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

*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.  

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

*Pro.* I am woe*¹* for 't, sir.  

*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss; and Patience  
Says it is past her cure.  

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

*Alon.* You the like loss?  

*Pro.* As great to me, as late;*²* and, supportable  
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
Than you may call to comfort you; for I  
Have lost my daughter.  

*Alon.* A daughter!  
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,

¹ *Woe.* Sorry. This word is still used in the north as an adjective.  
² *As great, &c.* As great to me, and as recent, or fresh, as yours is to you.
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were muddied in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,¹
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
That was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinando
and Miranda playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

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

¹ Admire,} Wonder.
Scene I.

Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause. [Ferd. kneels to Alon.
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam’st here.
Mira. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in’t!
Pro. ’Tis new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eldest acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed 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
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers: 1
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.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;

1 I am hers.] I am her father.
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither!

_Alon._ I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

_Gon._ Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars—in one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.1

_Alon._ [To Fer. and Mir.] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still 2 embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

_Gon._ Be it so! Amen!

_Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following._

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

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

1 _No man was his own._] No man was master of himself, or self-
possessed.

' O that a man were his own man so much,
To rule himself thus.'

_B. Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, ii. 4.

2 _Still._] Ever.
SCENE I. THE TEMPEST.

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

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.—Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And (how we know not) all clapped under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds all horrible,
We were awakened; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freably beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought mopping hither.

Ari. [Aside to Pro.] Was't well done?

Pro. [Aside to Ari.] Bravely, my diligence. Thou
shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod:
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business: at picked leisure,
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you
(Which to you shall seem probable) of every

1 Tricksy.] Cunning, sportive. So in the Merchant of Venice,
iii. 5, Lorenzo refers to fools ' that for a tricksy word defy the matter.'
2 Mopping.] Making strange faces to each other.
3 Conduct of.] Cause of, conducive to.
4 Single I 'll resolve you.] In private I will give you explanation.
These happened accidents: till when, be cheerful, 
And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit; 

[Aside.

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

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

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

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

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

Seb. Ha, ha! 
What things are these, my lord Antonio? 
Will money buy them?

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

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords, 
Then say, if they be true—This misshapen knave— 
His mother was a witch, and one so strong: 
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs, 
And deal in her command without her power: 
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil (For he 's a bastard one) had plotted with them

1 For all the rest.] Stephano in his blundering drunkenness says for all the rest instead of for himself, and vice versa.

2 The badges.] The stolen apparel they had on.

3 Deal in her command, &c.] Use her kind of influence beyond the degree in which she herself could exert it.
SCENE I.

THE TEMPEST.

To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

_Cal._ I shall be pinched to death.
_Alon._ Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
_Seb._ He is drunk now: where had he wine?
_Alon._ And Trinculo is reeling ripe. Where should they
Find this grand liquor 1 that hath gilded them?
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

_Trin._ I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last,
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not
fear fly-blowing.

_Seb._ Why, how now, Stephano!
_Ste._ O touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
_Pro._ You 'd be king of the isle, sirrah?
_Ste._ I should have been a sore one, then.
_Alon._ This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.

[Pointing to _Caliban._

_Pro._ He is as disproportioned 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!

_Pro._ Go to; away!

_Alon._ Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found
it.

1 _This grand liquor, &c._ An allusion to the grand elixir or
potable gold of the alchemists, which they pretended would restore
youth and confer immortality. Sack was sometimes called the grand
liquor or elixir: in Fletcher's Chances, iv. 3, we find a drunken
female described in these words: 'A little gilded o'er, sir; old sack,
old sack, boys!'

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

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

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

[Exeunt.]
EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

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