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The Tempest
A NEW VARIORUM EDITION

OF

SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
HORACE HOWARD FURNESS

THE TEMPEST

[TENTH EDITION]

PHILADELPHIA
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
LONDON: 5 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN
IN MEMORIAM
OF all Shakespeare's plays, The Tempest is almost the very best in the way of Text that has come down to us; and yet, notwithstanding this general excellence, there is scarcely one of its five Acts which does not contain a word or a phrase that has given rise to eager discussion; in one instance, the controversy assumes such extended proportions that in its presence even Juliet's 'runawayes eyes may wink' and veil their lids in abashed inferiority.

Few plays have afforded in general the material for as voluminous an amount of comment. Whether this material really exist in the Play itself, or whether it be not in a measure due to the position of the Play as the first in the Folio, and hence an example of the proverbial thoroughness of new undertakings, it is impossible to say, but certain it is that with the exception of Hamlet and Julius Caesar no play has been more liberally annotated than The Tempest.

Unquestionably, a large portion of this attention from editors and critics must be owing to the enduring charm of the Play itself, dominated as it is by two such characters as Prospero and Ariel, whose names have become almost the symbols of an overruling, forgiving wisdom, and of an 'embodied joy whose race has just begun.' There is yet a third character that shares with these two my profound wonder, and, as a work of art, my admiration. It is not Miranda, who, lovely as she is, is but a girl, and has taken no single step in that brave new world just dawning on the fringed curtains of her eyes. 'To me,' says Lady Martin, in a letter which I am kindly permitted to quote, 'Miranda's life is all to come.' We know, indeed, that to her latest hour she will be the top of admiration, but, as a present object, the present eye sees in her only the exquisite possibilities of her exquisite nature. In Caliban it is that Shakespeare has risen, I think, to the very height of creative power, and, by making what is absolutely unnatural thoroughly natural and consistent, has accomplished the impossible. Merely as a work of art, Caliban takes precedence, I think, even of Ariel.
PREFACE

It is interesting to note the uniformity of the estimate of Caliban's character by the critics. While all acknowledge his power and his attractiveness, scornings, loathings, and revilings are nevertheless heaped on him; indeed, I can recall but one solitary voice really raised in his favour: 'in some respects,' says COLERIDGE, 'Caliban is a noble being.' It has become one of the commonplaces in criticisms on the Play to say that Caliban is the contrast to Ariel (sometimes varied by substituting Miranda for Ariel), and that as the tricksy sprite is the type of the air and of unfettered fancy, so is the abhorred slave typical of the earth and of all brutish appetites; the detested hag-seed is then dismissed blistered all o'er with expressions of abhorrence and with denunciations of his vileness, which any print of goodness will not take. Is there, then, nothing to be said in favour of Caliban? is there really and truly no print of goodness in him? Kindly Nature never wholly deserts her offspring, nor does SHAKESPEARE. We may be very sure that he, who knew so well that there is always some soul of goodness in things evil, would not have abandoned even Caliban without infusing into his nature some charm which might be observingly distilled out. Why is it that Caliban's speech is always rhythmical? There is no character in the play whose words fall at times into sweeter cadences; if the Æolian melodies of the air are sweet, the deep bass of the earth is no less rhythmically resonant. We who see Caliban only in his prime and, a victim of heredity, full grown, are apt to forget the years of his childhood and of his innocence, when Prospero fondled him, stroked him, and made much of him, and Miranda taught him to speak, and with the sympathetic instinct of young girlhood interpreted his thoughts and endowed his purposes with words. When Caliban says that it was his mistress who showed him the man in the moon with his dog and his bush, what a picture is unfolded to us of summer nights on the Enchanted Island, where, however quiet lies the landscape in the broad moonlight, every hill and brook and standing lake and grove is peopled with elves, and on the shore, overlooking the yellow sands where fairies foot it fealty, sits the young instructress deciphering for the misshapen slave at her feet the features of the full-orbed moon. With such a teacher, in such hours, would it be possible for Caliban, even were he twice the monster that he is, to resist, at the most impressionable age, the subtle influence of the atmosphere of poetry which breathed in every nook and corner of the Enchanted Island? The wonder is not that he ever after speaks in rhythm; the wonder would be if he did not.
Let our surprise at Caliban's language cease when it is remembered that he learned it from Prospero and Miranda, and had never heard it from other mortal lips.

It was by Miranda's pure loveliness and rare refinement that the soul of poetry was distilled out of that evil thing. Without this poetic feeling in Caliban, and its expression, whence would come our knowledge of the pervading life of enchantment which, by Prospero's wand, has converted that 'vninhabited Island' into the one magic isle of our imaginations, forever floating in unknown summer seas? It is from Caliban we learn that—

The Isle is full of noyse,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.'

Is there no gratitude due for such a glimpse of the isle as that? or for this?—

'Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes 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 shew riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked
I cried to dream again.'

Moreover, had there lurked for Caliban no gentle feeling whatsoever in Shakespeare's heart, never would he have given us, I think, such a picture as this of the deformed slave's childlike simplicity. It is this human and poetical side of Caliban's character, to which, as I venture to think, we have paid hardly sufficient attention, and which the general and abhorrent repulsiveness of his nature causes us to overlook.

It is a hackneyed cry against Caliban that he is utterly sensual, caring for nothing but what he can eat or drink. When in his eagerness to show Stephano all the fairest treasures of the isle, he says, 'I'll show thee a jay's nest,' did he, may I ask, contemplate this object as an article of diet? or did not the sight of a nest with its 'twin duplicate eggs' send through Caliban's soul the same thrill that, to this hour, 'gara a boy's heart loup richt up intil heaven,' and make of that humbler nest of a jay quite as much a theme for exultation and a resource of pure joy as a 'swan's nest among the reeds'? Surely it is not claiming too much in urging that the same doubt, which may be cast over the 'jay's nest' as an article of food, may be extended to the 'nimble marmoset'; but when, in the same speech, Caliban says that 'some-
'times I'll get thee young scamels from the rock,' there I yield, and acknowledge that his baser appetite controls his higher. What 'scamels' are, or are not, may be learned from the portentous mass of notes on the word, extending to two of the following pages, wherein there has been proposed as a substitute every article of food known to man which begins and ends with s, from 'shamois' to 'sea-owls.' For my part, I unblushingly confess that I do not know what 'scamels' are, and that I prefer to retain the word in the text and to remain in utter, invincible ignorance. From the very beginning of the Play we know that the scene lies in an enchanted island. Is this to be forgotten? Since the air is full of sweet sounds, why may not the rocks be inhabited by unknown birds of gay plumage or by vague animals of a grateful and appetising plumpness? Let the picture remain, of the dashing rocks, the stealthy, freckled whelp, and, in the clutch of his long nails, a young and tender scamel.

If the depth of the impression made by an imaginary character may be gauged by the literature which that character calls forth, then must Hamlet and Falstaff admit Caliban to a place between them. An eminent Professor has devoted a stout octavo volume to the proof that in Caliban we find the exact 'link' which, in any scheme of Evolution, is 'missing' between Man and the Anthropoids; the late and honoured Mr Robert Browning has given utterance to the theological speculations which he imagined might have visited Caliban's darkened and lonely soul; and a brilliant Member of the French Institute, of world-wide fame, has written a philosophical drama bearing the name of 'Caliban.' No other unreal character, except the two I have mentioned, Hamlet and Falstaff, has called forth such noteworthy or such voluminous tributes.

As an object-lesson of prime importance, I have reprinted in the Appendix, Dryden's Version. Unless it be made thus accessible, few, I am afraid, would take the trouble of looking it up in Dryden's Works, or in Davenant's, and of reading it; unless we read it, no imagination, derived from a mere description, can adequately depict its monstrousity,—to be fully hated it must be fully seen. Than this Version, there is, I think, in the realm of literature no more flagrant instance to be found of lese-majesty. It is hard to decide whether or not Dryden's reputation be additionally damaged by the revelation lately made by an eminent German scholar, that the mutilations, or rather the additions, for which Dryden took to himself
credit as the author, are wholesale 'conveyances' from a play of CALDERON. After all, it is doubtful if any tint be hereby added to the grained spots in DRYDEN's conduct.

One thing, however, we should bear in mind: DRYDEN's Version is the fruitage of DRYDEN's times. 'The drama's laws the drama's 'patrons give,' and PEFFYS is witness that the house was 'mighty 'full' when this Version was presented.

To one minor detail I beg to call attention. SHAKESPEARE's seamanship during the tempest in the First Scene is beyond criticism. No order of the Boatswain is superfluous,—no order is omitted that skill can suggest to save the craft. Turn to DRYDEN, where, amidst a wild and incoherent mass of nautical nonsense, orders are issued which, if obeyed, would drive the ship straight to destruction on the rocks.

A hundred years after DRYDEN's day, in speaking of adaptations and versions of SHAKESPEARE, LESSING, Germany's greatest and truest Shakespearian scholar, exclaimed: 'Upon the most insignificant of 'his beauties there is an impress stamped, which to all the world pro-'claims: "I am SHAKESPEARE's!" Woe to the alien beauty who pre-'sumes to place herself beside it!'

No story, legend, drama, or novel has been yet discovered which was used by SHAKESPEARE as the foundation for THE TEMPEST. Speculation has been wide and wild in regard to fragmentary sources, here and there, whence, it is maintained, SHAKESPEARE drew various details of his Play. The one source, however, which, it has been assumed, points, more than all others, to a common origin is an old German Comedy, unearthed eighty years ago by THIECK, called THE FAIR SIDEAS. The joy of a discoverer filled THIECK, and the joy of possession in a comedy, which would bring them so near to Shakespeare, filled German scholars; and from the temperate suggestion by the former that in THE FAIR SIDEAS we had a version merely of the old play which was re-made into THE TEMPEST, the enthusiasm waxed higher and higher, unchecked as it should have been by English scholars, until we now hear the positive assertion that, in writing THE TEMPEST, SHAKESPEARE went 'direct' to the Nuremberg Notary.

Under these circumstances I have not considered the time or space as misapplied which has been devoted to this play of THE FAIR SIDEAS, an examination of it, I am convinced, will serve to correct the wild and whirling words of the present day and restore THIECK's earliest, mode-
rate judgement, or at least a modification of that judgement. It cannot be said that there is really any ground common to *The Tempest* and to *The Fair Sidea*. One or two mere points of contact there are, but they are points of altogether minor, nay, of minimum, importance.

German scholars have asserted, that in the two comedies there is the same fundamental idea of the reconciliation of hostile fathers by the marriage of their children. There is no such reconciliation in *The Tempest*. Of a righteous Duke, deposed and exiled by treachery; of the rotten carcass of a butt, with the father and little child; of a desert island full of enchantment; of a tempest raised by magic; of a shipwreck; of conspiracies, and of distracted senses; of love at first sight and the game at chess,—in *The Tempest*, there is never a hint in *Die schöne Sidea*, which, on the other hand, sets forth a bloody battle wherein the lawless, wanton aggressor is defeated and justly exiled; an incantation which raises a devil spitting fire; a treacherous seizure of a young prince and his brutal treatment by the heroine; a reconciliation and elopement of the young couple; a telltale devil stricken dumb by enchantment; pursuit of the young pair by the enraged father; the bride's detection by means of the reflection of her face in a well (an incident which could not but survive in every version of the story); a rival in the affections of her betrothed; his oblivion of the past, and the restoration of his memory by a love philtre,—of all these essential points in *The Fair Sidea*, where is there a trace in *The Tempest*? In the course of the former story the captive prince is forced under blows and ill treatment (and at the hands of the heroine, forsooth!) to split and pile up some wood, and, at the time of his capture, when he attempts to draw his sword, he finds it fast in its scabbard by the spell of the wicked magician. These are the two incidents which are supposed to be identical with Ferdinand's log-bearings, and with his disarming by Prospero; and these it is, which have been urged as an all-sufficient justification of the belief in a close kinship between *The Tempest* and *The Fair Sidea*. May not as much, or more, be said in favour of GREENE'S *Friar Bacon*, where the weapons of no less than four men are spell-bound, and where dumbness is brought on by a stroke of magic. If once we adopt such fragmentary, insignificant incidents as the source of *The Tempest*, we might as well extend the scope and admit as one of the originals of Ferdinand's log-bearing task the nursery-rhyme behest of 'Five, six, pick up sticks; seven, eight, lay them straight!'
PREFACE

And yet, to be perfectly just to The Fair Sidea, we may concede somewhat in the direction of Tiëck's demands; and if even two trivial matters of detail be found common not only to the German Comedy, but to others, and to The Tempest, our belief may be strengthened that somewhere, perhaps, in the limbo of lost Plays, the ghost is flitting which Shakespeare recalled to life and light, and clad with ethereal beauty.

To my father, the Rev. Dr Furness, I am indebted for the translation of the extracts from Herman Grimm, from Franz Horn, and from François-Victor Hugo. The debt of gratitude which I spring to pay, it seldom falls to the happy lot of mortal to incur. The aid afforded by the hand, whose cunning more than ninety years have not abated, is hereby gratefully and reverently acknowledged by the white-haired son.

H. H. F.

February, 1892.
The Scene, an vn-inhabited Island

Names of the Actors.

1. The Scene, an[.] The Scene an, an
   F.[.] Scene, the sea with a ship, afterwards an Johns. Scene, at sea; and on
different Parts of an Cap.
2. This list of the 'Names of the
   Actors' in the Folio, follows the Epilogue at the end of the play. It is here
   transposed merely out of deference to the time-honoured custom of beginning
   a play with the Dramatis Personae.

1. In discussing the 'Date of the Composition' (see Appendix) great emphasis is
   laid by MALONE and others on the influence which the early accounts of the
   Bermudas had on Shakespeare's construction of the present play, and many agreements are there
detected between those islands and Prospero's island. Hence a vague notion seems
to have floated abroad that one of the 'still-vex'd Bermoothes' was the actual scene of
The Tempest.—CHALMERS, indeed, with his headlong vehemence, explicitly refers
to the Bermudas as the scene of Prospero's magic and of Stephano's drunken
kingdom. Even THOMAS MOORE, the Poet, shared this error. In a footnote to an Epistle,
written in 1804, from the Bermudas, 'to the Marchioness Dowager of D——ll,'
Moore says: 'Among the many charms which Bermuda has for a poetic eye, we cannot
for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakespeare's Tempest, and that he here
conjured up the "delicate Ariel," who alone is worth the whole heaven of ancient
mythology.' Stranger still, Mrs JAMESON (i, 292) says: 'The Bermuda Isles, in which
Shakespeare has placed the scene of The Tempest, were discovered in his time,' &c.
It was to fetch dew from the Bermoothes that Prospero called up Ariel.

HUNTER was the first to attempt to give not only a geographical location to this
'vn-inhabited Island,' but also to show, with any degree of minuteness, that there
was an island, which, by meeting all requirements, must have been the identical
island on which Prospero and Miranda lived so many years. In his Disquisition,
Hunter says that the suggestion that this island is Lampedusa was made to him by
Rodd, the bookseller; in his Illustrations which came out in 1845, six years after
the Disquisition, he says that he was told that the suggestion had been already
made by Douce. By whomsoever the first discovery was made, or from whomsoever
the first suggestion was derived, Hunter was the earliest to recount the
arguments in favour of Lampedusa, and these arguments are, in the main, as follows:
Lampedusa's geographical position would meet all the exigencies of the
story; sailors from Algiers would conveniently and naturally land Sycorax on its
shores; Prospero, if committed to the sea off an Italian coast, and tossed by winds
and waves, would most likely drift to Lampedusa; Alonso, sailing from Tunis and
steering for Naples, could be caught in the storm raised by Prospero, and landed on
Lampedusa, whose dimensions, about thirteen miles in circuit, are what Prospero's
island may be imagined to have had. When noticed by Shakespeare's contemporaries,
Lampedusa is generally connected with storms, and the Fires of St Elmo are
often seen there. It was, and still is, a deserted island or nearly so, and is known
The Scene, an vn-inhabited island.
among the mariners of the Mediterranean familiarly as the Enchanted Island. 'It
was never inhabited,' says Captain Smyth, a modern writer, in 1824. 'on account, it
'is gravely said, of the horrible spectres that haunted it,' and 'on account of the
'phantasms, spectres, and horrible visions that appear in the night.' 'Crusius, in
'1584,' adds Hunter, 'has these few words relating to the supernatural appearances:
'Noces ibi spectrâ tumultuose.'" The 'trogloodytic caves' of the rocky coast of
Lampedusa supply 'the hard rock' in which Prospero 'staid' Caliban, and furnish
'the cellar' for Stephano's 'whole butt of wine.' In Lampedusa there was a her-
mit's cell—the prototype of Prospero's 'full poor cell.' There is another point of
resemblance between the real and the ideal island which Hunter pronounces 'too
'remarkable to be passed over and too peculiar to have existed at all' were there no
connection between them; it is, that 'Malta is supplied with fire-wood from Lampe-
dusa.' Hence the task which Prospero sets Ferdinand of piling logs, and hence
Caliban's continual grumbling over 'the collecting of fire-wood.' 'And here we may
'remark, as illustrating that realization of every scene, and that consistency which
'runs through all the works of Shakespeare, that they were logs of pine which Fer-
dinand was employed in piling. This does not appear directly in anything which is
'said, but may be inferred from what Miranda says: 'When this burns 'Twill weep
'for having wearied you.' Nor is it distinctly affirmed in terms that pine trees
'were of the natural growth of the island, but we collect it from the fact that it was
'in a cloven pine that Ariel was imprisoned.' Wherefore, in view of all these cor-
respondences, Hunter concludes that it would be 'by no means improper in any
'future editor of Shakespeare were he to place at the foot of the Dramatis Personae
'the words—Scene, Lampedusa,—just as Verona is put down as the Scene of
'Romeo and Juliet.''

It is almost superfluous to remark that no single editor, and of critics but one, has
been found who has been willing to exchange Shakespeare's magic island for the
trogloodytic caves of Hunter's Lampedusa, although we must acknowledge, I think, the
ingenuity with which Hunter converts to his advantage the local allusions in the play.

Knight, whose edition followed hard upon Hunter's Disquisition, says: 'We
'believe that the poet had no locality whatever in his mind, just as he had no notion
'of any particular storm. Tempests and enchanted islands are of the oldest materials
'of poetry. . . . . We believe the island sunk into the sea, and was no more seen,
'after Prospero broke his staff and drowned his book.'

In Collier's Further Particulars, p. 56, there is a ballad called The Enchanted
Island; as it was written evidently later than The Tempest, it gives us no help in
questions of Date or Plot. But as it is alluded to by several editors, I have reprinted
it in full in the Appendix. One of the concluding stanzas is charming:

'From that daie forth the Isle has bene
By wandering sailors never scene.
Some say 'tis buryed deep
Beneath the sea, which breaks and rores
Above its savage rockie shores,
Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.'

Halliwell considers it worthy of remark 'that according to Mr Thoms, there
'exists amongst the Jews a tradition that the tempest which dispersed the fleet of
The Scene, an vn-inhabited island.

Charles V off the coast of Lampedusa, was raised by the magical skill of an Algerine Jew; a slight corroborative evidence that this island was the locality in which the tale was at first laid. . . . It is clear [from the instances collected by Hunter] that Lampedusa was exactly the island that would have been selected by a romance-writer of the sixteenth century for the situation of a tale involving the agency of magic and enchantment. When Shakespeare came to adopt some of the circumstances from this ancient source, he heightened the romantic interest of his ideal drama by placing the scene in "an vn-inhabited island," and studiously avoiding all reference to it as having a geographical existence. The few allusions which determine the outline of the narrative to belong to the Mediterranean are not sufficiently historical to demand that the mysterious island of Prospero should be identified, in the play, with any real locality." Halliwell has, I think, here intimated the true source of whatever correspondences there are to be found between Shakespeare's unreal island and a real island; the oversight, if it be one, in the reference in I, ii, to a son of the Duke of Milan, may be likewise due to the original drama or romance which Shakespeare has here rewritten, or adapted to the stage.

LOWELL (Among my Books, 1870, p. 199) : 'Shakespeare is wont to take some familiar story, to lay his scene in some place the name of which is, at least, familiar, well knowing the reserve of power that lies in the familiar as a background when things are set in front of it under a new and unexpected light.' But in The Tempest the scene is laid nowhere, or certainly in no country laid down in any map. Nowhere, then? At once nowhere and anywhere—for it is in the soul of man, that still-vexed island, hung between the upper and the nether world, and liable to incursions from both.'

The critic, who is referred to above, as the only one willing to follow Hunter in fixing on a real island for Prospero, is Theodor Elze; but he repudiates Hunter's navigation. When Prospero was expelled from Milan, argues Elze (Sh. Jahrbuch, xv, p. 251), he must have been taken to the nearest seaport, which is Genoa, whence he was drifted southwards in the direction of some island off the African coast. When Alonzo sailed from Tunis to Naples he must have steered north-north-east. Now the point where these two courses intersect will be found to be pretty near a group of islands, and, supposing that shortly after leaving Tunis Alonzo's fleet was struck by a westerly storm and driven farther to the east, we shall see that he must have been wrecked on the island Pantalaria. Hunter's Lampedusa, urges Elze, is too far to the east to permit of the assumption that when Sycorax was banished from Argier she was carried past the nearer island to the further one. Just as Hunter found that Lampedusa answered to every need of the drama, so Elze finds Pantalaria equally responsive with its fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile; and if Lampedusa has the advantage in its being deserted, Pantalaria surpasses it in the name of the town, 'Seaxghihir, which, at all events, suggests by assonance the name of Sycorax.' Furthermore, on the opposite coast of Africa, between Tunis and Hammamet, stands the town of Calibia, known as such from the days of Diego Ribeyro's chart in 1529. 'Whence we have the simplest and most natural explanation of the name of Caliban, that is, an inhabitant of Calibia, instead of the far-fetched and wonderful metathesis of Cannibal. . . . And when all this lay so near to the scene of his drama why should Shakespeare, who, forsooth, connected Tunis with Carthage and Widow Dido, have to devise, out of an American word, a name that all the while lay ready to his hand?'
NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Alonfo, K. of Naples:
Sebastian his Brother.

Prospero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honest old Councillor.

Perhaps Bell should be mentioned as one who gives a locality to Prospero’s island. In his Shakespeare’s Puck (ii, 308) he gives his opinion, without any reasons for it, that “it could only have been Cercyra which was intended.”

Sir Edward Strachey (Quarterly Rev. July, 1890, p. 117): What a charming place the island must have been if we take it as it was seen by those in whom the eye of poetry, romance, and love was open; by old Gonzalo as well as by young Ferdinand; nay, even by the monster Caliban, who has always a touch of poetry in him! . . . . Think of the land in which, as in their proper home, Prospero addresses the spirits of earth, air, and sea. Think of Ariel, the very genius of the isle, with the cowslip’s bell for a home, its honey for food, and the bee and the bat for his fellows in work or in play. Let us think of all this, and then see if this island, lying in the blue Mediterranean, somewhere between Naples and Tunis, under that deep Italian sky, must not have been (as the Neapolitan says of his own lovely shore) a piece of heaven fallen upon earth, a true Atlantis of Poesy!

5. 12. Prospero, Stephano] Every Man in his Humour was acted at The Rose in 1595 or 1596, and, in a list of the actors, Jonson gives merely the name ‘Will Shakespeare,’ without specifying the character assumed; two of these characters, in the 4to edition of the play, are Prospero and Stephano.—Farmer uses this latter fact as an argument that The Tempest was certainly of a later date than The Mer. of Ven., in which ‘the pronunciation of Stephano’ is ‘always wrong,’ but in The Tempest, after having been taught by Jonson in Every Man in his Humour, Shakespeare uses Stephano ‘always right.’—HALLIWELL thinks that this statement is too strong, seeing that the indications of the accent, Stephano, in the Tempest are ‘exceedingly indistinct’; which is true, the indications are indistinct, and yet in one instance (which is quite enough for Farmer) the accent as decided as could be wished:— ‘Is not [this Stéph | anb | my drink | en Büttler?’—V, i, 329.—MALONE thinks it not improbable that ‘our poet’ had in his thoughts Dent’s trans. of the History of Philippo de Comines, 1526, p. 293, where an account is given of Alphonso or Alonzo of Naples, and his son Ferdinand, when they were assailed by Charles VIII of France. On p. 294 reference is made to ‘Cardinal Ascoigne, brother to the Duke of Milan and Prospero Calonne’; and a little lower down on the same page there is mention of ‘Lord Galcot of Miranda.’ ‘Did not,’ asks Malone, ‘these personages suggest the names of Prospero and (by contraction) Miranda? Prospero, however, had before been introduced into Every Man in his Humour, and was, indeed, the name of a riding—master in London in Shakespeare’s time, who was probably a Neapolitan.’

3, 4, 6, 7, 8. Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo] Malone
Adrian, & Francisco, Lords.

Caliban, a faiuage and deformed slave.

Trinculo, a Iester.


suggests Eden's History of Travalla, 1577 (wherein Shakespeare found the name of the god Seteboe), as the probable source of all these names.

8. Gonzalo] In five places, in F., this is spelled Gonzallo; viz.: II, i, 290; III, iii, 2; V, i, 74; V, i, 80; V, i, 242.—Ed.


4, 10. Anthonio, Trinculo] W. A. Wright refers to the use of these two names by Tomkes in his play of Almumasar, 1614-15, as incidentally favouring the supposition that The Tempest was a comparatively recent play at that time.—The Elze (Jahrb. xv, 253): Trinculo from trinecor, trincone, clearly points to the preference for bottles and beakers.

10. Caliban] Dr Farmer's derivation of this name as merely a metathesis of Cannibal has been generally accepted. To me it is unsatisfactory. There should be, I think, something in the descriptions of cannibals, either of their features or of their nature, to indicate some sort of fellowship with a monster like Caliban. No such description has been pointed out. None of the manifold accounts of early voyages to the Caribbean Sea, as far as I have been able to discover, attributes to cannibals any other characteristic than that of eating human flesh; it is their one constant quality. Moreover, Shakespeare needed none of this help in vivifying his character, which the mere extrinsic associations of a name could supply. What name soever he gave to Caliban, the deformed slave would have made it typical for all time. Is it likely, moreover, that, when The Tempest was acted before the motley audience of the Globe Theatre, there was a single auditor who, on hearing Prospero speak of Caliban, bethought him of the Caribbean Sea, and instantly surmised that the name was a metathesis of Cannibal? Under this impression, the appearance of the monster without a trace of his bloodthirsty characteristic must have been disappointing. Other derivations of the name have been proposed, but none of them, I think, with better success. In N. & Q. 3d S. vi, p. 202, H. C. thinks that 'it is possible that Shakespeare was acquainted with parts of the story of the Ramayana,' and in that case Caliban would be 'Kalee-ban, meaning the satyr of Kalee, the Hindoo Prosper-pine.'—Dr Nicholson (N. & Q. 4th S. i, p. 291) thinks that 'Perhaps, too, the origin of the name is to be found in the Caribs of the isles and the Spanish main rather than in the transposition of the syllables of the word cannibal.'—In N. & Q. 4th S. vii, p. 56, T. E. Winnington asks 'if κελίβαν, a drinking-cup, can have suggested the name.'—Phillipotts (p. xviii) remarks that Caliban's name can hardly have any more connection with the word Cannibal than 'his nature has. The mention of his mother's country points to a Moorish origin for his name, which may possibly be the Kalebân, or 'vile dog,' of Arabic slang.'—Finally, The Elze (Jahrb. xv, 252), in a passage which is quoted above in the discussion of the location of the 'vn-inhabited Island' suggests, with, what I must confess seems to be, more plausibility than any other suggestion, that the name comes from the region called Calibia on the Moorish coast. In this case, I think, Shakespeare possibly inherited the name from the old story or drama which is the foundation of this play.

—Ed.
16. [Miranda] Malone, in a foregoing note, queries whether Miranda be not a contraction of Miranda. Such a contraction is neither likely nor needed. An 'Earl of Miranda,' apparently a prominent courtier at the Court of Spain, is mentioned (Winwood's Memorials, ii, 312) by James's ambassador at Madrid, Sir George Cornwallis, in a letter to the Earl of Salisbury, in 1607. This fact shows merely that the name is not an invention of Shakespeare.—Ed.

17. Ariel] Malone: A name taken from the sacred writings: 'Woe to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt!'—Isaiah xxix, 1. See also the fourth and sixth verses, which may have particularly struck our author, and induced him thus to denominate Prospero's principal ministering spirit: 'And thou [Ariel] shalt be brought down, and shalt speak out of the ground, and thy speech shall be low out of the dust, and thy voice shall be as of one that hath a familiar spirit, out of the ground,'—'Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of Hosts with thunder, and with earthquake, and with great noise, with storm and tempest, and the flame of devouring fire.' [After reading this note, one almost doubts if Malone, when he wrote it, had read the play.—Ed.]—Hunter (i, 181): 'An airy spirit' says the old persona, whence perhaps the choice of the name, which literally signifies the Lion of God, or the Strong Lion, and is used by the prophet Isaiah as a personation of the city of Jerusalem.—Thoms (Three Notes, p. 21): That Shakespeare learned the name of Ariel from his Bible, and selected it from the resemblance its sound bore to the character of his quaint spirit, and that some of the feats and attributes of that spirit were suggested by the words of Isaiah, is extremely probable; but, at the same time, it is important to know, as confirmatory of the Hebraistic character of this glorious play, that Ariel not only answers to the description of the Jewish spirits, Schedim, but that Ariel is the name of one of the seven princes of angels or spirits who preside over waters under Michael the arch-prince. Heywood [Notes on Bk iv, Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels] furnishes us with the following illustration of the belief upon which the character and agency of Ariel in The Tempest is founded: 'Saint Augustine, in his booke De Cognitione Verae Vite, is persuaded that spirits by God's permission can raise Stormes and Tempests, and command raine, hail, snow, thunder, and lightening at their pleasures.'—Staunton: According to the system of witchcraft or magic which formed an article of popular creed in Shakespeare's day, the elementary spirits were divided into six classes by some demonologists, and into four,—those of the Air, of the Water, of the Fire, and of the Earth,—by others. . . . Ariel is here called 'an airy spirit.' The particular functions of this order of beings, Burton tells us, are to cause 'many tempests, thunder, and lightnings, tear oaks, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it rain stones, &c., cause whirlwinds on a sudden, and tempestuous storms.' But at the behest of the all-powerful magician Prospero, or by his own influence and potency, the airy spirit in a twink becomes not only a spirit of fire,—one of those, according to the same authority, which 'commonly work by blazing stars, fire drakes, or ignes fatui'; . . . counterfeit suns and moons, stars
NAMES OF THE ACTORS

Iris
Ceres
Juno
Nymphes
Reapers.

\[\text{Spirits.}\]

20. Spirits] Spirits, employ'd in the

22. Other spirits, attending on Pros-

Masque. Theob. presented by Spirits. pero. added by Theob.

Carm.

oftentimes, and sit upon ship-masts,—but a naiad or spirit of the water also; in fact, assumes any shape, and is visible or unseen at will.—W. A. Wright: The word occurs as the name of a man in Ezra viii, 16.
THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Botefwaine.

Master.

Botef. Heere Master: What cheere?

Mast. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our felues a ground, beftirre, beftirre.

Exit.

1. Scena] Scena F.
3. Botefwaine] Botefwaine, as on shipboard shaking off wet. Coll. MS.
4. Master.] Master, F.
5. Botefwaine] Botefwaine F.
8. a ground] a-ground F, F.

1. Actus, &c.] COLERIDGE (Notes, p. 85): 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 co-aptation 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 so 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
[Actus Primus.]

the proper and only legitimate interest, which is intended to spring from within. The romance opens with a busy scene admirably appropriate to the kind of drama, and giving, as it were, the key-note of the whole harmony. It prepares and initiates the excitement required for the entire piece, and yet does not demand anything from the spectators, which their previous habits had not fitted them to understand. It is the bustle of a tempest from which the real horrors are abstracted; therefore it is poetical, though not in strictness natural, and is purposely restrained from concentrating the interest in itself, but used merely as an induction or tuning for what is to follow.—

Ibid. (Seven Lectures, &c. p. 109): In this play, Shakespeare has especially appealed to the imagination, and he has constructed a plot well adapted to the purpose. According to his scheme, he did not appeal to any sensuous impression (the word 'sensuous is authorised by Milton) of time and place, but to the imagination, and it is to be borne in mind that of old and as regards mere scenery, his works may be said to have been recited rather than acted,—that is to say, description and narration supplied the place of visual exhibition: the audience were told to fancy that they saw what they only heard described; the painting was not in colours, but in words. This is particularly to be noticed in the first scene,—a storm and its confusion on board the king’s ship. The highest and the lowest characters are brought together, and with what excellence! Much of the genius of Shakespeare is displayed in these happy combinations,—the highest and the lowest, the gayest and the saddest; he is not droll in one scene and melancholy in another, but often both the one and the other in the same scene. Laughter is made to swell the tear of sorrow, and to throw, as it were, a poetical light upon it, while the tear minglest tenderness with the laughter Shakespeare has evinced the power, which above all other men he possessed, of introducing the profoundest sentiments of wisdom where they would be least expected, yet where they are most truly natural. One admirable secret of his art is, that separate speeches frequently do not appear to have been occasioned by those which preceded, and which are consequent upon each other, but to have arisen out of the peculiar character of the speaker.—Sir Edward Strachey (Quarterly Rev. July, 1890, p. 116):

Although the Tempest was neither the earliest nor the last of Shakespeare’s Plays, it was by a happy, if perhaps unconscious, intuition that the editors of the First Folio put it at the head of their volume. It is a mimic, magic tempest which we are to see: a tempest raised by Art, to work moral ends with actual men and women, and then to sink into a calm. And in such a storm and calm we have the very idea of a Play or Drama, the fitting specimen and frontispiece of the whole volume of Plays before us.

4. 5. Master. Bote-swaine] Capt. John Smith in his Accidence for Young Seamen, 1626 (p. 789, ed. Arber), says that ‘The Master and his Mate is to direct the course, command all the Sailors, for steering, trimming, and saying the Ship.’ On p. 790, ‘The Bote-swaine is to have the charge of all the Cordage, tackling, sailes, fids, and marling spikes, needles, twine and saile-cloth, and rigging of the shippe.’—Ed.

5–18. In the New S. Soc. Trans. 1874, Pt ii, p. 277, Simpson cites these lines, which he divides into trochaic and dactylic measures, as an instance of Shakespeare’s rhythmical prose.

7. Good:] Dyce: Compare what presently follows.—Nay, good, be patient; and ‘Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard’ (‘Good’ meaning ‘Good friend,’ or ‘Good fellow’). Here those who follow F, forget that this is one of the passages in
[7. Good:]

the Folio where the colon is equivalent to a comma,—and make the Master reply that the cheer is 'good,' while in the same breath he says that they are in danger of running aground.—Hudson: 'Good' here carries something of an evasive force; as, 'Let that go,' or 'No matter for that.'—Phillpotts: This is equivalent to 'I am glad you are at hand'; not referring to 'friend' or 'fellow' understood. [It is very certain that Dyce is right and that 'Good' does not refer to 'cheer'; its full meaning, both here and where it occurs afterwards, may then be safely left to private judgement. I incline, in the present case, to the interpretation of Phillpotts.—Ed.]

7, 8. fall...ground] 'In this naval dialogue,' said Dr Johnson, 'perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders.' Malone, according to Boswell, received, through Sir George Beaumont, the following 'most satisfactory refutation' of Dr Johnson's criticism, from the second Lord Mulgrave: The first scene of The Tempest is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. [Mention here follows of Smith's Accident, 1626, and Manwaring's Seaman's Dictionary, the earliest on the subject, to show how difficult it was, at that time, to acquire from books any knowledge of seamanship.]

It is a curious circumstance that Shakespeare should have been so fortunate in his instructor, and so correct in the application of his knowledge.—The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety: and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed.—The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point to the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do.—He has shown a knowledge of the new improvements, as well as the doubtful points of seamanship; one of the latter he has introduced, under the only circumstances in which it was indisputable.—The events certainly follow too near one another for the strict time of representation; but perhaps, if the whole length of the play was divided by the time allowed by the critics, the portion allotted to this scene might not be too little for the whole. But he has taken care to mark intervals between the different operations by exits.—[The different operations are successively explained and will be found in their due place in the commentary. On the present passage is the following comment:] Land discovered under the lee: the wind blowing too fresh to haul upon a wind with the topsail set. This first command is therefore a notice to be ready to execute any orders quickly.

8. yarely] Steevens: That is, readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word.—Malone: 'Yare' is used as an adjective in V, i, 267.—Skeat: Anglosaxon, gearu, gearu, ready, quick, prompt.—W. A. Wright: Ray gives it as a Suffolk word, and in the speech of the Lowestoff boatman at this day, 'hear, hear' is probably only a disguised form of 'yare, yare.'—Br. Nicholson (in New Sl. Soc. Trans. 1880-2, Pi i, p. 56) notes, that 'yare' is used 'four times by Shakespeare as a nautical term, and four times as a land one'; and gives an instance from Harnet's Popish Impostures, 1603, p. 143, where the two terms in the phrase 'yare and ready' seem equivalent.
THE TEMPEST

Enter Mariners.

Botef. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts:
yare, yare: Take in the toppe-sale: Tend to th’Masters
whistle: Blow till thou burft thy winde, if roome e-


11. hearts] DIGHTON: ‘My hearties’ is still a term in use among sailors.
12, 13. toppe-sale... room enough] MULGRAVE: The topsail is taken in.
‘Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.’ The danger in a good sea-boat is
only from being too near the land: this is introduced here to account for the next
order [in line 43].—W. A. WRIGHT gives us some observations to the same effect,
made to him by his friend, Captain E. K. CALVER, R. N., a name well known, in
naval circles, to both hemispheres: ‘The craft is in a storm, and the Boatswain’s
anxiety is evidently not about the strength of the wind, but the room at disposal,—
“Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.”’
13. whistle] ANON. (Shakespeare, a Seaman, St. James’s Maga. July, 1862): A
silver whistle, suspended from the neck by a lanyard, is the modern boatswain’s badge
of office, and it is familiarly termed his call. But in Shakespeare’s days, and long
before, a great whistle (not of silver, but of virgin gold) was the honourable ensign
of a naval commander, even of the highest rank. The celebrated Sir Edward Howard,
Lord High Admiral in the reign of Bluff King Hal, died a glorious death whilst
in the act of boarding an enemy’s ship, and ‘when he saw the danger to which he
was exposed, he took his chain of gold nobles, which hung about his neck, and his
great gold whistle, the ensign of his office, and threw them into the sea, to prevent
the enemy from possessing the spoils of an English Admiral.’
13. Blow... winds] SYMPSON (according to HEATH, p. 1), conceiving that this
phrase lacked dignity, believed that it should read ‘Blow, till thou burst thee, wind!’
an emendation which apparently struck STEEVENS so favourably that in advocating it,
he forgot to mention Symson’s name, and so has received the credit of it ever since.
—Dr. JOHNSON proposed ‘Blow, till thou burst, wind,’ &c., and RANN, ‘Blow, till
thou burst, thou wind.’ In Rann’s edition conjectural readings are printed simply
in Italic, without naming the author. The conjecture just cited, therefore, should in
strict correctness be given as ANONYMOUS, but to save space both here and hereafter
all these conjectures of unknown origin I shall incontinently attribute to Rann.
Whatevsoever obscurity befalls Englishmen in this phrase envelops with manifold
blackness our German brothers, so profoundly, indeed, in the case of Dr. SCHUMANN
(Prog. d. Thomasschule in Leipzig, 1876, p. 28, n.) that for him light is to be found
only in interpreting the phrase as addressed by the Boatswain not to the Wind, but,
with a stroke of ‘gallows-humour’ (galgenhumoristische), to the Master, whose whistle
is not quite up to the emergency. ‘Naturally,’ adds the author, ‘the words are to be
supposed as spoken aside.’ When will our German brothers, for whose aesthetic criticisms
we hope to be always duly grateful, learn that as regards the text of Shakespeare
it is ‘Hands off!’? Where the best of Englishmen fail, it is worse than useless for
Germans to attempt. ‘Wind’ has survived in the Prize Ring to this hour, in the sense of
lunge, and if this word had been used by Shakespeare here, we should have lost the
grim humour of the passage and perhaps have been spared this superfluous note.—Eis.
ACT I, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

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


Botf. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Master, Boson?

Botf. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do aysift the fforme.

Gons. Nay, good be patient.

Botf. When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roa-

15. Ferdinando] Ferdinand Rowe et seq.
17. haue care] have a care Dryden, Coll. ii (MS).
18. Play] Ply Upton, Quincy MS.
20-27. As verse, lines ending heart

15. Enter, &c.] COLLIER (ed. ii): 'From the cabin,' says the MS: the characters most likely ascended through a trap-door.

18. Play the men] STEEVENS: That is, act with spirit. So in Chapman's Iliad, Bk ii 'thou shalt know what soildiers play the men, And what the cowards.'—MALONE: So in 2 Samuel x, 12: 'let us play the men for our people.'

20. Boson] KNIGHT thinks that this variation from the usual 'Botfawaine' can be scarcely accidental. It is used by the usurping Duke, whose language is, for the most part, flippant and familiar, while that of the King is throughout the play grave and dignified. But DYCE (Remarks, p. 1) says that this 'variation' arose merely from the unsettled state of our early orthography, and gives, as proof, a prose tract of Taylor, The Dolphin's Danger, &c., where within a page or two the word is spelled Boatman, Boatson, and Bosom.—GRANT WHITE (ed. i), however, is not satisfied, and asks: Is it not very strange that throughout this scene the abbreviated prefix is invariably 'Bots,' and that although the word occurs eight times in the text and stage-directions of the Folio, it is in every case spelled at full length, except where it is used by this coarse and flippant man, who, even to secure the attention of his fellow-conspirator about their plot, is obliged to say to him, 'I am more serious than is my wont?' So fortunate an accident should not be amended. [It certainly should not be amended, but whether or not the use of it betokens 'coarseness' and 'flippancy' is doubtful.—Ed.]

22. the storm] STEEVENS: So, Pericles, III, i, 19, 'do not assist the storm.'—W. A. WRIGHT: The coincidence between the two plays is remarkable. [Few readers of Shakespeare will forego the pleasure of comparing this scene with the first fifty lines of Pericles, III, i.—Ed.]

24. cares] For similar instances, in this play, where a singular verb precedes a plural subject, see I, ii, 562; IV, i, 202; V, i, 258. For instances in other plays, see ABBOTT, § 335. This class might, perhaps, be differentiated from that wherein a plural nominative is followed by a singular verb, a class too large to be set down as
ers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou haft aboard.

Botef. None that I more love then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, give thanks you have liued so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the miscanchance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say.

Exit.

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks

   more love] love more Han.
30. of the] o'the Cap. (Errata).
31. hand] handle Johns. Var. 73, Var.

misprints, and, perhaps, not large enough to substantiate Abbott's theory that we have here a relic of the old Northern plural in s. Both classes combined show, I think, that Elizabethan ears simply were not as sensitive as ours to the distinction between the singular and plural. It is not a hundred years ago that excellent writers used 'you was.' Miss Berry must have heard it frequently from Horace Walpole, who constantly uses it in his Letters. To our ears now it is abhorrent. Grant White occasionally attributes this discordant use of the singular and plural to mere carelessness on Shakespeare's part; which is doubtful. First, it is quite as likely, except where it is necessitated by the rhyme, to be the language of the compositor as of Shakespeare, and, secondly, for the reason I have just given. See 'My old bones akes,' III, iii, 5, and 'His teares runs downe,' V, i, 20.—Ed.

25. To Cabine] See Abbott, § 90, for other instances for the omission of the after prepositions.

30. peace of the present] Theobald: That is, peace on the present, at this instant.—Abbott, § 176: 'Of' signifying coming from, belonging to, when used with time, signifies during.—Steevens: 'That is, of the present instant.' In Notes & Qu. 6th S. vii, 464, Ingleby gives a conjecture by Brae, viz.: that 'present' is a misprint for tempest. 'Save t—m for r—n it is an anagram,' says the former, 'and it is the title of the play. . . . This I deem one of the finest and most unquestionable of all emendations of the text that the learning and sagacity of the critics have given us.' [The triumph might be great if the contest were severe; but the text as it stands is perfectly intelligible, and any change whatsoever is quite needless. In construction the phrase is exactly parallel to 'the miscanchase of the houre' three lines further on, and that no one would think of changing.—Ed.

36. Gon.] Johnson: It may be observed of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the King, he is the only man that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck and his hope on the island.—Coleridge (Seven Lectures, &c. p. 111):
ACT I, SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

he hath no drowning marke upon him, his complexion is perfect: Gallowes: stand fast good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little advantage: If he be not borne to be hanged, our cause is miserable.

Exit.

Enter Botsfwayne.

Botef. Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower,

An ordinary dramatist would, after this speech, have represented Gonzalo as moralising, or saying something connected with the Boatswain's language; for ordinary dramatists are not men of genius; they combine their ideas by association, or by logical affinity; but the vital writer, who makes men on the stage what they are in nature, in a moment transports himself into the very being of each personage, and, instead of cutting out artificial puppets, he brings before us the men themselves.

In this part of the scene we see the true sailor with his contempt of danger, and the old counsellor with his high feeling, who, instead of condescending to notice the words just addressed to him, turns off, meditating with himself, and drawing some comfort to his own mind by trifling with the ill expression of the boatswain's face, finding upon it a hope of safety.—HALLIWELL (p. 12): This speech is extracted byCoggrave in his English Treasury, 1655, with several unauthorized alterations, e.g.: 'I have great comfort from this fellow in this danger... mark about him... doth little help us.'

38. Gallowes] Coggrave (s. v. Noyer): 'Hee that's borne to be hanged needs fear no drowning.'

39. cable] HOLT extols the excellence of the sea-terms and sea-phrases used throughout this scene, 'for, unless where Gonzalo mentions the "cable" (which is of no use but when the ship is at anchor, and here it is plain that they are under sail), there is not one improperly used.' There is no exception here; 'cable' is used strictly in its technical sense. Gonzalo's hopes were anchored on the Boatswain's gallows complexion, and the cable of that anchor was the hangman's rope.—Ed.

43. &c. MAGINN, in an admirable Review of Farmer's Essay (a Review which appeared in Sept., Oct., Dec., 1839, in Fraser, and is far too little known), expresses his conviction, founded on the present passage, and, in fact, on this whole scene, that Shakespeare had read Rabelais, and read him, too, in the original; in Shakespeare's time, Rabelais had not been translated. Maginn contends that Shakespeare was familiar with French, and adduces in proof what he asserts to be the similarity between this scene and the tempest in Liv. IV, chap. xviii–xxii, of Rabelais. (Attention was called to this similarity in 1754 by GREY, i, 7.) The brawling boatswain in the present play, says Maginn, 'is evidently taken from Friar John. There is the same emergency, the same riotous courage, bristling energy, and contempt for the apprehensions of others.' Like Gonzalo, Friar John, also, takes comfort in the thought that Panurge is born to be hanged. Gonzalo's wish for 'an acre of barren ground,' &c. is taken, so thinks Maginn, from Panurge's 'Pleust = Dieu... ie feusse en terre ferme bien a mon syse! O que trrouy et quatre foys heureux sont ceux qui plantent chouls,' &c. The drift of opinion in these later days is certainly towards Maginn's position, and opposed to Farmer with his proofs of
bring her to Try with Maine-course. A plague——

44. her to Try] F,Fg, Sieg. her to; Wh. try Wh. her too. Try Wilson. her to
try F, et cet. 'with' with the Heath. w'd' th' (Crit. i, 15).

Shakespeare's ignorance. But I cannot think that Maginn is strengthened by his present claim. In the five chapters devoted to the storm, Rabelais runs riot, with his wildest humour, in every phrase or word connected with a ship, a storm, or the sea; every conceivable command in the management of a ship, no matter how contradictory, is there shrieked forth with all the lawlessness of the wind. If Maginn had asserted that Dryden in his Version of the Tempest had imitated Rabelais, there could be no contradiction,—both Dryden and Rabelais are equally absurd. The mere fact that Shakespeare's sea-craft is perfect forbids the belief that he obtained it from Rabelais. Unquestionably there are many parallelisms to be found in Shakespeare and Rabelais. Körnig (St. Jahrh. ix, 195) has collected a number of them, and more are yet to be found. The final list, however, cannot, I am afraid, contain the present scene.—ED.

43. 44. Downe . . . course] Mulgrave: The gale increasing, the topmast is struck to take the weight from aloft, make the ship drift less to leeward, and bear the mainsail under which the ship is laid to. The striking of topmasts was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. Sir Henry Manwaring says, 'It is not yet agreed amongst all seamen, whether it is better for a ship to hull with her topmast up or down.' In the Postscript to the Dictionary, he afterwards gives his own opinion: 'If you have sea room, it is never good to strike the topmast.' Shakespeare has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the topmast, when he had not sea room. [See line 57.]

Calver: The special danger was that of being cast upon, or pressed upon, a lee shore, and like a good sailor the Boatswain did that which any good sailor would do in the present day, he struck those masts which would be a hindrance to his getting off a lee shore (from their producing resistance and not propulsion), and set that canvas which would help to safety. 'Down with the topmast!' that is, strike or lower the topmast down to the cap, as it holds wind and retards the ship; and evidently the main topmast, as only one is mentioned. It is to be noted that the illustrations of ships of the period generally represent them without a fore topmast. 'Yare, yare!' carefully and quickly; 'lower, lower!' the topmast. Rigged as vessels now are—with long topmasts and short slings and trusses—a course, or square mainsail or foresail, could not be set with the topmast struck or lowered; but with the carracks or rudimentary ships of Elizabeth's age (and it is probable Shakespeare's ship was one of them), with their short or pole-like topmasts, and lower yards slung a third of the mast down, such an operation would be comparatively easy. 'Bring her to try with main-course.' The main-course and mainsail are one and the same, and the reason the Boatswain wanted this set was because it is a sail of great size in the body of the ship; and propelled by it the ship quickens her rate, keeps closer to (or in the direction of) the wind, and makes less lee-way (or drift). 'Bring her to try with main-course;' that is, see if she will bear the main-course and whether it will be sufficient; but in a little time, as the occasion seemed to be more urgent and the effect of the single sail unsatisfactory, the Boatswain cries, 'Lay her a-hold, a-hold!' &c. [See line 57.]
ACT I, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

A cry within. Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.

Upon this howling: they are lower then the weather.
or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we
gie ore and drowne, have you a minde to sink e?

Sebas. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous incharitable Dog.

45. A cry, &c.] After howling, line 46, Pope et seq.
47. office: yet] office. Yet Rowe et seq.
50. incharitable] uncharitable Rowe

43. lower, lower] In a communication to the Phil. Sh. Soc. Admiral Dupont said that 'lower' would be interpreted, he thought, by a seaman, as an imperative—i.e. lower away!—ED.
44. bring her to] Grant White (ed. i): As this is here printed nothing could be more awkward, even if it were correct. But, as Mr W. W. Story suggested to me, the Boatswain's order is, plainly, that the vessel shall be brought to, and by the main course, or main sail. The Folio text is clear enough in this regard, although the point after 'to,' is omitted. [See Halliwell's quotation from Capt. Smyth at the end of the next note.]
44. Try with Maine-course] Capell (iii, 7): This phrase receives seemingly confirmation from Hakluyt's Voyages, 1598, i, 277: 'and when the barke had way, we cut the hawser, and so gate the sea to our friend, and tryed out al that day with our maine course.'—Halliwell adds another quotation from Hakluyt, iii, 848: 'we sometimes tried under our maine coarse.'—Steevens: This phrase occurs also in Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627, p. 40, under the article 'How to handle a Ship in a Storme: Let us lie at Tri with our maine course; that is, to hale the tacks aboard, the sheat close aft, the boling set up, and the helme tied close aboard.'—Halliwell: 'To try,' says Captain Smyth, 'is a sound phrase; it means to lay the ship with her side close to the wind, and lash the tiller to the lee-side.' The literal meaning would be, to work with the main-sail; but the nautical one implies something more.
44. Maine-course] Capt. John Smith, in his Accidence for Young Sea-men, 1626 (p. 705, ed. Arber), gives in his enumeration of saie s: 'The maine saile, the fore saile called sometimes the fore course; the main course or a pare of courses,' &c.
44. A plague——] Br. Nicholson (N. & Qu. 3d S. xi, 251): It has been generally supposed that this long dash has been misplaced, and is intended as a mark of interruption. But it is never so used throughout the play, and its intent has, I think, been misunderstood. Sebastian immediately afterwards replies, '—you bawling, blasphemyous, incharitable dog.' Now it is remarkable that, contrary to this and contrary to the custom of boatswains and sailors, our boatswain has never yet brought out a single curse or oath. Hence, I believe that, as elsewhere, the —— represents words omitted in the printing, or left by the author to the gogging of the actor; and that in our present instance it represents oaths or curses, the introduction of which, according to the statute, was illegal. There are no less than five omissions so marked in Middleton's A Chaste Mind in Cheapside.
49. blasphemous] Halliwell (p. 12): This term was not always used in its modern sense. According to a letter dated 1604, Stone, a fool, 'was well whipt in
Botef. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whorseon insolent Noyse-maker, we are leffe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gons. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Botef. Lay her a hold, a hold, let her two course off to Sea againe, lay her off.

53. drownded F.F.
57. two course off] two courses; off
58. [Cry again. Cap.

Bridewell for a blasphemies speech that there went sixty fools into Spaine besides my lord Admiral and his two sons.'

54. for] ABTOT, § 154: In this instance 'for' may either mean against or for what concerns.

57, 58. Lay ... her off] MULGRAVE: The ship, having driven near the shore, the mainsail is hawled up; the ship wore, and the two courses set on the other tack, to endeavour to clear the land that way. [See line 73.]—CALVER: To understand this order, it is necessary to keep in mind the Boatswain's view of the circumstances in which he was placed. He did not care, he said, about the force of the wind, but he was afraid they had not sea-room. 'Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!' makes this clear, and that there was sufficient cause for alarm upon this point is also apparent from a passage in the second scene, where Prospero, questioning Ariel with reference to the ship and her perils, asks, 'But was not this nigh shore?'

7. Close by, my master!' In short, the Boatswain, in the first instance, did what appeared to him to be needed; but now, after a short interval, whether owing to the sluggishness of the ship or to the lee-shore being closer than he had imagined, he, unceasingly alive to the danger, and oblivious of the taunts of the passengers, gave the above order: 'Lay her a-hold, a-hold!' Keep her to the wind or as close to the wind as possible. 'Set her two courses'; foresail as well as mainsail, or twice the amount of canvas already spread; and 'off to sea again; lay her off': an indication of the object of the order, or of the necessity for gaining sea-room so as to avoid shipwreck.

57. two courses] HOLT (p. 19): The courses here meant are two of the three lowest and largest sails of a ship, which are so called because, as largest, they contribute most to give her way through the water, and consequently enable her to feel her helm, and steer her course better, than when they are not set or spread to the wind. Therefore this speech should be pointed thus: 'Lay her ahold, ahol; set her two courses; off to Sea again; lay her off.' It being a command to set these two larger sails in order to carry her off to sea again, she being too near in shore. 'To lay her ahol;' signifies to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can in order to get clear of any Point, or head of land. [This explanation and punctuation of Holt has been adopted by every subsequent editor except Capell, who says that this punctuation 'appears advisable no way; first, the order is not simply to set her courses, but so to set them that the ship might get "off to sea again," to "lay her off" by that setting; and next, the speech's flow is against it.'—Ed.]
Enter Mariners wet.

Mari.  All loft, to prayers, to prayers, all loft.

Bozef.  What must our mouths be cold?

Gons.  The King, and Prince, at prayers, let’s affist them, for our cause is as theirs.

Sebaf.  I am out of patience.

An.  We are meerily cheated of our lives by drunkards, This wide-chop’d-rascal, would thou mightft lye drowning the washing of ten Tides.

Gons.  He’ll be hang’d yet,

Though every drop of water f wore against it.

60. [Exeunt. Theob. 61. mouths be cold] BIRCH (p. 523): The Boatswain thinks of the different liquid and results, when he should have to take in sea-water instead of engulfing fiery spirits.—Allen (Phil. Soc. p. 7): That is, ‘must our mouths, so lately warm with brave oaths, now be cold with cowardly prayers?’ Cf. ‘thou rascal, thou fearful rogue, thou hast been praying . . . . is this a time To discourage our friends with your cold orisons?’—B. & FL. The Sea Voyage, I, i. [This interpretation of Allen is ingenious, and probably touches the reason why this particular phrase was put in the mouth of the Boatswain, but the phrase itself means, I think, simply to die; we have it in this sense in B. & FL’s Scornful Lady, II, ii, where Savil, who is not at sea, but in the house of the Elder Loveless, says, ‘Would I had been cold i’ the mouth before this day, And ne’er have lied to see this dissolution.’—Ed.]

65. meerly] In its original Latin meaning.

66. wide-chop’d] CROPT: It is held that men with wide chops are weak and doltish.

67. washing of ten Tides] ELZE: An allusion to the singular mode of execution to which pirates were condemned in England. ‘Pirates and robbers by sea are condemned in the court of admiralte, and hanged on the shore at lowe water marke, where they are left till three tides haue oberwashed them.—Harrison’s Description of England, p. 229, ed. Furnivall.—Hales (Essays, 294) cites Murray’s Handbook for Kent b. v. Execution Dock, Wapping, in corroboration of Elze’s extract from Harrison, and adds another allusion to this form of punishment in Green’s Tu Quoque (Hazlitt’s Dodiley, vol. xi, p. 188), where, in a note, Stow is cited as pointing out the usual place of execution for hanging of Pirates and Sea-rovers at the lowe-water mark, there to remain till three tides had overflowed them. ‘Evidently,’ says Hales, ‘Antonio’s phrase is a mere exaggeration of such a sentence. For such a “wide-chapp’d rascal” as the Boatswain, three tide-washings are not enough,—let him have ten.’
And gape at widst to glut him. A confused noyse within. 70
Mercy on vs.
We split, we split, Farewell my wife, and children,
Farewell brother: we split, we split, we split.

Anth. Let's all finke with' King
Seb. Let's take leaue of him. 75

Ex. Now would I giue a thousand furlongs of Sea,
for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne
firs, any thing; the wills aboue be done, but I would
faigne dye a dry death.

Ex. 79

70. to glut] to 'glut' Cap. conj. 74. with'] F, F. with F.F. 'wi' the
70, 73. A confused...split] In margin, Cap. 'wi' th' Wh. with the Rowe et cet.
73. Farewell brother] Brother, fare-
well Pope- Alon. Brother, farewell
Johns. conj. (withdrawn). Farewell, my
brother Kily.

70. to glut] JOHNSON: Shakespeare probably wrote 'englut', to swallow him.
For which I know not that glut is ever used by him. To englut occurs frequently.
Yet Milton writes 'glutted offal' for swallowed, and, therefore, perhaps, the present
text may stand.

71. Mercy, &c.] JOHNSON: All these lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo,
who has no brother on the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the 'confused
noise within' should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters.—
THEOBALD, in a private letter to Warburton (Nichols, ii, 243), anticipated Johnson in
suggesting that these lines represented the confused noise behind the scenes.—
CAPELL, however, was the first to carry out the idea in his text, by putting them, as
a stage direction, in the margin, and by separating the exclamations by dashes.

73. we split] MULGRAVE: The ship not being able to weather a point, is driven
on shore.

74. with' King] A valuable example of the absorption of the definite article, thus
emphatically indicated by the printer, and possibly so indicated in Shakespeare's MS.
Another instance occurs, although printed without the apostrophe, in I, ii, 131. The
present is one of several noteworthy instances of the unusual care with which this play
is printed.—ED.

Of the original text CAPELL says: 'There is a stiffness in giving epithets to ['"heath"
and "furze"] that suits neither the genius nor situation of the speaker, and [Han-
mer's] alteration takes off that stiffness, bringing no new one in its room, for it is easy
and natural. It has been objected that "ling" and "heath" are synonyms and mean
the same plant: but this may be doubted; or, if true, a poem is not the better for
such preciseness.'—FARMER: [Hanmer] has been charged with tautology. I find
in Harrison's description of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holinshed,
p. 91: 'Brome, beth, furze, brakes, whinnes, ling,' &c.—KNIGHT: 'Long heath' and
'brown furze' are quite intelligible, and are much more natural than an enumeration
of many various wild plants.—HALLIWEB also thinks Hamner's change unnecessary. The epithet 'long' merely refers to the large expanse of heath. "I have consumed all, paid away long acre." —A Yorkshire Tragedy, 1619.—WALKER (Crit. iii, 1) feels assured, and he carries with him Dyce, W. A. Wright, Hudson, Phillpotts, and Brightman, that Hamner's reading is the true one. "The balance," he says, "requires it. Besides, what are long heath and brown furze? [Lyte's Herba would have told him what 'long heath' is.].—Ling," says KEELEY (Exp. 208), "was probably a word unknown to Shakespeare." [See Farmer's quotation from Harrison, supra.]—Phillpotts pronounces 'the uselessness of these epithets ['long' and 'brown']' to be manifest, and as justifying 'Hamner's excellent emendation.' The difference,' he adds, 'between the spikes of ling and the bell-like flowers of the heath must have been easily seen on the Warwickshire heaths.' [There can be no doubt, however, that they bore the same name in Shakespeare's day. 'Heath Hather, and Lynge is called in high and base Almaine, Heyden: and is thought of the later writers to be that plant which,' &c.—Lyte's Herbal, 1576, p. 678.—ED.—BEELEY (p. 12): I believe Shakespeare wrote 'long heath,' because ling and heath or heth are names for one and the same plant, and Shakespeare would not have called this plant by two different common names.—GRINDON (p. 238), on the other hand, says that 'Ling (Calluna vulgaris) is very different from the genuine Heaths, or Ericas, so there is no tautology in the introduction of the word.' [The insurmountable difficulty in accepting Hamner's change is, to me, that 'Long Heath' is the real name of a plant, just as much as is 'Long Purples.' Lyte, in his Herbal, 1576, p. 677, says of Heath: 'There is in this Countree two kindes of Heath, one whiche beareth his flowers alongst the stemmes, and is called long Heath. The other bearing his flowers in tuftes or tuftes at the toppes of the branches, the which is called small Heath.' Further on, he says: 'Heath groweth vpon mountaynes that be drie, hungrie, and barren.' To similar localities he allots 'Furze or thorne Broome,' which 'groweth,' he says, p. 668, 'in untoyed places, by the way sides.' Wherefore, the names of both plants were suggested, I think, by the word 'barren' in Gonzalo's wish for 'an acre of barren ground,' and in calling the furze 'brown' an additional hue of desolation is imparted by suggesting that the acre is so barren that even the weeds on it are dried up and discoloured. In Hamner's emendation the four names really represent only two plants; for, however scientifically we may have subdivided genera nowadays, in Shakespeare's time, as witness Lyte, ling and heath were the same and furze and broom the same. Such a mere, bare iteration, without adding anything whatsoever to the picture, grates me as somewhat un-Shakespearian.—ED.]

79. ANON. (Shakespeare, A Seaman, St James's Maga. July, 1862): Take up your Shakespeare and read the opening scene of The Tempest. A ship is off an unknown lee-shore, labouring heavily; a storm is raging; lightning is flashing; thunder is belothing; waves are madly roaring; 'men's hearts are failing them for fear'; confusion and terror are holding a carnival on board. We appeal to all intelligent readers,—and especially to seamen,—to answer whether they think it probable that Shakespeare could have intuitively penned that scene if he had spent his life entirely ashore? The thing is incredible. We know that Shakespeare was so marvellously gifted that he could conceive and accurately depict characters and scenes of nearly every age and kind; but even his transcendent imagination had its bounds; and it is rather too much to expect us to credit that he could have written the first scene of The Tempest unless he had previously had some practical acquaintance with the sea, and ships, and
THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SC. ii]

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my dearest father) you haue


[The Inchantet Island. Pope. A 
part of the Inchantet Island, near the 
conj. 

seamen. Every epithet in the scene is exactly proper and in admirable keeping; every sea-phrase is correct; every order of the boatswain's is seamanlike and precisely adapted to the end in view. There is nothing lubberly about the whole affair, nothing to which a seaman of the nineteenth century would object in a professional point of view,—that is, taking into consideration the build and rig of ships in Shakespeare's days. The boatswain did all that was in his power, as a seaman, to enable the ship to 'claw off' shore. And what a grand old sea-dog is he! Neither Smollett, nor Marryat, nor even Fenimore Cooper, ever drew a more graphic character. In the space of a single page we learn to know him as thoroughly as though he lived and moved in our presence. He is a matchless specimen of the old, old school of mariners,—much akin to the ancient seaman so minutely painted by Chaucer. A thorough seaman is he; a fine, hardened, blistering, dogmatic, domineering old fellow, whose shaggy beard has been outspread in a hundred tempests; one not apt to spare either himself or his subordinates in the way of duty. . . . His voice outshouts wind and sea; he will be heard and obeyed; he feels that the safety of the ship and all on board depends on the ready exercise of his skill and judgement; he knows his own value at this awful crisis. . . . We love and venerate this tarry old mariner. Shakespeare drew him from the very life. [In a note on 'glasses,' V, i, 266, Br. Nicholson proves that it is almost imposible that Shakespeare could have been ever at sea.—Ed.]

2. Warburton: Nothing was ever better contrived to inform the audience of the story than this scene. It is a conversation that could not have happened before, and could not but happen now.—Coleridge (p. 86): Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example, I remember, of retrospective narration for the purpose of putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot. Observe, too, the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest) to open out the truth to his daughter, his own romantic bearing, and how completely anything that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician is reconciled and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once laid open,—it would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene. The opinion once prevailed, but is happily now abandoned, that Fletcher alone wrote for women,—the truth is, that with very few, and those partial exceptions, the female characters in the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are, when of the light kind, not decent; when heroic, complete viragoes. But in Shakespeare all the elements of womanhood are holy, and there is the sweet yet dignified feeling of all that continues society, as sense of ancestry and of sex, with a purity unassailable by sophistry, because it rests not in the analytic processes, but in that sane equipoise of the faculties, during which the feelings are representative of all past experience,—not of the individual only, but of all
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it seemes would powre down thingking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke,
those by whom she has been educated, and their predecessors, even up to the first
mother that lived. Shakespeare saw that the want of prominence, which Pope notices
for sarcasm, was the blessed beauty of the woman's character, and knew that it arose
not from any deficiency, but from the more exquisite harmony of all the parts of the
moral being, constituting one living total of head and heart. He has drawn it, indeed,
in all its distinctive energies of faith, patience, constancy, fortitude,—shown in all of
them as following the heart, which gives its results by a nice tact and happy intuition,
without the intervention of the discursive faculty, sees all things in and by the light
of the affections, and errs, if it ever err, in the exaggerations of love alone. In all
the Shakespearian women there is essentially the same foundation and principle; the
distinct individuality and variety are merely the result of the modification of circum-
cstances, whether in Miranda the maiden, in Imogen the wife, or in Katherine the
queen.—Ibid. (Seven Lectures, p. 112): Shakespeare had pre-determined to make the
plot of this play such as to involve a certain number of low characters, and at the
beginning he pitched the note of the whole. The first scene was meant as a lively
commencement of the story; the reader is prepared for something that is to be devel-
oped, and in the next scene he brings forward Prospero and Miranda. How is this
done? By giving to his favourite character, Miranda, a sentence which at once
expresses the violence and fury of the storm, such as it might appear to a witness on
the land, and at the same time displays the tenderness of her feelings,—the exquisite
feelings of a female brought up in a desert, but with all the advantages of education,
all that could be communicated by a wise and affectionate father. She possesses all
the delicacy of innocence, yet with all the powers of her mind unweakened by the
combats of life.

3. your . . . you] Note that throughout this dialogue Miranda invariably addresses
her father in the second person plural of respect, and he as invariably speaks to her
in the second person singular of tenderness, except in line 17.—Ed.

6. cheeks] STAUNTON: Although we have in Rich. II: III, ii, 'the cloudy
cheeks of heaven,' and elsewhere, 'welkin's face' and 'heaven's face,' it may well
be questioned whether 'cheek,' in this place, is not a misprint. A more appropriate
and expressive word than heat of Collier's MS, one, too, sanctioned in some measure
by its occurrence in Ariel's description of the same elemental conflict, is probably
crack or cracks: 'the fire, and cracks of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Nep-
tune seem to besiege,' &c. In Miranda's picture of the tempest, the sea is seen to
storm and overwhelm the tremendous artillery of heaven; in that of Ariel, the sky's
ordnance, 'the fire and cracks,' assault the 'mighty Neptune.' Crack, in the emphatic
sense it formerly bore of crack, discharge, or explosion, is very common in our old
writers. [Very far from being one of Staunton's happiest emendations.—Ed.]

6. See ABBOTT, § 456, for his scansion of many similar lines where unaccented
syllables are slurred; as here, 'to the wel-', forms one foot. See line 293 in this
scene.
THE TEMPEST

Daughters the fire out. Oh! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: A brazen vessel
(who had no doubt some noble creature in her)
Daft'd all to pieces: O the cry did knocke
Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Have funk'd the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It should the good Ship so have swallow'd, and
The fragmenting Souls within her.

Prof. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your piteous heart
there's no harm done.

Mira. O woe, the day.

Prof. No harme:
I have done nothing, but in care of thee

9. creature] Knights (who follows F.): Miranda means to say that in addition to those she saw suffer,—the 'poor souls' that perish,—the common sailors,—there was no doubt some superior person on board,—some noble creature.——Collier is not as aristocratic as Knight, in restricting the 'poor souls' to the humble sailors, but believes that in this class are included all those on board; he therefore upholds his MS and Theobald in reading creatures. 'Creature' is undoubtedly collective here; and Coleridge, in the preceding note, has shown us that Miranda did not know what kind of persons were in a ship.—ED.

13. or ere] See Abbott, § 131, for the explanation of this idiom, where ere is added to or for emphasis. Abbott refers to Mützner, iii, 451. Or see Mark. IV, iii, 173, or Hamlet, I, ii, 183, of this edition. It is repeated at V, i, 116, of this play.

14. and] For other instances in this play of 'weak endings,' see lines 66, 69, and 168 in this scene; III, i, 7; III, iii, 125; IV, i, 171. See also Abbott, § 457.

15. fragmenting Souls] Dyce: The souls who compose the fraught or freight.

W. A. Wright: Cotgrave has 'Fretter. To hire a ship of burden; and to fraught or load her, hired.' 'Freture: A fraughting, loading, or furnishing of a (hired) ship.'

19–21. O woe, &c.] Johnson: I know not whether Shakespeare did not make
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then Prospero, Master of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.

Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

Prof. 'Tis time
I shou'd informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,

Miranda speak thus: 'O, woe the day! No harm!' To which Prospero properly
answers: 'I have done nothing,' &c. Mirandas, when she speaks the words, 'O, woe
the day!' supposes, not the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differen-
tly from her, and counted their destruction 'no harm.' [This excellent emendation,
which almost carries conviction, occurred independently to Walker, Crit. ii, 188.]
Elze (p. 128) emends the emendation by making Miranda interrupt her father when
she has said 'Tell your piteous heart—' by ejaculating 'O, woe the day!' after Pros-
pero has completed his sentence, then Miranda queries, 'No harm?' The gain, how-
ever, seems hardly sufficient to justify so large a change.—Ed.]

24. Of whence] For other examples of this redundant of, see Abbott, § 179.—
Phillotts, however, connects 'of' with 'knowing.' 'Nought knowing of [the
answer to the question] whence I am.'

24. more better] For other examples of a double comparative, see Shakespeare
passim, or Abbott, § 11.

25. full] Dyce: That is, complete. [See 'drops full salt,' line 183, also 'Full
fadem fue,' line 460.]

28. medle] It makes but little difference whether we accept Steevens's interpre-
tation, to mix, Ritson's, to interfere, to trouble, or Collier's, to mingle. Barnaby
Googe (Whole Art of Husbandry, 1596, p. 98) speaks of 'the lees of Wine medled
with water.'—Ed.

30. Lend thy hand] Warburton (Nichols, Illust. ii, 636) assumes that in order
to make Miranda fall in love at first sight with Ferdinand, Prospero felt it to be neces-
sary first to attune her mind by deeply exciting the emotion of pity, and then to weave
a spell around her. 'This,' he says, 'is insinuated to the audience' by Prospero's
request that Miranda should lend a hand in plucking off the magic garment. 'The
touch communicated the charm, and its efficacy was to lay her asleep. This is the
reason that Prospero so often questions, as he goes on in his story, whether she was
attentive, being apprehensive the charm might operate too quick, before he had ended
his relation.' ['The ever thought-swarming, but idea-less Warburton!' exclaims
Coleridge in a note on Othello.—Ed.]

31. So,] This, I think, is addressed to Miranda, and should have either a full stop.
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull spectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compassion in thee:
I haue with such prouision in mine Art
So safely ordered, that there is no foule

34. in thee.] in thee, F, F.<br>35. prouision] compassion Ft, Rowe, Pope. provision Hunter, Coll. ii, iii (MS), Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Huda.<br>36. ordered] order'd Rowe et seq.<br>36. there is no foule] there is no soue<br last Rowe. there's no soul but Pope, Han.<br>Ward. there is no syde Theob. there<bris no lost Cap. there is no soul Bailey.<brthere is no hurte, Gould. there is no soul—<brSteev. et seq. (sub.).

or a dash, after it. Prospero uses the same word when Ariel is helping to discourse him and to don his Hat and Rapier in the Fifth Act.—Ed.<br
32. Lye there my Art] STEEVENS: Sir William Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasurer, &c. in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, Lye there, Lord Treasurer.—Fuller's Holy State, p. 257.—Dyce (Few Notes, p. 10) to this instance of Steevens adds: So in A Pleasant Commodity called Looke about you, which was printed in 1600 (and therefore preceded The Tempest), Skiaké puts off his hermit's robes with a similar expression: 'Lye there religion'; and in Chettle's Tragedy of Hoffman (also an earlier play than The Tempest) Lorriue, throwing off the disguise of a French doctor, says, 'Doctor lie there. Lorriue, like thyself appeare.' I may add, that in Shadwell's Virtuous, Sir Samuel Harty lays aside his female dress, with the words, 'So, tyrerwoman, lie thou there.'—Voss (Anmerkungen, &c., p. 150): Shakespeare here very skilfullly separates Prospero the man from Prospero the magician. A magician, devoted body and soul to his art, can claim but little of our sympathy; witness even the most loveable and charming of the magicians and genii in the Arabian Nights; they stand remote from us as superhuman and supernatural beings. But Prospero's magic resides only in his Mantle, Staff, and Book; Prospero himself remains akin to us.<br
33. wracke] HUNTER (i, 186): A delicate ear will perceive that something is lost in point of melody by the uncalled-for change of 'wreck' to 'wreck.'—WHITE: This orthography of the Folio is uniform, legitimate, and characteristic, and should not be disturbed.<br
34. vertue of compassion] JOHNSON: The most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, 'The virtue of a plant is in the extract.'<br
35. prouision] HUNTER (i, 186) quotes a passage from Modern Policies, a book attributed to Sancroft, of which a fifth edition was published in 1654, which seems to suggest and justify the change to provision.'—Dyce, who adopts provision, cites in confirmation II, i, 329, 'My master through his art foreseees the danger,' &c.<br
—WHITE regards provision as not improbable. But Mrs KEMBLE (Atlantic Monthly, Sept. 1860) does not agree to the value of the change. 'It is very true,' she says, 'that provision means the foresight that his art gave him, but provision implies the exercise of that foresight or provision; it is therefore better, because more comprehensive.'<br
36. no soule] THEOBALD explains his conjecture of soyle as damage, los, detri-<brment, but HOLT (p. 22) says that 'the traces of the letter might have been followed nearer in soyl, and with better authority of context.'—This emendation of soil, i e.
No not so much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the vessell
Which thou heardsit cry, which thou saw st finke: Sit
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Began to tell me what I am, but stopt
And left me to a booteleffe Inquisition,
Concluding, stay: not yet.

Prof. The howr's now come

stain, spot, JOHNSON afterwards put forth, remarking at the time that Holt "had a glimpse of it, but could not keep it." The emendation which Holt himself advocated was that 'soul' was a term of endearment applied by Prospero to Miranda, and he suggested that the line be thus arranged: So safely order'd, soul, that there is no, No not so much,' &c. or 'So safely ordered that there is no,—soul, No not so much,' &c. It seems almost impossible to give the following note from CAPPELL without appearing to hold him up to ridicule, than which nothing is further from my intention; but it is worth while to give it if only to reveal one of the difficulties of an editor who undertakes to paraphrase his authorities: 'The alter'd and the altering word of this sentence,' says CAPPELL (ii, 55), 'approach'd nearer to one another than will be judged from the latter's orthography; but it's former was — lost, and under that form might most readily be corrupted to,—soule: that it was the reading intended, the line after is evidence; for that line is explanatory of the term that preceded, carrying it to an excuss that is not convey'd by it nakedly, as is Shakespeare's manner elsewhere.' "Had Capell come to me," said Dr Johnson on one occasion, "I would have endowed his purposes with words."—STAUNTON believes that Capell's loss is the true reading.—KENRICK (Review, p. 2): Shakespeare very probably wrote ill, there is no ill, No not so much,' &c. To betide is to befall, to happen to, and would here be very improperly used with soil; for even supposing there was no impropriety in saying a semi-might betide a suit of cloaths; no idiom will bear a soil betiding to a creature, when its clotthing only was meant.—HEATH rightly interprets and paraphrases the original text. 'The participle lost must be supplied from the word "perdition," in the next line. The import is exactly the same as if the poet had written, I have so safely ordered that there is no soul,—Why do I say soul? No there is not so much perdition as an hair betid to any creature in the vessel. The construction is of the kind called by grammarians anacoluthon.' STEEVENS followed the suggestion of Heath by putting a dash after 'soul,' and has herein been followed by every editor, I think, except the CAMBRIDGE EDITORS, who have a comma.—ED.

38. Betid] For other instances of the omission of -ed in the participles of verbs ending in -er, -s, or -d, see Shakespeare passim, or ABBOTT, § 342.

45. The howr's now come] In the course of an argument to prove that THE TEMPEST, instead of being among Shakespeare's late plays, is one of his early plays, HUNTER brings forward, very modestly, certain indications, as he conceives them, of
28

THE TEMPEST

The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiue. Canst thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three yeeres old.

Mira. Certainly Sir, I can.

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

Mira. 'Tis farre off:

And rather like a dreame, then an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fue women once, that tended me?


immaturity in the art of dramatic composition. 'One practised in the dramatic art,' he observes (i, 124), 'would hardly have given us such a scene as the Second of the First Act, where we have a long dialogue between Prospero and Miranda, which is plainly intended for the audience, and not to carry on the business of the play.' The best reply that has been made to Hunter in this regard is to be found in a highly valuable Essay by Dr C. C. Hense on Die Antikes in Shakespeare's Drama (Shakespeare Untersuchungen, &c., 1884), wherein (p. 481) it is maintained that this dialogue, so far from being, what Hunter pronounces it, an indication of immaturity, is an example of 'genuine dramatic art in the antique meaning of the term. It is Prospero himself who relates his own and Miranda's story; the decisive hour has come in which not only the audience, but more especially Miranda, must be instructed in the circumstances of her past in view of the important future. No other human being can tell this story but Prospero himself; at the approach of the great moment of rescue he lives over again, with vivid intensity, all that misery into which he was plunged by the treachery of his brother, and which was alleviated by the kindness of Gonzalo. Precisely thus it is that Philoctetes in Sophocles, just before the all-important hour of his release, narrates the depth and duration of the misery of his past life. The fate of himself and of his daughter was a secret of Prospero. A secret is one of the elements of a drama of fate; in the Oedipus of Sophocles the unfortunate hero guards a secret through many years, and not until the moment before the unhappye dënouement does he divulge it to Jocasta.'

45, 46. ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc.) proposes to punctuate 'The hour's now come——
The very minute,—bids thee ope thine ear;' with the relative (as often elsewhere) understood before bids.

50. Out] SKEEVES: That is, quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete. See 'And be a boy right out,' IV, i, 112.

56-58. COLERIDGE (Seven Lectures, p. 114): Here I cannot help noticing a fine touch of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature, and generally of the great laws of the human mind. [These lines cited.] This is exquisite! In general our remembrances of early life arise from vivid colours, especially if we have seen them
Prof. Thou hadst; and more Miranda: But how is it That this liues in thyn minde? What seeft thou els In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time? Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'ft here, How thou cam'ft here thou maift.

Mira. But that I do not.

Prof. Twelue yere since (Miranda) twelue yere since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milaine and A Prince of power:

in motion; for instance, persons when grown up will remember a bright green door, seen when they were quite young; but Miranda, who was somewhat older, recollected four or five women who tended her. She might know men from her father, and her remembrance of the past might be worn out by the present object; but women she only knew by herself, by the contemplation of her own figure in the fountain, and she recalled to her mind what had been. It was not that she had seen such and such grandees, or such and such peeresses, but she remembered to have seen something like the reflection of herself; it was not herself, and it brought back to her mind what she had seen most like herself.

61. backward] For other examples of the adverbs backward and inward used as nouns, see Abbott, § 77.

65. Twelue yere since, &c.] Capell: In this line the first 'year' is a dissyllable, and both have the force of plurals.—Walker (Vert. p. 136) in his article on such words as fear, dear, fire, your, &c., which suffer dissolution, cites, as an example, this line, and says, 'Coleridge observes on "the apparently defective metre [of this present line that] the actor should supply the time by emphasis, and pause on the first syllable." But the defect is merely apparent; the use of the same word as a monosyllable and as a dissyllable in the same line is, perhaps, more strange in appearance than in reality.'—Abbott, § 480, thus scans: 'Twelve ye [ar since] | Miran | da, twelve | year since'; 'where the repeated "year" is less emphatic than the former.' See also line 424 of this scene, which also Abbott thus scans: 'Who hadst | desire | ed me | re than | a prison.'—Cambridge Editors (Preface, ed. iii, p. xi) We are rightly told that 'year' may be a dissyllable. Yet that one word should bear two pronunciations in one line is far more improbable than that the unaccented syllable before 'twelve' is purposely omitted by the poet; and few readers will not acknowledge the solemn effect of such a verse. [The consensus of opinion points to the dissyllabic pronunciation of 'year.' I beg emphatically to dissent, not only on rhetorical but on other grounds. By such a division and prolongation of 'year' an emphasis is imparted which does not befit the sense. It is the number of years that looms up before Prospero's memory, not the mere fact that years instead of months had passed. As to the rhythm, I am quite willing to stand within the shadow of so fine a master as Guest, who (l. 240) by thus scanning brings the music and the meaning into accord: 'Twelve | years since | Miran | da: twelve | years since.' This, I presume, is the scanion of the Cambridge Editors, although their preference is not at once evident.—Ed.]
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?

Prof. Thy Mother was a piece of vertue, and

She faid thou waft my daughter; and thy father

Was Duke of Millaine, and his onely heire,

And Princeffe; no worfe issued.

Mira. O the heavens,

What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?

Or bleffed was‘t we did?

Prof. Both, both my Girle.

By fowle-play (as thou faifi) were we heau’d thence,

But bleffedly holpe hither.

Mira. O my heart bleedes

To thinke oth’ teene that I haue turn’d you to,

Which is from my remembrance, pleafe you, farther;

Prof. My brother and thy yncle, call’d Antonio:

71. and his] thou his Han. Steev.’73. 77. faiß ... heau’d] fayes ... heaved


you his Gould. Warb.


Kly, Wrt, Jeph. Huds. Dtn, Cam. iii.

72. And Princesse;] Dyce has the following note to vindicate Pope’s change to ‘A Princess’: ‘In the Two Gent. IV, i, F, and F_2 have “For practising to steale away a Lady And heire,” &c.; in Henry VIII: II, iv, all the Folios have “on the debating And marriage ‘twixt the Duke of Orleans,” &c.; in Lear, I, ii, the Qq have “She is here seife and dowter”; and in our author’s cxxith Sonnet the Quarto has “and very wo,”—in all four places “and” being a mistake for “a.”’ After all, I think, Knight’s text is to be preferred, which adheres to the Folio, and merely erases the semicolon after ‘Princess’; ‘thy father was Duke of Milan, and no worse issued was his only heir and princess.’—Ed.

78. holpe] See Abbott, § 343, for forms of similar past participles.

80. teene] Grief, trouble.

81. from] For many other examples of this use of from, in the sense of apart from, away from, without verbs of motion, see Abbott, § 158.

82, &c. Capell: There is great perplexity in the construction of this speech, owing evidently to the number of circumstances parenthetically thrown into it; which mode of speaking is not used without design; but effected,—here, and in other places, particularly of this scene,—to mark a branch of Prospero’s character, which is—garrulity. . . . . The speaker himself is lost in his own deviations; and reduced to the necessity of beginning his tale anew.—In the Phila. Sh. Soc. Minutes, 15 Nov. 1864, attention was called to the network of anacolutha in this and the following speech of Prospero. The subject, ‘My brother,’ is dropt, and taken up again as ‘he, whom,’ and, finally, in ‘Thy falfè yncle,’ before its verb (but only after another interruption) is reached in ‘new created.’ A parenthesis begins with ‘as at that time’; but it ceases
I pray thee marke me, that a brother should
Be so perfidious: he, whom next thy selfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my state, as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,

83. me...perfidious.] me, (that...
84. perfidious.] Pope et seq. (sub.)
85. as at...studied] In parenthesis, Cap.
86-93. time F.F.
86-90. as at...studied] In parenthesis,
Theob.+
87. Through] Though F.

82. Anthonio] Hunter (Disquisition, p. 138) criticises, and justly, the needless changes made by modern editors, and asks, with reference to this name, always changed to Antonio, whether a nice ear will not be sensible that something is lost. Hunter is, I think, unquestionably right on general principles. Whether or not in the case of this particular name, with such names as Thomas and Thamer before us, we should pronounce the ò like the Greek theta, we really have not the means of knowing. In Anthony and Cleopatra Corson has ingeniously pointed out a pun which rests on this Greek pronunciation, in a line which is otherwise well-nigh inexplicable. If this pronunciation of the Greek theta in Anthony obtains in one of Shakespeare's plays, viz: in Anth. and Cleop., it is not unreasonable, in lack of opposing proof, to suppose that it should prevail in all.—ED.

83. I pray thee marke me.] This phrase is almost universally printed by modern editors with a dash before and after it. Knight thus disapproves: 'The reader will observe with what admirable skill such interjectional expressions as 'Dost thou attend me?''' 'Thou attend'st not.' 'I pray thee mark me,'—are subsequently introduced, to break the long continuity of Prospero's narrative. But here, in the very beginning of his story, for Prospero to use a similar interruption quite unnecessarily is not an evidence of the same dramatic skill. He simply means here to say, and the original punctuation warrants us in believing so,—I pray thee note how a brother could be so perfidious.' Knight makes his parenthesis, which is good, a faint degree stronger than the line in F, by omitting the comma after 'me.'—ED.

86, 87. as at that time Through] Hunter (i, 187) adopts the Though of F, where, as he says, it is to be read as if followed by of ('such kind of elision being extremely common in the early editions of these plays')—and the whole passage may be adjusted thus:

'As at that time,

Though of all the seignories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; (being so reputed
In dignity:) and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel. These being all my study,' &c.

'Shakespeare meant to point to the pre-eminence which was claimed for the Duchy of Milan above all the other duchies of Europe, Botero saying expressly that "Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe," and its University of Pavia was, at the period to which the action of this play is to be referred, in high reputation. The sense now becomes complete and consecutive, though the expression is dramatic and colloquial:
"Though Milan was accounted the first of the great seignories, and Prospero, as the Duke of Milan, was regarded the prime duke in Europe (having the general reputation and allowance of this precedence and dignity); and had also the higher reputation for the liberal arts; he neglected the affairs of State, threw the government on his brother, and devoted himself entirely to those studies."—That which to Capell is "garrulity" in this speech becomes in Knight's eyes an "easy conversational flow," and is amongst "the finest things in the play. One idea grows out of another without any very strict logical arrangement, for Prospero speaks out of the fulness of his heart. We follow the punctuation of the original."—MeikuJohn: This hesitation and involution in Prospero's speech arise from the fact that he is bent on an impossibility,—that of making Miranda understand the crisis in his past history, which is comparable to nothing in her experience.—Allen (Phil. Soc. 1864): The vulgar text uniformly puts a comma after "as," and thus makes it equivalent to because. This makes Prospero guilty, First, of a non sequitur ("because his dukedom gave him a rank above all the other Italian Dukes, he therefore gave up the administration of it to his brother"), and, Secondly, of a falsehood; for his real reason (as he distinctly says below) was, that he was himself absorbed in secret studies. Seeking for some escape from this double difficulty, it suddenly occurred to me, that, by removing the comma, we get an expression precisely equivalent to the only one of the kind that had attracted my attention before, viz: the at-this-time in the Prayer-Book Collect for Christmas, which (thirty odd years ago) I settled in my mind (against the commentators) must be a more or less precise and emphatic now. I considered, namely, that at-this-time was simply equal to now; that as-at-this-time was equal to as-now or now-as; and that now-as would be one of the correlatives of the recognised whenas. It was easy enough to go further and say, that as-at-that-time would be equal to as-then or then-as, and that then-as would be the other correlative of whenas. I did not, indeed, imagine, that either now-as and then-as, or as-now and as-then, could be found in any of our old authors, but Johnson taught me that as how was used by so late a writer as Addison, and I remembered that the exact equivalent of as then was current in German, under the form of aldann. There was reason to believe, therefore, that more such adverbial forms, with as prefixed or suffixed—perhaps, even, systems of correlatives with as (analogous to whereby and thereby, &c.)—once existed in the old colloquial language of both England and Germany. Turning to the Deutsches Worterbuch of the brothers Grimm, I not only found (vol. i, p. 258a) that als (= as) was used with such adverbs as yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, &c., in Opitz and other old authors, and to this day (vol. i, p. 247a) in the spoken language of the Rhine and Main lands, but also perceived that a similar use of as in English was known to these German philologists. Verifying this statement, I met in Chaucer's Legend of Good Women, 'This thoghthe hire was felicite as here' (2587), 'us nedeth trewely Nothing as now' (1491), 'As-in-that-poynt. . . . Thou folwest him certayn' (2547), and 'as-in-love trusteth no man but me' (2568). Professor Corson's MS Select Glossary of La Mort d'Arthur (kindly lent me) furnishes seventeen examples, including not only as at this time and as at that time, as to-might and as to-morrow, but also as at bed and at board. In the Passion Letters (Bohn's ed. vol. ii, p. 156), the Duke of Norfolk writes, that 'the King would have set forth as upon Monday'; and in the Homily for Good Friday (near the beginning) we have 'as about this time.' As then occurs also

* The words of the Collect are: 'Almighty God, who hast given us thy only-begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure Virgin,' &c.
ACT I, SC. ii.]  THE TEMPEST  33

And Prospero, the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; those being all my studie,
The Gouernment I caft upon my brother,
And to my State grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studys, thy false vnkle
(Do’t thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Prof. Being once perfected how to graunt suites,
how to deny them: who t’advance, and who
To trash for ouer-topping; new created

88. 90. And...dignity] In parenthesis, Coll. Wh.
92. stranger] a stranger Kly conj.
93. raft] wrap’t Steev, ’73, ’78.
94. Do[ff] Doof F, F,

... in Jeremy Taylor’s Sermon on the Marriage-Ring: ‘because as then it was, when they were to flee.’ Nor is the passage in The Tempest absolutely the only one in which Shakespeare so uses as: in Measure for Measure, V, i, 70, Isabella declares Lucio to have been ‘as then the messenger;’ in Sonnets, xlvi, ‘The clear eye’s moiety and the dear heart’s part’ is determined ‘as thus;’ and the reading of F, in Twelfth Night, II, ii, 33, may stand, if we consider ‘such as’ to be a composite form equivalent to ‘precisely such;’ ‘Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we; For such-as we are made, if such we be.’—Since, therefore, the logic of the passage rejects ‘as’ in the sense of because, and since we have abundant authority for another use of ‘as,’ hitherto (apparently) forgotten by English philologists, we may safely read, with a mere return to the punctuation (in this phrase) of F,:

88. the] For Abbott’s scansion, see § 457; for his pronunciation ‘Prosp’reo,’ see § 469; and for ‘being,’ see next note.
90. being] Abbott, § 470: Words in which a light vowel is preceded by a heavy vowel or diphthong are frequently contracted. Thus, ‘Without | a parall | el, these | being all | my study.’ Cf. ‘doing’ in II, i, 312.
97. who] For instances, which might be many times multiplied, of ‘who’ for whom, see Abbott, § 274; again, in line 271 of this scene, and IV, i, 6.
98. trash for ouer-topping] There is here, undeniably, I think, a blending of two metaphors. ‘Trash’ refers to hunting, and ‘ouer-top’ to gardening, or, at least,
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key,
Of Officer, and office, set all hearts i'th state


if there is no proof that 'over-top' refers to gardening, it certainly cannot refer to hunting. A hundred years ago there was much controversy over 'trash' and its meaning, until Steevens decided the question by proving that the word was even then a hunter's phrase, signifying a weight or hindrance fastened on the neck of a dog when, by superior speed, he does not hunt even with his companions. The discussion arose over the line in Othello, II, i, 336: 'this poor trash of Venice whom I trace,' and is given at length in the notes thereon in this edition. Of the present line Steevens says, that he has met with over-topping 'in books containing directions for gardeners published in the time of Queen Elizabeth,' but he cites none, nor indeed is any really needed; the meaning of the word is manifest. He quotes, however, from Warner's Albion's England, 1602, x, ch. 57: 'Who suffereth none by Might, by Wealth, or Blood, to over-top: Himselfe giveth all Preferment, and whom listeth him doth lope.'—In a note on the line in Othello, Monck Mason (p. 410) observes that Shakespeare had probably in view in this speech of Prospero 'the manner in which Tarquin conveyed to Sextus his advice to destroy the principal citizens of Gabii, by striking off, in the presence of his messengers, the heads of the tallest poppies, as he walked in his garden.'—'To trash,' says Nares (Glos. s. v.), 'from being joined with overtopping, has been supposed to allude to lopping of trees, but if we examine the context, no such violent measure seems there suggested. . . . It is opposed only to advance, and seems to mean no more than that those who were too forward, he kept back.—did not advance. To cut them off would have been a measure to create alarm.'—W. R. Arrowsmith (N. & Qu. 1st S. vi, p. 564): Overrun, overstock, overslip are terms in hunting; overtop never.—Halliwell calls attention to Dryden's Version, where the phrase is paraphrased, 'whom to advance, or stop for overtopping.'—Staunton: In the present day sportmen check the speed of very fleet hounds by tying a rope, called a dog-trash, round their necks, and letting them trail it after them; formerly they effected the object by attaching to them a weight, sometimes called in jest a clogdago.

99. 'em Both Jephson and Phillotts say that this is a remnant of Anglo-Saxon, and stands for hem, the accusative of hit. But it is to me doubtful if this be any more true of Shakespeare's language here, than it is of our own.—En.

100. the key] Sir J. Hawkins: This is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal. [This is possibly true, but I think the first and obvious meaning is the same as when we speak of the 'keys of office,' then, secondly, by the association of ideas, this 'key' suggested the 'tune' which follows. I doubt if 'tune,' in anticipation, suggested the 'key.'—Ed.]

101. i' th state] Steevens justifies his omission of these words by asking 'what hearts, except such as were "i' th state," could Alonzo incline to his purposes?' A question which Knight brands as of 'a most knowing flippancy.' By the following scansion Abbott, § 497, would make this line an alexandrine only in appearance:

'Of offic | er, and off | ice set | all hearts | i' th state.'
To what tune pleas’d his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on’t: Thou attend’st not?

*Mira.* O good Sir, I doe.

*Prof.* I pray thee marke me:
I thus negligence worldly ends, all dedicated
To clofenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being so retir’d
Ore-priz’d all popular rate: in my falfe brother
Awak’d euill nature, and my truft
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in it’s contrarie, as great
As my truft was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence fans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reueneu yeelded,  
But what my power might els exact. Like one  
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,  
Made such a fyner of his memorie  
To credite his owne lic, he did beleue
THE TEMPEST

[118. Who having true into truth, by telling of it,]

ungrammatical: Who having made his memory such a sinner to truth as to credit his own lie by telling of it. [Quoted by Dyce in his first and second editions; in his third he quotes merely the following from] ARROWSMITH (p. 45): Perhaps the ensuing extracts will help to facilitate the apprehension of words so joined as in—telling of it into truth.' [Arrowsmith had before said that the comma after 'truth' is superfluous, and that the phrase really should be as he has just quoted it]: 'Some feasible line of frontier which may also be discussed into familiarity.'—The Times, 10 Oct. 1862. 'Till he has thought a distasteful apprehension into an action of murder.'—South, Serm. 9, p. 281, vol. x, ed. 1744. 'Yet vice can never be praised into virtue.'—Ibid. Serm. 8, p. 190, vol. viii. 'Swears him into name.'—Jonson's Time Vindicated. 'By thanking thus the courtesy to life.'—Jonson's Underwoods. 'To tell a lie into truth,' the language here attributed to Shakespeare, is not a whit more forced or ungrammatical than 'to discuss a frontier into familiarity,' 'to think an apprehension into an action,' 'to praise vice into virtue,' 'to swear a youth into name,' or 'to thank a courtesy to life.'—COLLIER says of his MS emendation that it seems 'clearly right, requiring no sophisticated explanation.' But LETTSOM, in Blackwood, Aug. 1853, observes, in reference to it, that 'if one flaw is mended, another and a worse one is made. By reading to untruth we obtain, indeed, a proper antecedent to "it," which otherwise must be looked for, awkwardly enough, in the subsequent word "lie."' But as a set-off against this improvement, we would ask, How can a man be said to make his memory a sinner to untruth? This would mean, if it meant anything, that the man's memory was true; and this is precisely what Prospero says Antonio's memory was not.' On the other hand, STAUNTON says that this emendation of Collier's MS is 'entitled to more respect than it has received.' Mrs KEMBLE goes even further, and asserts that it does 'immense service to the text' and 'carries its own authority in its manifest good sense.'—SINGER: Shadwell, in his Preface to The Sullen Lovers, has the following passage, which may serve to show that the idea was familiar at least to him: 'like men that Lyce so long, till they believe themselves.'—JOHN HUNTER (Longman's Series): 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 Shakespeare a very gross impropriety of arrangement.—W. A. WRIGHT: For the construction 'by telling of it' compare Ant. & Cleop. II. i. 8: 'So find we profit by losing of our prayers'; where 'losing' is a verbal noun. See Abbott, § 178. ... Bacon had the same idea in his mind when he wrote (Advancement of Learning, i. 4, § 8, p. 34, ed. Wright) 'he that will easily believe rumours will as easily augment rumours, and add somewhat to them of his own; which Tacitus wisely noteth, when he saith, Fingunt simul creduntque: so great an affinity hath fiction and belief.'—PHILPOTTS: With the original reading 'into truth' may it not be for 'who having by telling of it credited his own lie into truth, making thereby a sinner of his memory?' The full construction then will be 'Who made such a sinner of his memory that he credited his own lie into truth by telling of it.' The sentence would have run: 'Who having into truth, by telling of it, credited his own lie.' But the words 'made such a sinner of his memory,' which should have been parenthetical, attracted 'credited' into 'to credit' to suit themselves.—BULLOCH (Studies, &c. p. 17): The difficulty is in the word 'having,' which would appear to be a portion of the verb 'made,' but is only a nominative similar to the kindred word 'telling' in the same line. ... 'Having' is therefore a participial noun, and the preceding relative pronoun should be in the possessive
[118. Who having into truth, by telling of it,]

case, as also another possessive should precede 'telling,' and the passage should run thus: 'Whose having in the truth, by his telling of it.—Furnivall (N. & Qu. 5th S. vii, 143): The difficulty has arisen from not seeing that 'having into,' like how at, have to, so often in Shakespeare (see Schmidt's Lex. i, 519) means 'cutting, slashing into, attacking' truth, that is, inventing a lie. Compare our modern 'have into him'; 'slip into him.' The passage then reads, 'like one who, inventing a lie, by telling it repeatedly, made himself believe it,' as George IV at last persuaded himself that he had led a charge of cavalry at Waterloo.—R. M. Spence (N. & Qu. 5th S. vii, 184, 1877): I think I have at last managed to pick the lock of this difficult passage. The seemingly hopeless confusion has, I think, arisen from a wrong setting of the types by which the first and second halves of two lines have been wrongly joined together. The arrangement I suggest is: 'Who having unto truth his memory Made such a sinner of, by telling of it To credit his own lie,' &c. By thus transposing the second halves of lines 118 and 119 and with [Warburton's change of 'into' to unto] all confusion is removed.—R. & —— (N. & Qu. 5th S. vii, p. 324, 1877): I presume to suggest that [the difficulty] may be got over, perhaps, by changing the phrase to loving an untruth, i.e. loving the ideal for the real; the shadow for the substance. . . . I would read and point: 'Who, loving an untruth,—by telling of it.'—Hudson (Robinson's Epit. of Lit. Dec. 1878, p. 195): The reading I propose is: 'Who having unto truth, by falsing it.' With this reading the pronoun 'it' may either refer to 'truth' or be used absolutely. The poet has many like instances of the latter usage, as, to prince it, for to act the prince, and to monster it, for to be a monster. . . . As the verb to false was passing out of use before 1623, it seems to me nowise unlikely that false should have got misprinted tell. [Here follow many instances of the use of false in the sense of treating falsely, to falsify, to forge, to lie. Hudson adopted this conjecture in the text of his Harvard Edition.]—Brae (Robinson's Epit. of Lit. Apr. 1879, p. 57): It seems to have escaped the attention of commenters on this passage that to believe is not a function of memory, but of the judgement; a propriety of distinction that would not fail to be recognised by Shakespeare. . . . The function of memory is that of a witness; and if, from any cause, memory be deceptive, it may be said to bear false witness and so become a sinner. Hence the verb to credit, attributed to memory in this passage, cannot have its more usual meaning of to believe, for that would be to attribute to memory an improper function; but it must have another of its meanings, viz.: to accredit, or give favourable character to. . . . Let the whole image be attentively considered, and it will be seen to completely harmonise with this meaning. A lie, pretending to the character of truth, being brought before the judgement for examination, cites the memory as witness to character; and memory, misled by a frequent repetition of the tale, is betrayed into the sin of bearing false witness, and credits the lie into truth.—This transition from lie to truth has its proper expression in the preposition 'into,' and is incompatible with Warburton's ill-judged alteration to unto. By unto the idea of transmission of one character into another is lost; the meaning of believe is given to 'credit'; the action which belongs to 'credit' is transferred to 'sinner'; and the object of 'it' is rendered ambiguous. Thus a totally different interpretation is forced upon the several parts, and certain difficulties of construction are suggested that have no existence in the original. . . . The true key to the passage is to treat 'credit' as an active verb, with 'lie' for its object; and with the meaning of authorise or certify to character. That such is the function that Shakespeare would attribute to memory is strengthened.
THE TEMPEST

He was indeed the Duke, out o’th’ Substitution
And executing th’outward face of Roialtie

by another passage in the same scene, where Miranda is trying to recall some recollection of her infancy: ‘’Tis far off And rather like a dream than an assurance That my remembrance warrants.’ Here ‘warrants’ is precisely the meaning that I am contending for in credit.’ But in Pericles [V, i, 121] there is a passage with a still closer resemblance. . . . Pericles cites his ‘senses’ (his sight and hearing) as witnesses ‘to credit’ Marina’s ‘relation,’ but not into truth, for it is truth already.—D. Morris (Collins’ English Classics): ‘It is interpreted by most to refer to ‘lie,’ but by understanding the before ‘telling’ (by the telling of it), then it may with propriety be taken to refer to ‘truth,’ so that the phrase would mean ‘by his manner of telling or stating truth.’ . . . The meaning probably is: ‘Who having made such a sinner of his memory against truth, by his way of telling it, as to credit his own lie.’—[Two conclusions will be forced, I think, upon any reader who has read carefully the foregoing comments: First, that, however loud the outcry by the critics against this involved sentence, Shakespeare has been, as usual, eminently successful and peculiarly happy in conveying his precise meaning to one and all. There is not the smallest variation in the universal apprehension of the essential meaning of Prospero’s speech. Secondly, if we may judge by results, and by the absence of unanimity among the ‘emenders,’ Shakespeare’s own words, which all understand, are vastly to be preferred to any modification, which, however acceptable to him who proposes it, appears to be incomprehensible to all others.—Ed.]

121. He . . . substitution] There have been three attempts to cure this malignant Alexandrine. Steevens and Walker tried surgery; the former excised ‘indeed’ and the latter ‘the.’ If the knife must be used, Steevens’s operation is the better. ‘Omit “indeed,”’ he tells us, ‘and throw the emphasis on “was.”’ It is almost incomprehensible that Walker (Crit. iii, 1), with his sensitive ear, should have failed to perceive how false to due emphasis his prosaic line becomes by his treatment: ‘He was | indeed | Duke, out | o’ th’ subs | titution.’—Abbot, § 501, gives the ailment another name, and considers the patient cured. He calls the line a Trimeter Couplet, and at once the Alexandrine is non-existent. I do not believe that the intrusion among heroic verses of an Alexandrine, even with its exact censure, ever jarred on Elizabethan ears. The elasticity and the flexibility of the heroic measure, whereby every word in the English language can be woven into the line, which cannot be said of any other metre, were chief among the elements which made it the great metre of the drama. As a part of that elasticity, an incorrigible, rhythmical Alexandrine was, I think, considered perfectly legitimate. It is, perhaps, necessary merely to call attention to certain words in the next line, one of which Abbott, § 462, would pronounce th’outward, and another, which both Walker (Vert. 120) and Abbott, § 458, would pronounce roy’lty. —After all, this whole question of Alexandrines seems to resolve itself into a question of preference. Evidently there are some ears, and musical ears too, which, as long as a line can be recited with five accents in it, and only five, are tolerant of contractions and absorptions, of ‘burn’ and ‘slurs.’ As the object of art is to give pleasure, all must be allowed to pronounce these lines as it pleases them best. In future, however, the reader will be referred merely to the paragraphs on scanning in Abbott and Walker.—Ed.
With all prerogatvie: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'ft thou heare?

*Mira.* Your tale, Sir, would cure deafeness.

*Prof.* To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Abolute Millaine, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall realties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates

123. *his] it F₄, 128. Millaine] Millanie in Capell's F₄,  
123, 124. growing...heare?] One line, ap. Cam. Ed.  
Steer. Var. Knt, Coll. Wh. 129. enough:] enough for; Ktly.  
124. Do'ft thou] Dost Steev. Var. realties] realties Fl. realties  
gear t Cap. hear, child t Han. hear, Wilson.

123. *Abbott, § 497.
126, 127. To haue, &c.] CAFEll: That is, that there might be no further call for  
his appearing an actor, and so continuing the imposition upon me whom he person-  
ated, which was open to all besides, 'he needs will,' &c.—*Daniel* (p. 10) : In line  
127 read, 'And then he play'd it for.' Prospero was the screen behind which the  
traitors Antonio governed the people of Milan; and to remove this screen from  
between himself and them he conspired his brother's overthrow.—*Hudson*  
pronounced this emendation eminently judicious, and, remarking that he 'never could  
make any sense out of the old text,' adopted it in his own. I cannot agree with  
either Capell or Daniel or Hudson. The meaning is to me clear that Antonio would  
no longer have the outward face of royalty, no so much as a screen between him  
and royalty itself, between the shadow and the substance, the role of duke and the  
duke himself.—*Deighton* has anticipated me in paraphrasing it, 'that there might  
be nothing between the part assumed and the reality, he was determined to become  
Duke without any restrictions.'—*Ed.*

128, 129. JEFFISON: These lines are utterly irregular; the rhythm appears to me  
to run thus: 'Absolute | Milan. | For me | poor man; | my li | brary | Was duke |  
dom large | enough | of tem | poral roy | alties.' But then there are two redundant  
syllables at the end of each line: the lines are too long by a foot.

128, 129. *Me... enough*] MALONE: That is, large enough *for.* [Under *Cymbeline*, V, v, 464: 'Whom heavens . . . . Have laid most heavy hand,' Malone  
collected five or six similar examples of the omission of prepositions, but this number  
can be increased tenfold by referring to *Abbott*, §§ 198–202. That there is, however, no  
need of resorting to any such explanation here, ALLEN (*Phil. Sh. Soc.* p. 11) shows  
by proposing the following punctuation: 'Me—'poor man! my library Was dukedoom  
large enough'—of temporal royalties He thinks me now incapable.' 'Me' requires  
no as for understood, but, after having been droup by an anacoluthon, it is taken up  
again in 'He thinks me'; the words in italics do not express Prospero's own opinion  
about himself, and are not his, but his brother's. Antonio calls him 'poor man,' &c.  
because he thinks him (as Prospero explains) incapable of temporal rule. *To me this  
arrangement carries conviction.—Ed.*]
ACT I, SC. ii.]

THE TEMPEST

(by drie he was for Sway) with King of Naples
To give him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow’d (alas poore Millaine)
To most ignoble flooping.

Mira. Oh the heauen:

Prof. Marke his condition, and th’euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should finne
To thinke but Noble of my Grand-mother,
Good wombes haue borne bad fonnes.

Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of Naples being an Enemy

with] F. wi’th’ Rowe, Wh.
Rifel. wi’ the Cap. Cam. Glo. Wr. with the Steev. et cet.
135. moft] much Ff, Rowe, Pope, Han.
Sing.
137. his] the Han.
the euent] the event Steev. Var.

Sing. Dyce.

140. but] not Pope, Han.
141, 142. As one line, given to Prosper. Theob. conj. Han. Huds.
142. the Condition] his conduct Gould.
143. This] On which this Wheler MS ap. Hal.

130. Confederates] W. A. WRIGHT: This appears to be generally employed in a bad sense. So in Henry VIII: I, ii, 3, ‘confederacy’ is equivalent to plot, conspiracy.

131. drie] STEEVENS: That is, so thirsty. Thus in Tro. and Cress. II, iii, 234, ‘his ambition is dry.’—W. A. WRIGHT: Still common in provincial English. See 1. Hen. IV: I, iii, 31, ‘When I was dry with rage.’ [To be dry with or from anything is common enough in this country, and is expressive, but to be dry for a thing is, I imagine, never heard, and the present is the only instance, according to Schmidt, of its use by Shakespeare. If this be so, neither of the foregoing examples is exactly parallel.—Ed.]

131. with King] See I, i, 74; DyCE remarks that here most probably the MS had the same mark of elision [as in the line referred to], to which the printer did not attend. Perhaps Shakespeare meant us to pronounce the words as Rowe has printed them.

138. might] For examples of this use, instead of could, see Abbott, § 312.

140. but Noble] STEEVENS: That is, otherwise than.—See Abbott, § 124.—PHILLPOTTS: Here ‘but’ means except. So ‘but gif’ is Scotch for unless: and ‘he is but a poor creature’ comes from ‘He n’ is but,’ i. e. ‘he is nothing but.’ ‘But’ originally is br-out (by- or at-out), like ‘with-out’; as in Scotch, ‘Touch not the cat but [without] a glove.’ Secondly, ‘But’ has also superseded the A. S. ‘ac,’ Lat. ‘at,’ Greek ἀλλά. ‘N’ is this maiden dead, ac heo slæpt’ means ‘This maiden is not dead, but she sleeppeth.’ Hence the modern use, ‘Why you won’t fight him, will you, Bob?’ ‘Egad, but I will, Jack.’ Hence, thirdly, ‘but’ comes to be equivalent to French mai, Lat. magis, ‘rather.’
THE TEMPEST

To me inutterate, hearkens my Brothers suit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premises,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should prefently expirate me and mine
Out of the Dukedom, and confer faire Millaine
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leued, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpose, did Anthonio open
The gates of Millaine, and ith' dead of darkeness
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity:
I not remembering how I criade out then

144. hearke[n]s] hear Pope, Han.
heark[n]s Theob.
145. lieu o' th' premises] view of the premises Wilson.
149. Wherupon] Whereupon Wheler
MS ap. Hal.

144. hearke[n]s] To Walker (Crit. iii, 1) the pause seemed too slight to admit of the extra syllable, and he suggested harks or hearks, not knowing that he had been anticipated by Theobald. Abbott, § 495, supposes that the extra syllables are in 'invereterate' at the end of the third foot: 'To me | inüvereterate, | hearkens | my broth-
er's suit.'

145. 146. in lieu ... homage] M. Mason: 'In lieu' means here in consideration of.—Knight deserts the punctuation of F, as does also Staunton, and reads 'in lieu o' the premises of homage,' wherein I can see no advantage. The 'premises' probably included other particulars beside homage and tribute. For a striking instance of 'in lieu,' signifying in consideration of, where this present line is cited, see notes on Merc. of Ven. V, i, 286: 'In lieu of this last night did lie,' &c.—Ed.

149. Thus scan, according to Abbott, § 454: 'With all | my (sic) bon | ours on | my brother: | whereon.' An extra syllable is frequently added before a pause, especially at the end of a line; but also at the end of the second foot; and, less frequently, at the end of the third foot, and, rarely, at the end of the fourth foot [as here], but see line 167, post: 'So dear | the love | my peo | ple bore me; | nor set.'

154. thy crying self] Coleridge (Seven Lectures, p. 116): The power of poetry is, by a single word perhaps, to instil that energy into the mind, which compels the imagination to produce the picture. Here by introducing a single happy epithet 'crying,' a complete picture is presented to the mind, and in the production of such pictures the power of genius consists.
ACT I, SC. II.

THE TEMPEST

Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too’t.

Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I’le bring thee to the prefent businesse
Which now’s vpon’s: without the which, this Story
Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre destroy vs?

Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale provokes that queftion: Deare, they durft not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor fet
A marke fo bloody on the businesse; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-board a Barke,

158. too’t] Om. Farmer, Steev. ’93.
166. Deare] Om. Han.
167. bore me] bore Pope.


157. cry it] W. A. Wright: That is, either ‘will cry my crying,’ in which case ‘it’ refers to the previous line; or it may be that ‘it’ is here used indefinitely, as in line 445: ‘Foote it fealy.’ Cf. Lear, IV, i, 55, ‘I cannot daub it further.’ The usage still remains in such phrases as ‘to fight it out.’ [Cf. Pope’s ‘Whether the fair one sinner it or saint it.’]

157. hint] Stevens and Dyce: That is, suggestion. See II, i, 6.—W. A. Wright: Subject, theme.

158. too’t] W. A. Wright: That is, to do it, referring to the crying of the previous line.

160. the which] Abbott, § 270: The question may arise why the is attached to which and not to who. (The instance of ‘the whom’ in Wint. Toft, IV, iv, 539, is, perhaps, unique in Shakespeare.) The answer is that who is considered definite already, and stands for a noun, while which is considered an indefinite adjective; just as in French we have ‘équel,’ and not ‘équi.’

161. now’s vpon’s] Collier calls attention here to the fact that The Tempest is printed with unusual accuracy in regard to contractions.

162. impertinent] In its original, Latin meaning.

165. demanded] W. A. Wright: ‘Demand,’ like the French demander, was formerly used for to ask, simply without the idea which now attaches to it of asking with authority or as a right.

167. deare] Staunton (Athen. 16 Nov. 1872): There is nothing essentially wrong in this, but I have a strong impression that Shakespeare wrote ‘they durst not so dare the love,’ &c. Connect what follows—nor set A mark,’ &c.

167. me] See line 149, above.

167. nor] W. A. Wright: This word might be omitted with advantage to the metre and without injuring the sense. [Hudson followed this suggestion.]

168. but] See line 14, above.
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcasse of a Butt, not rigg’d,


170. In few] STAUNTON: To be brief; in a few words.—For other adjectives used as nouns, see ABBOTT, § 5.

172. *carkasse*] RUSHTON (Sh. Ill. by Old Authors, ii, 58) cites the *carkass of a ship*, from Sidney’s *Arcadia*, i, 4.

172. **Butt**] KNIGHT: It is clear we are not justified in adopting the modern substitution of *boat*. Whether the idea of a wine-butt was literally meant to be conveyed may be questionable; but the word, as it stands in the original, gives us the notion of a vessel even more insecure than the most rotten boat.—HUNTER (i, 159): I think *boat* would not have been mistaken by a compositor for *butt,* or that such an error (if error) could by possibility have escaped the eye of the corrector of the press, or if it passed in the First Folio, would have remained uncorrected in the Second. At the same time the expression *‘the very rats instinctively had quit it’* suits better with a boat than with a butt. It is also evident that no butt we can conceive of would have received and floated such a freight; but then we are on a tale of enchantment, not one of actual fact, and it is perhaps as difficult to conceive of a boat receiving such a freight and *‘without tackle, sail, or mast’* conveying those who are committed to it from the Italian coast to near the west coast of Africa. I have no doubt that when the story is found on which Shakespeare wrought in this play, we shall find there a justification of this hard reading.—DYCE (Remarks, 3), after ridiculing Knight and Collier for retaining *‘butt’*, adds: ‘Surely the context alone is sufficient to slay the *“butt”*, *“not rigg’d, Nor tackle, sail, nor mast.”* (If the vessel in question had really been a **butt**; would Prospero have complained of such deficiencies?—deficiencies which no human ingenuity could have supplied.) *‘The very rats instinctively had quit it’* (Do these animals live in **butts**?—The rats *‘instinctively’* had left the **boat**—they knew by instinct that it was likely to go to pieces.)—BR. NICHOLSON (A. & Q. 3d S. v, 226): The question is whether this is a misprint, or an unknown nautical term. For my own part, I had long held the latter opinion, and for this reason, that we find Othello saying: ‘here is my butt And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.’ Now there is no reason of circumstance why Othello, the soldier, should use, or go off into, a sea-simile, unless this, that the sound of the word *‘butt’*, by the laws of association, brought vaguely before his mind (that is to Shakespeare’s fruitful and versatile imagination) the idea of the sea, and so led him to speak no longer of a land butt, but of a sea beacon. . . . My only doubt was whether the word was an English sea-term, or one borrowed by Shakespeare from the Italian original, and used as other words are used in other plays, to give a local colouring to the tale. It may yet be found to have been English, but at present I have found it only in Italian. [From Vauxon’s Dis. Univ. d. L. Italiana it appears that *Butto* is *‘a kind of galliot, Dutch or Flemish,’* and] that a Dutch galliot (s. v. *Gale-a-otto*) is in rig similar to the old Welsh sloops; and as to the shape of the hull, it has very rounded ribs, very little run, and flatish bottom, the ribs joining the keel almost horizontally, a sort of tub of a thing. There being, therefore, in the Italian harbour, or possibly lying on the beach, some old rotten hulk of this kind, too rotten to be taken home, or to be even worth the trouble of breaking up, the nobleman in charge of Prospero was
ACT I. SC. ii.]  

THE TEMPEST

Nor tackle, sayle, nor maft, the very rats
Inflinointeu haue quit it: There they hoyft vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to figh
To th' windes, whose pitty fighting backe againe
Did vs but lousing wrong.

_Mir._ Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?

_Pro._ O, a Cherubin

Thou wast that did preferue me; Thou didst smile
Infused with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full falt,

ordered to take it in tow, into mid-sea, and well out of sight of land, and then turn it adrift with Prospero in it.—W. A. WRIGHT: No other instance is known of 'butt' in this sense, although _huss_, which has been conjectured, is still used at Yarmouth for a herring-boat, and the _A. S. butte cartas_, sailors, is found in the Saxon Chronicle, anno 1066. _Catch_ (compare _ketch_ or _keech_, a tub) was the name of a small vessel.

[A noteworthy instance of the impropriety of meddling with Shakespeare's text, or of attempting to adjust Shakespeare's knowledge to our ignorance. Unquestionably, 'butt,' albeit now lost to us, is the true word. Nicholson's note tends singularly to confirm Hunter's prophecy.—_Ed._]


175. _roard_] To Pope, Han.

173. _sayle_] _sayle_ _F1, Rowe, Pope, Cap._

180. _Cherubin_] _Cherubim_ _F4, Rowe + Steev. Mal. Knt, Coll. Sing._

183. _deck'd_ _the sea's_ _lack'd._ _The sea, Wilson._

176. To _th'] To Pope, Han._

Warb. _dew'd_ Rann conj. _dogg'd_ Huds.
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which rais'd in me
An undtgoing frome, to beare vp
Against what should enue.

Mir. How came we a shore?


to be deck'd with flowers, that is, either adorned or covered with them. If any alteration in this place be necessary, I think it should be in favour of the construction, which may be easily re-established by a very small change, thus: 'When I was deck'd,' &c.—HOLT (p. 24): That is, adorned the sea with the trophies of human weakness, Tears.—JOHNSON: 'To deck the sea,' if explained 'to honour, adorn, or dignify,' is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb deck is to cover; in some parts they yet say deck the table. This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote deck'd, which I think is still used, in rustic language, of drops falling upon water.—THOMAS WHITE (sp. Fennell, p. 14): I have not the least doubt Shakespeare wrote, 'When I have eik'd the sea,' &c, i.e. increased the sea. This emendation was proposed many years ago (I think) in The Monthly Review, though I am not the author of it. [Hereupon follow many examples of the augmenting of the sea, or rivers, or brooks with tears.]—MALONE: To deck, I am told, signifies, in the North, to sprinkle. See Ray's Dict. of North Country Words, in verb. to deck and to deck; and his Dict. of South Country Words in verb. dag; the latter signifies dew upon the grass.—hence daggle-tailed. In Cole's Latin Dict. 1679, we find: 'To dag, collutulo, iroro.'—ReED: A correspondent, who signs himself Eboracensis, proposes that this contested word should be printed dag'd, which, he says, signifies sprinkled, and is in daily use in the North of England. The sprinkling of clothes before ironing them is by the maidens universally called dagging.—KNIGHT: In the Glossary of the Craven Dialect we find that to dag is to sprinkle. We cannot certainly receive 'deck'd' in the usual sense of adorned. Its other meaning of covered still gives us a forced idea.—COLLIER, STAUNTON, DYCk, WHITE all agree that, if it be not a corruption of the old Provincialism dagged, it means the same: sprinkled.—BaILeY (ii, 156) says that the process of sprinkling clothes before ironing them was, in his childhood, termed lecking; and that 'in The Dialect of Leeds, recently published, leck is defined 'to sprinkle water,' and lecks as equivalent to 'droppings.' He therefore proposes to read in the present line leck'd.—W. A. WRIGHT: In Carr's Glossary of Craven it is said, 'to dag clothes is to sprinkle them with water previous to ironing.' On this Professor Sedgwick noted, 'To make damp is the meaning.' In Atkinson's Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect, 'daggy' or 'dagged' is explained, 'to sprinkle with water, to drizzle,' and 'dagged,' 'wet, bedagged.' In Brockett's Glossary of North Country Words, we find: 'Dag, to drizzle;' 'Dag, a drizzling rain, dew upon the grass;' and 'Daggy, damp, wet.' The three forms, 'deck,' 'deg,' and 'dag,' are no doubt connected with the Icelandic deigir, 'damp, wet.'

185. stomacke] DYCk: Stubborn resolution, courage. The present phrase signifies an enduring stubbornness.—W. A. WRIGHT: C. 2 Mac. vii. 21: 'stirring up her womanish thoughts with a manly stomach.' In the sense of 'pride' it occurs in the Prayer-book Version of Psalm ci. 7, and in Hen. VII: IV. ii. 34

187. we a shore] ABBOTT, § 462: Syllables ending in vowels are also frequently elided before vowels in reading, though not in writing. Thus: 'Against! what should | ensue | How came | we a shore?'
Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and some frefh water, that
A noble Neapolitan Gonzalo
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Mater of this designe) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries
Which since haue feeed much, so of his gentlenesse
Knowing I lou'd my books, he furnisshed me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize above my Dukedome.

Mir. Would I might
But euer fee that man.

Pro. Now I arife,

188. diuine.] Fi, Knl. Sing. divine; Rowe. divine. Pope et cet.
190. Neapolitan] F.
194. much.] So Rowe.
gentleness] gentliffe Anon. ap.
Meiklejohn.

188. diuine.] KNIGHT objects, and properly, I think, to the period which is
almost universally put after this word. 'Prospero's entire narrative is the answer' to
Miranda's question. KEIGHTLEY omits even the comma, which is, perhaps, best of
all.—Ed.

191. who] W. A. WRIGHT: This reading, although it makes the construction
confused, is most likely the true one. Such careless constructions are not unusual in
Shakespeare. By substituting was for 'being' the clause may be read parenthetically,
as it is in the Folios.

194. gentleness] WALKER (Ver. p. 272) observes that the trisyllabic termination
of a line, which is so frequent in the dramatists of a later age, occurs very seldom
indeed in Shakespeare. Consequently, he believes (Vers. p. 191) that 'gentleness'
here, like gentlemen elsewhere, is pronounced as a dissyllable. [After all, these devices
to reduce the foot to its metrical size by contractions and by elisions recall the attempts
of the elder sister to squeeze her foot into Cinderella's slipper; the mutilation of her
foot was as painful as it was in vain.—Ed.]

199. But euer] ABBOTT, § 39: 'Ever' in this passage, seems contrary to modern
usage. 'But,' however, implies a kind of negative, and 'ever' means at any time.

200. I arife] Warburton: That is, Now I come to the principal part of my
story, for the sake of which I told the foregoing.—HEATH (p. 7): Warburton's inter-
pretation falls very little short of being ridiculous. Prospero having sat down with
Miranda at the time he laid aside his magic garment, and being now come almost to
the end of his narrative, arises to give his orders to Ariel.—CAPELL (p. 57): The
sense is merely,—Now I get up: which, though it be odd enough in Prospero to say,
yet, that he does say it, seems plain enough from what is instantly added,—‘Sit still’; words address’d to Miranda, who is rising upon seeing him rise.—BLACKSTONE: Perhaps these words belong to Miranda. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes), she first expresses a wish to see Gonzalo, and then observes that she may now arise, as the story is done.—STEEVENS: The words may signify, ‘now, I rise in my narration,’—now my story heightens in its consequence.’ We still say that the interest of a drama rises or declines. [This is merely a paraphrase of Warburton.—ED.—COLLIER (Notes, &c. 1853, p. 5): Put on robe again is written in the MS. This refers back to line 32, ‘lie there my art.’ . . . . The great propriety of Prospero’s removal of his robe of power during his narration to his daughter is evident; he did not then require its aid, but just before he concluded, and just before he was to produce a somnolency in Miranda by the exercise of preternatural influence, he resumed it.—COLLIER (ed. ii, 1858): We are to presume that he left his seat with the words, ‘Now, I arise,’ and that Miranda took it, on some indication of her father’s wish that she should do so. Commentators have not known how to account for the sudden somnolency of the heroine. Nobody has seen that, Prospero having put off his magic robe, it was necessary for him to put it on again, and that he was thus enabled to accomplish what he wished, viz.: to produce drowsiness on the part of his daughter.

—STAUNTON: The purport of these words has never been satisfactorily explained, because they have been always understood as addressed to Miranda. If we suppose them directed, not to her, but aside to Ariel, who has entered, invisible except to Prospero, after having ‘perform’d to point the tempest,’ and whose arrival occasions Prospero to operate his sleepy charm upon Miranda, they are perfectly intelligible. That they were so intended becomes almost certain from Prospero’s language presently, when the charm has taken effect; see lines 219, 220, post.—DYCE (ed. iii): I cannot dispel the obscurity which has always hung over these words.—BR. NICHOLSON (N. & Qu. 3d S. i. 28, 1866): There may be some doubt as to the exact stage action, but the only real difficulty is, why Prospero, when rising, should take the trouble to say that he is doing so. But whether he sees Ariel, or whether, as is more likely, through the prevision of his art, he is now aware that the time for second action is at hand, he becomes somewhat rapt and inattentive to Miranda and her words. Something similar occurs when the danger from Caliban draws on. He speaks this, therefore, half to himself, and as in answer to his thought thus occultly influenced. Then, when, as is natural, his daughter would rise with him, he turns to her with ‘sit still,’ and, girl with readiness, finishes the story, and compels her to sleep.—W. A. WRIGHT: These words do not refer to a climax in Prospero’s narrative, as Steevens thinks, but rather to a crisis in his fortunes. At this point his fate culminated, and his reappearance from obscurity was a kind of resurrection, or like the rising of the sun.—BR. NICHOLSON (N. & Qu. 6th S. iii. 263, 1881) returned again to the subject, but adds little beyond emphasizing what COLLIER had long ago said. ‘The whole difficulty,’ says Nicholson, ‘has arisen from forgetting that Prospero had doffed his robe, and that to resume his role of magician he must resume that robe.’—[I fail to see much force in the explanations which have been given, nor have I any faith in the medicable power of a stage-direction. It is only very, very rarely that Shakespeare’s text needs any stage-directions. All needful hints to the actor are clearly given him in the text. When Prospero says ‘pluck my magic garment from me. So, Lye there my art’ is there a conceivable need of inserting in the margin, as a stage-direction, ‘He lays down his garment’? Is there an intelligence so feeble
Sit still, and heare the laft of our sea-forrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu’d, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemastre, made thee more profit
Then other Princeffe can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not fo carefull.

205


Knt, Coll. Ktly, Wh. ii. Princef Rowe +, 205. howres] loves Bailey. joys Ktly

Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Sing. Wh. i. Princef Cam. iii. Prin-

test' Hal. Dyce, Sta. Cike, Cam. i, Glo. Wrt, Dtn.

that it cannot supply that fact from the context? If there be, and it will persist in reading its Shakespeare, we must surely regret not that there are so many stage-directions in modern editions, but that there are so few, and after Prospero's command to Miranda to wipe her eyes, we must with salacity hasten to add the stage-direction: 'Uses her handkerchief.' If Shakespeare intended that Prospero should here 'arise' to put on his magic garment, I think he would have instructed the actor with the same minuteness as when he told him to put it off. As he has not done so, I cannot think that the words have any reference thereunto. If, after all, they have such a reference, then I retreat to that humiliating refuge of the weak and the timid, and conjecture that one 'or more lines have been lost.' If, on the other hand, 'arise' is here used figuratively, then in the exercise of the right of private judgement we may put on it what interpretation we please. If, however, the word does not refer to the magic garment, nor bear a figurative meaning, but is the sophistication of the printer, then, I think, from the ductus literarum, Theobald's suggestion of Ariel deserves consideration.—Ed.]

204. Princefesse] That any editor in these days would venture to follow Rowe, and adopt Princef in his text, is more than doubtful. The fact is now generally accepted (thanks to Walker, Vers. 246, and Abbott, § 471) that it is sufficient for a word to terminate in the sound of t to be regarded by the ear as a plural. Thus here, that 'Princese' is a plural is to be inferred from the verb 'haue.' To be sure, the same may be said of Rowe's Princes, but then in order to make princes feminine, we have to find contemporary authorities, which is not impossible. Grant White (ed. i) gives one or two instances where in 1581 Queen Elizabeth was alluded to as a 'Prince,' and W. A. Wright refers to an exactly similar instance in Bacon's Advancement of Learning. In As You Like It, I, ii, 159 (of this ed.), we have 'the Princesse cal's for you,' and Orlando replies, 'I attend them with all,' &c., where, I have but little doubt, the error lies in the printer's mistake of 'cals' instead of call. In both cases the drift of modern opinion is in favour of printing, for the eye, 'Princess.' The Third Cambridge Edition has thus printed it here, deserting its former reading. Halliwell was the earliest to adopt 'Princess,' and as his Folio Edition is mainly archæological, he should receive credit when it is equally good in the matter of text. In 1797, Richard Still, under the name of Chas. Diffell, printed some Remarks on Shakespeare's Tempest; his quality may be tasted in his note on 'still- vexed Bermoothes,' where he refers the reason for the use of 'still- vex'd,' not to storms, but to rads. In the present line he would read: 'Than other princess can, that has more time,' &c., which he paraphrases: 'I have made thee more profit than (any) other princess can (have made), that has more time for vainer hours,' &c.—Ed.

205. howres] Allen (Phil. Sh. Soc.): 'Hour' is equivalent to the employment
THE TEMPEST

Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir, For still 'tis beating in my minde; your reas'n For rayling this Sea-storme?

Pro. Know thus far forth, By accident most strange, bountifull Fortune (Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies Brought to this shore: And by my preffcence I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon A moft auspicious starre, whose influence If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes Will euer after droope: Heare ceafe more queftions, Thou art incline to sleepe: 'tis a good dulniffe, And gue it way: I know thou canft not chufe:

Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now, Approach my Ariel. Come. Enter Ariel.

Ari. All haile, great Master, graue Sir, haile: I come

218. f.......[he] As an Aide, Johns. 220. [Scene III. Pope+.
[Miranda sleepe. Theob. 221. haile: I come] haile I come Vs.
219. I am] I'm Pope+, Cap. Dyce ii, hail I come Rowe.

of an hour, and therefore (like the corresponding word in German, Stunde) equivalent to a lesson.

211. deere Lady] Steevens: That is, now my auspicious mistress.
213. &c. Capell refers to Fial. Cat. IV, iii, 218 for comparison.
213. Zenith] Allen (Phila. Sh. Soc.): There is here, perhaps, an imaginative blending of ideas: 'My fortune depends on a star, which,—being now in its zenith,—is auspicious to me.'
214. influence] Cotgrave: 'Influence: f. A flowing in; (and particularly) an influence, or influent course, of the Planets; their vertue infused into, or their course working on, inferior creatures.' This astrological sense is that in which it is most frequently used by Shakespeare. Cf. the almost thread-bare quotation from Milton's L'Allegro: 'ladies whose bright eyes Rain influence and judge the prize.'—Ed.
218. And] W. A. Wright: 'And' appears to be used to mark the consequence, and is almost equivalent to therefore or and therefore. Cf. Much Ado, IV, i, 287: 'Beat. I was about to protest I loved you. Ben. And do it with all thy heart.' And As You Like It, II, vii, 104: 'I almost die for food; and let me have it.'
220. Enter Ariel] H. Coleridge (p. 132): As Ariel's presence throughout the play is manifest to none but Prospero, it were an improvement in the acting if this dainty spirit were personated by a voice alone. No human form, however sylph-like, but must belie the words of the invisible and tricksy Ariel.
220. Coleridge (p. 88): It is worthy of remark that Miranda is never brought into comparison with Ariel, lest the natural and human of the one and the supernatural of the other should tend to neutralise each other.
221. &c. Henley called attention to an imitation of this speech by Fletcher in
ACT 1, SC. ii.]  

THE TEMPEST  

To answyr thy beft pleafure; be't to fly,  
To fwim, to due into the fire: to ride  
On the curl’d clouds: to thy strong bidding, task e  
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.  

Pro. Haft thou, Spirit,  
Perform’d to point, the Tempeft that I bad thee.  

Ar. To every Article.  
I board’d the Kings Shipp: now on the Beake,  
Now in the Wafte, the Decke, in every Cabyn,  
I flam’d amazement, sometime I’d divide  

222. be’t] be it FI, Rowe.  
231. amazement.] amazement. Rowe.  
Glo. Wrt. sometimes FI et cætr.  

The Faithful Shepherdess [V, v, p. 119, ed. Dyce. This fact would be of use in fixing the Date of Composition of The Tempest, if we were quite sure of the Date of The Faithful Shepherdess. Gifford says, it ‘was brought out in 1610, perhaps before’; Dyce agrees with him. The passage to which Henley refers is not so parallel that a charge of imitation can be brought against it. Although it is not the only imitation of Shakespeare by Fletcher in that play, the presumption that Henley is right is scarcely possible. See Appendix, p. 349.—Ed.]  

222–225. Jourdain (p. 137) would emend and divide the lines as follows: ‘To answer thy behest or pleasure; be ’t To fly, to swim, to dive into the fire, To ride on the curl’d clouds: ’t thy strong bidding Task Ariel and all his quality.’  

225. Qualitie] Steevens: That is, all his confederates, all who are of the same profession. So in Hamlet, II, ii, 452. Dyce, while giving the meaning of the word in general as ‘a profession, a calling, an occupation,’ agrees with Steevens as to its meaning in the present passage. Steevens’s reference to Hamlet’s ‘give us a taste of your quality’ is inappropriate; Hamlet uses the word technically, as referring to the profession of an actor.—Ed.  

227. to point] Steevens: That is, to the minutest article. See Schmidt Lex. 11.  

229. Beake] Murray (New Eng. Dict.): The pointed and ornamented projection at the prow of ancient vessels, especially of war-galleys. ‘Cushioned and brused in their foore parts with the beckes of the Corynbyans.’—Nicolls, Thucyd. 1550.  

230. Waste] Johnson: The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle; [to this Wright adds:] being usually a hollow space, with an ascent of several steps to either of these places.  

231. &c. Capell (iii, 7): ‘I do remember that in the great and boysterous storme of this foule weather, in the night, there came upon the toppe of our maine yarde and maine mast, a certaine little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the Cuerpo santo, and saide it was S. Elmo, whom they take to bee the advocate of Sailers. . . . This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from maste to maste, and from top to top; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once.’—Hakluyt’s Voyages, 1598, iii, 450.—Cotgrave:  

Farole: f. A little blaze of fire appearing by night on the tops of soldiers’ launces, or
And burne in many places; on the Top-mast,
The Yards and Bore-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. _Ioues_ Lightning, the precursors
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momeratrye
And shight out-running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty _Neptune_
Seeme to befiege, and make his bold waues tremble,

235. **O'th**] _Of_ Pope +.

at sea on the saileyards, where it whirls, and leaps in a moment from one place to another; some Mariners call it S. Hermes fire; if it come double tis held a signe of good lucke, if single, otherwise. [Eight or ten sources are enumerated in Douce, i, 4, wherefrom a repetition of the foregoing information may be obtained. In Sea-Words and Phrases along the Suffolk Coast, by the late Edward Fitzgerald (the author, rather than the translator, of the best portions of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam), there is the following: COMPONANT. Some years ago a young sailor was telling me of a "composite" lighting on each mast of a yawl during a stormy night. I didn't understand the word, though I knew the meaning; an older sailor explained that "componant" was the proper word. I was not wiser till I chanced upon the explanation in Dampier's Voyages. [An account from Dampier here follows, of the appearance, on a certain occasion, of a Corpus sani; Dampier concludes:] I have heard some ignorant seamen discoursing how they have seen them creep, or, as they say, _travel about in the scuppers_. . . . . But I did never see any one stir out of the place where it was first fixt, except upon deck, where every sea washeth it about, . . . . and therefore I do believe it is some jelly. [Fitzgerald then resumes]: "Dampier's men probably called the word _corpusant or corporans_, whence _componant_, and after the invention of certain candles peculiar to the nineteenth century, _composite_. What wise children now call it I don't know, whether phosphorescence, electricity, or what not. But they will doubtless smile with kindly pity at "old Dampier's jelly"; though when we were children any theory of "jelly" would have gone a long way in finding favour with us.'

233. **Bore-spirit**] An unusual form, but of which Murray (_New Engl. Dict._) gives two other examples. 'The origin [of bowsprit] seems to lie between Low Germ., Du., and Eng. . . . . But against the compound _bow-sprit_ being of English rise are the late appearance of _bow_ in the language, and the numerous perverted forms with _bow_, _boar_, _bolt_, _bowl_, _boyle_, which seem to show that the connection with _bow_ was not evident to English sailors, either in sense or pronunciation.'

233. distinctly] STAUNTON: That is, separately.—[See ii, i, 231, where it qualifies a sound.]
234. SC. GREY (i, 11) surmises that this latter part of Ariel's speech was 'taken from some buxton writer of the time by way of ridicule.'

238. **Seeme**] This printer's error for _seem'd_ is one of the instances cited by Walker (_Crit._ ii, 65) of the confusion of the final _d_ and _e_. Cf. 'boile,' V, i.
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

_Pro._ My braue Spirit, 240
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reason?

_Ar._ Not a foule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of desperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell;
Then all a fire with me the Kings sonne Ferdinand
With haires vp-planting (then like reeds, not haires)
Was the first man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.

_Pro._ Why that's my spirit:

But was not this nyes houre?

_Ar._ Cloe by, my Master.

Han. Kily.
244. madde] mind Rowe ii, Pope, 249, 250. Was...And] One line, F. 253

72, and 'entertaine,' line 87 in the same scene. In the present case the composer probably followed his ear; 'seeme to' has the sound of the past tense. Knight, however, upholds 'seem' because it makes the past present.

239, 240. shake...braue] To read this line metrically FARMER would make a dissyllable of 'shake,' and ABBOTT, § 484, of 'brave.' See also Text. Note, 'my brave.'

244. the madde] STEEVENS: Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is upon them.

245. but] ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc.) suggested that the text really contained a the, which being pronounced like a t, was assimilated to the t in 'but,' and so lost to the ear, but that its presence may have been indicated in the MS by an apostrophe, which was carelessly dropped by the printer. [In this note, written nigh thirty years ago, ALLEN was the first, I think, to call attention to the process, with which we are all now familiar under the name of 'absorption.' See 'at' nostrils,' post II, ii, 68, and 'with' king,' I, i, 74; also As You Like It, II, vi, 6, in this ed.]

246. quit] See line 174 of this scene.

248. wp-starring] DYCCE (Few Notes, 10): Many readers of Shakespeare are perhaps not aware how common this expression was formerly. It not only found a place in the most serious poetry, as here, and in Chapman's Hero and Leander (Marlowe's Works, iii, 91, ed. Dyce), but belonged to the phraseology of daily life: 'Let cheveres lay dressent. His haire staires, or stands anneand,'—Cotgrave, sub Drescer; and compare Florio's Dict., sub Arricciare. [For a similar adverbial compound see Jul. Cæs. IV, iii, 280, or ABBOTT, § 429. Staring is still in common use, in this country, in reference to the coat of horses when they are ill.—ED.]

_The Tempest_
Pro. But are they (Ariel) safe?

Ar. Not a haire perished:

On their suftaining garments not a blemish,
But frether then before: and as thou badst me,
In troops I haue disperst them 'bout the Isle:
The Kings nonne haue I landed by himselfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes,
In an odd Angle of the Isle, and fitting
His armes in this fad knot.

Pro. Of the Kings ship,
The Marriners, say how thou haft disposed,
And all the rest o'th'Fleete?

Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings shipp, in the deepe Nooke, where once


254. But . . . safe] Dibdill (p. 61): It appears remarkable that Shakespeare should make Prospero ask this question, and others of the same purport. It certainly was needless; for his prescience informed him that they were all safe. He had before this declared to Miranda that there was no harm done; that there was not so much perdition as an hair. Perhaps it might be in order to give the audience an opportunity of being more fully acquainted with the particulars.

256. sustaining] Steevens: That is, their garments that bore them up and supported them. Cf. Ham. IV, vii, 176: 'Her clothes spread wide, And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up.'—M. Mason (p. 4), on the other hand, maintained that Steevens could not be right, because all garments except cork-jackets would have dragged the wearer down; therefore he says that 'sustaining' here means enduring, garments which bore without being injured the drenching of the sea. In the earliest Variorum, 1773, Steevens gives, from Edwards's MSS, the emendation sea-stained, because, said the author of the note, 'it was not the floating of their cloaths, but the magic of Prospero which preserved, as it had wrecked, them.'

260. coolling of] For other examples of the use of of after verbs, signifying in the act of, see Abbott, § 178.

263, 264. Of . . . Marriners] Hanmer was the first to desert the punctuation of the Folio, and, by striking out the comma after 'ship,' construed the sentence: 'How hast thou disposed of the mariners of the king's ship?' He has been followed by almost every subsequent edition, except Knight's, which restored the comma, and the Globe Edition and its followers, which omitted both commas. The Folio is clearly right (the Third Cam. Ed. has returned to it); 'the mariners' is parenthetical — Ed.

264. thou hast] Walker, in his valuable chapter (Crit. ii, 246) on the Transposition of Words, queries whether these should not be hast thou; just as we have say again, where didst thou,' &c., IV, i, 194, post. See also IV, i, 11, post.

266. Safely in harbour] See II, i, 357.
ACT I, SC. ii.]  

THE TEMPEST  

Thou calldst me vp at midnight to fetch dewe  

From the still-vext Bermoothes, there she's hid;  

The Marriners all vnder hatches flowed,  

Who, with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour  

I haue left asleep: and for the rest o' th' Fleet  

(Which I dispers'd) they all haue met againe,  

And are vpon the Mediterranean Flote  

Bound sadly home for Naples,  

Supposing that they faw the Kings ship wractk,  

And his great perfon perifh.  

Pro. Ariel, thy charge  

Exactely is perform'd; but there's more worke:  

What is the time o' th'day?  


272. I haue] I've Pope+ Dyce ii, iii,  

Huds.  

274. are...Flote] all...float Coll ii, iii  

(MS).  

276. upon] on Pope.  

277. Two lines, ending that...  

279. perish. Kily.  

269. still-vext Bermoothes] Hanmer noted that here is the Spanish pronunciation of the Bermudas; and W. A. Wright has added several varieties of the spelling: 'I would sooner swim to the Bermootha's on . . . bladders,' &c.—Webster, Duchess of Maffy, III, ii [p. 243, ed. Dyce, where, however, it is spelled Bermoother] ; 'an engine That's only fit to put in exection Barmotho pigs.'—1b. Devil's Law-Case, III, ii [p. 62, ed. Dyce]; 'victual out a witch for the Bermoothes.'—Fletcher, Women Pleased, I, ii [p. 16, ed. Dyce, also cited by Warburton]. The islands are called 'still-vext,' that is, constantly, always vexed by tempests, from the accounts of them which early voyagers brought home, and which were so unvarying in their character that, as Hunter says, the Bermudas became a commonplace in Shakespeare's time whenever storms and tempests were the theme. This present passage plays a large share in the speculations concerning the Date of the Composition of this play; and as all, I believe, of the references to it are gathered together under that heading in the Appendix, to that Appendix the reader must be now referred.—Eh  

271. Whom] See I, ii, 97, or IV, i, 6.  

272. for] For examples of 'for,' in the sense of as regards, see Abbott, § 149.  

272. the rest o' th' Fleet] Holt (p 26) : Had not Shakespeare thus accounted for the dispersion of the fleet, either Alonso and his people must have had help, or more have been shipwrecked with him, either of which would have spoiled the plot, and are both thus happily and skilfully avoided.  

274. are] Staunton: What is gained by Collier's MS alteration we cannot discern.  

274. Flote] Dyce (Gloss): Flood, wave, sea. Minshew has 'A flote or wave.  

G. Flot. L. Fluctus.'—W. A. Wright: Like A. S. and Fr. flot, and Germ. fluth.  

280–282. What . . . Glasses] Grey (i, 11) : 'At least two glasses' should seem more properly spoke by Ariel. For why should Prospero ask the time of day if he knew it better than Ariel? [Upton (p. 259) had made the same conjecture, and Theobald, in
Ar. Paft the mid season.

Pro. At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt six & now Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

Ar. Is there more toyle? Since y doft give me pains, Let me remember thee what thou haft promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.


1729, proposed it in a private letter to Warburton, who adopted it in his edition without a word of acknowledgement to him whom he was calling his 'dearest friend' in private, and whom he treated afterwards in public with supercilious cruelty.—HOLT (p. 27): In the hurry of his mind, Prospero might have forgot the general, and yet, as soon as that was recalled to his memory, very naturally recollected the particular time, even to minuteness.—CAPELL (59 a): Imagine the head of Prospero rais'd after this question, and the sun look'd at, and reason admits well enough of his being his own answerer, which he is in marine language.—JOHN: This passage need not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer; he that thinks it faulty, may easily adjust it thus: 'Pro. What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season? Ariel. At least two glasses.—HALLIWELL: Prospero says 'at least two glasses' to impress upon Ariel how brief was the period of the day that remained, and the consequent necessity of rapidity and vigorous action.—STAUNTON ingeniously, but 'very erroneously,' thinks Dyce, obviated any re-distribution of speeches by punctuating Prospero's reply as follows: 'At least two glasses—the time, 'twixt six and now—Must by us both be spent,' &c.—W. A. WRIGHT: This arrangement of Staunton would make it four in the afternoon, which hardly answers to Ariel's 'Past the mid-season.' [Wright's criticism of Staunton's arrangement is well founded; by that arrangement the 'Duration of the Action' is restricted not only to the two hours between four and six, but had Shakespeare here used 'glass' correctly in its technical sense, which, woe worth the day, he did not, the duration of the play would be confined to one single hour. There can be little doubt that Shakespeare here, and even elsewhere in other plays, uses 'glass' as equivalent to one hour, instead of using it in its nautical sense of a half hour. That 'glass' was a half-hour glass in Shakespeare's own day we may learn from the following citation from Hakluyt's Voyages, i, 436 (given in The Century Dict. s. v. 'Glass'): 'If you should omit to note those things at the end of every four glasses, . . . note it diligently at the end of every watch, or eight glasses.' See also Smyth's Sailor's Word Book, s. v. 'Glass.' See Nicholson's note, V, i, 266. Daniel in his good 'time-analysis' of The Tempest comes to the same conclusion as to the meaning of 'glass' in the present passage. 'Alonso's "three hours" [V, i, 219], says Daniel, 'followed shortly afterwards by the Boatswain's "three glasses," must decide this measure of time for The Tempest to be a one-hour glass.' Dr Johnson's explanation, without his 'adjustment of the text, is to me all-sufficient.—Ed.]

284. pains] W. A. WRIGHT: Labours, tasks. We use the word in this sense in the phrase 'take pains'; but 'give pains,' in the sense of impose tasks, is obsolete. See MEAS. FOR MEAS. V, i, 246.

285. me] For other examples of Ethical Datives, see Abbott, § 220, also see lines 301, 583 of this scene.
ACT I, SC. ii.] THE TEMPEST

Pro. How now? moodie?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ar. My Libertie.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more:

Ar. I prethee,

Remember I have done thee worthy service,

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promis

To bate me a full yeere.

Pro. Do'th thou forget

287. moodie?] moody: Dyce, Steev. Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Kty, Jeph.


293. made thee] made Rowe ii,+


287, &c. moodie?] DOUCE (i, 7): The spirits or familiaris attending on magicians were always impatient of confinement. Thus we are told that the spirit Balkin is 'weary id if the action wherein he is employed continue longer than an hour; and therefore the magician must be careful to dismiss him.'—Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1665, p. 228.—WILSON (p. 51): According to the ideas of an age which still believed in magic, Prospero has usurped the lordship of nature, and subdued to his will the spirits of the elements, by presumptuous, if not altogether sinful, arts. They are retained in subjection by the constant exercise of this supernatural power, and yield him only the reluctant obedience of slaves. This has to be borne in remembrance if we would not misinterpret the ebullitions of imperious harshness on the part of Prospero towards beings who can only be retained in subjection by such enforced mastery. [See Appendix, 'Ariel.']

290. no more] KNIGHT: We understand this—say no more.

293. made thee] Ritson proposed to omit this second 'thee,' the repetition of a word being a common error; wherein STAUNTON agrees with him.—ABBOTT, § 460: It is more probable that this second 'thee,' not 'mis-,' is slurred.—ALLEN (Phil. Sk. Scot.): By the assimilation of d and th and the sequence of the liquid m to the mute th in 'made thee no,' the three words form a very natural and pleasing anapest,—nay, 'made thee' could readily be pronounced as one syllable, and so form the thesis of an iambus.

296, &c.] JOHNSON: That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment which supplied all the marvellous found in these romances of the Middle Ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted to them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, some (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth. Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the less vitiated. Thus Prospero addresses Ariel: 'Thou wast a spirit too delicate To act her earthy and abhorred commands.' Over these spirits a power might be obtained by
From what a torment I did free thee?

Pro. Thou dost: & think'st it much to tread thy Ooze
Of the falt deepe;
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,
To doe me bufinesse in the veines o' th' earth
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ar. I doe not Sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant Thing: haft thou forgot
The fowle Witch Sycorax, who with Age and Envy

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

298. Ooze] The bottom, not the margin of the sea. See III, iii, 125.

300. run] Upton (p. 222): I would rather read ride, which is the Scripture expression; see Job xxx. 22; Isaiah xix. 1; Psalm lviii, 4.

301. me] Ethical Dative.

304. malignant Thing] PHILA. SH. Soc.: Without Ariel's assistance at this crisis Prospero will be unable to take advantage of his 'auspicious star,' and hence his excitement at the signs of the former's disaffection.

305. Sycorax] DOUCE (i, 8), in a note on Caliban's first speech, 'As wicked dew,' &c., surmises that the following passage, from Batman oppon Bartholome, not only illustrates that speech, but that Shakespeare was indebted to it, with a slight alteration, for the name of Caliban's mother: "The raven is called corvus of Corax.... it is sayd that rauens birdes be fed with dew of heauen all the time that they have no blacke feathers by benefite of age."—Lib. xii, c. 10.—LLOYD (Singer, ed. ii, p. 103): Sycorax Shakespeare probably found in some novel, to us unknown. Her name, I suppose it has been remarked before, is Greek. Psychorrhagia is the death struggle; and Psychorrhax may be translated 'heartbreaker' (Ψυχοθαλαπτός).—CLEMENT, whose remarkable essay places The Tempest among the Historical Plays, finds in this
Was growne into a hoope? haft thou forgot her?
    Ar. No Sir.
    Pro. Thou haft: where was she born? speake: tell me:
    Ar. Sir, in Argier.
    Pro. Oh, was she fo: I must

Once in a moneth recount what thou haft bin,
Which thou forgett. This damn'd Witch Sycorax
For mischieves manifold, and forceries terrible

play throughout, allusions to contemporary events and to the personages of the day.
From his 'inner consciousness' he has evolved not only a remarkable derivation of the witch's name, but even a more remarkable allusion thereunder hidden. 'This Sycorax,' he says (p. 81), 'has a satirical name, which the readers of The Tempest scarcely notice. Why is the name Greek? For Greek it is; *sukon* means a fig, *rinx*, a poisonous spider. I dislike philological trifling, otherwise there might from the name be easily derived *sic a rex*/. [The exclamation point is Dr Clement's, not mine.—Ed.], but I take the name just as it stands. The exalted personage, whom the poet desired here to indicate, could have been brought upon the stage, even after her death, such was the danger, only under some similar unintelligible designation. The hateful bag is, I believe, Queen Elizabeth, who could be as sweet as a fig, and could weave webs as poisonous as the bunch-backed spider (*dickbauchige* is the diametrical opposite of 'bunch-backed,' I know, but I cannot find it in my heart to apply it, even in a translation, to the good Queen Bess.—Ed.].—Hales (Cornhill Mag. Feb. ’76, p. 213; also Essays, p. 113): Sycorax is, we believe, of Shakespeare's own formation. . . . . And we think the conjecture that it is compounded of the Greek *suc* (pt is a variant) and *rinx*, and is therefore a contraction of Sykorax, can scarcely be despised. As both sows and ravens are associated with witchcraft and such superstitions, the compound might serve not ill to denominate that 'foul witch,' 'damned witch,' of whose 'earthly and abhorred commands' Prospero speaks with such genuine loathing. . . . . The mere grossness of the one animal and the supposed malignity of the other may be referred to; and so the name Sycorax be designed to express a horrid mixture of those two characteristics,—something bestial and fiendish withal.—Phillpotts: Mr. Moberly suggests that Sycorax, as an Algerine witch, would have an Arabic name, possibly 'Shokereth' (the deceiver), which would be equivalent to Sycorax.—Theodor Elze (Jahrbuch, xv, p. 253) finds on the island of Pantalarias, which he suggests as the original of Prospero's isle, a small town called from remote antiquity Sisaxghir, wherein, he says, there may be at least a sound reminding us of Sycorax.


313. ANON. (ap. Grej i, 11): This verse may be relieved several ways, either by striking out 'sorceries,' or putting it in the place of 'mischiefs'; or by reading *many* for 'manifold'; or what, I think, is more like Shakespeare, by leaving out 'and.'—Abbott, § 494, holds it to be only an apparent Alexandrine, and presumably sup-
To enter humane hearing, from Argier
Thou know'ft was banish'd: for one thing she did

poses it to be made presentable by 'slurring' the final foot, 'terrible,' whereby it
would seem that the pronunciation can be best represented by the Southern Negro
pronunciation, *turrible*.

315. one thing she did] Boswell: What that one thing was which saved the
life of Sycorax the poet has nowhere informed us. I cannot but think that this adds
support to the opinion that there was some novel upon which the fable of *The Tem-
pest* was founded, in which this circumstance was mentioned, to which Shakespeare
thought it sufficient to refer.—Lamb (*Works*, iii, 250, ed. Moxon, 1870): How have I
pondered over this, when a boy! How have I longed for some authentic memoir
of the witch to clear up the obscurity!—Was the story extant in the Chronicles of
Algiers? Could I get at it by some fortunate introduction to the Algerine ambas-
dor? Was a voyage thither practicable? The Spectator (I know) went to Grand
Cairo only to measure a pyramid. Was not the object of my quest of at least as
much importance? The blue-eyed bag,—could she have done anything good or
meritorious? might that Succubus relent? then might there be hope for the devil. I
have often admired, since, that none of the commentators have boggled at this pas-
sage,—how they could swallow this camel,—such a tantalising piece of obscurity,
such an abortion of an anecdote.—At length, I think, I have lighted upon a clue
which may lead to show what was passing in the mind of Shakespeare when he
dropped this imperfect rumour. In the 'accurate description of Africa, by John
Ogilby (Folio), 1670,' page 220, I find written as follows: [The entire extract is too
long for insertion here. It describes the preparations which Charles V made in 1541
to besiege Algier, and narrates his success by land and sea. The Turks made a
vigorous resistance, but were reduced to so great an extremity that they lost courage
and resolved to surrender to the emperor. The account then proceeds:] 'But as
they were thus intending, there was a witch of the town, whom the history doth not
name, which went to seek out Assam Aga, that commanded within, and pray'd him
to make it good yet nine days longer, with assurance that within that time he should
infallibly see Algier delivered from that siege, and the whole army of the enemy dis-
persed, so that Christians should be as cheap as birds. In a word, the thing did hap-
pen in the manner as foretold; for upon the twenty-first day of October in the same
year, there fell a continual rain upon the land, and so furious a storm at sea, that one
might have seen ships hoisted into the clouds, and in one instant again precipitated
into the bottom of the water. [The emperor suffered so heavily that he raised the
siege and retreated to Sicily.] In the mean time that witch, being acknowledged the
deliverer of Algier, was richly remunerated and the credit of her charms authorised.'
Can it be doubted for a moment that the dramatist had come fresh from reading some
older narrative of this deliverance of Algier by a witch, and transferred the merit of
the deed to his Sycorax, exchanging only the 'rich remuneration,' which did not suit
his purpose, to the simple pardon of her life? [This Note appeared first in *The
London Magazine*, 1823; it has been quite misunderstood, apparently, or forgotten,
by a writer in *Notes & Qu.*, 2d S. ii, 284. Weighing one consideration with another,
I think this note of Lamb yields quite as good an explanation as that of Boswell, and
a far better explanation than that which is commonly extracted from line 317. I con-
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? Ar. I, Sir.

Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my flaeue, (child,

316. not this] this not Rowe ii, Pope,
317. blew ey'd] blue dry'd Sprenger.

Han.

316. there is for me not a little force in what a Quarterly Reviewer urges in regard to this last theory, which accounts for the mercy shown to Sycorax by supposing that Caliban was unborn; the Reviewer (vol. lxxv, p. 473) says: 'We feel assured that no such thought ever entered the mind of Shakespeare. He knew not what that "one thing" was, nor did he ever give his imagination the trouble of ascertaining it. He wanted it for the purpose of his play, as an excuse for saving a wretch, who, according to the laws and the opinions of his age, was guilty of death; and he left it a deed without a name, not to be known by any for ever but Hell, and Night, and Setebos.' Eckermann relates that on one occasion Goethe said to him, 'People write to ask me what I meant by such and such a thing in Faust. As if I knew, or could tell!' I have but little doubt, in regard to many and many a passage in these plays, that what was true of Goethe, is true of Shakespeare. A writer in Fraser, however, scouts this idea of the Quarterly Reviewer. Sycorax 'could not have been pardoned,' he says (Fraser's Mag., June, 1840, p. 742), 'because she had done what was fit only to be known in hell. It must have been some circumstance exciting compassion, not horror.' He therefore proposes to read 'for one thing she hid,' or 'perhaps Shakespeare wrote more graphically, — for you thing she hid,' pointing in the direction of Caliban.' — Ed.]—Krauth (Phila. Sch. Soc. p. 165): The Incubus and Succuba are not poetic creations, but part of the faith of the Middle Ages, — heartily held by the wisest and best men, and confirmed by supposed eye-witnesses. See Hector Boethius, who has almost a Caliban (Paris edit. 1574, p. 149), and Zwingeri, Thesaurus Vit. Human. 2300, who gives a great many legends. The idea of the 'demon lover' has been thought to be scriptural: Gen. v, 2; Judg. vi, 7. The Rabbins, and the Koran, the Christian fathers, and the pagan classics, have the same idea. The Medival legends are full of it. The use of it in modern poetry by Byron, Moore, and Coleridge is familiar.

317. blew ey'd] Staunton: It must be confessed that blew-cry'd, a common epithet in our old plays, seems more applicable to the damn'd witch Sycorax. Thus in B. and F.'s The Chances, IV, ii: 'Get me a conjurer; inquire me out a man that lets out devils .... any blew-cry'd people With red heads, and flat noses can perform it.'—W. A. Wright: 'Blue-ey'd' does not describe the colour of the pupil of the eye, but the livid colour of the eyelid, and a blue eye in this sense was a sign of pregnancy. See Webster, Duchess of Malfy, II, i: 'The fins of her eyelids look most teeming blue.' In At You Like It, III, ii, 'a blue eye and sunken' is characteristic of a lover.—Cowden-Clarke: The dull, bleared, neutral colour seen in the eyes of old cronies.—Phillotts: Probably this means that her eyes had the cold, startling blue which suggests malignity so strongly.—Grant White (Studies, 324): I wish to record my conviction that Shakespeare had in mind that pale-blue, fish-like, malignant eye, which is often seen in hag-like women.—Littledale (N. & Q. 5th S. v, 345): In B. & F. Honest Man's Fortune, V, iii, speaking of various quack devices, this cure for a black eye,—as raw beefsteak is now-a-days considered of excellent virtue,—is given: 'Or bring in rotten pippins To cure blue eyes.'—A
As thou reportest thy selfe, was then her servaunt,  
And for thou wast a Spirit too delicate  
To act her earthly, and abhor commands,  
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee  
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,  
And in her moft vnmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven Pyne, within which rift  
Imprison’d, thou didest painefullly remaine  
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di’d,  
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groanes  
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike: Then was this Island

319. was] Fi, Rowe ii. was Rowes 320. earthy] earthy Rowes ii. Pope, i. Han. 320. And for] And, for F, F. 327. within] in Cap. conj.

SYMONS (Irving Sh.): Euripides uses the word γλαυκοπτοί,—literally dark-blue-gleaming,—which Browning renders ‘blue brilliancy’ in his Balasomion’s Adventure, p. 46. And on the next page Browning speaks of ‘the blue-eyed black-winged phantom.’ Here, of course, the reference is to the lurid blue-black colour of thunder-clouds, and it is possible Shakespeare may have meant this in describing his witch as ‘blue-eyed.’ [Is it not possible to accept the blueness as referring not only to the dark eyelids and circles round the eyes, but also to the pupil itself, where the arcus semilunaris, as the ophthalmologists call it, is wont to give the baleful expression which we associate with witches? Instances are as plenty as blackberries where what we now call blue eyes were by Shakespeare called grey eyes. There are two in Rom. & Jul., where the Friar speaks of ‘The grey-eyed morn,’ and Mercutio of ‘Thiabe, a grey eye or so,’ Since, then, our ‘blue eyes’ and Shakespeare’s ‘blue eyes’ are not the same, I think we are at liberty to include, in the present phrase, whatsoever tends to add abhorrence to the repulsive witch.—Ed.]

319, 320. was] WALKER (Crit. ii. 126) has collected forty-five or fifty examples from Shakespeare and his contemporaries of the substitution of s for t in the second person singular of the verb. In some cases, doubtless, this substitution can be ascribed to the much-enduring compositor, but after making all due allowance for his errors there remain, unquestionably, instances due wholly to the poets themselves, e.g. in Shakespeare’s Sonnet xix: ‘Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets’. . . . .

To the wide world and all her fading sweets, the rhyme is conclusive that Shakespeare wrote ‘fleets’ instead of fleet’s. In this, and in the majority of the cases, it is noteworthy that the verb ends in t; clearly, then, it is the cacophonous sound tis which was avoided, and intentionally avoided. As it happens in this present case, the ‘was’ being followed by ‘then,’ the ear detects the t and is satisfied, no matter whether it belongs to the ‘was’ or to the ‘then.’—Ed.

321. earthy] W. A. WRIGHT: Gross, material, opposed to spiritual. Prospero calls Caliban ‘Thou earth, thou.’

322–325. confine thee . . . Into] ABBOTT, § 159: ‘Into’ is sometimes found with verbs of rest, implying motion, as here. See also ‘confin’d into the Rocke,’ line 423, post.
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere, 
A frekeld whelppe, hag-borne) not honour’d with
A humane shape.

Ar. Yes: Caliban her sone.

Pro. Dull thing, I say fo: he, that Caliban
Whom now I keepe in seruice, thou beft know’ft
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make woules howle, and penetrate the brests
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn’d, which Sycorax
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu’d, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.

Ar. I thanke thee Master.

Pro. If thou more murmurst, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haft how’ld away twelve winters.

Ar. Pardon, Master,
I will be correspondent to command
And doe my sprayinge, gently.


338. torment] torture Walker (Citat. i, 296).

345. peg-thee] Peg-thee F.


349. sprayinge] scribing Cap.

333. Krauth (Phila. Sh. Soc. p. 17) for this speech suggested two solutions: 1st. Ariel is absent-minded, his thoughts still running on his promised liberty, but, recalled to himself by Prospero’s pause, he catches, as is natural in such cases, at the last phrase still sounding in his ears, and assents thereto as in vain proof of his attention to the rest. Prospero of course detects it and calls him ‘dull.’ 2dly. That Ariel’s rebellious spirit is not yet subdued, and, growing impatient of Prospero’s PROSE repetition of well-known facts, tries to stop him by interruption and hearty assent.—Jephson: Ariel contradicts Prospero; he says that the island was honoured with a human shape, namely Caliban, forgetting that Prospero had just excepted him; and Prospero, being irritated with Ariel, replies, ‘Dull thing, I say so’; that is, ‘I say that Caliban was on the island.’

338. euer-angry] Is this an echo from Paris Garden, which was close to the Globe Theatre?—Ed.

348. correspondent] Phila. Sh. Soc.: Used to this day in a religious sense by Catholic writers in reference to grace.

349. gently] As opposed to ‘moodie’ and ‘malignant.’

349. sprayinge] Walker (Citat. i, 193): It may safely be laid down as a canon
THE TEMPEST

Pro. Doe so: and after two daies
I will discharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Master:
What shall I doe? say what? what shall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be subiekt to no fight but thine, and mine: inuincible
To every eye-ball else: goe take this shape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. Exit.
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haft slept well,
Awake.
Mir. The strangenes of your flory, put

350. daier] days, Ariel Anon (ap. Lit.).
Grey).
351. two...thee] One line, Cap.
351. 351. thing, and] Om. Rowe ii +, Cap.
conj.
354. like a] like to a Fe, Rowe +,
355-358. Four lines, ending mine,
else, hence, diligence Elze (Rob. Epit.
358. Exit.] Excit. F."

that the word spirit, in our old poets, wherever the metre does not compel us to pronounce it dissyllabically, is a monosyllable.

350. There is no known process whereby this line can be made to fadge with iambic trimeters. It is scarcely worth while to record the failures; any one can make one for himself.—Ed.

354. Nymph o'th' Sea] 'There does not appear to be sufficient cause,' says Steevens, 'why Ariel should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of Prospero.' 'Nor that the Clown in Twelfth Night' retorts Thos. White, 'should put on a gown and beard to personate Sir Topaz, the priest, as Malvolio was confined in a dark room. We may say of Shakespeare what Fabius says of Cicero: “In vitium saepe incidit securus tum parvae observationis.” Shakespeare has closely followed King James's Demonologia [wherein, in Bk iii, chap. 3, speaking of the passage through the air of witches, it says], “in this transporting, they say themselves, that they are invisible to any other except amongst themselves.”' It is doubtful if this apt illustration is at all weakened by the late date of the Demonologia, viz: 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death. Such a belief was current, not because King James wrote it in his book, but he wrote it in his book because it was current, and if current, Shakespeare assuredly knew it. The PHILA. SH. SOC. suggests that 'thus in character Ariel can best sing a sea-nymph's song'; which is doubtful; any limitation of Ariel's powers is rash. If we must have a reason over and above the popular belief, I think W. A. Wright's suggestion the happiest, that in a sea-nymph's form Ariel would be in harmony with the scene to the audience.—Ed.

355. Steevens: The redundancy in this line, and the ridiculous precaution that Ariel should not be invisible to himself, plainly prove that the words 'and thine' were the interpolations of ignorance.—Dyce pronounces the Folio text 'most ridiculous.'
Heauinesse in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll vifit Caliban, my flauce, who neuer


364. visit] Walker (Crit. iii, 2): That is, look after him. Two Noble Cousins, I, i, 'the visiting Sun,' the inspecting, the surveying.

364. Caliban] Hunter (i, 183): There is a good deal that is Hebraistic in this play, as might be expected where there is so much of the Chaldee philosophy. . . . The most remarkable circumstance under this head is that Caliban, who is generally represented as a creation purely and entirely of Shakespeare's own invention, is, as to his very peculiar form, of Oriental origin. He is, in fact, as to form, no other than the fish-idol of Ashdod, the Dagon of the Philistines, a word of which the principal element is the Hebrew word for fish. . . . It is a great question in Rabbinical literature in what manner the two elements of fish and man were combined in the figure of Dagon. . . . Abarbinel contends that the true form of Dagon was a figure 'shaped like a fish, only with hands and feet like a man'; and this is precisely the form of Shakespeare's Caliban,—'a fish, legged like a man, and his fins like arms.' Nothing can be more precise than the resemblance; the two are, in fact, one, as far as form is concerned. Caliban is thus a kind of tortoise, the paddles expanding in arms and...
Yealds vs kinde anfwer.

Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.

Pro. But as 'tis

We cannot miffe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and terues in Offices

[Act 1, sc. 11.

366. I...on] Separate line, Pope et seq. 369. terues Fl, Rowe. terues in Fl. terues in 2nd Coll. MS.

banias, legs and feet; and, accordingly, before he appears upon the stage, the audience are prepared for this strange appearance by the words of Prospero: 'Come forth! thou tortoise.' . . . With the form Shakespeare really gave him, everything which he says or does is consistent; yet it was a difficult figure to manage on the stage, and so the actors appear to have found it, for the fish character of Caliban is sunk, and when he now appears it is as a species of monkey. Indeed, this difficulty must have been felt from the beginning, and Shakespeare could hardly have introduced a figure so unmanageable upon the stage as a compound of fish and man, but under constraint; that is, the figure of Caliban was prescribed for him by the writer of the story on which he wrought, borrowed by him from the figure of Dagon of Ashdod. The moral attributes, the action, and the talk of Caliban may, however, be well believed to be Shakespeare's own.—Br. Nicholson (N. & Qu. 4th S. i, 291): Throughout Caliban is a beast of burden, and being morally such, he would be physically fitted for his office. From Trinculo's jest we learn that he was not a standard, but of dwarf's stature. His lower limbs were large, for the lesser legs were Trinculo's, and as he was of dwarf's stature, the difference must have been in a girth of limb resembling that of a turtle. The corresponding feet to such limbs would be large and 'splay.' The corresponding arms, short and strong, would be such as, with their claw-fingered hands, would resemble what sailors call the fore-fins of a turtle, and as such enable us to understand how he fed himself before Prospero's arrival, and why, with a consciousness of his greater powers, he offered with his long nails to dig pig-nuts, or climb for jays' nests, or clamber o'er precipitous cliffs for young sea-birds. Similarly, if the hardly human face were fashioned like that of a tortoise, the eyes would be 'deep-set' by nature as well as by drink, and he would be 'dim-eyed' and 'beetle-browed.' Lastly, the scabby splotchings of the 'freckled whelp,' who calls Trinculo 'Thou, scurvy patch,' would be the loathsome leprous that had spread itself over all the other deformities, and also the analogue of the spotted and patch-like scales of the tortoise, and the hard, rough, knotted, diseased-like look of its skin and wrinkled neck. [Nicholson referred to this subject again in N. & Qu. 4th S. iii, 431, where he hints that Sir Politic Would-be's make-up as a turtle in Volpone, V, ii, might have been one of the remembrances which led to the conception of Caliban.]

368. misse] M. Mason: That is, we cannot do without him.—Malone: This provincial expression is still used in the midland counties.—[Halliwell: I have not met with a confirmation of Malone's remark.—W. A. Wright: It does not appear to be recorded in any local glossary.]—Voss (p. 156): This word is here used in its genuine German meaning, misse, entbehren.—Halliwell: See B. & Fl. Mad Lover, II, i: 'I will have honest, valiant souls about me; I cannot miss thee.'—W. A. Wright: Compare Lyly's Euphues and his England, p. 264 (ed. Arber): 'Bringing viinto man both bonnye and wax, each so wholsome that wee all desire it, both so necessary that we cannot misse them.'
ACT I, SC. ii.]

THE TEMPEST

That profit vs: What hoa: flaye: Caliban:
Thou Earth, thou: speake.

Cal. within. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth I say, there's other busines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? Enter Ariel like a water-
Fine appasion: my queint Ariel,
Hearke in thine ear.

Ar. My Lord, it shall be done. Exit.

Pro. Thou poysonous flaye, got by y diuell himselfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. Enter Caliban.

    Come...when?] Om. Pope, Han.
    when?] when I say, come forth Han.
Anon. (ap. Grey). then A——c (Gent.) Mag. 1820)

373. Coleridge (Seven Lectures, p. 120): Another instance of admirable judgement and excellent preparation is to be found in the creature contrasted with Ariel,—Caliban; who is described in such a manner by Prospero as to lead us to expect the appearance of a soul, unnatural monster. He is not seen at once; his voice is heard; this is the preparation; he was too offensive to be seen at first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound as from sight. After we have heard Caliban's voice he does not enter until Ariel has entered like a water-nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus acquired without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that unpleasant sensation which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to our vision. [For Coleridge's analysis of Caliban's character, see Appendix.]

374. Tortoys] Br. Nicholson (N. & Qu. 4th S. i, 291): While there can be no doubt that this exclamation of Prospero is used in reference to Caliban's unwilling sloth, there is as little doubt that it was suggested by his make, and intended to prepare the spectators for the similitude that was about to appear.

374. when] Malone: This expression of impatience occurs often in our old dramas.

375. queint] W. A. Wright: Cotgrave's explanation of the French original of this word covers all the senses in which it is used by Shakespeare. He says, 'Coint . . . . Quaint, compt, nest, fine, spruce, brakke, smirke, smug, daintie, trim, tricked vp.'

379. Enter Caliban] Rowe (Life of Shakespeare, p. xxiv, ed. 1709): Shakespeare's magic has something in it very solemn and very poetical: And that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustain'd, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon Grotesques that was ever seen. The observation, which I have been inform'd three very great men concurr'd in making [Ed Falkland, Ed C. J. Vaughan, and Mr Selden.—Foot-note] was extremely just. 'That Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devin'd and adapted a new manner of language for that character' W烫birt: What they [i. e. the
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother bruth'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholefome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweft blow on yee,

three men mentioned by Rowe] meant by it, without doubt, was that Shakespeare gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr Bentley took [the phrase] ‘new language’ literally; for speaking of a phrase in Milton, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, ‘Satan had not the privilege, as Caliban in Shakespeare, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others’; and again, ‘to practise distances is still a Caliban style.’—Note on \Paradise Lost, iv, 945. But I know no such ‘Caliban style’ in Shakespeare, that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others.—JOHNSON: Whence these critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find; they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero and his daughter; he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival; and could not have invented a language of his own, without more understanding than Shakespeare has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions. [Dryden, however, said (see Appendix) that Caliban’s ‘language was as hobgoblin as his person.’—Ed.].—D. Wilson (p. 90): The talk of the ship’s-crew is not only coarse, but even what it is customary to call brutal; while that of Stephano and Trinculo accords with their debased and besotted humanity. Their language never assumes a rhetorical structure, nor rises to poetic thought. But Caliban is in perfect harmony with the rhythm of the breezes and the tides. His thoughts are essentially poetical, within the range of his lower nature; and so his speech is, for the most part, in verse. He has that poetry of the senses which seems natural to the companionship with the creatures of the forest and the seashore. Even his growl, as he retorts impotent curses upon the power that has enslaved him, is rhetorical. Bogs, fens, and the infectious exhalations that the sun sucks up, embody his ideas of evil; and his acute senses are chiefly at home with the dew, and the fresh springs, the clustering filberts, the jay in his leafy nest, and the blind mole in its burrow.

380. wicked] Heath (p. 9): This epithet is intended, I think, to express the wickedness of the purposes for which it was gathered.—JOHNSON: That is, having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, wicked weed; so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have \textit{virtues}. Bacon mentions ‘virtuous bezoar’ and Dryden ‘virtuous herbs.’—Stevens: Under Henry VI the Parliament petitioned against hops, as a wicked weed.—Dyce: Though ‘wicked,’ as an epithet to ‘dew,’ makes very good sense (meaning \textit{harmful}), I suspect that it is not Shakespeare’s word, and that it has been repeated by mistake from the line above. [Is it not precisely because it is in Prospero’s speech, and applied to his mother, that Caliban’s retort repeats it, and in the same connection?—Ed.]

382. A Southweft] Douce (i, 9): In Batman \textit{upon Bartholome, lib. xi, c. 3}, we find: ‘This Southern wind is hot and moyst. . . . Southern winds corrupt and destroy; they heat and maketh men fall into sickness.’ Shakespeare was extremely well acquainted with this work.—Lettsom (in a note on a remark of Walker
And blifter you all ore.

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,
Side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins

(Crit. iii, 81), that Shakespeare mostly speaks disparagingly of the south wind as rotten. foggy, adds:) This no doubt is true, and it may lead us to infer that the greatest of poets was a person of a somewhat relaxed habit of body, and required a bracing air to be in the full enjoyment of health.—W. A. Wright, in proof of the noxious character attributed to southerly winds, refers to Cor. ii, iii, 34, 35; 3b. I. iv, 30; As You Like It, III, v, 50; Tro. & Cress. V, i, 21; and Cymb. II, iii, 156.

382. 383. you ... yee ... you] Abbott, § 236: Ye is nominative, you accusative. This distinction, however, though observed in our version of the Bible, was disregarded by Elizabethan authors, and ye seems to be generally used in questions, entreaties, and rhetorical appeals. Ye and your seem used indiscriminately in [V, i, 40-43, &c.] Sometimes ye seems put for you when an unaccented syllable is wanted.

385. Vrchins] Steevens: That is, hedge-hogs. Perhaps here put for fairies. Milton in his Masque speaks of 'urchin blasts,' and we still call any little dwarfish child an urchin. The word occurs in the next Act.—Malone: In Merry Wives IV, iv, 49: 'Like urchins, urchines, and fairies.' [I am inclined] to think that 'urchins' here signifies beings of the fairy kind.—Douce (i, 9): Although 'urchins' sometimes mean hedge-hogs, it is more probable that in this place they denote fairies or sprites. In a very rare old collection of songs, set to music by John Bennett, Edward Piers or Pierce, and Thomas Ravenscroft, composers in the time of Shakespeare, [there is The Urchin's Dance, as follows:] 'By the moone we sport and play, With the night begins our day: As we frise the dew doth fall, Trip it little urchins all, Lightly as the little bee, Two by two, and three by three, And about goe wee, goe wee.' [The context of itself almost suffices to show that Vrchins could not here mean hedge-hogs; the exercise which the latter can work is passive, the harm they can do is to 'lye tumbling in the bare-foote way, and mount their pricks at the foot-for, but here more active malice is needed; they must work all kinds of torment. It is not difficult to see how the uncanny, nocturnal habits of this animal came to be attributed to the possession of fairies, and thence the name itself attributed to a class of malicious spirits. Steevens referred to Reginald Scot as an authority for the word. The passage itself is given in Thom's Three Notalett, p. 80; the sentence containing the name is worth reproducing here for its remarkable catalogue: 'In our childhood our mothers maids have so terrified us with an urchin divell having horns on his head, fier in his mouth, ... eies like a bason, fanges like a dog, claws like a bear, a skin like a Niger, and a voice roaring like a lion, whereby we start and are afraid when we hear one crie Bough; and they have so fraied us with bull beggers, spirits, witches, urchens, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, selens, kit with the cansticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarifes, giants, imps, calcar, conjurers, nymphes, changlings, Incubus, Robin good-fellowe, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell waine, the fierdrake, the prickle, Tom thombe, hob goblin, Tom tumber, boneles, and such other bugs, that we are afraid of our owne shadowes: in so much as some never feare the divell, but in a darke night; and then a polled sheep is a perillous beast, and manie times is taken for our father's soule, specialli in a churchyard.'—Seventh Book, chap. 15, p. 122, ed. Nicholson.—W. A. Wright refers to Harneit's Declaration of Poyish Impostures, 1603, p. 14, where 'urchins' is used for 'hobgoblins'; and another reference to the same book, p. 135, is given in the New Sh. Soc. Trans.
Shall for that vaft of night, that they may worke

386. Shall...vaft of night...worke] Ft. 386. for that vaft] for that, fast Anom. Shall...waste of night, work Rowe i. (ap. Sta.). for that want T. Warton (ap. seq. Ingleby).

1880-5, Ft ii, p. 194, where much of the list, just given from Scott's Discovery, is referred to and repeated. W. A. Wright adds that the word is still used in the north of England, and refers to Carr and Brockett. On the other hand, Jeffson says that urchins are hedge-hogs, adding: 'Prospero threatens Caliban that hedge-hogs shall run over him and prick him with their spines during the vast time of night during which they go abroad.'—ED.]

386. for that vast] Capell (60e): The sense of 'vast' approaches to waste, and we apprehend by it an idea of 'night' as a waste part of time.—Steevens: This means the night, which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, make the world appear one great uninhabited waste. So in Ham. i, ii, 198: 'In the dead waste [vast, Q.] and middle of the night.' It may, however, be used differently in Pericles, III, i, 1: 'Thou god of this great vast.' It should be remembered that in the pneumatology of former ages these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time, suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belonged to others. To this limitation of time Shakespeare alludes in Lear, III, iv, 120: 'he begins at curfew and walks till the first cock.'—Thomas White: The passage is drawn with inaccuracy and indistinction. 'Urchins' shall what? That they may work. I suspect 'for that' should be forth at, and 'exercise' a substantive. Forth for go forth, according to the old elliptical mode of writing, is common.... Urchins in the dead waste and middle of the night shall, at my strong bidding, go forth and work all exercise on thee. [The foregoing note was written in 1793, and ought therefore to be placed chronologically before Steevens's, but it did not appear in print till 1853, in Fennell's Repository.]

—W. A. Wright: That is, shall, during that desolate period of night when they are permitted to work, all practise upon thee. The First Folio's punctuation has given occasion to a very plausible conjecture, which, however, can only be regarded as ingenious, though it has been graced with the epithet 'palmarian' [in the Church and State Rev. 1 Ap. 1864. After giving Thomas White's emendation Wright continues:] The objections to this emendation appear to lie in the two phrases, 'at vast of night' and 'work exercise.' So far as can be ascertained 'vast of night' denotes an interval of time between certain limits, and not a definite point of time, and therefore would not be used with the preposition 'at.' We have of course the adversative phrase 'at night,' but 'at vast of night' does not seem a natural expression. The same remark applies to 'work exercise.' With 'vast' in the sense of desolate, here applied to time as elsewhere to space, compare Ham. i, ii, 198.—Ingleby (Still Lion, 1875, p. 120) strongly upholds White's emendation, and denies that to work an exercise is pleonastic; 'it means,' he says, 'to perform a penal act.' Prospero's phrase, therefore, means 'that they may perform on thee all the penalties I have allotted them.' Subsequently, replying to R. H. Legis, who had said (N. & Qu. 5th S. vii, 283) that White's emendation is no improvement, but destructive, and that 'they
ACT 3, SC. II.]

THE TEMPEST

All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch’d
As thicke as honey-combe, each pinch more stinging
Then Bees that made ’em.

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 stroak’dst me, & made much of me: wouldst give me
Water with berries in’t: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the less:

392. cam’st’st Ff, Wh. ii. cam’st here
390. made] make S. Verges N. & Qu.
canest Rowe et cet.
393. stroak’dst Rowe et seq.

may work all exercise on thee’ is not good sense, Ingleby acknowledged that ‘some corroboration is required for the peculiar use of “exercise,” which indeed is employed by Shakespeare for penance undergone and not for punishment inflicted.’ DELIUS is the only editor, I believe, who has adopted White’s emendation.—SCHMIDT has followed it in his Lexicon, where he defines ‘exercise’ in this phrase as ‘occupation in general, ordinary task, habitual activity,’ definitions which look suspiciously like those devised for special occasions. Only three other examples are cited by him under this head, viz: Wint. T. i, ii, 166; 3 Hen. VI: IV, vi, 85; Per. I, iv, 38; of these the first alone can be construed, I think, as at all appropriate. Prospero’s phrase Schmidt here interprets as meaning ‘all their wanted mischievous doing.’ By universal English editorial consent White’s very ingenious and very plausible emendation is condemned. To the peculiar use of ‘vast’ by Elizabethan writers WALKE (Crit. ii, 38) devotes a chapter.—Ed.

391. &c. JEPHSON: There is something pathetic in Caliban’s complaint, and even sublime in the simplicity of his language. How fine is the expression, ‘How to name the bigger light,’ &c.; and were it not for Prospero’s answer and Caliban’s brutal exultation in his attempted crime, all our sympathies would be in his favour.

393. stroak’d . . . made] Whether Shakespeare or the composer is responsible for these imperfect words, the ear has been the guide in either case. The abhorrent harshness of stroak’dst me and madest most of me,’ so far from suggesting a caress, justifies almost any literal alleviation. See also ‘strongest suggestion,’ IV, i, 30.—Ed.

394. berries] W. A. WRIGHT: It would almost seem as if this were intended as a description of the yet little-known coffee. ‘The Turkes,’ says Burton (Anat. of Melan. Part ii, Sect. 5, Memb. 1, Subsec. 5), ‘have a drinke called coffa (for they use 23 wine), So named of a berry as blacke as soot, and as bitter (like that blacke drinke which was in use amongst the Lacdemontans, and perhaps the same), which they sip still of, and sup as warme as they can suffer.’ This passage occurs for the first time in the fourth edition of Burton, 1632, and it shows that the virtues of this drink were as yet only known in England by report. [See Strachey, Appendix, p. 314.]

395. WORDSWORTH (p. 54): There can be no doubt that the Mosaic record of the creation of the sun and moon gave occasion to these words of Caliban.
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The freth Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did so: All the Charmes
Of Sycorax: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subjects that you haue,
Which first was min owne King: and here you fly-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The reft o'th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying flawe,
Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didst fecke to violate
The honor of my childe.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didst preuent me, I had peopel'd else
This Isle with Calibans.

Mira. Abhorred Slaue,

396. CURSED. Curs'd Steev. '93 et seq. 405. LODG'D THEE]. lodg'd F, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Warb.
bethat] be I that I Ft, Rowe +
413. MIRA.] Ft, Rowe, Pope. Prot. Dry. Theob. et seq.
406. NOT] nor F.

398. place] Owing to the very common absorption of the plural s in words ending in the sound of s, the PHILA. SH. SOC. suggests that 'place' is here used for places.

402. min] Can this, possibly, be a mere phonetic spelling of mine?—Ed.

410. Oh ho, oh ho] STEEVENS: This savage exclamation was originally and constantly appropriated, by the writers of our ancient Mysteries and Morallities, to the Devil; and has, in this instance, been transferred to his descendant, Caliban.—MALONE: So in the verses attributed to Shakespeare: 'O ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John a Combe.' But Shakespeare was led to put this ejaculation in the mouth of the savage by the following passage: 'They [the savages] seemed all very civil and very merry, showing tokens of much thankfulnes for those things we gave them, which they express in their language by these words—oh, ho! often repeated.'—Rosier's Account of Captain Weymouth's Voyage, Purchas, iv, 1661.—W. A. WRIGHT: It would have been well if Steevens had given a single instance in support of his positive assertion, which has not been confirmed by an examination of the old plays. Perhaps, also, Shakespeare may have been capable of putting so very common an exclamation into the mouth of Caliban without having it suggested to him in the way indicated by Steevens and Malone. The latter would hardly have maintained that oh ho! in this passage is an ejaculation expressive of thankfulnes.
413. Abhorred Slaue.| THEOBALD: I am persuad'd the author never design'd this speech for Miranda. In the first place 'tis probable Prospero taught Caliban to speak, rather than left that office to his daughter. In the next place, as Prospero was here rating Caliban, it would be a great impropriety for her to take the discipline out of his hands; and, indeed, in some sort an indelicacy in her to reply to what Caliban was last speaking of. I can easily guess that the change was first deriv'd from the players, who, not loving that any character should stand too long silent on the stage, to obviate that inconvenience with regard to Miranda, clap'd this speech to her part. [Theobald also noted that Dryden had given this speech to Prospero.]—CAPELL: What [Theobald] says of the change's cause may be right,—that it sprang of players' not liking that a character of Miranda's importance should stand so long on the stage without a share of the dialogue.—PHILADELPHIA SH. SOC.: Rev. Dr KRAUTH urged that the distribution as it stands in F, be retained, because: 1st. That the strong language was such as would naturally spring from the inborn purity of a woman; and this, too, without attributing to Miranda any precocious knowledge of the extent of Caliban's offered insult. She knew that his intentions were of such vileness as to arouse the utmost wrath of her calm father, and to bring upon him the severest punishment. In her first allusion to Caliban she calls him a 'villain'; and the epithet 'slave' seems to have been her father's ordinary style of address to him. 2d. That if this speech be attributed to Prospero, a most charming picture of Miranda's youth will be lost, which needs but to be contemplated to be appreciated. 3d. The supposition that Miranda was the youthful instructress of Caliban receives a confirmation, suggested by Mr DICKSON, in Caliban's assertion, post, ii, ii, 149, where, in reply to Stephano's announcement that he was the man in the moon, Caliban says: 'I have seen thee in her—My mistress showed me thee.' [With Dr Krauth the present editor then agreed, and has not since then seen reason to change his opinion.—Ed.]—On the other hand, the DEAN, Judge SHAWSWOOD, and Prof. ALLEN, maintained: that the speech is,—if not unfeminine,—utterly discrepant, in tone, from everything else Miranda says, while it is, in every respect, identical in character with the speeches of Prospero which precede and follow it. It is a continuation of the history of Caliban's education; and Prospero should be the one to continue it, for Caliban had begun it by saying that Prospero was his teacher. Prospero stood pressingly in need of Caliban's services from the moment of his landing on the isle. He therefore must have begun to educate him,—and Caliban says he did,—when he first came. But at that time Miranda was 'not full out three years old'; so that,—while her father taught him 'how to name the bigger light and how the less,' she could hardly have been competent so early even to 'show him the moon and his dog and his bush,' far less to 'endow his purposes with words to make them known,' when he did not 'know his own meaning.' It may be added, too, that,—while such error in the names of the speakers is sufficiently accounted for by the known carelessness of the compositors of F,—the capitals M and P (in Mira. and Pro.) are so much alike, in the hand-writing of the time, that they might easily be mistaken the one for the other.—STAUNTON (Athensianum, 16 Nov. 1872): A careful examination of this speech and its surroundings convinces me that it is Miranda's. It lacks much of the delicacy and gentleness which pervade her language in other scenes, yet not more than is natural, considering the crime her father had just laid to Caliban's charge. Moreover, if it sounds harsh for her, it is infinitely too mild for Prospero when compared with his previous and subsequent language to this 'poisonous slave.' [Staunton's final reason is the same
Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour:
One thing or other: when thou didst not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldst gabble, like
A thing moft brutishe, I endow'd thy purpos'es
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waft thou
Deferuedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadst

414. *Which*] *Who* DRY. Pope, HAN.
415. *wilt*] *will* FI, Rowe, Pope, HAN.
418. *meaning; but*] *f* meaning
Kty. Sta. Cike.
417, 418. *didst ... didst* 423, 424. *who ... pr'yom* Om. Pope,
*wouldst ... Show ... didst* Han. *couldst ...*
Han. Separate line, Theob. et seq.

as that put forth by Theobald and Capell, that without this speech Miranda would
have been too much of a 'dummy in the scene.'—ED.]

415. *capable*] STAUNTON: Here, as in many other places, 'capable' signifies
*impressible, susceptible.*

418. *Know*] WARBURTON argues speciously for his emendation *show.* 'Sure a
brute;' he says, 'to which Caliban is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is,
knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *show* its meaning
to others. Besides, Prospero expressly says that Caliban had 'purposes'; which,
in other words, is that he did 'know his own meaning.'—HEATH (p. 11): When
Prospero first met with Caliban, the latter would gabble out certain uncouth noises
like the jabbering of an ape, destitute of any determinate meaning; and though he
had, indeed, purposes, yet he had never adapted any of these noises to a particular
expression of them, nor, perhaps, could signify them twice successively by the same
precise sound. So that, though he had purposes, and knew the purposes he had, yet
it may very properly and truly be said that he did not know his own meaning; that
is, the meaning of that gabble he was perpetually uttering without any certain design
or determinate signification.—CAPELL (604): The whole animal world, each individ-
ual of it, cannot but have knowledge of what itself purposes; and to a large part
of it is given means of expressing these purposes, by look, action, or sound; Caliban, as
a brute, had his purposes, and some means of expressing them; but short of what his
human part might have, and of what it had at this time through Prospero's teaching.
—W. A. WRIGHT: The text as it stands signifies 'know how to attach meaning to
the sounds thou didst utter.'

420. *race*] STEEVENS: That is, original disposition, inborn qualities.—STAUNTON:
That is, *nature, essence.*

421. *(Tho thou didst learn) A skillful touch. Caliban's rhythmical language
and, at times, poetic imagery prove that he had been an apt pupil, and that he did
indeed learn.—ED.

423, 424. *Deseruedly ... Deseru'd*] This repetition of almost the same word
Deferu’d more then a prifon.

Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on’t

Is, I know how to curfe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.

Prof. Hag-feed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou’rt best
To answere other bufinesse: thrug’ft thou (Malice)
If thou negligefst, or doft vnwillingly
What I command, Ie racke thee with old Crampes,

429. quick thou’rt best] F, Fy quick, thou’rt best best (corrected to thou wert in Errata)
Rowe. quick (thou wert best) Pope+

(424. thou wert’ Warb.). quick, thou’rt best (corrected to thou wert in Errata).
thou’rt best, Coll. et cet.

attracted Walker’s attention. (The nine syllable line which Theobald, followed by all
modern editors, made by transferring ‘who hadst’ of line 423 to the beginning of
line 424, Walker says is ‘an alien to Shakespeare.’) ‘It is possible,’ he says (Crit.
i, 287), ‘he may have written “futile confin’d into this rock who hadst Deserv’d more
than a prison,” or the like. But, strange as it seems, I cannot help suspecting that
“deservedly” has been foisted into the text: “therefore wast thou Confin’d into
this rock, who hadst Deserv’d More than a prison.” Note the difference in the flow.’
423. confin’d into] See line 322, above.
424. See line 65, above.

426. red-plague] grey (i, 13) suggests that this might refer to the red crosses set
upon the doors of houses infected with the pestilence in Shakespeare’s time; in ‘pre-
ceding plagues they sometimes made use of black crosses.’—Steevens says roundly,
without offering any authority, that the ‘erysipelas was ancienly called the “red-
plague.”’—Dr Krauth (Phil. S. Soc.) believed that the ‘red-plague’ is leprosy
from the descriptions in Levit. xiii. See also Coriol. IV, i, 3; Tro. & Cress. II, i,
20.—Halliwell: In the General Practise of Physick, 1605, p. 675, three different
kinds of plague sore are mentioned: ‘sometimes it is red, otherwiles yellow, and
sometimes blacke, which is the very worst and most venenous.’... An early MS
medical commonplace-book, in my possession, says, ‘the plague and pestilence, or
red plague, doth moste abounde from Midosmer to Autumne,’ &c. The same volume
prescribes blood-letting every twenty-four hours for this disease, which Steevens errone-
ously supposed was the erysipelas.

427. learning] The use of this word in the sense of teaching is still far from
uncommon in this country.—W. A. Wright refers to the Prayer-Book Version of
Psalm xxv, 4: ‘Lead me forth in thy truth and learn me.’—See Abbitt, § 291.

429. thou’rt best] For this perverted phrase, see Abbitt, § 230. Observe in the
Textual Notes the embarrassment which the apostrophe caused the early editors.

432. old] Abbitt refers to the Porter’s old turning of the key’ in Mab. II, iii,
2. But I doubt if the two are parallel; ‘old turning, ‘old swearing,’ ‘old coif,’ and
the like, whereof Schmidt will give examples, have an air of jocularity which cannot
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rare,
That beasts shall tremble at thy dyn.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey, his Art is of such pow'r,
It would controul my Dams god Setebos,

possibly lie in Prospero's speech. 'Old cramps' refer, I think, to the cramps which Caliban had aforesaid, and of whose power he had experience.—Ed.

433. Aches] J. F. KEMBLE (Boaden's Life, ii, 520): If the old use and pronunciation of the word _aches_ can be decided by authority, I should think Baret, in his _Atevarie_, 1580, conclusive on the question: 'The Ache or Payne of body or minde To have ach, payne, or grieve: to be sory. Vide _Ake_.' And under _Ake_, to which the reader is referred, 'Ake is the Verbe of this substantie Ach, ch being turned into k.'

So that it appears that anciently the monoysyllabic and diysyllabic pronunciation distinguished the verb and the substantive.—BOSWELL: That _ache_ was pronounced in the same way as the letter _k_ is placed beyond a doubt by _Much Ado_, III, iv, 56, where a joke is founded upon it. Taylor, the water-poet, at a much later period, in his _The World runs on Wheels_, has: 'Every cart-horse doth know the letter _G_ very understandingly; and _H_ hath he in his bones.' Swift has the same pronunciation in his _City Shower_: 'Old aches throbb, your hollow tooth will rage.'—DYCE: Here is an instance from Blackmore: 'Cripples, with aches and with age opprest, Crawl on their crutches to the grave for rest.'—_Eliza_, 1705, ix, p. 249.—STAUNTON is entirely correct when he says that the distinction between the substantive and the verb, the one _ache_ and the other _ake_, is invariably marked in the Folio. That the substantive _ache_ was pronounced soft is clear enough from Baret's _Atevarie_, from Beauctice, in _Much Ado_, from Taylor, the water-poet, and, finally, W. A. WRIGHT gives in full the excellent epigram from Heywood, merely referred to by Boswell: 'Of the letter _K_,' (p. 111, _Spenser Soc. Reprint_), ' _H_ is worst among letters in the crowne row, For if thou finde him other in thine elbow, In thine arme, or leg, in any degree, In thine head, or teeth, in thy toe or knee, Into what place soever _H_ may pike him, Where euer you find ake, thou shalt not like him.' See 'My old bones akes,' III, iii, 5.—WALKER (Ver. 117) queries whether it were not pronounced _atch_, and quotes the rhyme of _match_ with _ach_, from Spenser's _Shepherd's Calendar_, viii; and _atch_ from Harington; and the rhyme of _catches_ and _aches_ from _Hudibras_. 'Compare,' adds Walker, 'bake and batch, &c. Yet would Butler have scrupled to rhyme _atch_ with _atch_? Was the word pronounced both ways?'

437. Setebos] FARMER: Perhaps Shakespeare had read Eden's _History of Travayle_, 1577, p. 134. [The passage here referred to, and of which Farmer gives only a few lines, is to be found in the account of Magellan's voyage, on which he started in August, 1519. When in the 49 degree and a halfe vnder the pole Antarykse they espied a giant, 'so bygge, that the bespoke of one of owr men of a meane stature, came but to his waste,' he had 'a large heade and great eares lyke unto a mule, with the body of a camel, and tyle of a horse. The feete of the giant were fouild in the skynne after the manner of shooes. Upon his cheekes were paynted two herties, and redde circles about his eyes. The heare of his headde was coloured whyte.' After reading this description, and learning that when a looking-glass was shawn him he started
And make a vassail of him.

Pro. So flawe, hence. 438

Exit Cal.

Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, invisible playing & singing.

Ariel Song. Come unto these yellow sands,
and then take hands:

Curtained when you have, and kiss

the wide waves whifl:

439. Exit Cal.] Om. F4, F5.
440. Scene V. Pope +.
[Musick. Re-enter Ariel, invisible, Ferd. following, Cap.
441, 460. Ariel Song] Ariel’s Song
444. Mal. Var. Between commas or dashes:
Hal. Sing. Wh. i, Dyce, Kily, Jeph. Sta.
Cike, Hunter.

back in such affright that he ‘ouerthrew twwo that stooed nearest about hym,’ can we wonder that he has survived in the Geographies of our infant days as the typical Patagonian? Two of these giants the ‘Capitayne Magellan tooke by deceyte by loading them with presents and then causing shackels of iren to be put on theyr legges, makynge signes that he wold also giue them those chayne; but they beganne to doubte, and when at last they sawe how they were deceaused they rored lyke bulles and cryed vppon theyr greate deuyll Setebos to helpe them.’ One of these two giants remained with Magellan for several months. ‘On a tyme, as one made a roce before him and lyesed it, shewynge it vnto hym, he suddennesly cryed out Setebos, and declared by signes that if they made any more roces, Setebos wold enter into his body and make him brust.’—A briefe Declara­tion of the Vyage or Navigation made aboute the Wurldes . . . . by Antonie Pygafetta, . . . in the which Ferdinando Maga­lian, a Portugale (whom sum sauile Magellanus), was generall Capitayme of the nauie, 1526. Arber’s Reprint, p. 252. It is, perhaps, noteworthy that just before this account (which is greatly abridged) of these Patagonian giants, there were two separate occasions on which ‘the fyers cauled saynte Helen, saynte Nicholas, and saynt Clare appered vppon the mast and cabels of the shyppes.’—Ed.]

440. invisible] STEEVENS: In the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral’s men, 1598, was ‘a robe for to goue invisibell.’ [Henslowe’s Diary, Sh. Soc. Reprint, p. 277.]

441, &c. E. W. GOSSE (Athenaum, 4 Dec. 1874) compares with this song Hero’s first speech to Leander (Marlowe’s Works, iii, p. 19, ed. Dyce), ‘where she is letting him know how he can find her tower, and describes it as standing ‘where all is whis and still, Save that the sea playing on yellow sand, Sends forth a rattling murmuru to the land.’ It appears to me,’ continues Gosse, ‘beyond all question (and I may be allowed to add that Mr Swinburne, who of all men living ought to understand best the relations between Shakespeare and Marlowe, entirely concurs with me) that an echo of the dead shepherd’s words, written when Shakespeare himself, though so nearly of the same age as Marlowe, was still quite incapable of forming lines of such magical music, was ringing in the ears of the younger poet when he wrote the song in The Tempest, and if so it is not wholly unimportant as giving another minute clue to the feeling the greatest of writers had for the wonderful creature, who, had he lived, might have grown into a greater poet still than Shakespeare.’ [As great, perhaps, in some respects, but where in Marlowe, among lesser traits, is the promise of the infinite wit that can set the whole, world on a roar?—Ed.]

443. kiss] STEEVENS: As was anciantly done at the beginning of some dances
THE TEMPEST

[ACT I, SC. II]

443. 444. kist the wilde waues whist:

so in Hen. VIII: I, iv, 95: 'I were unmannerly to take you out, And not to kiss you.'

444. the wilde waues whist] STEEVENS: That is, the wild waves being silent.

So in Spenser's Faerie Queene, b. vii, c. 7 [line 533]: 'So was the Titaness put downe, and whist.' And Milton seems to have had our author in his eye. See stanza 5 of his Hymn on the Nativity: 'The winds with wonder whist, Smoothly the waters kiss'd.' So, again, both Lord Surrey and Phaer, in their translations of the second book of Virgil: 'Conticere omnes, They whisted all'; and Lily, in his Maid's Metamorphosis, 1600: 'But everything is quiet, whist, and still.'—KNIGHT's indignation is stirred by the treating of this line as a parenthesis by Warburton, although it is Steevens whom Knight supposes to be the culprit. 'This is,' he says, 'one of the many instances of a poetical idea being utterly destroyed by false punctuation. If Steevens is right, and the wild waves are silent, then, of course, the spirits have courted (paid courtresses to) themselves, and kissed themselves. But look at the exquisite beauty of the invocation, as written by the poet: When you have courtessed to the wild waves, and kissed them into silence.—ST A U N T O N is ready to accept both punctuations; if an allusion to the old ceremony of courtseying and kissing is intended, then the parenthesis is right; but the punctuation of the Folio, however, affords 'an intelligible and poetic meaning.'—HALLIWELL doubts if Knight's interpretation be correct, 'the ear requiring a pause' after 'kiss'd.' 'The allusion,' he adds, 'is to the ancient custom of kissing at dances, which occasioned the indignant censure of Stubbes, who amusingly calls it, 'clipping, culling, kissing and bussing, smouching and slubbering one of another.'—DYCK, too, believes Steevens is right in his parenthesis (and, what is a little remarkable in that vacillating editor, retains the same opinion throughout his three editions); 'the poet had an eye,' he thinks, 'to the ceremonies which were formerly observed at the commencement of certain dances.'—JOURDAIN (p. 138) denies that 'whist' means silent. 'Why should the waves be silent?' he asks, 'Surely they are wanted to pipe; and with the secondary Anglo-Saxon verb hwistlian, to pipe, fife, before us, I submit that whist is the base of whistle, and that the poet best explains his own meaning in 'To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind, . . . Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,' &c.—Mid. N. D. i. i. The "wild waves" were required to keep time as the music.' A similar view was taken twenty-five years later, in 1885, by C. A. WARD (N. & Qu. 6th S. xii, 104), to whom the passage seems to mean that the "sad sea waves will whist-le their low dirge as you "foot it,"' &c. This note of Ward is unintelligible to me; he plumply denies the existence of Steevens's remark, and yet refers to Milton's Hymn, which Steevens cites.—JEPHSON also virtually accepts the parenthesis, and pronounces the line a nominative absolute, a parenthetic member of the sentence, not depending on any other. 'A form of the word is still used by the vulgar in Ireland, who say "whist," meaning be silent. Whist, the game at cards, is said to be so called because those who play it must be hushed or silent.'—BR. NICHOLSON (N. & Qu. nd. S. ix, 27, 1866) would punctuate so as 'to indicate, as was the custom, they were to take hands when or after that they had curtied and kissed, and the next line I would make a separate invocation, thus: "Come unto these yellow sands; And then take hands; Curt'ried when you have, and kissed: Ye wild waves whist!--Foot it fealty,"' &c. See line 446 for Nicholson's arrangement of the rest of the song.—CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: This punctuation [i.e. the Folio's, except in the omission of the comma after 'have'] seems to be supported by what Ferdinand says in lines 455, 456, &c.
THE TEMPEST

Foote it featly here, and there, and suave Sprights beeare
the burthen. Burthen disperedely.

445, 446. beare the burthen] the burthen beare
446. disperedely] dispersedly within.

[To this note W. A. WRIGHT, in the Clarendon Edition, adds:] But if we take
'kiss'd' to refer to the fairies, who, before beginning their dance, courtay to and kiss
their partners, the words, 'the wild waves whist,' must be read parenthetically, 'the
wild waves being silent,' and as it is Ariel's music that stills the waves and not the
fairies, this seems to be the better reading. — ALLEN (Phil. Sk. Soc.): Perhaps the
Folio can be better sustained by conceiving the action thus: the nymphs are formed
on the sands for a dance; the waves are converted by the poet's imagination into a
crowd of spectators, restless and noisy until the spectacle shall begin; when the
nymphs indicate, by taking hands, courtesing to, and kissing, partners, that they are
beginning, the waves are hushed by the signal into silent attention; and thus the
nymphs do, in effect, 'kiss the wild waves whist,' although they actually kiss, not the
waves, but each other. [Allen's interpretation is to me the best. — Ed.]

445. Foote it featly] DYCE (Few Notes, p. 11): This expression, which is now
so familiar to us from Ariel's song, was certainly an unusual one in the days of
Shakespeare, who probably caught it from a line in Lodge's Glauces and Scilla,
1589: 'Footing it featly on the grassie ground.' — Sig. A2.

445, &c. Capell's arrangement has been generally adopted from his day to the
present; in the few cases in which it has been discarded it was probably not under-
stood. The whole song is Ariel's, interrupted only by the burthen, which is simply
the barking of dogs behind the traverses. Capell prints thus:

foot it feately here and there:
and, sweet sprites the burthen bear.

Hark, hark!

bur. Bowgh, wowgh [dispersedly.
the watch-dogs bark:
bur. Bowgh, wowgh [dispersedly.
Hark, hark! I hear
the strain of strutting chanticleere
cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.

Capell hereupon comments: 'There is direction [in F.] for a "burthen" or chorus,
but no words for it; it came in therefore at the words: "Hark, hark!" and consisted
of a musick that seem'd to come from all parts of the stage (for that is meant by the
word "dispersedly"), imitative of the barking of dogs; and this burthen which comes
twice over is follow'd by another at the second "Hark, hark!" the nature of which
Ariel tells you; and, in both, catches the first notes that usher them in, and accom-
panies them with his voice; as, in the next song, he does manifestly another wild air
that makes the burthen of that: Both were favourites, seemingly, of the times they
were made for: for with the latter song's burthen, they had been treated afore [see
Mer. of Ven. III, ii, 77]; and of the first's second burthen, the editor has seen a
trace in some musick belonging to that age.' — BR. NICHOLSON continues the note
of which a portion was given at line 444: 'Ariel distinctly calls upon the sweet
THE TEMPEST

Harke, harke, bough wawgh: the watch-Dogges harke, bough-wawgh.

Ar. Hark, hark, I heare, the Straine of strutting Chanticlere cry cockadiddle-dow.

Fer. Where fhould this Musick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It founds no more: and sure it waytes vpon

447, 448. bowgh wawgh] In separate lines, as the burthen, Cap. Steev. Mal.

447, 448. bowgh wawgh] In separate lines, as the burthen, Cap. Steev. Mal.
450. cockadiddle-dowe] Cock a doodle do Dryden.
451. I'th aire, or th'earth?] in air, or earth Pope. Han. 'th air, or earth Theob. Warb. Johna.

Sprites to bear the burden, and "Bow, wow" is not sweet, nor a likely mode of response from sea-nymphs. Hence I would add [as follows:]

"[Spirits dispersedly.] Hark, hark!
[Within.] Bow, wow.
[Spirits.] The watch-dogs bark.
[Within.] Bow, wow."

Further, still, as there was then, as now, a growing tendency to increased stage decoration, machinery, and shows, I think that there was intended to be an actual dance of sea-nymphs around about the disconsolate Ferdinand; just as there was a dance of fairies around Herne's Oak and Sir John, or of witches around the cauldron in Macbeth. The "Hark, hark!" is by them, and in this view the "dispersedly" indicates their breaking off suddenly from the circling dance and unjoining hands at the alarm of the watch-dogs, just as they finally disperse at the cock-crow."—Daniel (p. 10) suggests that "the burthen heard "dispersedly" is the barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks,' and that therefore 'cry' is not a part of Ariel's song, but is a stage-direction. This suggestion Hudson adopted in his text.

451, 452. STREACHEY (Quarterly Rev. July, 1890, p. 110): Here, following our method of interpretation [which is, that these elves and spirits represent the natural, elemental powers and charms of the island], we should say that Ferdinand falls into a reverie, which is so heightened by the soft sunny scene and climate around him, that while he gazes idly and pensively on the waters, and the yellow sands, and the green fields, he feels as though all nature were instinct with life; he watches the ebbing and flowing tide till those countless ripples seem to be the footsteps of fairies who dance, and kiss into gentleness the waves of late so wild; he looks on the landscape till he hears, or seems to hear, the barking of dogs and crowing of cocks, telling him that the homes of men are not far distant, and that after all he may not be so utterly, hopelessly alone and cast away as he had seemed just now; and then, when these brighter fancies are driven back by the sudden recurrence of the sad thought that his father is drowned, even this grief becomes imaginative under the influence of the place. His father has not perished, but suffered a rich and strange transformation below the waters, while sea-nymphs ring his knell in each rolling wave, to which he listens till it seems to him again that 'this is no mortal business.'
ACT I, SC. ii.] THE TEMPEST

Some God 'oth'Iland, sitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Musicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my passion
With it's sweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.

453. 'oth'] of the Streve.

Iland, sitting'] Ff. Island. Sitting Pope et seq.

Dry.

454. againe] against Rowe ii, Pope,


455. Weeping ... wracke.] weeping.

wracke.] Ff. wreck, Rowe ii et seq.

MALONE: In the books of Shakespeare's age 'again' is sometimes printed instead of against [i.e. opposite to], which, I am persuaded, was our author's word. The placing Ferdinand in such a situation that he could still gaze upon the wrecked vessel is one of Shakespeare's touches of nature. 'Again,' in its ordinary sense, is inadmissible; for this would import that Ferdinand's tears had ceased for a time; whereas he himself tells us, afterwards, that from the hour of his father's wreck they had never ceased to flow; see line 506, post.—STEEVENS: By the word 'again' I suppose the Prince means only to describe the repetition of his sorrows. Besides, it appears, from Miranda's description of the storm, that the ship had been sundered by the waves, and, consequently, could no longer be an object of sight.—MALONE: Miranda supposed that this was the case, but we learn from Ariel that this was not so. See line 264, above.—PHILA. SH. SOC. (in support of 'again'): Ariel brings Ferdinand to land 'by himself.' The 'fear of the mad' left him; and—no longer seeing the ship (which was already hidden 'in the deep nook')—he believed his father to have perished, and gave way to a burst of grief for his loss. Then some impulse of hope against hope, or some secret agency of Ariel's, aroused him, and he wandered, in search of his father. During his exertions, and while he still felt some ray of hope, his grief would be less passionate. But when—after reaching 'an odd angle of the isle'—he had relapsed into despair, he then sat down upon a bank, and, giving way to a fresh burst of grief, wept again the king his father's wreck. It was at this point that Ariel—in pursuance of the whispered instructions of Prospero—caused the faery music to creep over the waves of the sea, opposite to the seat of Ferdinand, and—having aroused him—led him, by the same influence, to move along the shore, parallel with the sweet air, until he had reached the cave and the presence of Miranda.—ABBOTT, § 27: 'Again' is used for again and again, i.e. repeatedly, and hence intensively almost like again.

455. crept] The THIRD CAMBRIDGE EDITION (1891) notes crept as the reading of Fv. It is not so in my copy. These variations in copies of the same edition should be carefully noted. They help to emancipate us from the delusion that in the Folio we have the text as Shakespeare wrote it. It is well to be constantly reminded that between us and Shakespeare there is a barrier of composers, and to cling too tenaciously to the printed text, or to set up our rest on collation, is to fall into the 'modern Manicheism, the worship of the Printer's devil.'—ED.

457. It's] See line 113 of this Scene.
THE TEMPEST

ACT I, SC. I.

Ariell Song. 

Full fadom fuiue thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corall made:
Those are pearles that were his eis,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a Sea-change
Into something rich, & strange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen: ding dong.

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

460. fadom] fathom Dry.
461. are] is Dry.
465. Transposed, Pope+, Cap.

460. fadom) W. A. WRIGHT: In this spelling the Folios are not uniform, for in
As You Like It, IV, i, 210, the First Folio reads, 'that thou didst know how many
fathomee deep I am in love.' Nor is Shakespeare consistent in using the singular
and plural forms of the word, for we find both used for the plural. Compare Rom.
not in how many fathoms deep They lie indrench'd.'

dirge for Marcello from Webster's White Devil (p. 146, ed. Dyce), which Cornelia,
the mother, sings:

'Call for the robin-red-breast, and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks, that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.'

'I never saw,' says Lamb, 'anything like this Dirge, except the Ditty that reminds
Ferdinand of his drowned father in The Tempest. As that is of the water, watery;
so this is of the earth, earthy. Both have that intemeness of feeling, which seems to
resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates.'

463, 464. Steevens: The meaning is, everything about him that is liable to altera-
ation is changed.—PHILLPOTTS: Compare this with the fine passage in Rich. III.: I,
iv, 26, describing the bottom of the sea, with its 'Heaps of pearl, Inestimable stones,
unvalued jewels, All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea. Some lay in dead men's
skulls; and in those holes Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept, As 't were
in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,' &c.; and notice the happy way in which the tragedy
contrast: the relics of mortality with the lost treasure, while the lighter drama
fuses them into all that is most lovely and pure in nature.

467. Burthen: ding dong] In Wilson's Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads, 1660, these
words are omitted, but at the end there follows: 'Ding Dong, Ding Dong, Bell.'—Ed
THE TEMPEST

Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall bufines, nor no found
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.

Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye advaunce,
And say what thou see'ft yond.


469. Ditty] W. A. WRIGHT: Properly the words of a song. Compare Bacon, Essay xxxvii, p. 156 (ed. Wright), 'And the Ditty High and Tragicall: Not nice or Dainty'; and Ecclesiastics xlv, 5, 'Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing': where the marginal note on the word 'verses' (vera) is 'ditties.' See also Massinger, The Guardian, iv, 2, 'A well-penn'd ditty.'

469. remember] PHILA. SH. SOC.: That is, commemorare. Cf. 'Lo this in remembrance of me.'

471. owes] KRAUTH (Phila. SH. Soc. p. 20): It is somewhat remarkable that in the verse 'So shall the Jewes at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle,' Acts xxii, 11, in Tyndale, of 1526, it reads 'owneth,' but in the latest Tyndale, of 1534, it is 'ownth,' and so in Cranmer, Genevan, Bishops, and in the first and all the early editions of the Authorised Version; and it is so given in all the original editions of Cruden's Concordance. In the verse 'he that owneth the house shall come and tell the priest,' Lev. xiv, 35, Tyndale, 1530, reads 'ownth,' as also Cranmer, Genevan, Bishops, and Authorised Version, but Coverdale, 1535, 'ownth.' The change was probably made in Blayney's ed., 1769, the Standard Edition.

472. Of this line CAPELL says, that it 'has not it's parallel anywhere for stiffness and quaintness.'—STEEVENS: Compare Per. III, ii, 99: 'Her eyelids . . . Begin to part their fringes of bright gold.'—DICKSON (Phila. SH. Soc.) cited, to show that Shakespeare expressed the direction of the eye towards a distant object by the word 'advance,' or its equivalent, Hen. V: V, Chorus: 'your eyes advance . . . straight back again to France'; Rom. & jul. II, iii, 5: 'ere the sun advance his burning eye'; All's Well, II, iii, 58: 'Fair maid, send forth thine eye'; in the present play, IV, i, 201: 'Advanced their eyelids.'—COLERIDGE (Seven Lectures, p. 124): Prospero has just told Miranda a wonderful story, which deeply affected her, and filled her with surprise and astonishment, and for his own purposes he afterwards lulls her to sleep. When she awakes Shakespeare has made her wholly inattentive to the present, but wrapped up in the past. An actress who understands the character of Miranda would have her eyes cast down and her eyelids almost covering them, while she was, as it were, living in her dream. At this moment Prospero sees Ferdinand, and wishes to point him out to his daughter, not only with great, but with scenic solemnity, he standing before her, and before the spectator, in the dignified character of a great magician. Something was to appear to Miranda on the sudden and as unexpectedly as if the hero of a drama were to be on the stage at the instant when the curtain is elevated. It is under such circumstances that Prospero says, in a tone calculated at once to arouse his daughter's attention, 'The fringed curtains,' &c. Turning from the sight of Ferdinand to his thoughtful daughter, his attention was first struck by the downcast appearance of her eyes and eyelids: and in my humble opinion the solemnity of the phraseology assigned to Prospero is completely in character, recollecting his preternatural capacity, in which the most familiar objects in nature present themselves in a mysterious point of view.
84  

**THE TEMPEST**  

[ACT I, SC. ii.]

---

_Mira._ What is't a Spirit?

Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me sir,

It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a Spirit.

_Pro._ No wench, it eats, and sleepe, & hath such senses

As we haue: such. This Gallant which thou seest

Was in the wracke: and but hee's something stain'd

With greefe (that's beauties canker) 'tis might't call him

A goodly perfon: he hath loft his fellowes,

And frayses about to finde 'em.

_Mir._ I might call him

A thing diuine, for nothing naturall

I ever saw so Noble.

_Pro._ It goes on I see

As my foule prompts it: Spirit, fine spirit, Ile free thee

Within two dayes for this.

_Fer._ Moft faire the Goddesse

On whom these ayres attend: Vouchsafe my pray'r

May know if you remaine upon this Island,

And that you will some good instruction giue

How I may beare me here: my prime request

(Which I do last pronounce) is (O you wonder)

If you be Mayd, or no?

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*ist a* ] Ff. *ist, a Rowe+. *ist?*  

475. _I see_ Om. Steev.'93.  


483. Hal. Song.  


486_._ *It goes on* ] It goes Cap.

489. [Kneeling. Coll. ii (MS).  

490. [Maid F, made F+  


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479. _but_ ] For this use of *but,* meaning except, see *Abbott,* § 120.  

489. _Farmer_ (p. 43): It seems that Shakespeare, in _The Tempest,_ hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil; witness the _O Dea certa._ [Presumably, Farmer is here answering a genuine criticism; but I have been unable to find, earlier than Farmer himself, any such claim for Shakespeare here, as that which the learned Fellow of Emmanuel here proceeds to deride, and, as he thinks, to demolish, by showing that Stanyhurst, in his _Virgil,* 1583, translates _O Dea certa* by *'No doubt, a goddessse.' Farmer is usually a pattern of exactness, but it does look here as though he were pummelling a foe of his own creation.—Ed.]

492. _that_ ] See *Abbott,* § 285, for other examples of the omission of 'that' at the beginning of a sentence, and then inserting it to connect a more distant clause with the conjunction on which the clause depends.

495. _Mayd_ ] With but two or three exceptions the perversion of _F4_ *made,* held a place in all editions, down to Singer's first edition in 1826; since then every editor
Mir. No wonder Sir, But certainly a Mayd.

without exception, I believe, has followed the First Folio, whose reading is so clearly right that it would be scarcely worth while to give much space to the comments thereon, were it not that one of the objects of this edition is to give, to a certain extent, the history of Shakespearean criticism.—Warburton, accepting made in Ferdinand's speech, conceived that Miranda, an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men, 'prettily' illustrated the 'singularity of her character by the pleasant mistake' of her answer. 'It could not enter into her imagination that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal.'—Johnson (one of the exceptions, who read 'maid') thinks that Warburton 'has here found a beauty' which Shakespeare never intended. Ferdinand asks her not whether she was a created being, a question which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue which Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question: "O, if a virgin, I'll make you Queen of Naples."—Farmer upholds Warburton, and cites a passage from The Fairie Queene, Bk III, Canto v, St. 35, where Timias asks Belphoebe, 'Angell or Goddess, doe I call thee right?' &c. The wonder is that Farmer was so moderate in the number of his citations.—T. Warton supplemented Farmer's quotations by citing Milton's Comus, 265: 'an imitation which explains Shakespeare.'—Malone, also an advocate of F, cited Dryden's Version; Lodge's description of Fawzia, the Perdita of Winter's Tale; and urges, as adding strength to his position, that there is no article prefixed to maid.—Steevens also followed his friend, Dr Farmer, deserting for once his associate-editor, of whose association he boasted that his own was the only name that had ever appeared on the same title-page with Dr Johnson's, and, furthermore, despite the common-sense, epigrammatic decision in favour of 'maid' by Monck Mason (Comments on Beau. & Fl. p. 5), to the effect that 'readers are to determine whether they will adopt a natural and simple expression which requires no comment, or one which the ingenuity of many commentators has but imperfectly supported.'—Holt (p. 34) and Capell (61a) both upheld the First Folio. The former says: 'sure the knowledge whether she was single was very material and very natural. Ferdinand felt a growing passion, and was willing to be satisfied as soon as possible whether that grand obstacle of her being already engag'd stood in his way.' Capell says of the word 'maid,' 'the user of it imagining just at that time that he's addressing a goddess; which mistake he comes out of towards his speech's end, as his question demonstrates.' With the Variorum of '21 the discussion closes, except a faint echo, where Collier, in his first edition, says (he omitted the remark in his later editions) that 'Miranda's answer is to be taken in the same sense as Ferdinand's question,' where 'maid' is used in its general sense; and Dyce (Few Notes, p. 11) thereupon observes with emphasis, 'I differ entirely from Mr Collier about the meaning of Miranda's answer. She plays on the word maid: "But, certainly a maid,' i. e. a virgin.' In Massinger's Great Duke of Florence, III, i, Sanazzaro says to Corso: 'I have seen a maid, sir; But, if that I have judgement, no such wonder As she was deliver'd to you.' If this illustrate the present passage at all, and Gifford thinks it does, it merely shows that the modern interpretation is right.—Ed.
Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beft of them that speake this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the beft?
What wer't thou if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee speake of Naples: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my felfe am Naples,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer fince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.

Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of Millaine
And his braue fonne, being twaine.

498. [Rising. Coll. ii (MS).]
500. [RCP.[wreck't] wreck'd Han.
506. neuer] ne'er Pope +, Cap.
510.

502. thou] Throughout the rest of this Scene, as in the opening Scene of As You Like It, it is worth while to note the varying moods expressed by the use of 'thou' and 'you.' Skeat's excellent rule (William of Patern, Pref. xiii) should be remembered, that 'Thou is the language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expresses companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; whilst ye is the language of a servant to a lord and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty,'—ABBOTT, § 232, says, furthermore, that a master finding fault often resorts to the unfamiliar you, see line 516. Note also the change of address in the Fifth Act, where Prospero reveals himself. At times, however, mere euphony, I think, or the position of the word in the line, appears to have decided the choice.—Ed.

503. single] W. A. WRIGHT: Ferdinand plays upon the word. He believes that himself and the King of Naples are one and the same person; he therefore uses this epithet with a reference to its further sense of solitary, and so feeble and helpless. Compare Mach. I, vi, 16.

509, 510. Duke . . . sonne] THEOBALD (ed. ii): Here seems a slight forgetfulness in our poet. Nobody was lost in the wreck, and yet we have no such character as the Duke of Milan's son. No doubt in his first plan he had mark'd out such a character, but, on second thought, found it unnecessary.—HALLIWELL was the first to suggest that this difficulty might be attributed to the old play or novel on which this drama is founded.—HOLT is the only one who has attempted to defend the text, which he does lamely. 'If 'tis considered,' observes Holt, 'as an enumeration of some of the highest of the lords, who, with the king, suffered shipwreck, which does not necessarily imply being drown'd, being himself an instance of the contrary, it may very grammatically be refer'd to the king's brave son, meaning himself; who might with great propriety be reckon'd one of his father's lords, tho' with as great good manners he mentions the duke first. And then the sense will be, I am King of Naples myself, who beheld the king, my father, and all his lords wreck'd; his brave son and the Duke of Milan being two of those lords. Shakespeare made
ACT I, SC. ii.]

THE TEMPEST

511

Pro. The Duke of Millaine

And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee

If now 'twere fit to do't: At the first fight

They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate Ariel,

Ile fet thee free for this. A word good Sir,

I feare you haue done your felse some wrong: A word.

511-515. The...this] Aside, Wh. Dyce 516. you haue] you're Pope+, Dyce


513-515. At...this] Aside, Cap.

The use of this harsh construction for the sake of the antithesis in "son" and "daughter." It does not seem to have occurred to Holt that Ferdinand would scarcely have spoken of himself as a 'brave' young man, or that Ferdinand's living presence was a refutation of the belief that the same fate had overtaken him which he was sure had overtaken his father. It is clear that Ferdinand believed himself to be the sole survivor of the wreck, and that the antithesis used by Prospero referred to a son, real or imaginary, of the usurping Milan, and merely for the sake of an antithesis like this it is hardly necessary that an actual character should be supplied and added to the list of Dramatis Personae. It is certainly possible that there is here neither an oversight nor a remnant of the older play or novel.—Staunton, however, thinks otherwise; he suggests (Athenæum, 16 Nov. 1872) that Francisco is the character here referred to, and that in the list of 'Actors' Names' he should have been styled 'son to the usurping Duke of Milan'; but that the editor of the Folio, instead of thus designating him, carelessly coupled him with Adrian as one of the 'Lords.' Otherwise we are 'driven to suppose,' says Staunton, 'that, to shorten the representation, the character as delineated by Shakespeare was altogether struck out by the actors, while the allusion to it was inadvertently retained.'—Ed.

512. more brauer] For other instances of double comparatives, see Abbott, § 11, or Shakespeare, passim.

512. controll] Johnson: That is, confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee.—Walker (Crit. ii, 302) has collected eight or ten instances, as late even as in Swift, where 'control' is used in this sense. To Staunton's question, therefore, whether 'control' be not here a misprint for console, Dyce answers emphatically, 'Surely not,' and refers to Johnson and Walker, as just cited.

513. At the first sight] Coleridge (p. 88): It is love at first sight, and it appears to me that in all cases of real love it is at one moment that it takes place. That moment may have been prepared by previous esteem, admiration, or even affection,—yet love seems to require a momentary act of volition, by which a tacit bond of devotion is imposed,—a bond not to be thereafter broken without violating what should be sacred in our nature. How finely is this true Shakespearean scene contrasted with Dryden's vulgar alteration of it, in which a mere ludicrous psychological experiment, as it were, is tried,—displaying nothing but indelicacy without passion. Prospero's interruption of the courtship has often seemed to me to have had no sufficient motive; still, his alleged reason, 'Lest too light winning make the prize light,' is enough for the ethereal connections of the romantic imagination, although it would not be so for the historical.

516. Steevens: That is, I fear that in assigning yourself to be the King of Naples you have uttered a falsehood, which is below your character, and consequently injuri
Mir. Why speakes my father so vngently? This is the third man that ere I saw: the first that ere I figh'd for: pitty moue my father To be enclin'd my way.

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your afection not gone forth, Ile make you The Queene of Naples.

Pro. Soft sir, one word more. They are both in eyther pow'r's: But this swift busines I must vneasie make, leaft too light winning Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee That thou attend me: Thou do'lt heere vfurpe The name thou ow'lt not, and haft put thy selfe Vpon this Island, as a spye, to win it From me, the Lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

517. vngently] argently Et, Johna.
518. ere I saw] I 'er saw Theob.
525-527. [Aside. Johna. 525. They are] They're Pope +, Dyce ii, iii.
pow'r] pow'r, Rowe, Wh. ii.
526. leaf] left F, et seq.
527. One word more] Sir, one word more Pope +, Cap. One word more, sir Kty.
527, 528. ...me] To Ariel. Pope, Han.
532. I am] I Rowe ii. I'm Pope +, Wilson.
Dyce ii, iii.

ous to your honour. See Mrs. Wives, IV, ii, 161.—KRAUTH (Phila. Sh. Soc. p. 21): Ferdinand, by assuming a name he 'owed' not, and thereby disguising himself, proved that he had come to the island for no good purpose, most probably as a spy and as a usurper, and had thereby done himself the wrong and injury of the severe penalty which he had incurred.—CAMBRIDGE EDITORS: See this phrase used in a similar sense in Meas. for Meas. I, ii, 39.—JEPHISON: You have done yourself 'some injustice' in making yourself out to be King of Naples.—W. A. WRIGHT: A polite way of saying, 'you are much mistaken,' or something plainer still. See Mrs. Wives, III, ii, 221.

521, 522. For the ellipses here, see Abbott, § 387. Also 'if heed me,' II, i, 234.
525. both in eyther pow'r's] Abbott, § 12: In this passage 'both' seems put for each, or 'either' used for each other. There may, however, be an ellipsis of each after 'both.' Compare 'A thousand groans . . . came (one) on another's neck.'—Somn. 131. It is natural to conjecture that this is a misprint for one or others. But compare, 'I think there is not half a kiss to choose Who loves another best.'—Wint. T. IV, iv, 176.

528. attend me] For other examples of the omission of the preposition, see Abbott, § 200; again, see § 369, for the subjunctive after verbs of command and entreaty, as in 'that they grinde,' IV, I, 286.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple, If the ill-spirit have so fayre a houfe, Good things will ftriuie to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come, Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water fhalt thou drinke: thy food fhall be The frefh-brooke Mufels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will refift such entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.

He draws, and is charmed from moving.

Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too raft a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
THE TEMPEST

Prof. What I say,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy sword vp Traitor,


affection could show, 'He's gentle,' and therefore ought not to be ill treated; 'and not fearful,' and therefore it may be dangerous to attempt it.—CAPELL (62a): The 'trial' spoken of by Miranda can be no other but one suggested by sight of Ferdinando's 'sword,' and very nature demands that her first fears upon the occasion should be for her 'father'; hence the epithet 'rash,' importing disparity between the threat'en'd and threat'ner, the odds lying against the latter; and that the gentleness of the former, collected from his behaviour, might not encourage to trial, there is added 'but not fearful,' suppressing the other matter, and leaving it to his collection she speaks to. Read, therefore, as above, dismissing the copulative.—RITSON: Do not rashly determine to treat him with severity, he is mild and harmless, and not in the least terrible or dangerous.—STEEVENS: 'Fearful' signifies both terrible and timorous.—MALONE: 'Fearful' was much more frequently used in the sense of formidable than that of timorous.—SMOLLETT (Humphrey Clinker, ii, 18a, quoted by REED): How have your commentators been puzzled by [this passage] as if it was a paradoxism to say that being gentle, he must of course be courageous; but the truth is, one of the original meanings, if not the sole meaning, of that word was noble, high minded; and to this day a Scotch woman in the situation of the young lady in The Tempest would express herself in nearly the same terms. Don't provoke him; for, being gentle, that is, high spirited, he won't tamely bear an insult. Spenser, in the very first stanza of the Faerie Queene, says: 'A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,' which knight, far from being tame and fearful, was so stout that 'nothing did he dread, but ever was ydread.'—STAUNTON believes this interpretation of Smollett to be the true one: 'he is of a lofty spirit and not to be intimidated.'—W. A. WRIGHT: The natural sense of these words is conveyed by taking 'fearful' to mean 'capable of inspiring fear, terrible,' although there may also be a covert play upon the other significations both of 'gentle' and 'fearful.' In this case 'gentle' must be regarded as equivalent to 'of gentle birth,' 'high-born,' and in a secondary sense high-spirited and dangerous to provoke. But the word is nowhere used by Shakespeare in this secondary sense. [To me the simplest meaning, as given by Ritson, is here the best. Miranda has just said that there could be nothing ill in such a temple, and she now says, as a sequence, that he is gentle and not terrible, using both 'gentle' and 'fearful' in their usual acceptations.—ED.]

550. foote my Tutor] MALONE: Compare Lyly's Euphues (p. 261, ed. Arber): Then how vain is it . . . . that the foote should neglect his office to correct the face.'—WALKER (Crit. iii, 3): Read fool. Was it a proverb? B. and Fl. Pilgrim, IV, ii: 'When fools and mad folks shall be tutors to me, And feel my sores, yet I unsensible,' &c.—BR. NICHOLSON (N. & Q. 5th S. xi, 363): Compare the First Part of Homer, xxxiii, Against Disobedience and Willful Rebellion,—a sermon which Shake- speare had probably heard or read more than once; 'what a perilous thing were it to commit unto the Subjects the judgement which Prince is wise and godly . . . . and which is otherwise; as though the foot must judge of the head.'—p. 355, ed. Oxon. 1683. Again (N. & Q. 6th S. viii, 242) Nicholson cites another parallel passage, viz: 'the cleane foole of this world are patterned . . . . that the braine is now lodged in the foote, and thereupon comes it that many make their head their foote.'—Armin's
ACT I. SC. ii.]

THE TEMPEST

Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can here disarme thee with this sticke,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Befeech you Father.

Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir haue pity,

Ile be his surety.

Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impofter? Huh:
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
(Hauing seene but him and Caliban:) Foolish wench,
To th'moost of men, this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections.

Are then most humble: I haue no ambition
To fee a goodlier man.

Prof. Come on, obey:

Thy Nerues are in their infanty againe.

551. mak'ft] makes Ff.
552. is for] Is Ff, Rowe. Is all Pope, Han.
553. hear Ff,] Come from Ff et seq.
554. to th'] To the Cap.
555. garments] garment Rowe ii +.
556. there is] Ff, Dyce, Cam. Glo.
562. there is] Ff, Wh. ii, Dn. there are Rowe et cet.
564. To th'] To the Cap.

Notes of Ninian, 1608, p. 56, ed. Grosart. Still again (New Sh. Soc. Trans. 1880–2, Part i, p. 31) the same critic cites: 'goe tell the Duke I must speake with him. 
Manasses. Presently Sir, [-Aside] Ile go fetch the head to guie the foote a posset.' 
—Day's 'Ile of Gult', 1606, Sig. B 2. 'From these examples,' concludes Nicholson, 'we may, I think, infer that this attacked phraseology was both understood and known.'—Kinneir (p. 10): Read 'thy tutor!' that is, I can command thee with my foot. [Stamps his foot.] [Few instances can show better how completely Dyce was under the influence of Walker, an admirable influence, it is to be confessed, if it be not supreme, than this, where, on the authority of only one quotation, barely germane at that, the elder and more cautious editor surrendered his judgement to the younger critic. Schlegel's translation is noteworthy: 'will das Ey die Henne meistern,'—shall the egg rule the hen? W. A. Wright cites, appositely, 'show lord Timon that mean eyes have seen The foot above the head,'—Titon, I, i, 94, and adds, compare in the same sense, though with a play upon the word 'base,' Fletcher, Woman Pleased, I, i, 'If thy base will be thy master.'—Ed.]

552. ward] Johnson: Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence.
562. there is] See I, i, 24.
And have no vigour in them.

_Fer._ So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loffe, the weakneffe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am subdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners else o’th’Earth
Let liberty make vs of: space enough
Haue I in such a prison.

_Prof._ It workes: Come on.

Thou haft done well, fine _Ariell_: follow me,
Harke what thou else shalt do mee.

_Mira._ Be of comfort,

My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.

_Prof._ Thou shalt be as free
As mountaine winde; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

571. nor] and Rowe +, Ktly, Huds. 574. but] Om. Cartwright, Huds.
Ktly conj. _now_ Wagner (Jhrb. xiv). 576. _are_] _were_ Theo. Warb. Johns.

570. _Nerues_] Cotgrave, cited by Wright, has: ‘Nerf: A Synnow; (and thence, might, strength, force, power).’
575. nor] W. A. Wright: ‘Nor’ is used inaccurately where and or or would be in place. The origin of the error is probably a confusion of two constructions, Shakespeare intending perhaps at first to employ some such word as _heavy_, and then substituting ‘but light.’ It is analogous to the use of the double negative. [It may be, possibly, an instance of the not infrequent omission of _neither_ before _nor_ (for examples see Abbott, § 396), and ‘but’ is used in the sense of other-wise than, just as Hamlet says, ‘It cannot be _but_ I am pigeon-liver’d.’ Neither the wreck of my friends nor this man’s threats are otherwise than light to me, &c.—Ed.]
578. Steevens quotes a passage, corresponding in meaning and in charm, from Chaucer, _Knight’s Tale_, line 1230.
586. by speech] Grey’s emendation (1, 15) of ‘by’s speech for by his’ is clearly right; it is a common case of absorption. Miranda, moreover, refers to her father’s speech on this special occasion, not to his speech in general.—Ed.
ACT II, SC. i.]

THE TEMPEST

Ariell. To th'yllable.
Prof. Come follow: speake not for him

Exeunt.

Acutus Secundus. Scena Prima.

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

Gons. Befeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cause,
(So haue we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our losse; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, some Saylors wife,
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant

591. To (') To the Cap.
2. Another Part of the Island. Pope.
7. common] common; Pope. some Merchant] some vessel Kty.

5. Knightley (Expositor, p. 210): I make the transposition 'you have cause of joy,
-40 have we all' boldly; for surely neither Shakespeare nor any other writer would
put a parenthesis between a noun and its genitive. Gonzalo is speaking quite calmly.
We have an exactly similar printer's error in 'Add more, from thine invention, offers.'
—Ant. & Cleop. 111, 10.

The cause that fills our minds with grief is common. [When Warburton submitted
his far-fetched stint to Theobald, the latter mildly reminded him (Nichols's Illust. ii,
244) that in many passages Shakespeare uses 'hint' for argument, theme, cue, &c.;
wherein Theobald was exactly right. Collier says, 'Gonzalo seems to call it a 'hint
of woe,' in reference to its comparative triviality and ordinary occurrence,' which,
I think, is doubtful. M. H. (Gent. Mag. Apr. 1790) proposes hin, a Hebrew
measure; and Weston (p. 1) 'makes no doubt but that it was once our dint of woe;
that is, the impression of woe upon us is common and ordinary.'—Ed.

8. Masters of some Merchant] Steevens: If the passage be not corrupt (as
I suspect it is) we must suppose that by 'masters' our author means the owners of
a merchant's ship, or the officers to whom the navigation of it had been trusted. I
suppose, however, that our author wrote, 'The mistress of some merchant.' Mistress
was anciently spelt maistresse or maistres.—Chalmers (Apology, p. 589): I presume
to think Shakespeare intended it should be understood: 'The master of some merchant-
man; the merchant'; Shakespeare was thinking, in the concrete form, of the
sailor's wife, not wives; of the merchant, not merchants; and if propriety require
that we should continue his concatenation of thought, we must say the master of some
merchant-man, not masters of some merchant-men. Merchant-man was misprinted
'merchant and.' [In a footnote Chalmers acknowledges that he cannot find authority
for merchant-man in the nautical language of the day, but he attributes the com-
THE TEMPEST

ACT II, SC. I.

Haue iuft our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preferuation) few in millions
Can speake like vs: then wifely (good Sir) weigh
Our sorrow, with our comfort.

Aleon. Prethee peace.

pound to the genius of Shakespeare, who 'improved, with his usual happiness, the
existing phrasology']—MALONE: Merchant was used for a merchant-man. So,
Dryden, in his Parallel of Poetry and Painting, 'Thus as convoy-ships either accompany
or should accompany their merchants.'—PROSE WORKS, 1801, iii, 306.—KEIGHT-
LEY: The word 'merchant' occurs here in two different senses; and when this play
was written Shakespeare had long since abstained from such practices. One of them,
therefore, must belong to the printer; if the first, then we might, and, I think, should,
read vessel, if the second, owning. 'Merchant' certainly occurs in the sense of mer-
chantman. See B. and Fl. Coxcomb, I, iii [p. 132, ed. Dyce].—HALLIWELL (p. 31)
quotes from The Lover's Melancholy, 'A young lady... was conveyed like a ship-
boy in a merchant, from the country where she lived.'—(II, i, p. 36, ed. Dyce, who
remains in a foot-note: 'This is the expression which so greatly perplexed Steevens,
who has made woeful work with it in The Tempest.')—W. A. WRIGHT adds another
example, from Marlowe, First Part of Tamburlaine, I, ii [p. 27, ed. Dyce], 'And
Christian merchants, that with Russian stems Plough up huge furrows in the Caspian
Sea, Shall vail to us,' &c.

9. of woe] STEEVENS: These words appear to me as an idle interpolation. Three
lines before we have 'our hint of woe.'—DYCE agrees with Steevens.—STAUNTON
(Athenaeum, 16 Nov. 1872): The iteration of 'woe' here is intolerable, and is due,
no doubt, to the appearance of the word three lines above. Should we not read 'of
grief'?

13-105. POPE: All that follows after the words 'Prethee peace' to the words 'You
cram these words,' &c. seems to have been interpolated (perhaps by the Players), the
verse there beginning again; and all that is between in prose, not only being very
impertinent stuff, but most improper and ill-plac'd drollery in the mouths of unhappy,
shipwreck'd people. There is more of the same sort interspers'd in the remaining
part of the Scene.—THEOBALD had the temerity, for which he paid dearly enough,
to pronounce 'Mr Pope's criticism injudicious and unweigh'd,' by showing that, with-
out this passage, the reference to the marriage of Alonso's daughter 'there' would be
unintelligible, and that the 'dialogue was design'd to be of a ridiculous stamp to
divert and unsettle the king's thoughts from reflecting too deeply on his son's
support drowning.'—CARELL: Pope's charges 'lye against [the passage] most cer-
tainly almost beyond palliating: but of it's authenticity, we have other-guess evi-
dence; and in that very speech first, which, according to this opinion, should follow
the present speech: For what can be made without it (as is said by the next modern
[i.e. Theobald]) of that wish which begins in his second line, by readers who, but
in what intervenes, have heard nothing of any "daughter" he has, or where she's
"married" to? The condemn'd passage is not without other proofs of authentick-
ness, but this one is sufficient: And in case of what is objected to it, it may be obser'd,—that the levities of Sebastian and partner open to us their characters, and
prepare us for what is coming; showing them nothing touch'd with their own and
their king's deliverance, and their common condition; and their behaviour on this
ACT II, SC. 1.

THE TEMPEST

Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porridge.
Ant. The Visitor will not give him ore fo.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,

By and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.

Seb. One : Tell.

Gon. When every green is entertaind,

That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.

14-49. Crossed out by Coll. MS.
advisory Quincy MS.
him] Om. Rowe +.
16, 17. As prose, Pope.

20, 21. When... offer'd] One line, Cap.
As prose, Pope.
offer'd] offer'd; Pope +. offer'd,
Cap.
entertainer.] entertainer—Rowe.

occasion sets off and heightens the love, loyalty, and sobriety of the other parties attending, and chiefly Gonzalo's.'—HOLT refers to lines 178-185 of this Scene, and then asks: 'Who does not see this evidently satirizes that fault for which the poet has been so often unjustly upbraided?'—JEPHSON: No poet of genius inferior to Shakespeare's would have ventured to introduce so comic a scene in circumstances so tragical. It is indeed true to life, but it would not have occurred to any one who had not observed the apparent inconsistency of human nature. Men of noble disposition and of high birth and breeding can be cheerful and even witty under misfortunes that would bow inferior natures to the earth; as, for instance, Caesar among the Cicilian pirates, Sir Thomas More on the scaffold, and Lord Balmerinho in the Tower; but to make unfeeling jests upon better men, while it argues perhaps the daring spirit which is fostered by high rank, is the part of the reckless and the wicked, such as were Sebastian, who soon after plots to murder his brother, and Antonio, who had abused his brother Prospero's confidence to dethrone him. [See Coleridge, note on line 207.]

15. Visitor] JOHNSON: Why Dr Warburton should change 'visitor' to 'visir, for advisr, I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice but comfort, and is therefore properly called 'the visitor,' like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick. [Compare Matthew xxv, 36: 'I was sick and ye visited me."
16, &c. COLERIDGE (p. 89): In this play are admirably sketched the vices generally accompanying a low degree of civilization; in this Scene, as in many other places, Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also, by making the good ridiculous, of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instances of Antonio and Sebastian.
17. strike] W. A. WRIGHT: The invention of striking watches is ascribed to Peter Hele, of Nuremberg, about the year 1510.
19. Tell] That is, count. PHILLPotts: Compare 'the tale of bricks,' &c. 'Every shepherd tells his tale.' So Psalm xlvii, 12: 'Tell ye the towers thereof'; and the tellers of a division in Parliament [and the 'paying-teller' of a bank].
The Tempest

Act II, Sc. I

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue spoken
truer then you purpos'd.

Seb. You haue taken it wiselier then I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore my Lord.

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue.

Alon. I pre-thee spare.

Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager.

22. dollar] dollar Cap. et seq.
24. pursuant] pursuant Rowe ii, Pope,
Han. Theob. Warb. he pursuant Han. ii
(misprint?).
27. Lord.] lord—Theob.
28. is he] he is Han. ii, Steev.'85
29. [spare] spare me Walker, Huds.

22. Which, of he,] F.F., Which of he,
F', Rowe i. Which of them, he, Rowe
ii+, Cap. Steev. Mal. Var. Coll. i. Which,
or he Coll. ii, iii (MS). Which of him
and S. Verges.
32. Which, of he, or] STAUNTON: See Mid. N. D. III, ii, 337, 'try whose
right, Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.'—WALKER (Crit. ii, 353), in a paragraph
on the use of former, the comparative to which foremost is the superlative, quotes
this passage from Sidney's Arcadia, B. i, p. 63: 'the question arising, who should be
the former against Phalantus, of the blacke, or the ill-apparelled knight,' &c., 'i.e.'
explains Walker, 'whether the black or the, &c. should be the first to wage combat
with Phalantus.' Whereupon LETTSOM, Walker's editor, remarks that this example
'shows that the first Folio is right in Which of he or.'—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Like the
French: Lequel préférez-vous de Cornelle ou de Racine.—ABBOTT, § 206, says of
this passage merely 'he for him.' In V, i, 19 we have 'him' for he.
32-41. M. MASON: The meaning is this: Antonio lays a wager with Sebastian
that Adrian would crow before Gonzalo, and the wager was a laughter. Adrian
speaks first, so Antonio is the winner. Sebastian laughs at what Adrian had said,
and Antonio immediately acknowledges that by his laughing he has paid the bet.
'You're paid' [of the Folio, instead of 'You've paid'] will answer as well if these
words be given to Sebastian [as Theobald had given them] instead of to Antonio.—
KNIGHT followed the Folio, although agreeing with Theobald, that 'you're paid'
belongs to Sebastian.—GRANT WHITE (ed. i): Antonio won the wager, and was paid
by having the laugh against Sebastian. The prefixes were misplaced in the Folio. 
[White, in the text of this, his first ed., prefixes Ant. to I. 40 and Seb. to I. 41.]
It did not occur (he goes on to say) to those who proposed that both speeches should be
given to Sebastian [among whom was White himself, in his second edition] that he
First begins to crow?

Seb. The old Cocke.

Ant. The Cockrell.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A Laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this Island seeme to be desert.

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.

Ant. So: you're paid.

Adr. Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible.

Seb. Yet

Adr. Yet

Ant. He could not mistake.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. I, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliever'd.

Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.

Gen. Here is every thing aduantageous to life.

Ant. True, faue meanes to liue.

39. desert.] desert—Rowe. desart—Han.

40, 41. One line, spoken by Seb. Theob. 42. inaccessible.] inaccessible—Rowe.


Kily, Huds. Dtn.

who lost the wager was of course not to laugh, but to be laughed at; according to the old proverb: 'Let them laugh that win.'—Br. Nicholson (N. & Q. 3d S. ix. 27), anticipated by Grant White in this transposition of names, paraphrases: 'Ha, ha! laughs Antonio, gleeeful at having backed the right. As you have taken the laugh, says Sebastian, you may keep it in payment.'—Krauth (Phila. Sk. Soc. p. 24): Theobald's text should stand, on the ground, that Antonio had won the laugh at Sebastian's expense, but Sebastian pretends to take it as if he were to pay by laughing at Antonio.

—Inglesby (Still Lism, 157): 'Laughter' may be the cant name for some small coin (a doit or a denier) commonly laid in betting. At present the only meaning of the word (laughter, laffer, lawder) is a setting of eggs laid at one time.

45. mistaken] Hunter (Longman's Series): That is, 'yet' was sure to be the next word. [Is not 'misse' here used as Prospero uses it when he says of Caliban, 'we cannot miss him,' I, ii, 368? Uninhabitable as this island is, neither Adrian nor the rest could do without it just then.—Ed.]

47. temperance] Steevens: That is, temperature; in the next line it is a proper name.
Seb. Of that there’s none, or little. 55
Gon. How lufh and lufty the grave dookes? How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny. 60
Seb. With an eye of greene in’t.
Ant. He missest not much.
Seb. No: he doth but mistake the truth totally.
Gon. But the variety of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their fre生鲜esse and glosses, being rather new dy’d then flain’d with salt water.

56. luft] fresh Wilson. 56, 57. One line, Pope. 63. credit] credit—Rowe.
61. doth] does Rowe ii+. 67. glosses] gloss Jervis, Dyce ii, iii, rarity...rareties] rarity... Huds.
62. 64. rarity...rareties] rarity...

56. lush] MALONE: That is, juicy, succulent; as appears from the following in Golding’s Ovid, 1587, Met. xiv: ’Then greene, and voyd of strength, and lush, and foggie, is the blade, And cheers the husbandman with hope’ [p. 189]; where the original is: ’Tunc herba recens, et roboris exars, Turget, et insolida est, et spe delectat agrum.’—DIRKILL: If we might read lush, it would then signify gramen pingue.—DEIGHTON: Skeat (s. v. luscious) having observed that Chaucer uses the M. E. lusty (which with the suffix -ous becomes lusti-ous and so luscious) in the sense of pleasant, delicious, goes on: ’Shakespeare has lush (short for lush-ious) in the sense of luxuriant in growth, where Chaucer would certainly have said lusty; the curious result being that Shakespeare uses both words together. . . . The equivalence of the words could not be better exemplified.’

59. eye of greene] STEEVES: An ’eye’ is a small shade of colour. Thus, in Sandy’s Travels, lib. i: ’His under an upper garments are lightly of white satin, or cloth of silver tissued with and eye of green, and wrought in great branches’ [p. 57, ed. 1615].—MALONE: ’Eye’ was anciently used for a small portion of anything. So in A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia, 1600, p. 44: ’Not an eye of sturgeon as yet appeared in the river.’—HUNTER (Longman’s Series): Here intended to include a quibbling reference to green-eyed credulity or simplicity. PHILLIPPS: The jesting pair mean that the grass is really tawny (tanned, dried up), and that the only ’green’ spot in it is Gonzalo himself.

66. fre生鲜esse] PHILA. SH. SOC.: This is plural. Walker’s rule (Ver. p. 243) here applies. The plural affix is sometimes added in the First Folio where the metre shows that it is not to be pronounced, and it is sometimes omitted in printing where the sense requires it to be supplied. [I now doubt whether Walker’s rule applies here. If it applies, I think we should have had gloss instead of glosses.] Dyce, who was quite as ready as anyone to apply Walker’s rule, failed to see its present application. See next note.—Ed.]
ACT II, SC. 1.] THE TEMPEST

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

Seb. I, or very falsely pocket vp his report.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

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

Adri. Tunis was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene.

Gon. Not since widdow Didos time.

Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow Didoe!

Seb. What if he had said Widdower Aeneas too?

Good Lord, how you take it?

Adri. Widdow Didoe said you? You make me study of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis Sir was Carthage.


Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

88, 89. His...too.] Given to Seb. Cam. i, Glo. Kty, Wh. ii, Dtn.

67. glosses] Dyce (ed. ii, iii): This is manifestly an error for the old spelling of the singular, gloss (which the Folio has in Macb. I, viii: 'in their newest gloss'). This correction was suggested to me by Mr Swynfen Jervis.

69. pockets] Allen (Phiæ. Sh. Soc.) : Not that there was anything in the state of the pockets, in particular, to give the lie to Gonzalo's assertion of a universal dryness, but because the pocket, at its opening, looked like a mouth, and was therefore qualified to be the spokesman for the whole of the garment—Deighton: In the drenching his pockets would have become so full of mud, &c. that they would give the lie to Gonzalo's remark. Anthonio's remark is probably made for the sake of bringing in the quibble in Sebastian's answer. [Neither of these explanations carries conviction; albeit Deighton's last remark points to a practice in which we all know Shakespeare indulged, in his humorous dialogues.—Ed.]

78. to their Queene] See III, iii, 75, 'hath to instrument,' or Luke iii, 8: 'We have Abraham to our father,' or for other examples, see Abbott, § 189.

81. Widdow Didoe] Ritson (p. 236) has a note to show that a ballad called 'Queene Dido' was a 'great favourite with the common people.'

85. of that] For other examples of this use, where 'of' means about, concerning see Abbott, § 174.

88, 89. Philpotts: If Gonzalo makes Carthage and Tunis into one city, his word has more power than Amphion's harp, which raised the walls of Thebes.—Or, as W.
THE TEMPEST

ACT II, SC. I

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?
Seth. I think he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his fonne for an Apple.
Ant. And sowning the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. I. Ant. Why in good time.
Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seeme now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.
Ant. And the rarest that ere came there.
Seth. Bate (I beseech you) widdow Dido.
Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a sort.
Ant. That sort was well fitch’d for.

95. [To Afr. C. Cke.]
96. [To Afr. Cke.]
97. Ay. Rowe. 1—Johns. Ay?
98. [To Alon. Cke.]

A. Wright says, 'the reference may be to the harp of Apollo, which raised the walls of Troy.'

95. I] Staunton: This sigh or exclamation, which the two next speeches show indisputably to have been uttered by the king upon awaking from his trance of grief, has, hitherto, been assigned to Gonzalo. [See Text. Notes.]—W. A. Wright: But it seems appropriate to Gonzalo, who is not quite certain what these running comments of Sebastian and Antonio mean, and makes a half-enquiring exclamation.—Cowden-Clarke: We take this to be said by Gonzalo in confirmation of his assurance to Adrian of Tunis being Carthage. The speakers are to be supposed as arranged in two separate groups: Gonzalo engaged with King Alonso and the rest, while Sebastian and Antonio remain apart together, commenting sneeringly on the others.

96. talking, that] Abbott, § 200: here used like saying that.

104. That sort] Dirrell: This is an example of Mr Whiter’s doctrine of association. Any person who has ever observed the fishermen drawing their nets will readily see that the words ‘sort’ and ‘fresh’ in Gonzalo’s speech convey’d the idea to Shakespeare of making Antonio say ‘well fish’d for.’ When the net is drawn, the fish are always, what they term, sorted; some are thrown back again into the water, and other are carried sorted to market.—Hunter (Longman’s Series): There is here a punning allusion to chance or luck as one of the meanings of the word ‘sort.’—Hudson: A punning allusion, probably, to one of the meanings of ‘sort,’ which was lot or portion; from the Latin sort.—Phillpotts: You did well to qualify your statement by ‘in a sort’; ‘fish’d for,’ of course, having the double meaning of ‘bring-ing in the word’ and ‘recovering,’ in allusion to his ducking.—Brighton: You fished a long time before you succeeded in catching that word ‘sort’; you have
ACT II, SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine eares, against the stomacke of my sense: would I had neuer Married my daughter there: For comming thence My sone is loft, and (in my rate) the too, Who is so farre from Italy removed,

I ne're againe shall see her: O thou mine heire Of Naples and of Millaine, what strange fish Hath made his meale on thee?

Fran. Sir he may liue,

I saw him beate the surges vnder him,

And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water Whole enmity he flung aside: and brefted The surges most swolne that met him: his bold head 'Boeue the contentious waues he kept and oared Himselfe with his good armes in luftye stroke To th' thore; that ore his waue-worne bafis bowed As stoopeing to releue him: I not doubt

114. Fran.] Gon. Rann conj.

120. stroke] stoke F, Rowe +.

repeatedly tried to make out that our garments are as fresh as if they had never been immersed in the sea, and now at last you qualify your assertion by the word 'sort. In 'shbred' there is possibly an allusion also to their difficulty in fishing themselves out of the water.

107. sense] STEEVENS: That is, both reason and natural affection.—MONECK

MASON: In this place 'sense' means feeling.—W. A. WRIGHT: But surely Alonzo only intends to say that these words of Gonzalo are forced into his ears without his wishing to hear them, as food is crammed into the mouth of one who has no desire to eat.


114. Fran.] KINNEAR (p. ii) refers to ii. 251–255, where Gonzalo is spoken of as having 'almost persuaded the king his son's alive,' as proof that this present speech should be given to Gonzalo, 'who alone gave utterance to such a belief. At the end of the scene he again says, 'For he [Ferdinand] is sure i' the iseland.' Francisco, a mere attendant, does not speak during the scene, and utters only three words during the entire play, III, iii, 55, and those probably belong to Antonio.'

115-123. It is difficult, if not impossible, to believe that Shakespeare wrote these lines, in which there seems to be but one trace of him, and that is 'oared.' I cannot but think that, if anywhere, we have a survival of the old play here.—Ed.

119. oared] Compare Milton, Par. Lost, vii, 438: '—the swan, with arched neck Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows Her state with oary feet,' whereupon PECK (Memoirs, &c. p. 184) observes: 'Oaric,' a new-made word; but none of our author's mintage. He owes it to Shakespeare's [Tempest].
He came alieue to Land.

_Alon_. No, no, hee's gone.

_Seb_. Sir you may thank your selfe for this great losse,
That would not bleffe our Europe with your daughter,
But rather loose her to an Affrican,
Where she at leaft, is banifi'd from your eye,
Who hath caufe to wet the greefe on't.

_Alon_ Pre-thee peace.

_Seb_. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwife
By all of vs: and the faire foule her felle
Waigh'd betweene loathneffe, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame shoulde bow: we haue loft your
I feare for euer: _Milleaune and Naples_ haue

127. _loofe_] lost Rowe.
129. _West_] what Rann conj. _weight_ Wilson.
133. _Weigh'd_] Sneyd. S. Verges. _at_ as Coll. ii (MS), Om. Ktly.
134. _o'th_] the Rowe ii +, Cap. Steev.

122. not doubt] See 'the ewe not bites,' V, i, 45; 'I not know,' Ib. line 128; 'I not doubt,' Ib. line 357; or _Abbott_, § 305.

129. Who] For instances of who personifying irrational antecedents, see Shakespeare, _passim_, or, if necessary, _Abbott_, § 264. In the present case 'who' may refer either to 'eye' or 'she.'

131. You were] _Walker_ (Crit. ii, 202) : _Thou wert_ (sometimes written in the old poets _Th' wert_), _you were_. _I was_ &c. occur frequently both in Shakespeare and contemporary dramatists in places where it is clear they must have been pronounced as one syllable, in whatever manner the contraction was effected. [As in the present instance. See also _Ham. IV, v, 14; Oth. I, ii, 34; Mer. of Ven. II, viii, 36_ of this ed.—Ed.]

134. _should bow_] _Capell_ (63a): You may read 'she'd bow,' i.e. she would bow; in which reading _bow_ is a verb reciprocal; in either 'weigh'd' will have the sense of—consider'd, ponder'd, was a long time ere she could determine. [Malone has always received the credit of this emendation; even the Third Cambridge Edition ascribes it to him. Indeed, so often does the toe of Malone come close to the heel of Capell, that it is almost impossible to believe that Malone was ignorant of his predecessor's presence.]—_Collier_ (ed. ii) follows his MS in changing 'at,' in the preceding line, to _as_, and then observes: 'The meaning is now clear that she balanced between loathsomeness and obedience, as to which end of the beam should bow down._—_Abbott_, § 400: In this line either _she_ is omitted, or _should_ is for _the would_, or _o_' has been inserted by mistake.—W. A. _Wright_: The text is probably correct, if _being_ omitted, as is not uncommonly the case in Shakespeare. See _Abbott_, §§ 399, 404. The antecedent of this omitted _it_, is the balancing or indecision of Claribell described in the preceding line. [I incline to think that Capell's solution is the best after all.—Ed.]
ACT II, SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

Mo widoweres in them of this businesse making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.

Alon. So is the deer'st oth'lose.

Gon. My Lord Sebastian,

The truth you speake doth lacke some gentlenesse,
And time to speake it in: you rub the fore,
When you should bring the plaieter.


Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,

When you are cloudy.


---

137. them:] them whithal Anon. (sp.

Grey).

137, 138. Then...faults] One line,

139. oth'] of the Han. Mal. Steev.

140. One line, Cap.

141. time is] th' time you Han.

142. time is] th' time you Han.

143-149. Crossed out, Coll. MS.

136. Mo] W. A. Wright: This is of frequent occurrence in the Authorized Version, but is changed to more in modern editions. See Numbers xxii, 15, 'And Balak sent yet againe Princes, moe, and more honourable than they.'
137. Then we bring] Johnson: It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following Scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom he was to inherit?
137, 138. Abbott, § 495, follows Capell in reading these two lines as one, and scans the line thus made by supposing that two extra syllables are inserted at the end of the third foot: 'Than we | being men | to comfort them (em), | The fault's | your own.'
139, 140. Walker (Vers. 169), not knowing that he had been anticipated not only by Capell, but by the Folio itself, proposed to divide these lines, and contract 'deer'st oth' as it stands in the text.
139. W. A. Wright: In the same intensive sense 'dearest' is used in Ham. I, ii, 182, 'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven.' But a still more instructive passage is Rich. III.: V, ii, 21, which is printed thus on the authority of the Quartos: 'Which in his greatest need will shrink from him'; while the First Folio, followed by the rest, has 'Which in his dearest neede will fye from him.' [In a note on Ham. I, ii, 182, Caldecott well defines the use of 'dear' as importing the excess, the utmost, the superlative of that to which it may be applied; and, even more concisely, W. A. Wright observes, in a note on the same passage: 'dear' is used of 'whatever touches us nearly, either in love or hate, joy or sorrow.' The notes on this word by Horne Tooke, Singer, Caldecott, Dyce, and Craik are given in this edition, on Rom. & Jul. V, iii, 32.—Ed.]
147. Very foule] Br. Nicholson (MS) suggests Water fowl as a tentative
Gon. Had I plantation of this Ife my Lord.
Ant. Hee'd fow't vvith Nettle-seed.
Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.
Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?
Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.
Gon. I' th' Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Traffick.

148. plantation [the plantation Rowe
+ Steev. '85. the planting Han. Quincy
Knt.
MS. I not Wagner (Sh. Jnrb. xiv, 291).

change. ' In the true shipwreck they were partly fed by the great quantities of sea fowl which they caught. In Jourdan's Statement (p. 408, Var.'21) the second paragraph begins: "Another sea-fowle there is," words which show that the previous "There is fowle" means, There is sea-fowle. Secondly, it gave Shakespeare an opportunity of introducing one of his quibbles or puns, while otherwise I see no relevancy nor sense. Sebastian looking upward at the now bright sky says mockingly, "Foul weather?" and Shakespeare supposing them to have seen these frequent flights of sea fowl, or at that moment to witness them somewhere beyond the then stage, says by Anthonio "Water-fowl," he continuing, but in a different way, Sebastian's mocking allusion to Gonzalo's words. Thirdly, besides punning, Shakespeare, to some at least of his audience, shows that he is alluding to the shipwreck of Somers.'

148. plantation] Grant White: That is, had I the colonization, not the planting, of this isle. See Bacon's Essay Of Plantations. [Sebastian and Anthonio take it of course in its ordinary sense.---Ed.]

154. Sc. Capell (634): This speech, and one that comes after it, prove the writer's acquaintance with one he has not been trac'd in by any, annotator or editor; for thus old Montaigne, speaking of the Indian discovery and of the new people's manners: 'C'est une Nation, diray-je a Platon, en laquelle il n'y a aucune esperance de trafic, nulle connaissance de Lettres, nulle science de nombes, nul nom de Magistrat, ny de superioirité politique, nul usage de service, de richesse, ou de pauvreté, nuls contracts, nuls successions, nuls partages, nules occupations qu'euvises, nul respect de parenté que commun, nuls vestemens, nulle agriculture, nul metal, nul usage de vin ou de bled. Les paroles mesmes, qui signifient le mensonge, la trahison, la dissimulation, l'avarece, l'envie, la detraction, le pardon, inoyues.'---Essais de Montaigne, vol. i. p. 270, Bruxelles, 1659. The person who shall compare this passage with the translations of it that were extant in Shakespeare's time will see reason to think he read it in French. [The general belief now is that Shakespeare, in this instance, did not go to the original French, but to Florio's translation, which, as given by W. A. Wright, is as follows: 'It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrat, nor of politike superioritie; no vse of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no vse of wine, corne, or mettle. The very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envie, detraction, and pardon were never heard of amongst them.'---Rk i. c.
Would I admit: No name of Magistrate:
Letters should not be known: Riches, poverty,
And vfe of servuce, none: Contráct, Succeslion,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:

30. Pope. or Kty.
Wagner.
156. Riches] wealth 
158. bound] boundary Wagner (Sh. I. iv. 291).
Cap. riches, poverty] poverty, riches
Cam.).

30, p. 102. Rushfon (Sh. Illust. by Old Authors, i, 51) gives extracts from the Ecclesiasticus (588-606) of Aristophanes, which are parallel in thought and expression to Gonzalo’s description of his ideal Commonwealth.—HENSE (Schr. Jahrbuch, xv, 134) supposes that Shakespeare made use of Ovid’s description of the Golden Age (Met. i, 98-102), but this is unlikely, I think; had he done so, we should have found some traces of Golding, and none, I think, can be detected. There is a large erasure here, from line 145 to line 190, in Collier’s MS, which MOMMSEN (Perkins-Shakespeare, p. 407) takes to be an indication that, in the time of Collier’s annotator, the description of Gonzalo’s commonwealth had ceased to be amusing, derived as it was from a book that was becoming antiquated.—Ed.]

156-158. Steevens, ’93, thus regulates and changes these lines: ‘Letters should not be known; no use of service; of riches, or of poverty; no contracts;succes
cions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none,’ and justifies his work by a reference to the phraseology of the extract from Florio, adding: Probably Shakespeare first wrote (in the room of partition, which did not suit the structure of his verse) bourn; but, recollecting that one of its significations was a rivulet, and that his island would have fared ill without fresh water, he changed bourn to bound of land, a phrase that could not be misunderstood. At the same time he might have forgot to strike out ‘bourn,’ his original word, which is now rejected; for if not used for a brook it would have exactly the same meaning as ‘bound of land.’ There is, therefore, no need of the disyllabical assistance recommended [by Malone, who suggests: ‘And use of service, none; succession | Contract, bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none.’ In Malone’s ed., 1790, he proposed: ‘And use of service, contract, succession | None; bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none,’ but as this was not repeated in 1821 we may charitably suppose that it was withdrawn.—WALKER (Crit. ii, 16) suggests that after “tilth,” pastüre, or some synonymous word, seems to have been lost.’—Ed. — ALLEN (Phil. S. Sc. p. 27): Steevens, Malone, Walker, and Keightley have tampered so violently with this verse only because they had not observed the use which Shakespeare makes of what classical metrists know as mora suscns (empty times), i.e. the omission of the unaccented syllable of a foot and accepting a pause or rest of the same length instead. The Camb. Ed. (vol. i, p. xvii) have noted the fact that ‘there is a large number of [Shakespeare’s] verses which a modern ear pronounces to want their first unaccented syllable.’ This (I would add) takes place not only when the preceding verse ends with a superfluous unaccented syllable (in which case the two verses are still to the ear two normal Iambics), as ante, I, ii, 373, 374: ‘Come forth I say! there’s other business for thee: Come, thou tortoise! when? ’ but also when the concurrence of the accented syllable at the end of the preceding verse with that at
No vfe of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.
  Seb. Yet he vwould be King on't.
  Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets
the beginning.
  Gon. All things in common Nature shoulde produce
Without sweat or endevour: Trefon, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature shoulde bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance

170. f] F, Kity. it's F, Cap. its F

the beginning of the second creates a pause and compels the ear to take notice of the
solution of continuity, as in ante, I, ii, 274, 275: 'And are upon the Mediterranean
boat Boad fastly home for Naples.' But the Camb. Edd. do not appear to have
noted that in the verse, which is thus practically made Trochaic, Shakespeare sometimes
omits also the first unaccented syllable after the beginning, as in that just cited,
in which the omission of the unaccented syllable between 'Bound' and 'fastly' in-
duces a pause precisely as long as the Thesis of a Trochee; and such is the only
peculiarity—a perfectly legitimate one—of the verse in question, 'Botrn, boad of
land, tilth, vineyard, none.' A very interesting exemplification of this process is given
in Much Ado, V, iii, 12-21, a Song, in which four 'rochaic dimeter catalectic verses
are followed by two triostichs; whereof the two first verses are precisely like the first
four of the song, in rhythm, and differ only in the fact that the Thesis of the first
Trochee is omitted and replaced by a pause; while the third verse, which looks a
great deal shorter than its predecessors of either kind, is still the same in rhythm,
with the Thesis of the second Trochee omitted, e.g. I. Pardon, goddees of the night.
2. Help us to figb and groan. 3. Heavily, heavilyst—Shakespeare has thus written
Bacchus and Cretes without knowing it.

156. Whitworth § 471, scans this line by pronouncing 'riches' as a monosyllable.
See I, ii, 204.

165. Warnhurtan: All this dialogue is a fine satire on the Utopian treatises of
government, and the impracticable, inconsistent schemes therein recommended.—
Holt [p. 41]: It may with greater justice be regarded as a compliment to Sidney's
Arcadia and Bacon's New Atlantis; the praises being put in the mouth of Gonzalo,
a good and wise man, and the sneers in those of Sebastian and Antonio, two no very
favourable characters.

167. endeuour] W. A. Wright: In the time of Shakespeare this word had much
more the idea of laborious effort attached to it than now. See Trench, On the
Auth.-raced Version of the New Testament, p. 44.
170. foyzon] Cotgrave: 'Foyson: f. Store, plente, abundance, great fullnese, enough.' According to Skeat (s. v.), from the Latin 'futsionem, acc. of fusiio, a pour.
ACT II, SC. I. ]

THE TEMPEST

To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subiects?

Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaves,

Gon. I vould with fuch perfection gouverne Sir:

T'Excell the Golden Age.

Seb. 'Sau your Maiestye. Ant. Long liue Gonzalo.

Gon. And do you marke me, Sir? {me.

Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou dost talke nothing to

Gon. I do vell beleue your Highness, and did it
to minifter occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of
fuch fensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vfe
to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.

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

176. 'Saure] Save F. God save Walker,

Huda. 177. And] And— Dyce ii, iii.

178. Two lines, Cap.

185. nothing] nothing F.  

ing out, hence, profusion.—W. A. WRIGHT quotes Forby's Vocabulary of East Anglia, where it is defined as 'Succulency; natural nutritive moisture, as in brea-bage.'—Col. MALLERY (Phil. Sh. Soc.) suggests that 'abundance' here is but a
translation of the archaic "foyzen," a process to which poets and orators habitually
resort.'

175. T'Excell] For other examples of the omission of as, see ABBOTT, § 281.

176. 'Saure] Walker (Crit. i, 215) connects this exclamation of Sebastian with
Antonio's echo as a possible verse, and suggests that the former originally said: 'God
save his majesty,' but that 'the name of God was omitted by the editor of the Folio
out of deference to the well-known act of Parliament against profaneness.'—[1 Jac.
c. 21. It militates slightly against Walker's suggestion that line 175 is so carefully
printed that 'To excell' is abbreviated to 'T'excell,' which looks as though it were
intended to connect that line with Sebastian's exclamation. In either case Walker's
suggestion of the omitted name holds good, and 'save his majesty' may be regarded
as a fair example of what ABBOTT happily styles (§ 513) an amphibious verse, which
may serve duty both as the end of one verse and as the beginning of the next. Hud-
son followed Walker's suggestion and division of the lines.—Ed.]

177. And] W. A. WRIGHT, in the Third Cambridge Edition, conjectures that this,
although spoken by Gonzalo, should be printed after 'age' in line 175; 'T'excell the
Golden Age, and—' hereby indicating the boisterous and unmannerly interruption
of Sebastian and Antonio. Gonzalo then resumes: 'Do you mark,' &c.

178. talke nothing] PHILA. SH. SOC.: The old Lat. μετα of Greek,—thou sayest
that which has in it no reality, what is false, or nothing to the purpose.

181. sensible] That is, sensitive; thus frequently used. W. A. WRIGHT com-
pares this expression of 'sensible and nimble' to the lungs that are 'tickle o' the
sere' in HAM. II, ii, 317.
Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. And it had not false flat-long.

Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would
lift the Moone out of her sphere, if she would continue
in it fiue wekees vwithout changing.

Enter Ariell playing solemn Musick.

Seb. We will do, and then go a Bat-fowling.

188. of braue] of a brave F3a

187. And] This, of course, is equivalent to if. It is almost always thus written in the folio, and is quite needlessly, I think, changed to an in modern editions. See II, ii, 123, where 'and if' occurs on the same principle probably as 'most unkindest.'—En.

187. flat-long] MORRIS (Eng. Accent. 5. 311, referred to by W. A. Wright): There were some adverbs in Old English, originally dative feminine singular, ending in -inga, -inga, -inga, -inga. A few of these, without the dative suffix, exist under the form -ing or -ing, as head-long, sideling, sidelong, darkling, flatling, and flatlong. W. A. WRIGHT quotes Hollyband's Dictionarie: 'Frapper du plat de l'espée, to strike with a sword flatting.' And Spenser, Faerie Queene, V. v, 18: 'Thou' with her sword on him she flatling stroke.' [In Sidney's Arcadia, iii, 310, ed. 1598, we read, in the description of Pamela's execution, that 'the pittlesse sworde had such pittie of so precious an object [i.e. Pamela's neck] that at first it did but hit flatlong.'—Ed.]

189. If she would] I doubt if strict rules can be laid down in regard to Shakespeare's use of should or would. If we can be assured that the language is really Shakespeare's, and not his printer's, we might perhaps detect in every instance some subtle reason for his use of the one or the other. Should is, frequently, more difficult to explain than would, wherein the idea of will or duty can be almost always discerned; see Mer. of Ven. III, ii, 289: 'Besides, it should appear, that if he had the present money,' &c.; As You Like It, I, ii, 220: 'Thou shouldst have pleased me better,' &c.—ABBOTT, § 329, says 'it is a natural and common mistake to say would is used for should by Elizabethan writers.'—W. A. WRIGHT, in a note on this present passage, says 'would ' here is certainly used for the conditional should,' and after quoting the foregoing remark of Abbott, adds: 'But it cannot be denied that Elizabethan writers employed would in constructions in which we now use should.' Indeed, it is not unnatural that it should have been so in days when the usage of words was less rigid than now. Can it be, however, in the present case that 'would' is not Shakespeare's word, but the printer's? And that it is due to the 'would' in the line almost directly above it? We admit this error by proximity in many another case, and why may we not admit it here? There is to me always a lurking weakness in such an explanation, I confess, and yet if it be allowable, it might surely be permitted here, where the use of 'would' is almost inextricable.—En.

191. Ariell] COLLIER'S MS adds above, invisible, which 'accords,' says Collier (ed. ii), 'with Prospero's direction that the spirit was not to be seen. We must suppose that, by some contrivance, Ariel floated above the actors.'

192. STAINTON: The instructions for 'Bat-fowling' in Markham's Harvest's Prevention, &c. afford an accurate description of this sport: 'For the manner of Bat
THE TEMPEST

Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.

Gon. No I warrant you, I will not aduenture my
diferetion fo weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I
am very heauy.

Ant. Go sleepe, and heare vs.

197. vs.] as not Kly. 197. [Gon. A. Fra. and Train, sleep.
Cap.

fowling it may be vsed either with Nettes, or without Nettes: If you vse it without
Nettes (which indeede is the most commom of the two) you shall then proccede in this
manner: First, there shall be one to cary the Cresent of fire (as was shewed for the
Lowbell) then a certaine number as two, three, or foure (according to the greatnessse
of your company), and these shall haue poales bound with dry round wapes of hay,
straw, or such like stuffe, or else bound with pieces of Linkes or Hurdes, dipt in
Pitch, Rosen, Grease, or any such like matter that will blaze.—Then another com-
pany shall be armed with long poales, very rough and bushy at the upper endes, of
which the Willow, Byrche, or long Hazell are best, but indeed according as the
country will afford so you must be content to take.—Thus being prepared and com-
ing into the Bushy, or rough ground where the haunts of Birds are, you shall then
first kindle some of your fire as halfe, or a third part, according as your prouision is,
and then with your other bushy and rough poales you shall beat the Bushes, Trees,
and haunts of the Birds, to enforce them to rise, which done you shall see the Birds
which are rases, to flye and play about the lights and flames of the fier, for it is their
nature through their amazzenesse, and affright at the strangesnes of the light and the
extemme darknesse round about it, not to depart from it, but as it were almost to
scorch their wings in the same; so that those who have the rough bushye poales, may
(at their pleasures) beat them down with the same, & so take them. Thus you may
spend so much of the night as is darke, for longer is not conuenient; and doubltesse
you shall finde much pastime, and take great store of birds, and in this you shall
observe all the observations formerly treated of in the Lowbell; especially, that of
silence, vntill your lights be kindled, but then you may vse your pleasure, for the noyse
and the light when they are heard and seene a farre of, they make the birds sit the
faster and surer.' [1621, pp. 98-100.—W. A. WRIGHT].—According to THORNBURY,
this practice gave its name to a thieves' trick. 'Bat-fowling,' he says (Sh's England,
i, 339), 'was practised about dusk, when the rogue pretended to have dropped a ring
or a jewel at the door of some well-furnished shop, and, going in, asked the 'prentice
of the house to light his candle to look for it. After some peering about, the bat-fowler
would drop the candle as if by accident. ‘ Now, I pray you, good young man,' he
would say, 'to do so much as light the candle again.' While the boy was away
the rogue plundered the shop, and having stole everything he could find, stole away him-
self.' [Thornbury's book would be extremely valuable if his authorities were only
given.—Ed.]

194, 195. aduenture . . . weakly] PHILA. SH. SOC.: I will not shew myself so
weak, as thus to risk [my character] for discretion.

197. heare vs] KEIGHTLEY (Exp. 211): A negative has been effaced or omit-
ted. Surely the very last thing that Anthonio could have wished was that he
should hear them; and how could he if he went to sleep? [Coleridge supposes that
Alon. What, all fo foone asleep? I with mine eyes
Would(with themselfes) shut vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you Sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It itself visits sorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perfon,
While you take your rest, and watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wondrous heavy.

Seb. What a strange drownes poiffeles them?
Act II, Sc. 1.]

The Tempest

Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids finke? I finde

Not my felfe dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirit are nimble:

They fell together all, as by content

They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke: what might

Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? no more:

And yet, me thinkes I see it in thy face,

What thou should'st be: th'occasion speakes thee, and

208-212. Lines end, it...myself...nim-

210, 211. Doth...Not] One line, Rowe

ii et seq. 213, 214. all...content...dropt,] all...

consent,...dropt Pope.


215. Sebastian?...might?] Sebastian

...might— Rowe.

217. th'occasion] The occasion Rowe,


to this conspiracy [see note on line 13, above], but in my mind, if it could be omitted,

the play would lose a charm which nothing could supply.

214. Thunder-stroke] Holt (p. 42, suggesting, 'They fell together, all as by Consent; They dropt, as' &c.): A preternatural cause seems manifestly intended by introducing Ariel with solemn music, which was to have only that somniferous effect there being nothing consequent following on his entrance but the sudden drowsiness which seizes Gonzalo, Alonso, Adrian, and Francisco.

215, &c. Coleridge (Lectures, &c. p. 89): 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 and concealed, and exhibiting the same profound management in the manner of familiarising a mind, not immediately recipient, to the suggestion of guilt, by associating the proposed crime with something ludicrous or out of place,—something not habitually matter of reverence. By this kind of sophistry the imagination and fancy are first bribed to contemplate the suggested act, and at length to become acquainted with it. Observe how the effect of this scene is heightened by contrast with another counterpart of it in low life,—that between the conspirators Stephano, Caliban, and Trinculo, in which there are the same essential characteristics.—MacDonald (The Imagination, p. 126) calls attention to the different treatment of the same subject in Macbeth: in King John, where the king tempts Hubert to kill Arthur; in As You Like It, in the scene between Oliver and Charles the wrestler; and in Hamlet, where Claudius urges Laertes to kill Hamlet.

217. should'st] The meaning of ought is here clear enough, as it is in Macb. I, iii, 45, 'You should be women.' See Abbott, § 323, for other examples.

217. speaks thee] Philo. SH. Soc.: Delius understands: the occasion expresses thee, i. e. shows thee as what thou const be and what (in face) thou art now. Rather, perhaps: the occasion (Greek σαυδός, Lat. occasio, a critical or favourable moment) speaks to thee [and orders thee to act as it suggests], and,—as a consequence of such obedience to occasion,—I see a crown on thy head. The use, however, of
My strong imagination fee's a Crowne
Dropping upon thy head.
  Seb. What? art thou waking?
  Ant. Do you not heare me speake?
  Seb. I do, and surely
It is a sleepey Language; and thou speake'st
Out of thy sleepe: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep.
With eyes wide open: standing, speaking, mowing:
And yet so fast asleep.
  Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe: die rather: wink'st
While thou art waking.
  Seb. Thou don't'st snore distinctly,
There's meaning in thy snores.
  Ant. I am more serious then my custome: you
Must be so too, if need me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
  Seb. Well: I am standing water.
  Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
ACT II, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

Seb. Do so: to ebb

Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whilest thou mockst it: how in strippin' it
You more incurst it: ebbing men, indeed
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or sloth.

Seb. 'Pre-thee say on,
The setting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.

Ant. Thus Sir:

Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost perfwaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perfwasion, onely
Profelesse to perfwade) the King his sonnes alive,

244. fo...bottome] so...bottome, Rowe.
247. proclaims Ktly.
249. throwes] throwes F, Rowe. throwes Pope.
250. Thus Sir:] Why then thus Sir:
Han. Thus, sir, I say Ktly conj.
254. hee's] he's Han. i.
255. perfwade] the King] persuade the
King, Johns.

241–243. Steevens: A judicious critic in The Edinburgh Magazine, Nov. 1786, offers the following illustration of this obscure passage: 'O if you but knew how much even that metaphor, which you use in jest, encourages to the design which I hint at; how in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation? —Phillpotts: The more Sebastian, by putting forward his natural indolence, seems to decline entering into Antonio's counsels, the more, as Antonio can perceive, he is really inclined to slip into them as into a garment.

256. standing water] Jephson: The meaning seems to be, 'I am stagnant, slow of understanding and action'; for Antonio follows up the metaphor by saying he will teach Sebastian how 'to flow,' and Sebastian rejoins that his natural or hereditary slothfulness teaches him rather 'to ebb.'

251. this Lord] Johnson: This lord, who being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, when once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things.

255. Professes to persuade] Capell: That is, persuading is his profession, his only profession; the words are spoke of Francisco. —Johnson: Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus: 'For he, a spirit of persuasion, only Professes to persuade the king, his son's alive,' of which the meaning may be either that 'he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king,' or that 'he only professes to per-
suade'; that is, 'without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king.'—Kernick (p. 11): There is no necessity for altering the text any farther than to transpose the comma, placed after 'persuasion,' to the end of the line. The meaning then is: 'He hath almost [not quite] persuaded the king; for he is the spirit of persuasion only, he professes to persuade'; that is, 'He has only almost persuaded the king; he hath no solid argument or weighty reason to enforce what he says; he hath only the mere volatile spirit of persuasion; that superficial vapour of words which exhales and carries with it only the appearance, the mere show or profession of persuading.'—Monck Mason: 'The obscurity here arises from the word 'he's,' which is not an abbreviation of he is, but of he has, and partly from the omission of the pronoun who before 'professes,' by a common poetical ellipsis. Supply the deficiency and the sentence will run thus: 'hath here almost persuaded (For he has a spirit of persuasion, who only Professes to persuade), the king, his son's alive.'—Steevens: 'I cannot help regarding the words 'professes to persuade' as a mere gloss or paraphrase on 'he has a spirit of persuasion.' This explanatory sentence, being written in the margin of an actor's part, or playhouse copy, was afterwards injudiciously incorporated with our author's text. Read the passage without these words, '—almost persuaded (For he's a spirit of persuasion only), The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible,' &c., and nothing is wanting to its sense or metre. [Steevens adopted this reading in his 'own edition' of 1792.]—Dyce says of this passage, 'something is surely wrong here,' and quotes, without dissent, Steevens's note.—Staunton goes further and adopts Steevens's idea that the entanglement may have arisen from the retention of Shakespeare's first, as well as his reconsidered, thought.—[I cannot agree with Dyce that something is surely wrong. Antonio, at the very outset, must counteract in Sebastian's mind all belief in Ferdinand's escape which has just been so positively asserted to the king. If Ferdinand has survived, Sebastian is not the heir to the throne, and the conspiracy will come to naught. He therefore, parenthetically, weakens these assertions by saying that their author, when he made them, was merely exercising his calling, as a courtier and as a counsellor, in the arts of persuasion; 'he is the very soul of persuasion,' he says, 'and, to practise it, his only profession.' If under the word 'professes' we can detect an insidious hint that it is insincere lip-service, all the better. What is it to me somewhat more puzzling here than this 'entanglement' is, to whom is Antonio referring, to Gonzalo or to Francisco? I had never a doubt on the subject until I found that Capell, whom we can never afford to overlook, asserted positively that it is Francisco; and he is followed by Hunter (of Longman's Series) and Hudson. On the other hand, Jephson and Phillips say that it is Gonzalo; all other editors are silent in this regard, but from their references to the 'dotard,' &c. it is to be inferred that they mean Gonzalo. Unquestionably, it is Francisco who gives the florid account of Ferdinand's remarkable swimming (and, indeed, it is to the rhetorical flourishes in this speech that Jephson thinks Antonio here refers as proofs that Francisco was merely exercising his profession), but Francisco is such a very subordinate character that this prominence can scarcely be given to him here. The description of Ferdinand's swimming is his sole utterance throughout the play, except three words, 'They vanished strangely,' in the Fourth Act. Whereas, to show how prominent Gonzalo is, would be mere waste time. I cannot but think that 'this lord of weak remembrance,' who will be forgotten as soon as 'he is earth'd,' is identical with 'this ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence,' whom Antonio afterwards incites Sebastian 'to put for eye to the perpetual wink.'—Ed.]
'Tis as imposibble that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that sleepeas heere, fwiims.

Scb. I have no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way fo high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me

263. a hope] an hope Rowe +, Steev. Jeph. Wrt, Hud. Wh. ii, Dtn. drops
Mal. Var. Han. drouns Herr. doubts Cap. et

264. But ... discovery] What ... disc
overs Orger.

263. wink.] Deighton: As the eye of ambition is alluded to, distance is here
appropriately measured by a 'wink'; so in V. i, 34: 'My purpose doth exceed Not
a frown further.'

264. But ... there] Warburton: The meaning is, that Ambition would be so
affected with the pleasing prospect that it would doubt whether the discovery it there
made, of future greatness, was a real representation, or only what Shakespeare, in
another place, calls a Dream of Advantage.—Hrath: Ambition, which cannot carry
its utmost view beyond the prospect this 'no hope' opens to it, doubts even the discovery
which it actually makes, or may make, if it pleases. In saying which Antonio
alludes to the difficulty he found in making Sebastian comprehend, or at least to own
he comprehended, the scope he had been so long aiming at.—Capell: 'There' is—
beyond the object alluded to, i. e. a crown: 'no hope, that way (says the speaker) is
another way so high a hope, that even ambition cannot, with all its efforts, discover
glimpse of anything desirable beyond it, and even doubts whether there is anything to
be discover’d.' In making 'doubts' drops, [Hanmer] shews his having taken the
passage in nearly the same way; and, in truth, his change receives some authority
from the disreuctive particle 'But,' with which 'doubts' has not that accordance that
might be wish’d.—Johnson: This is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition,
the point where the eye can pass no further, and where objects lose their distinctness,
so that what is there discovered is faint, obscure, and doubtful.—Jephson: That is,
must be uncertain of discovering or discerning anything there; the prospect is so
beyond the reach of human sight.—W. D. Wright: To 'doubt discovery there'
must mean to be uncertain about what it finds there; the point being at the extreme
limit of ambition's vision.—Hudson bravely confesses that the passage 'has long
been a poiser' to him, and that he has met with no sufficient explanation of it. 'Pos-
sibly,' he adds, 'we ought to read, "Nor aught discover there."' —Phila. Sh. Soc.:
'But doubt' can be considered as equal to without doubting, or the 'cannot' is men-
tally carried on: 'cannot pierce a wink beyond—[cannot] but doubt discovery there.'
(This last interpretation seems to be the best way of dealing with the adverative
'but,' and even this is far from satisfactory. It seems to me that the sense requires a
word akin either to finds or to Hanmer's drops. The Cambridge Edition records the
conjecture, douts, by Br. Nicholson, a conjecture which vanity forces me to think
That Ferdinand is drown'd.

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heirc of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is Queene of Tunis: the that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: the that from Naples
Can haue no note, vnlefe the Sun were post:
The Man i'eth Moone's too flow, till new-borne chinnes

267. who's...Naples?] One line, Pope. 271. post :] post, Rowe.

well of; it occurred to me independently. Dout, of course, is equivalent to duff. Nicholson's conjecture appears nowhere, I believe, in print; it was probably communicated in MS to the Cambridge Editors. When ambition has pierced to its furthest wink, there discovery ceases and the crown is found.—Ed.]

270. mans life] STEEVENS: That is, at a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach.—Croft ingeniously fixed the distance to be eighty leagues, because 'man's life' in Scripture is computed at seventy years.—HUNTER (i, 166): It seems, indeed, to me that there is one proof that The Tempest is a translated, not an original, composition [in this phrase], where Man's Life . . . . appears to be the name of some African city turned into English on the principle of translation which gives us 'Old Free-Town' in Rom. & jul. and 'The Place of Depth' in Com. of Err., and in Mandevile 'Evil Town,' and in The Acts 'Mars Hill.' And we find, accordingly, Leo Africanus speaking of a city south of Tunis, known by the name of Zoa, which may well be supposed to have been the place the name of which is thus represented on this erroneous principle of translation.—W. A. WRIGHT characterises this note of Hunter as a piece of 'curious ingenuity,' and adds: 'as if a distance of "thirty miles beyond Zoa" would be an appreciable distance in Antonio's inflated description.' [Moreover, Lampedusa, where Hunter is convinced that Antonio then was, is north of Tunis; to be consistent, therefore, should not Hunter have amended the text so as to read 'ten leagues this side o' Mans-Life' ?—Ed.]

271. no note] Pope's comments are so rare that when he speaks we are prepared to find some intricate knot unloosed; he here observes that 'no note' means 'no advices by letter.'—HEATH: That is, no notice of any kind, by messenger or otherwise.—HOLT (p. 44) has here a long note showing how Antonio, in his strong propensity to mischief, forgets all the circumstances that make against him.—STEEVENS: Shakespeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other.—W. A. WRIGHT: Steevens appears to have overlooked the fact that Antonio's language is intentionally exaggerated and that Sebastian is fully aware of it.—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Cf. Bacon, Essay, xliii, p. 442 (ed. Whately), where, under 'advantage be not taken of the note,' the Editor cites this passage from The Tempest.

272. The . . . slow] From Pope to the present day these words have been enclosed in a parenthesis. With this, in itself, BARE (Robinson's Epit. of Lit. 15 Feb. 1879, p. 33) does not find fault, but condemns the oversight of not including in the same parenthesis 'unless the sun were post,' thereby disclosing, he alleges, the
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom we all were sea-flawlown'd, though some cast againe,

273, 274. Be...We] One line, Hud. Huds. conj. (withdrawn). that from—
273. that from whom] Ff, Hal. Ktly, whom Furnivall (N. & Qu. 5, vii, 143).
Cam. Wrt. for whom Pope. that for whom Rowe et cet.
whom Coll. MS. from whom coming—
Sing. that from whom coming Ktly. from whom We all were] We were Pope+,
that—from whom I Spedding, Glo. 'twas		Cap. We were all Steev. Kt, Hunter.
for whom Hud. she's that from whom ctf] cast up Ktly conj.

'thumorous comparison between the sun's motion and that of the moon, the latter seeming to lag behind the sun by nearly an hour every day. But this little physical allusion is made nonsense of when the two members of the comparison are discomposed by one being inclosed in a parenthesis from which the other is excluded; the hyperbolical extravagance does not consist in the idea of sun being post, but in his being a better post than the man in the moon.'

273. that from whom] Capell: The place is most defectively worded; for we must supply in it—in coming,—she in coming from whom'; nor is the sequel much perfecter; are is understood before 'cast,' and again after 'And,'—though some are cast again And are (by that destiny), &c. —Malone: 'She that from whom cannot be right. The compositor's eye probably glanced on a preceding line, 'she that from Naples.'—In N. & Qu. 5th S. vii, 324, 1877, [ames] S[pedding] thus explains his proposed punctuation ('she that—From whom? We all,' &c.): The question 'from whom?' taken in connection with the four lines preceding, can mean nothing more or less than 'from whom can she have note?' which meaning is exactly to the purpose of the speaker. Ferdinand, son and heir to the King of Naples, being drowned, his sister Claribel, now Queen of Tunis, is next in succession; after her, Sebastian, the king's brother. Antonio suggests to Sebastian that if the king were dead he might take the crown, Tunis being so far off that Claribel would know nothing about it. 'From whom' could she hear the news, the ship having been lost, with all on board except themselves, and those whose silence they might now make sure of? He breaks off abruptly and changes his construction. But what he says is intelligible and to the purpose. To leave a sentence unfinished and begin another is common enough in English speech: But that any Englishman of any time, county, or education, if he meant to say 'she, in returning from whose house I was wrecked,' would say either 'whom [Qu. from whom?] I was wrecked' or 'she that from whom I was wrecked,' is to me incredible.—W. A. Wright: If [the Folio] is correct, and there is no great reason to doubt it, there is a confusion of two constructions: Antonio beginning a fresh sentence as he had done the three previous ones with 'she that,' and then changing abruptly to 'from whom,' which made the preceding relative superfluous.—Mrs Kemble (Notes, &c. p. 141): It seems curious to me that no one be thought themselves of transposing 'She that,' into That she, which would have been Shakespearean, and justified the retention of the otherwise incomprehensible 'that.'—Hudson: The old text rather looks as if a full stop were intended at 'razorible,' and a new construction there to begin. At one time I thought of reading 'She's that from whom,' which makes 'that' a demonstrative pronoun, and thus removes the absurdity of its being a relative pronoun. But it seems to me better to substitute 'twas, 'She 'twas for whom,' and so to get rid of 'that' altogether. Nor is the change at all
(And by that destiny) to perform an act
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my discharge.

Sdb. What stuffe is this? How say you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of Tunis,
So is the heyre of Naples, 'twixt which Regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose eu'ry cubit


Worb. Are Wagner (Hrb. xiv).

276. past it] past in Ff, Rowe.

277. in] in Pope+. 'S in Daniel.

destiny] destin'd Holt, Musgrave,

discharge.] discharge—Rowe.

Steev. '93.

violent. And my theory is that 'she that from' got repeated from the third line above. As to the change of 'from' into for, perhaps it is not strictly necessary, as 'from' may possibly yield the same meaning.

274. cast] This means not only to throw, but also, very often, to throw up, as here.—W. A. Wright: 'Cast,' which, in theatrical language, is to assign their parts to actors, seems to have suggested the 'act' and 'prologue' which follow. [To these theatrical terms the Phila. Sh. Soc. added 'discharge,' in line 277; see Mid. N. D. I, ii, 95: 'I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard,' &c.]

275, 276. Capell: These are soundings of Sebastian, and have a darkness intentional which the deficiencies [of expression] heighten: the pointing of his reply [i.e. a dash after 'this' in line 278] is calculated to convey an idea of the suddenness of his perception of the tendency of what he calls 'stuff,' a suddenness that requires a start in the actor.

275. And... destiny] Holt (p. 47): These words want no alteration, unless the noun 'destiny' is made a verb, destin'd. [This emendation Steevens adopted in his edition of 1793, but attributed it to the late Dr Musgrave, and to Dr Musgrave it has been attributed ever since. There is no need to suppose that either Steevens or Musgrave acted otherwise than in good faith, and it is possible that Musgrave anticipated Holt. I do not know where Musgrave's note is to be found except on Steevens's page in 1793; Holt's note was printed in 1749. In adopting this emendation Steevens properly printed the phrase: 'And, by that, destin'd,' &c., and it was so punctuated in Reed's Variorum of 1803 and 1813; when Boswell printed Malone's Variorum in 1821 he returned to 'destiny,' but he overlooked the commas, so that the phrase in that edition now appears as 'And, by that, destiny,' &c., clearly a misprint, although it is not specified in the list of Errata.—Ed.]—Johnson: Perhaps we might better say, 'And that by destiny.' It being a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny. [In this conjecture Staunton, who has generally received the credit for it, was anticipated by Johnson.]—Phila. Sh. Soc.: The conjecture destin'd is needless; the sense thereby given is equally to be elicited from the text as it stands, i.e. the verb were 'crops out' again after 'destiny,' with the expression of necessity; 'by that destiny [we are] to perform an act,' &c.

277. In... discharge] Steevens: That is, depends on what you and I are to perform. [For the use of the pronoun 'yours,' see note on III, iii, 117.]
Seemest to cry out, how shall that Claribel
Measure vs backe to Naples ? keepe in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake. Say, this were death
That now hath feiz'd them, why they were no worfe
Then now they are: There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleepees: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneceffarily
As this Gonzallo: I my felle could make
A Chouf of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a sleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderstand me?
Sed. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do your content
Tender your owne good fortune?

284. Measure vs] Measure it Han.
285. backe to] backe by Ff, Rowe. keep] sleepe Johns. conj. keep her
286. How...wake] As a quotation, Herr.
288. RIf, Huds. Dinit.
289. were] was Theob. ii, Warb.
290. shall that] shall thou Han. Johns.

283-285. BRAY (Rob. Epit. of Lit. 15 Feb. 1879): This may be reclaimed by simple transposition of the existing words: 'seem to cry out "How measure vs back to Naples" That Claribel shall keep in Tunis, and—Let Sebastian wake!' The line before 'Let Sebastian wake' breaks off suddenly by apophasis.
283-285. how...wake] Unquestionably, all this is what every cubit cries out and should, of course, be printed as a quotation.
284. to Naples] TYRWHITT, misled by the later Folios and Rowe, emended what he supposed to be the true text by what he called a 'spirited turn.' 'How shall that Claribel Measure us back? B'wy', Naples; keep in Tunis,' &c. 'B'wy,' he explains, 'is a common corruption, in conversation, of good b'wy.'
291. Chough] HARTING (p. 115): The Red-legged Crow— the Cornish Chough as it is sometimes called. Instances, we believe, are on record of choughs being taught to speak, but Shakespeare appears to have entertained no great opinion of their talking powers. He speaks of 'Chough's language, gabbled enough, and good enough,' All's Well, IV, i, 22, and [here in The Tempest].—JEPHSON: The meaning is, 'I myself could teach a chough to talk as deeply as this Gonzalo.' 'Chat' is used in contempt.
291. chat] W. A. WRIGHT: That is, able to talk as profoundly.
295, 296. DANIEL (p. 11): Why should Antonio ask Sebastian whether his content waited on a good fortune he did not possess? He is tempting him to join in an act which shall achieve that good fortune (the kingship of Naples), and to ask him whether he is satisfied already seems absurd. To ask him if he consents to join in an action which shall secure the object of his ambition is much more to the purpose. Read, therefore, 'And how? do you consent T' emicat'r your own good fortune?"
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your Brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers feruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.

Seb. But for your conscience.

Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my bofome: 'Twentie consciences
That stand 'twixt me, and Millaine, candied be they,

Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
Wh. ii, Dtn. conscience— Theob. et cet.
(subs.).
304–308. Lines end, that I...slipper:...
bofome. ... Millaine, ... mollefe ... Brother.
Pope +
304. where] but where Cap. and where

300. how well'] CAPELL'S text here reads 'how feat': I can find no reference whatsoever to the change in his Notes, his Various Readings, or in his Errata. It has entirely escaped the notice of every editor, I believe, from that day to this.—Ed.
304. kybe] A chillblain, or chap in the heel.
306, 307. 'Twentie ... stand] KEIGHTLEY (p. 212): I must confess I do not understand this passage. Surely, as he was, as he had just said, in actual possession of Milan, his conscience could not 'stand' between him and it. Perhaps, however, we are to view 'stand' as in the conjunctive mood, and expressing a condition.
306. 'Twentie] EIZK, in a note on Ham. II, ii, 160, has gathered (Notes, &c. 1859, p. 227–235) an interesting and valuable list of examples of the use of indefinite numbers, such as ten, twenty, forty.
306. consciences] WALKER (Vers. 251) cites this in his list of examples of words ending in a plural sound which are to be pronounced the same in both singular and plural. 'The termination es,' he says, 'was frequently added in writing, even where it was not pronounced.'
307. candied] UPTON (p. 202): We must read, Discandy'd, i.e. dissolved. 'Discandy' and 'melt' are used as synonymous terms in Ant. & Cleop. IV, xii, 22.
Candied is that which is grown into a consistency, as some sorts of confectionery ware. So in Timon, IV, iii, 225.—WARRINGTON: That is, 'Ten consciences, now frozen up with cold, now dissolved with heat, should ne'er,' &c.—JOHNSON: I think we may safely read, 'Candied be they or melt.' That is, let my conscience be dried up and lie unactive, or melt and run quite away. [This was not repeated in the Variorum of 1773; in its place is the following:] I had rather read: 'Would melt, ere they molest.' That is, Twenty consciences, such as stand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could molest me, or prevent the execution of my purposes.—CAPEL: That is, though they were 'candy'd,'
ACT II, SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

And melt ere they mollest: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient fleele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whilsts you doing thus,

and (as is the nature of hard substances pressing upon the flesh) might be expected to give me trouble, yet, sooner than do so, they would melt [see Text. Notes]: Would written by its abbreviation W'd might very easily pass into 'And,' with composers who attended rarely to sense.—MALONE: 'Let twenty consciences be first concealed and then dissolved, ere they,' &c.—KEIGHTLEY (p. 212): I do not see clearly the meaning of 'candied' and 'melt' in this place.—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Antonio has in mind some expression for the conscience equivalent to Pope's ('The God within the mind,' and cites it only to express his contempt for the opinion—the demonstrative 'this,' in its power to indicate that which is talked about and at the same time despised, being quite like the Greek ὄρος. What follows exhibits a process of what Wordsworth terms the Dramatic Imagination. Antonio would naturally have said, that this 'Deity in the bofon,' which weak men prate about, would not (were the deed to do again) stand 'twixt him and Milan, as it had not before—that were twenty such gods to plant themselves in his way, they should be to him but so many statues of deities formed by congelation, and (like them) should melt, before they could molest him. But—under the influence of an imaginative seizure—the villain (who but pretends to ease of conscience) conceives of the gods, whom he affects to despise, as in living presence barring his way, and he exclaims to them (as if of them) 'candied be they and melt!'—PHILLIPPS: 'Candied' here seems to be 'turned to sugar so as to melt easily.'—JEPHSON, however, gives to 'candied' an entirely different interpretation, suggested by Chaucer's description of the 'Poor Parson of a Town' in Canterbury Tales: 'He waited after no pomp ne reverence, Ne maked him a spiced conscience,' which he explains as meaning that the Poor Parson's conscience was not sophisticated by the subtleties of casuistry, compared to far fetched spices, but guided by the plain words of Scripture. So here Antonio means, 'If twenty consciences stood . . . let them be candied,'—that is, sophisticated; then the word suggests another metaphor, and he continues,—'and melt away.' A spiced or candied conscience, in short, means what we should call a 'nice conscience'—a conscience that can justify anything by subtle distinctions.' [I doubt if Antonio wished to hold any debate with his conscience, or to win it over by any subtle distinctions; it was entirely indifferent to him; twenty of them, let them be hard and let them be soft (for we have a right to suppose that 'melt' is an apostrophised past participle), they would never molest him.

—Ed.]

310 (that's dead) STEEVENS: These words (as Dr Farmer observes to me) are evidently a gloss or marginal note, which had found its way into the text. Such a supplement is useless to the speaker's meaning, and one of the verses becomes redundant by its insertion. [They are omitted in Steevens 1793, Var. '03, '13, and 'Whom I,' from the next line, inserted.]
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morfell : this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courfe : for all the ref
They'll take suggeftion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'll tell the clocke, to any businesse that
We say befits the humour.

Seb. Thy cafe, deere Friend
Shall be my president : As thou got'ft Millaine,
I'll come by Naples : Draw thy fword, one froke
Shal free thee from the tribute which thou paimeft,
And I the King fhall loue thee.

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

Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muficke and Song.

Ariel. My Mafter through his Art forefees the danger
That you (his friend)are in, and sends me forth
(For else his proieft dies) to keepe them liuing.

317, 318. bu[n]e[ffe...hours] hour...
327. Om. Pope, Han.
328. Enter... Re-enter... Mal. Ariel
descends Coll. MS.

314. morfell] Warburton substitutes Moral; 'that is,' he explains, 'this man of old-fashioned honesty'; and Dr. Johnson pronounced the substitution 'very elegant and judicious.' Unquestionably, it is a happy suggestion, but there is not the smallest justification for its insertion in a passage which is free from all difficulty.—HOLT: Used contemptuously, as in Ham. III, iv, 102: 'A king of shreds and patches.'—CAPELL: This may have allusion to Gonzalo's thin habit; as one reduc'd so by age that he was scarce a morfell to the devourer who was approaching.—JOHNSON: As we say a piece of a man.

315. Should] Here used for would. See line 189 above, or Abbott, § 322.

316. suggestion] Johnson: That is, any hint of villainy. See IV, i, 30.

317. as a Cat, &c.] 'That is,' says Halliwell (p. 33), 'quietly.' Rather, I think, readily, naturally.—Ed.

326. fall it] For other instances of intransitive verbs used transitively, see Shakespeare, passim; or Abbott, § 291.

327. Phila. SH. Soc: This should be punctuated, 'O, but—one word,' i. e. 'but' is not used here in the sense of 'only one word'; it indicates that a difficulty had arisen in the mind of Sebastian, to remove which he asks for one word apart.
ACT II. SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

Sings in Gonzaloes care.

While you here do snoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conspiracie
His time doth take:
If of Life you kepe a care,
Shake off slumber and beware.


330, 331. you (his friend) ... them] JOHNSON: The sense of the passage as it now stands is this: He sees your danger and will therefore save them. . . . Ariel speaks to himself as he approaches: '—That these his friends are in.' These, written with a y, did not much differ from you.—STEVENS [who adopted Johnson's emendation]: Ariel, finding that Prospero was equally solicitous for the preservation of Alonso and Gonzalo, very naturally styles them both his friends without inverting the guilt of the former.—MALONE thinks that the confusion arises from the lack of a single letter, s; he therefore turns project into projects, and to justify the verb in the singular after it he, almost needlessly, adds examples of similar construction; *to kepe them living,* therefore, refers to projects. This emendation Malone did not adopt in his text, but HALLIWELL adopted it as necessary to the construction of Ariel's speech and as less violent than any other. On the supposition, concludes HALLIWELL, that Ariel was alluding especially to Gonzalo, *'them'* might be altered to *thee,* but on the whole [Malone's emendation] seems preferable.—This change of *'them'* to *thee* occurred independently to DYCE, who adopted it in his text, with the following note: 'As far as the phraseology is concerned we should be warranted in reading, "That you, his friends, are in...to keep them living"; for similar changes of person occur in some other passages of Shakespeare (and in our old writers, passim), but I cannot think [though Steevens thought otherwise] that Ariel, under any circumstances, would style Alonso one of Prospero's friends, when Prospero himself uses such terms as the following: "The King of Naples, being an enemy To me inveterate," &c. 'Most cruelly Did thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter." MALONE's [emendation] introduces what appears to me a rather awkward construction; besides, the plural projects is at variance with the language of two later passages in this play: "Now does my project gather to a head," &c. and "or else my project fails." The alteration which I have made here,—that of *'them'* to *thee,*—suggested itself, I find, to Mr Halliwell also. In 1863 Dyce added 'I now find that Hamner substituted "to keep you living." But, as various passages of our author show, there is not the least objection to *thee* and you in the same sentence.'—STAUNTON pronounces Dyce's reading preferable to any alteration of the passage yet suggested; but we are not convinced that change is required. [It seems to have been generally assumed, owing to the directness of address, that Ariel whispers this in Gonzalo's ear. CAPELL is the solitary editor, I believe, who has marked it as an aside, wherein I think he is right. Ariel soliloquies and is reviewing what he has to do; Gonzalo, the especial friend, is in imminent danger, and must be at once protected; and all of them must be kept alive, just as he had saved them in the tempest when not a hair perished. This is in accord with what Dr Johnson intimated, and with what W. A. WRIGHT says, that *Ariel is half apostrophising the sleeping Gonzalo and half talking to himself.*—ED.]
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be sodaine.

Gon. Now, good Angels preserve the King.

Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,

(Euen now) we heard a hollow burft of bellowing

Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?

It strooke mine eare moft terribly.

Alo. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monsters eare;

To make an earthquake: sure it was the roare

Of a whole heard of Lyons.

Alo. Heard you this Gonzalo?

Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,

(And that a strange one too) which did awake me:

I shak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes open'd,

I faw their weapons drawne: there was a noyfe,
That's verily: 'tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

_Alo._ Lead off this ground & let's make further search
For my poor sonne.

_Gon._ Heauens keepe him from these Beasts:
For he is sure 'tis Island.

_Alo._ Lead away.  (done.

_Ariell._ _Prospero_ my Lord, shall know what I haue
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son.  _Exeunt._

_Scena Secunda._

_Enter Caliban, with a burthen of Wood (a noyse of
Thunder heard.)_

_Cal._ All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on _Prosper_ fall, and make him
By ynych-meale a diseafe: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes must curfe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchny-fhewes, pitch me i' th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnleffe he bid 'em; but
For every trifle, are they yet vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hiff me into madneffe: Lo, now Lo,

Enter
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me Trinculo.
For bringing wood in flowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither bush, nor shrub to beare off any
weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it

meal,' 'limb-meal,' is from the A. S. *mælum*, the dative of *mæl*, a part, used adverbially, both alone and in composition. For 'limb-meal,' see *Cymb.* II, iv, 147, 'O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!' In the Wiclifite Version of *Wisdom* xviii, 25, we find 'hipyll-melum,' in heaps.

Vrchny-fhewes] [See *Cymb.* II, ii, 385. PHIL. SH. Soc.: That is, reeds, dances, and various appearances of the Elves. See *Parad. Lost*, i, 780: 'faery elves, Whose midnight revels, . . . . some belated peasant sees, . . . . At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.' [Compare also Milton, *Comus*, 845: 'Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs,' &c. for another example of 'urchin' as an adjective.—*Ed.*]

that . . . which] ABBOTT, § 261: When the relative is necessarily emphatic, as at the end of a verse, we may sometimes expect *that* to be replaced by *which*, for that and no other reason [as in the present passage. See also IV, i, 85: *V*, i, 41, 87].

moe] W. A. WRIGHT: So Cotgrave, 'Moué: f. A moe, or mouth; an (ill-favoured) extension, or thrusting out, of the lips'; and again, 'Grimacer. To make a face, or a wry mouth; to mowe.' Douce quotes from Harman's *Declaration of Popish Impostures* a passage in which he speaks of the supposed possession of young girls: 'They make anticke faces, girm, mow and mop like an ape, tumble like a hedgehogge,' &c.

wound] JOHNSON: Enwrapped by adders 'wound' or twisted about me.
and] ABBOTT, § 96, calls attention to the emphatic use here of 'and,' equivalent to and *that* to.

weather at all] PHIL. SH. Soc.: Punctuate 'weather, at all!' to indicate the
ACT II, sc. ii.]  

THE TEMPEST

singe ith' winde: yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his licquor: if it shold thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paiule-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fift? dead or alwe? a fift, hee smels like a fift: a very ancient and fift-like smell: a kinde of, not of the

24. foule] full Upton, Jervis.  
24. bumbard] bombard Han.

connexion: 'there's no shrub at all to bear off any weather.'—Worcester defines 'bear off' to carry away; but it seems to be rather a very Greek-like example of composition by zeugma or suggestive composition, in which the preposition belongs, not to the verb expressed, but to another which is understood and suggested. The meaning, in that case, will be: there is no bush or shrub at all to receive and bear the heavy onset of the storm, and so to keep it off from me.

24. foule] If Tyrwhitt's surmise (in As You Like It, III, iii, 35) be correct, which, I am afraid, it is not, that when Audrey 'thanks the gods she is foule,' her pronunciation of 'foule' was merely the rustic way of pronouncing full, then that same pronunciation might possibly be applicable here, as Upton conjectured. The blackness of the clouds suggested the bumbard, and their threatening aspect the fullness that was about to fall by paiulfus. The force of 'foule,' as in the text, is not at once apparent.—Ed.

24. bumbard] Theobald: A large vessel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance so called.—Stevens: Ben Jonson, in his Masque of Augurs, speaks of 'a bumbard of broken beer.'—Halliwell: A very large leathern drinking vessel, used for the purpose of distributing liquor to a number of persons, or employed for filling smaller vessels at a meal. Heywood, Philochothomista, 1635, p. 45, gives the following notice of them: 'Other bottles wee have of leather, but they are most used amongst the shepheardes and harvest people of the countrey; small jacks wee have in many alehouses of the Citie and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black-jacks and bumbards at the Court, which when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drinke out of their boots.' The 'bumbard-man,' mentioned by Ben Jonson in his Love Restored (ed. 1616, p. 991), was, according to Gifford, one of the people who attended at the buttery-hatch, and carried the huge cans of beer to the different offices. It will be remembered that Prince Henry calls Falstaff a 'huge bombard of sack'; and Coles has, 'a bumbard, tankard, cantarum.' [Several examples are added of the word in old authors.]

29. fift-like smell] Stevens (connecting this passage with 'Misery,' &c. in line 43): One would almost think that Shakespeare had not been acquainted with a passage in Chapman's Odyssey, bk iv: 'the sea-calves savour was So passing sowe.

.... It much afflicted us; for who can please To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?' [We have been taught by the older commentators that Shakespeare was deficient in seeing and in hearing; they prove to us, by numberless examples, that he never trusted those faculties in himself, but always went for his allusions or for his illustrations, to some older, or to some foreign, or to some classic authority. Would he have done so, by any possibility, had he been other than blind and deaf? His eyes and his ears we have been thus compelled to resign. But we did hope that when stale poor-johns were the theme Shakespeare would not be forced to seek an authority for
neuest poore-Ilno: a strange fish: were I in England now (as once I was) and had but this fih painted; not a holiday-foole there but would give a peece of filuer: there, would this Monster, make a man: any strange beast there, makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian: Leg'd like a man; and his Finside like

31. his F

32. a holiday] an holy-day F, Rowe, Pope, Theob. Han. Warb.

an ancient and fish-like smell, but could confidently follow his nose; that organ, at least, we trusted would be spared to us. But even this hope, as we see above, Steevens has rudely brushed aside, and Shakespeare's nose is now for ever wiped away.—Ed.

poore-Ilno] DYeE: Hake, salted and dried.

31. fish painted] The shining hour offered by this pointed allusion was busily improved by Steevens and Malone, who gathered many references to exhibitions of strange fishes in Shakespeare's time. And Halliwell favours us, over and above, with a large picture of a 'gigantic owl' exhibited in 1591.—Ed.

make a man] JOHNSON: That is, make a man's fortune.

35. doit] HALLIWELL (p. 34) quotes Coryat's Crudities to the effect that eight doiis 'goe to a Stuer, and ten Stuiers do make our English shilling.'

35. lame] E. A. MEREDITH (p. 5) : I venture to suggest that Shakespeare wrote live, and not 'lame.' The two words, if carelessly written, look very much alike, but live seems the natural and true word, and gives force to the contrast, viz: that the English sight-seer would spend ten times as much on seeing a dead Indian as in relieving a live countryman.

36. dead Indian] STEEVENS suggests that here and in Stephano's 'men of Inde' (line 63) we may have an allusion to the Indians brought home by Frobisher. [This allusion we cannot afford to overlook; it is held by more than one of the disputants to be of great importance in settling the date of the composition of this play; through the discussion this dead Indian skips in so lively a manner that it is well to question him. This has been done for us pretty thoroughly by Halliwell, who believes that Chalmer's dead Indian (see Appendix, Date of Composition), dying as he did in 1611, died too late, much too long after Trinculo's dead Indian. From his session as Rhadamantas, Halliwell rises with the belief that, as far as probabilities go, he has identified the Indian in life and in death, he has even discovered his name, nay, he even presents us with a picture in little of the man in his habit as he lived and accompanied by his wife. (I hope here be truths.) It appears that Sir Martin Frobisher on two successive voyages brought home Indians. His first venture ended in a downright tragedy; when the savage who was to be taken home as a specimen 'founde himself in captiuiteit, for very choler and disdain he bit his tong in twaine within his mouth; notwithstanding he died not thereof, but liued till he came in Englande, and then he died of colde which he had taken at sea.' Frobisher's next venture in 1577 was more successful. It consisted of a man, a woman, and a child. The man unfortunately died at Bristol, but was taken to London, and afterwards buried in St Olave's church-yard. This group attracted 'a great deal of attention,' says Halliwell, 'and appear to have been far more celebrated than the Indian brought over on the first
Armes: warne o’my troth: I doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiire, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the forme is come againe: my best way is to creepe under his Gaberdine: there is no other shelter herewithabout: Miferly acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here throwd till the dregges of the forme be past.

Enter Stephano singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I dye a-shore.


voyage. It is not improbable that the man’s body was publicly shown in London, otherwise it would be difficult to account for its having been removed from Bristol; and as the poet’s father was in the metropolis for a short time about this period, it is most likely an account of the “dead Indian” reached Shakespeare in one way or other, even if it were merely in the shape of a pictorial ballad.” If we once begin to indulge in speculations founded on what is ‘most likely’ or on what is ‘not improbable’ (the besetting sin of all who deal with Shakespeare’s biography), we might as well condense our notes on such a passage as the present to the remark that when Shakespeare referred to a dead Indian it is ‘most likely’ that he had seen one. Halliwell gives a wood-cut of the group, copied from a drawing preserved in a manuscript in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral, entitled A boke of drawing of the shapes . . . of diverse beasts, &c., by William Burch, 1590. From this drawing we learn that the savage was called Collinsonough and his wife Agnos.—Ed.] ‘On the whole,’ concludes Halliwell, ‘admitting it to be possible that Shakespeare alludes to some exhibition of a later date, yet as the body of the personage who came over in 1577 was the only “dead Indian” known to have been sent to London, the probabilities are at present in favour of Collinsonough being the individual mentioned in The Tempest. The only other notice I am acquainted with, that is at all applicable, relates to the “mummied princes,” which were amongst the sights of the city some years afterwards. It occurs in some verses written by Henry Peacham, about the year 1609, which gives a curious list of most of the popular exhibitions’ [of the time. This list is also given by Staunton].

37, 38. let . . . hold] PHILA. SH. SOC.: ‘I do now let loose my opinion—hold it no longer.’—Such should be the punctuation (a dash or dots) to indicate, that the Jester, after having coined the unusual expression ‘to let loose,’ explains it by the usual one ‘to hold.’


43. dregges] COLIER (see Text. Notes): Trinculo could care little about the ‘dreggs’ of the storm; it was from the violence of it that he wished to obtain shelter. [Is it not strange that Colier did not see that ‘dreggs’ refers to the liquor of the bombard, and that Trinculo was going to shroud himself until the very last drop of the storm was past?—ED.]
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. 

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I;
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the favour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a scurvy tune too:
But here's my comfort. drinks.

Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.

Ste. What's the matter?

Haue we diuels here?

Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Mecn of

47. scurvy] This disease, although by no means restricted to a sea-life, has been one of the most dreaded scourges of sailors from the days of Vasco da Gama, in 1497, down to the beginning of the present century.—ED.

49. &c. ANON. (Sh. a Seaman, St Jami's Mag. July, 1862): Has Shakespeare bequeathed us a sea-song? What think you of Ariel's song? If you object that it is not a sailor's sea-song,—not such a stave as hardy tars would delight to sing on the forecastle,—we can introduce from the same drama a genuine mariner's song. Stephano sings a certain jolly sea-song. Hearken to the shrewd and diverting knave as he trolls away, bottle in hand, and monarch of all he surveys. There's good stuff in that song; the writer must have smelt salt water; snuffed the sea-breeze with a hearty relish, and often had his jacket wetted with the spray. The oldest sea-song with which we are acquainted is 'The Mariner's Song' in the comedy of Common Conditions, 1576; and the next oldest is 'The Mariner's Glee' in Deuerto media, 1609. As The Tempest was produced or written prior to the latter date, Stephano's ditty is possibly the second oldest sea-song extant.

63. Saluages] REED: The Folio reads 'salvages,' and rightly. It was the spelling and pronunciation of the time.—DVCE: So says worthy Isaac Reed,—who ought to have known that the Folio, like other books of that date, is quite inconsistent in its spelling, e. g. [i, ii, 417, ante] it has 'sawage'; in Love's Labor L. IV, iii, it has 'a rude and sawage man of Inde'; and again in the same play, V, ii: 'That we (like sawages) may worship it.' In Shelton's Don Quixote, Part Sec. p. 261, ed. 1620, we find, 'four Sawages entered the garden,' &c., and six lines after, 'the Saluage replied,' &c.
THE TEMPEST

Inde? ha? I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard
now of your foure legges: for it hath bin said; as pro-
per a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him
giue ground: and it shall be said so againe, while Ste-
phano breathes at' nostrils.

Cat. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs;
who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell
shoulde he learne our language? I will giue him some re-
liefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a Pre-

63. 64. Men of Inde] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Cf. 'Like as the man of Inde may
change his skin.'—Jer. xiii. 23, Coverdale, Matthews, Cranmer, Bishops.—DEIGHTON
thinks that 'savages and men of Inde' looks like a quotation.

68. at' nostrils] WALKER (Crit. ii. 176): The apostrophe is meant, I suppose,
to indicate that it is a contraction of at th' nostrils, or, perhaps, secondum Eboracenses,
at' nostrils.—PHILA. SH. SOC.: Read 'at th' nostrils'—'at the nostrils.' There is
also an apostrophe after the t (at') in Wint. Tale, IV, iv, 693, 'at' Palace.' This,
without doubt, indicates the presence of a the with the vowel elided and the th pro-
nounced (as even now in Yorkshire, according to Walker) like t (as in 'other').
It would thus appear, that there was the same repugnance to duplicating the t in pronun-
ciation (and therefore sometimes in writing) as to that of the s observed by
Walker.—W. A. WRIGHT adds the following additional examples: 'He foamed . . .
at mouth,' Jul. Cés. I, ii, 255; 'at gate,' Cor. IV, i, 47; 'at upper end o' the table'
1b. IV, v, 204.

72. should he learn] ALLEN (Philae. SH. Soc. p. 34): An example of the use
of 'shall' in what Guest (ap. Craik. Jul. Cés. sp. 181) considers its primary sense, to
owe. 'He should learn our language'—he owes (i.e. ought) to learn it. But this
affirms a future duty. 'Where should he learn our language?' would therefore mean,
'where ought he to be in order to learn our language, which he now does not know?'
But Stephano really says: 'He speaks our language! Where can he have learned
it?' The drunken Butler has thus been guilty of an imaginative blending of two
propositions and two times, precisely like that which the subtle mind of the Greeks
produced in the idiom, of which Aristophanes, Clouds, 174: Ἡθομον γελατον νωμακι-
εινοις Συμφορον; gives a notorious specimen; i.e. the real time of the action expressed
by the verb learn is so obviously fixed as past by the nature of the proposition, that it
can be left to take care of itself, without any exponent; while the form of tense
employed (viz.: the Present) belongs to and indicates the other verb, which is shown
by the facts of the situation to have been in the mind of Stephano; whose speech—
kept in the shape of a single question—would be: 'Where the devil should he have
learned our language, so that he is now speaking it?'
sent for any Emperour that eucl trod on Neates-leather.

_Cal._ Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'lle bring my wood home faster.

_Ste._ He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiseft; hee shall tafte of my Bottle: if hee haue never drunke wine aforre, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and kepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that foundly.

_Cal._ Thou do'lt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now _Prosper_ workes vpon thee.

_Ste._ Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here

77, 78. Two lines of verse, Steev. Dyce ii, iii. verse (ending _hurt...trembling...thee_)
Johns. Dyce ii, iii. (ending _wilt...trembling...thee_)
79. _his fit_ a fit Rowe ii, Pope, Han.
80. _I will not take_ I cannot ask ...now...thee) Kty.
82. Two lines of verse Han. (ending _anom...thee_)
85-87. _Thou...thee_ Three lines of Wh.
86, 87, _thy...thee_ my...me Han.

_77. Doe not, &c._ GRANT WHITE (ed. i): Caliban always speaks in measured rhythm; but because his lines are sometimes irregular, and sometimes of more than five feet, many of his speeches have been printed as prose from the first edition to the present, in which all appear in the form of verse. [White overlooked the fact that GREY (i, 19), in 1754, expressed the belief that 'everything that Caliban says, not only in this present Scene, but through the whole play, was design'd by the author for metre, either for verse, or Hemisticks'; and that Steevens, in 1793, and Reed in his two Variorums, 1803, 1813, exactly followed Grey's hint.—Ed.]

83. _too much_ STEEVENS: This means, _any sum, ever so much._—MONCK MASON: That is, I will not take for him even more than he is worth.—RITSON: Stephano evidently proposes to sell his monster for a good round price; which it would have been rather difficult for him to do if he were determined [according to Steevens] not to take _any sum, ever so much_ for it. He means that he could not rate his purchase too high: Let me, says he, get ever so much for him, it shall not be more than enough.—QUINCY (MS Corrections in a Fourth Folio, p. 7): Both words have been erased by the corrector, and the number 100 written in the margin. That this number might have been easily mistaken for the word 'too' in the Manuscript, and the 'much' afterwards inserted as a common sequent, is all that can be said in its favour.

86. _trembling_ STEEVENS: This _tremor_ is always represented as the effect of being possessed by the devil. See _Com. of Err._ IV, iv, 54: 'Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.'—W. A. WRIGHT: See Hurset's _Declaration of Popish Impostures_ (1603), pp. 58, 59, 'All the spirits with much ado being commanded to goe downe into her left foote, they did it with vehement trembling, and shaking of her leg.'

88. _your wayes_ EDITOR of _Am. Ed._ 1805 (Qu. Joseph Dennie?): The meaning of this expression appears to have escaped the attention of the various commen
is that which will give language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will shake your shalke, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Tri. I should know that voysc:
It shoul be,
But hee is dround; and these are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Four legges and two voysces; a most delicate Monster: his forward voysce now is to speake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detraet: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure some in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy:
This is a diuell, and no Monster: I will leve him, I have no long Spoone.

98. speake well] speake Fl, Rowe, Pope, Han.
94, 95. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
94. be] be— Fl.

90. you Cat] you, cat Rowe. a cat Han. your cat Cam. i conj. you cat Gould.
94, 95. Lines run on, Pope et seq. Johns. sputter Anon.

89. Cat] StEEVENS: Alluding to the old proverb that 'good liquor will make a cat speake.'
Tri. Stephano: if thou beeft Stephano, touch me, and speake to me: for I am Trinculo; be not afeard, thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beeft Trinculo: come fourth: I'lle pull thee by the lefser legges: if any be Trinculo's legges, thefe are they: Thou art very Trinculo indeede: how cam'ft thou to be the fiegel of this Moone-calf? Can he vent Trinculo's?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-frok; but art thou not dround Stephano: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for fear of the Storme: And art thou liuing Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitanes scap'd?

Ste. 'Prethlee doe not turne me about, my stomacke is not conftant.

Cal. Thefe be fine things, and if they be not fprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeftiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ft thou scapе?

How cam'ft thou hither?

Sware by this Bottle how thou cam'ft hither: I efcap'd upon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o're-

107 110 115 120 125

108, 153. afeard] afraid Rowe. 123-125. Three lines, ending fprights
and] on Pope et seq.

113. Moone-calf] An abortion or monstrosity. Any Lat. Dict. s. v. Mola will give references to Pliny, which those curious in such matters can look up, either in the original or in the corresponding translations in Holland's Pliny.—Douce says (i, 15) that the 'best account of this fabulous substance may be found in Drayton's poem of that title, which is incomprehensible.—Dyce (Gloss.) quotes Douce, without dissent, which is more incomprehensible still, and makes one doubt if that poem had been carefully read by either of them.—Ed.

123. and if] See II, i, 187.

129. Sack] 'It seems to be admitted, on all hands, that the term Sack was originally applied to certain growths of Spain. . . . Dr Percy has the credit of restoring the original interpretation of the term. In a manuscript account of the disbursements by the chamberlain of the city of Worcester, for the year 1502, he found the ancient mode of spelling to be seck, . . . and thence concluded that "Sack" was merely a corruption of sec, signifying a dry wine. Minshew . . . renders the term vin sec; and Cotgrave gives the same translation. The most satisfactory evidence, however,
boord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'-shore.

Cal. I'le sweare upon that Bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere! sweare then how thou escap'dst.

in support of this opinion is furnished by the French version of a proclamation for regulating the prices of wines, in 1633, where the expression *vin seco* corresponds with the word "sacka" in the original copy (Rymer's *Fadura*, Tome viii, Part iv, p. 46). It may also be remarked that the term *sec* is still used as a substantive by the French, to denote a Spanish wine ("on dit aussi quelquefois absolument du sec, pour dire, du vin d'Espagne."—*Dict. de Trevoux*); and that the dry wine of Xerez is distinguished at the place of its growth by the name of *vino seco*. These several authorities, then, appear to warrant the inference that "Sack" was a *dry* Spanish wine. But, on the other hand, numerous instances occur in which it is mentioned in conjunction with wines of the sweet class.' [To reconcile this discrepancy an elaborate examination here follows of the characters ascribed to Sack by the few writers who have described it, with a side reference to the general custom of the English to add sugar to their wines, which is generally considered a proof that the wines thus treated were dry.] 'The conclusion at which we thus arrive is so far satisfactory, as it proves that the wines formerly known under the name of "Sack," though they may, upon the whole, have been inferior, yet differed in no essential quality from those with which we are at present supplied by the same countries which originally produced them, and which are still held in such deserved estimation. They probably first came into favour in consequence of their possessing greater strength and durability, and being more free from acidity than the white wines of France and Germany; and owed their distinctive appellation to that sub-astringent taste which characterizes all wines prepared with gypsum.'—Henderson's *Hist. of Ancient and Modern Wines*, pp. 298-306. Cited by Dyce, *Glass*.

135. In both the First and the last Cambridge Editions the punctuation of this line by Pope is said to be: 'swear then: how escap'dst thou?' (In the last edition, 1891, 'escap'dst' is properly corrected to 'escap'dst.') In neither Pope's first nor in his second edition, that is, in my copies, is the line so punctuated; it reads: 'swear then, how escap'dst thou?' This would not have been worth a second thought, and would have been set down to that percentage of misprints which is absolutely inevitable in every mortal book, had not Dyce, in both his second and third editions, quoted the line as from Pope with exactly the same punctuation and with even an additional variation. Pope's line, in my copies, runs thus: 'St. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?' Dyce says: 'Pope gave, "St. Here, swear then: how escap'dst thou?"' When the exactest of men thus print, it tempts one to suppose that, as with the Folios, so with Pope, different copies of the same date vary. I felt quite assured
Tri. Swom afoare (man) like a Ducke : I can swim like a Ducke i'le be sworne.
Ste. Here, kiffe the Booke.

Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose.

Tri. O Stephano, ha'ft any more of this? Stc. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rokke by th'lea-fide, where my Wine is hid:

How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ft thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe assure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue feene thee in her: and I doe adore thee:
My Miftris fhow'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bufth.

136. Swom] Ff, Rowe + , Cap. sivm

Glo. Mal. et cet.

137. i't] ff.

138. 139. Lines run on, Pope.

140. like] life Fv

of this when I found Stephano's 'Marrian,' line 51, recorded in the First Cambridge Edition, as given by Pope, Mirian. But 'Marrian,' in the last edition, proves that Mirian, in the first, was a misprint; the supposition, therefore, that the copies of Pope vary, falls to the ground.—Ed.—RITSON proposed that the line should be printed thus: 'Ste. [to Cal.] Here, swear then. [To Trin.] How escap'd thou?' 'The speaker,' Ritson explains, 'would naturally take notice of Caliban's proffered allegiance. Besides, he bids Trinculo kiss the book after he has answered the question; a sufficient proof of the rectitude of the proposed arrangement.' 'But,' says Dyce, 'Ritson's alteration is opposed by a portion of Stephano's preceding speech: "swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither."'—Br. Nicholson (N. & Qw. 3d S. ix. 27): Stephano having asked Trinculo to swear on the bottle how he had escaped, exemplifies precept by practice, and taking the oath himself and kissing the book explains how he got safe to shore. Then, in answer to the monster's offer of fealty, he swears him, and as Trinculo, thirst and afraid of Caliban's swallow, would possess himself of the bottle, he repulses him with: 'And swear then, how thou escapéd?'; before I give it to you, answer my former question. When Trinculo has explained, he also gets the book to kiss.—DELIUS, however, with great plausibility, says that Stephano does not appear to hear the interruptions of Caliban, and that he first turns to him with the words: 'How now, moon-calf?' line 144.—HUDSON, also, believed the whole line to be addressed to Trinculo, 'as the whole context clearly requires it. Probably the transcriber or compositor supposed the speech addressed to Caliban, and sophisticated it into logical harmony with the idea by changing man [as Hudson reads in his text] into "then."'

147. Man ith' Moone] The mass of folk-lore which has gathered around this man is highly interesting, but is scarcely appropriate here.—Ed.
ACT II, SC. ii.]

THE TEMPEST

Ste. Come, sweare to that: kiffe the Booke: I will furnish it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster: I afeard of him? a very weake Monster: The Man ith' Moone?

A moft poore credulous Monster:

Well drawne Monster, in good sooth.

Cal. Ile shew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Island: and I will kiffe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moft perfidious, and drunken Monster, when's god's a sleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiffe thy foot. Ile sweare my felse thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and sweare.

Tri. I shall laugh my felse to death at this puppi-headed Monster: a moft scurrue Monster: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiffe.

Tri. But that the poore Monster's in drinke:

An abominable Monster.

Cal. I'le shew thee the best Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fish for thee: and get thee wood enough.

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ferue;

I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrouses man.

151. with new] with the new Ff, I'll Dyce.


153. weake] shallow Ff, Rowe +.

154-156. Lines run on, Pope.

156. sworn] sworn Daniel.

157. 158. Two lines of verse, Johna.


Steer.'85.

158. I will] Om. Ritson, Steev.'93.


162. [Cal. lies down. Coll. ii (MS).

165. him] him— Pope et seq. (subs.).

167, 168. Lines run on, Pope et seq.

169, 170. I'le shew...Berrier] One line, Pope et seq.

172, 173. thou...man] One line, Pope et seq.

149. My Mistria] A corroborative proof that the Folio is right in giving to Miranda the lines I, ii, 413-424. She there tells Caliban that in the days of his innocency she 'taught him each hour one thing or other.'—Ed.

159, 160. perfidious...rob] Allen (Phil. St. Soc.): Caliban, apparently, while he speaks of kneeling to kiss Stephano's foot, makes such demonstrations that Trinculo thinks it all a mere trick to get the bottle. Hence the 'perfidious' and the 'robbing.'
Tri. A most ridiculous Monster, to make a wonder of a pwee drunkard.

Cal. I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; shew thee a layes nest, and instruct thee how to snare the nimble Marmazet: I'll bring thee to cluftring Philibirts, and sometimes I'll get thee young Scamels from the Roke: Wilt thou goe with me?

176-181. Lines end, grow; ...pig-nuts; ...how...bring the...get the...me? Pope et seq.

178. layes] fay's F, F.'

Kty. sea-mells Steev.'93, Var. C. Clke.
Staniels Theob. conj. Huds. muscles
Wilson. chamals or stamels Ingleby (sp.
Cam.). comies Kinnee.
181. Roke] see Pope i, ii.

176. Crabs] Of course, the apple of that name.
177. pig-nuts] GRANDON (Sh. Flora, p. 265): Shakespeare here gives preference to the less usual, though quite as suitable, English name of that very pretty and interesting plant, the Bunium flexuosum [Chenopodium denudatum, sp. Ellacombe] of the botanists. In England, in its way, the pig-nut is unique. The aerial portion reminds one of hemlock, of which, indeed, this plant is a near ally, only that every part is in miniature, and that the umbels, before blooming, are pendulous. The usual height of the stem is about fifteen inches. Below the surface of the ground it bends to and fro in the most curiously irregular manner, diminishing in thickness at every turn, till at last we reach the round, brown nut, white inside, and of a pleasant nutty flavour. There is no pulling it up by force. Shakespeare had learned in his boyhood that the pig-nut is won alone by patience and perseverance.

178. layes nest] See V, i, 104.

179. Marmazet] W. A. WRIGHT: The animal known at present by this name is a native of South America, but the word is found in the language long before the discovery of America. In Maundevile's Travels (ed. Halliwell, 1866), p. 210, we read, 'In that Hille and in that Gardyn, ben many dyverse Bestes, as of Apsc, Marmoretes, Babewynes, and many other dyverse Bestes.' The following definition occurs in an early Latin and English Dictionary, Bibliotheca Eliotae (1548): 'Cercopithecus, an ape with a taile, called a marmozet.'

180. Philibirts] ELLACOMBE (p. 87): Dr Prior has decided that 'Filbert' 'is a barbarous compound of phileum or feuille, a leaf, and beard, to denote its distinguishing peculiarity, the leafy involucres projecting beyond the nut. But in the times of Shakespeare the name was more poetically said to be derived from the nympha Phyllis. The Nut, the Filbert, and the Cobnut are all botanically the same, and the two last were cultivated in England, long before Shakespeare's time, not only for the nut, but also, and more especially, for the oil. [The derivation is uncertain.]

180. Scamels] THEOBALD: Shakespeare must certainly either have wrote Shamois, i.e. young kids; or Sea-malls. The Sea-mall, or Sea-mell, or Sea-mew (according to Willoughby) is that bird which is call'd Larus cinereus minor; it feeds on fish and frequents the banks of lakes. It is not impossible, but our Poet might here intend this bird. Or again (and which comes near to 'Scamel' in the traces of the Letters)
[180. Scamels]

Ray tells us of another bird, call'd the Sturnel, of the Hawk species. It is no matter which of the three readings we embrace, so we take a word signifying the name of something in Nature.—HOLT (p. 57): The shell-fish, called the Limpet, are called in some countries Scama; they are found on the Rocks, and are by many reckoned delicious food; and from these Shakespeare might take the liberty to form a diminutive, and make his word 'Scamels.'—STEEVENS: An e, by careless printers, was easily changed into a c, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty arises, the word having been spelt by the transcriber seamels. Had Holt told us in what part of England limpets are called scams, more regard would have been paid to his assertion. I should suppose, at all events, a bird to have been design'd, as young and old fish are taken with equal facility; but young birds are more easily surprised than old ones. Besides, Caliban had already offer'd to 'fish' for Stephano.—MALONE: In Lincolnshire, as I learn from Sir Joseph Banks, the name sea-mall is applied to the smaller species of gulls.—In the Shakespeare Society's Papers, iii, 170, J. ALLIES proposed as a possible conjecture the word samoil, the name of a plant, referred to in Whitaker's Hist. of Manchester, ii, 130, as a 'peculiar favourite of the Druids,' and which was 'probably the seamar, or wild trefoil, to which the Irish Britons pay a particular attention at the present day, wearing it in their hats on St Patrick's Day under the diminutive appellation of seanrog.'—HUNTER (i, 155): To theobald's suggestions may be added sapphire and squirrel. Sea-mew may seem the most probable, 'scamel,' seamel, sea-mew, as Melrose is, in popular speech, Menrus.—ANON. (Gen. Mag. June, 1844): The true reading, we think, is that which has escaped all commentators, viz: seegell. 'Hápec, gavia, a seacob or seegell:' see Avium principum historia per G. Turneram, 1544. The seagull or seaimew is always called the 'seacob;' therefore the seegell is the common seaimew. [The same contributor, a year later, in June, 1845, upheld this emendation on the ground that] Caliban was a gross sensual monster, whose belly was his god; all, therefore, he promised to give Trinculo were things that could be eaten, pignuts, young jays, marmozets, filberds, and young sea-gulls, but no one would think of hawks as provender [this is an allusion to Dyce's staniel.—ED.], except the Knight in Boccacio.' [Dyce answered this criticism by asking, in his subsequent edition: 'did Caliban mean that his new friend should eat the nimble marmoset'? The thrust would have been driven closer home, I think, if Dyce had asked whether Caliban expected Stephano to eat jays-nests.—ED.]-KNIGHT: We believe there is no such word as sea-mull or sea-mall, although there is sea-maw or sea-mew.—DYCE, in his Remarks (p. 5), proposed staniels, unaware that Theobald had in fact anticipated him; he became aware of it, however, before his edition of Shakespeare appeared, and, as he incorporated in a note in that edition his former 'Remarks,' that note is here substantially given: ' 'Scamels' has been explained as the diminutive of scams, and as meaning limpets. But I have little or no doubt that it is a misprint; for who gathers young limpets? and, besides, the words 'from the rock' would seem to be equivalent to from the cliffs.' Of Theobald's conjecture, staniels, I was not aware when in my Remarks, &c. I wrote as follows: Knight is mistaken in supposing that there is no such word as sea-mall. R. Holme, after describing the Sea-mew, has a separate article on 'The Sea Mall; the bill white, but yellow towards the tip, bending,' &c.—Academy of Armory, 1688, ii, 262. But though there is undoubtedly such a word as sea-mall, and though perhaps there is also such a word as sea-mall, it by no means follows that 'scamels' (without a hyphen and with a
single ɪ / should be a misprint for either sea-mall or sea-mells. Qy. is the right reading staminel? In the first place, staminel comes very near the trace of the old letters. Secondly, staminel accords well with the context, "from the rock"; for the "Kestrel, Stannel, or Windhover... is one of our most common species [of Hawks], especially in the more rocky situations and high cliffs on our coasts, where they breed."—Montagu's Ornith. Dict. Thirdly, in another passage of Shakespeare, where nobody doubts that the genuine reading is staminel, all the old eds. exhibit the gross misprint stallion: "And with what wing the stallion checks at it!"—Twel. Night, II, v.—White (ed. 1): The question is not of great consequence; and the original word is quite as likely to be right as either of those which it has been proposed to substitute.

—Jourdain: I propose to read scalions (Scalion, chibboll, or yong cuie.—Minshew, 1617), or sarcel, which I find in Phillips's New World of Words, 1678. Minshew gives sarcelle as the French for Teal; and Cotgrave: 'Cercelle (The water fowle called) a Teaile'; so that sarcel may be the word we want.—Rev. John Hunter: I prefer to trust staminel as the true reading, because stamel was a common name for a light-red colour, and might designate some bird of that colour.—Harting (p. 269): It is evident that the sea-mall, sea-mew, or sea-gull is intended, the young birds being taken before they could fly. Young sea-gulls were formerly considered great delicacies, and in the old 'Household Books' we often find such entries as the following: 'Item, it is thought good that Sea-gulles be hade for my Lorde own mees and mon other, so they be gooode and in seasson, anj at jad. spece, or jad. ob. at the moaste.'—Meissner (p. 141) having found in Strachey's True Repertory, &c., printed in Purchas, an account (p. 1741) of some birds which 'for their blindness (for they see weakly in the day) and for their cry and whooing we called the Sea Owl,' suggests that sea-owls might be preferable even to Theobald's sea-mells, especially since 'Ariel seems to refer to these sea-owls in the line: "There I couch when owls do cry."'—W. A. Wright: There is reason to suppose, as Caliban says 'sometimes,' that the word must be the name of a bird, and Mr Stevenson, in his Birds of Norfolk, ii, 260, tells us that the female Bar-tailed Godwit is called a 'scamell' by the gunners of Blakeney. But as this bird is not a rock-breeder, it cannot be the one intended in the present passage if we regard it as an accurate description from a naturalist's point of view. We must suppose therefore either that the description is not strictly accurate, or that in Shakespeare's time the word 'scamell' may have had a wider application.—Bulloch (p. 21): 'Scamels' is more likely to have been a coinage put into the mouth of Calabar, a generic term signifying different creatures, birds or quadrupeds, frequenters of rocky heights, and named by him as scambles, from the verbs scamble and scrambling.—J. D. (N. & Qu. 5th S. xii, 5, 1879) maintains that the original word is right and of Scandinavian origin. In old Norse, skama means a pod or huak, but primarily a shell, and 'scamell' will mean a little shell. . . . . We shall not be far wrong if we identify it with the limpet. I propose, therefore, to read: 'Young limpets from the rock.'
talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company else
being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my
Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by a-
gaine.

*Caliban Sings drunkenly.*

Farewell Master; farewell, farewell.

**Tri.** A howling Monster: a drunken Monster.

**Cal.** No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.

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188. In italics, or as part of *Caliban's*

191. trenchering] trencher Pope +

192. trenchering trencher Pope +, C. Clke, Din.


194. Collier: It may be questioned whether *Caliban* is to sing
these words, and in the old copies they are not printed in Italic type, like his song,
although we have the stage-direction [to that effect]. Neither is the line in the same
measure as his song.

195. *Barn*] Malone, instigated probably (though he does not say so) by Capell
(*Notes*, vol. i, pt ii, p. 183), says that 'perhaps our author remembered a song of Sir
Philip Sidney's: “Da, da, da—Deridan.” If Shakespeare did remember it, his
memory partially deserted him; it recalled only about a quarter of the jargon, which,
in full, is: *Fa la la la deridan, dan dan dan deridan; Dan dan dan deridan deridan
del.*—*Arcadia*, p. 486, ed. 1598; as the song is there said to be written ‘To the tune
of a Neapolitan Villanelle,’ let us hope that the music imparted a charm which the
unaccompanied words cannot be said to possess. *Caliban’s* words are not a refrain,
but the effect of his intoxication.—Ed.
THE TEMPEST

ACTUS TERTIUS. SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor Delight in them set off: Some kindes of bafeneffe Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but The Miiftres which I ferue, quickens what’s dead, And makes my labours, pleasures: O She is Ten times more gentle, then her Father’s crabbed; And he’s compos’d of harfhneffe. I must remove Some thousandes of these Logs, and pile them up, Vpon a fore inunction; my sweet Miiftre Weepes when she sees me worke, & faies, such bafenes Had neuer like Executor: I forget:

But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.
 Ste. O braue Monser; lead the way.

Exeunt.
[3-16. their labor... my labours]

...and it is a perplexing one,—is, which is the Nom. to 'set off'— 'labour' or 'delight'? *First,* it may be 'labour'; and then the meaning will be, 'The labour (pains) of the sports is a foil to, and thus sets off (i.e. heightens, brings out), the delight, which is taken in them.' This is favoured by the 'and,' which may thus retain its natural force, and is not made to do duty for the adversative *but,* as also by the fact, that such is the sense, in which 'set off' is most frequently used by Shakespeare. *E.g.*: 'like bright metal on a sullen ground, My reformation... Shall show more goodly... Than that which hath no foil to set it off.' —1 *Henry IV:* I, ii, 204. 'If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off.'—2 *Henry IV:* I, ii, 13. 'It is place, which leifens and sets off.'—*Cymb.* III, iii, 13. On the other hand, the sequence of Nom., Acc., Verb. appears to be less natural than Acc., Nom., Verb. But if this construction be accepted, the reading 'labours set off—inasmuch as it removes all ambiguity—is more likely to be the true one, than 'labour set off.' *Secondly,* 'delight' may be the Nom., and then the meaning must be, either (a) 'delight [in the sports] sets off, like an ornament, the labour, which accompanies them,' or (b) 'delight [in the sports] cancels, removes, is a set-off against, the labour.' Shakespeare has 'set off' once, at least, in the former sense (a): 'He hath a kind of honour *sets* him off, More than mortal seeming.'—*Cymb.* I, vi, 170. But this would be making labour the principal, and delight a mere accessory, in sports. In the latter sense (b) 'set off' occurs two or three times. *E.g.*: 'By my hopes, The present enterprise *set off* his head, I do not think a braver gentleman... is now alive.'—1 *Henry IV:* V, i, 88. (Here 'set off'—taken from his account, says Steevens.) 'And wherein It shall appear, that your demands are just, You shall enjoy them, everything *set off* That might so much as think you enemies.'—2 *Henry IV:* IV, i, 143. The strongest argument, however, in favour of construing 'delight' as the Nom., is derived from observing the manner in which the same proposition, so understood, recurs in the speech. Let the skeleton be printed thus, to indicate what sentences are parallel:

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

——I forget:

*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours.*

That is: When, to illustrate his proposition by repeating it under other forms, Ferdinando says, *First,* that his mistress quickens what's dead, *Secondly,* that his mistress makes pleasures of his labours, *Thirdly,* that his sweet thoughts of Miranda do even refresh his labours, we can hardly doubt, that such proposition lay in his mind under the corresponding form of 'the delight, which I am experiencing, cancels my labours.' If against this apparently decisive argument it be urged, that in that case 'and' becomes unwarrantably equivalent to *but* (as Pope and others have, in fact, written it), it may be replied, that where the two propositions were at once felt to be adversative, Shakespeare might choose (after the manner of the *Parataxis* or Coordination so
Moist busie left, when I doe it.

Enter Miranda

Wh. ii. Moist busie left, Fl. Rowe, Knit ii.
Least busie Pope, Han. Most busie less, (or busy-est, or busiest) Theob.
Sing. i, Knit i, Hal. Dyce ii, iii, 1. 5.
Most busy, least Heath, Coll. Dyce i,
C. Cline, Hunter, Furnival, Rile. Most
busiest Holt, Sing. ii, Wh. i, Kinnear.

Irving. Most busied Beislly (N. & Qu.
3d S. v. 229). Most busy lost Whistler
(N. & Qu. 3d S. viii, 432). Line omitted,
Cartwright conj.

17. Moth...ct.] Most busy left when
idest Cam. i conj. Jeph. Most busyest
when jaded Bulloch (N. & Qu. July,
1876). Most busily then I do it, or Most
busily then I'll to it Oger.

frequent in Homer) to dispense with a special exponent of the relation and to make
use of a mere connective.—As I had proposed to write labors for 'labor;' if a Nom.,
to do away with all ambiguity, so I have given 'labours' Acc. (along with 'lets off'
Sing.) with the same view. It is an easy emendation—the loss of a final s, at the end
of a line, being an ordinary misprint. Besides, Shakespearian Grammar seems almost
imperatively to require it. Cf. post III, iii, 88: 'Your swords are now too mafty for
your strengthes.' And so everywhere the Poet expresses himself collectively and not
(as we should do) distributively.

5. most poore matters] PHILA. SH. SOC.: This may be understood either as the
superlative of 'poor,' equivalent to 'matters most poor' [see Warburton, Text. Notes];
or it may be equivalent to 'the greater part of poor matters.' 'Matters' (equivalent
to ἀποτέλεσμα), not things, objects, but transactions, operations.

8. which] ABBOTT, § 265: 'Which' is often used for that where the personal
antecedent is vocatively used or preceded by the article [as here. Compare I, ii,
414: 'Abhorred slave, Which,' &c.].

13. sore inunction] PHILA. SH. SOC.: That is, 'upon an injunction laid upon
me under a sore penalty.'

15-17. I forget . . . doe it] This passage has received a greater number of emenda-
tions and staggers under a heavier weight of comment than, I believe, any other
in Shakespeare, not excepting even Juliet's 'runaways eyes' ; and yet the passage
is by no means incomprehensible as it stands; in fact, one can scarcely read it, or
hear it, without at once apprehending its drift. It is, possibly, to this clearness that
all the attention bestowed upon it, is due. When an ailment is on the surface and
is manifest, there is no lack of infallible nostrums. It is to be regretted that the wise
words of Dr. Johnson have been so little heeded. 'In perusing a corrupted piece,'
says that great man, 'an emendatory critic must have before him all possibilities
of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension
of thought and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he
must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of
language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought and
turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge and such his taste. Conjectural
criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most
praise has very frequent need of indulgence.' Be this indulgence granted in advance,
and an act of such heroic charity will e'en refresh our labours in wading through the
following pages. A majority of the emendations is really concerned only with the
three words, 'most busie lest;' but I have deemed it best to include, chronologically
under these words, comments and emendations of the whole sentence.—Pope changed
the words of the Folios into 'Least busie when I do it,' and contented himself with
recording 'Most busy least' at the foot of the page, and was duly followed by Han-
mer, his solitary admirer, who, in addition, substituted _May_ at the beginning of line 16 instead of 'But.'—To Theobald is due an emendation which, of all that have
been proposed, has received by far the largest number of followers. His text reads:
'I forget; But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour, Most busie-less, when
I do it'; his modest note thereon states that 'the corruption [of the Folio] is so very
little remov'd from the truth of the text, that I can't afford to think well of my own
sagacity for having discover'd it.'—Dr Johnson adopted it,—not only adopted it, but
actually incorporated _busiest_ in his _Dict._ as Shakespeare's own word; Johnson's
latest editor, Latham, strongly condemns it, however, as a derivation. 'The proper
use of -less is,' says the latter, 'to stand as an affix to a substantive, denoting the
absence of the character which that substantive suggests. _Noteless_ means 'without
noise,' and the strictly grammatical compound meaning 'without business' is the
awkward word _business-less_; there being not only no such substantive as _busy_, but a
good reason against coining one, viz: the fact of _-y_ = Anglosaxon _-æ_, being a charac-
teristic adjectival ending.'—The first antagonist of _busie-less_ was Holt: 'If,' he said
(p. 58), 'Ferdinand was busie-less in his labour, i. e. if his work consisted in doing
nothing, he stood in no need of these sweet thoughts to refresh him under the pressure;
and if his thoughts were busie-less during his labour, they contributed nothing to his
refreshment; so that let [these editors] make their _busie-less_ an adjective to either
"thoughts" or "labour," and to one of them it must be, or it is useless in the sen-
tence, it conveys no clearer idea than the old reading. But why may not this passage
be understood thus: But these sweet _least_ thoughts (of Miranda his mistress) do even
refresh my _most busy_ labour, when I do it. Though 'tis not impossible but the original
was a double superlative, which was no uncommon mode of expression in those
days, and then it may stand thus: "Most busiast when I do it," which may signify
either, those thoughts being _most busy_ when he is at work, or that they refresh his
busiast or greatest labour when he does it.'—Heath is 'persuaded that the [text of
the Folios] is genuine, and wants no other assistance than that of a comma after the
word "busy." The sense of the passage then is: "I forget myself, and while the
thoughts of my mistress employ my whole attention, the business enjoined on me
suffers by the delay; but upon recollection, this is really not the case; for I find such
refreshment from those sweet thoughts that I am most busy when I am employed in
them, and my labour is more advanced by the alacrity with which they inspire me,
than retarded by the delay which they occasion. I am in truth more effectually com-
pleting the task set me by these intervals of interruption than if I were incessantly at
work about it, as I am thereby enabled to exert myself with double vigour whenever
I resume it." If any one is offended with the inverted order of the words "least
when I do it" for "when least I do it," he is at liberty to alter accordingly if he
pleases. For my own part, I am inclined to believe Shakespeare left us the text in
the order it now stands.'—Capell, who adopted Theobald's emendation, believes
that a paraphrase can alone give a 'full conception of the passage at large, which
take in these words: I talk and quite forget my task; Yet I will think of her too;
for those sweet thoughts light my work; and when I am most employ'd in it,
thinking of her I scarce feel that I'm employ'd in 't at all; am least engag'd by my
business (most unengag'd by it) when engag'd by such thinking. The sentiment
'twill be allow'd is most natural; but that the expressions convey it properly no favourer
of the poet will have the hardiness to assert in good earnest.' It is fortunate for us
[17. Most busie lest]

that after one of Capell's paraphrases we always have the original to go to.—A long silence followed Capell, which was first broken by Malone, who remarked not very profoundly: 'Perhaps Ferdinand means to say, "I forget my task;" but that is not surprising, for I am thinking of Miranda, and these sweet thoughts," &c. He may, however, mean that he "forgets or thinks little of the baseness of his employment." Whichsoever be the sense, And or For should seem more proper [in line 16] than "But."'—In 1819, Zachary Jackson, for 'I forget: But' proposed 'I forgiv't: For,' and explained that what Ferdinand forgave was 'the iron-heart' of Prospero. For 'most busie lest' he proposed 'most busie left,' on the really plausible ground that in a printer's case the long f and f were next to each other and most liable to become mixed. It was because Jackson was himself a printer that his emendations have once in a very great while some value. The meaning of most busie left is explained by the fact that when Ferdinand had finished his daily task he was left more busie with his reflections than while at work. Zachary Jackson's volume, with its mass of presumptuous foolishness, was, once, forever banned from these pages, together with Lord Chedworth, Seymour, and Andrew Becket, but in this case Jackson has a follower, an eminently respectable follower, and therefore must performee be here admitted.—Voss (Anmerkungen, 1825, p. 172) would read: 'I forget: By these sweet thoughts that even refresh my labours.'—Singer adopted Theobald's busie least in his first edition (1826), and sneered at it in his second (1856), wherein he adopted Holt's busiest, without a word of intimation that it was not his own; but this was more suo, and, therefore, not surprising.—Knight also followed one reading in his first edition, and another in his second, but for this vacillation neither Dyce nor Grant White can reproach him; they have done the same. Collier, indeed, is the only modern editor who through all his editions has looked on [this phrase in The] tempest and is never shaken.' In sooth, the best proof of the exceeding difficulty in making the manifest meaning of this passage cohere with the words is afforded by the different readings adopted by several editors in their successive editions. Grant White, in his Shakespeare Scholar, in 1854, said that 'nothing could be more graceless and inappropriate than most busiest; three years later, in his first edition, he pronounced this identical graceless phrase a 'happy conjecture,' and adopted it in his text. Twenty-five years later, in his second edition, he discarded Holt's emendation (which, by the way, through an oversight he attributes to Holt White), and adopted the First Folio. Again, Dyce, in his first edition, doubted the existence of the word, which, in his second edition, he adopted. But this is anticipating; to return to the chronological order: Collier adhurred, in all of his three editions, to Heath's comma. In his second, his note is: 'The corrected folio of 1632 puts it thus: "Most busy, best when I do it," meaning that though Ferdinand is most busy, still he is best, while he works, by the sweet thoughts of Miranda. Surely this is a natural explanation, and it only supposes that the letter b had dropped out before lest of the Folio. We, however, do not make this change, nor any other, because, understanding "lest" of the Folio as least (the form it took in the Folio of 1632), we do not see the difficulty of the passage. Ferdinand is so refreshed by the thoughts of Miranda that, even when "most busy," he "least" feels the toil he is undergoing.'—A. E. B[RAE] in N. & Q. 1st S. ii, 335, 1850) proposed to interpret these words as though 'a transposition had taken place between the words "least" and "when." "Most busy when least I do it", or "Most busy when least employed." Has not the pause in Ferdinand's labour been hitherto too much overlooked? What is it that has induced him to for-
get his task? Is it not these delicious pauses of labour, making these pauses still more refreshing and renovating? In the apologetic sense which I would confer upon the last two lines of Ferdinand’s speech the word “But” becomes not only appropriate, but necessary.—In the same vol. of N. & Qu. p. 429, THE COMMA, which Heath and Collier moved, ‘humly protested against removal,’ and, adhering to the Folio, 1632, except in the omission of i in ‘labours,’ interpreted the words most busy least as an emphatic way of saying least busy when I do it, to wit, the labour.—In N. & Qu. (1st S. iii, 229, 1851) ACHÉ calls attention to the parallelism between this passage and the nunquam se minus otiorem esse, quam cum otiкус.—Cicero, De Off. iii, cap. i.—In the same vol. of N. & Qu. (p. 251) JOHN TAYLOR conjectures as the true reading these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour’s most business, when I do it.” Thus the change of a single syllable is sufficient to make good English, good sense, and good metre of a passage otherwise defective in these three particulars. It retains the i in “labours,” keeps the comma in its place, and provides an antecedent for it.—HALLIWELL (1853) follows Theobald, and of Holt’s emendation says that it seems to imply a sense exactly opposite to what is intended. A recent anonymous critic, he continues, boldly alters the line to My business, and rest me while I do it.” Busy-est is an unusual word, but it is so naturally (though perhaps not quite grammatically) formed, its rare occurrence is not, in itself, a sufficient reason for its rejection. Sylvester, in his translation of Du Bartas, has another and a more singular compound, too busy-est and over-bold.” If Holt’s interpretation were correct the original words would possibly be most busi-est for most busily-est! This busily-est of Halliwell should be carefully noted. Of it Halliwell could have properly said, Sic es non nobis, &c.—In N. & Qu. (1st S. viii, 124, 1853) ICON suggests that the it should be omitted as mere surplusage: Most busy, least when I do. The sense requires that the thoughts should be most busy when the hands do least.” Contemporaneously, even to the very month, with Icon’s suggestion, LETTSOM in Blackwood’s Magazine (Aug. 1853) observes that: Our only doubt, in restoring the old reading, is in regard to the word it.” Perhaps it would be as well away, and we might read more perspicuously, Most busy—least when I do. The measure being already redundant, the word could be spared. But its absence or presence makes little or no difference, and, with it, or without it, we hope to see this restoration of the original text. Twenty-four years later, in N. & Qu. 5th S. vii, p. 83, 1877, H. WEDGWOOD made the same emendation, and expressed great surprise that it had never before occurred to any one. (A sad, very sad example of the crying need of a New Variorum Edition!) ANON (Fraser’s Maga. March, 1853): What if the passage ran originally as follows: Such baseness! Had never like executor, but sweet thoughts! Do even refresh my labours! I forget! My business, and rest me while I do it.”—DYCE (ed. i, 1857): I was formerly inclined to believe that Theobald’s emendation had restored the very word of Shakespeare; but I now doubt if so odd a compound as busily ever occurred to anybody except the critic himself; and in my uncertainty about the passage I have given [Heath’s reading]. As to it referring to the plural labours, compare (among other passages in these plays) My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope says it will come to the full.—Ant. & Cleop. II. i. (W. W. LLOYD (Athenæum, 16 Feb. ’78) very justly says that this single example is not conclusive, the metaphorical crescent gives a dominating bias to the idiom.)—STAUNTON (1858): Whatever may have been the word for which least was misprinted, Most busy and that word bore
reference, unquestionably, not to Ferdinand’s task, but to the sweet thoughts by which it was relieved. We have substituted felt as a likely word to have been mis-set ‘lest,’ but are in doubt whether still, in its old sense of ever, always, is not preferable: ‘Most busy still, when I do it.’—Simon Veres (the pseudonym of Swynfen Jervis) (N. & Q. 2d S. vii. p. 338, 1859) suggested, without comment, ‘Most busy when I do rest.’—Brae (in his Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare, 1860, p. 134) prints lines 16 and 17 thus: ‘But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour’s Most busy hest, when I do it,’ wherein the emendation simply consists in the change of the initial letter i for A (the confounding of which is a misprint of the commonest possible occurrence), and yet it does not leave one single point of the original difficulty unsatisfied. This ‘lest’ or ‘least’ becomes hest or beast (for, by a singular coincidence, both words were spelled both ways), and the s in ‘labours’ becomes the sign of the possessive case. Hest must be understood as a task or imposition, a sense in which it occurs in a previous Scene of the play.’—In 1860, Sidney Walker added, indirectly, much strength to Theobald’s busy-lest, to which he devotes a chapter (No. CVI, Crit. ii, 285), and whereon his notes are as follows: ‘I have met with no other instance of this ungrammatical formation, either in Shakespeare, or in any other of the Elizabethan poets. (Kindless, in Ham. II, ii, “treacherous, kindless villain,” is unnatural, from kind, the common old English word for nature.) I have found one instance in an earlier writer, Surrey, ed. 1831, p. 7: “sickless for to consume.” And one in a contemporary, Kyd, Translation of Garnier’s Cornelis, i, Dodaley, vol. ii, p. 250: “Less hapless, and more worthless thou might’st Have made thine ancestors.” &c. [see Dyce’s note on this, post]. For this latter can scarcely, I think, be a corruption of worthless. Dr Naes, also, in a MS note in my copy of repr. Fol., has expressed a doubt of Theobald’s emendation.—[Erra]. Spenser, F. Q. B. iii, C. iii, St. lix, seems scarcely in point: “for endless monuments Of his success and gladful victorie.” Sylvester’s Dubbarts, Week i, Day i, ed. 1641, p. 4, col. 2: “Alas! how faithless and how modestless, Are you,” &c. vii, p. 60, col. 2—“Fond Epicure, thou . . . Imaginen-est a God, so perfectless,” &c. col 1.—“How th’ air’s glib-gliding firmness body bears Such store of bowels,” &c. Firmless, I conjecture, II, ii, iv, p. 142, col. 2; see context, “—yet firm-less in affects, It falls in love,” &c. IV, iii, p. 220, col. 2, “—Ser-pons crawling o’re The Lybians pest-full, and un-blest-full shore.” Walker’s editor, Lettsom, after describing the fragmentary condition of Walker’s MSS in regard to this chapter, adds: ‘The quotation from Surrey may be thought inapplicable, since Chaucer once uses sike as a substantive, and Surrey may have been influenced by this in forming the compound sickless; but the examples from Kyd and Sylvester certainly make for Theobald’s conjecture. Collier’s Old Corrector has been severely attacked for reading busy, blest, but if, as I suspect, he wrote busy-blest, intending it as a compound adjective, the old gentleman scarcely deserved the castigation he received. I may be allowed to conclude this long, unsatisfactory note by suggesting that in the Second Folio (as far as relates to this passage) “least” merely represents a peculiar pronunciation, not even now quite obsolete among uneducated people, of “lest,” and that consequently there is no intentional difference of meaning between the text of the First Folio and that of the second. If this notion is correct, the Second Folio affords no support to those recent texts that have “least” in the sense of minime.’—Bailey (Received Text, &c. 1862, i, 124) suggests four alternations: ‘Read, “I forget all! But these sweet thoughts that ev’n refresh my labour Most busily when I do it,” and paraphrase: “I forget all but these sweet thoughts that even refresh our
labour when I most busily do it," or, in other words, "when I work the hardest." In the First Cambridge Edition (1863) the editors Clark and Glover record in the Textual Notes a conjecture, by Spedding, of Most busiest when idlest for the 'Most busie lest, when I doe it' of the Ft, and a conjecture of their own also for the same line, viz: Most busy left when idlest. In their Notes at the end of the play they remark that 'the spelling "doe" makes Mr Spedding's conjecture idlest for "I doe it" more probable.' Also, in their Textual Notes, they record 'Most busiest' as a conjecture by Bulloch (i. e. Bulloch). But, as we have seen, Halliwell had anticipated this conjecture, at that time, by ten years. Bulloch (Studies, 1875, p. 21) says that busiust was his first conjecture in emending Shakespeare's text, and that it was made in 1862. Ingley, on more than one occasion, expressed his emphatic preference for this emendation, which he always ascribed to Bulloch. (See Sm. Hermeneutics, 1875, p. 137; Robinson's Epit. of Lit. 15 Feb., 1879; and in N. & Q.) Lastly, Most busiest is attributed by Clark and Glover not to Holt, as it should be, but to Holt White, an oversight which has misled every critic and editor who has used the Cambridge Edition—and who has not?—down to this hour. Happily this error is corrected in the Third Edition, now issuing (1891), but, unluckily, Bulloch still remains.—Dyce (ed. ii, 1889): After much consideration I now adopt, in this very difficult passage, the reading of Theobald as far more satisfactory, on the whole, than any of the numerous emendations which have been proposed. [Dyce here quotes from Walker the citations from Sylvester's Dubartas, and at the end of them adds]: Walker also cites 'Kyd, Translation of Garnier's Cornelia,' as affording an instance of worthless; but on turning to the rare old 4to of Kýd's Cornelia, 1594, I find that it there has 'worthily,' and consequently that the worthless which Walker unsuspectingly quotes is one of the thousand blunders of Dodgson and his editors. [On Spedding's conjecture 'Most busiest when idlest'] Lettsom remarks: 'It appears to me to invert the sense required by the context, which is (at least if this half-line refers to Ferdinand himself, and not to his thoughts) "Most idlest when most busiest."' . . . Mr John Forster writes to me as follows: 'I hope you will not hesitate to adopt Theobald's busy-est.' [Forster then proceeds to criticise the readings of Pope, Spedding, and Holt; the last he attributes to Holt White, an error whereof the probable source has just been alluded to. (Holt White, by the way, was a 'scholarly gentleman,' who contributed a number of notes to the Variorum of 1821. He lived at Enfield a hundred years ago, and to his 'fine library' Charles Cowden-Clarke, when a lad, had free access.)]—J. Wetherell (Athenaunum, 16 Jan. 1864) would read: 'I forget. But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour, Most busy rest, when I do it,' and thus paraphrases: 'These sweet thoughts on his gentle mistress so influence Ferdinand that his labour, whilst he passively contemplates it, is "even refreshed" by them—but when he does it (actively), it becomes no labour at all—mere rest.' In the next No. of The Athenaeum the editor announces that he had received 'about a hundred' further suggestions on this phrase, that nearly all the readings thus offered had been anticipated, and that, perhaps, a majority were in favour of Holt White's 'busiest.' A few months later, in the same journal, ingley gave in his admission to Wetherell's 'rest,' and pronounced it 'palmarian,' an estimation which he afterwards transferred to Halliwell's conjecture, which he attributed to Bulloch.—Jepson (1864) adopted the conjecture of Clark and Glover in the First Cambridge Edition, and in his notes on 'Most busy left' remarked: 'This is unintelligible.' [See Zach-
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ary Jackson, ante.]—Wellesley (Stray Notes, &c. 1865, p. 1): Spedding's admirable emendation is a key to the whole passage, which only needs a more correct punctuation and orthography: 'these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, Most, busy; least, when idlest,' Ferdinand is far from repining at his task, since it procures him that sweet sympathy which he would lack if he were unemployed. 'These sweet thoughts of Miranda's pity 'when she sees me work,' refresh me in my labours. They refresh me even most when I am most busy, and least when, comparatively speaking, I am idlest.' [An entirely new view of the passage, in which I doubt if Spedding would have recognised his own emendation.]—Fish (Phil. Sh. Soc. p. 41, 1866): Retain the text of the First Folio and paraphrase: 'In these reflections I forget my labours, which are even refreshed with the sweetness of the thoughts, and I am really most busy in mind while I am least busy with my task,—occupied with my thoughts, idlest with my hands.'—Allen (Phil. Sh. Soc. p. 42): 'I can make nothing more satisfactory out of the 'ceurs' than what follows.—1. Hermeneutical torture, applied to the reading of the Fol. to my feeling, merely adds distortion to lameness. 2. 'I doe it,' referred to the noun 'labours,' seems to me an un-Shakespearian abomination—as certainly corrupt as the 'left' or 'least' of the Fol. 3. To discover the real train of thought we must go back to 'I forget.' 4. If Ferdinand is to be understood as keeping the log on his shoulder until Miranda makes him put it down, then 'I forget' means that the sweet thoughts of Miranda neutralize his sense of pain and weariness. In that case the reading might be: 'Most busy when least idle'—adopting Brome's transposition, with Spedding's conj. of 'idle' (from the ear, not from the ducere litterarum) in place of 'I doe it.' 5. But perhaps Ferdinand lays the log down as he begins to soliloquise, and only resumes it at 'I forget,' or (better still) perhaps the stage-direction 'bearing a log' is not Shakespeare's. Perhaps (i.e.) Ferdinand enters to get a log to bear to the pile, and does not lift it until 'I forget.' In that case, the best reading externally is the remarkably happy one of the Camb. Edd.: 'Most busy left when idlest.' 6. If, however, Mr Furness's reference of 'I doe it' to 'I forget' be sound—but I am now afraid it is not—then Holt and Singer's reading becomes the best: 'Most busy when I do it.'—R. L. Ashurst (Phil. Sh. Soc.): I am disposed to adopt Heath's suggestion of placing a comma after 'buoye,' otherwise retaining the reading of the Fol. I interpret thus: I am so refreshed by these sweet thoughts, that when most buoye (in actual work) I am least buoye in feeling'; i.e. 'My labour is least burdensome to me when I forget myself in these charming meditations.' I see no inconsistency in uniting Mr Collier's interpretation of the beginning of this passage with Mr Furness's happy suggestion of referring 'doe it' to 'forget.'—S. Dickson (Phil. Sh. Soc.): That is, 'My labours are most buoye least,'—to be read with a pause after 'buoye,' and emphasis on 'least'; i.e. 'Most busy in the least degree'; i.e. 'least most busy'; i.e. 'least busy'; i.e. 'least irksome and annoying';—(for which sense of 'buoye' Worcester cites Waller:) 'When I doe it'; i.e. 'forget and think these sweet thoughts'; or more briefly: 'My labours are least wearisome when occupied with these thoughts.' The punctuation for this interpretation is a dash after 'labours,' to show that busy agrees with it—the comma after 'least' being struck out.—Kightley (Exp. 213, 1867) adopts Heath's comma, and puts a dash after 'it' at the end of the line to indicate that 'the entrance of Miranda causes Ferdinand to break off.'—Halliwell (p. 40, 1868): The pronoun 'it' refers to 'labours,' and numerous examples might be cited of that pronoun being applied to a preceding plural substantive: '—let your eyes, As you observe the house,
but where I point it Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.'—The
Loyal Subject. [I think Halliwell has here misapprehended; 'it' refers to 'house,' not 'eyes.']—Daniel (Notes, &c. 1870, p. 13): I suspect that 'lest' is a misprint
for rest. What is it that Ferdinand forgets? The punctuation of the Folios would
lead us to suppose that while thinking of his mistress he forgets to go on with
his labour; yet Miranda, entering immediately after, begs him not to work so hard.
While the thoughts of his mistress (she who makes his labours pleasant) thron upon
him, what he really forgets is the tedious of his labour. Read, therefore, and punc-
tuate: 'I forget But (all but) these sweet thoughts—do even refresh me; labour's
Most busy rest when I do it,' i.e. Having forgotten all but these sweet thoughts, I do
even refresh myself; labour is but a most busy kind of rest while I am engaged in it.
See Mach. I, iv, 44: 'The rest is labour which is not used for you.' The converse
of which exactly represents the idea which I suppose Ferdinand to express: 'The
labour which is used for you is rest.'—John Hunter (Longman's Series, 1870): The
construction undoubtedly is: 'Most busy when I do it least'; the inversion, 'least
when I do it,' being quite in Shakespeare's manner.—Rolfe (1871) follows Heath,
and adopts the paraphrase given by Fish of The Philo. Sh. Soc.—Wilson (Caliban,
&c. 1873, p. 223): Query: 'Do even refresh my labour Most baseless when I do it.'
Baseless would thus stand in apposition to the 'baseness' of his previous comment:
'some kinds of baseness are nobly undergone,' &c.—W. A. Wright (1874): Holt's
conjecture 'most busyest' has been carried a step further by Mr Spedding in giving
what, upon the whole, appears the best suggestion yet made, 'Most busiest when
idlest.' A very slight change would make a certain sense, 'Most busy left when I do
it'; that is, when I indulge these thoughts. [See Zachary Jackson and Jephson.—
J. Beale (N. & Q. 5th S. iv, 365, 1875) suggests that the line be thus read and
interpreted: 'Do even refresh my labour Most, when busy-less (= leisurely) I do it'
(i. e. my labour). Ferdinand's 'busy-less' matching Miranda's 'skill-less.''] [In the 6th
volume of the same series, p. 226, Beale proposed a second emendation, viz.:] to take
'tlabours' in the possessive case, singular or plural, and instead of busyless to read
busy haste. We shall then have, 'even refresh my labour's Most busy haste, when I
do it,' i.e. forget. That is to say, 'although in musing on Miranda I forget, or miss
count [of the logs], and have to make up for lost time in consequence, these sweet
thoughts do nevertheless refresh even the most busy haste of greatest pressure of my
labours, to which I am thereby subject, in performing my ignominious and laborious
task'; the word 'even' or ever, if preferred, seeming to emphasize 'busy,' the adjective
to haste, as now suggested. Otherwise we might read, objectively, 'my labours
—most busy—when I do it —'my labours—most busy least—when I do it'
(i. e. forget), and confirm the very text.—J. S. Phillpotts (Rugby Ed., 1876) thus
paraphrases [reading 'labours, Most busy least, when I don't']: But (though I for-
get my work, I am not lazy; for) these sweet thoughts even refresh my labours, i. e
make my labours fresh again. The sweet thoughts which made my labours pleasures
occupy me so intensely that they make my pleasures back into labours again. 'Re-
fresh' is, however, generally taken as 'refresh (me after) my labours,' but then there
is no point in the 'even.' The whole speech is a study of oxymoron in the strictest
sense of the term. The sports are painful, the baseness noble, poor is rich, dead is
quick, labour is pleasure, and then, as the crown of all, the pleasure is so pleasant
that it becomes more laborious than the labour. It seems to me simplest to take
['Most busy least,' &c.] as it stands, treating it as an oxymoron, 'Least most busy,
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when I do it (the carrying),' i.e. 'I am least busy at the time, when any one would think I am most busy; viz: when I am carrying the logs. I am really most busy when I am apparently resting, because then I think of my love.' (It might also be 'Most busy—least,' i.e. 'I am most busy when thinking, least (busy) when working.')

As he says 'do it' he shoulders the log which he had put down while speaking. The paradoxes are meant to portray the 'exaggeration of love.' Compare _Sonnet_ xxvii; and Rom. & Jul. I, i, 156-200. . . . . . It once occurred to me that 'lest' or 'least' might be another form of 'less,' i.e. 'unless.' 'Most busy, least' (i.e. 'less', or 'unless') when I do it,' i.e. 'Most busy at all times, except when I do it' (my laborious work); his care for Miranda being so intense that he is never really occupied except when he has leisure to think of her. [Here follow examples of 'least' = 'unless' and 'less' = 'unless.']—R. M. Spence (N. & Qw. 5th S. vii, p. 143, 1877) : Omit the colons after 'forget,' and for 'lest' substitute _rest_. Read and punctuate thus: 'I forget But these sweet thoughts: do even refresh my labours: Most busy: rest when I do it.' By 'But' I understand _all except._ Ferdinand forgot everything except the 'sweet thoughts' of Miranda's sympathy. We are to suppose him, while speaking, piling up log after log. Hence he speaks in short, broken sentences, as one so employed would naturally do.—Corson (Am. Bibliophile, p. 14, Feb. 1877; also N. & Qu. 5th S. vii, p. 3, 1877): It does not appear that the proper bearing of 'even' has been recognised. That any one's labours should be refreshed by sweet thoughts of his mistress, is a fact to be generally assumed. But to understand 'even' as bearing upon 'refresh,' would be somewhat contrary to such assumption. The word evidently points to 'most busy' as qualifying 'labours,' the meaning being, 'But these sweet thoughts do refresh even my most busy labours.' I would therefore remove the commas after 'labours' and put it after 'busy.' That would make it necessary to connect 'lest' in some way with 'when I do it.' The verb 'do' is a pro-verb, representing the verb _think_ implied in 'thoughts'; and the clause 'when I do it' is a loose way of saying 'when I think, or indulge in, sweet thoughts of my mistress.' Now the mode in which his most busy labours are refreshed by sweet thoughts of his mistress, is indicated by 'I forget,' that is, he is rendered oblivious to them.—If the interpretation thus far is correct, there must be an idea veiled in 'lest' which reflects or points to 'forget,' as a consequence of 'when I do it.' That idea is revealed by the change of one letter, _e_ for _o_. The word should be _lost_, in the sense of being completely absorbed in anything, and oblivious to all other things. Lady Macbeth says to her husband: 'Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.'—The passage might be paraphrased thus: 'But these sweet thoughts do refresh even my most busy labours, _lost_,' as I am, to myself and to those labours, when I indulge in them.' I would punctuate thus: '—do even refresh my labours Most busy,—_lost_, when I do it' [see Whistler, Text. N.]._—_Jabez_ [i.e. C. M. Inglesby] (N. & Qw. 5th S. vii, p. 224, 1877) upholds _tiresless_ (which he attributes to Bulloch, instead of to its rightful owner, Halliwell). 'It has been asserted,' he says, 'that _it_ may refer to _labours._' I know of but one such case in all Shakespeare, viz: _Love's Lab._ L. I, i: "If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do, Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too." The passage, "Poor breathing orisons," &c. (Rich. III: IV, iv) is misquoted in _England's Parnassus_, 1600, or it would be another instance. I believe such instances are too rare to be our authority in the interpretation of this passage. [Inglesby refers 'it' to 'forget.'] Immediately following this communication of 'Jabez,' J. D. asserts that 'lest' was 'formerly used as a noun, with the meaning of pleasure or delight,' and thereupon adduces many authorities, and one example from Chaucer.
[17. Most busie lest]

...to which he might have added many another. J. D. thus paraphrases: "Most busy lest," i.e. Most busy pleasure it is, whenever I do it." Immediately preceding J. D.'s heels, J. BEALE proposes his third reading and pointing: "I forget—But these sweet thoughts do even refresh—my labours; Most busy, feast when I do it," the italicized words and punctuation conveying as much as I might wish to be understood. Immediately following J. Beale, R. H. LEOIS proposes "Most busy last," unaware that he had been long before anticipated by Brac. At the close of this last contribution the long-suffering Editor of Notes and Queries announced that "This discussion must positively close here." But as well might he forbid the mountain pines to wag their topmost branches and to make no noise when they are fretted with gusts. Silence reigned for only five years, during which the emenders ceased to be most busie lest Shakespeare should remain unexplained. But when, in 1882 (6th S. vi, p. 24), J. D. again knocked for admittance, merely with a handful of examples of the use of "lest" in the sense of pleasure, which he might have carried in, if he had only had them ready, what heart so hard as to refuse admission? The door once open, why should not H. WEDGWOOD (an honoured and honourable name) be allowed to tell how his emendation came to him in a dream?—a source which to us non-Spiritualists has been usually believed to be subject to a contrary interpretation. It is to be regretted that in the wider range which the delighted spirit enjoys when unhammed in by its muddy vesture, it was not suggested that the emendation was by no means new. (I beg leave to say, parenthetically, that personally I have mistrusted all lesser Spiritualist influences in the elucidation of Shakespeare's text ever since Shakespeare himself once 'materialised' for me at a séance, and manifested extreme displeasure and immediately 'de-materialised' when I ventured, most respectfully, to ask him the meaning of Úllóra' in Timon of Athens.) After J. D.'s and Wedgwood's entrance, the doors of Notes and Queries seem to have been thrown open as of old. In the same volume (p. 261) H. H. VAUGHAN discusses the subject as though discussed for the first time, but without adding anything to our enlightenment. He approves of Halliwell's "busiest" (which, following the Cambridge Edition, he ascribes to Bulloch), and says that "forget" has for its object "these sweet thoughts." In quoting line 14 he reads, "sees my work," and by an extraordinary oversight says: "I think it most likely that Shakespeare wrote "sees me work" and "these sweet thoughts," which by a very natural error became "see my work" and "these sweet thoughts."—W. W. LLOYD (Athenæum, 16 Feb. 1878): This play abounds in elliptical phrases and indirect constructions, and with a certain allowance on this score, the simple, earliest emendation, "Most busy, least when I do it" (= when I do it least), seems all that is strictly required. But even so, this may probably be one of the very frequent cases where an intermediate line has been lost, which would have made the construction in one degree less Thucydidean. The correction of labour for 'labours' is required in any case to give a direct reference to it.—Hudson (1879) reads in his text "—do even refresh my labour; Most busy when I do it least," and in his note says: "With the old reading it is uncertain what "most busy" refers to or is predicate of; that is to say, whether the meaning be "I being most busy" or "these sweet thoughts being most busy." For the latter sense the best reading I have met with is "most busiest." But had this been the poet's thought he would probably have written: "Most busy they, when I do it." On the whole, it seems much better to connect least or least with what follows, and not with what precedes. But I suspect after all, that the poet first wrote most busie, then interlined least or least as a correc
[17. Most busie lest]

[Act III, Sc. 1.

tion, and that the two got printed together; so that we ought' [to follow Pope's reading].—*Herrick* (*Scattered Notes*, &c., 1879, p. 85): Read,—"refresh my labour, Most busie, when I do it," and paraphrase: "—these sweet thoughts even most busie throb in my mind when," &c. Compare how the poet employs *beast* or *beating* in connection with *thoughts, mind, pulse, and heart*, to either of which the word most aptly applies, so proving by analogy that "least" is a misprint for *beast*. [Here follow many examples of the use of *beast*.]—E. A. *Meredith* (*Some New Emendations*, &c., 1883, p. 5): It seems to me clear that 'most' and 'least' cannot stand together in the line, and that one or the other was written as a gloss for the one which Shakespeare wrote. Either 'most busie when I do it' or 'least busie when I do it' is intelligible. 'Most busie,' however, would refer to 'these sweet thoughts' of which he has just spoken, and 'least busie' to his feelings when at work. 'Studio fallente laborem.' I am disposed to believe that Shakespeare wrote: '—do even refresh my labour; Most busie—when I do it.' These sweet thoughts being most busy when he was at work. Some actor or copyist, not understanding 'busie' as referring to these 'thoughts,' probably wrote 'least' as a gloss in his copy, and both words were by the printer incorporated in the text.—W. F. *Prideaux* (*N. & O. Qu.* 6th S. vii, p. 444. 1833) proposed anew Theobald's *busiest*, and, misled by Vaughan, seriously argued that 'the collocation of ideas' would be destroyed by the substitution of 'me' for *my*.—F. A. *Leo* (*St. Jahrbuch*, xix, p. 265, 1884) would read: '—refresh my labour Most *busily* when I do it,' and thus explains: 'My sweet and busy thoughts refresh my labour (they refresh it by their busy doing, in a busy way—busily!).'—H. B. *Sprague* (*Shakespeareana*, March, 1884): Punctuate thus: 'Most busy, least, when I do it.' Explain thus: Most busy, least busy, when I do this work, i. e. when I think of Miranda's love, *tell* is even *restful*. The line is the exact converse of *Macb.* [as quoted above]. With Macbeth repose is labour; with Ferdinand labour is repose.

—*Sir P. Perrin* (1886, p. 19): The two superlatives 'most busy' and 'least' are ranked alongside of each other for antithesis sake, *without*, however, being syntactically connected with the same noun, 'most busy' referring to 'me,' which is contained in the possessive pronoun 'my' or (if you like) to the possessive case 'my,' 'least' to the noun 'labours.' Ferdinand says: 'These sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours, which labour, for all that I am superlatively busy, are least laborious, when I am actually engaged in them.'—*D. Righton* (1889) adopts Theobald's *busiest*, for the reasons given by Walker and Dyce.—J. M. D. *Meiklejohn* (1889): I am most busy, when I am least occupied with my labour, because then my thoughts are most active. The order of the words is changed to emphasize the opposition of 'most' and 'least.'—[After a silence on the subject for twelve years, R. M. *Spence*, in *N. & O. Qu.* (7th s. vii, p. 403, 1889), offers another explanation, which sheds, as he thinks, so much light that he trusts 'the crux which has haunted the passage so long has fled for ever.' He retains the first part of his former note as far as concerns 'I forget (all) But these sweet thoughts,' but as for the second part, he lets loose his opinion, holds it no longer, that the text should be 'Most busy: *rest*; but adopts Holt's *busiest*, and supposes 'labours' to be the nominative to 'refresh'; he gives the passage thus: 'I forget (all) But these sweet thoughts; do even refresh (me) my labours Most busiest.' The subordinate clause, "when I do it," should present no difficulty. It is equivalent to "when I do so." In prose the whole passage would read thus: "I forget everything but these sweet thoughts, and when I do so my busiest labours, instead of wearying, even refresh me." In his honest desire to give honour where
honour is due, Spence, erroneously, gives Holt's busiest to Holt White, and Halliwell's busiest to Bulloch.—On p. 504 of the same volume H. Wedgwood repeats for the third time his anticipated emendation of 'when I do it' into 'when I do,' and lays stress on the fact that the emendation came to him 'in his sleep,' but 'without any corresponding dream.'—On the same page H. Ingleby accepts Spence's omission of the 'semicolon' after 'forget,' but 'would preserve the Folio punctuation in the next line, and understand the relative pronoun.'—In N. & Q. (7th S. viii. p. 303, 1889) Br. Nicholson answers the possible objection of making 'it' refer, as he refers it, to the plural antecedent 'sweet thoughts': 'If the objector be at all well read in our old authors, he will remember the sometimes loose, and the sometimes, to us, apparently loose, manner in which they used their pronouns, and in especial he will remember how, in explanation of this sometimes only apparent looseness, it not infrequently happens that the writer is thinking of and referring more to his thought than to his previous expression of that thought. Here Ferdinand, or Shakespeare, uses 'it' as referring to and agreeing with that 'constant thinking of her' rather than to his fore expression of the same in 'these sweet thoughts.'—One example of a similar use of 'it' [see 'Jabes,' in this regard, ante] from Cymb. V. i. 15, will, I think, sufficiently exemplify this sometimes Elizabethan custom. Posthumus exclaims to the gods: 'You some permit To second ills with ills, each elder worse, And make them dread it.' Here the 'it' most unmistakably refers not to the doer's last committed crime, but to his 'guilty career,' as described in the second line, which, mysterious and even seemingly wrong, ends in justifying the ways of God to man. There comes, says our moralist, a time when even such criminals look back on their career, if not with horror, yet with dread. But as he is thinking more of this criminal career where ills are seconded with ills, each elder worse, than of the ills themselves, he, where nineteenth century writers would use 'dread them,' uses 'dread it.' I would add what may be a second possible, though not, perhaps, very probable, explanation of Shakespeare's use of 'it' in our present passage. It may have been done of set purpose, lest his hearers should erroneously refer the more literally grammatical them to Ferdinand's just six words before expressed 'labours,' which, besides their nearness in expression, were to the on-lookers visibly in the plural.'—F. A. Marshall (Irvine Sh. 1890): If I ventured on any emendation, it would be to substitute ever for 'even,' by which slight alteration, perhaps, the sequence of Ferdinand's thoughts would be more easily followed. 'These sweet thoughts do always refresh my labours'; then he adds, as a sort of afterthought, 'and they are most busy, i.e. busiest in refreshing them, when I am actually occupied in my labour.' We might have expected them instead of 'it,' but the change to the singular is very natural. Does it not refer to the 'sore injunction' or to the 'mean task' which her 'crabbed father' enjoins him to do? Indeed, if we give to 'it' this meaning, and remember that it would include, as a contrast to the sweet tenderness of his 'sweet mistress,' the equally sweet thoughts which her tender sympathy suggests, 'it' is more forcible than them.—D. Morris (Collins' Eng. Classics, n. d.): Pope's emendation seems to accord best with the sense of the passage. I have reserved to the last any reference to an interpretation of this passage offered by S. Hickson in N. & Q. (1st S. ii. p. 337, 1850), which anticipates the interpretation, that, nigh thirty years ago, occurred to me independently, and from which I have never yet seen any reason to depart. To me the Folio text is exactly correct as it stands. On the general meaning of the passage almost every critic, to a man, is agreed, and nothing
Mir. Alas, now pray you and Prospero. 18
Worke not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray fet it downe, and rest you: when this burnes
’Twill weepe for hauing weared you: my Father
Is hard at study; pray now rest your selfe,
Hee’s safe for thefe three houre.

Fer. O moft deere Miftris, 25
The Sun will fet before I shall discharge
What I muft ftrue to do.

Mir. If you’ll fit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

20. you are] thou art Ff, Rowe i.
thou’rt Rowe ii. + you’re Han. Cap.

is more wearcorne in the foregoing discussion than the uniform paraphrase which each one has deemed himself, very properly, compelled to give. The last two lines are, it seems to me, Ferdinand’s apology to himself for pausing in his work, and are therefore purposely begun by the adverative or apologetic ‘But.’ He has been neglecting his task to think on Miranda, then, recollecting himself, says, in effect, ‘I am forgetting my work—but when I do thus forget, my mind so teems with thoughts that I am really most busy when I seem to be least busy, and by these sweet thoughts I am even refreshed for my work.’ In a word, ‘it’ refers to ‘forget.’ To Hickson, chronologically, this interpretation belongs, and the fact that it occurred to me independently adds whatsoever value such coincidences may be thought to possess.—Ed.

17. Enter Miranda.] For remarks on this scene, see Appendix, ‘Miranda.’

28–30. If . . . pile[.] Dyce: This speech, though printed as blank verse, will read as a couplet. Nor is it impossible that Shakespeare originally intended couplets [here and in III, iii, 67–69], but afterwards changed his mind. [To these two rhyming couplets, where the lines are so divided that the rhyming words do not come at the end of the lines, but within them, Br. Nicholson adds a third: ‘Our months be cold. The king and prince at prayers || Let’s assist them, for our case is their’s,’ I, i, 61–63; and in view thereof urges that ‘the laws of chance do not allow of three such accidents in the short course of one play; while, in practice, in concordance therewith, no three—not even two, such examples can be found within the whole range of the Elizabethan drama.’ Thence he concludes that in The Tempest Shakespeare used material drawn from some other play which he had perhaps discarded, and that Shakespeare was prompted thereto by the haste with which it was necessary to bring out the play, not only in order to catch the popular interest of the day in Sir George Somers’s shipwreck, but, also, perhaps to stimulate the Virginia colonisation schemes, in which Shakespeare himself may have had a share. See notes, III, iii, 67.]

30. Ille . . . pile[.] Joseph Warton (Adventurer, iii, 41, 1753): It is by selecting such little and almost imperceptible circumstances that Shakespeare has more truly
ACT III, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my finewes, breake my backe,
Then you shoulde fuch dishonor vndergoe,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I shou'd do it
With much more eafe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infect'd,
This visitation fiewes it.

Mir. You looke waryly.

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

Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda,

32. I had'] I'ad Pope+, Sing. Kity, 34. In parenthesis, Pope et seq.
Rfle. (suba.).
Poore...are'] One line, Han. 47. I haue] I'vee Pope+, Dyce ii,
infected'] Infected and Han. iii, Huds.

38. it is] ANON (ap. GREY, i. 23): 'It is' seems to be an interpolation. It makes
the verse too long, and spoils the uniformity of the construction which went before.
—STEEVENS adopted this suggestion, which he attributes to Dr Farmer.—KNIGHT
denounced it as spoiling the force of the passage.

39. worme] DYCK: Used in the sense of creature as a term of commiseration,
sometimes of contempt. [In Sidney's Arcadia, iii, 281, ed. 1598, Clinias, in Dama-
tsa's challenge, which is intentionally absurd, is called the 'wickedest worme
that ever went upon two legs.'—Ed.]

39, 40. infected... visitation] W. A. WRIGHT: Prospero adopts language
which was familiar when the plague was of common occurrence.

47. heast] PHILA. SH. SOC.: Shakespeare uses this word but three times, and only
in this play; unless 'heast' of Q2 in 1 Hen. IV: II, iii, 65, be accepted rather than
haste or hast of the other Q2 and the Fl.—R. L. ASHURST (F) suggested that the
threefold use of 'heast' in The Tempest seems to be an argument for the early date
of the play, since the only other place is in an early Quarto. Growing ignorance of
its meaning seems to have substituted haste in all the later editions.

48, 49. After 'Miranda' ROWE (ed. ii) placed the exclamation mark, which has
THE TEMPEST

Indeede the top of Admiracion, worth
What's deereft to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with beft regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tonguees, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for feuerrall vertues
Haue I lik'd feuerrall women, neuer any
VVith fo full soule, but some deefect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleft grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfeft, and fo peettleffe, are created
Of euerie Creatures beft.

been uniformly adopted; and after 'Indeede' Theobald placed a comma, which has been generally adopted; but Knight holds that the phrase is 'much more elegant' without it.

57. foile] JERSON: 'Foil' is from the old French affoler, to defect. Ferdinand says he never before saw a woman in whom some defect did not, as it were, contend with the noblest grace she had and defeat it.—W. A. WRIGHT: Perhaps this word was suggested to Shakespeare by the contrast between the grace and the defect which is as a foil to it, although in this sense the result would have been the opposite of what is intended. The word 'quarrel' points to the struggle between the grace and the defect, in which the former is worsted.—PHILLPOTTS: There is difficulty in making out clearly the various senses of the word 'foil.' When Hamlet says, 'I'll be your foil, Laertes,' he means, 'I will be like the worthless leaf which sets off a jewel.' This first is from Fr. feulle, Lat. folium, a leaf. The 'foil' with which Hamlet fights is, of course, a blunted weapon, and with it he hopes to 'foil' Laertes. We can, perhaps, account for both these latter senses from the O. Fr. 'De tes commandements ne folias' (I did not go astray from thy commandments); whence also affoler is said of a compass-needle which will not point true; so that a 'foil' is not an unnatural name for that which has had its point blunted, and therefore cannot accurately point at anything. 'To foil a lance-thrust' is, in the same way, to turn it aside, to make it go astray: and the word when generalised comes to mean, to 'defeat the attacks of an adversary.' Wedgwood compares Fr. fouler, to trample on. [Skeat says that, in the sense of defeat, 'foil' is corrupted from the O. Fr. souler, as foile is from defouler.]

58. peetlesse] My copy of F, agrees with Booth's reprint in this reading. Keightley says that 'the Folio reads peetissse.' As it is not noticed by the Cam. Edd. their copy was probably correct. This is possibly one of the many discrepancies in the different copies of that volume, whereof the wholesome lesson is that in dealing with the Folio we are dealing not with Shakespeare, but with printers who changed the text as the book was passing under their hands through the press.—Ed.

59. euerie Creatures best] JOHNSON: Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles.—STEVENS: Perhaps Shakespeare had only in his thoughts a fable related in Sidney's Arcadia, iii [p. 385, ed. 1598], where the beasts having obtained permission of Jupiter to make themselves a king, created one of 'every creature's best.'
ACT III, SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own. Nor have I seen
More that I may call men, then you good friend.
And my dearest Father: how features are abroad
I am skilled of; but by my modesty
(The jewel in my dowry) I would not wish
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination form a shape
Besides your selfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my Father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (Miranda) I do think a King
(I would not to) and would no more endure
This wooden flattery, then to suffer

62. mine] my Cap.
65, 89. I am] I'm Pope, +, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
65. by my] my F,F, Rowe i.
71. I therein do] I do Pope, Han.
Therein Steev.'93.

75. This wooden] This wooden Wilson. At home this wooden Elze (p. 140).
75. to suffer] I would suffer Pope, +,

A similar praise is also bestowed by [Dorus] on his mistress: 'She is her selfe of best things the collection' [I, i, p. 75, ed. 1598. Cf. also As You Like It, III, ii, 151.]

61. no woman's face remember] Theobald (Nichola's Ill. ii, 247) asks Warburton if 'Miranda has not here forgot herself a little? In I, ii, she remembers to have had four or five women attendants.' Although anyone can answer this question for himself by recalling that Miranda might very well remember her attendants without remembering a feature of their faces, yet such minute criticism as Theobald's should not, I think, go unnotic'd; no detail is trivial that helps to complete the picture.—Ed.

74, 75. would . . . to suffer] This sentence has been pronounced 'undoubtedly mutilated' by several editors, down even as late as Dyce (ed. ii), first, because it was supposed to be ungrammatical, and secondly, because of the apparently defective metre of line 75. (For the emendations see Textual Notes.) Malone defended the grammar by adducing several parallel examples where to is omitted and inserted in the same sentence; to these examples Abbott, § 350, added many more, and therefrom formulated the rule that 'to is often omitted in the former of two clauses and inserted in the latter, particularly when the finite principal verb is an auxiliary, or like an auxiliary,' as in Timon, IV, ii, 33: 'Who would be so mock'd with glory? or to live,' &c.—W. A. Wright also adds the following examples of the same construction: Prayer-book Version of Psalm lxxviii, 4, 8, 'That we should not hide, . . .

but to shew,' &c., 'That they might put their trust in God, and not to forget,' &c.—
The fleth-fie blow my mouth: heare my soule speake.  
The verie infinit that I faw you, did  
My heart fli to your seruice, there refides  
To make me flue to it, and for your fake  
Am I this patient Logge-man.  

_Mir._ Do you loue me?  

_Fer._ O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this found,  
And crowne what I proffe with kinde event  
If I speake true: if hollowly, inuert  
VVhat beft is boaded me, to milchiese: I,  
Beyond all limit of what else i'th world  
Do loue, prize, honor you.  

_Mir._ I am a foole  
To wepe at what I am glad of.  

_Pro._ Faire encounter  

Of two moft rare affections: heauens raine grace

what's Kity.

Secondly: the metre of line 75 has been justified by **ABBOTT** ($\S$478), on the theory,  
to which I find it impossible to accede, that '<_er_ final was sometimes pronounced  
with a kind of 'burr,' which produced the effect of an additional syllable; just as  
"Sirrah" is another and more vehement form of "Sir."'  
Accordingly, the line is thus scanned: 'This wood | en sla | very, than | to suff | er.'  
Or, again, as in _Ham._  
I, iii, 117: 'Lends the | tongue vows; | these bla | zes daugh | ter'; or, _As You Like It_, IV, iii, 91: 'Like a | ripe sis | ter: | the wom | an low.'  
A prolongation,  
by a 'burr,' or otherwise, of an unaccented syllable is, to my ear, so abhorrent that a  
discord, if need be, is far preferable; but there need be no discord in a verse wherein  
there is a pause, as here.—_Ed._

86. _what else_ For other examples of 'what' in elliptical expressions meaning  
any, see **ABBOTT**, $\S$255.—**ALLEN** (Phil. Sh. Soc.): Keightley conjectures 'what's  
elfe.'  
Undoubtedly 's for is is wanted; but, instead of being thus thrust into the  
verse _ab extra_, it should be discovered where it lies hid _within_ the verse—merged,  
that is (under Walker's rule), in the _is_ of 'elfe,' although Walker himself was not  
aware of the fact. _Shakespeare_ wrote as in _F._.  
Read, therefore, without doubt:  
'Beyond all limit of what elfe's i'th the world.'—I do violently suspect, moreover, that  
the entire sentence should read thus: 'Aye! Beyond all limit of what elfe 's i' the  
world Do I love, prize, honour you.'  
That 'aye' is habitually written 'I' in the _Folios_ everybody knows.  
It is wanted here in answer to Miranda's question; but  
the compositor, not understanding this, took 'I' to be the pronoun, and then dropped  
the 'I' after 'do' as an accidental repetition in the MS.

88, 89. **STEVENS:** _Cf._ _Rom. & Jul._ III, ii, 103: 'Back, foolish tears, back to  
your native spring! Your tributary drops belong to woe, Which you mistaking offer  
up to joy.'—W. A. **WRIGHT:** _Cf._ _Macb._ I, iv, 33: 'My plenteous joys, Wanton in  
fulness, seek to hide themselves In drops of sorrow.'
ACT III. SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

On that which breeds between 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer
VVhat I desire to gie; and much leffe take
VVhat I shal die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence baishfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me, but Ile be your fervant
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Mitritis (deerest)

And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell

Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are surpriz'd with all; but my reioycing


97. the] yet the or still the Grey.

105. [Kneeling. Coll. ii (MS).

107. [Rising. Coll. ii (MS).

107. reioycing] rejoicing F.
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,  
For yet ere tupper time, must I performe  
Much businesse appertaining.  

Exit.

Scana Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke  
water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord  
'em' Servant Monster, drinke to me.

---

116. appertaining,] appertaining to  
my project. Kly.  
2. The other Part of the Island. Pope.  
Enter... ] Enter S. and T. reeling;

Cal. following, with the bottle. Cap.  
3. me,) me; Rowe ii.  
4. drop before] drop, before F.  

--

denly and by surprise.'—THEOBALD, however, had silently substituted 'withal,' and has had ever since a respectable following.—STEEVENS proposed to make the same change as though for the first time, and also suggested that 'the sense might be clearer  
were we to make a slight transposition: "So glad of this as they, who are surpriz'd  
With all, I cannot be."'—WALKER (Crit. iii, 3) confirmed Theobald's change, and  
ABBOTT, § 196, accepting it as the true reading, thus remarks: 'Sometimes this  
is understood after "withal," so that it means with all this, and is used adverbially [as  
here, where it means] "surprised with, or at, this." Here, however, perhaps, and  
elsewhere certainly, "with" means in addition to, and "with-all (this)" means  
besides.' [Theobald's change, besides having a force of its own, really includes the  
Folio's reading.—Ed.]

114. booke] See note on III, ii, 94.  
2. See II, ii, 184.  
5. Servant Monster] THEOBALD: I can't help taking notice, on this occasion,  
of the virulence of Ben Jonson, who, in the Induction to his Barrenew Fair, has  
endeavour'd to throw dirt, not only at this single character, but at this whole play:  
'If there be never a servant monster in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest  
of antiques? he is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales,  
tempests, and such like drolleries.'—[p. 370, ed. Gifford].—CAPELL also noted this  
pointed allusion, as he supposed it to be, and was also the first to detect its possible  
bearing on the Date of Composition of The Tempest. (See Essay on this subject in  
Appendix.) Gifford is, of course, up in arms to defend Jonson, which he does with  
success. But small faith is to be placed, I think, in the sneers which are constantly  
imputed to Jonson. I can detect nothing whatsoever in the preceding allusion, if it  
really be an allusion, that smacks in the least of ill-nature, far less of virulent malign-  
ity.' "Servant-monster,"' says GIFFORD, 'is undoubtedly to be found in The Tem-  
pest; but I am yet to learn that the expression was the invention of Shakespeare, or  
even peculiar to him; though he has applied it with inimitable humour. The reader  
now is to learn that the town in those days abounded with exhibitions of what were
ACT III, SC. ii.]  

THE TEMPEST

Trin. Servant Monster? the folly of this Island, they say there's but five upon this Isle; we are three of them, if th'o'ther two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

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

Trin. Where should they be set else? hee were a brave Monster indeede if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-Monster hath drown'd his tongue in sackle: for my part the Sea cannot drown mee, I swam ere I could recover the shore, five and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou shalt bee my Lieutenant Monster, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you lift, hee's no standard.

Ste. VVeel not run Monsieur Monster.

8. th'other] the other Rowe.  
10. head] heart Ft.  
16. on,...light] on;...light Rowe +,

familiarly called monsters, i.e. creatures of various kinds which were taught a thousand antic tricks; the constant concomitants of puppet-shows. "I would not have you," says Machin, "step into the suburbs, and acquaint yourself either with monsters or motions."—Dumb Knight. And Jonson himself, in a subsequent part of this play, makes Bristle tax Haggise with loitering behind "to see the man with the monsters." Elephants, camels, bears, horses, &c. were all accompanied by apes, who amused the spectator by assuming a command over them. Nor is the custom nor the language yet obsolete. . . . It is impossible to look at the part of Trinculo without seeing that it bears an immediate reference to this custom; and we may form some idea of the roar of the old theatre at hearing him and his associate unwittingly characterise themselves as monsters by adopting the well-known expression.'

6. the...Island] The only explanation, I think, which has ever been given of this puzzling phrase is the plausible and dramatic interpretation of BR. NICHOLSON, who supposes that after Stephano's challenge to Caliban, 'Servant-monster, drink to me!' Trinculo, the professional Jester, apes the manners of his betters, and, all of them feeling themselves monarchs of all they surveyed, proposes as a toast 'The folly of this Island!'

16. by this light] CAPELL connected this oath with Stephano's exploit in swimming instead of with his appointment of Caliban to a lieutenantcy, and his note on the change must not go unrecorded; in it he out-Capelled himself: 'Thou shalt be my lieutenant, &c. Words which all former copies have prefix'd with that oath which is, in this, annex'd to Stephano's lie; and as from this mode of pointing results humour plenty, and none or next to none from the other, it becomes a duty to close with it, that facility consider'd which produces faults of this sort: in this case, a point only was drop'd following light.'

18. standard] That is, of course, standard-bearer or ensign, with a punning allusion to his drunkenness.
Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

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

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy hooe: Ile not ferue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest most ignorant Monster, I am in case to juffle a Constable: why, thou debosh'd Fifth thou, was there ever man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monstringous lie, being but halfe a Fifth, and halfe a Monster?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monster should be such a Naturall?

Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.

Ste. Trinculo, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monster's my subieft, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suiet I made to thee?
THE TEMPEST

Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it, I will fstand, and so shal Trinculo.

Enter Ariell invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subieft to a Tirant, A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me Of the Ilfand.

Ariell. Thou lyeft.

Cal. Thou lyeft, thou lyesting Monkey thou: I would my valiant Master would destroy thee. I do not lye.

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

Trin. Why, I faid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.

Cal. I fay by Sorcery he got this Ilfe From me, he got it. If thy Greatneffe will Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou darft) But this Thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certaine.

41, 42. Lines run on, Pope et seq. 44, 45. Lines run on, Pope et seq. (except Steev. Kat. Wh. i. Kidy, Ritse). Four lines, ending ther... Tirant... hath... Ilfand. Steev. Three lines, ending in... cunning... Ilfand. Kidy. 51, 52. Lines run on, Pope et seq.

55, 56. [Ile, From me, he] Ile, From Me, he F. Ile, From me he Rowe, Pope, Han. Ile; From me he Theob. et seq. (subs.). 58. dare not.] dares not—Theob. ii, Warh. Johns. dares not; Han. dare not, Cap. et seq. (subs.).

43. invisible] Collier: Of old, performers, who were to be supposed unseen by the other actors, and yet were to be seen by the auditors, wore a particular kind of dress, understood to indicate their invisibility; one of the most curious items in ‘Hensalow’s Diary’ is that of ‘a robe for to go invisible.’—Sh. Soc. 1845, p. 277.

44-46. As... Inland] Dyce: I quite agree with Steevens in thinking that Caliban was intended always to speak in verse; and I therefore believe that the present speech is corrupted, because it defies any tolerable metrical arrangement. [In Steevens’s metrical attempt he was forced to notify the public that tyrant was to be pronounced as a trisyllable, but he did not tell us how.—Ed.]

58. dare] Abbott, § 361: The subjunctive ‘he dare’ is more common than ‘he dares’ in the historical plays, but far less common in the others. The only difference between the two is a difference of thought, the same as between ‘he can jump six feet’ and ‘he could jump six feet,’ i.e. if he liked. Compare [the present passage] ‘this thing dare not,’ i.e. ‘would not dare on any consideration’; stronger than dares.
THE TEMPEST

ACT III, SC. II.

Cal. Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee. 60
Ste. How now shalt this be compaft?
Canft thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,
Where thou maft knocke a naile into his head.
Ariel. Thou lief, thou canft not.
Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou fcuruy patch:
I do befeech thy Greatnecke give him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He fhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not fhew him
Where the quicke Freshes are.
Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger:
Interrupt the Monfter one word further, and by this
hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a
Stockfifth of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.

60. thee] In italics, has.
61. now] Omm. Pope, han.
64. go no further] goe no further'
65. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
71. Lines run on, Pope et seq.

60. Ile.] Walker (Crit. iii. 5): Rather, I think, 'I will serve thee'; for I doubt
whether an emphasis was intended to be laid on 'thee.' [Hammer thought otherwise;
see Text. N.—Ed.]

66. py'de] Johnson: This line should certainly be given to Stephano. 'Pied'
alludes to the striped coat worn by fool's, of which Caliban could have no knowledge.
Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban
the lie; he is now supposed to repeat his offense. Upon which Stephano cries out [as
in line 66]. Caliban now seeing his master in the mood that he wished, instigates
him to vengeance: 'I do beseech,' &c. [This note was withdrawn in the Various
Editions which were issued after Dr Johnson's death.—Ed.]—Stevens: Trinculo
is a jester, and therefore wears the party-coloured dress of one of these characters.

66. patch] W. A. Wright cites from Florio's New Worldes of Wordes the definition
of the Ital. passa, viz: 'foolish, fond, mad,' &c. 'Also a foole, a gull, an idlote,
a madman, a naturall.'—Skewes, however, says that the supposition that 'patch' is a
nickname from the dress is most probably right. 'It is independent of the Ital. passa,
a fool, a madman, which is used in a much stronger sense.' Douce's long note
with others, is given in Mer. of Vet. II, v, 49: 'The patch is kind enough.'

74. Stockfish] Dyce: That is, beat thee as a stockfish (dried cod) is beaten
before it is boiled.—W. A. Wright: Compare Hollyband's Fr. Dict. 1593, 'je te
frotteray a double carrillon, I will beate thee like a stocke fish.' Cotgrave (s. v. Caril-
lon) has: 'I will beate thee like a stocke fish, I will swinge thee while I may stand
over thee.'

76. Ile go] The difference here between the F, and the other Folios is of small
ACT III, SC. ii.]  THE TEMPEST

Ste. Didst thou not say he lyed?

Ariell. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? Take thou that,
As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo:
A murren on your Monfer, and the diuell take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee stand further off.

Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too.

Ste. Stand farther: Come procede.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,
Hauing frst feiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge

79. Take thou] Take you F_p Rowe
81. give the] give thee the F_p Rowe+
[Beats him. Rowe.
81–85. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
84. murren] murren F_p Rowe.
85. farther] farther Fl.
91. there] them Coll. ii, iii (MS), Dyce
ii, iii, Huds. where Jervis.

moment. In the latter Trinculo's refusal to go betokens an independence of spirit which he certainly shows on no other occasion.—Ed.
81. glue the ile] Surely F_p has here the true reading.—Ed.
87, 88, 91. It is just possible that these commands to stand further off are addressed not to Trinculo, but to Caliban. I am inclined to think that the close, confidential attitude taken by Caliban brings into painful emphasis one of his characteristics, which Trinculo described as ancient and fath-like.—Ed.
93. there] COLLIER (ed. ii): But Caliban is speaking of the proper time to kill Prospero, viz.: when he is asleep, not of the place where he is to be killed. [See Text. Notes.] Afterwards, when again Caliban mentions that Prospero will be asleep, he asks: 'Wilt thou destroy him them?'—DYCE (ed. ii): Though in my former edition I retained the old reading, I now hold the alteration [by Collier's MS] to be absolutely necessary.
94. bookes] HUNTER (i, 181): It is a curious point in bibliography what, specifically, the books of the Magicians were. It is strange that not one (as far as is known) has come down to us times if they were anything more than the harmless tracts on natural science of the middle ages, books of real science, with geometrical figures, or works in the Oriental languages, read backwards. When Hugh Draper of Bristol, an astronomer, was charged with practising as a sorcerer, he confessed that he had done so; but that since he so mislik'd his science that he burned all his books (Bay
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to poffeße his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtenfils (for fo he calleth them)
Which when he ha's a houfe, hee'l decke withall.
And that moft deeply to consider, is
ACT III, SC. ii.]  THE TEMPEST  

105  nuer saw a] ne’er saw Pope,+
Steev.’93, Kn, Dyce ii, iii, Huds.
108. ’do’s lea] does the least Rowe+.
114, 115. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
116, 117. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
Mal. Kn.

The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe
Cals her a non-parrell: I never saw a woman
But onely Sycorax my Dam, and she;
But she as farre furpasseth Sycorax,
As great’st do’s leaft.

Ste.  Is it so braue a Laffe?

Cal.  I Lord, she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood.

Ste.  Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queene, saue our Graces: and Trinculo
and thy selfe shal be Vice-royes:
Doft thou like the plot Trinculo?

Trin.  Excellent.

Ste  Give me thy hand, I am forry I beate thee:
But while thou liu’ft keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Cal.  Within this halfeoure will he be asleepe,
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste.  I on mine honour.

Ariell. This will I tell my Master.

Cal.  Thou mak’ft me merry: I am full of pleasure,
Let vs be iccond. Will you troule the Catch

nothing ill can,’ &c. I, ii, 533; or, ‘There be some sports are,’ &c. III, i, 3; or,
ABBOTT, § 244.

105. WALKER (Crit. i, 86): The verse is not irregular [Walker (Verse. p. 101)
had already said that a six-footed verse is not infrequent in Shakespeare where an
extra foot is admitted, when it follows immediately after a pause on the latter syllable
of the third foot], but it is inharmonious, I think, and Hammer’s [i. e. Pope’s]
reading seems to be right.—ABBOTT, § 503, accepts this line as six-footed; ‘although,’
he adds, ‘it is against Shakespearian usage to pronounce ‘non-parrell’ "a dissyllable,
as in Dorsetshire, “a nttrep apple,” yet Caliban here may be allowed to use this
form. I believe “non’p’rel type’ is still a common expression.’

106. She] For this somewhat rare use of ‘she’ for her (which Grant White
pronounces ‘mere carelessness’ on Shakespeare’s part) see Oth. IV, ii, 5, in this ed.,
where to Abbott’s three examples (§ 211) five more are added; this present example
escaped me.—Ed.

114. STEEVEVS: See Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, I, ii: ‘If he
read this with patience, I’ll troll ballads.’ [Its derivation is uncertain. W. A.
WRIGHT says that it means ‘to run glibly over,’ and pronounces it] ‘an imitative word.
You taught me but whileare?

Ste. At thy request, Monsieur, I will do reason,

Any reasoning: Come on Trinculo, let us sing.

Sings.

Flout' em, and swout' em: and swout' em, and flout' em,

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this name?

Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.

125. 127. Lines run on, Pope et seq.
126. Lines run on, Pope et seq.

In Serenus' Swedish Dict. we find "holla samma troll, to sing the same song over and over." Littleton in his English-Latin Dict. has: "To troll along his words. Volubiliter loqui, sive rotunde." [But this scarcely explains its use when it is not applied to singing, as, for instance, in 'troll the bowl'; see Beau. & Fl.'s Knight of the Burning Pestle, II, viii, where Merrythought sings: 'Troll the black bowl to me,' and Dyce, in a note, observes that the line is probably a catch, quoted by Hawkins (Hist. of Music, III, 22) from Ravenscroft's Pammelia, 1609: 'Trol, trol, the bowl to me, And I will trol the same again to thee,' &c. Oliphant (Musa Madrigalesca, p. 234) suggests that the word trole is from the Fr. troller, to draw or lead. But Colegrave's definition of troller is: 'Hounds to trolle, raunge, or hunt out of order,' and Trolleie is 'a trowling or disordered raunging, a hunting out of order'; which apparently influenced Skeat (s. v. trol) to define: 'To troll the bowl, to send it round, to circulate it'; and 'to troll a catch is, probably, to sing it irregularly,' which, whatever its derivation, would decidedly best suit the present condition of Caliban.—Ed.]

124. Catch] W. A. Wright: A catch is a part-song. Cotgrave has, 'Strambot: m. A 1yg, Round, Catch, country Song.' Chappell (Pop. Mus. of the Olden Time, p. 108) says, 'Catch, Round or Roundelay, and Canon in unison, are, in music, nearly the same thing. In all, the harmony is to be sung by several persons; and is so contrived, that, though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet, by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results a harmony of as many parts as there are singers. The Catch differs only in that the words of one part are made to answer, or catch the other; as 'Ah! how, Sophia,' sung like 'a house o' fire,' "Burney's History," like 'burn his history,' &c.'

125. whileare] Abbott, § 137: 'This is equivalent to a time before, i.e. formerly,' as W. A. Wright defines it, 'only a short time since.'

130. Thought is free] W. A. Wright: Perhaps the burden of a song. See Twelfth N. I, iii, 73. And Lyly, Euphues and his England, p. 281 (ed. Archer): 'why then quoth he, doest thou thinke me a foole, thought is free my Lord quoth she.' [In Skelton's Phyllis Sparswe, line 1201, we find: 'Thought is franne and free.'—Ed.]

135. No-body] Reed: The allusion is here to the print of No-body, as prefixed
THE TEMPEST

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thy selfe in thy likeness:
If thou beest a duell, take't as thou lift.

Trin. O forgive me my finnes.

Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defe thee;
Mercy vpon vs.

Cal. Art thou affear'd?

Ste. No Monster, not I.

Cal. Be not affear'd, the 1sle is full of noyes,
Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments
Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,
Will make me sleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and shew riches

136, 137. Prose, Pope et seq. 141, 143. afreard] afraid Rowe +.
139, 140. Lines run on, Pope et seq. twangling] twanging Pope +.
140. [Music again. Coll. ii (MS). 146. sometimes] sometimes F, Rowe +,
Steev.'85, Sing. Wh. i, Rle.

to the anonymous comedy of No-body and Some-body; without date, but printed before 1600.—HALLIWELL thinks that the more likely reference is to an engraving on an old ballad, called the Well-spoken Nobody, whereof he gives a facsimile. The engraving occupies an entire page of his Folio edition, and represents a tatterdemalion man surrounded by broken household utensils, and bearing the motto: 'Nobody is my name that beareth everybodys blame.' There is, however, no attempt to portray the man as having no body; he is amply provided therewith, whereas, in the picture alluded to by Reed, the man has merely head, arms, and legs, and, therefore, literally, 'no-body,' exactly as Ben Jonson describes him, as cited by Halliwell himself. Nobody is introduced 'attired in a pair of breeches, which were made to come up to his neck, with his arms out at his pockets.' This old comedy of Nobody and Somebody was reprinted in 1677 for Private Circulation by ALEXANDER SMITH, Esq. of Glasgow, and is valuable for allusions to manners and customs. It was cited in Lear, ii, i, as affording the only other known allusion to the custom of scattering far and wide the picture of a criminal as an aid to his speedy arrest. Its editor ascertained from the Trans. of the Stationers' Registers that its date was 1606, which can have no special bearing on the date of this play, because it is possible that the present reference to 'the picture of No-body' may be, not to the picture on the title-page of the comedy, but to the sign over the stationer's shop; it was 'Printed for John Trundle are to be sold at his shop in the Barbican, at the signe of No-body.' John Trundle was a stationer from about 1598 to about 1625.—Ed.

145. Sometimes] Dyce here prefers sometime for the sake of uniformity with the next line, and also with Caliban's speech, ii, ii, 12-15.

146-149. Will . . . had wak'd . . . Will . . . would] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc.)
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.

_Ste._ This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I shall haue my Mu sicke for nothing.

_Cal._ When _Prospero_ is destroyc'd.

_Ste._ That shall be by and by:

I remember the storie.

_Trin._ The found is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.

_Ste._ Leade Monster,

---

150. _that when_] _when_ Pope, Han. 152-163. Lines run on, Pope et seq

A striking example of the use of 'will' to _express a custom_, in the present as well as in the preterite. At the middle of his speech ('and then, in dreaming') Caliban changes from the expression of habitual occurrence, without reference to time, by the _present_ tense, to that of habitual occurrence in past time, by the _preterite_ tense. He does this, because one remarkable dream at that moment recurs to his memory, and finally carries him away from even habitual occurrence in past time ('the clouds _would open_') to one particular incident ('when I wak'd, I cry'd to sleep again.')—In line 147, uniformity of syntax requires 'if I then _have wak'd_'; and it is difficult to discover any possible justification for the use of the pluperfect. It cannot be, that Caliban had already begun to shift ground in his mind from present to past time; for then he would have said 'would' (and not _will_ ) make me sleep again.' It is just conceivable, that the pluperfect _might_ be used to denote the more _immediate_ precedence of the waking to the being made to sleep again; but that is what there seems to be no reason to denote. I am, therefore, disposed to correct by substituting _have_ for 'had.' _Have_, in the handwriting of the day, with the left side of the _v_ rising in a curve above the line, might easily be mistaken by the compositor for a _d_ with the right stroke bent to the left.

155. _by and by_] _By and by_, as well as _presently_, now imply some brief delay; but in old language they usually meant _immediately._—W. A. _W_ _R_ _I_ _T_ _E_: That is, immediately. [Rather, I think, _presently, shortly_, as in: 'Imbwelled will I see thee by and by, Till then, in blood, by noble Percy lie.'—_1 Hem. IV_ : _V_ iv, 109, cited under 4 in the analysis of this adverbial phrase in _Murray's New Eng. Dict_. The drunken crew were coming under the effects of the charm which Ariel afterwards told Prospero that he flung around them, and Stephano was ready to postpone the braining of Prospero in order to follow the music.—_Ed._]

157, 158. _Daniel_ (p. 13): Give this speech to Caliban. Stephano replies to it, 'Lead, monster; we'll follow.' And Trinculo adds, 'I'll follow.' [Is it in character that Caliban, who was so eager to destroy Prospero, and who had such painful experience of Prospero's power, should propose an aimless pursuit of what he knew was unreal? The music could awaken no curiosity in him. He had heard it too often. It excited the curiosity of the others, not of him. It is Stephano who says, 'I would I could see this taborer.' See the last note of this Scene.—_Ed._]
ACT III, SC. ii.]  

THE TEMPEST

Weel follow: I would I could see this Taborer,  
He lays it on.  

Trin. Wilt come?

Ile follow Stephano.  

Exc.  

The sound of a blow is very generally represented by the syllables tab, tap, dab, dob, top, or the like. Thus the Spaniards represent the beating of the drum by tapatan or taparatam, as we by rubadub or dubadub.—STEEVENS: With several of the incidents in this Scene compare the description of the desert of Lop, in Asia, by Marco Polo (of whose travels there was an English translation by John Frampton in 1579): ‘—You shall hear in the ayre the sound of tabers and other instruments, to put the travellers in feare, &c. by euill spirits that make these sounds, and also do call duerser of the travellers by their names,’ &c., ch. 36. Thus, too, Milton: ‘And airy tongues, that syllable men’s names On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.—

GENUS, 206.

The distribution of speeches has here given rise to emendation. The earliest to propose a change is the ‘learned and ingenious person, dead some time ago,’ whose notes Grey recorded under the title of ANONYMOUS. His note here reads: ‘I should rather think “wilt come?” was spoken by Stephano. To which Trinculo replies: “I’ll follow Stephano.”’ This change anticipates Ritson (Remarks, 1783, p. 6; Curious Crit. 1792, p. 35) by thirty years, although to Ritson it has been attributed by Dyce (who adopted it) and by the Cam. Ed.—KIGHTLEY gives it his approval.—CAPELL interprets the situation differently. ‘The “wilt come,”’ he says (668), ‘of [Trinculo] makes a line by itself in both Folios; and, under it, is in them—Ile follow Stephano; which, if meant for the other words’ speaker, had been in line along with them, and so might have been; Caliban leads the way, as he’s order’d; Trinculo follows; but, finding he is not follow’d, turns back and addresses Wilt come to the orderer, who is in search of his “taborer,” throwing his eyes about him.’ The force of the argument which Capell draws from the separation of the lines in the Folio is weakened, I think, by the place which these lines occupy on the page. They are the last in the column and at the end of a Scene, and I suppose that they were purposely expanded by the compositor to fill up what would otherwise be a vacant space. There is, what I think, a parallel case in As You Like It, II, vi, 15–21, where, in order to ‘space out’ the column, ‘stark prose,’ as Dyce truly calls it, was converted into verse of very short lines.—In the interpretation of the present passage HEATH (p. 25) has anticipated me; his note reads: ‘The first words [i.e. Trinculo’s “Wilt come?”] are addressed to Caliban, who, vexed at the folly of his new companions idly running after the music, seems, for some little time, to have stayed behind.’ This is to me decidedly the true interpretation. Trinculo asks Caliban ‘Wilt come?’ and then adds, by way of further persuasion, ‘I am going to follow Stephano.’ The last line was turned into an address to Stephano by Steevens in 1778, and the comma before ‘Stephano,’ for which Steevens is the sole authority, has given a wrong twist to the meaning in every edition (except Knight’s) ever since; at least, so it seems, to the present Ed.
Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir, My old bones akers: here's a maze trod indeede Through fourth rights, & Meanders: by your patience, I needs must rest me.

Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, Who, am my felle attach'd with weariness To th'dulling of my spirits: Sit downe, and rest: Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd


5. akers] For the grammar, see I, i, 24; for the pronunciation of ache, see I, ii, 433.
6. fourth rights] Hunter (Disquisition, &c. p. 130): It would not be easy to find this word in any other writer than Shakespeare, in whose Tro. & Cress. III, iii, 158, it again occurs. In both places it evidently means no more than straight line.

—Knight: There is an allusion here to an artificial maze, which is sometimes constructed of straight lines ('forth-rights'), sometimes of circles ('meanders'). [Knight's definition reads suspiciously like one which has been devised to suit the text. Gonzalo does not refer literally to a carefully-plotted maze, such as that at Hampton Court. He might have used the word labyrinth, without referring to one similar to that of Crete. But HALLIWELL (p. 46), strangely enough, takes 'maze' in its technical sense of a maze artificially constructed, and asks: 'Are we to suppose that IProspero, Miranda, or Caliban had amused themselves in this way?—ED.]

9. attach'd] Murray (New Eng. Dict): The development of signification seems to have been thus: 1. The regular O. S. sense was 'to fasten,' as in mod. Eng., where, however, this sense is of quite recent adoption from mod. F. 2. The earlier Eng. sense of 'arrest, seize' arose in A F. and Eng. as an elliptical expression for 'attach by some tie to the control or jurisdiction of the court,' i. e. so that it shall have a hold on the party. A man might thus be attach'd or 'nailed' par le cors by his body, par ses auro & par ses chateus by his goods and chattels, par pleges by sureties for his appearance (Britton). In the first two cases the attachment consisted in arrest and detention. 3. The It. equivalent is attaccare: in the 16th c. the It. attaccare battaglia, to join battle, attaccarsi a, to fasten (oneself) upon, 'attack,' was first imitated with Fr. atacker, and then adopted in Fr. as attaquer; whence Eng. attack, and occasional 17th c. use of attach.
ACT III, SC. iii.]  

THE TEMPEST  

Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks  
Our frufrate search on land: well, let him goe.

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

Doe not for one repulse forgoe the purpose
That you resolu’d t’effect.

Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to night,

For now they are oppref’d with trauaile, they

Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Solemne and strange Musick: and Prosper on the top (invis-

ible:) Enter fowre all strange shapes, ringing in a Banke

tand dance about it with gentle aitions of falutations, and

inviting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

15. [Aside to Seb. Han.

that he’s] that’s he Pope i, ii.
18–27. All marked as aside, Cap.
18. Two lines, Pope et seq.

throughly] thoroughly Steev.’93,

20. travail] travell F, F_{.}
22. they are] they’re Pope+, Jeph.

Dyce ii, iii, Hud.  

23, &c. after line 27, Pope et seq.

16. forgoe] W. A. Wright: The First Folio spells this word correctly, so far as regards the-first syllable, everywhere ‘forgo’ or ‘forgoe.’

23. on the top] Collier: Meaning, perhaps, in some machine let down with ropes from the ceiling, or possibly only in the balcony at the back of the stage.

24–26. Enter, &c.] Hunter (Disquisition, &c. p. 114): There might be among the original spectators of this play, some who believed in the power of [magicians] to produce the delusive visions and the aerial music which fill so large a space in it. [P. 125. The following are] some notices of the power which some persons in the Middle Ages possessed, of producing delusions of various kinds, resembling those which we find in this play. Chaucer has given a very lively description of what could be done by an accomplished tregetour. Persons seated in the great hall of a castle saw a large come sailing in or a lion prowling about a room; suddenly the stone floor would become a green mead, in which sprung daisies and butter-cups; a vine would be trailed along the wall, and grapes would appear in little green bunches, which would soon be enlarged, coloured, and ripened. Chaucer tells us that he had actually seen this, possibly when he was abroad; but Aubrey, in a MS on Remains of Gentilism, &c. speaks of an exhibition resembling this, . . . at which his grandfather was present. . . . John Melton, author of that sensible tract, The Astrologaster, describes an exhibition which he had himself witnessed at Cambridge, in the reign of James I, in which an orange plant was seen to spring in the midst of a room, to grow up into a costly tree, and finally to bear fruit, which went on enlarging and
Seb. I say to night: no more.

Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.

Gon. Maruellous sweet Muficke.

Alo. Gius vs kind keepers, heauës: what were these?

Seb. A liuing Drolerié: now I will beleue

That there are Vnicornes: that in Arabia
There is one Tree, the Phoenix throne, one Phœnix

30. heavens F, Rowe, Pope, Han.

31. will] well Daniel.

ripening in the presence of the spectators.—We who have witnessed the phantasmagoria; and the dioramas may conceive the possibility of deceptions such as these; though, I confess, it seems as if in these dioptrical illusions there was greater skill in former ages than is manifested in these times. [Hunter here quotes at length two anecdotes, one from Melton’s Astrologaster, 1620, p. 75; and the other from Beards’ Theatre of God’s Judgments, 1631, p. 121. The former is given on the authority of Erasmus, and tells how a Roman priest invited a company of ladies to a banquet, where they partook of a variety of rare and strange dishes; but about half an hour after their return home ‘their stomachs began to call upon them for meat,’ and they were as hungry as if they had eaten nothing, which, the priest afterwards revealed to them, was the truth, for ‘his art did delude both the eye that thought it saw such things and the palate that seemed to taste those delicates,’—in sooth, the bare imagination of a feast. The second anecdote is to the same effect, only that what was in the former a solitary occasion, in the present case appears to have been the standing characteristic of the hospitality of ‘the Lord of Orne’; after his guests had departed, although they had partaken of the best of fare, ‘they pined for want of food, having neither eaten nor drunk save in imagination only,’ and ‘their horses fared no better than their masters.’ Hunter thus concludes:] Shakespeare has shown his accustomed good sense by representing the banquet as only shown to the king and his followers, not partaken of by them. . . . . I have no pleasure in repeating that such and such eminent commentator is mistaken; but I cannot forbear adding that the note of Steevens [as below] misleads, as he entirely mistakes the kind of illusion which Prospero, by his magic art, practised on the strangers.

31. Drolerie] Steevens: Shows, called drolleries, were, in Shakespeare’s time, performed by puppets only. From these our modern drolli, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So in Beau. and Fl.’s Valentinian, II, ii: ‘I had rather make a drollerie till thirty.’—Malone: ‘A living drollerie’ is one not represented by wooden machines, but by personages who are alive.

33. Phœnix] From Pliny we get all our knowledge of this bird. In Lib. x, cap. ii (Holland, i, 271) we find: ‘The Phœnix of Arabia passes all other [birds. I know not] whether it be a tale or no that there is neuer but one of them in all the world, and the same not commonly seen. By report he is as big as an Eagle: for colour, as yellow and bright as gold (namely, all about the necke); the rest of the bodie a deep red purple; the tale azure azure: intermingled with feathers among of rose carnation color; and the head brauely adorned with a crest and penach finely wrought; having a tuft and plume thereupon, right faire and goodly to be seen. Manilius, the noble Roman Senator, . . . . was the first man of the long Robe who wrot of this bird at
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. Ille believing both:

And what do's else want credit, come to me
And Ille besworne 'tis true: Travellers never did lye,
Though foole at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

large, & most exquisitely. He reporteth that neuer man was known to see him feeding, . . . that he liueth 600 year, and when he groweth old, and begins to decay, he builds himself with the twigs and branches of the Canell or Cinnamon and Frank incense trees; and when he hath filled it with all sort of sweet Aromaticall spices, yeldeth vp his life thereupon. He saith, moreover, that of his bones and marrow there breedes at first as it were a little worme: which afterward prooueth to be a prettie bird. And the first thing that this yong new Phoenix doth, is to perform the obsequies of the former Phoenix late deceased: to translate and carry away his whole nest into the citie of the Sun, neere Panchea, and to bestowed it full devoutly there upon the altar. . . . Brought he was hither also to Rome, . . . and shewed openly to be seen in a full hall and generall assembly of the people, as appeareth upon the public records: howbeit, no man ever made any doubt, but he was a counterfeit Phoenix, and no better.'—Ed.—MALONE refers to The Phoenix and Turtle, 2: 'Let the bird of loudest lay, On the sole Arabian tree'; and also to Lyly's Euphues and his England: '—as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so is there but one tree in Arabia, where-in she buyldeth' [p. 312, ed. Arber]; also to Florio's Worldes of Words, 1598: 'Kasin, a tree in Arabia, whereof there is but one found, and upon it the Phoenix sits.'

If I should say I saw such Islands;
(For certes, these are people of the Island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of

40. beleue me?] ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc.) would substitute a dash for this interrogation mark, which is to be removed to the end of the speech.

44. gentle, kinde.] The hyphen by which Theobald joined these words has been adopted by some of the best editors; Walker includes it in the long list which he gives (Crit. I, 21-55) of compound epithets. Unquestionably, we should join with a hyphen two adjectives, where the former is clearly used adverbially, as, e. g. in 'But earthlier-happier is the rose distill'd,' but we should be very sure before doing so that this adverbial relation exists. Would it be right to add a hyphen in 'Not all the water in the rough, rude sea'? Yet would Walker add it, and even more erroneously, I think, in that condensed definition of life: 'This sensible, warm motion.'
Our humane generation you shall finde
Many, nay almost any.

Pro. Honest Lord,
Thou hast said well: for some of you there present;
Are worse then duels.

Al. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound expressing
(Although they want the vfe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dume discouer.

Pro. Praise in departing.

Fr. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
(macks.
They have left their Viands behind; for we have into-
Wilt please you taste of what is here?

Alo. Not I.

Boyces

Gon. Faith Sir, you need not fear: when we were
Who would believe that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whose throats had hanging at' em

47-49. As aside, Cap. 54. No] 'Tu no Han.
Glo. Jeph. Wrt, Rife, Wh. ii. muse; Cap.
muse— Kdy. muse, F, et cet.
51. gesture...sound] gestures...sounds seq.
Coll. MS.
52. excellent dume] Hyphened, Walker.

By reading it sensible-warm Walker makes the phrase almost tautological. So in the present case, I think, the same results follow the conversion of 'gentle' into a mere adverb, qualifying 'kind'; its full force is needed to qualify 'manners.' Again, I cannot agree with Walker in writing, in line 53, excellent-dume; was it the superlative dumbness of the discourse that Alonso praised, or an excellent kind of discourse which was also dumb?—Ed.

50. muse] Steevens: That is, admire, wonder at. So in Macb. III, iv, 85; 'Do not muse at me.'—W. A. Wright: Not elsewhere in Shakespeare used in such a construction. [Which makes Keightley's pause after it, and broken sentence, plausible.—Ed.]

54. Praise, &c.] Capell: That is, stay your praises, 'till you see how your entertainment will end.—Steevens: It is a proverbial expression. Gosson, in his pamphlet entitled Plays confuted in five Actions, &c. (no date), acknowledges himself to have been the author of a morality called Praise at Parting.

55, 56. Walker (Ver. 24) suspects some corruption or misarrangement here.—Abbott, § 487, suggests 'perhaps': 'They van i sh'd strang | ely. | No mat | ler since.'
WALLETS OF FLESH, or that there were such men
WHOLE heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde
Each putter out of fume for one, will bring vs

63. [putter out] putter-out Cap. et seq. 

(Kitty.) of one for five Thirlby, Mal. Var. 
Hal. Dyce, Huds. of five for ten Thirlby. 
at five for one Daniel.

63. [WALLETS OF FLESH] GREY (i, 29): Compare 'Quis timidum guttur miratur in 
Alpibus?—Juvenal, Sat. xiii, 168. [These 'wallets of flesh' have been always 
understood as referring to goitre, to which the allusions are many throughout out 
early English literature. The disease was familiar to the Romans as a characteristic 
of Switzerland, as we learn from Juvenal; it was common in France, and it is by no 
means improbable that it was well known of old in England; where it is now known 
as 'the Derbyshire neck.' Is it likely that instances of a disease thus widely disseminated 
and generally known would form the stock of travellers' stories, and that any putter out of five for one would be discredited who gave an account of it? Be 
this, however, as it may, I doubt if any goitre could ever have been called a 'wallet'; 
pendulous, monstrous they may have been, even to the extent of being supported on 
wheels pushed in front of the patient, but 'wallets' they were not. Certainly not in 
the every-day meaning of wallet, or in the only meaning in which Shakespeare uses 
it, as in Tro. and Cress.: 'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,' &c. The mountaineers may have been dew-lapp'd, but, assuredly, their goitres were not wallets— 
SKEAT, I know, uses this very passage to prove that watelles and wallets are the same, 
but then it is on the assumption that 'wallets' are goitres, whereas I do not think that the 'wallet' Gonzalo refers to is a goitre at all, but a genuine wallet of flesh hanging 
from the throat, and such a wallet we find in that compilation of travellers' tales 
of the Middle Ages, gathered by Gesner and translated by Topsell, 1698. In his 
chapter on The Satyre (p. 14) we read: 'Satyres haue no humain conditions in them, 
or other resemblance of men beside their outward shape; though Solinus speake of 
them like as of men. They carry their meat under their chin as in a store-house, and 
from thence being hungry they take it forth to eate, making it ordinary [i. e. dinner-
time] with them every day, which is but annuall in the Formice lions.' (These lions, 
we afterwards learn, are only once a year.) Here we have the 'wallet of flesh'; 
and the wood-cut illustrates it. The Satyre is represented as holding in his left hand 
a pipe, while his right hand is thrust into a wallet hanging under his chin and formed 
of flesh, for clothing of any kind he has none. It is not difficult to surmise that the 
Pouched Ape's gave rise to the story.—Ed.

64. [Whose heads, &c.] GREY (i, 29) refers to Pliny (Bk V, cap. 8, p. 96, Hol-
lund's trans.) for an account of the 'Blemmy,' who, 'by report, haue no heads, but 
mouth and eies both in their breast.'—MALONE: See Hakluyt's Voyages, 1598: 'On 
that branch which is called Cæsare are a nation of people, whose heads appear not 
above their shoulders. They are reported to have eyes in their shoulders, and their 
mouths in the middle of their breasts.' [See Notes on Oth. I, iii, 167, in this ed.]

65. [of fume for one] This phrase, which much troubled the early editors, refers to 
a custom which in effect reverses the modern Travellers' Insurance Companies.
Theobald discovered the exact explanation of it in Jonson's Every Man out of his 
Humour, but yet failed thoroughly to comprehend it; he believed that the phrase,
which really needs no change whatever, needed the substitution of on for of. Puntarvalo, in Jonson’s comedy, II, i, p. 72, ed. Gifford, says: ‘I do intend . . . . to travel, and . . . . I am determined to put forth some five thousand pound 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 five and twenty thousand pound to entertain time withal.’ The vain-glouring knight therefore was a speculator on the chances of receiving five for his one, exactly as the Folio has it, ‘a putter out of five for one.’ ‘Five for one’ may well have been a phrase used by those who lent money on such travellers’ risks. —SHEEVES cited passages, referring to the custom, from Chapman and Shirley’s The Ball, 1639, and from Amenities for Ladies, also in 1639, which merely prove the continued prevalence of the custom long after Shakespeare’s day, and do not enlarge our knowledge. Steevens also cites a sentence from Barnaby Rich’s Faults, and Nothing but Faults, 1607, to show that a lower rate of remuneration, or ‘two or three for one,’ was sometimes accepted. —MALONE: It appears from Moryson’s Itinerary, 1617, i, 198, that ‘this custom of giving out money upon these adventures was first used in court, and among noblemen’; and that some years before his book was published, ‘bankerouts, stage-players, and men of base condition had drawn it into contempt,’ by undertaking journeys merely for gain upon their return. In a foot-note to the speech of Puntarvalo, just given, Gifford approves of Malone’s reading (see Text, Notes), and condemns Steevens’s, i.e. Theobald’s, as one ‘which to the ears of Shakespeare and his audiences would have been intolerable.’ —HALLIWELL remarks that ‘this curious method of assurance . . . . is continually alluded to by old writers’; and thereupon gives nearly five folio pages of extracts in illustration, among them two blank forms of the Legal Instruments used on such occasions from West’s Symbolography, 1605, and The Second Part of the Young Clerk’s Guide, &c. 1652. —The Cambridge Editors: See Beau. and Fl.’s The Noble Gentleman, I, i [p. 119, ed. Dyce]: ‘The return will give you five for one.’ MARINE is about to travel. —DYCE, in his first edition, asserts that the words of the Folio do not bear the meaning of ‘at the rate of five for one.’ He therefore adopts Thirlby’s reading, and cites, as additional justification, Gifford’s remark, given above. In his second and third edition he repeats his note and adds the note of the Camb. Edd., just cited, a note, ‘in which they evidently confound ”putting out five for one” with ”receiving five for one,” and show, besides, that they are imperfectly acquainted with the story of the play from which they quote.’ It is well, perhaps, to note that Thirlby’s conjecture, with Theobald’s discussion of it and of the passage, is to be found in Nichols’s Illustrations, &c. ii, pp. 224, 244, 258; and that a parallel passage has been added by Dr BR. NICHOLSON in New S. Soc. Trans. 1880–82, Pt i, p. 32, to wit: ‘Ie put out one million to use after the rate of seuen score to the hundredth.’ —Day’s Isle of Guls, 1666; that is, he, the “putter out,” would in reality put out one hundred to be repaid at the rate of one hundred and forty. —Again in his admirably edited Scott’s Discovery of Witchcraft, p. 547, he finds an instance almost exactly similar to the present in ‘a thousand for one that fell out contrary.’ ‘The putting out of five for one,’ says Nicholson, ‘is considered as one action, and is—pace Dye— the receiving, as [Knight] says, at the rate of five for one, the putter out being he who puts out in the hope of receiving five for one.’ —ALLEN (Philos. S. Soc.): ‘I would add, in support of F, that there is a tendency, in all languages, to make the current phrases of law, business, &c., elliptical, because they are so perfectly understood by
ACT III, SC. iii.]  

THE TEMPEST  

Good warrant of.  

Ač. I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my laft, no matter, since I feele  
The beft is paft: brother: my Lord, the Duke,  
Stand too, and doe as we.  

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariel (like a Harpy) claps  
his wings upon the Table, and with a quient deuce the  
Banquet vanishes.  

69. Lord,] lord Pope et seq.  
70. too] to F, et seq.  
70. Scene IV. Pope +.

everybody that some of the words of the phrase can be left for the hearer to supply for himself. So the Greeks treated the terms connected with actions and prosecutions at law, all of which were readily understood, because transferred from the vocabulary of the chase. Demosthenes, accordingly (De Corone), says: "It is not the same to me to lose your favour, as it is for Aeschinus not to catch his indictment" (ἐλείν τοι γραφήν)—where the full expression would be "to catch him that is trying to run away (ἐλείν τοι φεύγοντα) and by this means to carry through his indictment (μαίν τοι γραφήν)." It thus appears that in the formula actually used the verb is made to govern grammatically what it does not govern logically. In like manner, while "putter-out" is grammatically followed by the Genitive "of five," it is logically followed by some Genitive equivalent to "of a capital sum"—so that the whole phrase, as filled up, would read: "each putter-out of a principal for a return of five pounds for each pound left in deposit."—One of SCHMIDT'S few errors is his interpretation of 'putter out' as 'one who puts to sea.' It is properly criticised by HALE (Notes, &c. p. 182) and GRANT WHITE (Studies, &c. p. 310.)—Ed.  

67-69. I . . . last, no . . . past] Mason: I cannot but think that this passage was intended to be in rhyme, and should be printed as a rhyming couplet.—DYCK quotes Mason and remarks: 'But a greater objection to such an arrangement than what would arise from breaking the ωφέλης of the blank verse at the commencement of this speech, is presented by the words with which it concludes, "Brother . . . as we"; for they cannot with any propriety be reduced to a single line; and there would be no little awkwardness in cutting them up into: | "Brother | My lord the duke, stand to, and do as we." | '—KIRKLEY (Exp. 214): Dyce properly rejects Mason's arrangement, but [as to his remark on the remainder of the speech, was he] unaware of the existence of six-foot lines in these plays? The true reason for rejecting this arrangement is that in this play Shakespeare does not employ couplets. [See notes on III, 1, 28.]

71. Harpy] PECK (Milton, p. 207), in a note on Paradis Regained, ii, 400, remarks that both Milton and Shakespeare 'here translate Virgil, iii.'—STEVENS gives the passage from Phaer's translation, 1538: '—fast to meate we fall. But sodenly from downe the hills, with grisely fall to syght, The Harpies come, and beating wings, with great noys out thei shriht, And at our meate they snatch.'

72, 73. quient deuce . . . vanishes] Dyce: This means that the machanist of the theatre was to do his best to make it seem that the harpy had devoured the banquet (compare what Prospero says, presently, of this harpy, 'a grace it had devouring'), and to contrive some method for the disappearing of the table.
Ar. You are three men of sinne, whom destiny
That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer surfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And even with such like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper felues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are ministers of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winde, or with bemeockt-at-Stabs
Kill the still clothing waters, as diminish

75. 76. That...in't] In parenthesis.
79. I haue] J'v Jeph. Dyce ii, iii,
Var. Knt.
75. instrument] instruments F_{4},
76. in't:] in't, Rowe.
77. belch up you] belch you up F_{4},
Rowe, Pope, Wh. i, Kly. belch up
Sing. Huds. belch up; yeu, Sta. conj.
Huds.

74, 77. whom ... you] Abbott, § 249: The supplementary pronoun is generally confined to cases where the relative is separated from its verb by an intervening clause, and where on this account clearness requires the supplementary pronoun. Thus [among many other examples] 'Whom, Though bearing misery, I desire my life Once more to look on him.'—Wnt. T. V, i, 138; and 'Who, if he break,' &c.—Mer. of Ven. I, iii.

75. to instrument] This idiom is familiar from Luke iii, 8: 'We have Abraham to our father.'—Ed.

77. vp you] Collier: It seems clear that 'you' is too much for the sense verse, and grammatical construction, and we have omitted it, because we think it crept into the old text by mere inadvertence.—Dyce: The old text is undoubtedly right. Compare Wnt. T. V, i, 138 [cited above in Abbott's note, line 74]. When Collier pronounced 'you' to be 'too much for the verse,' it must have escaped him that the Folio has 'caus'd'—not caus'd.—Hudson: 'You' coming in after 'belch up' is, to say the least, extremely awkward. And, as we have 'you' again in the next line, right under 'yea,' the misprint, if it be one, is easily accounted for. The correction is Staunton's.

83. Of whom] Abbott, § 264: In almost all cases where who refers to an irrational antecedent, an action or personal feeling is implied, so that who is the subject. Whom is rare. [See II, i, 129.]

84. bemeockt-at-Stabs] For other examples of words compounded with prepositions, see Abbott, § 431.
ACT III, sc. iii. | THE TEMPEST

One dowlé that's in my plumbé: My fellow ministers
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too maffie for your strengthes,
And will not be uplifted: But remember
(For that's my businesse to you) that you three
From Milláine did supplant good Prospero,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Against your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, Alonjo
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me

82. requit it] requited Wilson.
et seq.

85. still] That is, always, ever, as in Shakespeare passim; compare 'still- vexed Beremoth.

86. dowlé] TOLLET communicated to Steevens the following extracts from Hu-
mane Industry; or, A History of most Manual Arts, 1661, p. 93, which fully explain the mean-
ing of this word: 'The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which Virgil speaks of, and the Eriophori Arbores in Theophrastus, are not such trees as have a certain wool or dowl upon the outside of them, as the small cotton; but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, pregnant with wool, which the Syrains call Cott, the Grecians Gossypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombase.' 'There is a certain shell-fish in the sea, called Pina, that bears a mossy dowl or wool, whereof cloth is spun and made.' Again, p. 95, 'Trichitis, or the hayrie stone, by some Greek authors, and Alumen plumaceum, or downy alum, by the Latinists: this hair or dowl is spun into thread, and woven into cloth.'—MALONE: Cole, in his Lat. Dict. 1679, inter-
prets 'young dowlé ' by lamine.—WALKER (Crit. iii. 5): Note the spelling in a Hen. IV. 1V, v, 32: 'There lies a downie feather . . . that light and weightlesse dowine.'
I suspect that dowlé was the old spelling, growing out of use; and that dowlé in The Tempest is only a corruption of dowlé. In the very same line the Folio has 'plumbé' for plume.—F. A. CARRINGTON (N. & Q. 2d S. vii. p. 483, 1859): In Gloucestershire the plumage of young goslings before they have feathers is called dowlé. I believe that any plumage that I should call dowlom they would call dowlé.
—DYCE: I find the rare verb bedowl in An Eclogue by Davies, appended to Browne's Shepherds Pipe: 'What though time yet hath bedow'd thy chin?

83-87. swords . . . invulnerable] RITSON: So in Phær's Virgil [ad. 1558, sp.
Collier] Book iii: 'Their swords by them they laid. . . . And on the filthy birds they beat. . . . But fethers none do from them fal, nor wound nor strok doth bleed, Nor force of weapons hurt them can.'
87. like-invulnerable] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc.): Not 'like those who are invul-
nerable,' but 'invulnerable alike [with me].' Write, therefore, 'like for alike, just as 'las' is written for alas.
Lingring perdion (worse then any death
Can be at once) shall step, by step attend
You, and your wayes, whose wrathes to guard you from,
Which here, in this most defolate Ifle, elles fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-sorrow,
And a cleere life ensuing.

He vanishes in Thunder: then (to soft Musick.) Enter the
shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and
carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this Harpie, haft thou
Perform'd (my Ariel) a grace it had deououring:
Of my Instruccion, haft thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
And obseruation strange, my meaneer ministeres

98, 99. death . . . once] ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc.): A singular interposition of
the verb—a species of Tmesis. The actual order is 'worse than any death at once

100, 101. wrathes . . . Which . . . fals] ABBOTT, § 247, classes this with many
other examples of a singular verb following a relative with a plural antecedent.—W.
A. WRIGHT holds 'fals' to be a singular by attraction, the singular substantive 'isle'
occurring immediately before, whereof ABBOTT, § 412, gives many examples.

102. is] For other examples of thisellipsis of there is, see ABBOTT, § 404.

103. cleere] JOHNSON: Pure, blameless, innocent.

105. bated] Albeit a mere contraction of abate, it is sufficiently independent to be
correctly printed without the sign of contraction.

110. good life] JOHNSON: This may mean 'with exact presentation of their sev-
eral characters, with observation strange of their particular and distinct parts.' So we
say 'he acted to the life.' [A paraphrase which DYCE adopts.—STEVENS: In
Twelfth N. II, iii, 'good life' seems to be used for innocent jollity: 'Would you,'
says the Clown, 'have a love song, or a song of good life?' [STAUNTON refers
to this use of the phrase in Twelfth N., and says it is as ambiguous there as here.]
—HENLEY: To do anything with good life is still a provincial expression in the west of Eng-
land, and signifies 'to do it with the full bent and energy of the mind.'—COLLIERS:
That is, probably, with all appearance of actual existence—as if what was done were
real, and no delusion.—W. A. WRIGHT: With lifelike truthfulness and rare attention
to their several parts. [See IV, i, 9, where 'strange' is used in the same sense as
here.]
Their feuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And thefe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their disfractions: they now are in my powre;
And in thefe fits, I leaue them, while I visit
Yong Ferdinand (whom they supposfe is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.

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

Al. O, it is montrous: montrous:
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it,
The windes did fing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd

114. now] Om. Pope +.
115. while] whilst Rowe ii, Steev.
Glo. Jeph. Wr. Wh. ii. my Rowe et

112. kindes] STEEVES: Thus in Ant. & Clee. V, ii, 264: 'the worm will do his kind.'

116. whom . . . droun'd] ABBOTT, § 410: So in Matt. xvi, 13, all the versions except Wickeflife's have: 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?' Wickeflife has 'Whom scien men to be mennes sone?' This passage explains the idiom. It is a confusion of two constructions, e. g. 'Ferdinand who, they suppose, is drowned,' and 'whom they suppose to be drowned.'

117. mine] ABBOTT, § 238: Mine, hers, theirs are used as pronominal adjectives before their nouns. In the [present line] 'mine' is only separated by an adjective from its noun: 'mine lov'd darling.' More remarkable are 'yours and my discharge,' II, i, 277, supra; 'By hers and mine adultery.'—Cymb. V, v, 186; 'Even in theirs and in the commons' ears.'—Coriol. V, vi, 4. It is felt that the ear cannot wait till the end of the sentence while so slight a word as her or their remains with nothing to depend on. The same explanation applies to mine, which, though unemphatic immediately before its noun, is emphatic when separated from its noun.

120. it] ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc.): That is, 'my trespass,' my crime against Prospero. Alonso shrinks from the more definite expression of what so suddenly harrows up his conscience.

120, &c. BUCKNILL (p. 58): Ariel charms Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio into madness. The intention of suicide is expressed by Alonso, that of desperate fight, the other two. The phrenzy of Alonso is also distinguished by the fixed idea of his own guilt, and a state resembling hallucination founded upon it. These lines [120-127] afford a beautiful example of the transition of absorbing emotion into perverted sensation through the influence of excited fancy, representing the lunatic of 'imagination all compact.' It is the very opposite of matter-of-fact reason.
The name of Prosper: it did base my Trespass,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet founded,
And with him there lye mudded.

Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second.

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt
Like poyfon guien to worke a great time after
Now gins to bite the spirits: I doe beseech you
(That are of suppler ioynts) follow them swifly,
And hinder them from what this extasie
May now prouoke them to.

Ad. Follow, I pray you.

Exeunt omnes.

125. [Exit. Cap.
127, 128. with him...But Om. Steev.
128. thy F.
130. great] long Walker, Huds.
131. the] their Allen, Daniel.
133. doc] Om. Pope, Han.

124. base] Heath: It served as the bass in a concert, to proclaim my trespass in the loudest and fullest tone.—Steevens: So in the Faerie Queene, ii, 12, 33: ‘—the rolling sea, resounding soft, In his big base them fitly answered.’
126. poison . . . after] Holt: Seamen are strongly persuaded that the Africans, especially on the Guayn Coast, can temper poison so as to operate at any precise time and in any limited degree, and that during the interval the patient shall feel no effect from the dose. [Steevens makes a similar assertion, but gives no authority, and then adds:] So in the celebrated libel called Leicester’s Commonwealth: ‘I heard him once myselfe in publique act at Oxford, and that in presence of my lord of Leicester, maintain that poison might be so tempered and given, as it should not appear presently, and yet should kill the party afterwards at what time should be appointed.’
130. spirits] Allen (Phila. Sh. Soc.): Current English certainly requires their instead of ‘the,’ and perhaps we should so write, at any rate; nothing could be easier to mistake than the MS character for th (much like a y), followed by the r above the line for that with the c.
131. extasie] Nares: In the usage of Shakespeare and some others it stands for every species of alienation of mind, whether temporary or permanent, proceeding from joy, sorrow, wonder, or any other exciting cause; and this certainly suits with the etymology, ἐκστασις.
ACT IV, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST


Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too autherely punish'd you,
Your compensacion makes amends, for I
Haue given you here, a third of mine owne life,

2. Prospero's Cave. Pope. Prospero's
Cell. Theob. Jeph. Wh. ii. a thrird Tollett, Glo. Wrt,
5. a third'] Pi, Rowe, Pope, Johns.
Cap. Steev.'85, Mal.'90, Coll. i, Cam. Pllppotts. the thread Heath. the end
Bailey. a thread Theob. et cet.

5. third] The difficulty of a threefold division of Prospero's life occurred to Theobald, who, in a letter to Concannon (Mist's Journal, 16 March, 1737-38; Nicholas's Illust. ii, 199), suggested the emendation which afterwards appeared in his edition, and which since then has been adopted by a majority of editors, who were not taught caution, as they might have been, by its very obviousness. In his edition Theobald's note is as follows: 'Why is she only a third of his own life? He had no wife living, nor any other child to rob her of a share in his affection; so that we may reckon her at least half of himself. Nor could he intend that he lov'd himself twice as much as he did her; for he immediately subjoins that it was "she for whom he liv'd." In Othello, when Iago alarms the Senator with the loss of his daughter, he tells him "you have lost half your soul." And Dimidium animae meae is the current language on such occasions. There is no room for doubt, but I have restored to the poet his true reading; and the thread of life is a phrase most frequent with him.' Hereupon follow several examples of Shakespeare's use of the phrase 'thread of life.' In Mist's Journal Theobald refers to the old way of spelling, thrird, and cites an example where a spider's thread is misprinted 'third' in Lingua, IV. vi.—Holt disapproves of Theobald's change, and supposes that 'the old Gentleman,' as he is pleased to call Prospero, may have computed Miranda and himself as two-thirds and his future princely son-in-law as the remaining third.—Nor will Heath accede to Theobald's emendation. The thread of life refers to Clotho's distaff. 'But,' says Heath, 'it was never imagined that more threads than one were spun for any one man. Whereas "a thread" supposes that the threads of Prospero's life were more than one, and that he gave away one of them in giving away his daughter. This objection will indeed be obviated if we read, "The thread of my own life." . . . But I much doubt the necessity of any alteration at all, it being a liberty commonly taken by poets, in a view either of exaggerating or depreciating, to put a certain number or proportion for an uncertain.—Capell believes that if the next line, 'Or that for which I live,' had been 'reflected on thoroughly by editors and their remarkers,' Theobald's correction 'had not been fallen-in with' so readily; 'for that poetical thread of the fates' spinning is not what we live 'for,' but what we live by.' The three thirds of Prospero's life Capell then assumes to be: his realm, his daughter, and himself; 'the daughter he gives away, keeping all his concern for her; the realm he hop'd to return to, . . . and when retir'd to his Milan, then (as he tells us in almost his last speech), "every third thought should be his grave"'; words that seem to derive themselves from the
[5. a third of mine owne life]

expression in this passage.'—JOHNSON adheres to the Folio, but gives no explanation. 'Prospero,' he remarks, 'in his reason subjoined why he calls her the third of his life, seems to allude to some logical distinction of causes, making her the final cause.'—HAWKINS: Thread was formerly spelled 'third,' as in Mucedorus, 1619: 'when the sisters shall decree To cut in twaine the twisted third of life.' [Knight remarks that 'third' has become thread in the edition of 1668. Hazlitt, whose text (Dodsley, vii) is based on the Qto of 1598, prints thread, as does also Collier in his reprint, 1877, and, lastly, in the best and latest edition of Mucedorus by WARNKE and PROESCHOLDT, containing a collation, word for word, of all the many editions, presumably as accurate as it is scholarly, the word is printed (p. 44) thread, and not a solitary varia lectio is recorded. Therefore, in this matter, which is, after all, of very small importance, our trust must rest in the word of Sir John Hawkins. Since writing the foregoing I have just noticed that COLLIOR (ed. i) states that 'Hawkins misquotes Mucedorus, no doubt unintentionally,' and I should at once cancel what I have written, were it not that W. A. WRIGHT, who is, I think, punctilious in verifying citations, quotes Hawkins and adopts his spelling. Four other modern editors also cite Mucedorus, one on the authority of Hawkins, and three on their own.]—STEEVENS: The following quotation should seem to place the meaning beyond all dispute: In Acolastus, a comedy, 1540, is this passage: '—one of worldly shame's children, of his countenance and thred of his body.' [I regret that I cannot verify this quotation].—TOLLETT: 'A third of mine own life' is a fibre or a part of my own life. Prospero considers himself as the stock or parent tree, and his daughter as a fibre or portion of himself, for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in Markham's English Husbandman, ed. 1635, p. 146: 'Cut off all the maine rootes, within half a foot of the tree, only the small thredes or twist rootes you shall not cut at all.' Again, ibid.: 'Every branch and thred of the root.' This is evidently the same word as thread, which is likewise spelt thrd by Lord Bacon.—In COLLIOR'S first edition he followed the original 'third,' but his MS having written thrd (i. e. thread) in the margin, he accepted this correction as final, and adopted it in his subsequent editions.—DYCE (Few Notes, p. 13) emphasizes his preference for thread by remarking 'that in the language of poetry, from the earliest times, a beloved object has always been spoken of, not as the third, but as the half, of another's life or soul (so Meleager, ἤματι μου πνεῖς, and Horace, Anima dimidia mea). Whereupon Collier, in his next edition, says of Dyce's note that if it proves anything, it shows that we ought probably to read 'third' and not thread: 'it is surely more expressive for Prospero to say that he had given away a 'third' than a mere thread of it. We only wonder that Mr Dyce, when referring to Greek and Latin authorities, did not introduce English authorities to show that a man's wife was often termed 'his better half.'—Dyce's friend HUNTER also reproached him (A Few Words, sc. p. 5) for not recollecting the Carmen Nuptiale [line 62] of Catullus, wherein we find 'Virginitas non tota tua est: ex parte parentum est: Tertia pars patri data, pars data tertia matri, Tertia sola tua est.' 'Fther, mother, and daughter are so bound together that they form but one soul, one life; so that each was but the third part of one whole. This appears to be the meaning of the ancient poet, and this, as seems to me, is the sense of 'the third of mine own life.'—DYCE (Glass. s. v. thread), repeated his remark from A Few Notes, and, after adding another example from Mabbe's Trans. of Cervantes's Exemplaire Novels, thus concludes: 'This remark, however, which I still think holds good against the reading of the Folio, had
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haft strangely stood the test: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guilt: O Ferdinand,
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,

6. who] Ff, Rowe, Hal. Wh. Dyce,
whom Pope et cet.
9. te] Ff, wt.
7. tender] render Rowe i.
11. her of] of her Kyly. her off Ff
et cet.

no weight with the late Joseph Hunter (a lover of subtleties), who, in a printed Letter addressed to me, defended that reading, attaching to it a ridiculously forced meaning; nor has my remark had any influence on the Cambridge Editors, who retain here the misprint, or, rather, the old spelling (due to some scribe probably), 'third.'—Grant White (ed. i.): 'Third' is rather arithmetical than poetical, and takes us too far into vulgar fractions. We regard it as ½; and it might as well be 1/3, or 1/4. Prospero means to tell Ferdinand that he has given him a thread, a fibre of his existence,—one of his very heart-strings. [Grant White adopted the arithmetical ⅓ in his ed. ii.]

—Allen (Phil. Sb. Soc.): In favour of considering 'third' as written by Metathe-tesis for thrid = 'thread,' it may be noted that similar substitutions were usual in Greek, especially where the same Liquid (r) was concerned—e.g. βαλίς for βράδις, ἡβαρίν for ἡμάριν, ἡμβαρίν for ἡμβαρίν, &c.—Kightley: It is easy to conceive how Miranda might be regarded as a thread or integral portion of her father's life, but not how she could be a 'third' of it.—Jepson: A 'third of mine own life' means a fibre of my own existence.—E. Magnuson (Athenaeum, 26 July, 1884) maintains that 'Prospero had been married and had only one child, Miranda. His life's tri-unity had once upon a time, then, consisted of his now departed wife, his child, and himself. . . . Could any one imagine Shakespeare talking of "living for a thread of his own life"?' The true interpretation, it seems to me, is Capell's.—Ed.

6. who] For instances of 'who' for whom see Shakespeare passim; in this play, I, ii, 97 and 271; and Abbott, § 274.
9. strangely] Johnson: Used by way of commendation, merveilleusement, to a wonder; the same is the sense in III, iii, 111.—John Sherwen (Gent. Mag. Sept. 1811): In Shakespeare's age 'strong' was often written and pronounced as it is now vulgarly spoken in the north of England, strong, which, if the final e be added, it becomes strange. The meaning here is 'thou hast strongly or strangely stood the test.'
11. her of] Kightley: Of course Shakespeare wrote 'of her.' The editors, without, I believe, an exception, have 'boast her off;'—a phrase unknown to the poet,—introduced by the editor of F, who had little or no idea of emendation by transposition. [Walker (Crit. ii, 246) has a chapter on The Transposition of Words, and one of his instances occurs in this play, I, ii, 264. I have but little hesitation, therefore, in accepting a remedy so simple; especially when the alternative is the reading of the Second Folio, which somehow carries with it the image of an auctioneer's exag-geration and volubility, which is, as Sydney Smith would say, 'infinitely distressing.'
—Ed.]
THE TEMPEST

For thou shalt finde she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt, behind her.

Fer. I doe beleue it
Against an Oracle.

Pro. Then, as my guest, and thine owne acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her Virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be ministr'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but baffle hate,
Sower-eyed disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed, with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
As Hymens Lamps shall light you.

14. doe] Om. Pope +
16. guest] guest Rowe et seq.
17. But] Om. Fl, Rowe, Pope.
20. right] rite Rowe et seq
21. aspersions] aspersions Rowe i,
shows this 'as' to be used in adoration: 'Hymen's lamps' must be therefore understood metaphorically,—'As you desire to be lighted on your way through life by the true blessing of a happy marriage,'—and not literally of the nuptial ceremony merely.

26. Lamps] Eize (Notes, &c. 1889, p. 141): Read lamp. Shakespeare is well aware that Hymen has but one, or, properly speaking, torch [see line 108]. The s in 'lamps' has evidently intruded into the text by anticipation of the initial s in 'shall'; it is the reverse of what is called absorption. See Ham. I, i, 162: 'planets strike'; Mid. N. D. II, ii, 121: 'I orelooke Loues stories.' [Hereupon follow sev-
ACT IV, SC. 1.] THE TEMPEST

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, faire Iffue, and long life,
With such loue, as 'tis now the murkiesf den,
The most opportune place, the strongsft suggestion,
Our worfer Genius can, shall neuer melt
Mine honor into luft, to take away
The edge of that days celebration,
When I shall thinke, or Phoebus Steeds are foundered,

29. loue, ...now] love...now, Rowe.
love...now: Pope.
29. den] 'em or ev'n or even Anon.
Huds.
'tis] is Cap.
30. opportune] Of course, with the accent on the second syllable. For a long list of words 'where the accent is nearer the end than with us,' see Abbott, § 490.
30. strongest] The contraction here and in i, ii, 393, is a slight, but noteworthy, proof, among others, of the care with which this play is printed.—Ed.
30. suggestion] Dyce: That is, temptation. See II, i, 316.
31. Genius] W. A. Wright: 'In mediaeval theology, the rational soul is an angel, the lowest in the hierarchy for being clothed for a time in the perishing vesture of the body. But it is not necessarily an angel of light. It may be a good or evil genius, a guardian angel or a fallen spirit, a demon of light or darkness.'—Edinburgh Review, July, 1869, p. 98.
31. can] Used in its original meaning, as in Ham.: 'They can well on horseback.'—Capell says that it 'rises from out the speaker's endeavour to express himself strongly; 'can' is can suggest, a diminutive hebraism.'—Keightley: As it is difficult to make any good sense here of 'can' alone, we should perhaps read 'can make' or 'can give,' making 'Genius' a tri-syllable, and the line of six feet.
34. founded] Of all other sorances, Foundering is soonest got, and hardiest cured. . . . [it] commeth when a horse is heated, being in his grease and very fat, and taketh thereon a sudaine cold which striketh downe into his legs, and taking away the vse and feeling thereof. The signe to know it is, the horse cannot go, but will stand cripling with al his foure legs together.'—Topsell, The Hist. of Four-footed Beasts, 1608, p. 400.
The Tempest

Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke;

Sit then, and talke with her, she is thine owne;

What Ariell; my indufruitious feruût Ariell. Enter Ariell.

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

Pro. Thou, and thy meaker fellowes, your laft feruice

Did worthily performe: and I must vfe you
In such another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must
Beftow upon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promife,
And they espect it from me.

Ar. Prefently?

Pro. I: with a twincke.

Ar. Before you can fay come, and goe,

And breathe twice; and cry, fo, fo:
Each one tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.

Doe you loue me Master? no?

Pro. Dearely, my delicate Ariell: doe not approach

Till thou do'ft heare me call.

Ar. Well: I conceiue.

Exit.

Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance

Too much the raigne: the strongeft oathes, are straw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abfenious.

36. Fairly] Most fairly Han. 'Tis

fairly Kty,
38-57. As an aside. Cap.
39. Scene II. Pope +.
42. giue] gave Elze.
46. vanity] vanitie Walker.
47. from] for F.  

36. Fairly] Most fairly Han. 'Tis

Fairly Kty.
38-57. As an aside. Cap.
39. Scene II. Pope +.
42. giue] gave Elze.
46. vanity] vanitie Walker.
47. from] for F.  

54. Master? no?] master, now?] N.

Crosland (Athen. Aug. '70).
no?] ns. Rowe i, Cap. Steev.
57. Well:] Well Steev. Var. Coll. Well

Rowe et cet.
59. raigne] rein F.
60. abfenious] F.  

38. What] Simply a mode of calling, not necessarily of impatience, like Shylock's

'What, Jessica.'

42. rabble] This is not used slightingly of the band of lesser spirits, but simply

in the sense which Cotgrave gives to 'Tari, A heape, a pile, a bundle; a deale, sort,
rabble, companie, troupe.'—Ed.

46. vanity] Steevens: That is, an illusion. So, in the romance of Emace, 'The

emperour sayde on hygh. Sertes, thys ys a fayry, Or ellys a vansyte.'—[Ritson's
Romancets, ii, 208, ap. Dyce].
Or else good night your vow.

_Fer._ I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

_Pro._ Well.

Now come my _Ariell_, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. _Soft music._
No tongue: all eyes: be silent. _Enter Iris._

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64. _ardour_ | ardour _F_, Rowe i.
68. [To Ferdinand. Theob.

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63. heart ... Liuer] _CAPELL_: This seems to be the converse of a physical maxim which the poet might read in Sir Thomas Elyot’s _Castle of Health_; ‘Here is to be noted that the beat of the heart may vanquish the colde of the liver.’—ed. 1610.

66. Corolary] _HEATH_: That is, bring more spirits than are sufficient rather than want one.—_STEEVENS_: See Cotgrave: ‘Corolaire: A Corollarie; a surplusage, censurplus, addition to, vantage above measure,’ &c.

68. No tongue] _JOHNSON_: Those who are present at incantations are obliged to be strictly silent, ‘else,’ as we are afterwards told, ‘the spell is marr’d.’

68. Enter, &c.] _CAPELL_: This masque was written in compliance with fashion, the time swarming with them (witness the works of Jonson, which in manner are sunk by them) and against the grain seemingly, being weak throughout, faulty in rimes, and faulty in its mythology; matters not within the province of Ceres, such as ‘sheep’ and ‘vines,’ are attributed to her both in the speech of Iris and the ill-riming song; and, were moderns follow’d in some of the speech’s readings, _flowers_ likewise, it’s ‘pioned’ and ‘tilled’ being in them,— _pioned_ and _tulip’d_. The propriety of other matters that follow,—as the ‘broom-groves’ that yield a ‘shadow’ for walking in; the ‘pole-clipt vineyard’ (once imagin’d a hop-ground) and the ‘sea-marsh, sterile, and rocky-hard’ for Ceres to ‘air’ herself,—is past the editor’s fathoming, and must be left by him to heads of more reach.—_HARTLEY COLERIDGE_ (Margin, ii, 132): There is not much either of melody or meaning in this masque. Prospero, when his spell enforced attendance of the spirits, should have furnisht them with smoother couplets and sager discourse. But perhaps it is as good as the masques in which the queen and her ladies performed, and to have made it better would have been disloyal emulation. There are lines in it, too, which smack of the poet. Iris, in her invocation to Ceres, is delightfully agricultural, the second verse is a harvest in itself. The third might have been written on Latrigg before it was ploughed. In announcing herself as at once the bow and the messenger of Juno, she slips into the common confusion of mythology, which scarce any of the ancients, save Homer, have wholly avoided. Shakespeare manifestly turns the Heathen Deities into the elementary powers, resolving the Greek anthropomorphism into its first principles. Ceres is the earth.—_HENSE (Antikes, &c. p. 483):_ The masque of the goddesses in _The Tempest_ is pre-eminent for its lyric beauty. Here in this comedy also the poet remained faithful to that lyric feeling which in all his creations breaks forth so richly, so gracefully, so penetratively, and so strikingly. Herein Shakespeare resembles the antique drama-
Ir. Ceres, most bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peafe;
Thy Turphie-Mountains, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thatched with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims

73. bankes | becks | S. Verges.
pioned | pioned | Theob. ii, Warb.
Johns. | panned | Steev.'93, Hal. | panned
pied | Bailey. | panned | Dyce ii, iii,
Huds. | twisted | F, MS (ap. Hal.).

73. twilled | tullip'd | Rowe +, Var.'73.
tilled | Holt, Cap. Coll. ii (MS), Sing. ii.
liiled | Heath, Steev.'93, Rann, Wh. Dyce
ii, iii, Coll. ii, iii, Rife. | willow'd | Jervis,
confessed that he did not understand it, and CAPELL, also, made the same confession in his note (see line 68) on the whole masque.—At this stage of the discussion, as the first vindicator of the Folio, HENLEY appears, (whom Dyce pronounces 'the most provoking of all the annotators on Shakespeare.') His note is substantially as follows: 'Can the word pionied anywhere be found? On the banks of what rivers do peonies grow? Or can they and the lilies be the produce of "spongy April"? Or whence can it be gathered that Iris here is at all speaking of the banks of a river? and, as the bank in question is the property, not of a water-nymph, but of Ceres, is it not to be considered as an object of her own care? Hither the goddess of husbandry is represented as resorting, because at the approach of spring it becomes necessary to repair the banks (or mounds) of the flat meads, whose grass, not only shooting over, but being more succulent than that of the turfny mountains, would, for want of precaution, be devoured, and so the intended stemer (bay or winter keep), with which these meads are proleptically described as thatched, be lost.—The giving way and caving in of the brims of these banks, occasioned by the heats, rains, and frosts of the preceding year, are made good by opening the trenches from whence the banks themselves were at first raised, and facing them up afresh with the mere those trenches contain. This being done, the brims of the banks are, in the poet’s language, “pioned and twilled.”' Warton, in a note on Comus, cited a passage in which pioners are explained to be diggers (rather trenchers), and Steevens mentions Spencer and the author of Muleseases as both using pioning for digging. ‘Twilled’ is obviously formed from the French touiller, which Cotgrave interprets ‘filthily to mix or mingle; confound or shuffle together; bedurt; begrime; besmean;’—significations that confirm the explanation here given.—This “bank with pioned and twilled brims” is described as “trimmed, at the behest of Ceres, by spongy April, with flowers, to make cold nymphs chaste crowns.” These flowers were neither peonies nor lilies, for they never blow at this season, but “lady-smocks all silver-white,” which, during this humid month, start up in abundance on such banks. [This interpretation is adopted substantially by JEPHSON, and by D. MORRIS, and by Rev. JOHN HUNTER, also, in so far as he says that the phrase refers not to flowers, but to the form of the banks. This note, the best that Henley ever wrote, stirred Steevens, not to a defense of his own interpretation, but to abuse of the plaintiff, and his scorn (in which, in his blind wrath, he involves poor Shakespeare himself) is so cutting and so neat that it must not be forgotten. It is as follows: ‘Mr Henley’s note contends for small proprieties, and abounds with minute observation. But that Shakespeare was no diligent botanist may be ascertained from his erroneous descriptions of a cowslip (in The Tempest and Cymbeline), for who ever heard it characterised as a bell-shaped flower, or could allow the drops at the bottom of it to be of a crimson hue? With equal carelessness, or want of information, in The Winter’s Tale he enumerates “lilies of all kinds” among the children of the spring, and as contemporaries of the daffodil, the primrose, and the violet; and in his celebrated song (one stanza of which is introduced at the beginning of Act IV of Measure for Measure,) he talks of pinks that April wears.” It might be added (if we must speak by the card) that wherever there is a bank there is a ditch; where there is a ditch there may be water; and where there is water the aquatic lilies may flourish, whether the bank in question belongs to a river or a field. These are petty remarks, but they are occasioned by petty cavils.—It was enough for our author that peonies and lilies were well-known flowers, and he placed them on any bank, and produced them in any of the genial months that particularly suited his
[73. pioned, and twilled brims]
purpose. He who has confounded the customs of different ages and nations, might
easily confound the produce of the seasons.—That his documents, de Re Rustica,
were more exact is equally improbable. He regarded objects of Agriculture, &c. in
the gross, and little thought, when he meant to bestow some ornamental epithet on
the banks appropriated to a goddess, that a future critic would wish to say their
brims were _filthily mixed or mingled, confounded, or shuffled together, bedizened,
be-grimed, and besmeared._ Mr. Henley, however, has not yet proved the existence of
the derivative, which he labours to introduce as an English word; nor will the lovers
of elegant description wish him much success in the attempt. Unconvinced, there
fore, by his strictures, I shall not exclude a border of flowers to make room for the
graces of the spade, or what Mr. Pope, in his _Dunciad,_ has styled "the majesty of
mud."—As far as the critics of the Variorum Editions are concerned, Boswell
closed the discussion. He states that an anonymous correspondent suggested to Mr
Malone that "twilled brims" meant banks fringed with thickly-matted grass, resem-
bling the stuff called _twilled cloth._ Mr. Boaden has observed to me that Mr. Steevens
might [have cited in opposition to Henley] _Bacon's Essay on Gardens_, where, in an
enumeration of the flowers which are in season at different periods of the year, we
find: "In April follow the double white violet; the wall-flower; the stock-gilly-
flower; the cowslip; flower-de-luces; and _lilies of all natures_; rosemary flowers;
the tulipa; the double _peony_, &c."—_Croft (Annotations, &c. p. 1)._ That is, _lev-
elled en parterre_; to _twill_ is a term in weaving to raise the warp above the woof, to
produce a figure, as in diaper-work: "April comes with his back and bill, To raise a
flower on every hill."—_Knight_ upholds Henley in asking whether the banks of a
river were meant at all, and pronounces Steevens's assertion that Shakespeare was no
'_naturalist_ [sic]_ to be utterly without foundation,' and then continues: "It is manifest
that the banks of a river are not meant. The address is to Ceres. Her rich leas, her
turfy mountains, her flat meads precede the mention of her banks. The "banks" are
the artificial mounds by which the flat meads and the rich leas are divided; or
they are the natural ridges in grove and grassplot, which Shakespeare has himself
described as the home of the wild thyme and the violet. Spongy April betrays these
banks, at the command of Ceres, not with peonies and lilies,—not with the flowers
of the garden and the flowers of the valley,—but with her own pretty hedge-flowers.

. . . . Any one who has seen the operation of banking and ditching in the early spring,
so essential to the proper drainage of land, must recognise the propriety of Shake-
speare's epithets. He was a practical farmer; he saw the poetry even of the hum-
bliest works of husbandry."—_Collier_ (ed. i) follows the Folio, and "cannot discover
any unintelligibility in it, taking "pioned" _as dug_, and "twilled" _as ridged, or made
up in ridges, a sense it yet bears with some kinds of linen._ In his ed. ii Collier fol-
lowed his MS; in his ed. iii, he followed Heath.—_Hallewell_ adopts _'pioned_,
covered with the peony, a verb formed similarly to Warton's '[sic] _lilled_; and
"twilled," interwoven with flowers; at the same time admitting that after a careful
perusal of all that I have met with on this difficult passage, I am neither satisfied
with any of the explanations of the critics nor perfectly with my own."—_Staunton_
prefers the reading and interpretation of Steevens to that of any other, but does not
think it desirable to alter the old text.—_C. W. Bingham (N. & Qu. 3d S. iii, p. 436,
1865)._ Mr. Bentham, one of the highest botanical authorities of our day, says of the
_peony_: "Not indigenous to Britain, but appears to have been naturalised in the
rocky clefts of the "Seep Holme" island in the Severn." If it grew _wild_ any-
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where else in Britain, which it does not, it would not be on the brim of river banks, but in hilly districts, as it does throughout Southern Europe and Central Asia.—

BRANT WHITE: In the text of the Folio 'pioned' may mean 'dug,' and 'twilled,' "ridged;" and were this line only involved, these words, being so explained, should stand. But dug and ridged banks cannot "make cold nymphs chaste crowns;" for these we must go to pioned and lillied banks. [DYCE, in both of his last two editions, quotes this remark with approval.]—KEIGHTLEY (Exe. 216): 'Banks' may be either the margins of streams or hillocks, or slight elevations of land; but 'brims,' which can only be the edges or margins of hollows, shows that it is the former that is meant. "Pioned" seems to be a word of Shakespeare's own creation; for, finding the word "pioneer" in common use and "pyroming,"—a word of Spenser's coinage,—in the Faerie Queene (ii. 10, 53), signifying defences, the work of pioneers, he thought himself at liberty to form a verb "pion...". My own opinion is, that the sense which Shakespeare gave to his "pioned" was fenced, and that "twilled" was a printer's error.

[In the change to "willow'd" Keightley was, unconsciously, doubtless, anticipated by Jervis.—T. S. BAYNES (Edin. Rev. Oct. 1872): 'The chief difficulty lies in the word "pioned," and we had long felt that the solution must be looked for in the local use of the term. We could not but believe that there must be some flower, most probably a water-flower or one living in marshy ground, that was provincially known as a peony. In confirmation of this view, we were informed some time since by a clergyman who was for many years incumbent of a parish in the northern part of the county, that peony is the name given in Warwickshire to the marsh marigold. Knowing that he had long resided in the neighbourhood of Stratford, taking an active interest in country life, we asked him if there was any wild flower that the country people called a peony, and he promptly answered that there was, and it soon appeared from the description that it must be the marsh marigold. Here was at last a ray of light. And on a little reflection it was not difficult to see why the name of the peony should have been transferred to the marsh marigold. The flowers, though differing in colour, have a remarkable similarity in general growth and shape, especially in the early stage, when the fully-formed bud is ripe for blowing. The buds of both present the unusual appearance of perfectly rounded globes or spheres at the extremity of a thick leafless stalk, the sepals being firmly locked or folded together over the substance of the flower into a bud as round as a marble... This globular bud is so distinctive in the marsh marigold that it has been seized on as a ground of naming the flower... In many parts of England they are called bloes, or, from the size of the flower, horse-bloes, blob being an archaic word for rounded knob; only another form, in fact, of bleb, an older term for foam-bell or water-bubble. Thus, water-bloes is a local name for water-lilies, on account of the rounded, cup-like shape of the bud. In the same way, the marsh marigold is locally the horse-bloe... We may be sure that the marsh marigold had often caught Shakespeare's eye, and it is exactly the flower which [the present line from The Tempest], viewed in relation to the whole context, requires in order to make the meaning complete. It haunts the watery margins as the constant associate of reeds and rushes, blooms in "spongy April," and in common with other water-flowers is twined with sedge "to make cold nymphs chaste crowns." With regard to the form of the word, as in the First Folio, Shakespeare writes it as it was universally pronounced among those who used it. In the midland and western counties the peony is a great favourite in rustic gardens, and is looked upon as an important element of floral decoration in all rural festivities]
especially at Whitsuntide, school-feasts, and club-walkings. And we can certify from personal experience that in these districts the word is pronounced as Shakespeare spells it, pi-o-ny, with a strong emphasis on the first syllable and the full English sound of the vowel, as though it were spelt pye-o-ny.—The other obscure and disputed word ‘twilled’ may be disposed of more rapidly. Twills is given by Halliwell as an older provincial word for reeds, and it was applied like quills to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. The word is, indeed, still retained in its secondary application, being commercially used to denote the fluted or rib-like effect produced on various fabrics by a kind of ridged or corded weaving. Twilled cloth might equally be described as reeded cloth,—cloth channelled or furrowed in a reed-like manner. “Twilled” is, therefore, the very word to describe the crowded sedges in the shallower reaches of the Avon as it winds round Stratford. It was, indeed, while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford Church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet. And although the season was too far advanced for the reeds to be brightened by the flowers of the marsh marigold, the plant was abundant enough to glorify the banks in the early spring. The whole line, therefore, gives a vivid and truthful picture of what is most characteristic of watery margins at that period of the year.” [Hudson, Phillpotts, and Brighton accept this interpretation of Baynes.] W. A. Wright, in answer to Baynes’s assertion, on the authority of Halliwell, that ‘twills’ means reeds, and hence sedges, replays: ‘But Halliwell, following Ray, gives ‘Twills’ as equivalent to ‘quills, reeds,’ for winding yarn. By the common interchange of t and k sounds, as in twitch and quitch, twilt and quill, ‘twill’ is another form of quill, but there is no authority for going further and saying that it means reed, the name of a plant. Indeed, it is questionable whether these two participles are derived from the names of flowers or plants at all, for after they are employed to describe the brims of Ceres’ banks, these brims are said to be betrimmed by ‘spongy April’; so that ‘pioned and twilled’ would appear to be descriptive of the banks before they are ornamented with flowers. [Hereupon Wright refers to the explanations of Henley and others given above, and concludes]: It seems quite possible that ‘pioned and twilled’ may be terms which describe some operations in agriculture, and therefore in the absence of any absolutely certain conjectural emendation they are retained in the [i.e. Wright’s] text.—In N. & Qu. (5th S. viii. 385, 1877) E. E. F. criticises Prof. Baynes’s statement that the peony is the marsh marigold. ‘I do not,’ he says, ‘for one moment doubt the writer’s good faith; but in a matter of so much importance we want to be absolutely and perfectly sure. Many years ago I knew South Warwickshire well, and took a great interest in botany and in provincialisms, but I do not remember that the marsh marigold was called by any other name than horse-blo and water-blo. On the other hand, the common garden peony was called “pianot.”’—To the same effect J. T. BURGES writes to the same periodical (5th S. ix. p. 405, 1878) that he has ‘never heard the term peony applied to the marsh marigold (Caltha palustris), or found anyone who had. The marsh marigold is the “winking manybuds” of Shakespeare, and is known as May-blobs, water-blobs, and Moll-blobs. “Pioned” is the pied, parti-coloured, or variegated edges of the twilled or ribbed banks.’—For this latter interpretation he was arraigned by Dr Nicholson (5th S. x. p. 3, 1878), whose own interpretation (mainly Henley’s) is as follows: ‘The “pioned and twilled brims” mean the dug and grimy edges (o. upper edges) of the banks of Ceres. If the reader objects to this meaning of “pioned,” he can
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substitute the French meaning of "small twigged" or bushy hedged. . . Spongy April betrims these brims so that maidens, either in the rural pastimes of May or on May-day, may be adorned with garlands of the white hawthorn flower. . . . Because April betrims the hedges for this purpose, it does not follow that they are necessarily fit for use in that month or before it ends.'—On the same page with this note of Nicholson, E. McC., writing from Guernsey, calls attention to the practice of keeping up the banks of small streams which wind through 'flat meads by a sort of wattling made of stakes driven into the earth and intertwined with small branches. 'Twilled' will certainly bear the sense of mown; and may not "pioned" be a local word, now disused, allied to, or derived from, the French pêne, a stake?—In the same volume of N. & Qu. p. 424, V. S. Lean follows Henley and Knight in defining 'bank,' and interprets the passage as referring to 'the hollow gullies formed by the watershed scoring the breast of the hill; which action the prudent owner has supplemented by the labour of the pioneer or drainer with his pipes and tiles. . . . I derive "pioned," then, from this preliminary work of trenching the ground, and "twilled" from Fr. tuyau ("a pipe, . . . canell," Cotgr.), through its Eng. form twell, a funnel (Chaucer, H. of Fame, iii. 559), the laying of which completes the system of drainage.'—Brae (Robinson's Epit. of Lit. p. 173, Nov. 1878): We ought to see the chaste crown of cold nymphs in the graceful and sober foliage that fringes aquatic brims; in the rushes, the sedges, the salices, and, above all, in the beautiful and delicate ferns, rather than in the tulips, the lilies, or in the vulgar garishness of the peony and other suggested flowers, more appropriate to the coronals of Bacchantes than to the modest wreaths of chaste nymphs. Ever since the Greeks bestowed upon brakes and ferns the distinguishing epithet of Pieris, winged, those plants have been described in technical botany as alated, pennated, &c. Now pennated is pioned, and pinioned differs very slightly and very probably from 'pioned,'—indeed, the two missing letters which constitute the only difference, might be omitted in hasty writing by any one. My interpretation, then, is that 'pioned' is a misprint for pinioned, the misprint consisting in not repeating two letters already existing in the same word and therefore the easier left out. The accompanying characteristic, so far from presenting any difficulty to this interpretation, strongly supports it. 'Twilled' is, in fact, quilled; and quill is not only synonymous with pinion in its meaning of wing-feather, but it has an extended application to the whole family of quill-stemmed aquatic plants—sedges, reeds, rushes, &c., the first of which is especially named as furnishing crowns for the naiads. Twill is a very common pronunciation of quill in many parts of England; and, indeed, in some of the northern counties if a person should send one of the lower class for 'quills' for writing, unless he called them twills he would be scarcely understood. Moreover, there is one sense in which 'twill' survives, even in correct phraseology: a reed or quill for weaving is technically called 'twill,' as may be found in English dictionaries. Thus pinioned and 'twilled' mutually confirm and support each other, combining in appropriateness to the foliage upon the edges of streams.—Ray (North Country Words, s. v.): 'A twill, a spoor, from quill. In the south they call it wounding of quills, because anciently, I suppose, they wound the yarne upon quills for the weavers, tho' now they use reeds. Or else reeds were called quills, as in Latin, calami.' Skeat (s. v. twill) says: 'Ray tells us that North E. twill means a spool, and he asserts that it is a corruption of quill. I doubt it; for Swed. dial. twill is to turn round like a spindile, to become entangled, as thread (Riete); Norweg. tvilla is to stir milk round and round, also to twist into knots, as a thread; treila, sb.
Which spungie Aprill, at thy heft betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chaft crownes; & thy broome-
Whose shado the dimisshed Batchelor loues, (groues;


is a twist or knot in a thread. Twist, twill, twine appear to be closely related words.'
"Twilled," in The Tempest, is yet unexplained." [I doubt if there be any corruption
in this line which calls for change. We have simply lost the meanings of words
which were perfectly intelligible to Shakespeare’s audience. As agricultural or
horticultural terms ‘pioned’ and ‘twilled’ will be some day, probably, sufficiently
explained to enable us to weave from them the chaste crownes for cold nymphs.
In the mean time I see no reason why we should not accept Henley’s interpretation
as the best means of enabling spungy April, in Emerson’s fine phrase, to ‘turn the sod
to violet.’—Ed.]

75, cold Nymphes chast] KEIGHTLEY: I have here transposed the adjectives. We
are to take ‘cold’, as so frequently, in the sense of cool, which agrees well with flowers
growing on the edge of a stream, while it seems absurd to call them ‘chaste.’ ‘Nymphs’
is evidently maidens; for if the Naiades were meant there would be an article.

75, 76. broome-groues] HEATH (p. 29): For what reason [Hamner altered this
to ‘brown groves’] I cannot conceive. Ceres was certainly not the goddess of the
woods; and those very ‘broom groves’ seem to be expressly hinted at, in the very
words of Ceres which follow a little below: ‘my bosky acre,’ which very properly
express a broom-brake, as it is called.—STEVENS: ‘Broom,’ in this place, signi-
nifies the Spartium scoparium, of which brooms are frequently made. Near Gam-
lingay, in Cambridgeshire, it grows high enough to conceal the tallest cattle as they
pass through it; and in places it is cultivated still higher; a circumstance that had
escaped my notice till I was told of by Professor Martyn.—MASON (p. 9): In the
old Scotch song of ‘My daddy is a canker’d carle,’ a lover is placed in a broom-grove:
‘But let them say, or let them do, ’Tis a’ ane to me; For he’s low down, he’s in the
broom, Is waiting for me.’—NARES (x. v.): As the broom or genista is a low shrub,
it has been doubted what ‘broom-groves’ can be. Perhaps birchen groves may be
intended.—COLLIER (ed. ii): ‘Broom’ does not grow up into ‘groves’ and the ‘dis-
mused bachelor’ sought the deep shadow of the ‘brown groves’ [according to the
MS].—HALLIWELL: In Lyte’s Herball, 1578, p. 663, two kinds of broom are men-
tioned: the one high and tawle, the other lowe and small, the former groweth
commonly to the length of a long or tawle man. . . . There is a notice in the ancient
romance of Guy of Warwick, preserved in the Auchinleck MS at Edinburgh, of three
hundred Saracens being concealed ‘in a broom field.’ See the Abbotsford Club ed.
292. ‘I could finde with all my heart to sip up a silybub with him in my father’s
broome pasture.—Theo Lancashire Lovers, 1640, p. 222.—STAUNTON: A more
unhappy alteration [than Hamner’s and Collier’s MS] can hardly be conceived, since
it at once destroys the point of the allusion; yellow, the colour of the broom, being
supposed especially congenial to the ‘lauld and dismissed bachelor.’ See Burton,
Anat. of Melancholy, Part iii, Sec. 2: ‘So long as we are woor, and may kiss and
coll at our pleasure, nothing is so sweet; we are in heaven, as we think; but when
we are once tied, and have lost our liberty, marriage is an hell; give me my yellow
hauk again.’—KEIGHTLEY: I have adopted Hamner’s brown, though contrary to my
rule, as I have met no earlier authority for this use of ‘romes than Milton. The poet’s
word may have been "broad or trim." The broom never attains a height to justify the terming it a 'grove.' I doubt if 'grove' is ever used of any but forest trees.—

Letton (ap. Dyce, Glass): Is the word 'grove' ever applied to shrubs by the Elizabethan writers? Hammer's 'broom groves' has been the public for more than a century, and has been vigorously assailed by men of eminent learning and ability, but no instance of this [i.e. of 'grove' applied to shrubs] has been produced, and therefore I conclude that none exists. The notion of disconsolate lovers betaking themselves to groves is common enough in poetry; Shakespeare himself has placed Romeo in a sycamore grove when Rosaline was cruel, and we may judge from this the sort of grove he would select for young gentlemen in the like case. Till it can be shown that a growth of broom may be called a grove, it seems idle to dispute about the height of the shrub. In Babington's Botany it is said to be 2½ or 3 feet high, and this is certainly the usual height to which it grows on Hampstead Heath, though occasionally a plant may be found taller; I am told that in Italy it grows to the height of 6 or 7 feet, but that surely is no great matter.—The defences set up for the old reading [broom-groves] appear to me singularly weak. 'Ceres,' says Heath, 'was certainly not the goddess of the woods.' Very true; and just as certainly she was not the goddess of 'broom-brakes,' or of 'vineyards,' or of 'bosky acres,' or 'turfy mountains,' or 'unshrub'd downs,' or of 'flowers,' or the 'sea-marsh, sterile and rocky-hard'; all of which Heath has overlooked. It seems that in the present masque Ceres appears as the Goddess of the Earth, Δάσφρο. That this was the original character of the Greek goddess is probable from the etymology of her name; but how Shakespeare came so to describe her is a question for those who have studied the subject of his learning. He may have picked up a good deal of out-of-the-way classical learning from Jonson. [Dyce questions this.—Ed.] I think, however, we are warranted rather in asking why woods are left out in this passage than why they are brought in.—Mason's quotation from the old Scotch song proves nothing as to broom-groves; for the song merely mentions 'broom.' Mason accordingly is not warranted in saying that the 'sorestress places her lover in a broom grove.' As to Halliwell's 300 Saracens hid in a broom field, the last word (field) is surely incompatible with groves. Besides, the same thing might happen, and, indeed, has happened, in a field of wheat. In The Morning Herald of 4 July, 1861, there is an American account of 3000 rebels 'concealed in a thick undergrowth and wheat fields.' This, however, would not warrant such a phrase as wheat groves.—I must confess that Staunton's note, with the quotation from Burton's Anatomy, appears to me far more unhappy than Hamner's alteration. Shakespeare says nothing of the blossom of the broom; he only speaks of its shadow. Shakespeare could not have been guilty of so far-fetched an allusion, and such a perversion of language. I know of no passage in which the colour yellow is represented as 'especially congenial to less-lorn bachelors.' Still, I am aware of several passages where yellow is mentioned as the colour of jealousy, but for the most part with reference to married people, not bachelors; I dare say, however, there are similar allusions to the jealousy of the unmarried also. Jokes about yellow hose, &c. are common enough. But in this passage from Burton the phrase refers neither to jealousy nor to unsuccessful love. Surely the context shows that Areu 'give me my yellow hose again' means 'give me my bachelor's days again (when I wore yellow hose)—which were once in high fashion, and are still worn by the boys of Christ's Hospital,—and) when I was kissing and calling my intended and not satiated with a wife.'
Being laffe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,  
And thy Sea-marge fitrile, and rockey-hard,  

77. pole-clipt] HOLT, after criticizing Warburton's pole-clipt, concludes: 'The old reading is rightest: the poles, and not the vines, being clipt or twin'd round, and here used to show that the author meant a vineyard properly so called, and not espalier or Wall-Vines.'—HEATH suggests, in opposition to the same emendation, that Warburton might have recollected that 'clipt' signifies also pruned, and consequently that the compound word might here signify that the vines by proper pruning were trained up to the poles which supported them. [We all know, now, that Holt is right and Heath is wrong; as STEEVENS rightly says: 'To clipt is to twine round or embrace. The poles are clipped or embraced by the vines'; but DELISIUS, as I have found once before, pinned his faith to Heath, whose interpretation he adopts, and perhaps thereby misleads the excellent SCHMIDT into the definition, in his Lex., of 'poleclipt' as 'bedged in with poles.'] STEEVENS adds that 'vineyard' is 'here used as a triasyllable.'—ALLEN (Phil. Soc. p. 56): The line appears to want a syllable. STEEVENS is for supplying it by pronouncing 'vineyard' in three syllables—vin-e-yard. But this is arbitrary and violent. If an e must be got by archaically accenting some e-mute, it should be looked for at the end of a word rather than at the end of a syllable merely.—i. e. 'po-lè clipt' should be resorted to in preference to 'vin-e-yard.' But even in this case there is still a choice between the more and less archaic. It is true, that poets of the later Old English period did occasionally accent the final e (Marsh's Eng. Lit. p. 465;) but the e-sound prefixed (in the form of y) to the Past Participle was practically much less archaic in many words, because kept in circulation by SPENSER. Even in the ordinary unrhymed dialogue Shakespeare has adopted this form—as e.g. in 2 HEN. VI.: I, i, 4: 'Her words yciad with wisdom's majesty'; and STEEVENS himself proposes to read (1. 1. i, 206) 'filth-ymantled' for the 'filthy-mantled' of F. To 'yclipt' there could be still less objection, on the score of archaic incongruity, than to any other similar form, insasmuch as—by virtue of being at the same time the Participle of two Verbs, 'clipt' to embrace and the every-day 'clipt' to call—it was as current and modern as 'loved.' If it should be objected, that a compositor was not likely to set up 'clipt' for 'yclipt,' it might be answered, that the compositor's 'copy' was probably the work of a scribe, writing from dictation, who was as likely to adopt one spelling as another of what, either way, had the same sound and the same signification. And, finally, when the two readings are left, in the last resort, to the judgement of the ear, I cannot conceive how there can be the balancing of a moment between them. Read, therefore: Being lafs-lern; thy pole-yclipt vineyard. (For Professor Corson has noted (Chaucer's Legend, p. xvi), that in Old English poetry the accent usually falls on the last syllable of the Present Participle in ing.)—ASWORTH, § 487, thus scans these lines: 'Whose shad | ow the | diamis | ed beche | lor loves. Being | laas-lorn | thy pole | clipt vin | e-yard. And thy | sea-merge, | sterile | and rock | y-hard.'

78. rockey-hard] BRAKE (Roy. Soc. of Lit. Trans. x, Part iii, p. 499, 1873): The unwitting intrusion, by Heminge and Condell, of a hyphen between these two words has caused them ever since to be regarded as a compound adjective attaching to 'sea-marge,' although 'sea-marge' has already its own adjective in 'sterile.' If anything were necessary to show that this intrusion of a hyphen has, in itself, no authority
Where thou thy selfe doft ayre, the Queene o’th Skie,
Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I. 80
Bids thee leaue thefe, & with her foueraigne grace, Juno
Here on this grafic-plot, in this very place descends.
To come, and sport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertaine. Enter Ceres.
Cer. Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere 85
Do’t disobey the wife of Jupiter:
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon ny flowres
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe doft crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnthrubd downe, 90

81, 82. Juno descend.] Transposed to descent. Hal.
line 114, Theob. Juno commences her 83. here her Rowe et seq.

worthy of the slightest consideration, it is presented in the same speech by the similar intrusion of a hyphen in ‘turphie-mountains,’ where it ought not to be, and by its omission a little further on in the compound phrase ‘hony drops,’ where it ought to be, and with which it is printed in all modern editions.—If, like mountain, ‘hard’ had a significane as a noun only, and not also another and more familiar signification as an adjective, then it would long since have been received as a noun, with ‘rocky’ as its qualifying adjective; and the hyphen would have been no more tolerated in ‘rocky-hard’ than in ‘turfy-mountains.’—The noun hard is well known in nautical phraseology as a jetty or landing-place for boats, and also as an embankment for the repair of ships, called a ‘careening hard.’—But in this address to Ceres it surely means one of those elevated areas or platforms, exposed to the wind, which were anciently used for the winnowing of corn by flinging it up into the air from sieves, so that the chaff might be blown away and the grain fall back upon the rocky hard. As such it is peculiarly applicable to Ceres, and explanatory of the phrase ‘where thou thyself dost air.’

81, 82. Juno descend.] Collier (ed. i): She was probably let down slowly by some machine, and did not reach the stage until Iris and Ceres were concluding their speeches. [In Collier’s second edition it is stated that slowly is added by the MS to this stage-direction.—Dyce (ed. ii) quotes the foregoing note of Collier, and adds: ‘I much doubt if Juno was visible to the audience so soon; in old plays (printed from the prompter’s copies) stage-directions are very often placed prematurely, as warnings to the performers to be ready.’

85, 87. that...Who] See II, ii, 12.

87. saffron wings] Douce: See Phaer’s Virgil, Æne., end of Bk IV [Sig. G 4, ed. 1620]: ‘Dame Rainbow down therefore with saffrō wings of dropping sheurs, Whose face a thousand sunry bewees against the sunne deuours, From heauen descending came—’

90. boskie] Steevens: That is, woody. ‘Bosky acres’ are fields divided from each other by hedge-rows. Bocus is Middle Lat. for wood. So Milton [Comus, 313]: ‘And every bosky bourn from side to side.’ Again in King Edward I: ‘Hale
THE TEMPEST

ACT IV, SC. i.

Rich scarf to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this short gras’d Greene?

Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the bles’d Louers.

Cer. Tell me heavenely Bowe,
If Venus or her Sonne, as thou do’st know,
Doe now attend the Queene? since they did plot
The meanes, that duskie Dis, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandald company,
I haue forsworne.

Ir. Of her societie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos: and her Son
Dowe-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whose vowes are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymens Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marles hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waspish headed fonne, has broke his arrowes,

93. estate] That is, bestow, settle. For other instances, see SCHMIDT.
99. that] For other instances where ‘that’ means so that, see ABBOTT, § 283, or, perhaps, § 284, where examples are given of ‘that’ implying when.
105. 107. bed-right] bed-rite Steev. Hal

him from hence, and in this bosky wood Bury his corpse.’ [This latter quotation
ought to have shown Steevens that his definition of woody is wrong; neither Peele
nor any one else could be guilty of the tautology, ‘woody wood’; in a note on it in
King Edward I, Dyce (Peele’s Works, i, 175) quotes this present passage in The
Tempest, as authorising us to understand ‘bosky’ as in the sense of shrubby; and
this evidently correct definition is given by Murray (New Eng. Dict. s. v.), who says it
means: ‘Consisting of or covered with bushes or underwood; full of thickets, bushy.’
Strangely enough, Dyce seems to have forgotten his own definition when he came
to compile his Glossary; there he gives not only Steevens’s woody as the only definition
of ‘bosky’ in this passage, but also Steevens’s random remark about hedge-rows, as
given above.—Ed.]

94. estate] That is, bestow, settle. For other instances, see SCHMIDT.
99. that] For other instances where ‘that’ means so that, see ABBOTT, § 283, or, perhaps, § 284, where examples are given of ‘that’ implying when.
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.

_Cer._ Highfeft Queene of State,
Great _Juno_ comes, I know her by her gate.

_Iu._ How do's my bounteous ifter? goe with me To bleffe this twaine, that they may prosperous be,
And honord in their Issue.

___They Sing.__

_Iu._ Honor, riches, marriage, bleffing,
Long continued, and encreafing,
Hourly ioyes, be fyll upon you,
_Juno_ fings her bleffings on you.
_Earths increase, foyzon plentie,

113. _Higheft_? _High Pope_+. _Highst_'


114. _gate_ gaiz Johns.

Enter Juno.] Cap.

118. marriage, bleffing] marriage bleffing

Rowe. marriage-bleffing Theob.


114. _her gate_ Farmer took the trouble to disprove Whalley's innocent remark that the hint for this allusion might have been taken from the 'Divum incedo Regina' of Vergil, by showing that a similar phrase was used by Taylor, the Water-poet.

116. _prosperous_ Meissner (p. 80, foot-note): Clearly a play upon the name Prospero. It behooves the children of Prospero (Ferdinand and Miranda) to show themselves to be genuine Prosoperas, and be honoured in their issue as fully as Prospero was honoured in his (in Miranda). The very name Prospero indicates the ideal man, one who had been born under a _prosperous_ star and had been developed under particularly prosperous conditions. [Can the grief of the judicious be here restrained from breaking forth?—Ed.]

122. From Theobald's distribution of speeches, whereby Ceres sings the rest of this song, and which has here been universally followed, Holt (p. 73) dissents on the score that there might have been only one voice in the stage company capable of singing this song; that it was not inapropriate for Juno, as the highest queen, to pronounce the blessings which Ceres had bestowed; and, lastly, that we might quite properly introduce Bacchus, Vertumnus, Flora, and Pomona as speaking their particular shares of the benediction. I doubt if sufficient weight has been given to the two latter reasons specified by Holt. In addition, the stage-direction says, 'They sing.'—Ed.

122. _foyzon_] Collier: The conjunction _and_ added by F3 is not only quite needless, but gives the measure a jiggling turn, in all probability intended by the poet to be avoided. 'Which is exactly what the absence of the conjunction does,' says Dyce. To modern ears this line lacks a syllable. The Textual Notes show how the syllable has been supplied in the Folios. Abbott, § 484, suggests that the time of a second syllable is to be found in the long vowels of the second syllable of 'increase,' and thus divides the line: 'Earth's in | crease, | foison | plenty.' Allen, and W. A. Wright decide that it is found in a disyllabic pronunciation of 'Earth's,' which Allen would find in a resolution of the two vowels at the beginning: _earth's_; and Wright in the addition of a vowel sound to the _t_ at the end: _earth's_, for which he has the analogy...
THE TEMPEST

Barnes, and Garners, never empty.
Vines, with clustering bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the farthest;
In the very end of Harvest.
Scarcity and want shall scan you,
Ceres blessing so is on you.

Fer.  This is a most maiestick vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold

of Mid. N. D. II, i, 7: 'Swifter than the moon's sphere.' And IV, i, 101, as it stands in Q. 7: 'Trippe we after nights shade.' And Love's Lab. L. V, ii, 332: 'To show his teeth as white as whale's bone.' What is, to me, hostile to both of these latter solutions of the difficulty is that they make the noun 'increase' a trochee, whereas Shakespeare always, I think, makes it an iamb. The same objection may be urged against 'Earth's rich increase,' a conjecture by 'Jacob,' recorded in the Third Cambridge Edition. Wherefore it seems to me that the simplest way is to accept the and of the Folio.-Ed.

126. Spring] Staunton: See the Faerie Queene, III, vi, 42: 'There is continuall spring, and harvest there Continuall, both meeting at one time.' See also Amos ix, 13: 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed.'-Keightley: No one ever has made, or can make, sense of this. The fact is, as the context plainly shows, that the poet's word was Shall. With this simple change the whole passage becomes clear and grammatical, and forms a parallel to the fairy-blessing at the end of Mid. N. D.

Mrs Kemble (p. 150): I think the passage simply means that spring shall rapidly succeed autumn, leaving the dreary winter out of the calendar, a blessing Shakespeare has borrowed from that proclaimed to the Jews in that wonderful and awful chapter of promises and threats, the 26th of Leviticus: 'And your threshing shall reach unto the vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto the sowing time.' From the same chapter he takes the words 'Earth's increase.' The...
To thinke these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call’d to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wonder’d Father, and a wife

134. from their] from all their Fl,
Rowe, Pope, Han. 137. wise Sta.
[they] Fl, Coll. i, Hai. Wh. Dyce
to enact] t’ enact Pope, Han.
i, Sta. Kily, Wrt, Rlsc, Dtn, Cam. iii.
137. wondred...wife] wonder and a
wife Rowe et cet.

137. rare a wonder’d] Walker (Crit. i, 129): That is, so rare-won’d a father.
[For many other similar transpositions of the indefinite article, see Abbott, §422.]
W. A. Wright: ‘Wonde’rd’ is, able to perform won’ders. The participle is formed from
the noun, as ‘gifted,’ not from the verb. [See ‘gulled shore,’ Oth. III, ii, 103,
or Abbott, §294, where the good general rule is given that participles formed from
an adjective mean ‘made (the adjective),’ and derived from a noun, mean ‘endowed
with (the noun).’]

137. wise] Grant White (Sh. Scholar, p. 94): To read wise is to degrade the
poetical feeling of the passage.—Staunton: It is pretty evident that Ferdinand
expresses a compliment to father and daughter; and equally so that the lines were
intended to rhyme; with the very slight change we have ventured [see Text. N.] the
passage fulfils both conditions. It is noteworthy that the same rhyme occurs in the
opening stanza of the Pass. Pil. : ‘what fool is not so wise To break an oath, to win
a paradise?’ a stanza quoted in Love’s. L. L. IV, iii.—A. I. Fish (Phila. Sh. Soc. p.
57): It appears that copies of the First Folio here differ; that some are to be found
that read ‘wise’ and others that read ‘wife’; and that the change was made while
the sheets were passing the press, but which reading first appeared can never be
known. The copy of the First Folio in the British Museum, the one at the Bridge-
water House, and the eight [seven.—Ed.] copies used by Mr Booth in collating his
elegant reprint just finished, all read ‘wise,’ if the photograph and the fac-simile
reprint may be trusted. The reprint of 1807 also reads ‘wise’; so does Mr Forrest’s
copy of the First Folio; so does the copy in the Astor Library in New York. If the
collation of the Camb. Edns. is to be relied on, the remaining Folios all read ‘wise.’
‘Wise’ is certainly the reading of the Soc.’s copies of F₁ and F₂.—In Pope’s Ed.
Rowe’s reading is followed; but whether Rowe made the change, or printed from a
Folio in which the change already existed, is not known. It has been generally sup-
posed that Rowe printed from a copy of F₁; if so, he made the change, unless some
copy of that Folio existed wherein a change had been made while passing the press.
It is known that Rowe did not pretend to have collated the Folios; it is also known
that Pope did pretend to have so done, but in truth never actually did. Staunton
changes the reading, apparently misled by the notion that a rhyme was here intended,
and he actually produces from the Pass. Pil. and Love’s Lab. just such a rhyme; but
all the early texts are against him, and such wide deviations from all recognized read-
ings, however acute, cannot be received with favour. It has been suggested in favour
of ‘wise’ that the verb is in the singular; but to this it may be answered that singular
verbs and plural nominatives are too frequent in the F₁ to found and determine a
ACT IV, SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

Makes this place Paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:

Iuno and Ceres whisper seriously,

There's something else to do: hush, and be mute

Or else our spell is mar'd.

Iuno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Iris. You Nymphs call Nayades of the windring brooks,

With your sedgy crowns, and ever-harmeloffe lookses

Leave your crispe channels, and on this greeneland


140. Om. Han.

143. Transposed to follow 138, Cap.


Jeph. Wr. winding Rowe +, Hal. Sing. Dyce i, Kly, Cike, Wh. ii, Coll. iii.

wandering Steev. Mal. Var. Wh. i.

wandering Knt. wandering Coll. i, ii.

Sta. Dyce ii, iii.

145. sedgy’d] sedge Coll. ii (MS), Walker, Sing. Huds.

146. green-Land] green land Theob. ii et seq.

reading. — W. A. Wright: Rowe conjectured wise independently. Both readings of course yield an excellent sense, but it must be admitted that the latter seems to bring Ferdinand from his rapture back to earth again. He is lost in wonder at Prospero's magic power. It may be objected that in this case Miranda is left out altogether, but the use of the word 'father' shows that Ferdinand regarded her as one with himself. [In my copy of the First Folio the letter which is to make a wise wife or a wise wise is of such a doubtful shape that no one, I think, would be willing to decide which end o' the beam should bow. Personally, seeing that I much prefer wise, I incline to believe that it is 'wise' in my copy.—Ed.]

139. Sweet now] W. A. Wright: It would seem more natural that these words should be addressed to Miranda. If they are properly assigned to Prospero, we should have expected that part of the previous speech would have been spoken by Miranda. They might form a continuation of Ferdinand's speech, which would then be interrupted by Prospero's 'Silence!' Otherwise the difficulty might be avoided by giving 'Sweet . . . . to do' to Miranda and the rest of the speech to Prospero.—Elze (p. 143), accepting Wright's suggestion that these words are to be addressed to Miranda, believes that her speech ends with 'seriously.'

144. winding] Collier: Possibly winding is the true word. If wandering be not right, it is difficult to account for the letter r in the misprint.—Leetsom: Perhaps the true reading is wiring. This word occurs in P. Fletcher's Purple Island, C. iv, St. 21: 'Then in small streams (through all the Island wiring) Sends it to every part, both heat and life inspiring.'—MS Note in the present editor's copy of Dyce's Remarks.

146. crispe] Steevens: That is, curling, winding. So in s Hen. IV: I, iii, 106: 'hid his crisp head in the hollow bank.' 'Criple,' however, may allude to the little wave or curl (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters.—Dyce: This does not mean 'winding channels,' but 'channels
Answere your summons, Juno do's command.
Come temperate Nimphes, and helpe to celebrate
A Contreft of true Loue: be not too la'ce.

Enter Certaine Nimphes.

You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguft weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holy day: your Rye-straw hats put on,
And thefe freth Nimphes encounter every one
In Country footing.

Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Prospero flarts sodainly and speakes, after which to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.

Pro. I had forgot that soule conspiracy

Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come: Well done, avoid: no more.

Fer. This is strange: your fathers in some passion

with a curl on the surface of the water”; compare in Browne’s Brit. Pastorals, B. i, Song 5, p. 133, ed. 1625; ‘He long stands viewing of the curled streame.’

146. greene-Land] Walker (Crit. iii, 6): Perhaps it is worth noticing that the Folio prints ‘greene-land.’ ‘Land’ is lawn.—W. A. Wright: This is the ‘short-grass’d green’ of line 92, and we should rather have expected lawn, which occurs [elsewhere] as a form of lawn.

155. footing] Flynan (Life and Work, Sc. p. 250, Foot-note): Compare with this Masque that by Beaumont, written for the Inner Temple, 1613:

1. ‘Thy bank with pioned and twilled brims’ (Tempest).
   ‘Bordered with sedges and water flowers’ (Inner Temple Masque).
   ‘Nayades with sedged crowns’ (Tempest).
2. ‘Blessing . . . and increasing’ (Tempest).
   ‘Blessing and increase’ (Inner Temple Masque).
3. The main part played by Iris in both.
4. The dance of the Naiads in both. Many of the properties could be utilized in both performances. [See note on l. 68.]

164. This is] Walker (Vers. p. 80) conjectures that the ‘is’ is absorbed in This, which should be printed, This. Of Theobald’s addition of most, Walker says: The expression, as it seems to me, is, in spite of Matilda’s reply, too strong.
That workes him strongly.

_Mir._ Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so diptemper'd.

_Pro._ You doe looke (my fon) in a mou'd fort,
As if you were dismaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: These our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baseleffe fabricke of this viision
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,

166. _anger, fo_] _anger to Theob. ii et seq._
_Dyce ii, iii._ _Nay you Nicholson._
_doe] Om. Pope, Theob. Warb._
_Johns._

167. look...sort] _my son, look in a mou'd sort._ 
_Huds. look in a mou'd sort, my son Kily._

170. _mou'd] most moved._
_Hills (N. & Qu. 4, xi, 152)._ 171. _this viision_ _their viision F, Rowe._
_Pope, Han._ _th' air-visions Warb._

and disproportionate to the occasion. The contracted "passion," too, at the end of the line, is unlikely. [Note the extraordinary misprint of 'Matilda,' which escaped Lettsom's eye.—Ed.]

_Dyce:_ But, in my opinion, the addition, _most_, is quite justi-

fied by Miranda's reply; and already in the present play we have had the 'contracted "passion" at the end of the line,' I, ii, 456.

168. _You doe, &c._ _AB>POTT_, § 483: Perhaps, aware of Ferdinand's comment on his passion, Prospero turns to Ferdinand and says, 'It is you who are moved' in 'You|do look|my son|in a |mov'd sort.' Otherwise the reading of the line so as to avoid accenting 'my' seems difficult.—_CAMBRIDGE EDITORS:_ This line, however, can scarcely have come from Shakespeare's pen. Perhaps the writer who composed the Masque was allowed to join it, as best he might, to Shakespeare's words, which recommence at 'Our revels now are ended,' &c. [See note on l. 68.]

171. _and_ _See I, ii, 14._
173-175. _W. BISHPHAM (N. & Qu. 7th S. v, 182, 1885) calls attention to the trans-

position and omission in these six lines which occur in the inscription on the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, whereby line 177 is omitted and line 173 substi-

tuted for it, a transposition which the needs of the case seem amply to justify.—En._

174. &c. _STEEVENS:_ The exact period at which this play was produced is unknown. In the year 1603 _The Tragedy of Darius_, by William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Sterling, made its appearance, and there I find the following passage:

'Let greatness of her glacie scepters vaunt;
Not sceptors, no, but reeds, soone brus'd, soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits inchant,
All fades, and scarcellie leaves behind a token.
Those golden pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With furniture superfliousslie faire:
Those statelie courts, these sky-encountring walles
Evanish all like vapours in the aire.'—[sp. Staunton.]
The solemn Temples, the great Globe it selfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissoleue,
And like this infubstantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are such ruffe

178. racke] rack  F.F. track or trace  L. H. (Nicholas’s Ill. ii, 631). track Hen
[178. Leave not a racke behinde]

(Crit. Obs. p. 210) to define it as track or path, as it is used, he says, 'in the northern parts' (in which assertion he was subsequently upheld by Brockett, Gloss.).—Warburton explains 'rack' as 'the vestige of an embodied cloud [whatever that may mean], which has been broken and dissipated by the winds.'—Capell calls it 'the thin remains of a cloud, broken by the wind, and flying before it; also, the wind's action on such a cloud.'—Steevens: 'The winds' (says Bacon [Sylva Sylvarum, cent. ii, § 115.—Wright]) 'in the upper region (which move the clouds above, which we call the rack, and are not perceived below) pass without noise.' I should explain the word 'rack' somewhat differently, by calling it 'the last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds, scarce perceptible on account of their distance and tenuity.' What was anciently called the 'rack' is now termed by sailors the scud. The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakespeare. [Hereupon many examples follow, and many more might have been added not only from Shakespeare's contemporaries, but from his predecessors and his followers.]—Malone [whose note is so important that it is given entire]: 'Rack is generally used for a body of clouds or rather for the course of clouds in motion.' So in Ant. & Ceph. IV, xiv, 10: 'That which is now a horse, even with a thought, The rack dissilms.' But no instance has yet been produced where it is used to signify a single small fleeting cloud, in which sense only can it be figuratively applied here. I incline to think that 'rack' is a misspelling for wreck, i.e. wreck, which Fletcher likewise has used for a minute broken fragment. See his Wife for a Month, where we find the word misspelt as it is in The Tempest: 'He will bulge so subtly and suddenly, You may snatch him up by parcels, like a sea-rack [V, ii, ad fin., where Dyce silently prints sea-wreck]. This conjecture of wreck for 'rack,' by the way, appeared first in 1793. It has been urged that 'that objects which have only a visionary and insubstantial existence can, when the vision is faded, leave nothing real, and consequently no wreck behind them.' But the objection is founded on misapprehension. The words '—leave not a rack (or wreck) behind' relate not to 'the baseless fabric of this vision,' but to the final destruction of the world, of which the towers, temples, palaces shall (like a vision or pageant) be dissolved, and leave no vestige behind.—Whiter (whose volume has never, I think, received its full meed of attention) chronologically followed Malone, and by suggesting the train of thought which prompted the use of the word 'rack,' vindicated the original text. 'Our commentators,' says Whiter, p. 195, 'have justly observed that the famous passage in The Tempest may receive some illustration from the Pageant; and we may add that as the reflections (which it contains) were made at the close of an exhibition of this nature, it is but reasonable to suppose that the imagery would be strongly impregnated with the same ideas by which these reflections were originally suggested. . . . Our commentators have not been aware that [the phrase 'the rack dissilms' in Ant. & Ceph.] refers to the Pageant; and, therefore, they have not seen, first, that the word 'rack' is the true reading in The Tempest; and, secondly, that it appears to have a peculiar reference to the subject of the Pageant. To remove, however, all our doubts on this occasion, let us mark the following quotation from Jonson, Hydromastia [p. 59, ed. Gifford]: 'Here the upper part of the scene, which was all of clouds, and made artificially to swell, and ride like the rack, began to open; and the air clearing, in the top thereof was discovered Juno sitting on a throne, supported by two beautiful peacocks. . . . Above her the region of fire, with a continual motion, was seen to whirl circularly, and Jupiter standing in the top (figuring the heaven) brandishing his thunder; beneath her the rainbow, Iris
and on the two sides eight ladies, attired richly and alike in the most celestial colours, who represented her powers, as she is the Governess of Marriage." . . . . The word in question is here introduced on the very subject, and with the same personages annexed to it, which constitute the insubstantial pageant exhibited by Prospero. We have in both cases a Hirneal masque, with Juno and Iris among the characters. Having thus established the truth of the reading beyond all possibility of doubt, we have now to enquire how the obvious spirit of the passage can be reconciled with the text; as every one agrees that "leave not a rack behind" must signify that not a vestige, not the smallest part of the whole, shall be left behind; but the difficulty consists in discovering how the word "rack" is introduced on this occasion bearing such a sense. Let the reader, therefore, be informed that the poet, occupied as his mind now is with a peculiar train of ideas and imagery, does not affix to the word "rack" its general and abstracted sense, but applies it to a body of "clouds in motion" when considered as a constituent part in the machinery of a Pageant. In exhibiting, therefore, the ruins of a fabric in which the solidity of the globe itself, and such mighty edifices as towers, temples, and palaces, were dissolved, what could possibly appear more inconceivable and evanescent than that part of the spectacle which represented the light and flimy texture of the passing clouds? Mark then, says Prospero, the little pageant that has just passed before your eyes, and is now vanished into air. It is thus that the great Pageant of the world shall itself finally be no more; not even the minutest portion of this vast machinery shall escape the general destruction,—not a rack,—not an atom shall remain.'—After Whiter comes Horne Tooke, very dogmatic, and, therefore, only partly right: 'Rack' (Div. of Purley, p. 599, ed. 1857) means merely That which is Recked. And whether written rack, wraich, reck, reck, or reck, is the same word differently pronounced and spelled. It is merely the past tense, and therefore part participle, of the Anglossaxon verb Recan, exhalar, To Reck; and is surely the most appropriate term that could be employed by Shakespeare in this passage of The Tempest; to represent to us that the dissolution and annihilation of the globe and all which it inherit should be so total and complete; they should so melt 'into ayre, into thin ayre,' as not to leave behind them even a Vapour, a Steam, or an Exhalation, to give the slightest notice that such things had ever been.—"Rack," says Knight, 'is the smallest feathery cloud,—the cirrus of modern science.'—Collier, in his first edition, follows Horne Tooke. "'Rack,'" he remarks, 'is vapour, from reck,' and adds, 'The word "rack" was often used in this way,—an unguarded remark, for which he was brought severely to task by Dyce, who, in a note on 'a rack (i. e. wreck) of honour,' in The Woman's Prize (Beau. & Fl. vol. vii, p. 137), quotes the last five words of it in small capitals, and sternly comments: 'Now, the truth is, it was never so used'; and then goes on to say, 'Though "the rack" (i. e. the thin vapoury clouds; see vol. ii, 120, vol. v, 10, and present vol. p. 66) is an expression very frequently employed by our early writers, no passage can be adduced in which "a rack" (a single vapoury cloud) is mentioned. Brockett (Gloss. of North Country Words) gives "rack, a track, a trace," and insists that this is the meaning of the word as used in The Tempest. I am inclined to think that he is right; if not, "a rack" must be, as in the passage of our text [i.e. The Woman's Prize] a misprint for "a wreck," i. e. a wreck.' This was in 1844; nine years later Dyce again took up the subject in his Few Notes, &c. He begins (p. 13) with the emphatic statement: 'I believe Malone's objection to the reading, "a rack," is unanswerable, and then after quoting Malone's objection in full, and ending with Malone's suggestion that
‘rack’ is a misspelling for *wreck*, i.e. wreck, Dyce concludes: ‘I am now thoroughly convinced that such is the case. In authors of the age of Elizabeth and James, I have repeatedly met with ‘rack’ put for *wreck*; and in all the early editions of Milton’s *Par. Lost* which I possess,—viz.: the first, 1667; the second, 1674; the third, 1678; the fourth, 1688; and the eighth, 1707—I find: “—or all the elements At least had gone to rack” [i.e. *wreck*—wreck].’—HUNTER (*New Ill. i., 185*) urges Malone’s objection to ‘rack,’ which ‘like the kindred word welkin is never used but with the definite article, “the rack,” “the welkin,” while in Shakespeare it is “a rack.” At least this reading should be justified by the production of some other passage in which we found a poet or a prose writer speaking of *a* rack, since something may be said in favour of *wreek* or *wreuck*, as Shakespeare wrote. Not only will the forms into which the materials were arranged disappear,—“the cloud-capt Towers,” &c.—but their very *wreacks*, wrecks, ruins, will vanish from human sight, as the pageant has utterly faded away.’—A discussion arose in *Notes & Queries* in 1851 (vol. iii, p. 218; iv, pp. 121, 158, 193; v, p. 390; 2d S. vol. i, p. 425; 2d vol. ii, p. 44) which turned largely on the derivation of the word, and in which those who preferred *wreuck* were in the minority. In *Siv.* (6th S. iv, p. 444) BR. NICHOLSON vouches that ‘the rack’ is now the nautical term used, and quotes Admiral Smyth’s definition of it: ‘The superior stratum of clouds, or that moving rapidly above [and it may be in a contrary direction to—B. N.] the scud.’ Nicholson hereupon adds what is the best answer yet given to Malone’s argument, pronounced by Dyce to be ‘unanswerable,’ as follows: ‘The rack generally is not merely a stratum of continuous cloud, but more or less a congeries of clouds more or less separated the one from the other; and in R. Armin’s *Italian Taylor and his boy*, 1608, we find: “Lookt like the angry clouds in blackes, Which threaten shewers of raine; Yet ride upon the moving rackes, As it would to the maine.”—Grosart’s Rep. p. 185. The grammar and exact sense are here, as not infrequently in Armin, rather confused, but though ‘it’ may refer either to the “cloudes” or to the “rackes,” it is clear from “blackes” that the plural “rackes” is no misprint. Hence, there being a plural, “a rack” as a single insubstantial cloudlet may have been permissible.’—HALLIWELL accepted Malone’s criticism as sound, and followed it by adopting *wreck* in his text. ‘The choice,’ he says, ‘is clearly between *wreck* and *rack*, regarding the latter in the sense of a vapoury, moving cloud. *Wreck* is the most usual old orthography of *wreck*, so that it is clear the spelling of this word so much varied that an editor may be left to his own judgement in selecting the particular use of it in the present instance.’ In reply to the objection that no passage can be adduced in which ‘a rack’ is used, Halliwell cites a passage in one of Lydgate’s poems (MS. Ashmole, 39, f. 51), which would lead to the inference that it may have been so employed: ‘As Phoebus doeth at midday is the south, Whan every rack and every cloudy sky Is void of clene,’ &c.—*Dyce’s note ad loc.*, repeats what has been given above from his *Few Notes*, and adds: ‘Since the publication of the volume just quoted, Dr Richardson has favoured me with a letter containing an elaborate defence of “Leave not a rack behind”; but his arguments have only strengthened my conviction that it is wrong. A portion of his pleading in favour of “rack” runs thus: “Prospero the magician has presented a vision of baseless fabric, and the actors and agencies of it are *melted into thin air*; and he pronounces—that, *like this baseless fabric, the fabric of the great globe itself shall dissolve*, that is, *melt*; and, like this faded or *evanished* unsubstantial pageant, shall by
[178. Leave not a racke behinde]

this dissolution (not destruction or disruption) leave not (the only possible relict of such visionary unsubstantial pageant) a rack behind. All likeness would be lost by the substitution of wrech—a mass of solid ruins." Now, I cannot but think that in the above minute analysis of the simile Dr Richardson shows himself over-subsult. Shakespeare, I believe, meant nothing more than this: "As the unsubstantial pageant had wholly vanished, so the great substantial globe itself should pass away without leaving a single fragment behind." And to this view Dyce was faithful throughout his three editions.—COLLIER, in his second edition, defends, and, as I think, justly, not his unguarded remark, but his text. In reply to Dyce’s observation that ‘a rack’ is unprecedented he urges that ‘there are many unprecedented expressions in Shakespeare, which he introduced for poetical force and variety, and we are not to abandon the beautiful and appropriate image afforded by “rack,” i.e. thin vapour, for the commonplace and trite word wreck or wreck, merely because in other writers what Shakespeare terms “a rack” only occurs as “the rack.” Those who, like Mr Dyce, prefer “Leave not a wreck behind,” have the choice before them; we prefer “rack,” and we challenge the production of an instance from the whole of the Folio, 1623, in which “wreck,” i.e. wreck, is printed, as in the place in question, “rack.” What Prospero means is that the pageant had so entirely faded as not even to leave the slightest trace behind it.—CARTWRIGHT: By submitting to the hard, dry fact that neither ‘rack’ nor ‘wreck’ can be used without vitiating the language, we are rewarded with the happy discovery of the true reading in the homely and expressive word scrap.—Leave not a scrap behind.'—A. J. FISH (Phil. Sh. Soc. p. 59), in answer to Malone’s objection that ‘rack,’ in the sense of a single small fleeting cloud, can be only figuratively applied here, asks pertinently why it should not be so applied here? ‘Suppose, too, this very interpretation is found in the original, which is thought by Malone to have suggested this passage. Let the reader turn to Lord Sterling’s Darius: “These stately courts, these sky-encountering walls, vanish like the apparitions of the air.”’—HALLIWELL (p. 53): Perhaps the following quotation is the most favourable one yet pointed out as regards the reading ‘rack’: ‘Oure life shall passe away as the trace of a cloude, and com to naught as the mist that is driven away with the beames of the sunne, and put down with the heat thereof.’—The Book of Witchdom, Cranmer’s Bible, ed. 1562.—W. A. Wright prefers ‘rack,’ i.e. ‘the mass of clouds,’ and notes that ‘wreck’ is ‘the reading on the monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, which was erected in 1740.’ [Of the same mind are REV. JOHN HUNTER, the COWDEN-CLARKES, JEPHSON, PHILLPOTTS, D. MORRIS, MEIKLEJOHN, HUDSON, ROLFE, DEIGHTON. It is easy to see that a discussion like the foregoing was inevitable in pre-philological days. Horne Tooke is largely responsible for it by confounding two distinct words, derived from different roots, and, in the vague orthography of old times, frequently spelt alike, viz: rack and reck. The former, rack, is, according to SKEAT (s. v.), the same word with wreack, and allied to wreck. It means, according to Wedgwood, ‘the drift of the sky, from the Old Swedish wrecks, Old Norse, rek, to drive; rek, drift, motion.’ The latter, reck, is to smoke, to steam, from the Teutonic base, according to Skeat, Reck, to smoke, reck, and familiar in modern German as rauch. Essentially different as these two words are, it is readily seen with what ease they may be confounded when applied to clouds, which may be driven across the sky, or rest there as an exhalation. From the Anglo-saxon wreccan, to drive, to impel, comes Chaucer’s wurk and our wreck. So that Dyce has a right to say in the present passage that ‘rack’ is wreck, and the discussion is thereby...
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleepe: Sir, I am vext,

179. on] of Steev.'93, Var. Sing. Klly, C.-Clke.
Beare with my weakenesse, my old braine is troubled:

DEVCE: Knight's exposition is, I suspect, more ingenious than true.—BIRCH, whose book, a really fine tribute to the myriad-mindedness of Shakespeare, was written, be it remembered, to prove that Shakespeare was a materialist and atheist, thus epitomises (p. 55) this speech as 'a signal and brilliant consummation of the poet's materialistic teachings. In language most laboured, unequivocal, and emphatic we are told that the great globe and all humanity shall dissolve and leave no wreck of identity behind. To prevent ambiguity in the supposition that only matter is the pageant that shall fade, i. e. is reiterated that "we are such stuff as dreams" are made of,—that when "our revels are ended, our little life is rounded by a sleep;" enforcing the same material ideas peculiar to Seneca and Cicero,—to ancient and modern atheists.' Again (p. 527) he says of this same speech: 'Nothing can be more conclusive of the end of all things, great and small. Perpetual change of matter is proclaimed,—perpetual loss of identity, which is the case with ourselves; as those spirits vanished, so shall we disappear. As these illusions, so are our dreams, and as these dreams are rounded by a sleep, so are our lives. We slept and knew not before we came into the world; so we shall when we leave it, of such stuff as to eternity and identity are we made. As is a dream in a sleep, so is life in eternity. Of such "stuff," not a very ennobling term, are we made. . . . . Knight, by mentioning Berkeley about dreams, wishes to have it supposed that Shakespeare bad the same philosophy as the no-matter Bishop. His intention was avowed,—it was to support religion and points of faith; but we have no such spiritualism in Shakespeare,—all indicates materialism. . . . . To us, it appears, "life rounded by a sleep" expresses exactly what Cicero said, and the poets of antiquity, that you returned in death to what you were before you were born; the beginning, middle, and end of existence comprised in a circle of perpetual night. "A mind firm and enlightened is without inquietude; it despises death, which places man back in the same state where he was before he was born."—Cicero de finibus. . . . . "Our revels ended" expresses the pleasures of life ended as well as the pangs. Life rounded with a sleep seems well expressed by Seneca in consolation to a friend, though, for the same purpose as Shakespeare has in speaking of death, he makes the consolation to consist, as Shakespeare does generally, in its being the termination of our pains. "Death finishes all our pains; beyond, there remains nothing to suffer; it restores us to that profound tranquillity in which we were softly extended before that we saw the day."—W. A. Wright defines "rounded" as "finished off, as with a crown;" and refers to Mid. N. D. IV, i, 56: "For she his hairy temples then had rounded With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;' where, however, 'rounded' being directly connected with a crown, is not precisely similar to the present 'rounded,' which is by all other editors, I think, defined simply as 'completed, finished.' Birch's interpretation, with his accusation of materialism and atheism, arises from the pernicious practice of imputing to Shakespeare personally the sentiments expressed by his dramatic characters. The comparison of death to sleep must have been coeval with conscious life and with the first sight of death; that we are dreams is an argument for our immortality. 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,' says The Immortal Ode. 'To die? to sleep,—no more.' The wheel comes full circle, and our little life is rounded with a sleep.—Ed.

181. Warburton finds in the sense of ingratitude a sufficing cause for Prospero's great emotion of anger, which seems strange when it is considered that the cause of it was 'the plot of a contemptible savage and two drunken sailors.' But Caliban's
ACT IV, SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repose, a turne or two, Ile walke
To still my beating minde.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. Exit.

Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee Ariel: come. 187

183. you] thou Rowe ii, Pope, Theob.
Warb. Johns
186. your] you F, Rowe, Pope, Han. ii, iii, HUDA.
Hal. Walker.

Ingratitude recalled his brother's, and 'that these two, who had received at his hands the two best gifts mortals are capable of, Regal power and the Use of Reason, that these should conspire against the life of the donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing.'—To the same effect PHILPOTT, but with far more insight and vigour: 'Why was Prospero so moved with anger at such a time? Not certainly from the absurd plot of Caliban and his confederates, which he can frustrate in a moment; but from a sense of all injuries, past and present, surging on his mind at once. Therefore he seems to think, 'Life is but a dream, the time of a sleep, unsubstantial, fleeting. It can at best have little in it that is sound or contesting; yet this little is usurped upon by men's wickedness. What these contemptible enemies are now vainly planning was accomplished years ago by still baser opponents, who have succeeded for years past in maiming and mutilating my life, making me the inhabitant of a desert isle, with Caliban for my sole subject, when I should have been granting the signories of Italy. Hence his 'beating mind,' and the necessity of a few moments' retirement to still it, and also to rid himself of an Italian's strong wish for vengeance on his old enemies, now so completely in his power—a wish which he conquers only when spurred to compassion by Ariel's sympathy.'

187. The Textual Notes afford hardly scope enough to give intelligibly the various readings of this line. THEOBALD was the first to deviate from the Folio (for his followers, see Text. Notes) thus: 'Come with a thought;—I thank you—Ariel, come,' where 'I thank you' is evidently intended to be addressed to his departing children. —CAPELL's variation from Theobald is of the slightest: 'Come with a thought,—I thank ye—Ariel, come.'—STEEVES says expressly that these thanks are in reply to the joint wish of Ferdinand and Miranda, and followed Theobald in changing 'thee' to you.—Dyce (ed. i) accepts Steevens's explanation, but retains 'thee,' because 'it is certain that 'thee' was sometimes used when more persons than one were addressed; as in a Hen. IV: II, iii, "I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughtter, Give," &c.—STAUNTON quite agrees, both in text and note, with Dyce, who, by the way, prints: 'Come with a thought!—I thank thee.—Ariel, come! 'Thee,' says Staunton, 'however ungrammatical, appears to have been sometimes used in a plural sense; thus, in Ham. II, ii, the prince, addressing the players, says: 'I'm glad to see thee well.'—GRANT WHITE (ed. i) was the first to interpret the line as it stands in the Folio. He derives the idea of 'making Prospero thank Ferdinand and Miranda for their salutations' and explains that 'the authentic text plainly makes the magician, as he summons the sprite, thank him (according to his habit) for the masque which he had so deftly managed.'—Dyce, in his next edition, changed his text as follows:
Enter Ariel. 188

Ar. Thy thoughts I cleave to, what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit: We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ar. I my Commander, when I presented Ceres
I thought to have told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaf I might anger thee.

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

Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they fomented the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beateth the ground
For kissing of their feetes; yet alwaies bending
Towards their project: then I beat my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they pricket their ears,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses
As they melted musick, so I charm'd their ears
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharpe firzes, prickings goffe, & thorns,

188. [Prospero comes forward from the
Cell; enter Ariel to him. Theob. 190. Spirit:] Separate line, Theob. et
seq.
193. [Leaf] Left F. et seq.

194. Say] But, say Hain. Well; say
Cap. Huds. Say yet Nicholson (N. &
Qu. 1866).
204. geffe] gorse Coll.

'To Ariel'] Come with a thought!—I thank ye [Exit Fer. and Mir.]—Ariel,
come! and in reply to Grant White says, 'surely the words "We wish your peace"
cannot possibly be regarded as a "salutation:"' they form a very proper reply to
what Prospero has just said, "I am vex'd; Bear with my weakness; my old brain is
troubled," &c.' Dyce then goes on to withdraw, as without foundation, his former
remark that 'thee' was sometimes used when more than one person was addressed.

'As to the passage in a Hen. IV, we must suppose (if "thee" be not a mistake for
ye) that the full construction is "I pray thee, gentle wife, and thee, gentle daughter,"
&c., and as to the passage which Staunton cites from Ham. the position of thee in the
sentence determines that it is an error for ye. Moreover, the Folio has in Coriol. I, i,
"He that will give good words to thee, will flatter," &c., where the author must have
written ye or you.'

190. to meet with] Johnson: That is, to counteract, to play stratagem against
stratagem. 'The parson knows the temper and pulse of every person in the house,
and accordingly either meets with their vices, or advances their virtues.'—Herbert's
Country Parson [chap. x.—W. A. Wright, who also cites: 'Crafty varlets make
thee a traitor to old Harry's life! Well, well, I'll meet with some of them.'—Row-
ley's When you see me you know me (p. 69, ed. Elze)].

194. For the attempts to mend the metre of this line (which Dyce says can hardly
be right), see Text. N. Amorr, § 484, would allow the voice to rest on 'Say' long
enough to dispense with an extra syllable.

Which entred their fraile shins: at last I left them
I' th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-stunck their feet.

Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy shape inufible retaine thou still:
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither
For stale to catch these theeues. Ar. I go, I goe. Exit.

206. filthy mantled] filthy-mantled Steev. conj. filthy-mantled Cam.

204. pricking gorse] TOLLETT: The low gorse that only grows on wet ground,
and which is well described by the name of whins in Markham’s Farewell to Husbandry.
It has prickles like those of a rose-tree or a gooseberry.—BEELY (p. 12):
This is the Genista anglica, petty whin, called gos in, and previously to, the time of Shakespeare.
In the 15th Henry VI (1436), Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, had license to enclose 200 acres of land,—‘pasture, wode, hethe, viruses, and gorse, bruere et jampnorum,’—and to form thereof a park at Greenwich.
From this it appears that ‘furze’ and ‘gorse’ were then treated as distinct plants, and Shakespeare so considered them.—W. A. WRIGHT: That is, gorse. In the same way a waterfall in Westmoreland and Cumberland is called either a ‘foss’ or a ‘force.’ Professor Sedgwick used to maintain that the latter was a corruption introduced by the Lake Poets; but both forms, ‘foss’ and ‘fors,’ are found in Icelandic, the former being more modern.
Cotgrave gives ‘Ajou: m. Furze, Gorse’; and ‘Genest epineux.’ Furres, Whinnes, Gorse, Thorne-broome.’ It is not clear that there was any distinction between ‘furze’ and ‘goss.’ Gerarde, in his Herball, says, ‘There be diuers sorts of prickleby Broome, called in our English toong, by sundry names according to the speech of the country people where they do growe, in some places Furzes, in others Whinnes and Gorse, and of some prickle Broome’ (p. 1138, ed. 1597).

208. feet] BULLOCH (p. 24) conjectures feat, ‘implying that the sight they had passed through had overstunk their nefarious project.’—INGLEBY (Sh. the Man, &c. ii, 16) proposed the same emendation, ‘meaning fit—fyte—dance.’—Both the CAM. ED. and DYCE record fear as a conjecture of Speeding. In a foot-note Ingleby (as above) says of this conjecture, fear, ‘we know [it] to have been a bantling of Mr Stainton’s.’

211. trumpery, &c.] HOLT suggests that without this episode ‘there would have been no manifest reason why the assassins should not immediately, on their appearance, enter the cave and perpetrated their villainy; which if they had, the stage must have stood still during that time, and which this “trumpery” alone totally prevents, as it diverts them from their main design, and yet keeps the scene busy, and shows Shakespeare perfectly understood the jeu du théâtre.’

212. stale] STEEVENS: A word in fowling, used for a bait or decoy to catch birds.
—W. A. WRIGHT: See Markham’s Hunger's Prevenion (1621), p. 28: ‘In the very hearte or midst of the hauntes you shall first pinne downe a stale, which should be a liue foule formerly taken, of the same kinde which they are that now haunt the place, and for which you now lay.’
Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whose nature
Nurture can never fixie: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loft, quite loft,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.

213. on] in so quoted, Abbott, § 476. 218. on them] them on Rowe et seq.
215. all, all] are all Han. Dyce ii, iii. [Prospero remains invisible.
all are Walker, Kily, Huds. Theob.

213. This line Abbott, § 476, would scan by contracting only the first 'devil' into de'il, then by prolonging the o sound of 'born,' gain sufficient time to let the ictus fall on the first syllable of 'devil.'
215. all, all] To me this is exactly right, and any change worse than needless.—En.

217. cankers] MALONE: Lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of Queen Elizabeth: 'that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcasse';—a speech, which according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head.
218. line] HUNTER (Disquisition, &c. p. 57): If you look for the word 'line-grove' in any Verbal Index to Shakespeare you will not find it; for the modern editors, in their discretion, have chosen to alter the line in which it occurs, and we now read, 'In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell'; an alteration this, you will say, of no great pith or moment, but observe the effect of it. When Prospero says to Ariel, 'Come, hang them on this line,' he means on one of the line trees near his cell, which could hardly have been mistaken, if the word of the original copies, line-grove, had been allowed to keep its place. But the ear having been long familiar to lime-grove, the word suggested not the branches of the tree so called, but a cord line, and accordingly, when the play is presented, such a line is actually drawn across the stage, and the glittering apparel is hung upon it. Anything more remote from poetry than this can scarcely be imagined. There ensues some clumsy joking about the 'line' among the clowns as they steal through the line-grove with murderous intent. . . .
The jests are worthless, suited to the clownish character of the clowns who utter them.

. . . . I introduce them only to observe that they all refer to the line trees, and not (prob. puder?) to a clothes-line.—The line tree and the lime tree are the same. The change has been made because the latter is now the more usual appellation; but as late as Elisha Cole the other was the more familiar term: 'line tree, tilia, a tall tree, with broad leaves and fine flowers.' The linden is a more refined appellation. Shakespeare was probably led to form the grove of this particular tree by what he had observed of the use of it in the neighborhood of London: 'The female line,' says Gerarde, 'or linden tree, waxeth very great and thick, spreading forth her branches wide and far abroad, being a tree which yieldeth a most pleasant shadow, under and within whose boughs may be made brave summer-houses, and banqueting arbours.' We may imagine in a grove of trees such as these, alcoves and bowers of delight in harmony with the young and lovely Miranda.—KNIGHT says that after a careful examination, he is convinced that the players are right in stretching up a clothes-line, and opposes Hunter's interpretation for the following reasons: First, on the score of
printing; nowhere here is ‘line’ spelt with a capital or in Italic, as it would be were a tree indicated. On the contrary, where the tree is meant, as in line 14 of the next Act, it is spelt ‘Line-grove.’ Secondly, Hunter gives no example of ‘line’ used without the adjunct of tree or grove. In the quotation from Gerard the word tree belongs as much to line as to linden. Thirdly, the ‘clumsy joking’ of the clowns about ‘losing your hair’ and ‘bald jerkin’ is not ‘worthless’ as far as concerns an explanation of the meaning of ‘line.’ Steevens has observed (see post) that clothes- lines were usually made of hair. They were especially so made in Shakespeare’s day, says Knight. ‘In a wood-cut of twelve distinct figures of trades and callings of the time of James I (see Smith’s Cries of London, p. 15) we have the cry of “Buy a hair-line!” The “clumsy joking” would be intelligible to an audience accustomed to a hair-line. It is not intelligible, according to Hunter’s assertion that the word suggested a cord-line.’ Fourthly, Knight urges the unlikelihood that drunken clowns could have distinguished a lime tree from an elm tree or a plane tree. The very word ‘frippery’ shows that they had in mind an old-clothes shop, with its clothes hung on a stretched line, whence the joke about stealing by ‘line and level.’ Lastly, to Hunter’s assertion that scarcely anything can be more remote from poetry than clothes-line, Knight replies that the entire Scene where the clowns are tricked by Ariel was intended to be the protagonist of poetry, essentially ludicrous, and, to a certain extent, gross. The ‘pool’ through which they were hunted had nothing poetical about it, and compared with a fountain or a lake it was as the hair-line to the lime-tree.—Dyce (Few Notes, &c. p. 14): With all my respect for Mr Hunter’s learned labours, I must confess that I think him entirely wrong in the matter of the ‘line.’ If no other objections could be urged against his acceptation of the word line, we surely have a decisive one in the joke of Stephano, ‘jerkin, you are like to lose your hair,—a joke to which it is impossible to attach any meaning unless we suppose that the line was a hair-line . . . .’ In Lyly’s Midas, a barber’s apprentice facetiously says: ‘All my mistres’ lynes that she dryes her clothes on, are made only of mustachio stuffe [i.e. of the cuttings of mustachios].’ 1592.—Staunton also opposed Hunter. ‘It is hardly possible,’ he says, ‘to conceive that the coarse jesting of the clowns . . . . could have been provoked by, or, indeed, would have been applicable to, any other object than the familiar horse-hair line, which was formerly used to hang clothes on.’—Hunter, however, was, quite naturally, unmoved. His observations were repeated in his New Illustrations (i. 178), and in A Few Words, &c. (p. 8) he replied to Dyce’s objection that his interpretation did not explain Stephano’s jokes. ‘What “now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair” means,’ says Hunter, ‘I do not quite understand, and I am sure it is not worth searching into. It probably has no positive meaning; but it certainly does not necessarily imply any connection with a clothes-line, even though it were made of twisted hair . . . . I adhere to what I have ventured to promulgate, and still more should be disposed to maintain that when the clowns are jesting about the word “line” . . . . the passages are better explained, if any sense worth searching for is to be found in them, by referring them to the clothes-line, but to the line trees under which they were furtively creeping to the cell where they thought to surprise Prospero in his sleep.’—Hunter’s best defender is Bann, who, denouncing a clothes-line in such a scene as the ‘lowest depth of barbarity,’ undertakes to explain those jokes of Stephano, which proved the stumbling-blocks to the acceptance of Hunter’s ‘line.’ Bann (Trans. of Royal Soc. Litt. ad Ser. vol. x, Pt. iii, p. 466) trusts a good deal to Stephano’s calling as a butler, and
when Knight asks how such drunken fellows could have distinguished one tree from another, Brae replies, 'What more obvious than that in full summer the delicious shade and fragrance of the lime would make it the resort of the al fresco symposium, and that the butler would often be required to bring flasks and goblets to the line. Hence he would hail it as an old and familiar acquaintance, of which the seat beneath [where Ferdinand and Miranda watched the masque] would instantly remind him.'

'There is one peculiarity,' continues Brae, 'in Stephano's recognition which has not been adverted to,—his addressing the tree as "Mistress Line"; and I cannot see how the advocates for the clothes-line—unless by some metempsychosis of a sundry-maid—are to explain this salutation if addressed to their object. But to the tree its application is easily explained; it is an allusion to Philyra, a nymph inseparably associated with the line, or tilia, as Daphne is with the laurel.'

This, too, Stephano had learned in his capacity of butler; he had 'doubtless' often overheard the story of Mistress Line discussed beneath the fragrant shade of her branches, and without understanding the classical story might have merely learned to imitate his betters in calling the tree 'Mistress line.' To Knight's objection that tree is always an adjunct of line, Brae cites Holinshed, who, in his chapter on 'Woods and Marshes,' says: 'We are not without the plane, the vgh, the sorbe, the chestnut, the line, the black cherry, and such like.' By Duce's assertion that it is impossible to attach any meaning to the allusions to losing the hair and proving bald, unless we suppose the line was a hair-line, Brae opposes the explanation: 'To air is to hang near the fire, or out of doors, to dry or freshen; and in some parts of the country the expression to take an air (selicet, of the fire) is in common use. Now, without going into the question of the probable sameness of pronunciation in Shakespeare's time of hair and air, it is sufficient for the present purpose to observe that even supposing one of these words was then, as now, aspirated and the other not, that circumstance would be no bar to an equivoke between them by persons of Stephano's class, especially as there are examples of similar equivokes between hair and heir; and in one or two other places in Shakespeare hair and air are to this day disputed readings. Now, when Stephano perceives the rich garments hanging abroad, as it were, for an air, he says that the jerkin when taken down will lose its air; and prove, he adds,—his wit just catching at the equivoke—a bald jerkin. . . . So, again, 'we steal by line and level' is but mere sound,—the echo of the tree's name suggesting a familiar phrase. The humour seems to consist in the very absence of all sense and fitness as contrasted with Stephano's drunken exuberance of praise. . . . There is another joke which, in my opinion, must be understood as a continued equivoke upon the name of the tree. Trinculo says 'put some lime upon your fingers.' But how an equivoke upon the name of the tree if we are to call it line, and not lime? Hereupon Brae shows that 'line,' vivium, was sometimes spelled and written line, and infers that Shakespeare may have intended it to be so spelled in this case. And, secondly, from many examples that an absolute convertibility existed between lime and line in almost every sense to which either of these forms could be applied; so that one form might be indifferently spoken, written, and understood for the other, even in equivoke. Lastly, Brae says 'the only explanation necessary of "now is the jerkin under the line" is that the name of the tree again suggests the echo of a familiar nautical phrase [see Nicholson's explanation, por]; or it might be that he would have often heard the allusion applied in the same way in those under-line symposia spoken of before.'—[The tendency of the latest criticism is, I think, to approve of
ACT IV. SC. I.

THE TEMPEST

Enter Ariel, laden with glittering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you tread softly, that the blinde Mole may not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.

St. Monster, your Fairy, w you say is a harmles Fairy, Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horfe-pisse, at which My nose is in great indignation.

St. So is mine. Do you heare Monster: If I should Take a displeasure against you: Look you.

Trin. Thou wert but a loft Monster.

Cal. Good my Lord, give me thy favour fil, Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly, All's hufht as midnight yet.

Trin. I, but to loo'e our bottles in the Poole.

St. There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that

219. Scene V. Pope+
222. heare...Cell] One line, Rowe ii et seq.

Hunter's interpretation; SINGER leans to it, HUDSON 'rather agrees with it,' and W. A. WRIGHT adopts it. For myself, I accept it gladly, as I should any possible explanation rather than a clothes-line.—Ed.

219. COLLIER remarks that the stage-directions are more particular and correct in this play than, perhaps, in any other.

221. blinde Mole] WARTON (The Adventurer, iii, 38): Shakespeare seems to be the only poet who possesses the power of uniting poetry with propriety of character; of which I know not an instance more striking than the image Caliban makes use of to express silence, which is at once highly poetical, and exactly suited to the wildness of the speaker. . . . I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which he has, I think injudiciously, put into his mouth words that imply repentance and understanding.—HALLIWELL: See Topsell, Hist. &c. [ed. 1668, p. 495]: 'These Moles have no ears, and yet they heare in the earth more nimbly and perfectly then men can above the same, for at every step or small noise and almost breathing, they are terrifi'd and run away.'

224. the Iacke] JOHNSON: That is, he has played Jack with the lantern; assimilates us about like an ignis fatuus, by which travellers are decoy'd into the mire. [Either the same that Caliban speaks of as 'firebrands,' II, ii, 9; or, else, as W. A. WRIGHT explains, 'played the knave, deceived. See Much Abo, I, i, 186,' and see 'Jack' as used by the old Nurse in Rom. & Jul. II, iv, 160, which, I think, is the better interpretation.—Ed.]

230. Lord] DUKKE: Is this a disyllable here; as it sometimes is? I think not. [ABBOTT, § 484, thinks it is.]
THE TEMPEST

Yet this is your harmleffe Fairy, Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,

Though I be o're eares for my labour.

Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seest thou heere

This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noife, and enter:

Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Iland

Thine owne for euer, and I thy Caliban

For aye thy footlicker.

Ste. Give me thy hand,

I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King Stephano, O Peere: O worthy Stephano,

Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.

Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but trash.

Tri. Oh, ho, Monster: wee know what belongs to a

frippery, O King Stephano.

Ste. Put off that gowne (Trinculo) by this hand Ile

haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace shall haue it. (meane Cal.

The droptie drowne this foole, what doe you

243. good mischeefe] ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc.): A grammarian must not fail to

call attention to poor Caliban's Oxymoron.

244. I] For other examples of 'I' used for me, see ABBOTT, § 209.

248. King . . Peere] WARBURTON: The humour of this consists in the allusion
to the old ballad of 'King Stephen was a worthy peer,' which celebrates that king's
parsimony with regard to his 'wardrobe.' [The ballad as it appears in Percy's Folio
Manuscript is given in the note on Othello, II, ii, 106 of this edition. The version
as it appears in Percy's Reliques (i, 174, ed. 1765) has the following stanza:

'King Stephen was a worthy peere,
    His breeches cost him but a crowne,
    He held them sixpence all too deere;
    Therefore he calld the taylor Lowne.']

252. frippery] STEEVENS: A shop where old clothes were sold. The person

who kept one of these shops was called a fripper. Strype, in his Life of Stone, says,

that these frippers lived in Birchin Lane and Cornhill. [Cotgrave: 'Friperie : f. A
friperie; Brokers shop, street of Broken, or of Frijpiers.' And 'Friper : m. A
To doate thus on such luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther first: if he awake,
From toe to crowne he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs strange stuffe.

**Ste.** Be you quiet (Monster) Misstris line, is not this

257. let's alone] let's along  Theob. i, iii, Hal. Wb. ii.
Clke, Dyce ii, iii, Huds. let it alone 260. stuff — Ktly.
Han. Mal. Var. let't alone Rann, Coll.

Friper; or broker; a mender, or trimmer vp of old garments, and a seller of them so mended."

257. To doate] The gerund, for by doating.

257. let's alone] STEEVENS: This may mean 'let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the trash of dress, behind us.' [A preposterous suggestion. —Dyce.] —MALONE justifies his text by remarking that 'Caliban had the same expression before,' 'the very reason,' says Dyce 'as will be evident to any one who carefully compares the two passages, why it should not be repeated here.' 'Has none of the commentators then,' Dyce (Few Notes, p. 15) goes on to ask, 'been led by the words, "And do the murder first,"' to the lection obviously required in what immediately precedes? Yes; Theobald's sagacity did not forsake him here; but his certain emendation is now only to be found among the rubbish of the Variorum Shakespeare, in a very foolish note by Malone, which concludes with, "Mr Theobald reads—"Let's along"!" [Theobald has no note on the subject.] —KNIGHT: [Hamner's text] is good enough and probable. —COLLIER (ed. i): In the original manuscript it probably stood 'Let't alone'; an abbreviation for the sake of the verse. —STAUNTON in a note on 'Alone, alone' (Love's L. L. IV, iii, 384) refers to the present lection in the Tempest, and to another instance of it in Beau. & Fl.'s Loyal Subject, III, v, p. 68, ed. Dyce, where, with the sense of along, it is spelled 'alone,' and that it cannot be a misprint is proved by its rhyming with 'gone.' Here, in the Tempest, Staunton says of Theobald's along that, if 'alone' was not sometimes used in the same sense, it is undoubtedly the right word. —GRANT WHITE (ed. i) does not find Steevens's note as preposterous as Dyce finds it; he pronounces the meaning 'Let us do the murder alone, without the Fool's aid,' 'obvious and appropriate.' —W. A. WRIGHT: If the reading of the Folio be the true one, it must be explained by supposing the verb of motion omitted, as in Macb. IV, iii, 136: 'Now, we'll together.' It would then be addressed to Stephano only. [A verb of motion is equally required whether we read alone or along. If Caliban's idea is 'let us go all by ourselves without the fool and do the murder,' I see no necessity for the word 'first'; but 'first' is important if he wishes to hurry Stephano along to do the murder, and then come back for the luggage. Therefore, I think, that in view of Staunton's examples, 'alone' and along were probably so nearly alike in pronunciation as to be almost interchangeable; the sense of the context, therefore, can alone be our guide. Here I think, it is in favour of along. —Ed.]

260. stuffe] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc.): If you persist in stopping to appropriate this 'trash,' he will pinch our skins black and blue, and thus make us into a 'stuff' as strange in one way as the variegated stuffs appear to you in another.
my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to lose your hair, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we steale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that left; heer's a garment for't:
Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent passe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monfter, come put some Lime vpon your fin-
gers, and away with the reft.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall loose our time,

---262. vnnder the line] STEEVENS: 'An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers which they contract in that hot climate make them lose their hair.'—EDWARDS'S MSS. As a further elucidation it may be observed that the lines on which clothes are hung are usually made of twisted horse-hair.—BR. NICHOLSON (N. & Qu. 3d S. v. 49, 1864): The meaning is the jerkin is put as were the stakes at tennis, and so could be taken by the winner. See Florio's Second Frutes, ch. 2, p. 25: 'T. Let us keepe the lawes of the court. G. That is, stake money vnnder the line (sotto la corda), is it not so? T. Yea sэр, you hit it right. H. Here is my monie, now stake you.'—Whereupon W. A. WRIGHT remarks 'the phrase may have another meaning, derived from the same game,' and adds: 'In Heywood's Proverbs and Epigrams (Spenser Soc. p. 35) we find: 'Thou hast striken the ball vnnder the lyne,' meaning, 'Thou hast lost.' ' [See also BRAE'S explanation, above.—DEIGHTON'S explanation is also ingenious, that Stephano says this 'as he tucks the jerkin under his belt.']['STANSTON (Athenæum, 16 Nov. 1872) quotes from a small tract called Groans from Newgate; or, an Elegy upon Edward Dum, Esq., the Cities Common Hangman, who Dyed Naturally in his Bed, the 11th of September, 1663, &c. the following concluding lines: 'It was (oh, Death!) an unjust thing, Thou shoul'st deny him his own swing; Sure, sure, thou hadst some great designe, Or else thou adst took him under-line.' 'The last words,' says STANSTON, 'show conclusively that although Stephano may have alluded, as has been generally surmised, to the loss of hair common to those who visit hot climates, it was not a tree but a cord on which the clothes were suspended, for under the line was plainly a slang phrase, like a Tyburn tippit; 'a horse's nightcap,' 'the sheriff's picture-frame,' and other popular sayings of the time, to signify the punishment of hanging by the neck. 'STANSTON'S date, 1663, is rather late, but, still, slang phrases have an enduring vitality, and, overlooking this small flaw, the explanation seems to be the best that has yet been offered.—Ed.]

264. Doe, doe] REV. JOHN HUNTER: This is said in approval of Stephano's punning, being an abbreviation of That will do. [This explanation is doubtful, but to propose a better one (unless it be that it refers to Stephano's 'Be you quiet') demands more dramatic instinct than has been bestowed on the present Ed.]


270. Lime] JOHNSON: That is, bird-lime.
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes

273. or to] or Pope +, Dyce ii, iii.

273. Barnacles] Collins: 'There are,' says Gerard, in his Herbari, 1597, p. 1591, 'in the north parts of Scotland . . . certaine trees, whereon doe growe certaine shell-fishes, . . . which falling into the water, doe become foules, whom we call Barnakes, in the north of England Brant Geese, and in Lancashire tree Geese,' &c. Command me, however, to Holinshed (vol. i, p. 38), who declares himself to have seen the feathers of these 'barnacles' 'hang out of the shell at least two inches.' And the same account of their generation is given in Dryton's Poliolibium, 27th Song [ed. fin. in the account of Farinace.] For the pardonable error of mistaking Holinshed for Harrison, Collins was taken severely to task by Douce (i, 23), who presumed that the note, just given, would 'not be thought worth retaining in any future edition,' and who accused Collins of making 'Gerarde responsible for an opinion not his own.' As Collins quoted Gerarde's exact words, it is difficult to understand why, as W. A. Wright says, Douce should make this charge; furthermore, in his zeal to vindicate Harrison, Douce asserts that 'the fish barnacle, or Lepas anatifera, is undoubtedly furnished with a feathered beard.' The rest of Douce's note is good: 'The real absurdity was the credulity of Gerarde and Harrison in supposing that the barnacle goose was really produced from the shell of the fish. Dr Bullein not only believed this himself, but bestows the epithets 'ignorant' and 'incredulous' on those who did not; and in the same breath he maintains that christol is nothing more than ice. See his Bulwarke of Defence, &c. 1562, f. 12. Caliban's 'barnacle' is the claki or tree-goose. Every kind of information on the subject may be found in the Physica Curiosa of Jasper Schot, the Jesuit, who, with great industry, has collected from a multitude of authors whatever they had written concerning it. See lib. ix, c. 22. The works of Pennant and Bewick will supply every deficiency with respect to rational knowledge.'—W. A. Wright supplements Collins's extract from Gerarde as follows: Gerarde then goes on to tell what he had himself seen in 'a small Ilande in Lancashire called the Pile of Fouldres,' where branches of trees were cast ashore, 'whereon is found a certaine spume or froth, that in time breetheth into certaine shells, in shape like those of the muskale, but sharper pointed, and of a whitish colour.' In process of time the thing contained in these shells falleth into the sea, where it gathereth feathers, and growth to a foule, bigger then a Mallard, and lesser then a Goose; hauing blacke legs and bill or beake, and feathers blacke and white, spotted in such maner as is our Magge-Fie, called in some places a Pie-Annet, which the people of Lancashire call by no other name then a tree Goose; which place aforesaid, and all those parts adjoyninge, do so much abound theerewith, that one of the best is bought for three pensee: for the truth heerof, if any doubt, may it please them to refere it unto me, and I shall satisfie them by the testimonie of good witnesses.'—[Harrison's description is, I think, the best (Holinshed, i, 38, 1586); it bears an earnest air of scientific investigation: 'I have beene very desirous to understand the vtermost of the breeding of barnacles, & questioned with divers persons about the same. I have red also whatsoever is written by forren authors touching the generation of that foule, & sought out some places where I have been assured to see great numbers of them: but in vaine Wherefore I vterlie despaired to otheine my purpos, till this present yeares of Grace, 1584, and moneth of Maie.' He then goes on to say that he saw some ships in the Thames, lately arrived beyond seas, on whose sides he perceived 'an infinit sort of
THE TEMPEST

With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monfer, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hoghehead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey Mountaine, hey.


282. [Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out roaring. Theob.

shells, and having obtained ten or twelve of the largest he found in one of them 'the proportion of a foule more perfectlie than in all the rest, sauing that the head was not yet formed, because the fresh water had killed them all (as I take it) and thereby hindered their perfection. Certainlie the feathers of the taile hoong out of the shell at least two inches, the wings (almost perfect touching forme) were garded with two shels or sheedioles proportioned like the selfe wings, and likewise the brestbone had hir couerure also of the shellie substance, and alogether resembling the figure which Lobell and Pena doo give forth in their description of this foule: so that I am now fullie persuaded that it is either the barnacle that is ingendred after one maner in these shells, or some other sea-foule to vs as yet vunowne. For by the feathers appearing and forme so apparant, it cannot be denied, but that some bird or other must proceed of this substance, which by falling from the sides of the ships in long voyages, may come to some perfection.' In the same volume of Holinshede, in the Description of Scotland by Hector Boettius, there is an account (p. 17), highly circumstantial, of a tree cast up by the sea which was 'worm-eaten and full of young geese.'—Halliwell gives a list of authorities on this subject and an illustration. An entertaining account is given by Max Müller (Lectures on the Science of Language, ii, 552, Am. ed.) of what he supposes to have been the origin of this myth. He shows that the shells were regularly and properly called bernacule, and that Barnacle-geese were caught in Ireland, which were eaten by the priests in Lent, owing to the belief that these geese were not birds, but shell-fish; that this belief was readily adopted in France, where (so Prof. Müller assumes) these geese were called Hibernica, and if the first syllable were dropped they would be called Bernica, which is so closely allied with Bernacula that the two were supposed to be one and the same, and that hence arose the myth. As this name for the geese, Hibernica, could arise only out of Ireland, this theory of Prof. Müller's does not account for the existence of the myth in Ireland before it appears to have spread to France, and where the geese were called, according to Giraldus Cambrensis, not the diminutive Bernicula, but Bernaca. However, the story is entertaining, and a discussion, in these pages, barren until it can be determined with assurance into which of the two Calibans was in dread of being turned, into the crustacean or into the goose.—Ed.

274. foreheads] STEEVENS: Low foreheads were ancienely reckoned among deformities. See Ant. & Cleop. III, iii, 35.
ACT V, sc. i.]

THE TEMPEST 231

Ari. Silver: there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke. 285

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Convultions, shorten vp their finewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-spotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted foundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me seruice.  Exeunt.  290

ACTUS QUINTUS: SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Prospero (in his Magicke robes) and Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time  295

286. that they, that the F.  Lyr Rowl et cet.

286. grinde] The subjunctive, see I, ii, 528.

here inflicted are half-medical, half-magical, and certainly do not represent a scientific
description of aguish disease.

therefore they call Panthers, as Bellunensis writeth. The second they call Pardals,
and the third least of all, they call Leopards, which for the same cause in England
is called a Cat of the Mountain.' . . . It was probably one of the smaller varieties
of the leopard, and the name was not strictly confined to one animal. In The Merry
Wives, II, ii, 37, Falstaff reproaches Pistol with his 'cat-a-mountain looks.'

292. Lien] For a similar singular, see I, i, 24.

4. cracke] It is not easy exactly to define the use of this word here. ALLEN
thinks it refers to magic bands; Prospero afterwards says 'my charms I'll brake,'
and further on tells Ariel to 'untie the spell' around Caliban; that Shakespeare
applies the word 'crack' to strings, is seen in this play where Ferdinand says 'I had
rather crack my sinews,' and in Lear, V, iii, 216: 'the strings of life Begin to crack.'

—W. A. WRIGHT defines its present use as 'without a flaw.' There may be even
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

_Ar._ On the sixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You said our worke should cease.

_Pro._ I did say so,
When first I rais'd the Tempest: say my Spirit,
How fares the King, and his followers?

_Ar._ Confined together
In the same fashion, as you gae in charge,
And as you left them; all prisoners Sir
In the _Line-groue_ which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot budge till your releaf: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,

   _and's] and his_ Cap. Steev. '85,

11. _together] Om. Pope._

12. _all your_ Pope, Theob. Han.

13. _all are_ Cap. all are Coll. ii, iii (MS),


15. _you_ F, F', Rowe i, Johns.


_and's followers] and his? Steev. '93._

Reed '03, '13, Var.'21.

a third interpretation, as containing a reference to the crucibles and alembics of magicians; of this DEIGHTON has an admixture in surmising that it refers to a pitcher or dish which is not cracked.'—Ed.

4. _Time]_ WARBURTON: Time is usually represented as an old man bending under his load. He is here painted as in great vigour, and walking upright to denote that things went prosperously on.

10, 11. These two lines must be accepted as metrical in themselves, without attempting, in order to make one line, to pen them within the limits of a certain number of syllables. In the attempt to force them into one line STEEVENS discards 'followers' under the convenient plea that it is 'evidently a gloss'; and it is doubtful if the treatment suggested by ABBOTT be not quite as violent; under the section on _Dropped Prefixes_ (§ 465) the latter, after remarking that 'Sometimes, perhaps, the prefix, though written, ought scarcely to be pronounced,' thus scans the line: 'How fares the king and's follow era?' (Con) | fined | together.'

13. The Textual Notes will show the attempts that have been made to render this line metrical; of them all, REED'S is to be preferred, I think, as the simplest: it involves no other change than a transposition of words. ABBOTT, § 484, would make both 'all' and 'prisoners' dissyllables. REED'S change has been overlooked not only by Collier and Dyce, but by the CAM. EDD.


16. _Brother_ WALKER (Vers. 108) cites this as a possible instance of the contraction of this word into a monosyllable, like wheth or whether, or en for even. The dialect of the Southern negroes makes such a contraction familiar, albeit comic.

—Ed.
Brin full of sorrow, and dismay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord Gonzalvo,
His tears runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

_Pro._ Doft thou thinke so, Spirit?
_Ar._ Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

_Pro._ And mine shall.

Haft thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe,
One of their kinde, that relieth all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am frook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, gaineft my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, releafe them _Ariell,

18, 19. _Brim...Him_ One line, Mal.
19. _Him_ He Han. Huds.
   _that you_ you Steev.'93, Var.
   _Sir_ Om. Pope + , Coll. ii, iii (MS),
   Huds.
20. _tears runs_ tears run F f et seq.
   _winters drops_ Winter drops F f .
   Rowe + , Cap. Steev.'85, Dyce, Huds.
21. _reed_ reed Cap. conj.

19. _Him that_ 'Him' is here for _he_; in II, i, 32 we have 'he' for _him_. See _Abbott_, § 208, if need be.
29. _all_ HOLT: The meaning here is either 'he relia'd all Passion as sharply' or 'he relia'd Passion all (i. e. full) as sharply as,' &c. [In this latter adverbial sense, which is assuredly correct, Walker (Crit. iii, 6) also understands it; he calls attention to the corresponding phrase in Dryden's Version: 'who as sharply relish passion as they,' &c.]—_Dyce_ The earlier Folios have, in opposition to the sense, a comma after 'sharply.'
30. _Passion_ Throbold: That is, the force of passion; am mov'd by it. So in _Two Gent._ IV, iv, 172: 'twas Ariadne passioning For Theseus' perjury,' and in _Ven. and Ad._ 1059: 'Dumbly she passions,' &c.
34-36. _Capell_ thus punctuates and amends these lines: 'they being penitent, The sole drift of my purpose, _swath_ doth end; Not a frowne further:' and also gives us this note, whereof the self-compacency, at least, is intelligible: 'He must have very unworthy notions of Shakespeare who can look on ['ine 35, "The sole drift," &c.]
My Charmes Ile breake, their fences Ile restore, 37
And they shall be themefuelles.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. Exit.

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, stading lakes & groues, 40
And ye, that on the sands with printleffe foote
Doe chafe the ebbing-Neptune, and doe flic him
When he comes backe : you demy-Puppets, that

39. them] thim Y

39. Scene II. Pope + .

in its old reading, and without stop anywhere, and then ascribe it to him: purpose
(nay, and the drift of purpose, too) extending a frown, is an idea for Bedlam; and
we were certainly help’d to ’t by some amender who felt a breach in the measure, and
lengthen’d “end” to extend in way of cure for it; that administer’d here [i.e. Capell’s
own emendation] will scarce be objected to; the term is every way pertinent; and, by
that, and the punctuation, the whole passage is now of simplest construction, and has
a clearness that makes explaining unnecessary. Of course the meaning of the Folio
text, in which no one but Capell has ever found any difficulty, is that Prospero’s anger
does not extend as much as a frown beyond their penitence. The Cam. Edd. in record-
ing this reading as ‘Anon. spud Rann’ overlooked the fact that it is Capell’s text.—Ed. 40, 43. Ye . . . you] These seem to be used here indiscriminately, says Abbott,
§ 236. See i, ii, 382.

40, 8c. WARBURTON: Shakespeare borrowed this speech from Medea’s in Ovid.—
HOLT: This beautiful incantation has shown beyond contradiction that Shakespeare
was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of enchant-
ments. Ovid’s Metamorphoses, vii, 197-206, were his foundation, but he varied his
plan with masterly judgement.—FARMER (p. 45): It happens, however, that the trans-
lation by Arthur Golding is by no means literal, and Shakespeare hath closely fol-
lowed it.—MALONE: Shakespeare evidently copied the translation, and not the or-
iginal. [The following is from the edition of 1567, p. 83, verso: ]

Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elues of Hillles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye everychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked banke much wondering at the thing)
I have compelled streams to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charms I make the calme Seas rough, & make the roughe Seas plaine.
And couer all the Skie with Cloudes and chase them thence again.
By charms I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers law.
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones and trees doe draw.
Whole woods and Forestes I remoue: I make the Mountains shake,
And even the Earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call vp dead men from their graves: and the O lightsome Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brase abate thy perilous scene.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and darkes the Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of fierce Bulles ye quenched for my sake
And caused their unwieldie neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the Earthbred brothers you a mortall war did set
And brought a sleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes were never abet.'—
By Moone-shine doe the greene sowe Ringlets make,

---

41. ye, that] See II, ii, 12.

41. printlesse foote] Stevens: See Milton, Comus, 897: 'Whilst from oft the waters fleet Thus I set my printlesse feet.'—Halliwell: Compare Vn. & Ad. 148: 'Dance on the sands and yet no footing seen.'

43. demy-Puppets] There must have been some reason for the use of 'demy,' but what it is I cannot say. To translate it as Schmidt does, and define it as 'half-a-puppet,' is merely what Dr Johnson would call 'motion without progression.' In Drayton's Moon-calf, ed. 1748, p. 177, we find, 'Other, like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls, That demi-urchins were, or demi-ows.'—Ed.

44. greene sowe Ringlets] Grey (p. 35): Ringlets of grass are very common in meadows, which are higher, sourer, and of a deeper green than the grass that grows around them; and by the common people are usually call'd fairy circles.—Douce: Though a real or supposed acidity in this kind of grass will certainly warrant the use of 'sour,' it is not improbable that Shakespeare might have written green-sward. [So also Collier's MS.]—Hunter (Disquisition, &c. p. 132): The compound green-sour has been invented by the modern editors. I believe no other instance of such a compound is to be collected from any other writer. [See Halliwell's note.] I would propose: 'By moon-shine on the green, sour ringlets make.' Or if we suppose on to be elided: 'By moon-shine d' on the green, sour ringlets
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that rejoitce
To heare the solemne Curfewe, by whose ayde
(Weake Masters though ye be) I have bedynm'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault

45. Mushrumps. F, F.  F
48. Masters] ministers Han. motives
50. azur'd] azure Walker, Huds.

make.' But I should prefer the former were it not too obvious.—KNIGHT: Why cannot we be content to retain the double epithet of the Folio? We know that the ringlets are on the green award, and on the green; but the poet, by using the epithet 'green,' marks the intensity of their colour. They are greener than the green about them. That they are 'sour' he explains by 'Whereof the ewe not bites.' No description could be more accurate of what we still call fairy-rings.—HALLIWELL: The compound epithet 'green-sour' is exactly in Shakespeare's manner, like another one, 'white-cold' [IV, i, 63]. There is surely no necessity for any alteration of the original text. [DYCE (ed. i) expresses his agreement with Halliwell and speaks for all of us. For the Folk-lore in regard to these Ringlets see Brand's Popular Antiquities (ii, 480, ed. Bohn), where also certain theories to account for their origin may be found, such as that they were due to thunder-bolts, to moles, and finally to a species of mushroom.—Ed.]

45. not bites See II, i, 122. RUSHTON (St. Illust. by Old Authors, i, 41):
'Your misplacing and preposterous placing is not all one in behaviour of language, for the misplacing is alwaies intolerable, but the preposterous is a pardonable fault, and many times gives a pretie grace vnto the speech. We call it by a common saying, to set the cartes before the horse, and it may be done, ether by a single word or by a clause of speech: by a single word thus: And if I not performe, God let me never thriue. For performe not: and this vice is sometimes tolerable enough, but if the word carry away notable sence, it is a vice not tolerable, as he that said, praising a woman for her red lippe, thus: A corall lippe of her. Which is no good speech,' &c.—Puttenham, Aris of English Poesie, iii, cap. 22 [p. 262, ed. Arber].

46. Mushrumps] HALLIWELL gives several instances of this spelling from Beau. & Fl., Marlowe, Southwell, Speed's History, and Day; and W. A. WRIGHT adds another from Lily.

48. Weake Masters] STEEVENS: Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural powers, though you possess them but in a low degree.—BLACKSTONE: That is, ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves; your employment is then to make green ringlets and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song; yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say, proverbially, 'Fire is a good servant, but a bad master.' [In this note I am afraid His Honor's proverb somewhat allays the good precedence; 'master' is not, I think, used in quite the same sense both in the proverb and in our text, where it means merely weak proficients, weak adepts, and the sense would be logically as good were it even omitted.—Ed.]

50. azur'd] Just as in 'your self'd cn w,' IV, i, 145. WALKER conjectured sedge; so here he conjectures azure (Crit. ii, 69 and iii, 7), although doubtfully;
ACT V, SC. i.]  

THE TEMPEST  

Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder  
Haue I gien fire, and rifted Ioues fownt Oke  
With his owne Bolt: The strong bafs'd promontorie  
Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp  
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command  
Haue wak'd their sleeers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke  
I heere abiere: and when I haue requir'd  
Some heauenly Muficke (which eu'n now I do)  
To worke mine end vp'pon their Sences, that  
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,  
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,  

53. strong bafs'd] strong bafs'd Rowe.  
56. Hauke...forth] Have open'd, and  
let forth their sueers, wok'd Warb.  
61. is for] has frail'd Warb.  
62. Bury...fadomes] Bury't a certain  
fadom Warb.  
60. This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,  

he finds 'azure'd veins' in Sidney’s Arcadia, ii, 142, line 14. The list of instances, where final d and final e are confounded, which Walker gives in the dozen pages of his volume, is almost long enough to make one accept at once any conjecture founded on it. There is a notable instance of this confusion in 'boile,' line 72 of this Scene.—In § 294, Abbott gives a list of verbs formed from nouns and participles, and, as a parallel case to the present, where an adjective would be quite as good as the participle, he cites, ‘reckoning time, whose million'd accidents,’ &c., Sonn. 115. ‘Lorded,’ I, ii, 115, and ‘wondred,’ IV, i, 137, in the present play, are instances of these verbs formed from nouns, but are not parallel to the present case.—W. A. Wright: Milton (Comus, 893) has ‘azure.’ 

57. But this] Steevens: Prospero sets out with a long and distinct invocation to the various ministers of his art; yet to what purpose they were invoked does not very distinctly appear. Had our author written ‘All this,’ &c. instead of ‘But this,’ &c. the conclusion of the address would have been more pertinent to its beginning.—Grant White, in reference to the same idea that Steevens expresses, suggests that it is possible that this is the result of inadvertence on Shakespeare’s part; but it is more than probable that he purposely, though not at first deliberately, avoided the clear, determinate effect of a more precise construction. [This wavering of thought at the crisis of his fate is pathetic.—Ed.]

58. requir’d] W. A. Wright: Asked for. Both ‘require’ and ‘demand’ were formerly used in a sense slightly different from that attached to them now. Compare Psalm cxxxvii, 3: ‘For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song,’ where there is no idea of asking as a right.

61, 62. To record in the Text. Notes Warburton’s arbitrary changes in these lines is amply sufficient; to give even a digest of the long notes which they called forth from Holt and Heath is not worth, as Mat Prior would say, the effusion of any more Christian ink.—Ed.

62. certaine] Edwardes (Comus, &c. p. 66), while quite aware that certain
And deeper then did euer Plummet found
Ile drowne my booke.  

_a solemn museke_.

_Here enters Ariel before_: Then Alonso with a franticke ge-

fiure, attended by Gonzalo.  Sebastian and Anthonio in

like manner attended by Adrian and Francifco: They all

enter the cIRCLE which Prospero made, and there stand

charm'd: which Prospero observin, speaks.

A solemn Ayre, and the beft comforter,

To an vnsettled fancie, Cure thy braines

(Now vnfeleffe) boile within thy skull: there stand

means an indefinite number, supposes that Shakespeare might have intended to sig-

nify that there was a certain precise determinate number of fadoms, which Prospero,

by his art, knew of; at which depth if he buried his staff, it would never more be

discovered, so as to be used in enchantments; which is ingenious and not impossible.

—Ed.

_71. vnsettled fancie_ WORDSWORTH (p. 78): It is reasonable to suppose that the

service which David performed for Saul, see 1 Sam. xvi, 23, was present to our poet's

mind.

_71. braines_ HEATH: Compare Mid. N. D. V, i, 4: 'Lovers and madmen have

such seething brains.'—MALONE: And Wint. T. III, iii, 64: 'Would any but these

boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty bunt this weather?'

_71, 72. thy_ INGLEBY (Sh. Hermeneutics, p. 68): As two persons are addressed,

and 'you' is the pronoun properly applied to them in line [73], it can hardly be

doubted that the possessive pronoun 'thy' is an error for the.  [HUDSON adopted this

in his text with the following note:] Prospero is evidently speaking either to all six

of the men or else to none of them.  If he is speaking to them it should be your—
your; if merely in reference to them, it should be either the—the or their—their.

Ingleby's correction is manifestly right; though, for my part, I should prefer their—
their, but that it involves more of literal change.  [I am afraid that here the critic has

not only invaded the province of the actor, but has failed to master the situation.  It

is an assumption on Ingleby's part that 'two persons are addressed,' and an incorrect

one.  Gonzalo's brains did not boil within his skull.  Ariel distinctly says that only

Alonso, Sebastian, and Anthonio were distracted, and the stage-direction is explicit

that it is only they who enter with a 'frantic gesture.'  Prospero could use 'thy' only

to Alonso, as the one to enter first, but he may well have used 'you' when he spell-
stopped them all.—Ed.]

_72. boile_ Rowe's change to boil'd has been adopted by almost every editor.  It
For you are Spell-fiptopt. 73
Holy Gonzallo, Honourable man, 75
Mine eyes ev'n fociable to the shew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme disfolues apace,
And as the morning steales vpon the night
(Melting the darkenesse) so their rising fences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle

74. Holy] Noble Coll. ii (MS).
75. fellowly drops] fellow drops Rowe
76. flow] flow Coll. ii, iii (MS).

is much simpler thus to consider it as another instance of the confusion of final e and final d (see line 50, above, and line 87, below) than to suppose that there is an omission of the relative which.—Ingleby (Sh. Hermeneutics, 68), however, strongly contends for this omission, which he pronounces 'as plain as the nose on one's face,' and that the 'brains were boiling, not boited.' To which the answer lies that having entered 'the circle which Prospero had made their frantick gestures had ceased, leaving their brains useless as the result of an unsettled fancy.' It is hardly to be supposed that Prospero would address them as intelligent men while the uncomfortable process of ebullition was going on in their brains.—Ed.

74. Holy] Collier (ed. ii): Noble as it is corrected in the MS is, we may be confident, a restoration of the poet's language. Why was Prospero to call Gonzalo 'holy'? He was 'noble' and 'honourable', but in no respect 'holy.'—Staunton: 'Holy,' in Shakespeare's time, besides its ordinary meaning of godly, sanctified, and the like, signified also pure, just, righteous, &c.; in this sense Leontes speaks of Polixenes as 'holy': 'You have a holy father, a graceful gentleman.'—Wint. Tr. V i, 170.—Dyck adds: In The Two Gent. IV, ii, 41 we have 'holy' applied to Silvia, a young lady no more remarkable for her piety than her neighbours. [Collier deserted this correction in his third edition.]

75. ev'n sociable] Phillpotts: 'Even' might be either 'even as much as yours seem' or 'even fall drops.' It is possible that 'even' here may itself have the sense of 'fellowly and sociable,' as their even Christian.'—Ham. V, i, 35.

75. shew] Collier (ed. ii): The error [corrected by the MS] of 'show' for 'flow' is also transparent, and must have been occasioned chiefly by the mistake of the long s for f; Gonzalo was weeping, and the eyes of Prospero, sociable to the flow of those of Gonzalo, shed companionable tears. [Dyck pronounces this 'more plausible than the change in the preceding line.' If any emendation were needed, it is almost unexceptionable. But Staunton brings forward one or two 'facts which militate very strongly against' it, as he thinks: first, the word in the Folio is 'shew,' not show; and next that the single character fh would be 'far less likely' to be mistaken for the single character f than the long s with f; which is a little doubtful or, at least, incapable of proof.—Ed.

76. Fall] See II, i, 326, if need be.

76. fellowly] For many other examples 'where -ly represents like, of which it is a corruption,' see Abbott, § 447.

79. ignorant] Here used causatively.
Their clerer reason. O good Gonzalo
My true preferuer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deed: Most cruelly
Did thou Alonso, vue me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now Sebastian. Fleth, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature, whom, with Sebastian
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgive thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderstanding
Begins to fweel, and the approching tide

80. O J O my Pope+, Steev.'93, Var.
86. Sebastian. Fleth, and bloud,] Se-
O thou Walker (Cr. iii, 7), Dyce ii, iii,
bastian, flesh and bloud. Theob. Warb.
Huds.
Dyce.
87. entertaine] Sta. Kly. entertain'd
88. whom] F, Hal. Wh. ii. who

81. Sir] COLLIER (ed. ii): In the MS this is changed to servant, and that word
may have been written with an abbreviation, and therefore mistaken; but as Shake-
spere not unfrequently uses 'sir' as in the text, we introduce no change, especially
as the sense of the passage is in no respect either altered or strengthened by it.
84. Did] This is the first word on the page. The catch-word at the foot of the
preceding page is 'Didst.'
86. Sebastian] Theobald's substitution of a comma after 'Sebastian' and the
removal of the full stop to the end of the line were pronounced by Capell an absurd-
ity; 'for what,' he asks, 'is pinching in blood?' Dyce answers, 'flesh and blood' means,
of course, the whole man,' and adopts Theobald's punctuation—iudiciously.
I think, because 'flesh and blood' does not apply to Sebastian, but to 'brother mine.'
See Abbott's note on 'you' in the next line.—Ed.
87. You] Abbott, § 232: Prospero, who has addressed the worthy Gonzalo in
the friendly thou, and the repentant Alonso in the impassioned thou, turning to his
unnatural brother says, 'Flesh and blood, You brother mine,' but, on pronouncing his
forgiveness immediately afterwards, he says, 'I do forgive thee,' &c. See also lines
150-152, &c.
87. entertaine] See line 50, above.
88. remorse] Pity.
91. Their vnderstanding, &c.] DEIGHTON: Their understanding had ebb'd to
its lowest point; but the tide is turning and will soon be at the full; overflowing with
bright waves the shore of reason, now foul and muddy for want of its (reason's)
flood.
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell,*
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will difcafe me, and my felfe present
As I was sometime *Millaine:* quickly Spirit,
Thou shalt ere long be free.

*Ariell sings, and helps to attire him.*

Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cowslips bell, I lie,

93. _shore...by_ F., *shores...lie* 95. _or_ *ever* Coll. MS, Kty.
Mal. Steev. 93. Var. Knt, Sing. Coll. 97. [Exit Ariel, and returns imme
Hal. Wh. 1. _shore...lie_ F.F. et cæt. distantly. Theob.

93. reasonable shore] W. A. WRIGHT: The shore of reason which has just been,
by another figure, compared to clear water covered with a scum of ignorant fumes.
96, &c. HERNE (Antikes, &c. p. 482) calls attention to the instances of *aegnoriasia,*
or recognition, similar to the present scene, in Grecian poetry, e. g. the scene of the
recognition of Ulysses by Penelope; and where Ulysses discloses himself to the group
of horrified suitors. Again where Sophocles depicts the recognition of Ulysses by
Philoctetes.

101. _suck 1] THEOBALD changed this to _lure I_ on the plea that _a spirit of
a refin’d ethereal essence’ could not be _intended to want food,’ this superfluous
emendation became, for many a long year, ingrained in the popular memory by its
having been adopted by DR ARNE in his musical setting. It has even yet scarcely
died out.—HUNTER finds in this line another reference to the _line_ tree, whereof
the flower is an _eminent favourite of the bee, who quits even the thyme border that
she may revel in “ the blossom that hangs on the bough,” its pendulous flowers._

102. Cowslips] MALONE: Compare Drayton, *Nymphidia:* _‘At midnight the
appointed hour, And for the Queen a fitting bow’r, (Quoth he) is that fair cowslip
flow’r, On Hipcut-hill that growth.’ *Nymphidia* was not written, I imagine, until
after 1612. It was not printed till 1627. [There are many passages throughout
Drayton, as we all kno v, which reveal the powerful influence on him which Shake-
spere had. A striking passage was noted in _As You Like It_, and in this same
*Nymphidia_, a few stanza of lower down than that above quoted, there is a description
of Queen Mab’s chariot, whereof the horses were gns, their harness gossamer, the
coachman a fly, and the wheels of crickets’ bones, which no one can read without
being reminded of Mercutio; and again when Puck is sent off by Oberon, he gone,
according to Drayton, _thorough brake, thorough brier, Thorough muck, thorough
mier, Thorough water, thorough fier._—Ed.]

102. bell] In his note on IV, 1, 73 Steevens said that it was clear Shakespeare was
no diligent botanist, for _‘who ever heard,’ he asked, ‘of a bell-shaped cowslip?’—Br.
NICHOLSON (N. & Qu. 3d S. ix, 28, 1866) says that _‘Ariel’s bell is the calyx of
the flower, which is described to this day in botanical works as somewhat bell-shaped,
and is so.’_ A calyx undoubtedly may be bell-shaped, but in losing its corolla, a calyx
THE TEMPEST

ACT V, SC. I

There I couch when Owles doe cry,
On the Batt backe I doe fly
after Sommer merrily.

103. couch] crowch F,F₂  Rowe i.
105. Sommer merrily] sunset, mer-
coly. Theob. Han.  rily. summer: Merrily,
Coll. i, ii.  Holt.

loses all its poetry and charm. In speaking of a cowslip we think only of the corolla, which, as in the case of all monocotyledous plants, can be fairly enough termed a bell. In a poetic generalisation all flowers may be called bell-shaped; as in the Hymn to the Flowers, by Horace Smith, which every one knows, or ought to know, by heart: 'Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth And tells its perfume in the passing air.'—Ed.

103. There I couch when Owles doe cry] The older commentators, Warburton, Heath, and Capell, 'abide all three distracted' over this line, which means, in its simplest terms, merely that Ariel slept at night in a cowslip; they were misled by the belief that an allusion to owls could refer only to winter. Therefore Heath proposed a full stop after 'couch,' and has been followed, substantially, by others from whom we might have expected better. Heath's note is here given because it has been cited with approval by a recent editor; Warburton's and Capell's may be omitted without loss, at least those portions which refer to this line. Heath: If Ariel ' couches in the cowslip when owls do cry,' it follows that he couches there in winter, for that, from the general notoriety of the fact, is the season when owls do cry. How then can it consistently be said that he constantly flies the approach of winter by following the summer in its progress to other climates? I should imagine, therefore, that Shakespeare pointed the passage thus: 'There I couch. When owls,' &c.—Steevens truthfully observed: 'Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in summer; Titania, in Mid. N. D., the time of which is supposed to be May, commands her fairies to "keep back The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots."'—Malone, too, albeit he was begullied by Heath, remarked that 'When owls do cry' means simply at night.

104. Battes backe] Walker (Vers. 234): Such combinations as 'Lud's Town' (compare Newtown, &c.), 'Heaven's Gate' (compare Kirkgate, Ludgate, &c.), and others of the same kind are pronounced as if they were single words, with the accent on the first syllable. Thus Caliban's 'Shew thee a jay's nest,' &c. And here pronounce 'bat's back' as horseback; and [in line 203 of this Scene]: 'And I would call it fair play,' pronounce fair-play, unless there is any corruption in the words following. [I do not like this holocaust to rhythm.—Ed.]

105. Sommer] That there is a charm, and a great charm, in Theobald's emendation of sunset is undeniable. It is chiefly in the twilight that bats appear, and with the poetry and sentiment of that hour in summer they are associated. The emendation first appeared in Theobald's Shakespeare Restored, a book which so thoroughly angered Pope that for it Theobald was made the hero of The Dunciad; and yet in Pope's second edition of Shakespeare he could not overlook the beauty of Theobald's change, and after the word 'summer' noted that it was 'probably sunset,' a remarkable concession. Hunter could 'hardly bring himself to reject it,' and Macaulay (as noted by Cartwright, p. 6) wrote: 'Who does not sympathise with the rapture of Ariel, flying after sunset on the wings of the bat?' 'Why after summer?' asks Theo-
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty Ariel! I shall mishe Thee, but yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so.

Bald (Sh. Rest. p. 176). 'Is it true that the Bat flies after summer? After summer, that is, in the winter, the Bat sleeps. His food of gnats and flies cannot be procured in winter. I am apt to think that the passage is corrupt, and that the allusion here is not to any season of the year, but rather to the hour when bats fly. From the custom and nature of this bird [sic], therefore, it seems to me it ought to be corrected to "After sun-set merrily."' To this note, here given only substantially, Theobald added, in his edition, that the original text could be right only on the mistaken notion that bats migrated in pursuit of hot weather. - Warburton, paying no heed to Theobald's allusion to the hibernation of bats, asserts that the 'roughness of winter is represented by Shakespeare as disagreeable to fairies and such like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow summer. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new recover'd liberty, that he could now avoid winter, and follow summer quite round the globe?' - Steevens saw the difficulty involved in the natural history of the 'bird,' but resorts to his ever-ready explanation of Shakespeare's ignorance. 'Ariel,' he says, 'speaks of his present situation only; nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty till the last couplet. The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify not that he pursues summer, but that after summer is past, he rides on the warm down of a bat's back. . . . Shakespeare, who, in his Mid. N. D., has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage.' - Knight says that in his text he 'follows the original exactly' (which is true except that he substitutes colons and semicolons for commas), and that the words of the song are the same as the poet wrote them, but that the punctuation [of lines 103, 104] ought to be as follows: 'There I couch when owls do cry On the bat's back. I do fly After,' &c. 'Here,' adds Knight, 'we have all the conditions of Ariel's existence expressed in the most condensed form. . . . In the night when owls do cry, he couches on the bat's back.' This last remark is a good illustration of the blindness to which we are all liable. So clear was the meaning to Knight's eyes that he did not see that according to his punctuation Ariel couched in a cowslip when Owls cried on bats' backs (which is scarcely to be wondered at). - Dyce (Remarks, p. 9) called attention to Knight's oversight of the full meaning of 'There,' which clearly refers to the 'cowslip's bell,' just as in the first line 'There I suck' refers to the preceding 'Where the bee sucks.' 'In spite of any objections,' adds Dyce, 'that may be brought from 'natural history,' I believe that Shakespeare intended to describe Ariel as flying on the bat's back in pursuit of summer, like the swallow.' A remark which carries with it, I imagine, the assent of all. What has 'natural history' to do with The Tempest, where all is unnatural history? as if a spirit, that could tread the ooze of the salt deep, or work i' the veins of the earth when it is bak'd with frost, could not fly, if it chose, in perpetual sunshine, on the back of a bat, which was as torpid as a stone with the cold of a dozen winters. - Walker (Crit. iii, 7) compares with this passage Mid. N. D. Iv, i: 'Trip we after the night's shade,' and 'we fairies that do run . . . . From the presence of the sun, Following darkness like a dream.' - Ed.
To the Kings ship, inuifible as thou art,
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Master and the Boat-swaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And prentely, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne

Or ere your pulse twice beate. Exit.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King

The wronged Duke of Millaine, Prospero:
For more assurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'ft he or no,

Or some inchantted trifle to abufe me,

---

120. Behold] Le Pope, Han.

[Attired as Duke. Coll. MS.
126. Alo.] Ant. Ingleby (ap. Cam.).

Where thou bee'ft] Ff, Rowe.

Best thou bee'ft Pope+. Wher thou bee'ft

127. trifle] rival or model Bailey.

109. 80, 80, 80] Referring to Ariel's assistance in attirling him.
115. drinke the aire] JOHNSON: An expression of swiftness of the same kind as
'to devour the way,' in a Hen. IV: I, i, 47, which last, Voss (Anmerk. 191) com-
pares to 'viam vorabit' of Catullus, xxxv, 7.
126. Where] For many other examples of this contraction of Whethr, see
Walker, Vers. 103, or ABBOTT, § 466.
127. inchantted trifle] COLLIER (ed. ii): The MS substitutes devil for 'trifle,' but
we hesitate to insert it in our text, because 'trifle' in this case may be understood,
although it was not unnatural for Alonso to suppose he might be addressig a fiend
who had assumed the shape and dress of Prospero.—STAUNTON: The change of
Collier's MS is as wanton as it is foolish. 'Trifle' meant phantom; thus in Beau. &
Fl., Bondurca, V, ii: 'In love too with a trifle to abuse me.'—WALKER (Crit. i, 164),
in his chapter on 'peculiar construction with the adjective,' suspects this to be an
instance of the transposition of the adjective, i. e. some trifle produced by enchant-
ment to abuse me; for, he says, some trifle to abuse me, seems unlike the Elizabethan
English.—LETTSOM (in a foot-note) cites the same line from Bondurca, cited by
Staunton, where the very phrase occurs, and adds from Ford, Fancies, &c. IV, 1:
'Why you know I am an ignorant, unable trifle in such business.' Sun's Darling, I,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulf
Beats as of fie, and blood: and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneffe held me: this must craue
(And if this be at all) a moft strange story.
Thou parden me my wrongs: But how shold Prospero
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. First, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be meafur'd, or confin'd.

Gons. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'lle not sweare.

Pro. You doe yet taufe
Some subtleties o' th' Isle, that will nor let you

134. *my* thy Coll. ii. iii (MS).
142. *nor let* not let F_4 et seq.

1: '—scourge hence this *trifle*'; II, i: 'This lady call'd the Spring, is an odd trifle.'
[According to Skeat the old sense of 'trifle' is a delusion or trick.]
128. *not know.* See line 45, *supra*, or II, i, 122.
133. *Thy dukedom.* STEEVENS: The duchy of Milan being, through the treachery of Anthony, made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future.
134. *my wrongs.* COLLIER (ed. ii): We have often seen 'my' and 'thy' confounded by the old printer, and we can readily believe such was the case here. It ought to be, as in the MS, 'thy wrongs,' i.e. the wrongs that I have done to thee.—DYCK (ed. ii): Here undoubtedly Shakespeare wrote 'my wrongs,' i.e. the wrongs done by me to thee; just as he wrote, earlier in this Scene, 'their high wrongs,' i.e. the wrongs done by them to me; and in *Mid. N. D.* II, i, 'Your wrongs (i.e. the wrongs done by you) do set a scandal on my sex'; so, too, Greene, in the concluding sentence of his *Groatworth of Wit*, &c.; 'a whole booke cannot contain their wrongs,' i.e. the wrongs done by them, viz: the players. Compare also, above, 'till your release,' i.e. the release of them by you; and in *Lear*, IV, ii: 'And quitt the house on purpose, that their punishment (i.e. the punishment inflicted by Cornwall and Regan on Gloster) Might have freer course.'
141, 142. *taste* ... *subtleties*. STEEVENS: A phrase adopted from ancient cookery and confectionery. When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a *subtlety*. Dragons, castles, trees, &c. made out of sugar had the like denomination. Froussart complains much of this practice, which often led him into mistakes at dinner.—HALLIWELL: Although I think *subtleties* is here to be accepted in one of its then ordinary senses, *deceptions*, and that there is not necessarily a metaphorical meaning, it would hardly be prudent to omit Steevens's note. . . . The use of the word 'taste,' metaphorically applied, is so very common
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I so minded
I heere could plucke his Highnesse frowne vpon you
And iustifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell speakes in him:

Pro. No:

For you (moft wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euon infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy ranke fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know

144. [Aside to Seb. and Ant. Johns.]
147. I w ill] Ff, Rowe, Hal. Dyce i, 
Cam. Glo. Wrt, Wh. ii, Dtn. I'll Pope
et cet.
149. No:] Om. Han. New, Allen,
Huds.
152. fault'] faults F, Rowe +, Hal.
Coll. ii, iii (MS), Sing. Dyce ii, iii, Kly.
153. ther] thee Fv

that it is not, in itself, any argument in favour of the theory of Steevens. So 'taste
grief,' Rich. II, &c.—W. A. Wright: It denoted a device in pastry and confectionery work such as is described by Fabian in his account of the feast at the Coronation of Katharine, queen of Henry V (Chronicle, ed. 1542, ii, 366), 'And a sotylie
called a Pellycane syttyng on his nest with he byrdes, and an ymage of saynte Katheryne holodyng a boke and disputing with the doctoure.' [It must be confessed that there is a certain repugnance to the thought of similes, in the majestic mouth of Prospero, drawn from the kitchen, and if it were not for that one word 'taste' the idea should be scouted. But with that word preceding, and with the memory of the delusive 'banquet' which had just mocked their hunger, I am afraid Steevens is right. Those interested in 'subtleties' may be referred to the Early English Text Society's reprint of Two Fifteenth-Century Cookery-Books.—Ed.]

149. No] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc.): The reading 'No' must be corrupt; for
nothing is more certain, than that an aside is supposed to be heard only by the person
to whom it is addressed; and Prospero, therefore, cannot have said 'No' to what he
did not hear—not to dwell on the singularly unsatisfactory dryness of this shortest of
adverbs, left without one additional word of enlargement or explanation. The truth
appears to be that Prospero was going through a series of addresses to the principal
personages before him serviam; he had addressed first the King, then Gonzalo, and
now—after giving a necessary private hint to Sebastian and Antonio together, and
neither hearing nor caring for any comments they might make—he takes up his
brother alone, with a mere word of transition: 'Now For you, most wicked Sir,' . . . .
just as in Ham. I, ii, 42 the King turns from Cornelius and Voltimand to Laertes
who 'And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?' and then (64) to Hamlet, with the
same form: 'But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son.' I may add that 'now'
was pronounced in Shakespeare's day much like 'noo' (N. A. Rev. Apr. 1864, p. 368),
and that therefore an amanuensis might easily write 'No' for it, under the
impression that Prospero was bound to contradict the calumnious charge of his being
in league with the Devil.
Thou must restore.

_ Alo. _ If thou beest Prospero

Glue vs particulars of thy preferuation,

How thou haft met vs heere, whom three howres since

Were wrackt vpon this shore? where I haue loft

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is)

My deere fonne Ferdinand.

_Pro._ I am woe for't, Sir.

_Alo._ Irreparable is the losse, and patience

Saies, it is paft her cure.

_Pro._ I rather thinke

You haue not fought her helpe, of whose soft grace

For the like losse, I haue her soueraigne aid,

And reft my felfe content.

_Alo._ You the like losse?

_Pro._ As great to me, as late, and supportable

To make the deere losse, haue I meanes much weaker

Then you may call to comfort you; for I

Have lost my daughter.

_Alo._ A daughter?

157. whom] Hal. Wh. i. who F1, Rowe et cet.
161. _I am_] I’m Pope+, Jeph. Dyce
ii, iii, Huds.
165. _after_] sought Theob. conj. (Nich. III).
169. _supportable]_ in/supportable FF, Rowe, Pope, Han. portable Steev. '95, Var. Huds. repairable Wilson.
172. _my]_ my only Han.


161. _woe_]_ MALONE: That is, I am sorry for it. See ABBOTT, § 230, where, among other examples, we find, in_ Cymb._ V, v, 297, ‘I am sorrow for thee.’

169. _as late_]_ JOHNSON: My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me.

169. supportable]_ CAPPELL added sir after ‘late’ in order to avoid making the accent fall on the first syllable of ‘supportable,’ ‘which,’ he says, ‘if a conundrum may pass, is not supportable.’—DYCE thinks Steevens’s portable is perhaps right.

170. meanes]_ CAPPELL supposes that Prospero here refers to the fact that Alonso still has a daughter to comfort him, whereas Prospero has just lost his.

172, 173. daughter]_ WALKER (Vers. 207), followed by DYCE, says ‘daughter’ is here a tri-syllable. As neither critic specifies which of the two ‘daughters’ is a tri-syllable, the inference is that the word is to be so pronounced in both places. To my ear it is abhorrent enough in only one case; but if Prospero is to say daugh-a-ter, and Alonso, in his anguish, responds daugh-a-ter, can the effect be anything else but comic?

—Ed.
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Nalpes*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wish
My felse were muddled in that oo-zie bed
Where my fonne lies: when did you lofe your daughter?

*Pro.* In this laft Tempest. I perceiue thefe Lords
At this encounter doe fo much admire,
That they deoure their reason, and scarce thinke
Their cies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are natural breath: but howfoeu'r you haue
Beene iuftled from your fences, know for certain
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely
Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,

174. *Nalpes* Y. of *Naples*.
181. *eia* ey* e y. e ey* ey* ey.

179. *admire* In its Latin sense.
180. *deoure their reason* ALLEN (Phil. Sk. Soc.): They stood agape,—with mouths wide open,—in their 'admiration,' i. e. amasement; they looked (I hardly dare to say it) as if they had swallowed their reason.
181. *Their words* CAPELL (who reads 'these words'): Surely no astonishment could so affect them as to make them question the reality of their own existence, for this (in effect) is the result of [reading 'their words']: of Prospero's they might; and we find, do, in the sentence that precedes; where they are not said to doubt whether they see, but whether they see rightly; nor could it be intended here that they should doubt whether themselves spoke, but whether that was real which they heard others speak.—MALONE received a communication from an anonymous correspondent giving the same reasons as Capell for the change to *these*. 'Their doubts related only to Prospero, whom they at first apprehended to be some “enchanted trife to abuse them.” They doubt, says he, whether the words they hear are spoken by a human creature.'—DYCE pronounced Capell's emendation 'not improbable,' and HUDSON adopted it.—HALLIWELL, however, thinks that precisely that astonishment seized them which Capell thought impossible, and that they scarcely think 'the words they speak are really those that would be naturally uttered by themselves.' As the question resolves itself merely into one of degrees, whatever expresses the highest astonishment would seem to be nearest right.—En.
182. *howsoeu'r* WALKER (Crit. i, 85) calls attention to this spelling, 'eu'r,' instead of the more common 'e'er,' and refers to several instances in *Othello*, II, i, 181; III, iii, 521, where it occurs twice in the same line; III, iv, 117 in this present edition. 'I have a notion,' concludes Walker, 'that Spenser always does this, but that his editors have altered it. This spelling, however, is much less frequent than the other.'
185. *Which . . . who* See APBOTT, § 266.
ACT V, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

Not a relation for a break-fast, nor
Befitting this first meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell’s my Court: here have I few attendants,
And Subjects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedom since you have giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaft bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedom.

Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Chess.

198. Chess] STEEVENS: Shakespeare might not have ventured to engage his hero and heroine at this game had he not found Huon de Bourdeaux and his Princess employed in the same manner. See the romance of Huon, &c. chap. 53, ed. 1601: ‘How King Ivoryn caused his daughter to play at the chess with Huon,’ &c.—DYCE (Few Notes, p. 16): There may have been something like this in the novel or tale which furnished Shakespeare with the materials for The Tempest; but if that was not the case, and if The Tempest was first produced shortly before the year 1611, it is not improbable that the idea of ‘discovering’ Ferdinand and Miranda engaged at chess was suggested in Barnaby Barnes’s Divids Charter, 1607. . . . In that tragedy Cesar Borgia, after taking Katherine prisoner and making her believe that he had put to death her two sons, says: ‘Behold thy children living in my tent. He discovereth his Tent where her two sones were at Cardes.’—ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc. p. 67): Steevens thinks that Shakespeare occupied Ferdinand and Miranda, while by themselves, in playing Chess, because he had read something of the kind in the romance of Huon of Bordeaux. Certainly he was not led to do so by any special interest of his own in the game. For, what he was interested in (as, for example, law) was often on his tongue; but of Chess he is said by an authority in Twiss (Chess, i, 113) to have made no mention whatever, save in this one place.* Nay, here his language is not Chess-language. No Chess-player would accuse his adversary of making what is called ‘a false move’ in terms, that would be just as appropriate to any other game—terms, which (in fact) signify no more than ‘cheating’ at play. Suppose, therefore, that Steevens were right—that Shakespeare did accept a hint from the romance of Huon—he could have been led to do so only by an impression, on his part, of some peculiär appropriateness in representing his betrothed pair as engaged in a game of ‘thughtful Chess.’ Now whence did Shakespeare derive that impression? Perhaps merely from his knowledge that—from the time when Haroun al Raschid sent a set

* Another authority in Twiss (Chess, ii, 113) does indeed remark that ‘Shakespeare seems to have a punning allusion to Chess in the First Scene of The Temning of the Shrew, where Katharine says: “I pray you, Sir, is it your will To make a Store of me amongst these Mates?”’ And Douce (himself a writer on Chess antiquities) is of the same opinion (Ill. 1, 397). I would add that there may have been an allusion to Chess in Macb. V, i, 86: ‘My mind she hath mated and amased my sight.’” and that Shakespeare would appear to have been aware of the story of Chess being an invention of Palamedes, during the Siege of Troy, when he makes Troilus say (Tro. 5th Crew. IV, iv, 86): ‘I cannot play at subtle games, to which the Greeks are prompt and pregnant.”
of Chessmen to Charlemagne, and when a son of William the Conqueror and a son of the French king fought each other with Chess-pieces on the one side and the Chess-board on the other, down to the reign of Queen Elizabeth herself, who was fond of the game—Chess had always been 'The Royal Game'—a deeply intellectual pastime, above the reach of the vulgar, confined to royal and princely personages and to those who lived in close connection with them, learned ecclesiastics and doctors of the law. It may be added, too, that Shakespeare—knowing Chess to be a prerogative of royal personages—might consider it highly natural, that this profound and 'subtle game' should have occupied the attention of just such a being, as he had represented Prospero to have been, and that this 'rare wondered father' should have taught the game to his daughter, to vary their intellectual employments when thus left entirely alone by themselves. But I feel quite confident that Shakespeare was aware, still further, that there was a special and remarkable appropriateness in representing a Prince of Naples as a Chess-player—and so skilful a player, to boot, that Miranda (the clever pupil of her deep father) was playfully disposed to account for his beating her so easily only on the supposition that he had in some way 'played false.' This special appropriateness I discover in the fact that Naples, precisely during the lifetime of Shakespeare, was the centre of Chess-playing, at a period when Chess-skill had temporarily attained a height which it never saw again until the days of Philidor or (more correctly, perhaps) the marvellous contests of La Bourdonnais and McDonnel. At that time (during the Regency of the Duke of Osuna) the Palace of the Prince of Gesualdo was the stated resort of eminent players; and so solemnly did they study the game that they assumed the title of L'Academia degli Scacchi. Here was formed Lionardo da Cutri; here Paolo Boi of Syracuse came to ascertain his real strength; and here Alessandro Salvio, learned in the law, not only practised the game and illustrated it in his valuable treatise, but also became the Plutarch of the Chess-heroes of his time. The supremacy of this great Neapolitan school was likely to be celebrated all over Europe, because of the chivalrous adventures of its most eminent professors. Lionardo da Cutri (surnamed Il Puttinello) journeyed into Spain, where the rival Chess-school was flourishing, and defeated the learned ecclesiastic Ruy Lopez, tutor of Don Carlos, in the presence of 'the good king,' Philip the Second; while from another sovereign he received, as a chivalrous seeker of adventures, the title of 'The Chess Knight-errant.' Paolo Boi followed Il Puttinello, and engaged in fierce contest with him on the very scene of his victories; and then played, at Lisbon, with Don Sebastian, immediately before that monarch's fatal expedition to Morocco. For twenty years he wandered—now in Africa, ransoming himself from captivity by his skill; at another time in Hungary, trying his strength with Turkish Delia, who played on horseback without boards and men; and then fighting for the cross, in sterner strife, under Don Juan of Austria (apparently in the Battle of Lepanto), and winning the personal favour of the austere Pope, St Pius the Fifth, by the stainlessness of his knightly and Christian character. Such
ACT V, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me false.

Fer. No my dearest love,

Mir. I would not for the world.

200

(True, for a score of King-doms you should)


adventures were the surer to fly through the mouths of men at a time when Spain (with her Neapolitan kingdom) was the leading power in Europe, and when Italy still attracted the eyes of the world. I can have no doubt that these rumours of adventure caught the ear of Shakespeare; and that he made Prospero discover the Neapolitan Prince and Miranda playing at Chess, precisely because he was aware that Naples was the source and centre of the Chess-furore, which was still at its height while his mind was teeming with the wonders of The Tempest.

In his eagerness to discover the season of the year wherein this play takes place, MEISSNER (p. 105) decides that this game of chess makes for autumn. 'Whatever other signification it may have in regard to the fundamental idea of the drama, we could not have helped being surprised had the lovers preferred to make love elsewhere than in the open air, under summer skies—if the summer skies were there.'

202. score] WARBURTON: That is, if the subject or bet were King-doms. 'Score' here signifies not the number twenty, but account.—Mr SMITH (ap. GREY, i, 37): The passage, in all probability, should be thus restored: 'Mir. Yes for a score of King-doms, And should I wrangle, you would call it fair play.' Yes, says Miranda, you would for a much less thing than the world, Ay, for a score of King-doms, and should I wrangle (i.e. should I tell you, as I do now, That you plaide me false) you would call it fair play, as you do now. [The name of the author is appended to his note, as is usual in Grey's volumes; inadvertently it is here preceded by merely a comma, so that Miranda is made to address her love thus archly: 'as you do now, Mr Smith.' This is one of the gleams which relieves the sombre drudgery of an editor. Omitting the unwarranted emendation, Dr Johnson's interpretation of the passage is the same as Smith's; it is thus:] JOHNSON: I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the world; yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for twenty King-doms, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little wrangle, that your play was fair.—W. A. WRIGHT: The usage of 'should' and 'would' in this sentence becomes like our own by a very slight change, 'for a score of King-doms should you wrangle I would call it fair play.' This is merely an illustration of the manner in which the sentence would be changed in adopting it to modern habit. Another modern form would be obtained by substituting 'might' for 'should.' [It is not at once manifest whether 'score' here is account, game or the number twenty, but in either case, I

him when an old man) in his very rare Il Gioco degli Scacchi, MILITELLO M. DC. XVII (of which I have the honour of possessing Mr Lewis's copy). [Prof. Allen's Chess Library, one of the most comprehensive in the world, is now in the Philadelphia Library.—Ed.] and in Mr Lewis's excellent translation of the same (London, 1812).—From the materials thus furnished by Carrera and Salvio, George Walker has worked up a charming article in his Chess and Chess-players (London, 1850), pp. 330-363.
And I would call it faire play.

_Alo._ If this prove
A vision of the Iland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice loofooke.

_Seb._ A moft high miracle.

_Fer._ Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without caufe.

_Alo._ Now all the blessings
Of a glad father, compaffe thee about
Arife, and fay how thou cam'ft heere.

_Mir._ O wonder!

How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world
That has fuch people in't.

209. _I haue_ Pope +, Jeph. Dyce

_210._ [Ferd. kneels. Theob.]

215. _new world_ Blackwood's Magazine (March, 1833): The whole wide world
is henceforth, in her imagination, Paradise. Oh! did it not once seem so to one and
all of us,—when our bliss bade the sun shine bright on a day of clouds; when we
could change at will gloom into glory; when at the sight of a few daisies the earth
seemed all overspread with flowers, and flowers that knew no withering; when the
inarticulate voice of streams murmured to ours their own unwafted joy in the wil-
derness; when we said in our hearts the very words of the magician's child; when
_thou hast thine own Ferdinand, and we our own Miranda._
ACT V, SC. I]  

THE TEMPEST  

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.  

Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou wast at 
Your eld'rt acquaintance cannot be three hours: 
Is she the goddesse that hath feuer'd us, 
And brought vs thus together? 

Fer. Sir, she is mortall;  
But by immortall prouidence, she's mine; 
I chose her when I could not aske my Father 
For his aduise: nor thought I had one: She 
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Millaine, 
Of whom, fo often I haue heard renowne, 
But neuer faw before: of whom I haue 
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father 
This Lady makes him to me. 

Alo. I am hers. 
But O, how odly will it found, that I 
Must aske my childe forguienesse? 

Pro. There Sir stop, 
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with 

221. vs thus] as F.  
222. she is] she: Pope, Steev.  
Mal. Steev.'93, Var. Coll. Wh. i, Kly, 
Mal. Var. Kn, Sing. Kly, Dyce ii, iii, 
Rowe ii+1, Cap. Steev.'85, Kn, Glo. 
Huds.  
235. Let...remembrances] One line, 
Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Wrt, Huds. Wh. ii, 
Dtn. 

217. 'Tis new to thee] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc. p. 64): May there not be in this 
comment of Prospero's somewhat of a sad irony? 'When this world has ceased to 
be new, it will no longer, perhaps, appear to you so brave, its creatures so goodly, 
mankind so beauteous.' 

219. eld'rt] WALKER (Vers. 167): This word, I imagine, must have been pro-
nounced, euphonia grata, et seq. 

219. cannot] WALKER (Vers. 159) thinks that cannot, with the accent on the last 
syllable, was the earlier pronunciation, and that towards the end of Shakespeare's 
poetical career the modern pronunciation, as in the present line, began to be more 
prevalent. 

227. renowne] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc. p. 64): Perhaps 'renown' here is not 
used with reference to 'famous,' but to 'saw,' i.e. it is used in its primary meaning 
(like the Fr. renommé) of repeated or loud mention, common report. So (apud Rich. 
Dict.) in The Golden Legend: 'They that ben in hye estate of the world a lyght 
renome troubleth them;' and in Berneri's Froissart: 'It was a common renome 
through Englande.' 

235. remembrances] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc.): I have no doubt whatever that 
Shakespeare used the plural. And yet I would not disturb the 'with.' For the
A heauiness that's gon.

**Gon.** I haue inly wept,
Or should haue spoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.

**Alo.** I say Amen, Gonsallo.

**Gon.** Was Millaine thrught from Millaine, that his Issue
Should become Kings of Naples? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and let it downe
With gold on lafting Pillers: In one voyage
Did Claribell her husband finde at Tunis,
And Ferdinand her brother, found a wife,
Where he himselle was loft: Prospero, his Duke
In a poore file: and all of vs, our felues,
When no man was his owne.

**Alo.** Give me your hands:
Let grieue and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not with you ioy.

**Gon.** Be it fo, Amen.

**Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswaine**

amazedly following.

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237. [hau] [we Pope + , Steev. Mal. 256. Scene V. Pope +.
Jeph. Dyce ii, iii, Huds. 257. [To Ferd. and Mir. Han.
252. Scene V. Pope +.

Solution of the difficulty is, that this is a case under Walker's rule by which the final although written, is not pronounced. I may add here—in proof, that the Irish pronunciation of English represents that of Shakespeare's day—that I have several times heard a highly educated Irish clergyman, even in a sermon, say: 'Such are the consequences,' abhorring the repetition of the s sound at the end of a word as markedly as Shakespeare himself. [I think that Allen is unquestionably right, and that this comes under Walker's rule as fairly as 'aye but their sense are shut'; the strange point about it is that Walker himself never noticed it, but approved (Crit. i, 247) of the change, for the sake of the metre, to remembrance. Of course, in accordance with Allen's view, the word should be printed, in a modern text, remembrance, to indicate the elision of the s.—Ed.]

251. When] JOHNSON: Perhaps this should be where.—STEVENS: 'When' is certainly right, i. e. at a time when no one was in his senses. Shakespeare could not have written where (i. e. in the island), because the mind of Prospero, who lived in it, had not been disordered. It is still said in colloquial language that a madman is not his own man, i. e. is not master of himself.

252. still] That is, always, for ever, as still in Shakespeare, passim.
THE TEMPEST

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I prophesi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blasphemy,
That sware'ft Grace ore-boord, not an oath on shore,
Hast thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?

Bot. The best newes is, that we have safely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glasses since, we gaue out split,

258. looke Sir, looke Sir, look Sir, cet.

261. sware'ft] sware'ft Han.

264. safely] safely F F* e Rowe i.

258. here is] See I, i, 24, if need be.

261. sware'ft] ALLEN (Phil. Sh. Soc.): Read sware'ft. Gonzalo is not thinking of the boatswain's general habit (of which he knows nothing), but of the one particular occasion, on which he had sworn so blasphemously. The two words being alike in sound, nothing was more natural than that a writer from dictation (or a compositor carrying the whole of the line in his head, but recollecting only the pronunciation and not the letters) should substitute the one for the other. [Allen was unaware that Hamner had anticipated him.]

264. safely found] That is, found them safe.

266. three glasses] BR. NICHOLSON (New Sh. Soc. Trans. 1880-2, Pt i, p. 53): At a meeting last session I ventured to dissent from the view that the seaman's glass in The Tempest was of an hour's duration. This dissent was founded on three considerations: that the customs of the sea are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; that the seaman's glasses of the present day, like the bells that betoken them, mark half-hours; and that Shakespeare, as shown especially by the First Scene of The Tempest, seems to have been unusually conversant with nautical matters. After referring, however, to the well-known passage in All's Well, II, i, 159-164, the latter part of which runs: 'Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass,' I retracted my opinion, saying that either the sea custom had altered, or Shakespeare was wrong in a technology, in which one is, according to my experience, more apt to make a mistake than in any other. — As it seemed worth while to pursue the subject, I consulted The Seaman's Grammar, by Capt. John Smith, Governor of Virginia, published in 1627, within about three years of his death. In ch. ix, p. 38, are these words: ' — or each squadron (i. e. party or half the crew) for eight Glasses or four hours, which is a watch.' I quote from the first edition. . . . . It is, of course, true that 1627 is after Shakespeare's date; but Smith went to sea in 1603 or earlier, and, not to speak of the improbability and almost impossibility of such a change in those non-changing times in a profession least of all given to it, it is a certainty that if so important an alteration had occurred in Smith's sea-life he could not but have explicitly noticed it. — It follows, therefore, that Shakespeare was wrong in All's Well. Whether he were wrong also in The Tempest is not so immediately evident, and there is, of course, an à priori possibility that he might
by that time have learnt his error. Without, however, entering into the question in detail, I would say that, having carefully considered both sides of the question, I have been compelled, though once of the contrary opinion, to come to the conclusion that here also he was wrong, and took the seaman’s glass to be a full hour glass instead of one of half an hour.\(^*\)—This conclusion is of interest in two points of view: 1. It is the first instance in which Shakespeare, in his use of technicals, has been found wrong. 2. I hold it a sure proof that Shakespeare never was at sea. I fully admit that wherever else he has used a sea technical he used it rightly, and that he has made an allusion in *Somerset* xvi, which, being misunderstood, or rather, not understood, by landmen, has been pronounced a crux, though it requires no emendation at all. I admit also that the handling of his ship in *The Tempest* is intelligent and seamanlike, and has gained the approbation of naval officers. Admitting, I say, these things as appearing to be contrary to my supposition, and, on that supposition, only to be explained with difficulty, I cannot lose sight of the fact that he, being wrong in this point, the conclusion that he never could have been at sea at all inevitably follows.—If he had been, we must suppose that, quick, inquiring, sagacious as he was ever ready to pick up even crumbs of information, he failed to pick up what every boy picks up at once, and what every one, sailor or passenger, must have picked up. Shakespeare could not have been ‘in the cabin’ unless in a mere coasting craft, and the steerage passenger is even more bound than he ‘in the cabin’ to learn ships’ hours if he would live. A cabin passenger of that day was also more bound to attend to them than he is at present, when passenger ships have become floating hotels. Take, first, the mere novelty and consequent curiosity: At 8 A.M. he hears eight bells; at half-past eight, one bell; at nine, two bells, and so on. Then at noon, when lunch is laid, and every one sharp set, some curious doings evidently cause delay. At last the chief officer, touching his cap, says, ‘Eight bells, sir.’ ‘Make it so,’ replies the captain. *Eight* bells are sounded, the watch below ‘tumbles up’ and relieves the other, and lunch is begun on the table. But half-past twelve is again one bell, and one o’clock is sounded as two, &c. Then, again, there is more cause of curiosity. At every eight bells or four hours, and during the dog-watches, every two hours, the watches change, a noticeable time now; the boatswain whistles and calls loudly, and there is unusual bustle. But at that date it was the more noticeable, for every watch was commenced with prayer and the singing of a psalm. Besides, the curious landman, transported to a wholly new world, and with, therefore, his curiosity and intelligence both awakened, if abaft the binnacle, or, in other words, a cabin passenger, could see and see handled the running or out-run glass, and hear the consequent cry of two (or so many) bells.—But there was more than mere curiosity. Those essential times of life, and especially of life at sea, the meal-times and the time of ‘lights-out,’ are all regulated by the glasses and their bells. If one would live, he must learn and obey them. Are we to suppose that Shakespeare never asked for and never received the simple explanation: We reckon by periods of four hours, a watch, and every half-hour is noted?—Hence my conviction that Shakespeare, having on two occasions, and on the second persistently, and late in life, made the mistake that the seaman’s hour-glass, like the landman’s hour-glass, marked an hour’s length, never could have been at sea.

\(^*\) As noticed by P. A. Daniel, in his *Time Analysis*, p. 119: ‘Alonso’s “three hours,” followed shortly by the Boatswain’s “three glasses,” must decide this measure of time for *The Tempest* to be a one-hour glass.’ As he also notes, the pilot’s glass in *All’s Well* is a two-hour glass.
ACT V. SC. I. 

THE TEMPEST

Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig’d, as when
We first put out to Sea.

Ar. Sir, all this feruice
Haue I done since I went.

Pr. My tricksey Spirit.

Al. There are not naturall euens, they strengthen

267. tyte] cite F.,

267. yare] See 1, i, 8.
271. tricksey] There can scarce be a better commentator than Cotgrave, who

gives: ‘Nottelet: m. etc.: f. Prettie and neat: minion, briake, smug, trickesie, smirke.’
272. euens] This is one of the proofs that, of old, typographical errors were cor-
rected while a work was actually going through the press. Staunton called attention
in The Atheneum (16 Nov. ’72) to this word, which is thus spelt, so he stated, ‘in
Lord Ellesmere’s copy, in Sir Henry Dryden’s, and in that formerly belonging to
Steevans, while in Mr Grenville’s copy, in Mr Cracherode’s, and in that of the
King’s Library in the British Museum, the word is correctly printed euens.’ Two
other variations occur on this same page of the Folio, ‘Who’ in line 338, and ‘ife,’
line 340. In both instances, according to Staunton, there occurs the same distinction
in the copies just mentioned; the three former read ‘Who’ and ‘ife,’ and the three
latter read Why and ife. It is needless to remark that my copy, from which the
present text is printed with all the accuracy at my command, agrees with the three
former, the uncorrected, and, therefore, earlier copies, as does also Staunton’s own
Photolithograph. The Reprint of 1808 and Booth’s Reprint follow the corrected
copies, and most probably the Cambridge Editors used one of these copies; they
make no note of a varia lectio. In collating the Reprint of 1808 with an original,
Upcott probably used one of these later copies; these three variations could hardly
have escaped him had he not; he records only four misprints in this play in the
Reprint. (Let me add parenthetically, that prefixed to Upcott’s MS, which happens
to be in my possession, there is the following MS note by Dawson Turner: ‘The
contents of the following pages are the result of 145 days’ close attention by a very
industrious man. The knowledge of such a task having been undertaken and com-
pleted caused some alarm among the booksellers, who had expended a considerable
sum of money upon the Reprint of Shakespeare, of which this MS discloses the
numerous errors. Fearful, therefore, lest this should be published, they made many
overtures for the purchase of it, and at length Mr Upcott was induced to part with it
to I. and A. Arch, from whom he expected a handsome remuneration. He received
a single copy of the reprint!’ It is pleasant to recall that Campbell toasted Napoleon
for having once shot a bookseller.) Of course it follows that the uncorrected
copies were struck off before the corrected copies, and might be therefore termed
the earlier. But the extreme caution should mark every statement connected
with Shakespeare, how remote soever. In this particular instance, my copy of the
Folio is earlier than that used by the Cambridge Editors. In six instances in As You
Like It their copy is earlier than mine. This fact, which is at first somewhat confus-
ing, is to be explained, I think, when we remember that the volume was set up piec-
meat by an indefinite number of journeymen printers, and struck off on at least four

17
From strange, to stranger: say, how came you hither?

Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,

I'd faine to tell you: we were dead of sleepe,

And (how we know not) all clapt under hatches,

Where, but even now, with strange, and seuerall noyes

Of roring, threeking, howling, gingling chains,

And mo diuerstie of founds, all horrible.

We were awak'd: straight way, at liberty;

Where we, in all our trim, freshely beheld

Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Mafter

Capring to eye her: on a trice, fo please you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them, 
And were brought moaping hither.

_Ar._ Was't well done?

_Pro._ Bravely (my diligence) thou shalt be free.

_Alo._ This is as strange a Maze, as ere men trod, 
And there is in this businesse, more then nature
Was euer conducted: some Oracle
Must rectifie our knowledge.

_Pro._ Sir, my Leige,

Doe not infeft your minde, with beating on
The strangenesse of this businesse, at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly single) I'll resolue you,

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284. _them._ her Kty conj. 293. _infeft._ infect F_{v} Rowe i.
285. _moaping._ F_{v} ' mooping F_{v} F_{v}
286. _Aside._ Cap.
287. _Alo._ Ar. F_{v}.
288. _con._ Rowe ii et seq. shortly singled) Theob.

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283. _on a trice._ Skewat (Dict. s. v.): The whole phrase is borrowed from the Spanish. Span. _tric_, noise made by the breaking of glass; also a trice, a short time, an instant; _venir en un tric_, to come in an instant. The word _tric_ is imitative. Not to be confused with Mid. Eng. _tric_, which is of quite another origin. Wedgwood well compares the Low Scotch, _in a crack_, with the Spanish phrase.

285. _moaping._ W. A. Wright: To 'mope' is, originally, to be dim-sighted, but is applied to dullness of sense generally.—_Allen (Phila. Sh. Soc.):_ Depressed and moping, because suddenly interrupted in the midst of their rejoicing, separated from their companions, and 'enforced' (antl, 113) to go, whither they knew not, by some irresistible, supernatural power.

290. _conductor._ For _conductor, as in_ Rom. 6 & Jul.: 'Come bitter conduct, come unsavoury guide.'—_Allen (Phila. Sh. Soc.):_ The meaning of 'conductor' here must be determined, apparently, by considering it in connection with the word 'maze'—to which 'rectify' also has evident reference. 'This is a maze in which nature cannot be a competent conductor; and therefore we must resort to a divine source—to an oracle—for the knowledge how to go right in it.'

293. _infest._ Cotgrave: 'Infester.' To infest, annoy, molest; _rauage, wasti_, &c.

295. _single._ The misprint of including this word in the parenthesis was early detected, and Rowe's change has never been, I believe, gainsaid. Warburton and Capell understand 'single' as referring to 'my Liege,' and meaning 'to you alone, in private, because the conspiracy against him of his brother Sebastian and of his own brother Antonio, would make part of the relation,' And this is, I think, the true meaning, although W. A. Wright understands the word as referring to Prospero, and paraphrases it 'by myself'; and Delius suggests that it is used adverbially for 'singly,' that is, one by one, which is a little superfluous; it would be somewhat in the nature of an oration if he were to address them all at once.—_Halliwell (p. 63) greatly doubts the propriety of placing a comma after 'shortly.' 'The word "single" may be used,' he says, 'in a somewhat peculiar sense.'—_Ed._
(Which to you shall seeme probable) of euery 296
These happend accidents: till when, be cheerfull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set Caliban, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and
Trinculo in their flore Apparel.

Ste. Euerly man shift for all the reft, and let

302. Scene VI. Pope + seq.

296. Which ... seeme probable] JOHNSON: These words seem, at the first
view, to have no use; some lines are perhaps lost with which they were connected.
Or we may explain them thus: 'I will resolve you by yourself, which method, when
you bear the story [of Antonio's and Sebastian's plot], shall seem probable; that is,
shall deserve your approbation.'—ANONYMOUS: Surely Prospero's meaning is: 'I
will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends;
which means, though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear other-
wise.'—HALLIWELL: This parenthetical sentence is to be understood after the word
'sections.' 'I will explain to you the history of every one of these strange events,
so that you shall be perfectly satisfied of their occurrence and probability.'—ALLEN
(Phi. Sh. Soc.): 'Which' refers to the noun 'resolution' involved in the verb
'resolve,' i.e. there is a constructio ad sensum. 'Seem' (as in I, ii, §) is stronger than
in current English; it is equal to 'appear,' 'be shewn to be' (like the Greek 
αιτησας
in the passive). 'Probable' (by what Walker calls Shakespeare's incorrect use of
words) here means 'proved' (probatum, not probabilis). 'I will make a resolution
(or explanation) which shall be seen by you to have been completely made out and
proved.' [I think Allen goes a little further than is necessary in holding 'probable'
to mean proved. It seems to me quite sufficient that Prospero's resolution should
appear 'probable' to Alonso, especially if we take 'seem' in its strongest sense.—
Ed.]

296. euery] See Abbott, § 12, for instances where 'the adjectives, all, each, both,
every, other, are sometimes interchanged and used as pronouns in a manner different
from modern usage.'

297. happen] W. A. WRIGHT: For a similar use of the participle, see Bacon's
Advancement of Learning, i, 8, § 1 (ed. Wright, p. 67): 'To accept of nothing but
examined and tried,' that is, that which is examined and tried.

305. Euey ... rest] This drunken perversion MEIKLEJOHN takes seriously, and
observes: 'If in the infinite complexity of human life Shakespeare ever sought for
what is called a moral, this would be the moral of the play; and it is significant of
Shakespeare's art that he puts it into the mouth of one of the lowest characters in it.
Even his brain has been permeated by the plain meaning of these strange events.
The external 'is but fortune and chance'; conduct and fidelity everything.' Else-
where he says that Shakespeare uses 'nuptial' eight times in the singular, and 'eunly
ACT V, SC. I.  
THE TEMPEST

No man take care for himselfe; for all is  
But fortune: Coratio Bully-Monster Corafo.  

Tri. If thebe true fpies which I weare in my head,  
here’s a goodly sight.  

Cal. O Setebos, these be braue Spirits indeede:  
How fine my Mafter is? I am afraid  
He will chaftife me.  

Sel. Ha, ha:  
What things are these, my Lord Anthonio?  
Will money buy ’em?  

Ant. Very like: one of them  
Is a plaine Fife, and no doubt marketable.  

Pro. Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords,  
Then say if they be true: This mishapen knaue;  

310. Setebos] Setebus F,  
319. mishapen] mis-shap’d Pope+,  
Huda.

five times in the plural, number'; and again that 'in the Folio Edition [the Epilogue]  
is printed on a separate page.'

312. chastise] Walker (Crit. iii, 8): Write 'He'll chastise me,' according to  
Shakespeare's uniform pronunciation (if I mistake not). So, also, Tro. & Cress. V,  
v: 'Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan.' Write 'I've chastised.' It is  
frequently written chastise; so chasticement; in Solyman and Perseda, G 3, p. 1, chas-  
timent. We find this pronunciation earlier; Surrey has, ed. 1831, p. 93: 'By folk  
of power what cruel works unchastised were done.' Not that chastise was unknown  
in Shakespeare's time. [Here follow examples from Heywood and Rowley.]

316, 317. Walker (Crit. i, 21): I do not feel quite certain that Anthonio's speech  
ought not to be printed as prose.

318. badges] Stephano and Trinculo are frequently referred to, erroneously, as  
sailors; even Capell so speaks of them in the next note. This word alone indicates  
their character; household servants usually wore on their arms, as a part of their  
livery, silver 'badges,' whereon the shield of their masters was engraved.—Ed.

319. true] Johnson: That is, honest. A true man is, in the language of that  
time, opposed to a thief. The sense is: 'Mark what these men wear, and say if they  
are honest.' [An interpretation which is scarcely helpful; Capell's is perhaps better,  
which implies in this address to Sebastian and Anthonio a decent reproof, putting  
them indirectly upon a comparison of their own usurpations with the sailors' thievery.'  
—Sebastian has just asked what these creatures were; may it not be that Prospero  
here, by way of answer, tells him to examine their badges and see if they are genuine  
and if he recognises them? That is, 'they' refers to 'badges,' and not to 'these  
men.'—Ed.]

319. mishapen] Walker (Crit. iii, 9) conjectured mis-shap'd; Abbott said,  
§ 460, with 'great probability,' both of them unaware that it was Pope's reading a  
hundred and fifty years ago.—Ed.
THE TEMPEST

His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong
That could control the Moon; make flowers, and ebb,
And deal in her command, without her power:

320. His Mother] Allen (Phila. Sh. Soc.): It may be a question whether the words 'this misshapen knave' are used absolutely (as the grammarians say) as for this misshapen knave,' or whether 'knave' do not, with the 'his' at the beginning of the next line, make a real genitive = 'this misshapen knave's mother.' Such a genitive was (of course) by no means strange to Shakespeare. Cf. Sons. iv. 'Not Mars—his sword nor war's quick fire,' &c.

320, 321. ... That] For other examples of so followed by the relative that, see Abbott, § 279.

320. strong] Reed: In our ancient Reports are several cases where persons [who had been falsely accused of being witches] sought redress in court. And it is remarkable in all of them that to the scandalous imputation of being 'witches,' the term 'a strong one' is constantly added. In Mich. T. 9, Car. I, the point was settled [inter alia] that the epithet 'strong' did not enforce the other words. See 1 Viner, 442.

321. Moone] Douce (i, 26): In II, 1, 189 Gonzalo says, 'You would lift the moon out of her sphere.' In Adlington's trans. of Apuleius, 1596, a book well known to Shakespeare, a marginal note says, 'Witches in old time were supposed to be of such power that they could pull downe the moone by their inchauntment'; and see Scot's Discoverie, pp. 174, 226, 227, 250. [Bk. Nicholson, in his ed. of Scot, calls attention to a similar allusion on p. 10. Douce gives many references to Greek and Latin authors where this belief in the power of witchcraft is expressed.]

322. without her power] Malone: He who 'deals in the command,' or, in other words, executes the office of another, is termed his lieutenant or vicegerent, and is usually authorised and commissioned to act by his superior. Prospero, therefore, I think, means to say that Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her vicegerent, without being commissioned, authorised, or empowered by her so to do. If Sycorax was strong enough as by her art to cause the sea to ebb, 'when the next star of Heaven meditated to make it flow,' she in this respect might be said to control her. [In all his editions Dyce holds that Malone has thus rightly explained the passage.]

—Collier (ed. ii): 'The MS. puts an end to the difficulty, telling us that 'without,' as we can well suppose, was a blunder for with all; Sycorax dealt in the command of the moon 'with all her power' in making ebb and flow.'—Knight (ed. ii, replying to Collier): 'But how is the difficulty, if any, removed? To 'control the moon' is to interfere with the general action of the moon. The moon makes 'flows and ebb' according to natural laws. If Sycorax by her witchcraft would 'deal in' the moon's command' by an occasional suspension of natural laws, it could not be said that she possessed all the power of the moon. Sycorax exercised, locally and exceptionally, the office of the moon, but without her power as a universal cause of the tidal action.—Lettsom (Blackwood's Maga. Aug. 1853): By 'power' we are here to understand legitimate authority [see Walker's note, part]; and of this Sycorax has none. By means of her spells and counter-natural incantations she could make ebb and flows, and thus wielded to some extent the lunar influences; but she had none of that rightful and natural dominion over the tides of the ocean which belongs only
These three haue rob’d me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he’s a bastards one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these Fellowes, you
Muft know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneffe, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death.

Alo. Is not this Stephano, my drunken Butler?

Seb. He is drunken now;

Where had he wine?

Alo. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded ’em?


to the moon. Our verdict, therefore, is in favour of the old reading [as opposed to Collier’s MS].—WALKER (Crit. iii, 9): ‘Power’ is here used in its original and etymological sense of power or pouvoir; potestas, not vis; what we now call authority, or legal power.—STAUNTON (in a note on Mid. N. D. IV, i, 150: ‘Without the peril of Athenian law’): That is, beyond the peril, &c. ‘Without’ in this sense occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare and the books of his age. [In The Tempest] ‘without her power’ means beyond her power, or sphere, as I am strongly inclined to think the poet wrote. Thus, too, in Jonson’s Cynthia’s Revels, I, iv: ‘Oh, now I apprehend you; your phrase was Without me before.’ [This note of Staunton seems to me decisive,—although Dyce (Gloss. s. v. ‘deal’) believes it to be ‘quite erroneous.’—W. A. WRIGHT, corroborating Staunton, adds from 1 Corinthians x, 13: ‘But we will not boast of things beyond our measure.’ And Chapman, Bussy D’Ambois (Works, ii, 65): ‘Not I, it is a worke, without my power.’—ED.]

325. demy-diuell] ALLEN (Phila. Sh. Soc.): The train of thought in Prospero’s mind I take to be this: ‘The misshapen knave, whom you suppose to be a mere monster I call a demi-devil, because he really is half a devil, as being the bastard progeny of Satan and Sycorax.’ To indicate this, the verb ‘is’ must receive an emphasis. It cannot, therefore, stand (as in F.) ‘he’s,’ but must be written ‘he is.’ The stress on ‘demi-devil,’ also, is not on ‘demi,’ but on ‘devil!’ and that on ‘bastard’ is purely secondary—what some elocutionists call the circumflex.

326. reeling ripe] W. A. WRIGHT: Compare ‘weeping ripe,’ Love’s L. L. V, ii, 274: ‘The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.’ And Sidney’s Arcadia (ed. 1598), i, p. 61: ‘But Lalus (even weeping ripe) went among the rest.’ See also Beau. and Fl., Woman’s Prise, i, 1: ‘Being drunk and tumbling ripe.’ And in the same play, ii, 1: ‘He’s like little children That lose their baubles, crying ripe.’

333. grand Liquor] WARBURTON: Shakespeare, to be sure, wrote ‘grand ’lixir,’ alluding to the grand Elixir of the alchemists which they pretend would restore youth and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold, they called Aurum potabile, which Shakespeare alluded to in the word ‘gilded,’ as he does again
How cam’st thou in this pickle?

_Tri._ I have bin in such a pickle since I saw you laft, 335

That I feare me will never out of my bones:

_I shall not fear a fly-blowing._

_Seb._ Who how now _Stephano_?

_Ste._ O touch me not, I am not _Stephano_, but a Cramp.

_Pro._ You’d be King o’the Ifle, Sirha?

_Ste._ I shou’d have bin a fore one then.

_Allo._ This is a strange thing as ere I look’d on. 340

335, 337. Lines run on, Pope, Theob. 341. _them_ Om. Han.
et seq. 342. _This is a strange_ 4 F, F', O.E. Rowe, Pope, Theob. Warb. Johns.

335. _in...left_ One line, Han. 338. _Who_ See note on _euens_, line 272. _This is as strange a Cap._ Kn, Knt, Dyce

340. _o’th_ i, iii, Huds. _Ife_ See note on _euens_, line 272. _ere_ I ever Han.

337. _fly-blowing_ _Stevens_: _Picking_ preserves meat from _fly-blowing._

339. _Stephano_ _Warburton_: In reading this play, I all along suspected that Shakespeare had taken it from some Italian writer, the unities being all so regularly observed, which no dramatic writers but the Italian observed so early as our author’s time, and which Shakespeare has observed nowhere but in this play. Besides, the persons of the drama are all Italians. I was much confirmed in my suspicion when I came to this place. It is plain a joke is intended, but where it lies is hard to say. I suspect there was a quibble in the original . . . which ran thus: ‘I am not _Stephano_, but _Staffato_.’ _Staffato_ signifying, in Italian, a man well lashed or flayed, which was the real case of these varlets, see IV, i, 204. In Riccoboni’s Catalogue of Italian plays are these: ‘Il Negromante di L. Ariosto, prosa e verso,’ & ‘Il Negromante Palliato di Gio-Angelo Petrucci, prosa.’ But whether _The Tempest_ be borrowed from either of these, not having seen them, I cannot say. [This note, with its remarkable conjecture, would not have been repeated here, were it not for its suggestion of a supposed source of the plot of the play, to which subsequent critics have referred. _Heath_ remarks for ‘the reader’s satisfaction’ that he has read Ariosto’s _Negromante_, and that it ‘hath not the least resemblance to this play, either in the fable or in any other respect whatsoever. As to Petrucci’s piece, the very book quoted by Mr Warburton might have informed him that it was not printed till 1642, many years after Shakespeare’s death.’ See Appendix, ‘Source of the Plot.’]

341. _a sore one_ _Stevens_: The same quibble occurs in _a Hen VI_: IV, vii, 9: _Mass_, ‘will be sore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear and ’tis not whole yet.’

342. _is a strange_ _Abbott_, § 276: In the case of _as_ . . . _as_, the first _as_ is some-
ACT V, SC. I.]

THE TEMPEST

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his Manners
As in his shape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handfomely.

Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wife hereafter,
And seeke for grace: what a thrice double Asse
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worship this dull foole?

Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.

Alo. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I unite your Highnesse, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waste
With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
Goe quicke away: The story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Isle: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall
Of these our deere-belo'd, solemnized,
And thence retire me to my Millaunce, where

which part] which, part Rowe
Nuptials Ff, Rowe +,

363. below'd, solemnized] beloved solemniz'd Rowe +, Cap. Steev. Mal. Knt,
Coll. Clike.

365. which part] which, part Rowe
362. nuptiall] Nuptials Ff, Rowe +,
Cap.

times omitted [as here. To the instances given by Abbott add Ham. I. ii, 70: 'Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,' and II. ii, 206: 'You should be old as I am if, like a crab,' &c., and Mow. of Ven. V. i, 105: 'A substitute shines brightly as a king.'
Similar instances are worth noting, because through forgetfulness of this idiom Dyce and other Shakespeare scholars here needlessly deserted the Folio.—Ed.]

357. not doubt] See II. i, 122, if need be.

362. nuptiall] W. A. WRIGHT: Shakespeare always uses the singular form, except in Othello, II. ii, 8, where, however, 'nuptialls' is the reading of the Q8 only; and Pericles, V. iii, 80.

363. solemnized] BOSWELL: Salten'mized was the accentuation of the time. So in Love's L. L. II. ii, 41: 'Of Jaques Falconbridge solemniz'd.'—GRANT WHITE:
So, also, Milton, on the only occasion where the participle is used in his poems: 'Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.'—Bk vii, 448.—CAMBRIDGE EDITION:
'Solemniz'd' occurs in four other verse passages of Shakespeare. It is three times to be accented solemnized, and once [as in the line cited by Boswell].

364. retire me] See ABBOTT, § 296, for examples of other verbs besides this, which were used by Shakespeare reflexively, but are now intransitive.
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alo. I long
To heare the story of your life; which must
Take the eare strangely.

Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promiue you calme Seas, auspicious gales,
And saile, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My Ariel; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: please you draw neere.

*Exeunt omnes.*

368. strangely F, 372. Ariel; chicke] Ariel,—chick,—
371. that, shall'] it shall Han. 375. Johns.

371. so . . . that] Allen (Phil. Sh. Soc.): It is certainly thoroughly Shakespearean to leave the 'it' (or 'sail' or a 'sailing') to be understood; yet it is also quite probable that he actually wrote 'it,' but that the scribe who took down the words of the 'copy' from dictation did not distinguish the second t-sound from that which preceded it as the final mute of 'that.' Perhaps, therefore, we should either write 'that' with an apostrophe (that') upon the system (partially carried out) of F, or insert the 'it' (in full or abbreviated) at once: 'that it shall catch' or 'that it shall catch.' [While it is not unlikely that Allen is here right, and that this is an instance of that absorption which he was the earliest, I think, to develop from Walker's rule, yet we must not lose sight of the fact that after so Shakespeare uses that as a relative, whereof we had an instance in line 320: 'One so strong That could control,' &c.—Ed.]

373. Elements] Knightley: I confidently read element, that is, air, his return to which had been already promised him.

375. Collier: It may be doubted whether the other actors went out or 'drew near' to Prospero while he spoke the Epilogue. . . . The stage-direction in the Folio is 'Exeunt omnes,' as if Prospero himself also withdrew and possibly returned.
EPILOGUE,
spoken by Prospero.

Now my Charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine owne.

1. advancing. Cap.
2. Prospero] Prospero F_{s}F_{s}.
3. Now now F_{s}F_{s}.

1. Epilogue] Grant White (ed. i): No one conversant with his history need be told that the Prologues and Epilogues of the English Drama are generally written by other persons than the authors of the plays themselves. It would be strange indeed were Shakespeare's an exception to this general rule, surrounded as he was with verse-writing friends, and his dramas having been written not as literary performances, but as acting plays, to become the absolute property of the theatre in which he was shareholder and actor. But it needs not these considerations to sustain the conclusion that some of the Epilogues which appear in the First Folio were certainly not written by Shakespeare, and that among them is the Epilogue of The Tempest. Let any one who has found that he can trust his ear for rhythm and his comparative appreciation of style read the Epilogue carefully and judge. Did Shakespeare write, 'And what strength I have's mine own, Which is most faint: now 'tis true,' &c.? Could he have written, 'Gentle breath of yours, my sails Must fill, or else my project fails, Which was to please: Now I want,' &c.? Ben Jonson might have written this clumsy verse; John Bunyan could have done it easily had he been alive and willing; but Shakespeare! It is not necessary to dwell upon the poor and commonplace thoughts of which the Epilogue is entirely composed, though these confirm the judgement which the miserable and eminently un-Shakespearean rhythm compels. . . .

Will any one familiar with his works believe, that after writing such a play, he would write an Epilogue in which the feeble, trite ideas are confined within stiff couplets, or else carried into the middle of a third line, and there left in helpless consternation, like an awkward booby, who suddenly finds himself alone in the centre of a ballroom?—It is to be noticed, too, that the speaker in this Epilogue asks the help of his hearers' hands, to free him from the bands of necromancy, and again, their prayers, to save him from despair; which puts the commentators to the trouble of an explanation.

Now, setting aside the fact that Prospero was a mighty master of his art, and had power over devils, being in no degree subject to them,—which Shakespeare could not have forgotten,—Prospero, at the end of Act V, is no longer a magician; he has himself dissolved the enchantments of the island, and is but as other men. His petitions are well enough for such an Epilogue as might have been written by any one for theatrical purposes, but absurd when we suppose them put into his mouth by the author of The Tempest. It seems plain that this Epilogue was written for the theatre by some person other than Shakespeare; and an examination of that to Henry VIII can hardly fail to convince the reader that they are from the same pen. [White
Which is most faint: now 'tis true
I must be here confinde by you,
Or sent to Naples, let me not
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare Island, by your Spell,
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Must fill, or else my project failes,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to enchant,
And my ending is despaire,
Vnleffe I be releu'd by praiere
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence set me free. Exit.

5. now] and now | Pope. 15. Now] For now | Pope. Now
that Wagner conj.

5. goes on to speak of the Epilogue to Henry VIII and to the Second Part of Henry IV, and of Dr Johnson's opinion, which, in regard to these, agrees with his own. He then gives the result of an examination of the way in which the Epilogues were printed in the Folio, and of the way in which Exeunt was placed before or after them, and this result is that the player-editors have thus indicated as clearly as they could by typographical arrangement that the Epilogues to these three plays, The Tempest, a Hen. IV, and Henry VIII, were by some other hand than Shakespeare's. In the absence of the author's own testimony such a union of external and internal evidence must be accepted.

12. hands] Johnson: By your applause, by clapping hands.—Stevens: Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. So in IV, i, 68 and 141; so also in Macb. IV, i.

18. praiere] Warburton: This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.—Jephson: An allusion, I think, to the custom prevalent in Shakespeare's time of concluding the play by a prayer, offered up kneeling, for the sovereign. The whole thing is, therefore, merely a fanciful and graceful mode of saying that the play is over and of asking for the applause of the audience, after the fashion of the Roman dramatists.

20. Mercy it selfe] Walker (Crit. iii, 9): That is, the Almighty.

20. frees] Abbott, § 200, suggests that perhaps there is here the omission of a preposition, 'frees from all faults,' as in 'deprive your sovereignty of reason,' i.e. take away the controlling principle of reason.
APPENDIX
APPENDIX

THE TEXT

There is no dissenting voice to the opinion that the Text of this play as it has
come down to us in the Folio,—and there is no Quarto,—is of remarkable purity. It
shares with The Two Gentlemen of Verona, according to Walker (Crit. iii, 1), the
excellence of being printed with more correctness than, perhaps, any other play in
that volume. It would be needless to repeat here the many instances, to which, when
they occurred, attention has been called in the notes, where, as indications of this cor-
rectness, abbreviations or elisions, for the sake of the rhythm, are marked by spo-
strophes, nay, in some instances, even the absorption of the final sound is thus marked,
a rhythmical process which it was reserved for recent times fully to comprehend and
eucidate.

It does not seem unlikely, considering the quality of the majority of Shakespeare's
auditors, that his fame was greatest as a writer of Comedies. It may possibly have
been, therefore, with a view to making the volume as attractive, and therefore as sale-
able, as possible, that Heminge and Condell, in arranging the order of the three
groups, Histories, Tragedies, Comedies, put Comedies before the other two, and
among the Comedies placed that Comedy first in order which they may possibly
have thought (and who would not agree with them?) was first in charm, in beauty, in
attractiveness.

With one exception, The Tempest is the shortest of all Shakespeare's plays. In a
List of the Plays, prepared by Miss T. R. Smith and Mr Furnivall (New Shakes-
peare Society's Transactions, 1880-85, Pt ii, p. 31), where the plays are graded
according to the number of lines, Hamlet leads with 3931 lines and The Comedy of
Errors closes with 1778, immediately preceded by The Tempest with 2064.

For this brevity Grant White (ed. ii) accounted by supposing that the text was
abridged for Stage purposes; to this conjecture he was led by 'the suddenness of the
action in some scenes'; he adds, 'if there were a quarto copy of The Tempest, it
would probably add quite as much to this play as the second quarto of Hamlet does
to the text of that tragedy printed in the folio.'

Fleay's opinion coincides with Grant White's. 'This play,' says the former
(Shakespeare's Life and Work, p. 66), 'as we have it, has unfortunately been abridged for
Court performances, probably by Beaumont in 1612 or 1613.'

This is quite possible. But we must remember at the same time, that a drama
had to be confined within 'the two hours' traffic of our stage,' and in the case of The
Tempest no little time must have been demanded for the proper handling of the
unusual amount of stage-machinery, required not only for the tempest in the First
Act, but for the vanities of Prospero's art in the Fourth. These long 'waits' may
possibly have made up for some of the deficiencies of the text.

Dr Garnett (Universal Rev. Apr. 1889, p. 558) suggests 'two excellent and
indeed imperative reasons' for this brevity, on the supposition that the play was writ
ten for representation at Court at a time of general festivity, viz.: ‘the time of the
monarch and his guests must not be unduly encroached upon; and the piece must
not be on too large a scale to be written, rehearsed, and put on the stage with great
expedition.’

In Professor Ingram’s Table (New Sh. Soc. Trans. Pt ii, p. 450, 1874) where
the plays are arranged in the order of their proportion of Light Endings and Weak
Endings, Love’s Labour’s Lost heads the list, and The Tempest is the twenty-ninth,
followed by Cymbeline, The Winter’s Tale, and Henry the Eighth, the last of all.
The general agreement of this result, drawn from the text itself of the play, with
what is accepted as the historic evidence of the date of composition, affords a proof
of the value of these metrical investigations.

THE DATE OF COMPOSITION

In 1749 there appeared: An Attempte To Rescue that Aunciente, English Poet,
And Play-Wrighte, Master William Shakespere, from the Many Errours, faultily
charged on him, by Certaine New-fangled Wittes; And To let him Speak for Himself,
as right well he wotteth, when Freed from the many Careless Mistakeings, of The
Heedless first Imprinters, of his Works. By a Gentleman formerly of Greys-Inn.

The ‘Attempte’ was restricted to the single play of The Tempest; ‘the Gentleman
of Greys-Inn’ was one John Holt; and the ‘New-fangled Witte’ was Theobald
and Warburton.

It is hardly to be expected that a man who could announce himself to the public,
tricked out in such fanciful frippery, would receive much notice from men like War-
burton, an incipient Bishop, or like Theobald, a wide-read scholar, on whose heart
extreme poverty cast its subduing shadow. Nor did the public at large seem to have
been much more interested than his victims, in the ‘Gentleman of Greys-Inn.’ About
a year after this ‘Attempte’ appeared, and after the public had had the privilege of
judging of his powers, John Holt issued Proposals for a new edition of Shakespeare,
with notes by himself. Apparently the public did not respond. The edition never
appeared. And after all, it might have proved a respectable edition. To the great
conjecture in regard to the Date of the Composition of The Tempest: ‘most busy lest,’ Holt suggested an emendation which stands
second in the list of the recipients of popular approval. (Unfortunately by a misprint
in the Cambridge Edition, this emendation by Holt was attributed to Holt White,
and to the latter accordingly has been generally given the fame.)

In this ‘Attempte,’ however, now before us, there is, as far as I know, the earliest
conjecture in regard to the ‘Date of the Composition’ of The Tempest. In speaking
of the Masque, in Act IV, where Juno sings ‘Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,’ &c.,
Holt suggested that this Masque ‘may perhaps give a Mark to guess at the time this
play was wrote; it appearing to be a compliment intended by the Poet, on some
particular solemnity of that kind; and if so, none more likely, than the contracting
the young Earl of Essex, in 1606, with the Lady Frances Howard; which marriage
was not attempted to be consummated, till the Earl returned from his travels four
years afterwards; a circumstance which seems to be hinted at, in IV, i, 18; unless
any one should choose to think it designed for the marriage of the Palgrave with
the Lady Elizabeth, King James’s Daughter, in 1612. But the first seems to carry
the most weight with it as being a testimony of the Poet’s gratitude to the then Lord
Southampton, a warm Patron of the Author's, and as zealous a friend to the Essex family: In either case, it will appear, 'twas one of the last Plays wrote by our Author, though it has stood the first, in all the printed editions since 1623, which Preeminence given it by the Players is no bad Proof of its being the last, this Author furnished them with.'

It is quite impossible to determine from the foregoing passage the exact date to which Holt gives the preference; it may be 1606, when the marriage of Essex was contracted, or in 1610, when the Earl returned from his travels and lived with his wife, or it may be 1612. He tells us, however, further on (p. 62) that 'there is great reason to believe' that this play 'was not wrote till 1612, or 13, or, at the earliest, not till 1610, as has been observed' in the passage just quoted. 'And this,' adds Holt, 'will appear more probable, if it is considered that Ben Jonson, in the Introduction to his Bartholomew Fair, after having had a Fling at Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus as an old Play, speaks of his Winter's Tale, and this Play, The Tempest, as recent performances.'

When, in the course of his annotations, Holt comes to Prospero's warnings to Ferdinand, just before the Masque, he finds in these warnings evidence sufficient 'to fix the date of this play to the year 1614.' And this date, after having apparently wavered from 1610 to 1612 or '13, we may accept as his last and maturest conclusion.

The belief that Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair contained an allusion to The Tempest we owe originally to Theobald. In a note on 'servant-monster,' a name which Stephano gives Caliban, Theobald says that he 'can't help taking notice of the virulence of Ben Jonson, who, in the Induction to his Bartholomew Fair, has endeavou'rd to throw dirt, not only at this single character, but at this whole play! "If there be never a Servant-Monster in the Fair, who can help it (he says), nor a nest of Anticks? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and such like Drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels!' Theobald drew no inference, however, from this passage as to the date of the composition of The Tempest. That was reserved for almost every succeeding editor and critic.

The first attempt to ascertain the dates on which all of Shakespeare's plays were written, and to set them all forth in Chronological Order, was made by Malone. There had been stray conjectures and assertions by editors and commentators in regard to separate plays, scattered here and there, throughout the notes on all the plays; and long before Malone published his Chronology, Caius had collected a store of facts bearing directly on the subject. But it is the date of publication which decides priority, and to Malone this priority unquestionably belongs; and, be it noted, so well did he accomplish the task that out of the thirty-five plays whose dates he supplied, ten have been undisturbed from his day down to the latest investigations, and in eight others the variations between Malone and The New Shakespeare Society amount to merely a year, or to a fraction of a year,—practically, a mathematical quantity so infinitely small that it may be neglected. Hence, for half of the plays of Shakespeare the dates have been, in reality, determined for us by Malone, and the determination of the dates of the other half furnishes, to this hour, an admirable field for Shakespearean critics, wherein to display their prowess in wrestling, in high-jumping, in casting stones, and in putting hammers.

It was to Johnson and Steevens's Variorum of 1778 that Malone contributed
his 'Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakespeare were written'—a noteworthy contribution of painstaking scholarship. It was, of course, re-issued in every subsequent Variorum; but each year new facts were brought to light, fresh allusions found either in the plays or in contemporary literature, involving a modification of the first list, so that the Order of the Plays, which, of course, involves their dates, as given in Malone's own edition of 1790, differs widely from that of his first draught, and the Order of his final list, in 1821, differs in turn from that of 1790. Whatever the changes, however, in the dates of other plays (which do not here immediately concern us), Malone's list, through all the Variorums, down to and including that of 1813, remained steadfast to the date of The Tempest as in 1612 (with Twelfth Night following and closing the list in 1614); but in the Variorum of 1821, where Malone's final conclusions are given, The Tempest appears as the last play of all, and its date is 1611.

Now, although it would be scarcely worth the price of the labour to record at length all the reasons which induced Malone in his successive editions to modify his conclusions, yet, seeing that, as the years went on, other commentators arose, who, denying some of Malone's dates, urged others of their own, it will be best to proceed historically and note the grounds which Malone first brought forward as fixing the date of this play, and how they were accepted or controverted by his successors.

In 1775, Malone (Variorum, vol. i, p. 341) says as follows: 'Though some account of the Bermuda Islands, which are mentioned in this play, had been published (as Dr Farmer has observed), yet they were not generally known till Sir George Somers arrived there in 1609. The Tempest may be fairly attributed to a period subsequent to that year; especially as it exhibits such strong internal marks of having been a late production.

'The entry at Stationers' Hall does not contribute to ascertain the time of its composition; for it appears not on the Stationers' books, nor was it printed till 1623, when it was published with the rest of our author's plays in Folio; in which edition, having, I suppose by mere accident, obtained the first place, it has ever since preserved a station to which it indubitably is not entitled.' Malone assumes, by the way, that the compilers of the Folio were bound to print the plays in the order in which they were written.

'As the circumstance, from which this piece receives its name, is at an end in the very first scene, and as many other titles, all equally proper, might have occurred to Shakespeare (such as The Enchanted Island—The Banished Duke—Ferdinand and Miranda, &c.), it is possible, that some particular and recent event determined him to call it The Tempest. It appears from Stowe's Chronicle, p. 913, that in the October, November, and December of the year 1612, a dreadful tempest happened in England, "Which did exceeding great damage, with extreme shipwreck through-out the ocean." "There perished" (says the historian) "above an hundred ships in the space of two hours." Several pamphlets were published on this occasion, decorated with prints of sinking vessels, castles toppling on their warders' heads, the devil overturning steeples, &c. One of them, describing the appearance of the waves of Dover, says, "the whole seas appeared like a fiery world, all spark-" "ling red." Another of these narratives recounted the escape of Edmond Pet, a sailor, whose preservation appears to have been no less marvellous than that of Trinculo or Stephano, and so great a terror did this tempest create in the minds of the people, that a form of prayer was ordered on the occasion, which is annexed to one of the publications above mentioned.
There is reason to believe that some of our author's dramas obtained their names from the seasons at which time they were produced. It is not very easy to account for the title of Twelfth Night, but by supposing it to have been first exhibited in the Christmas holi- days. Neither the title of A Midsummer Night's Dream, nor that of The Winter's Tale denotes the season of the action; the events which are the subject of the latter occurring at the time of sheep-shearing, and the dream from which the former receives its name happening on the night preceding May-day.

These titles, therefore, were probably suggested by the season at which the plays were exhibited, to which they belong; A Midsummer Night's Dream having, we may presume, been first represented in June, and The Winter's Tale in December.

Perhaps, then, it may not be thought a very improbable conjecture, that this comedy was written in the summer of 1612, and produced on the stage in the latter end of that year; and that the author availed himself of a circumstance, then fresh in the minds of his audience, by affixing a title to it which was more likely to excite curiosity than any other he could have chosen, while at the same time it was sufficiently justified by the subject of the drama.

Malone hereupon refers to Steevens's citation, at IV, i, 173, of a passage from Sterling's Darius, which was first printed in 1603, and asserts his belief that Shakespeare borrowed from Lord Sterline. The date which [Holt] has assigned to this play (1614) is certainly too late; for it appears from the MSS of Mr Vertue, that The Tempest was acted by John Hemming and the rest of the King's company before Prince Charles, and Lady Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine Elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.

The names of Trinculo and Antonio, two of the characters in this comedy, are likewise found in that of Albumasar; which was first printed in 1614; but it is supposed by Dryden to have appeared some years earlier.

Malone, as we have just seen, refers to "the MSS of Mr Vertue" as conclusive authority in the matter of dates. It is worth while to make a short digression here in order to see what these MSS were. The calm assurance with which they were brought forward as a deus ex machina seems to have annoyed a critic named Chalmers, who particularly objected to having his fine-spun theories coolly brushed aside by this unknown and yet supreme authority; he, therefore, made inquiries (Supplemental Apology, p. 463), with the result that he was informed by Steevens, that the MS book, from which the irritating extracts were taken, and which were often cited by Malone, as well as by Steevens himself, as the Vertue MSS, had belonged, with several others, to Secretary Pepys, and afterward to Dr Rawlinson, who lent them to Mr Vertue. There is a MS note, subjoined to the MSS of Vertue, which "about thirty years ago were lent to Mr Steevens by Mr Garrick." Among the MS books thus referred to, there was, according to Peter Cunningham, a volume of Langbaine with Oldys's MS notes. These notes, it appears, were copied by Dr Percy, his transcript copied by Steevens, whose transcript was again copied into an interleaved Langbaine by Joseph Haslwood. From this final transcript the items referring to Shakespeare's plays were printed by Peter Cunningham for The Shakespeare Society (Papers, vol. ii, 123), under the title "Plays acted at Court, Anno 1613 (from the Accounts of Lord Harrington, Treasurer of the Chamber to King James I.)." There are but eight items, all told, as there given, whereof the only one of immediate interest to us is as follows: 'Paid to John Heminges upon the counsell warrant, dated at Whitehall xx⁰ die Mai', 1613, for presentinge before the Princes Hignes, the L.
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Elizabeth, and the Prince Pallatyne Elector, fowerteene severall plays, viz. one play called Filaster, one other call'd the Knott of Fooles, one other Much Adoe aboute Nothinge, the Mayeds Tragedie, the Merye Dyvell of Edmonton, The Tempest, a Kinge and no Kinge, the Twins Tragedie, the Winters Tale, Sir John Falstafe, the Moore of Venice, the Nobleman, Cassars Tragedie, and one other called Love Iyes a Bledinge, all which playes weare played within the tyme of this accompte, viz. paid the some of iiii. (xx). xiiij. R. v. t. viij. d.' (Halliwell’s transcript (vol. i, p. 134) has been followed, as probably more correct than Cunningham’s.)

This then is the only extrinsic evidence which we possess of the existence of The Tempest before it appeared in the Folio of 1623. Be it remembered, therefore, that the date is 1613, and its authority is Vertue’s MS. Any earlier date must depend on intrinsic evidence, furnished by the play itself.

As has been said, the first draught of Malone’s chronology was published in 1778. Two years later the second volume of Capell’s Notes and Various Readings appeared, containing his remarks on The Tempest. In commenting on the phrase ‘still vex’d Bermoothes’ Capell cited a passage from Hakluyt, where it is said that ‘the sea aboute the Bermudas is a hellish sea for thunder, lightning, and Stormes’; but Capell disclaimed any intention of suggesting that Shakespeare’s phrase came from Hakluyt; ‘it should rather,’ he said (p. 58), ‘have been the offspring of some fuller and later relations, by print or otherwise, which should not have been gathered earlier than 1612, perhaps rather: These are the reasons:—In 1609 Sir George Somers . . . was cast upon (the Bermudas) by shipwreck; stay’d a year on them; return’d to them again from Virginia, and then dy’d on them; that colony calls them within it’s limits; and the then managers of it sold them to some particulars, members of their society, who, in April, 1612 sent thither a ship with 60 persons, who arrived and remaynd there very safely,’ the furnisher of these particulars, and of the extract that follows them, speaking of the islands themselves, says further—they were ‘of all Nations said and supposed to be enchanted and inhabited with witches and devils, which grew by reason of accustomed and monstrous Thunder, stormes and tempest neere unto them.’ Now as these particulars must, from the nature of them, have been the subject as well of writings as talk at the time they were passing, the presumption is—first, that the afore-mentioned epithet (‘still vexed’) rose from them; and next that they were also suggesters of Sycorax and her sorceries, of the preter-natural Being subjected to her, and of Prospero’s magic—which, if it be allowed, then is this play proved by it a late composition, and weight added to the opinion that makes it the Poet’s last; a circumstance that might determine the players to place it foremost in their published collection—Stratford, his place of birth and residence, was burnt in 1614; which should in reason have drawn him thither, and in 16 be dy’d. The extracts, and what relates to these islands, are from Howe’s Continuation of Stowe, Ed. 1631, fol. b. 1.’

On p. 66, Capell is somewhat more explicit, and in quoting the use by Ben Jonson of ‘servant-monster’ in 1614, draws the inference from this date, which Theobald overlooked, that The Tempest is ‘not much older.’

In 1795 appeared what are known in Shakespearean literature as the ‘Ireland Forgeries,’ the dishonest trickeries of a clever, unscrupulous boy of seventeen, who supposed that in order to imitate the style and spelling of Shakespeare’s days, it was necessary only to double all consonants and put in, as he himself afterwards con-
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fessed, 'as many double-yous and cases as he could.' Clumsy as this attempt was, it nevertheless deceived many, not alone among those who made no pretence to learning, but even among those who were held in high repute as scholars. It was in the enquiry into the authenticity of these forged Shakespearian documents, and in the exposure of their falsity, that Malone in 1796 won great fame—greater perhaps than from any other single investigation which he made, unless it be from his dissertation on The Three Parts of Henry VI. But his excellence was not destined to go uncriticised.

GEORGE CHALMERS (not to be confounded with Alexander Chalmers, a Shakespearean Editor of a later date), issued in 1797 an octavo volume of six hundred pages which he called An Apology for the Believers in the genuineness of these Ireland Papers, wherein, while half conceding that these Papers were spurious, Chalmers attacked Malone, with the acrimony which was typical of our gentle forbears, not for condemning these Ireland Papers as forgeries, but for not condemning them on the proper grounds, and for errors in his method of discussing them. The attack was so sudden and so sharp, and the Apology revealed such an intimate acquaintance with Elizabethan literature, wherein Malone and Steevens had been wont to consider themselves the chiefest authorities among men, that apparently Malone's breath was taken away, and although it was frequently reported, I believe, that he was preparing an answer to Chalmers, no answer ever appeared. It may be that Malone was merely obeying Dr Johnson's rule, that a man can be written down by no one but by himself, and therefore left Chalmers to his fate, who within two years published another volume, larger even than the former, which he called A Supplemental Apology for the Believers aforesaid, and wherein the longest chapter is devoted to that which Malone considered his peculiar province, viz: the Chronology of Shakespeare's plays. It is this chapter which alone concerns us here, and in this chapter only the conjectures as to the date of The Tempest.

I confess that I have always had a lurking admiration for Chalmers; I place no atom of trust in his theories, but their profusion is attractive; his learning seconds his vehemence, and his fertility of resource seems inexhaustible; his verbal accuracy in quotations stands at times in striking contrast with the inaccuracy of his conclusions. Then too his unblinking courage of his opinions compels our favour even when it carries him so far as to give up his practice in the Colonial Courts of Maryland and return, a sturdy, uncompromising Tory, to England.

So completely does Chalmers differ from Malone in the Chronology of the plays that there were only five wherein he would acknowledge that Malone was right, viz: The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Lear, Macbeth, Julius Caesar, and Antony and Cleopatra.

As we have seen above, Malone, in his earliest publication, gives the date of The Tempest as 1612, and founds his belief on the account in Stowe of the terrible tempests which prevailed in England during that year. Chalmers maintains that the date is 1613, not so much on the score of tempests in England, although they may have had their influence, as on the reference to the 'still vex'd Bermoothes,' whereof Shakespeare found an early notice in Raleigh's Discoverie, printed in 1596, wherein Raleigh says, 'the rest of the Indies for calms and diseases are very troublesome; and the Bermudas, a hellish sea for thunder, lightening, and storms.' Subsequent 'misadventures,' continues Chalmers (p. 579), 'in these seas, and posterior publications in London, kept the "still vex'd Bermoothes" constantly before the public eye. Jourdan, who accompanied Sir George Somers when he was shipwrecked on Ber-


"mudas in 1609, published in 1610, A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise calles the Isle of Devils. A ship, named the Plough, sailed from the Thames in April, 1612, with adventurers for Bermudas, who . . . . established the first colony in the Isle of Devils on the 11th of July, 1612. This enterprise was followed by the publication, in 1613, of A Plain Description of the Bermudas, now called Summer Islands' [which was, in the main, a republication of Jourdan's Tract, says Chalmers in a foot-note, and retained the assertion, found in that Tract, that 'the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth, that hath heard, or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian, or heathen, people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious, and enchanted, place, affording nothing but giasts, storms, and foul weather']. These dates, together with the fact (from the Vertue MS) that The Tempest was acted in 1613, are all sufficing proofs to Chalmers that 'the true epoch' of this play was in 1613, according to the evidence. Moreover, in this Plain Description is to be found some of the contrarieties in government which Shakespeare ridicules in Gonzalo's speech: 'Had I plantation of this isle,' &c.

As an illustration of Chalmers's headlong vehemence, it turns out that all this while he believes that the 'still vex'd Bermothes' is the scene of The Tempest. On p. 581, he says: 'Knowing the common opinion, that the Bermudean isles were enchanted, and governed by spirits, Shakespeare showed great judgment in causing by enchantment, the King's ship to be wrecked on the still-vex'd Bermothes with allusions to the Shipwreck of Somers, and the government by spirits.' Strangely enough, this idea that the Bermudas are the scene of The Tempest is not confined to Chalmers. It crops up now and again in literature, even in Tom Moore's Letters; and, most remarkable of all perhaps, in Mrs Jameson's Characteristics of Women, i, 292.

Where Gonzalo, in the second Act, describes his ideal commonwealth, it is proved, as is supposed in the notes, that Shakespeare borrowed from Florio's translation of of Montaigne, which was published in 1603. Now although this date did not really interfere with Chalmers's date of 1613, yet the difference of ten years between the two was a little too large to suit Chalmers, and to accord with a fresh impression made by the translation, on Shakespeare's mind; he accordingly assumed that Shakespeare used the second edition of that translation, which appeared in 1613.

As an example of the facility wherewith a sigment of his brain becomes to Chalmers solid fact, we have his explanation of Stephano's allusion to a 'dead Indian' — an allusion which Malone confessed was beyond his power to explain. Not so Chalmers,—he will endeavour to show us the street where the Indian died, albeit, in an outburst of candour, he acknowledges that he does not 'pretend to know the house.' After having thus whetted our appetite, he proceeds to gratify it by showing that, in 1611, five savages were brought from New England; of these, in 1614, three were returned to their home, one 'adventured to the European Continent'; and the fifth Indian 'we may easily suppose died in London and was exhibited for a show' (the Italics mine). And this is all the conclusion we obtain after the swelling prologue.

Two years later, in 1799, Chalmers published his Supplemental Apology, wherein he repeats his former arguments, wisely repressing, however, his blundering confusion of 'the still vex'd Bermothes' with the scene of the play, and adds what is really his strongest argument against Malone, if it could be verified—namely, that England was visited not merely by one extraordinary tempest, but that there were many others during 1612, and an especial mention is made, so he says, in Winwood's Memorials,
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"iii, 422, of a great tempest of thunder and lightening on Christmas day, 1612."

"This intimation," adds Chalmers, "necessarily carries the writing of The Tempest into
the subsequent year, since there is little probability that our poet would write this
*enchanted drama in the midst of the tempest which overthrew so many mansions
*and wrecked so many ships." But, as I have just intimated, I am unable to verify
this reference to Winwood. It is certainly not to be found in the volume or on the
page to which Chalmers refers, where there is, to be sure, an allusion to a storm, but
it is not specified as happening on Christmas day, and its havoc is wrought at Dover.
Mr Chamberlain writes to Sir Ralph Winwood, 9th January, 1612, that "the Lord
* Bruce stayed at Dover, where we hear these late Winds and Tempests have done
*great harm and in a manner ruined and defaced the Peer or Haven." Again, three
weeks later (p. 428), Mr Chamberlain refers to these storms, but he does not say that
they occurred on Christmas day, according to Chalmers's citation, and he expressly
states that London was exempt. "We have had strange winds," says Winwood's
* correspondent, "which have been so violent and continual, as I never knew the like,
*with great Tempests of Thunder and Lightning in divers places, though not here at
* London, especially at a place on Kent called Chart; where in the Christmas Holy-
days, the People being at Church, there were 35 blasted with Lightning, whereof
* the Minister in the Pulpit was one, though they be all since recovered, saving a
* Miller that was struck dead in the Place, and one more that dyed six or seven days
* after." After all, neither the exact date, nor the exact phraseology, is of importance
to Chalmers's argument, which is to show that, if Shakespeare named his play after
some noteworthy tempests, these fell too late in 1612 for the drama to have been
written in that year. Malone must have felt the force of this; for the storms which
he himself adduced from Stowe occurred in October, November, December, and in the
* Variæram of 1821 he omitted all reference to them, or to any conjecture that they
* influenced the choice of the name of the play.

In 1797 a feeble criticism of Malone appeared in some Remarks on The Tempest by
* CHAS. DIRRILL, Esq., the assumed name, according to Bohn, of Richard Sill. Dirrill
* rejected Malone's arguments, and offered but little reason for rejection beyond his
* personal dissatisfaction; and ended at last with the conclusion that The Tempest was
* written 'between the years 1612 and 1616.' The qualities which Dirrill possesses
* for a leader may be judged by his finding in Prospero's assertion that 'the very rats
* had quit it,' an allusion 'to the English vessels which had conveyed those animals
* to the Bermudas.' And again he finds the circumstance 'somewhat curious' and
* 'perhaps worthy of observation,' that 'Shakespeare should give Caliban the appel-
* lation of "Moon-Calf"'; seeing that the chief or largest of the Bermuda Isles,
* 'should be shaped like a half moon.'

Five or six years after Chalmers's last word in his Supplemental Apology, DOUCE,
* the learned Archæologist, published his Illustrations of Shakespeare (1807) and
* therein (i, 5) expresses his belief that it was the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in
* 1609 which was the source of The Tempest; not that any novelty was claimed for the
* suggestion, but Douce believed that the particulars of this shipwreck were incor-
* porated in the drama to a greater extent than was generally supposed; a discussion
* of these various items is not germane to the present subject, but belong to a study of
* the sources whence Shakespeare drew his Plot. All that is necessary to note here is
* that, led by them, Douce placed the first limit of his first date in 1609, and since Ben
* Jonson alluded to The Tempest in his Bartholomew Fair, the later limit in 1614.
A few months after Douce's volume appeared Malone printed privately an Essay, which was afterward reprinted in the Variorum of 1821, wherein he claimed that he had discovered the source of the incidents from which the title and Part of the Story of The Tempest were derived, and that he had thereby ascertained the true date when the play was written. Unalterable in the belief that Shakespeare could never have devised a play founded on a tempest without having a tempest made to his hand in real life, Malone, driven perhaps by Chalmers, perhaps by common sense, from the tempests on land in 1611, discovered his long-lost, indubitable, genuine tempest in that fierce tornado which wrecked Sir George Somers on the Bermudas. Malone did not claim to have been the first to refer to Sir George's historic wreck; this had been referred to, as we have seen, by several of Malone's predecessors; but he maintained that he had detected what had escaped others, and had found in the peculiar incidents attending that shipwreck the immediate origin of The Tempest,—and that to these incidents there is a covert reference in various passages of that comedy,—and that the fate of Somers not having been known in England for about fifteen months after he left it, that is, not till about September or October in the year 1610, during all which time it was feared and generally believed that he was lost; and the poet, as appears from a passage in his play, having known that he had landed on one of the Bermuda islands in safety; it necessarily follows, that this Comedy was written after the news of that event had reached England; and, as I know that it had "a being and a name" in the autumn of 1611, the date of the play is fixed and ascertained with uncommon precision, between the end of the year 1610 and the autumn of 1611; and that it may with great probability be ascribed to the Spring of the latter year. 

It is to be observed that in the foregoing quotation Malone says that he knew this play was in existence in the Autumn of 1611. Unfortunately, he has not bequeathed to us the source of this knowledge. He makes the same unsupported assertion in regard to the date of Othello. We know him too well to suppose that he would make such unqualified remarks without adequate proofs. The dates 1611 and 1604 are given for performances of The Tempest and of Othello respectively in the Revels Accounts forged by Peter Cunningham. That sixty years before Cunningham offered his forgery for sale to the British Museum, Malone should have said that he knew these dates to be true, deepens the mystery involved in these forged Revels Accounts, whereof their MS record is as unquestionably forged as their dates seem to be unquestionably true; that is, if we are to put implicit faith in Malone's accuracy, which, perhaps, we may follow Halliwell's example in doing. The forged accounts will be referred to again.

What Malone found in the account of Somers's shipwreck to supply Shakespeare with material for his play falls under the Source of the Plot. Malone's Essay, however, neither convinced nor silenced his former assailant, and in 1815 Chalmers printed privately Another Account of the Incidents from which the Title and a Part of the Story of Shakespeare's Tempest were derived; and the True Era of it ascertained, evincing the original connexion of the Royal Family with the Poet's drama. Both Chalmers and Malone were agreed on two points: first, that

*This puzzle of these Revels Accounts may be some day solved. At present it is inscrutable. Halliwell's treatment of it in his Outlines is unsatisfactory; he acknowledged, in private correspondence, that the subject needed entire revision; but unfortunately the laxitude of his fatal illness was even then upon him, and he was unable to accomplish the task. The circumstances of the case are set forth in full in the New Variorum Othello, p. 351, and a solution attempted on p. 356.
The Tempest is one of the latest of Shakespeare's dramas; and, secondly, that Ben Jonson referred to The Tempest in 1614. But after leaving this common ground, Chalmers acknowledges the force of none of the allusions in the play which are so manifest to Malone; but in their stead allusions, clear to demonstration, are visible to him throughout the play, pointing to the events of 1612. For instance, the 'emphatical mention' in the play of the death of the King's son, 'plainly alluded to the real decease of the Prince of Wales, on the 4th of November, 1612; and must have made a great impression on the audience.' 'The allusion to the slow poison, 'which was made use of in 1612-13 for destroying Overbury, must have greatly affected the audience, whose indignation was greatly incited by the fact.' This looks at first sight like a slip on the part of Chalmers. It is now generally accepted that the Overbury tragedy occurred in 1613. Chalmers follows Camden, and says in a foot-note that even if 1613 be correct, and not 1612, it would prove only that 'The Tempest was written in the Autumn rather than the Spring of 1613.' He quite overlooks the fact, however, that it must have been the trial of Somerset for Overbury's murder which emphasized this poisoning in the public mind, and this trial did not take place for two full years after Overbury's death—not until October, 1615.

Chalmers then continues: 'The sarcasms on King James's temperament and practice allude to the events of 1612. Mr. Malone went back to the year 1609, for a tempest to wreck Somers's ship on the Bermudas: But Shakespeare called specially for "this last tempest" [in Act V, Prospero speaks of "the last tempest"], which lasted the three last months of 1612, and which wrecked so many ships and did so much damage. Nor is Somers's shipwreck even alluded to in The Tempest. Shakespeare's mind was drawn to the Bermudas by the colonization of that enchanted island by a ship from the Thames in 1612, and the consequent publications: Thus was it in allusion to these publications and to that settlement on the Bermudas that Shakespeare threw out so many sarcasms against the colonization of that period, which was promoted by so many absurd and contradictory descriptions of the country which were published for the delusion of settlers.' As an illustration of the extreme to which Chalmers continued, as in former years, to push his theory of the allusions to contemporary events which are to be detected in The Tempest, be it noted that in the so-called triumphs or pageants at the Princess Elizabeth's marriage there were some rocks and forts which were said to resemble Argier, and to them, Chalmers proclaimed, there was a reference in the Argier whence Sycorax was banished. 'Mr. Malone,' continues Chalmers, 'has wholly omitted the mention of the marriage in the mask, which is so emphatically mentioned in the fourth Act of The Tempest, though it be so important, as it recalled to the audience the real motive that induced the poet to write his comedy.' 'How happy it is for us, that in all Shakespearian questions there is always one man to whom Shakespeare's inmost thoughts are known!' 'Yes; Masques were common, as Mr. Malone has observed; but a royal marriage was very uncommon, and gave occasion to such triumphs, pastimes, maskings, and other courtly entertainments, as England had seldom seen before. Shakespeare in taking advantage of all these popular entertainments, like other dramatists from that time to the present, seized the passing scenes to produce his comedy of The Tempest as a sequence to those princely sports, in celebration of the Palatine's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth on the 22d of February, 1613. What was Somerset to Shakespeare, or Shakespeare to Somers, that our poet should have written such a Comedy on his shipwreck and death? But, in this uncommon and splendid marriage, which drew so many consequences after it, there was a striking occasion,
which induced our dramatist to bring out his appropriate play: And Mr Malone, by not adverting to this occasion and that marriage, has egregiously failed in his account of the incidents from which the title and a part of the Story of Shake-
speare’s Tempest were derived, as well as the true date of its production. Mr Malone has still more egregiously failed in showing the latent connection of Shake-
speare’s Tempest with the royal family on the British throne.

Chalmers insists on ‘the last Tempest’ (referred to by Prospero, and which must have been that in the Christmas holidays of 1612), as the tempest which started the play. If, therefore, this play was completed for the royal marriage, which took place on the 22d of February, 1613, it seems as though Chalmers must have supposed the play to have been written in about seven weeks, and I am by no means sure that, with his vehement temperament, he did not thus suppose. It is not unlikely that he himself would have undertaken, statis uno pede, to produce a play within that term, but then, it may be feared, it would not have been The Tempest. After all, Chalmers need not be pressed thus closely to the wall. Whether or not he remembered it I cannot say, but the year in those days began on the 25th of March; therefore, between the Christmas of 1612 and the February of 1613, more than a year intervened, and Chalmers is saved. I am inclined to think that Chalmers did not recall this fact; had he recalled it, he would have been sure to emphasize it. At any rate, in dealing with the dates of these years, the Old Style should be always kept in mind.

Even had Malone been living when this final criticism of Chalmers was passed on his labours, it may, perhaps, be doubted whether that criticism would have at all changed his views, or whether he would have replied to the attack. In the Variarium of 1821, Boswell, Malone’s literary executor, could, of course, only follow Malone’s latest MSS, and in them, as appears in that Edition (vol. ii, p. 465), Malone adheres to the views expressed in his Essay, to the effect that since he had first investigated the subject, he had collected information which placed the question in his opinion ‘beyond a doubt, that this play was founded on a recent event and was produced in 1611.’ In regard to the other references mentioned in his earliest investigation, Malone, in his latest, reiterates, in the main, his belief in them; he still thinks it possible that Shakespeare borrowed from Lord Sterling, and that Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair ‘endeavored to depreciate this beautiful comedy by calling it a “foolery” [sic].’ And Malone now places The Tempest the last on the list, as Shake-
speare’s final composition.

Both Chalmers and Malone accepted as one of their dates this allusion to The Tempest by Jonson in 1614, and it has been likewise accepted since their day, by many and many an editor, from some of whom we have a right to expect better things. The passage occurs in the Induction; it has been already quoted, but no harm will be done by repeating it; it runs thus: ‘If there be never a servant-monster ‘in the fair, who can help it, he says, nor a nest of antiques? he is loth to make ‘nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget tales, tempests, and such like droll-
eries, to mix his head with other men’s heels.’’ It was Theobald who first suggested, as we have seen, that there is here in ‘servant-monster’ a direct and sneering allusion to Caliban, and the sneer herein alleged was accepted by Steevens, and by Chalmers, and by Malone. The last, in referring to the passage, misquoted the word ‘drollery’ and called it foolery: for this he was brought to book by Gifford, in a note on the passage in Jonson, which is one of the most satisfactory of Gifford’s many satisfactory notes, and ought to have settled, for all time, the question of any covert, sneering
allusion to Shakespeare. 'Foolery,' says Gifford (vol. iv, p. 379), 'cannot be applied
'to any work without an intent to depreciate it; but this was not Jonson's word, nor
'was it even in his contemplation. The term used by him is "drollery," which had
'a precise and specific bearing upon the whole subject of his Induction. A droll or
'drollery was the appropriate term for a puppet-show, and so is applied by all writers
'of his time. Thus Claudia, in the Tragedy of Valentinus, declares that "she had
'rather make a drollery till thirty," i. e. spend her youth in making puppet-shows,
'which she considers as the lowest scene of degradation; and, so, indeed, in many
'other places. The term continued in use down to the last century, for Dennis says,
in one of his letters, that "he went to see the siege of Namur, a droll, at Bartholo-
'mew Fair." Subsequently to Jonson's time the word was applied to a farcical
dialogue in a single scene; but there is, I confidently believe, no instance of drollery
'being used for a legitimate comedy. The reader now sees all the advantage derived
'by Mr Malone from his sophistication; had he adhered to Jonson's own language,
'this part of the charge against him could not have been sustained for a moment.
"Servant-monster" is undoubtedly to be found in The Tempest; but I am yet to
'learn that the expression was the invention of Shakespeare, or even peculiar to him;
'though he has applied it with inimitable humour. The reader is now to learn that
'the town in those days abounded with exhibitions of what were familiarly called
'monsters, i. e. creatures of various kinds which were taught a thousand antic tricks;
'the constant concomitants of puppet-shows. "I would not have you," says Machin,
'"step into the suburbs and acquaint yourself either with monsters or motions."—
'Dumb Knight. And Jonson, himself, in a subsequent part of this play, makes
'Bristle tax Haggis with loitering behind "to see the man with the monsters." Ele-
'phants, bears, camels, horses, &c. were all accompanied by apes, who amused the
'spectators by assuming a command over them. Nor is the custom, nor the language
'yet obsolete. I have frequently seen, at a country fair, a dog or bear called out to
'"show his obedience to his master," an ape or monkey, that mounted, and drove him
'about at will. This was the servant-monster of Jonson's age, but there was yet
'another, the clown who conducted the mummary of such characters as the machinery
'of the show required, beasts and fishes of the most monstrous and uncouth forms,
'... It is impossible to look at the part of Trinculo, without seeing that it bears an
'immediate reference to this custom; and we may form some idea of the roar of the
'old theatre at hearing him and his associate unwittingly characterise themselves as
'monsters by adopting the well-known expression. Long as this note is, I am unwilling
'to dismiss it without noticing the immense importance of the "malignity" of
'Jonson to the commentators! It settles dates, it decides controversies, and it occa-
'sionally reconciles the bitterest enemies; "your if is not a more excellent peace-
'maker." The Tempest, "it seems, must have been written before 1614." But

why? The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap: "because Jonson sneers at it in
"that year!" And this settles the contest.

The moral of this good lesson has not even yet sufficiently leavened Shakespearean
criticism: we find critic after critic detecting allusions in Shakespeare's plays which
are founded on assumptions quite as baseless as Jonson's alleged sneers. This note
of Gifford has been overlooked, and, I am sorry to say, where it has not been over-
looked its conclusion has been denied, as by Knight.

In the Fourth Act of The Tempest, Prospero says of 'These our actors,' that they—
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"Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ves, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind."

In a note on this passage, in 1778, Steevens called attention to the following lines in The Tragedie of Darius, by William Alexander, afterward Earl of Sterling:

"Let greatness of her glacie scepters vaunt;
Not sceptours, no, but reeds, soone bru'd soone broken:
And let this worldlie pomp our wits enchant.
All fades, and scarcelie leauses behinde a token.
Those golden Pallaces, those gorgeous halles,
With fourniture superfluousie faire:
Those statelicke Courts, those sky-encountering waless
Evanish all like vapours in the aire."

This tragedy, says Steevens, must have been written before the death of Queen Elizabeth (which happened on the 24th of March, 1603), because it is dedicated to James VI, King of Scots. Steevens quotes the lines from the Quarto of 1603, which differ slightly in spelling from those in the Quarto of 1604, which are given above, from Staunton.

That there is a parallelism between the passages is evident. The date, therefore, of The Tragedie becomes of importance, if we decide that this parallelism is so exact that Shakespeare must have copied from Lord Sterling. If we believe that Shakespeare 'conveyed' from Darius, we obtain a definite early limit, viz.: 1603, after which The Tempest must have been written, and thereupon all theories as to an earlier date, and there are several, must be swept away. Staunton asserts that 'it is impossible to doubt that Shakespeare remembered the lines in Lord Sterling's The Tragedie.' W. Aldis Wright, while granting that there is sufficient resemblance to warrant the quotation of Lord Sterling's lines as a parallel passage, thinks that there is 'hardly enough to justify any inference with regard to priority of dates;' with this more temperate opinion I agree; but little faith is to be placed in conclusions drawn from parallelisms which are to be regarded as fortuitous.

For many years after Malone's death his date for this play, 1611, and his assertion that it was Shakespeare's last, were generally accepted. In 1838, Campbell says: 'The Tempest has a sort of sacredness as the last work of the mighty workman.' In the next year, however, in 1839, the Rev. Joseph Hunter published A Disquisition on the Scene, Origin, Date, &c., of Shakespeare's Tempest, a noteworthy contribution to the subject; and as the work of one of the most learned, albeit fanciful, and gentle-minded of Shakespearian commentators, it deserves particular attention, especially as it discards all the preceding theories that The Tempest is one of the latest of Shakespeare's plays; and maintains that, on the contrary, it is one of the earliest. Much of Hunter's Disquisition is taken up with proving that Prospero's isle is Lampedusa, a topic with which we are not here concerned. His first task is
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to disprove the belief of Malone and Chalmers, that this comedy must have been
written after 1610; this he attempts by showing that Shakespeare’s Tempest was not
suggested by the shipwreck of Sir George Somers in 1609, but by Ariosto’s Orlando;
and that the reference to the ‘still vex’d Bermoothes’ did not come from Jourdan’s
book in 1612, but that the idea of a stormy sea was so associated with the idea of
the Bermudas, in the minds of the poets contemporary with Shakespeare, that this
island is for ever being intruded upon us when storms and tempests are their theme.'
Hunter here refers to ‘honest John Taylor,’ to Drayton in The Odecombian Banquet,
to Fulke Grevile in Calico, Sonn. iviii, to Chapman in his Epistles or Funeral Song
on the death of Prince Henry, and to Thomas Tymme in his Silver Watch Bell.

‘The Bermudas was in fact a commonplace of the time.’

Hunter, therefore, assumes that he is no longer bound to limit his inquiry to the
period between 1610 and 1616 (the year of Shakespeare’s death), but that he is at
liberty to fix, according to the evidence, any date of the play, early or late, in the
poet’s dramatic life; and it is his impression that this play is an early work; ‘but,’ he
continues, ‘I lay no stress on the circumstances that when the plays were first col-
lected into a volume, the first place was assigned to The Tempest. It is difficult to
discover a principle in which the arrangement was made; and it is not difficult to
divine other reasons, besides priority of composition, for the place assigned to it.
Yet it may seem strange that if it were the last work, it should first meet the eye in
such a collection. As little attention should I be inclined to give to what some
people have imagined they perceived in this play—intimations of its being the Poet’s
farewell, as if the retirement of Prospero were a kind of adumbration of the retire-
ment of Shakespeare himself from the practice of the more innocent magic with
which he had so long enchanted his countrymen. Others have discerned in the
style and sentiment marks of a period beyond the maturity of a Poet’s life. But we
see how extremely dubious and uncertain reasoning of this kind is, when we observe
how often the most plausible conclusions of this kind have been dissipated by the
discovery of some decisive evidence from without, fixing limits which no reasoning
from the style or sentiments can justify any person in overleaping.’

While protesting against any determination of the chronological order of these
plays other than by testimony, apart from all considerations of style and sentiment,
yet, since this latter mode of decision has been resorted to by others, Hunter ‘ven-
tures to observe, though on a point such as this, I am bound to speak with no small
self-distrust, that I do not discern those marks of long practice in the dramatic art,
and of the full maturity of a poet’s genius, which some have discovered in [The
Tempest]. Of the general merit of its dramatic structure I am fully sensible; of
the skill with which the characters are grouped, of the clearness with which the
story is developed, and the profusion with which some of the choicest flowers of
poesy are scattered everywhere in the reader’s path. But then I ask if this is not
the case with The Merchant of Venice, with Romeo and Juliet, with A Midsummer
Night’s Dream, all early plays; and with As You Like It, and Twelfth Night,
which, though not so early as those which I have before mentioned, were all upon
the stage before the close of the reign of Elizabeth? I ask where are we to look
for evidence of greater maturity of moral taste, of dramatic art, or poetic power in
The Tempest than may be discovered in the plays I have just named? Perhaps
Romeo and Juliet might be excepted, in which, with all its beauties, and they are
many, there are decided marks of immaturity, something which reminds one of the
taste which such a play as The Jew of Malta was likely to create. Perhaps also in
the full maturity of his art he would not have so constructed his play as to render
necessary the long conversation in the second scene [between Prospero and Miranda],
which is evidently intended for the information of the audience, and not for carrying
on the business of the drama; or given us the two constrained passages [the descrip-
tion by Francisco of Ferdinand’s swimming, II, i, 115–122; and Alonso’s recalling
his offence against Prospero, III, iii, 121–127], which seem to betray that they were
written at a time when he was not fully aware of his power, and before he had found
out the great secret that he wrote best when he committed himself fearlessly to his
own transcendent genius. Perhaps, also, in the maturity of his powers he would
not have copied, or at least not copied so servilely, the incantation of Medea in
Golding’s Ovid, when he wrote the abjuration speech of Prospero, or the words of
Montaigne in his ideas of a new Commonwealth. Perhaps, also, there is some
want of dramatic skill in the abruptness of the charge [by Prospero] against Ferdi-
nand, that he had a sinister purpose in his appearance on the island. I may also
remark, though it is a subject to which I never recur without pain, that The Tempest,
in common with the other earlier plays, is disfigured by some of those impurities
which are more rarely found in the late compositions.

On all this, however, I lay no great stress, and only introduce it as a set-off
against remarks of the same kind which may have an opposite bearing. I go at
once to the testimony, and in the first place, ask you to look at the Epilogue, and to
tell me whether it is the work of one who has long been assured of the public
favour, and who had won golden opinions from all sorts of men, or of the diffident
sapsrant to dramatic fame. Mark the modest and timid address. To my ears these
words [of Prospero] are not the words of one who was taking his leave of the
stage.

I would invite your attention, in the next place, to what has not, I think, been
observed before, that a great change seems to have come over the mind of Shake-
speare soon after his fortieth year, respecting the kind of stories which were best
adapted to the purposes of the drama, or on which he thought it most befitting him
to direct his own genius.’ Hunter hereupon enumerates the plays which, according
to Malone and Chalmers, were produced after the year 1660, as follows: Twelfth
Night (it was Hunter himself who first discovered from Manningham’s Diary that
Twelfth Night was performed in 1662, but he is here giving the chronology of the plays only according to Malone and Chalmers, in which, as he truly says, there are
some very grievous mistakes), A Winter’s Tale, Othello, Henry the Eighth, Cymbeline, Timon, Julius Caesar, Anthony and Cleopatra, and Coriolanus. Out of this
list Hunter eliminates as erroneously or as insufficiently dated, in his opinion, Twelfth
Night, Othello, Cymbeline, Henry the Eighth, and A Winter’s Tale. ‘Let us see,’
he goes on to say, ‘what plays remain for the latter period of the Poet’s life. They
are only Julius Caesar, Anthony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon; and to these I
will add Troilus and Cressida, as possibly of this era. So that it is now evident,
that as Shakespeare grew older, his muse grew severer; that he forsook the lighter
subjects in which, at the beginning of his career, he delighted, and devoted himself
to what Sir William Alexander calls “Monarchic Tragedies,” stories of Rome, and
 Greece, and Troy. If we look a little above them in the list, we shall find that the
next two plays in the chronological arrangement are Macbeth and King Lear, which
are of the same grave character, and exhibit the high passions and deep sorrows of
the great.

Is it probable that The Tempest, a work in every respect so unlike to these, should
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... have been produced contemporaneously with them? That when he was engaged on themes such as these, he should for once have deviated into the paths of romance in which in the early years of his life he had delighted to wander, that he should have mixed with them one comedy, and one comedy only? I am still on probabilties only. Show me probabilities equally cognizent of the other part.

Now, take a view of the dramas which he produced in the earlier period of his dramatic career, while still Elizabeth, whom he had the good fortune to please, was on the throne. We will set aside the English Histories, and with them The Merry Wives may go. Little attention need be paid to The Taming of the Shrew, The Comedy of Errors, and The Two Gentlemen of Verona, as being works of uncertain, though early date, of inferior power, and, perhaps, not wholly his. View them then in the vigour of his morning genius. The plays are: Love's Labour's Lost, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Romeo and Juliet, The Merchant of Venice, All's Well That Ends Well, Much Ado About Nothing, As You Like It, Twelfth Night. A Winter's Tale, Hamlet, and Othello. It is evident that The Tempest classes with many of these plays. It classes with them as a romantic drama. It classes with them as a tale of France or Italy. It classes with several of them in its style and sentiments. I ask for the countervailing probabilities in favour of a later date.

In thus arguing from generalities that The Tempest is an early play, we see Hunter at his best and at his strongest. When he descends to particulars, I am afraid he becomes weak, or a little too subtle, and does not altogether take us with him. Naturally, he sees that he cannot rest his case here, but must suggest some specific date or, at least, give us some limit before which, or after which, The Tempest must have been written. He appeals to three sources: Meres, Jonson, and Raleigh, and in proofs derived from them, he lodges his conclusion.

Every Shakespeare student knows by heart the list of Shakespeare's plays which Francis Meres enumerates in his Palladis Tamia, published in 1598; nevertheless for Hunter's sake I am constrained to repeat here: 'As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love Labour's Lost, his Love Labour's Wonne, his Midsummer's Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice: for Tragedy, his Richard the Second, Richard the Third, Henry the Fourth, King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.'

Hunter, as I have said, enumerates this list of Meres, and adds: 'The question is, does Meres in this list recognize the existence of The Tempest in 1598, or does he not? It is manifest that The Tempest is not in his list eo nomine; but what play, I ask, did he intend by Love Labour's Won? Those who answer out of book will say at once All's Well That Ends Well... A passing remark of Dr Farmer, in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare, first identified the All's Well with the Love Labour's Won. The remark has since been caught up and repeated by a thousand voices. Yet it was made in the most casual, random, and hasty manner imaginable. It was supported by no kind of argument or evidence; and I cannot find that any persons who have repeated it after him, have shown any probable grounds for the opinion. The leading feature of the story of All's Well cannot be said to be aptly represented by the title in Meres's list. But this is trifling. If ever there was a play which itself bespoke its own title from the beginning, it is this.' [Hunter here quotes from All's Well, IV, iv, 30-36; and V, i, 25; and the Epilogue, where in each passage the title of the play is repeated.] 'And so much I say again,
with Dr Farmer himself, for the claim of this play. But if not to *All's Well*, to what play of Shakespeare’s was this title once attached? I answer that of the existing plays, there is only *The Tempest* to which it can be supposed to belong; and so long as it suits well with what is a main incident of this piece, we shall not be driven to the gratuitous and improbable supposition that a play once so called is lost.

Hereupon Hunter points to the labours of Ferdinand in removing and piling up some thousands of logs, and, after quoting Ferdinand’s soliloquy, III., i, 1–16, and his words shortly after: ‘for your sake Am I this patient logman,’ and also Prospero’s commendation in IV., i, 7–9: ‘All thy vexations Were but my trials of thy love; and thou Hast strangely stood the test,’ Hunter triumphantly exclaims: ‘Here, then, are the *Love Labour*. In the end they now the lady “so perfect and so peerless.”’ 

‘... I suspect that the play had originally a double title, *The Tempest, or Love Labours Won*; just as another of the plays had a double title, *Twelfth Night, or What you Will*. Meres may seem to have chosen to call it by the second title, for the sake of the opposition to the title of the play which he had named immediately before it, the *Love Labour’s Lost*.

‘On the whole, then, I submit that we have Meres’s testimony to the existence of *The Tempest* as a play of Shakespeare, in 1598.’

It is easy to sit in judgement and exclaim at the weakness in making the plot of a play hinge on what to us is merely one of its episodes, but we must remember that Hunter has proved himself again and again to be possessed of a clear mind, and that any objections which occur to us are rather more likely than not, to have occurred to him. To Hunter it was quite sufficient that the task was set Ferdinand, and the fact is of no moment that we do not know whether the Prince’s labours had extended to a thousand logs or whether Miranda interrupted him (the more likely supposition) when he was ‘bearing’ his first. For us who are not convinced by Hunter’s arguments, it is sufficient to remember that Prospero’s object in subjecting the young Prince to his power was gained as much after the first had been carried, as after the thousandth, and that the labour in itself amounted to nothing, and could really win nothing; Miranda’s hand was not set as the price of it, and in fact Prospero had adopted Ferdinand as his future son-in-law before he was shipwrecked, so that it could not have been any labours of Ferdinand that won Miranda. But it seemed otherwise to Hunter. How he could have failed to note these objections and others, it is hard to understand; luckily, I am not called upon to explain it.—Doveus sum, non Edipus.

Believing, then, *Love’s Labour’s Lost* to be respondent to *Love’s Labour’s Won*, and that the latter is *The Tempest*, Hunter finds a ‘remarkable correspondence’ between these two plays,—a correspondence, moreover, which exists between these two alone of all the romantic dramas,—and it is this: that the stories of these two plays have a certain relation to events and characters of real history, so that we are able to fix a chronological period near to which the time of the action is to be referred. In connection with this there is the further correspondence, that of all the romantic dramas of Shakespeare, *The Tempest* and *Love Labour’s Lost* are the only two for which no origins of the stories have yet been discovered. I venture to predict, that when the origins are found, they will be found in one and the same volume: some very rare book of romances or dramas in the literature of France, Navarre, Spain, or Italy.’

Hunter now turns to Jonson, in whose Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, produced in 1598, he finds clear references to *The Tempest*. After a fine vindication
of the character of Jonson, to whom no mean personal hostility either to Shakespeare or to his fellow-dramatists should be attributed, but solely zeal in the service of what he deemed true, classic, dramatic art, Hunter continues: "Shakespeare, perhaps, as little approved some things in Jonson, as Jonson did the violations of dramatic proprieties, the introduction on the stage of beings not in rerum natura, and the occasional unfilled expressions of Shakespeare. . . . The Prologue in question may be easily interpreted, with that good feeling, which I believe to have ever existed between [Jonson and Shakespeare, as meaning to say]: "Our rivals at the other house are attempting impossibilities, or are degrading the stage by the introduction of masques and monsters. We mean to show you, in the production of a new poet, what comedy ought to be, and what we design to make it." The Prologue is as follows:

"Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not better'd much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
As, for it, he himself must justly hate:
To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past three-score years; or, with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor roll'd bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
And persons, such as comedy would choose,
When she would shew an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
Except we make them such, by loving still
Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.
I mean such errors, as you'll all confess,
By laughing at them, they deserve no less:
Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men."

"The special points of attack are: (1) The same play exhibiting a character in infancy and age; (2) The Wars of York and Lancaster; (3) The removal of a scene to a distant country by means of a chorus; (4) The descent of a creaking throne; (5) Thunder and lightning; (6) Monsters. When of these special points we find the last three in The Tempest, it can hardly, I think, be reasonably doubted that that particular play was in the view of Jonson when he wrote the prologue.
The "Monster" must be Caliban, "graced" as he has always been by the favour of the multitude, nor graced unworthily. The "creaking throne" is the throne of Juno, as she descends in the masque; the "nimble squib" is the lightning during the storm, with which the play opens; and the "tempestuous drum" is the thunder which accompanied the lightning. But observe the word "tempestuous," corresponding to the stage-direction for the first scene of this play.

Jonson's prologue being written in 1596 is a proof of the existence of *The Tempest* in that year. And to the Spring or Summer of 1596 I am disposed, on a full consideration of the whole evidence, to assign it.

Assuming that Shakespeare frequently alluded to the topics of the day, Hunter replies to the inquiry as to what special topic engaged public attention in the spring and summer of 1596, by asserting "without the slightest fear of contradiction that the event which in the early months of that year would be the theme of wonder, the subject of the conversation of the whole people of London, was the return of Sir Walter Raleigh and his companions from the expedition to Guiana, and the very extraordinary reports which they made of what they had seen and heard."

With what Hunter says in regard to the pamphlet, and its wild improbable marvels, which Sir Walter published early in that year we need not here concern ourselves. We are all agreed that Raleigh was Shakespeare's authority for the "Anthropophagi" and men whose "heads do grow beneath their shoulders," alluded to both in *The Tempest* and in *Othello*, and furthermore that there may be in *The Tempest* a gentle allusion to Raleigh in the "vouched rarities," "beyond credit," in the stories brought back by every "putter out of five for one"; Hunter's object is gained if Raleigh's pamphlet in 1596 be acknowledged as the immediate precursor of Shakespeare's play, "which was written when the excitement produced by Raleigh's publication was at its height."

When in Act I, sc. ii, Gonzalo describes his ideal commonwealth, he uses, as is universally conceded, not only the ideas, but the very phraseology, of Florio's Translation of Montaigne. The date of this translation is 1603, and, unless Hunter can find some means of evading the difficulty, this date must be fatal to his theory that *The Tempest* was written in 1596. Hunter's ingenuity is displayed as follows:

"First, though we know of no earlier edition of this translation (and it is improbable that there is any earlier edition of it as a whole), it is by no means improbable that a portion of it may have appeared some years before in one of the smaller tracts of Florio, of which there were many, more perhaps than are now known to exist; and in that portion of it the passage in question may have occurred. Or, secondly, this speech of Gonzalo's may have been added after the original appearance of the play, as there is reason to think was the practice of Shakespeare. . . . But I propose to meet the difficulty, and not to evade it. It is true that no printed edition of this translation, or any part of it, is known of an earlier date than 1603. But it is also certain that the translation was made several years before; for as early as 1599 a license was granted to Edward Blount for the printing of it, and for proof that this is not the earliest period to which we can trace this translation I have only to refer you to the *Essays* of Sir William Cornwallis, where you will find not only that the translation was made, but that it was divulged before that time. The first edition of these *Essays*, indeed, bears date only in 1600; but they were written some time before, for Henry Olney, a friend of the author, under whose care they were printed, assigns as the reason for publishing an authentic edition, that copies were in so many hands, there was danger lest the work might be printed by some dishonest person..."
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'surrapitiously. How much time is to be allowed for this multiplication of copies in manuscript, and for the original composition of the Essays, it is impossible to estimate with much exactness; but it may be fairly allowed to conjecture that three or four years may have passed, which brings us near to the date we have assigned The Tempest. But in what yearsoever Cornwallis wrote his Essays, in or before that year had Florio made his translation of Montaigne. For thus writes the author:—

"For profitable recreation that noble French knight, the Lord de Montaigne, is most excellent; whom though I have not been so much beholding to the French as to see in his original, yet divers of his pieces I have seen translated, they that understand both languages say very well done; and I am able to say (if you will take the word of ignorance) translated into a style admitting as few idle words, as our language will endure. It is well fitted in this new garment, and Montaigne speaks now good English. It is done by a fellow less beholding to nature for his fortune than wit, yet lesser for his face than his fortune: the truth is, he looks more like a good fellow than a wise man; and yet he is wise beyond either his fortune or his education." Florio's profession was that of a French and Italian master, in which he was the most eminent man of his time; and the portions of Montaigne in an English translation, to which Cornwallis alludes, may be supposed with likelihood enough to have been prepared by him for the use of his scholars. But being seen by Cornwallis, is it too violent a presumption that they may have been seen by Shakespeare also, especially as the Florios, for there were two, Michael-Angelo and John, were noticed by the Herberths from the time when Michael-Angelo dedicated a work to Henry, Earl of Pembroke, in 1553, to the time of the death of John Florio in 1625, who leaves his corrections of the Italian Dictionary published by him to William, Earl of Pembroke, whose connection with Shakespeare is so remarkable a circumstance in the history of both?—Shakespeare is even brought into immediate connection with Florio some time before the date which I have assigned to The Tempest. Hunter here refers to the conjecture, first started by Warburton, that in Holofernes in Love's Labour's Lost Shakespeare held up Florio to ridicule, and concludes this portion of his argument by expressing the belief that he has said sufficient to show that Shakespeare may not improbably have seen portions of Florio's Montaigne in 1596.'

In conclusion, Hunter disposes of Chalmers's 'dead Indian' in 1611, by showing that Frobisher brought one to England in 1577, who died shortly after his arrival, and that in the account of the expenses of Frobisher's voyage there is an entry: 'Paid William Cure, Duccheman, graver, for making a mould of hard earth of the Tartar man's image, to be cast in wax.'

Hunter's arguments have been thus set forth at length not alone because he is one of the most learned and most exact of Commentators, but because they serve to show how shifting, in default of all positive evidence, are the grounds on which the dates of these plays rest, when so many proofs can be not unreasonably urged in favour of a date differing by fifteen years from that which other Commentators, equally learned and equally exact, decide to be the only date possible. With me, to whom, however, the whole subject of the Chronology of these plays is indifferent, as the merest husks and the driest hulls of Shakespearean study, Hunter's arguments have weight, especially that wherein he disclaims for The Tempest, solely in comparison with Shakespeare's other plays, any unusual depth of maturity or of wisdom, or any indications that it is the last he wrote.

This Disquisition of Hunter raised much adverse criticism, which naturally pro-
duced its usual effect of making the author thus criticised more tenacious than ever of his original opinions, and far more than ever convinced of their truth. The weightiest argument against his Montaigne explanation (that by Brae) Hunter never saw. When, six years later, in 1845, Hunter published his admirable Illustrations he reiterated and emphasised all his former arguments for the early date of The Tempest. Although chronologically it is a little out of place to consider these Illustrations here, yet it is best to combine them with the Disquisition, and to give in addition some account of the criticism on Hunter’s theory while that theory is fresh in the reader’s mind. It is thus that Hunter emphasises his belief that the log-bearing of Ferdinand supplied the title of Love Labours Won: ‘In what way is it that Prospero makes trial of the love of Ferdinand for Miranda? How, but by imposing upon him certain labours? The particular kind of labour is the placing in a pile logs of fire-wood. He serves in this as Jacob did for Rachael, winning his bride from her austere father by them. In other words he proves the sincerity of his affection to the satisfaction of Prospero by the faithfulness with which he performs these labours, and thus his love labours win the consent of Prospero to their union, not win the willing consent of Miranda, as I have been foolishly represented as contending.’ (See Knight, post.)

He thus skilfully reinforces his assumption that Shakespeare quoted from a translation of Montaigne by Florio of an earlier date than 1603: ‘It may be asked of those who rely upon the date of the folio Montaigne, whether, if they saw a quotation from one of Shakespeare’s Sonnets in any book, they would come to the conclusion that that book must have been written after the date of the volume which contains the first printed impression of those sonnets; because, if they did, they would assuredly run a great risk of being in error, since we have the direct testimony of Meres in 1598 that the Sonnets, or at least some of them, were at that time well known among Shakespeare’s friends, though they were not printed until eleven years afterwards: “his sugred sonnets among his private friends.” Or, if they found a passage quoted from the Essays of Sir William Cornwallis who was a pupil of Florio’s, and concluded at once that the writing in which it appeared was of a later date than the first impression of those Essays, would they not be in great danger of error, when the editor expressly tells us that his reason for printing them was that copies were already in so many hands that it was feared a surreptitious edition might be printed by some one who obtained possession of one of those copies? There are other ways by which people become acquainted with an author’s writings beside perusing them in printed books, and it would seem as if, in Shakespeare’s time, there was more of the private communication of literary works than is the case at present. Poetry, at least, of that age abounds, which was first written for a private and special purpose, and lay long in manuscript open to many eyes, and thus liable to be quoted before it was committed to the printer. Dryden, in later times, is said to have verses in his translation of Virgil which really belong to the Earl of Lauderdale, though the Earl of Lauderdale’s translation was not printed till some time after the death of Dryden; and no doubt, taking the whole field of our literature, many other similar instances might be collected.’

As a general rule, mere opinions, when not enforced by reasons, deserve scant consideration. It is therefore not worth while to record the bare dissent from this theory of Hunter’s by many and many an editor and critic; but notice should be taken of the damaging stroke given to the assumption that Shakespeare may have seen portions of Florio’s Montaigne as early as 1596, by Brae, who brings forward
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reasons for assuming, almost conclusively, that Florio's translation was not made until 1600 or after. Brae says (Collier, Coleridge, and Shakespeare, 1860, p. 132): 'So long as Hunter admits,—whether rightly or wrongly shall not be here discussed,—that The Tempest was partially indebted to the translation by Florio of Montaigne, and, consequently, that it must have been written subsequently to that translation, he sets an impassable barrier to the dating of that play earlier than 1600. His assumption that Florio's translation, although not printed till 1603, might yet have existed in MS previously to 1598, is certainly erroneous: because it may be gathered from the introductory notices to Florio's book that, with the exception of one chapter, which there is good reason to believe was the 25th of the 1st Book, no part of the translation was executed until after 1599. The prefatory lines headed A reply upon Master Florio's answers to the Lady of Bedford's invitation to this work, are dated "anno 1599," and distinctly declare that Florio, although invited to the work by Lady Bedford, had not even then commenced it. And this external evidence is confirmed by the internal evidence of the translation itself, which, when compared with the several editions of the original published in France up to 1603, shows by numberless verbal indications that the edition used for the translation could not have been an earlier one than 1598, but in all probability was the Paris octavo of 1600. One of these indications consists of a remarkable misprint so early in the work as the 19th chapter of the 1st Book, but which is not found in any French edition earlier than 1600, except in a few spurious impressions of the preceding edition of 1598. This misprint occurs in a quotation from Virgil which is thus correctly printed in the Paris folio of 1595:—"Manent (dit il) opera interrupta minaeque Murorum ingentes." The first word is misprinted manecant in Florio's translation. Now, with respect to the first appearance of this misprint in the French editions, Dr Payen, to whom the question was referred, and who is, unquestionably, the best authority in France upon the subject, has been so obliging as to give the following note: "Le mot manecant n'est pas à 1595, il y a a manent. Il y a des exemplaires, 1598, purs sang, et des exemplaires adulterins: les purs sang portent manent, les adulterins manent et manecant: 1600 porte manecant." There is evidence, too, that the quotation passed through Florio's own hands as part and parcel of the translation; insomuch as, although the Latin translation was executed by another hand from a correct edition, Florio himself Englished the French parenthesis in the body of the quotation in this way—"Manecant (sayth he) opera, &c." evidently copying one of the misprinted impressions.—This sort of identification, arising from the repetition of a misprint which exists only in certain editions, is the most conclusive of all,—because it cannot be explained away by the supposition of subsequent alterations after the book had been completed. Had Florio ever written the correct word, he assuredly would not afterwards alter it in conformity with a misprint.—One of these two positions, therefore, must of necessity be admitted,—either Shakespeare could not have consulted Florio's translation of Montaigne's Essays in the composition of The Tempest, or that play could not have been in existence in 1598; still less in 1596, to which Hunter assigns it.

One of Hunter's arguments is, as we have seen, that The Tempest must have preceded Jonson's Prologue in Every Man in his Humour. On the supposition that this play was performed in November, 1596, and that The Tempest was so fresh in men's mind that they could appreciate Jonson's allusions to it, Hunter was induced to put the date of The Tempest in the spring of that year. But in this supposition there are two assumptions and one positive error. The first assumption is that the Prologue, as
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we have it, was written when this play was first performed. It is not in the quarto edition of 1601, and was first printed in thefolio edition of 1616, and more than one editor has hence inferred, in order to make the sneers at Shakespeare hold good, that it was not written till some time after the first production, and not long before the appearance of the folio,—an inference which seems inoffensive, to say the least, to one accustomed, in the field of Shakespearian hypotheses, to 'Gorgons and Chimeras dire,' but which stirred deeply Gifford's wrath (Jonson's Works, i. xxviii) and was denounced by him as to be accounted for in any rational being only by the singular power of self-delusion.

The second assumption is that a play which Henslowe calls the 'comedy of 'Umers' is the same with Jonson's Every Man in his Humour. That it is the same was first conjectured by Malone when he printed Henslowe's Diary (iii, 307); and this conjecture was accepted by Gifford (vol. i. p. xxv); and Gifford was followed in this matter by Hunter. As the 'Umers' was acted ten times, after its first performance, within the year, which according to Henslowe was 1597, and as Jonson in his folio 1616 expressly says that Every Man in his Humour was first acted in 1598, it is not possible for the two plays to have been the same. Flean (Hist. of Stage, pp. 100, 155) say that Umer is Chapman's Humourous Day's Mirth.

Granting, however, that the two plays are the same, Hunter's positive error is in the date, 'November, 1596.' The 'Umers' was not performed for the first time in 'November, 1596,' but in May, 1597. Hunter was misled by Gifford, who evidently misread or misunderstood Malone's transcript of Henslowe. The latter begins a new page, or a new book, or a new season as follows: 'In the name of God, Amen, beginning the 25 of November 1596 as foloweth; the lord admirall players,' then follows the record of plays during 'December,' 'Janewary 1597,' 'February,' 'March,' 'April,' and then on the '11 of Maye 1597' we have 'Rd at the comedy of Umer.' This, then, is the true date, and not the 25 November, 1596, at the head of the list, which Gifford mistook, and after him Hunter, and apparently the Editor of the Clarendon Press series. It is a matter of very small importance, and by no means injures Hunter's date of The Tempest, except in so far as it weakens the force of Jonson's satire by lengthening the distance between the two plays. Indeed, it is doubtful if Hunter would have acknowledged that his theory was affected one jot by the substitution of the true date of the 'Umers,' nor even, for the matter of that, of the date 1598 of Jonson's play. What is really surprising is that Hunter could have maintained his belief that Jonson, in that Prologue, meant to satirise Shakespeare, after reading Gifford's hot, indignant, and convincing protest; and that he had read Gifford is clear, from the fact that he copied his error.

KNIGHT, a free lance among editors, and the earliest rebel against the sway of Farmer, Steevens, and Malone, denies that there are any proofs to be discovered in the play itself that The Tempest is among the very latest of the plays. 'Shakespeare,' he says, 'never could have contemplated, in health and intellectual vigour any abandonment of that occupation which constituted his happiness and glory. We have no doubt he wrote on till the hour of his last illness. His later plays are unquestionably those in which the mighty intellect is more tasked than the unbounded fancy. His later plays, as we believe, present the philosophical and historical aspect of human affairs rather than the passionate and the imaginative. The Roman historical plays are, as it appears to us, at the end of his career, as the English historical plays are at the beginning. Nothing can be more different than the principle
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of art in which the Henry VI and the Antony and Cleopatra are constructed. The
Roman plays denote, we think, the growth of an intellect during five-and-twenty
years. The Tempest does not present the characteristics of the latest plays. It has
the playfulness and beauty of the comedies, mingled with the higher notes of pas-
sionate and solemn thought which distinguish the great tragedies. It is essentially,
too, written wholly with reference to the stage, at a period when an Ariel could be
presented to an imaginative audience without the proscenium encumbrance of wings.

... The Winter’s Tale we know was acted in 1611. ... Comparing the style and
rhythm of The Tempest with The Winter’s Tale, we have little difficulty in believing
that The Winter’s Tale is the later play. But, on the other hand, we are not
disposed to separate them by any very wide interval. ... The probability is that
these plays [Pericles, Cymbeline, and The Winter’s Tale] were produced in their
present form soon after the period of Shakespeare’s quitting the stage, about 1602 and
1603, and before the production of Macbeth, Troilus and Cressida, Henry VIII, and
the Roman plays. The Tempest appears to us to belong to the same cycle.

The remainder of Knight’s remarks on the Date are mainly controversial over
Hunter’s Disquisition. He denies that The Tempest can be Loves Labours Won.
The significance, he says, of Shakespeare’s titles would be at an end, if even a main
incident were to suggest a name, instead of the general course of the thought or
action. In this case there are really no Love Labours at all. The lady is not won
by the piling of the logs; the audience know that both Ferdinand and Miranda are
under the influence of Prospero’s spells, and the magician has explained to them
why he enforces these hard labours. Nor will Knight allow that Jonson alludes to
The Tempest in Every Man in his Humour, and yet with apparent inconsistency,
and after referring to Gifford, he says that the passage in Bartholomew Fair still
looks like a “sly though not ill-natured” allusion to Caliban and The Tempest. And
after citing Hunter’s somewhat violent assumption that Shakespeare may have seen a
translation of Montaigne which may have existed before 1596, Knight asks, “Is this
evidence?”

In the year 1842, Peter Cunningham, an honoured member of The Shakespeare
Society, and its Treasurer, edited for that Society Extracts from the Accounts of the
Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Malone had
already (Var. ’21, vol. iii, pp. 364–409) printed transcripts from these accounts
extending from 1571 to 1588; at the close of the latter date Malone remarked: “There
are no Revels Accounts in the reign of Queen Elizabeth now extant;” and none have
since been found. But Cunningham discovered among the old papers in Somerset
House two additional books of these Accounts for expenses during 1604–5 and
1611–12. At the beginning of these books there were one or two loose leaves, far
more precious than all the rest put together; on them were the records of the perfor-
many of eight plays of Shakespeare, or, as the name was there spelled, ‘Shaye
berd.’ Among the recorded performances of 1611 appeared the following:

* By the Kings Hallomas nyght was presented att Whithall before ye Kings
Players: Maie, a play called the Tempest.

Now although this date cannot give us the date of composition of the play, it
does give a date before which the play must have been written, and disposes of
Chalmers’s date, 1613, and corroborates Malone, who said he knew that The Tem-
appendix

The date, as well as all the others thus supplied by Cunningham's research, was accepted by all Shakespearian editors down to 1888, and by some even after that year, wherein these newly-discovered items on the loose leaves of these Revels Books were found to be forgeries; the culprit is supposed to have been the editor. It is a painful story of the fall of an honourable gentleman, and as a full account of these Revels Books is given in the New Variorum edition of Othello, it need not be repeated here. But the strangest part of the whole affair—and yet why should we wonder at any strangeness in connection with Shakespeare? is not mystery a synonym for the few items we possess regarding him?—the strangest part of the affair is that though Cunningham's entries are unquestionably forged, yet extrinsic evidence, subsequently discovered, proves their substance to be true; at least so Halliwell says (Outlines, 5th ed. pp. 547, 609), on whose authority solely I make this statement. Setting aside the extrinsic evidence afforded by a certain letter of Sir Walter Cope in regard to Love's Labour's Lost, I must confess that, in the case of the other plays, the evidence does not seem to be absolutely irrefragable. Moreover, in the scrap of paper found among Malone's MSS, on which Halliwell founds his faith, there is no mention at all of The Tempest, nor is The Tempest item given by Halliwell in the list (p. 608) which he says (p. 607) is the whole of the forged record, and yet elsewhere (p. 547) he refers to this Tempest item as a part of the forged record, and in his folio edition gives a fac-simile of it. See as to these forgeries, Fleay's admirable Hist. of the Stage, pp. 173, 177.

As this forged, yet possibly true, date of The Tempest really affects the theory of no critics except Garnett, and Chalmers, and Holt, if the last had any theory at all, which is doubtful, it is not worth while to devote more time or space to it. It was necessary to mention it, however, in order to understand its adoption by writers between 1842 and 1868.

To Collier (1842) the internal evidence, derived from style and language, clearly indicates that The Tempest was a late production, and, from the 'involved and parent- theretical character of some of the speeches and from the psychological resemblance,' he infers that it belongs to about the same period as The Winter's Tale. Collier also believes that Jonson referred to The Tempest in his Bartholomew Fair; also that it was from Every Man in His Humour, in 1601, that Shakespeare learned the correct pronunciation of Stephano; and also that Shakespeare's knowledge of Montaigne came from the translation of 1603. There is one ingenious argument which Collier adduces (Intro. to Wint. Tale) to prove that The Tempest preceded The Winter's Tale: in the latter Shakespeare deserts the story on which he founded his play, in the way in which Perdita is exposed on the sea-coast of Bohemia. In the original story the child is exposed in a rudderless boat to the wind and wave. Collier surmises that Shakespeare was led thus to vary the tale because he had previously in The Tempest represented Prospero and Miranda turned adrift in the same manner, and he wished 'to avoid an objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas.' Hence on all grounds Collier's date for The Tempest is 1611. A ballad entitled The Enchanted Island, which Collier reprints from a MS volume in his possession, I have reprinted in full on p. 315.

Verbant, in his Introduction to the play in 1847, concedes that the cumulative evidence of all kinds leaves no doubt that The Tempest belongs to the later period of its author's genius; and yet that it is not the last but rather anterior than subsequent
to some others 'impressed with the same stamp of mighty but calm and subdued, 'energy.' To account for this, he says that, assuming Malone's date of 1612 [sic] to be correct, as the date when the play was performed at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, his theory is that this performance was about three years after the composition and first representation of The Tempest. We know from the history of some other plays that advantage was taken of such selections for representations on occasions of state festivity, to improve and give novelty to the piece by revival and enlargement. I suppose that Shakespeare then gave to The Tempest the same careful revival to which he had formerly subjected Romeo and Juliet, but with a more perfect effect of unity, because the original fabric was, as in Lear and Othello, of the same general tone, taste, and belonging to the same period of the author's intellectual character, with the enlargement. To this circumstance it may be ascribed that the whole piece came to be regarded as its author's final work on retiring from the public field; while in reality that was true only of some of its nobler strains, and of the prophetic allusions at the end, which have stamped upon the drama the last impress of its author's genius, and left it as his farewell to the "rough magic," the "heavenly music," and the "airy charms," which had for years obeyed the bidding of his "so potent art."

Halliwell, whose folio edition in 1856 follows Verplanck chronologically, is undecided in regard to the later or the earlier date. On the whole, I think, he is inclined to side with Malone, albeit Hunter's pleadings have weight with him. The similarities, he says, p. 315, between the passages of Montaigne and the play are clearly too great to be attributed to accidental coincidences. And it will, therefore, be conceded that The Tempest was written after 1603, unless it be thought that Shakespeare may have read the Essays in their original French, a suggestion which, as it relates to a period when the continental languages were very generally studied, is not to be dismissed as altogether impossible. Whatever opinion may be formed respecting the amount of Shakespeare's classical scholarship, it is in the highest degree probable that he possessed a reasonable acquaintance with French and Italian. Mr Hunter was the first to intimate that The Tempest might be an early play; and although for some time I was disposed to regard the passage from Montaigne as an insurmountable argument against such an opinion, yet on further consideration, having reference to the somewhat apologetic character of Prospero's epilogue and to the uncertainty of all reasoning on internal evidence when it is applied to the working of such a mind as Shakespeare's, I must candidly acknowledge to the belief that Mr Hunter's conclusions on this point should not be hastily rejected. Then Halliwell cautiously adds, 'The external testimonies which have been produced in favor of this view [viz. Hunter's] are not, however, of a satisfactory character.' Hereupon Halliwell dissent from Hunter's inference that Jonson in Every Man in his Humour refers to The Tempest, because, 'apart from the circumstance that it is hardly likely a satire should be aimed at Shakespeare in a play in which he was one of the performers, there is really nothing [in the lines from Jonson quoted by Hunter] which may not have applied to other dramas of the time.' The allusion in Bartholomew's Fair to The Tempest Halliwell deems more distinct, and yet uncertain, and concludes, 'on the whole, that it is more likely that Jonson there refers to the Drolleries popular at Fairs rather than that he should make a somewhat clumsy reference to a drama, the merits of which he must, at least in a great degree, have appreciated.'
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Farmer's argument that The Tempest must have been written after Every Man in His Humour (which was performed in 1598 and in which Shakespeare was one of the actors), because in the former play the pronunciation of Stephano is always right, while in the Merchant of Venice, written earlier than either, it is always wrong, Haliwell holds in light esteem, owing to the fact that the name very rarely occurs in Shakespeare's verse and the indications of its accentuation in The Tempest are exceedingly indistinct. (p. 317.)

Haliwell also dissent from Steevens's conclusion that Prospero's celebrated speech in the Fourth Act was derived from Lord Sterling's Tragedy of Darius, 1604.

Reflections of this kind belong to writers of all ages and countries, and there is not sufficient identity of language to warrant the supposition that there must necessarily have been any positive imitation, unless, indeed, in the sense that both authors may have derived their chief idea on the subject from that impression passage in the Revelation: "And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and heavens fled away, and there was no place for them."

In conclusion Haliwell says (p. 319) with truth: "There are few kinds of reasoning so uncertain as that which is founded on the occurrence of a few similarities of language and incident traced in compositions that have no real connection with each other; and I have looked in vain amidst the elaborate arguments of Malone and Chalmers for a single coincidence between the play and the tracts quoted by them, that may not be reasonably considered to be entirely accidental."

Thirty years later, in his Outlines, Haliwell commits himself no further than to express his belief that The Tempest was performed in 1611.

"It is highly probable," says Grant White, in his First Edition in 1857, "that The Tempest was written about 1611"; and he then adds, "The thoughtful reader will however, find in the compact simplicity of its structure, in the chastened grandeur of its diction, and the lofty severity of its tone of thought, tempered although the one is with Shakespeare's own enchanting sweetness, and the other with that most human tenderness which is the peculiar trait of his mind, sufficient evidence that this play is the fruit of his genius in its full maturity."

Twenty-five years later, in his Second Edition, Grant White modifies his earlier statement merely to the extent of saying that the play was "probably written about 1610."

Dyce nowhere assigns any date for this play more exact than that it was written after 1603, the year in which Florio's Montaigne was published, "unless," he adds in his Third Edition, in 1875, "we adopt the hypothesis that Shakespeare had seen (this translation) in manuscript." Possibly Dyce had not seen Brae's well-taken point as to the date of Florio's translation; but if he had, it is not impossible that he would still have made this remark about a MS translation of Montaigne. I doubt if anything Brae ever said found favour in Dyce's eyes.

In 1857, Charles Bathurst published Remarks on the Differences in Shakespeare's Versification in Different Periods of his Life, wherein the tests to decide the order of the plays were the weak endings, that is, monosyllables like and, of, in, but, &c., used as unaccented tenth syllables in the lines, and the caesura, or division of the pauses, and the use of double endings, like the Italian metre. The limits of the classes into which he divides the plays are, as he acknowledges, somewhat arbitrary.
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'‘The first,’ he says (p. 4), ‘is not so much distinguished from the second in the nature of the verse, as in the general incompleteness of the style, or at least, however beautiful many passages may be, the absence of that entire boldness and freedom which so singularly, according to common ideas, goes with quite unbroken passages, not infrequently, in what I have marked as his second style. To this last King John, for instance, and Romeo and Juliet belong.—In what I call the third style, his peculiar manner of unbroken verse is altered, but without as yet falling into the opposite peculiarity of his later plays, which will form his fourth style. Measure for Measure will serve for a specimen of the third; Anthony and Cleopatra and The Winter's Tale, remarkably, of the fourth style.'

On p. 143, Bathurst discusses The Tempest, which is, he says, ‘in the fourth style in metre, excessively. But we are to observe that the kind of metre does not show itself through every part of a play, in any instance. There are exact breaks, when speeches succeed each other. There is rhyme in the Masque.—And I think it is in the fourth style in matter and language; but of the imaginative, natural, subdivision, not the ratiocinative, and intricate. In the extraordinary creations, of personages which cannot exist in nature, he actually seems more at home than in real men and women; while at the same time there is nothing strained, or improbable, about them.

If this was his last play, his dramatic life went out, like the life of Brandimart in Ariosto, in sweet music. Fra dolce melodia sall nel cieco.—It is quite plain, and most delightful to perceive, that the free, fanciful, rich, natural mind and style of Shakespeare's youth still existed again in his age; though sometimes kept back by various causes. But the verse was totally changed in the mean time.—There are parentheses. It is not excursive, except the passage about the 'cloud-capped towers.'—It is very extraordinary, after the violent slap which Jonson administered to the violators of the unities, in the Prologue to his first play, 1598, that Shakespeare should have made himself liable to that accusation much more, in some of his very last plays, than he had ever done before.'

Nowhere that I can find does Bathurst fix on any year for the date of the play; we can infer from the somewhat hazy atmosphere through which he regards it, merely that he holds it to have been among the very latest.

In 1871, Dr W. A. B. Hertzberg, in the Preface to Cymbeline, which he edited for the Deutsche Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, used, as a test to determine the relative chronological position of that play, the proportion of eleven-syllable lines to the regular verses. He examined only seventeen other plays, and beginning (p. 292) with Love's Labour's Lost at 4%, ended with The Winter's Tale at 31.09%, Cymbeline 32%, The Tempest 32%, and Henry the Eighth at 44%. He thus concluded that this internal metrical evidence was adequately corroborated by the external evidence.

In 1874, F. G. Fleay, who had been silently working for many years on this very subject of metrical tests, tabulated (New Shakespeare's Society's Transactions, Part I, p. 16) all Shakespeare's plays under the number of their prose lines, their blank verses, rhymes, double endings, &c., and by means of rhymes as a test divided them into groups. This table, with some important modifications, and with the addition of the years when Shakespeare is supposed to have written the plays, is the basis on which The New Shakespeare Society sets up its rest, as it is given (p. cxiii) in the Preface by Furnivall in The Leopold Shakespeare, with the date 1610.

According to Fleay, the plays in ‘The Fourth Period’ are Julius Caesar with 34
rhyming lines, Coriolanus with 42, Anthony and Cleopatra with 42, The Tempest with 2, and Winter's Tale with none. Be it remembered that these rhyming lines are by no means the only tests which Fleay applies to his groups; the proportion of double endings is a highly important factor; but if the use of rhymes really represents Shakespeare's dramatic growth, then the contrast is striking between his very early play, Love's Labour's Lost, with its 1028 rhyming lines, and The Winter's Tale with none. Be it also observed that when Fleay allows but 2 rhyming five-measure lines (songs are, of course, omitted) to The Tempest, he does not include the 54 rhyming lines in the Masque; which, if rhyme were the only test, would be a serious weakness in any grouping founded on it. It may be but unfairly inferred from this Masque that it was the subject, and not merely a result of dramatic growth in Shakespeare, which dictated his use of rhyme; and that if Shakespeare were dramatizing a story as light and airy as Love's Labour's Lost, he would have filled it with rhymes whether he were in his twenty-fourth or his fifty-fourth year.

In the Jahrbuch of the German Shakespeare Society for 1872 (Vol. VII, p. 29, also Essays, trans. by L. Doris Schmitz, London, p. 1) Karl Elze urges, with his wonted zeal and learning, a new date, 1604, founded on an allusion in Jonson's Volpone, III, ii, where Lady Politick Would-Be, speaking of Guarini's Pastor Fido, says: 'All our English writers, I mean such as are happy in the Italian, Will deign to steal out of this author, mainly: Almost as much as from Montaigné. He has so modern and facile a vein, Fitting the time and catching the court-ear,' &c. 'Almost as much as from Montaigne!' exclaims Elze. 'Against whom is this thrust directed? What poet of the Elizabethan period borrowed from Montaigne? We cannot discover any except the celebrated lines in The Tempest. From the continual and careful investigations of the Elizabethan literature it might be thought that such passages could not have remained undiscovered if they existed. . . . If, therefore, the passage applies to The Tempest, and it is impossible for us to say to what else, the composition of the latter must be assigned to a date different from that which has been hitherto supposed. . . . Volpone was acted as early as 1605. . . . Thus The Tempest would at latest fall to the year 1604, a year after Florio's Montaigne. This in itself is much more credible than the supposition that Shakespeare, as late as 1611, should have referred to and made use of this book, which was then no longer new. If Shakespeare was struck by the surprising idea of the natural state, such as he met with in Montaigne's description, he must doubtless have felt induced to make an early use of it.' It is needless to remark that in this essay, Elze, as usual, shows his familiarity with what had been written both in English and in German on the subject.

In 1874, Professor Ingram (New Sh. Soc. Trans. 1874, Part ii, p. 448), in a thorough and admirable manner, applied as one of the tests for discovering the chronology of the plays the use by Shakespeare of 'light' and of 'weak' endings. (Light endings, according to the nice discrimination of Professor Ingram, are words in which the voice can to a certain small extent dwell, such as am, are, art, be, &c.; weak endings are words so essentially auxiliary to other words that we are forced to connect them as closely as possible with the words to which they belong in the next line, such as to, with, at, of, &c.) According to the list thus made, beginning with Love's Labour's Lost as No. 1, and ending with Henry VIII as No. 33, The Tempest stands No. 29, with Pericles No. 28, and Cymbeline No. 30, and The Winter's Tale No. 31.
It is to be remembered that all that rhythmical tests attempt to give is merely the sequence of the plays. They cannot give us years or dates, without extrinsic evidence.

Dr William Aldis Wright finds in the 'not improbable' allusions in Bartholomew Fair to The Tempest an ultimate limit for the date of the latter. The superior limit seems to be fixed, he thinks, by Florio's Montaigne in 1603. After rehearsing Malone's arguments founded on the Western voyages and shipwrecks, Wright thus temperately concludes: 'It is of course possible to make too much of coincidences of this kind; but, in the absence of positive proof, there appears to be reasonable ground for the conclusion that The Tempest was written about the end of 1610 or the beginning of 1611.' And, again, 'Taking into consideration the internal evidence derived from the style and metre of the play, these alone would lead us to assign it to a late rather than to an early period in Shakespeare's dramatic career.'

Hudson, after reviewing the arguments brought forward by Malone, concludes that '1610 is as early a date as can well be assigned for the composition.' 'Concurrent with all this is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, and general cast of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere beauty of character which pervades it, and the organic compactness of the whole structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. . . . I can hardly think that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in the passage [where Prospero abjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff and drowns his book], for, besides that he did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his characters, the doing so in this case would infer such a degree of self-exaltation as, it seems to me, his native and habitual modesty would scarce permit.'

J. Surtees Phillpotts (Rugby Edition), while granting that 1610 or 1611 seems to be the most probable date, believes that there is really no trustworthy evidence for fixing on any particular year between 1610 and 1616, when Shakespeare's death took place. 'But in any case the external evidence makes The Tempest one of Shakespeare's latest efforts, . . . and the internal evidence leads to the same conclusion.' This internal evidence Phillpotts finds, first, in reviewing 'as far as we can the experiences gone through by Shakespeare himself'; as well as a comparison of the play with those which were written at about the same time; and, secondly, in the metrical form. Under the first head, it is said that 'The Tempest, with Cymbeline and The Winter's Tale, form a group succeeding the great tragedies, Othello, Lear, Hamlet, which show Shakespeare's mind to have been grappling with the disappointments and trials of life. . . . So little is known of the life of Shakespeare that we can only surmise that there may have been something in his own lot which forced him to such contemplation of sorrow and evil, and especially of the baseness of ingratitude.' Secondly, in the metrical tests, Phillpotts adopts the tables made out by the New Shakspere Society.

At the close of a short discussion in Notes and Queries (7th S. i. 72, 150, 1886) on the Date of the Tempest, which showed that Hunter's theory of an early date can still claim adherents, Dr Br. Nicholson says (Ib. p. 298): 'In every way the verification and other matters point to a very late date. The references to the incidents of the shipwreck of Somers . . . abundantly show that our play was written
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"after the news of this disaster had reached England. These references are more numerous than those to contemporary circumstances in England or elsewhere that occur in any other of Shakespeare's plays, except possibly in Hamlet.—I do not hold, as did Hunter, that it and Love's Labour's Lost are one and the same play, but that the former was, at least so far as the versification is concerned, wholly recast. What I look on as proofs of their innate identity seem to me to prove both this and the hurry with which the earlier play was remodelled, so as to attract and catch the public purse while the exciting news of the disaster and the probable failure of the adventurers were still dwelling in their mouths and ears. It was this hurry which I thought of itself might have produced or have preserved that which [has been deemed] immature, though to [me] there is no immaturity, but rather the reverse. Similarly, I see not that Ariel's mention of the Bermoothes shows that Shakespeare could not have referred to the shipwreck of Somers there. . . . When Love's Labour's Lost was written, he may have had Lampedusa in his mind—if his authority named it—but when he wrote our Tempest, he without doubt was thinking of what had occurred at Bermoothes itself.' See also Nicholson's note on III. i, 28–30.

FLEAY (Life and Work of Shakespeare, 1886, p. 248), after conceding that Malone has shown that in The Tempest are to be found many particulars derived from Jordan's narrative, published in October, 1610, says that it does not follow, however because this October pamphlet was used in the storm scenes, that therefore 'none of the play was written before that month; but that the date of its first appearance was in October to November, 1610, I have little doubt. . . . This and [The Winter's Tale] were surely Shakespeare's last plays. . . . He began his career with the Chamberlain's Company (after his seven years' apprenticeship in conjunction with others, 1597–94) with a Midsummer Night's Dream, he finishes with a Winter's Tale, and so his playwright's work is rounded; twenty-four years, each year an hour in the brief day of work, and then the rounding with a sleep.'

DEIGHTON: 'The more generally accepted date is 1610 or 1611, but whatever the precise year, internal evidence, from style, thought, and metre, proves beyond doubt that it belongs to Shakespeare's latest period of authorship, and is of the same group as Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, and King Henry the Eighth.'

Apparently Tieck was unaware of the existence of the Vertue MS when he placed the date of the composition of this play in 1613. He does not allude to it, but, while urging that the play refers to the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palatine supposes that The Tempest was written for the opening of the Globe Theatre while the memory of the recent festivities attending that marriage was fresh in men's minds. 'Prospero,' he goes on to say (Sh. Dramat. Werke, Berlin, 1826, vol. iv, p. 314), 'a wise magician, who had in lieu of other teachers educated his daughter himself, was invested by Shakespeare with a certain resemblance to King James, who was likewise fond of imparting instruction to his favorites, and had even written a book on magic.' I should have thought it hardly worth while to record this conjecture of Tieck—which, in effect, is a repetition of Chalmers's—had it not happened that the latest critic had revived the same idea with reference to the resemblance between Prospero and King James.

Dr GARNETT (Universal Review, April, 1889, p. 556) revives Chalmers's and
THE DATE OF COMPOSITION—GARNETT

Tieck's date, and, adducing arguments in its favour of greater force than ever Chalmers put forth, undertakes to show, first, that The Tempest was written for performance before a private audience and on occasion of a marriage; secondly, that the particular audience and the particular marriage are known by documentary evidence, and further revealed by evident allusions to the personality of the bridegroom and to the recent death of Prince Henry, and by the introduction of King James himself into the piece; thirdly, that there is additional internal evidence for the date 1613, and no evidence for any other date. It is assumed, from internal evidence, that The Tempest is a late play, and an allusion to the 'still- vexed Bermoothes' could hardly have been an accident, but must refer to the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, made known by Jourdan's pamphlet in 1610. It is impossible to doubt that Jourdan's narrative must have been familiar to [Shakespeare]. The numerous parallels produced by Malone leave no room for question. Malone's error consists in assuming that because Jourdan's narrative was published in October, 1610, therefore the play must have been written immediately afterwards. We have, on the contrary, no right to assume that the piece was written before the first notice we have of its representation, which is derived from Vertue's MS. The proofs that The Tempest was written for private representation, and for no ordinary audience, Garnett finds in the two following circumstances: First, its brevity; if written for a court performance, 'the time of the monarch and his guests must not be unduly encroached upon; and the piece must not be on too large a scale to be written, rehearsed, and put on the stage with great expedition.' Secondly, for the same reasons, 'it would be an object to have as few changes of scene as possible. The Tempest is unique among Shakespeare's plays in this respect. After the brief representation of the deck of the storm-tossed vessel with which the play opens, there is practically but one scene; for though the action occasionally shifts from the space before Prospero's cell to some other part of the island, everything is avoided which might necessitate a change of decoration.' [Garnett does not take me with him here. I think he overlooks the unusually elaborate machinery required for the appearance of the banquet in the Third Act, and for its instant disappearance.] The strongest argument, continues Garnett, 'is the introduction of two masques such as were in Shakespeare's age usually presented to sovereigns on occasions of ceremony. Shakespeare must have had some very cogent motive for introducing this apparently aimless pageantry into the very heart of his drama. This could be nothing else than the fact that, in one point of view, The Tempest is a spectacular play for the entertainment of princes and courtiers upon some great occasion; and that from another, the seeming impertinence enabled him to stamp his piece as a hymeneal drama. To condense our argument to a point, this nuptial interlude is either a mere idle excrescence or pregnant with significance. The former it cannot be, for if it is removed the Fourth Act tumbles to pieces, and the finest passage in the drama goes along with it. If, on the other hand, it has a significance, this must relate to something in the situation of the spectators, who must have been aware of some circumstance justifying its introduction, and this could be nothing else than a marriage deeply interesting to some persons among the audience.' Vertue's MS reveals the occasion and the audience, and the purpose of the drama becomes perfectly clear. Everything bespeaks a royal marriage, and everything corresponds with the royal marriage of 1613. The foreign prince come from beyond sea, the island princess who has never left her home, the wise father who brings about the auspicious consummation by his policy—all found their counterparts among the splendid company that watched the performance on that February night.
The perception of the absolute appropriateness of the piece to the occasion must have heightened their enjoyment to a degree which, even with our vastly enhanced reverence for the genius of Shakespeare, we cannot reproduce. Every point would be new and bright, every allusion would be taken as soon as made. What a smile, for instance, must have gone round at Gonzalo's speech: "Would they believe me "If I should say I saw such islanders?"—But that assembly numbered shadows as well as men. *The Tempest* would hardly have existed in its present form, and certainly would have been far from exemplifying Shakespeare's courtly tact and tender humanity, but for the gloom thrown upon the marriage festivities by the recent death of the King's eldest son. Garnett here gives briefly the dates of the negotiation for the royal marriage, and its interruption by the sudden death of Prince Henry in November, and of the betrothal in December, and finds that in January the black is wearing out and the marriage poms preparing'; among these was 'the preparation of *The Tempest*, which may have been commissioned about the end of November. Shakespeare thus found himself in a position as trying as ever tested the dexterity of a courtier or the humanity of a man. How to reconcile the demands of sorrow and joy on this unparalleled occasion? To ignore the late affliction would be heartless, and an insult to the King, but how to recognise it without darkening the nuptial joy, and suggesting omens as sinister as Marie Antoinette's tapestry? In the entire range of Shakespeare's art there is nothing more exquisite than the skill with which he has solved the problem. The recent calamity is not recognised; on the contrary, the supposed death of the drowned Prince is a most vital incident, kept continually in view. But, by a consummate stroke of genius, the woe is taken away from Prospero, the representative of James, and transferred to the house of his enemy. The lost prince is duly mourned, but not by his real father. James is reminded of his bereavement, but it is not obscured upon him. The sense of loss mingles, a fine and almost imperceptible element, with the general cheerfulness. In the end the hitherto sonless Prospero gains a son, as the bereaved James is gaining one in the Palatine; while, a compliment within a compliment, delicate allusion is made to the promise of Prince Charles. If this be refined flattery, it is also refined humanity. To ignore it is to miss the key to the interpretation of the play. We should also lose the best evidence we possess of the speedy working of Shake-speare's imagination; how, in quite another sense than Johnson's, "pasting Time toiled after him in vain." The supposed death of Ferdinand is so vital a portion of the plot that the play cannot have been undertaken without it. We have seen, however, that the incident which suggested it did not occur until November 6 preceding the marriage, which was solemnised on February 14. The representation must have preceded the wedding, otherwise Prospero's exhortation to pre-nuptial chastity would have lost all force. This marvellous work must accordingly have been planned, written, and put upon the stage within less than three months. Nothing can give a higher idea of the activity of Shakespeare's genius; while at the same time we discern cogent reasons for the comparative brevity of the play. Garnett next proceeds to show what Chalmers maintained, and after him Tieck, that in Prosper James is represented; and, to prove this, vindicates James's character to an extent whereto, I fear, he will find but few followers. 'It was James's misfortune,' he urges, p. 562, 'that his defects were mostly of an unkingly sort, and such as easily lend themselves to ridicule. . . . [Prospero's] character is full of dramatic irony. [He] is wise and good indeed, but not so much of either as he thinks himself. He betrays fretfulness, irritability, and self-importance, reminding us of the limitations of
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the highest humanity, and contrasting sharply with his preternatural power. But
these traits do not lie upon the surface, and upon a broad view of the character it is
impossible to conceive one more completely embodying James's ideal of himself, or
more dexterously, and at the same time truthfully, bringing the really strong sides
of his personality into view. A wise, humane, pacific prince, gaining his ends not
by violence, but by policy; devoted to far-off purposes which none but himself can
realise, much less fathom; independent of counsellors, safely contemptuous of foes,
and controlling all about him by his superior wisdom; keeping in the background
till the decisive hour has struck, and then interfering effectually; devoted to lawful
knowledge, but the sworn enemy of black magic—such was James in James's eyes,
and such is Prospero.' In conclusion Garnett refers to one or two minor points
which are in favour of the date 1613, and which have been mentioned by one or
another critic in the foregoing pages, such as the tempestuous autumn and winter of
1612, and the atmosphere of discovery and colonisation which can be felt, rather than
proved, in The Tempest.

After having listened patiently to all that our betters have to say on the subject,
what, we may ask, is the conclusion of the whole matter? We have seen that in
order to discover the date at which Shakespeare wrote this play, we have to accept at
least two assumptions: the first is, that in Gonzalo's speech there is a reminiscence,
least, of Florio's translation of Montaigne,—this assumption we may accept. The
other assumption by editors and critics is one to which I, for one, find it difficult, if
not impossible, to assent.

It is, namely, that the poets of the Elizabethan age,—and not the small poets either,
but the greatest and the best,—were continually forsaking the lofty themes and the high
aims of their art, to gird, and snarl, and sneer at their contemporaries or rivals. And
this, too, not in print, where it would make a permanent and effective impression, but
in fleeting speeches on a public stage, before an audience whose favour they desired
to win by gaining and keeping its attention through a display of their finest skill.
As a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it, so these allusions, granting
that they exist, depended for their point on the knowledge of the hearers. Was
Caliban so ever-present in the thoughts of the rude audience at The Blackfriars that,
at the bare allusion to a 'servant-monster,' Caliban was instantly recalled and ' heed-
less of grammar, they all cried, "That's him!"? Unless thus readily recognized,
the point of the allusion was lost. Where was the sting if nobody saw it? Jonson's
lofty ideal as a dramatic poet, and his honest endeavours to elevate the stage, are
acknowledged on all sides, but how can they be reconciled with a constant desertion
of them in mean, petty sneers at a friend whom in private life he almost idolised. Be
it remembered that I refer only to the Golden Age of the Elizabethan drama. What
is true of this Age may not apply to other and later Ages.

It seems to me that in thus dealing with these dramas, and in the assumption of
these allusions, we are forgetting not only the conditions of the Elizabethan stage and
its audiences, but even of human nature itself.

Lastly, is there any really valuable end to be gained by an investigation, such as
is set forth in the preceding pages, into the years when Shakespeare wrote this play?
Is there any possible intellectual gain in the knowledge of the exact date? Do we
thrill with pleasure in contemplating the year 1610 as that wherein The Tempest was
written? Do Ariel's songs sound the sweeter for it? Are we to be thankful to
Shakespeare for having written his plays in certain years, or are we to be thankful for
the plays themselves? As a mere intellectual exercise an elaborate investigation may prove beneficial; but a second-rate drama, by an insignificant poet, will serve this purpose quite as well as The Tempest, while, at the same time, we shall be saved from the mortifying delusion that in pursuing such an investigation as the present we are really learning anything of lasting advantage to us in regard to the immortal plays of William Shakespeare.

To recapitulate, the Date of The Composition of The Tempest is assigned as follows:—

By Hunter . . . . . . . . . . . . to 1596
" Knight . . . . . . . . . . . . to 1602 or 1603
" Dyck, Staunton . . . . . . . after 1603
" Elze . . . . . . . . . . . . to 1604
" Verplanck . . . . . . . . . . . to 1609
" Heraud, Fleay, Furnivall . . . . . . . to 1610
" Chalmers, Tieck, Garnett . . . . . . . to 1613
" Holt . . . . . . . . . . . . to 1614
" Capell (?), Farmer, Skottowe, Campbell, Bathurst, The Cowden-Clarke, Phillpotts, Grant White (ed. ii), Drighnton, . . . . . . . a late, or the latest, play.

The voice of the majority pronounces in favour of 1610–1611. Let us all, therefore, acquiesce, and henceforth be, in this regard, shut up in measureless content.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

In Theobald's edition are to be found the earliest Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare, and as that editor lived long before there was turned on all Shakespearean questions that 'fierce light' which has since 'beaten upon' them, it is not surprising that what are mere allusions or casual remarks by Theobald have been, since his day, expanded into far-reaching discussions. In the present play there is a case in point. In a note on the 'still vex'd Bermoothes' Theobald observed that the Bermudas 'are likewise call'd Summer Islands, from Sir George Summers, who in 1609 made that voyage; and, viewing them, probably first brought the English acquainted with them, and invited them afterwards to settle a Plantation there.' As far as any aid is concerned in discovering the materials used by Shakespeare in the composition of The Tempest, this remark lay dormant until the days of Malone.

In the mean time Warburton's suspicion that The Tempest had been taken by Shakespeare 'from some Italian writer; the Uniter being all so regularly observed, which no dramatic writers but the Italians observed so early as our Author's time; and which Shakespeare has observed nowhere but in this Play, besides, the persons of the Drama are all Italians.' Attracted by the word Necromancer, Warburton suggested the titles of two Italian Plays which he had found in Riccoboni's Catalogue: Il Negromante di L. Ariosto, and Il Negromante Palliate di Gio. Angelo Petrucci. (See V, i, 339.)
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Heath and Capell, however, said that Warburton was 'mistaken in both of them.' Of The Tempest itself, Capell says (i, 68) that it 'has rather more of the novel in it than [in other plays]; but no one has yet pretended to have met with such a novel; nor anything else that can be supposèd to have furnisht Shakespeare with materials for writing this play; the fable of which must therefore pass for entirely his own production, till the contrary can be made to appear by any future discovery.'

This remark of Capell is as true now as when it was uttered, as far as concerns any play or novel which can be considered as the sole source of The Tempest, but it has long ceased to be correct, as it is supposed, in regard to 'the materials' which Shakespeare gathered from various sources and used in the composition of the play.

Seeing, therefore, that no single source of the whole play has yet been discovered, we must forego the pleasure of a forthright, and be restricted to meanders, and need not be surprised if we find as great a maze as o'er we trod. That which many critics maintain to be the nearest attempt at a forthright is Jacob Ayer's Schön's Sidea, which must be discussed in its turn; in the mean while, however, we must attempt to follow certain devious paths, with the foreknowledge that each can carry us but a little way and will inevitably end in a blind.

Malone, in his edition of 1790, gave a note by T. Warton to the effect that Collins, the poet, had said that the plot of The Tempest was derived from a romance called Aurelio and Isabella, printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English in 1588, but that Collins was mistaken. What Warton said was condensed by Malone, and as Malone's too concise statement has been again and again repeated, the impression has been apparently received by some editors that Collins erred in thinking that he had ever seen a romance called Aurelio and Isabella; whereas the impression which Warton means to convey is that Collins, whose mind was then darkened, had been mistaken in supposing that the plot of that romance bore any resemblance to that of The Tempest. Boswell says that he 'had indeed been told by a friend that he had some years ago actually perused an Italian novel which answered to Mr Collins's description.' 'All this is very tantalizing,' says W. A. Wright, in the Clarendon Edition; but I strongly suspect that Boswell's friend misunderstood Collins's error, and thought that it lay in the existence of a novel called Aurelio and Isabella, and not in the supposition that this romance contained the plot of The Tempest. Hence, I think, in this connection we may forget Boswell and his friend, especially as Collier tells us that he had 'turned over the pages of, we believe, every Italian novelist, anterior to the age of Shakespeare, in hopes of finding some story containing traces of the incidents of The Tempest, but without success.' It needs but a glance to see that Aurelio and Isabella has nothing whatsoever in common with The Tempest. Its closing words reveal its drift: 'Eynde of the storey of Aurelio and of Isabell, in the whiche is disputede the whiche geues more occasion of sinninge the man unto the woman, or the woman vnto the man.' The four languages are printed in parallel columns; the English is translated, I think, from the French, although apparently the story was written originally in Spanish,—a MS note in my copy by 'The Compiler of Bohn's Catalogue' states that 'the author is Juan de Flores.' As a specimen of the English we read, on p. 43, where two young knights conclude to conceal from each other their common love: 'And selfe lyke and yfit had bene possible vnto him selfe willingly, euer ye one of them shuld haue hidden it.' Perhaps, after all, Collins was right; in such a whirlwind of words there ought to be the germ of a tempest.
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Warton's unabridged note, which, if Malone had originally printed ipseisimis verbis, might perhaps have saved some confusion, is as follows (Hist. of Eng. Poetry, vol. iii, p. 477): 'Nor do I know with what propriety the romance of Aurelio and Isabella, the scene of which is laid in Scotland, may be mentioned here. But it was printed in 1586, in one volume, in Italian, French, and English. And again, in Italian, Spanish, French, and English in 1588. I was informed by the late Mr Collins, of Chichester, that Shakespeare's Tempest, for which no origin is yet assigned, was formed on this favourite romance. But although this information has not proved true on examination, a useful conclusion may be drawn from it, that Shakespeare's story is somewhere to be found in an Italian novel, at least that the story preceded Shakespeare. Mr Collins had searched this subject with no less fidelity than judgement and industry; but his memory failing in his last calamity, indigitation, he probably gave me the name of one novel for another. I remember he added a circumstance which may lead to a discovery that the principal character of the romance, answering to Shakespeare's Prospero, was a chemical necromancer, who had bound a spirit like Ariel to obey his call and perform his services. It was a common pretence of the dealers in the occult sciences to have a demon at command. At least Aurelio, or Orelio, was probably one of the names of this romance, the production and multiplication of gold being the grand object of alchemy.'

In the discussion of 'The Date of Composition' it is seen how important a part is played by the popular interest which must have attended (so the Commentators assume) the published Accounts of the expeditions which set sail from England for the purpose of visiting the New World, or of colonising Virginia, from the days of Raleigh, in 1596, down to the year 1612. With this popular excitement, or with the dates of these various expeditions, by whom commanded, or by what fate attended, we are not here concerned. The shipwreck and the storm in Shakespeare's Tempest were enough to direct attention to accounts of voyages, and to them THEBOLD, WARBURTON, JOHNSON, CAPELL, FARMER, and STEVENS referred, and used them here and there in illustration of Shakespeare's text. As the 'Bermoothes' are mentioned in the play, it was natural to refer to the historic shipwreck of Sir George Somers, which had made those islands famous. But none of these editors or critics had detected in the accounts of this shipwreck any clues leading to The Tempest or expressed any suspicion that this disastrous storm gave rise to the play. One of the fullest and most circumstantial accounts of this storm is given in a pamphlet entitled A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, with divers others, 1610. It was written by Sir John Jourdan, and MALONE tells us (Var. 21, vol. xv, p. 432) that it was while reading this narrative and Jourdan's account of the disaster that befall his Admiral that 'the passage in The Tempest, in which an account is given of the dis- persion of Alonso's fleet, and that the king's ship was, by those who escaped the peril of the storm, supposed to be lost, as well as the peculiar manner in which that ship is said to have been preserved, struck me so forcibly that I thought Shakespeare must have had the incidents attending Somers's voyage immediately in view when he wrote his comedy.'

Ever since Malone's day, his opinion in regard to this source of several of the incidents in The Tempest has been generally accepted; the passages in Jourdan's pamphlet containing these sources are as follows (they are taken from Malone's Account of The Incidents from which The Title and Part of the Story of Shake-
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—JOURDAN

Shakespeare's Tempest were derived; and its True Date ascertained, 1808, p. 22 et seq.:

Jourdan, after informing his reader that he was one of those who sailed from England with Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates in the Sea-Adventure [the name of their ship, "of about 300 ton"], proceeds to relate the circumstances of the storm which happened on the 25th of July, 1609. They were bound for Virginia, and at that time in thirty degrees north latitude. The whole crew, amounting to one hundred and fifty persons, weary with pumping, had given all for lost and began to drink their strong waters, and to take leave of each other. [These small capitals and italics are retained from Malone's reprint, intending to commit themselves to the mercy of the sea. Sir George Somers, who had sat three days and nights on the poop, with no food and little rest, at length descried land, and encouraged them {Many from weariness having fallen asleep} to continue at the pumps. They complied; and fortunately the ship was driven and jammed between two rocks, fast lodged and locked for further budging. One hundred and fifty persons got ashore; and by means of their boat and skiff, for this was half a mile from land, they saved such part of their goods and provisions as the water had not spoiled, all the tackling and much of the iron of their ship, which was of great service to them in fitting out another vessel to carry them to Virginia.

"But our delivery," says Jourdan, "was not more strange in falling so opportunely and happily upon the land, as [than] our feeding and provision was, beyond our hopes, and all men's expectations, most admirable; for the Islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people, but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shunne the Divell himself: and no man was ever heard to make for this place, but as, against their wills, they have, by storms and dangerousness of the rocks lying seven leagues into the sea, suffered shipwrecke.

Yet did we finde there the ayre so temperate and the country so aboundantly fruitful of all fit necessaries for the sustentation and preservation of man's life, that, most in a manner of all our provision of bread, beere, and victual, being quite spoiled in lying long drowned in salt water, notwithstanding we were there for the space of nine months (few days over or under) we were not only well refreshed, comforted, and with good saitety contented, but out of the abundance thereof provided us some reasonable quantity and proportion of provision to carry us for Virginia, and to maintain our selves and that company we found there:—wherefore my opinion sincerely of this island is, that whereas it hath beene, and is still accounted the most dangerous, unfortunate, and forlorn place of the world, it is in truth the richest, healthfullest, and pleasing land, (the quantity and bignesse thereof considered,) and meerely natural, as ever man set foote upon."

On the 28th of July they landed. They all then began to search for provision. In half an hour, Sir Thomas Gates took as many fishes with hooks as sufficed the whole company for one day. When a man stepped into the water, the fish came round about him. "These fishes were very fat and sweete, and of that proportion and bignesse, that three of them will conveniently lade two men: those we called rock-fish. Besides, there are such abundance of mullets, that with a sence might be taken at one draft one thousand at the least; and infinite store of pilchards."
There was also a great plenty of cray-fish. The country afforded such an abundance of hogs, that Sir George Somers brought in thirty-two at one time.

There is fowle in great abundance in the islands, where they breed, that there hath beene taken in two or three howres a thousand at the least, being of the bignes of a good pigeon.

Another sea-fowle there is, that lyeth in little holes in the ground, like unto a coney-hole, and are in great numbers; exceeding good meat, very fat and sweet, (these we had in the winter,) and their eggs are white, and of that bignes, that they are not to be knowne from hen-egges."

The birds he describes as exceedingly tame: they came so near them, that they killed many of them with a stick. They found great store of tortoises or turtles; prickled pears in abundance, which continued green on the trees all the year. The island, he adds, was supplied with many mulberry trees, white and red, palms and cedar trees; and no venemous creature was found there. . . .

To dissipate the gloom and despondency occasioned by the disaster of the former year, and to shew the practicability and probable advantages of settling a colony in Virginia, were the principal objects of the pamphlet published under the authority of the Council in the latter end of 1610; which is written with a vigour, animation, and elegance rarely found in the tracts of those times. Though that part of it with which alone we are concerned, or in other words, which relates to Bermuda, differs but little in substance from the account that preceded it, relating nearly the same facts and events in much better language, it is yet necessary to be briefly noticed; because Shakespeare assuredly would not neglect to peruse this authentick narrative.

It has indeed an additional claim to our attention; for the writer of this tract, having compared the disastrous tempest which wrecked Sir George Somers and his associates on the island of Bermuda, and their subsequent escape from the immediate destruction which threatened them, to those dramatick compositions in which similar changes of fortune are represented, and sorrow and mirth artfully intermingled, perhaps suggested to Shakespeare the thought of forming these adventures into a play; and to him, in some measure, we may have been indebted for this delightful comedy.

"True it is" (says this Narrative), "that when Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Summers, and Captaine Newport, were in the height of 27, and the 24th of July, 16^09, there arose such a storne, as if Jonas had beene flying unto Tarshish: the heavens were obscured, and made an Egyptian night of three daies perpetuell horror; the women lamented; the hearts of the passengers failed; the experience of the sea-captaines was amazed; the skill of the mariners was confounded; the ship most violently leaske . . . .

These islands of the Bermudas have ever been accounted as an INCHAUNTED pile of rockes, and a DESERT INHABITATION FOR DIVELS; but all the fairies of the rocks were but flecks of birds, and all the divels that haunt the woods were but hauds of swine. . . .

Consider all these things together. At the instant of neede they descryed land; halfe an hower more had buried their memorial in the sea. If they had fel by night, what expectation of light from an uninhabited desert? They fell be twe the laberinth of rockes, which they conceive are mouldred into the sea by

"A true Declaration of the estate of the Colonie in Virginia, with a conatuation of such scandalous reports as have tended to the disgrace of so worthy an enterprise. Published by advice and direction of the Councell of Virginia." 1610.
thunder and lightning. This was not Ariadne's thread, but the direct line of
7 GOD'S providence. If it had not bee ne so NERRE LAND, their companie or provi-
7 ion had perished by water; if they had not found hogs, and foule, and fish, they
7 had perished by famine: if there had not bee ne fuell, they had perished by want
7 of fire: if there had not bee ne timber, they could not have transported themselves
7 to Virginia, but must have bee nee forgotten for ever.

7 What is there in all this TRAGICALL-COMÉDIE, that should discourage us with
7 impossibilitie of the enterprise? when of all the fleete, one onely ship by a secret
7 leaks was indangered, and yet in the gulf of despieare was so graciously preserved.'

Thus much we learn from Jourdan's Narrative and A true Declaration; hereupon
Malone resumes his argument, and deems it of importance first of all to call attention
to the fact that during a great part of the year 1610 it was supposed in England that
the ship containing the Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia and Sir George Somers, the
Admiral, which had been separated from the fleet, was lost; but Shakespeare, when
he wrote his play, knew that it was safe: a circumstance ascertained by Jour-
dan's pamphlet, and that issued out by the Council.' 'It now remains,' continues
Malone, 'to shew that Shakespeare, when he wrote The Tempest, had in view the
particular disaster of which so ample an account has been given. To fix as nearly
as possible the exact time of his writing it, I have said that he knew that the Admi-
ral-ship was safe; and this appears by the following lines, which manifestly allude
to that circumstance and several others attending the tempest that dispersed Somers's
fleet, and finally wrecked the vessel he was in, on one of the Bermuda islands.'

"PROSPERO. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
ARIEL. To every article.
I boarded the KING'S SHIP; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement.

PRO. Why, that's my spirit.
But was not this HIGH SHORE?
ARIEL. Close by, my master.
PRO. But are they, Ariel, safe?
ARIEL. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle.

* * * * * *

PRO. Of the KING'S SHIP,
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
ARIEL. Safely in harbour
Is the KING'S SHIP; in the deep nook . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom with a charm, join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean sea;
Bound sadly home for Naples;
It is obvious that we have here a covert allusion to several circumstances minutely described in the papers quoted in the preceding pages; to the circumstance of the Admiral's ship being separated from the rest of Somers's fleet, and after a tremendous tempest, being jammed between two of the Bermuda rocks, and "fast lodged and "lock'd," as Jourdan expresses it, "for further budging"; to the disaster happening very near the shore, and not a single person having perished; to the mariners having fallen asleep from excessive fatigue; to the dispersion of the other ships; to the greater part of them meeting again, as the Council of the Virginia Company have it, "in consort"; and to all those who were thus dispersed and thus met again, being "bound sadly" for Virginia, supposing that the vessel which carried their Governor was lost, and that his "great person had perished." In various other passages in the second Act,—where the preservation of Alonso and his companions is termed "miraculous"; where Stephano asks, "have we devils here?"—where the same person makes a very free use of his bottle, and liberally imparts it to Caliban and "Trinculo;"—where it is said, "though this island seem to be desert, uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance"; that "the air breathes most sweetly," and that "here is everything advantageous to life"; we find evident allusions to the extraordinary escape of Somers and his associates, and to Jourdan's and Gate's descriptions of Bermuda; as, in the first scene of the play, the circumstance of the sailors and passengers taking leave of each other, and bidding farewell to their wives and children, was manifestly suggested by the earlier of those narratives.

There are several other accounts of the shipwreck of Sir George Somers, and manifold accounts of the early 'plantation' in Virginia; in fact, while investigating the possible sources of The Tempest, it seems as though 'Pamphlets,' and 'Narratives,' and 'Reportories' hurled in the air, and as though the affairs, the misfortunes, and the experiences of the Colonies must have been, in London, the only topic of conversation. Malone, as we have seen in the foregoing Essay on the 'Date of Composition,' was convinced that The Tempest was written in 1611. Therefore, of all the publications from which Shakespeare may be supposed to have drawn his materials, Malone could use those alone which preceded in date the year 1611. But if we postpone the date of the play to the only year in which we have the only positive evidence that it existed, viz: 1613, a larger and a better account of Sir George Somers comes within our ken, between which and the phrases and allusions in The Tempest there are parallelisms quite as many, perhaps, in number, and much closer in character. To me personally there appears but little need of searching for any printed published account from which to argue that Shakespeare drew his materials. Surely he needed no printed page; he must have met at 'ordinaries' many a man with personal

*In the original, indeed, strong waters are drunk on shipboard by those who conceived that the ship was sinking; in the play, Stephano's liquor is sack, and it is drunk on the island after his escape. But Shakespeare, when he borrowed hints from others, often made such slight changes. Here the change is easily accounted for: that pleasantness in which he delighted could not with any propriety have been introduced among men who supposed themselves at the point of death.

*In like manner, in the original, the mariners fall asleep from excessive labour, and the hatches are shut down during the storm; but in the play no mention is made of those circumstances in the first scene, where the ship is represented as sinking; but after the storm has ceased, and Alonso and several of his associates are safely landed, Ariel informs Prospero that the mariners are safely stowed."
experiences to unfold, and with such a man Shakespeare would deal pretty much, I imagine, as Goethe, according to Lowell, dealt with scholars. 'Did Goethe wish to 'write up a Greek theme?' says Lowell, 'He drove out Herr Böttiger, for example, 'among that fodder delicious to him for its very dryness, that sapless Arcadia of scho-'liasts, let him graze, ruminante, and go through all other needful processes of the 'antiquarian organism, then got him quietly into a corner and milked him.' I believe that Shakespeare 'milked' everybody, and we have the cream-yamanted product in his plays. Among these publications, however, was one which was too late to suit Malone's theory, but between which and The Tempest parallellisms may be detected quite as distinctly as in Jourdan's pamphlet, or in A true Discovery. Not that these parallellisms amount to much at best; to me they seem but little more than are to be expected where the same theme is treated by two different persons. To both Halliwell and Hunter the parallellisms which were to Malone so remarkable and so convincing in Jourdan's pamphlet, were either commonplace or non-existent. To Dr Garnett, on the other hand, 'it seems marvellous that any one should disagree with Malone.' The publication, however, to which I allude was written by William Strachey, and, possibly, printed in 1612.

Moreover, in recent times a closer possible connection has been discovered between this Strachey and Shakespeare than was known to Malone. Meissner (p. 73) has unearthed the interesting fact, that in 1612 Strachey was not only a near neighbor of Shakespeare, but a writer of poetry. Prefixed to one of Strachey's pamphlets on The Colony in Virginia Britannia, dated London, 1612, there is a Sonnet addressed to the 'Councell of Virginia,' followed by a Preface which is signed 'From my lodging 'in the blacke Friers. William Strachey.' To these facts we can apply the universal solvent which subdues everything connected with Shakespeare's biograpy, and say, it is not improbable that Shakespeare and Strachey were intimate friends, and it is not improbable that of all men it was Strachey whom, full of adventures, of shipwrecks, of tempests, of travellers' stories, Shakespeare 'got quietly in the corner and 'milked.'

Whether or not a pamphlet by Strachey dated 1612, whereof Malone gives merely the title (Var. '21, vol. xvi, p. 390), is identical with that printed in Purchas, I do not know; the latter is the only one accessible to me. Under any circumstances, this present discussion would be incomplete without some extracts, at least, from the account of this notable shipwreck, by William Strachey, whose learned representative in this generation has enriched the comments on this play of The Tempest, in the foregoing pages.

The account from which the following extracts are taken, is in Purchas, Part IV, lib. ix, ch. 6, and is entitled: 'A true reportory of the wracke, and redemption of Sir Thomas Gates Knight; vpon, and from the Islands of the Bermudas: his coming to Virginia, and the estate of that Colonie then, and after, under the government of the Lord La Warre, July 15. 1610. written by William Strachey, Esquire.' The first section tells of 'A most dreadfull Tempest (the manifold deaths whereof are here to the life described) their wracke on Bermuda, and the description of those Islands.' Having started from Plymouth on the 2nd of June, 1609, all went well until 'on S. James his 'day, July 24. being Monday (preparing for no lease all the blacke night before) the 'cloudes gathering thicke vpon vs, and the windes singing, and whistling most 'vnnaturally,' a dreadful storme and hideous began to blow from out the North-east, 'which swelling, and roaring as it were by fits, some hours with more violence then

* To save space I do not always mark the breaks 'n these extracts.—Ed.
APPENDIX

"others, at length did beate all light from heauen; which like an hell of darkness
turned blacke vpon vs, so much the more fuller of horror, as in such cases horror and
fear vs to ouerrunne the troubled, and ouermasterd senses of all, which (taken vp
with amazement) the eares lay so sensible to the terrible cries, and murmurs of the
windes, and distraction of our Company, as who was most armed, and best prepared
was not a little shaken. . . . . Sometimes [the storm] strikes in our ship amongst
women, and passengers, not vsed to such hurly and discomforts, made vs looke one
vpon the other with troubled hearts, and panting bosomes: our clamours dround in the
windes, and the windes in thunder. Prayers might well be in the heart and lips,
but drowned in the outcries of the Officers. . . . . In which, the Sea swelled abowe
the Clouds, and gave battell vnto Heaven. . . . . There was not a moment in which
the sodaine splitting . . . . of the shipp was not expected. . . . . During all this
time, the heavens look'd so black vpon vs, that it was not possible the elevation of the
Pole might be observed. . . . . Onely vpon the thursday night Sir George Summers
being vpon the watch, had an apperition of a little round light, like a faint starre,
trembling, and streaming along with a sparkling blaze, halfe the height vpon the
Maine Mast, and shooting sometimes from Shroud to Shroud, tempting to settle as it
were vpon any of the foure Shroods: and for three or foure houres together, or
rather more, halfe the night it kept with vs, running sometimes along the Main-
yard to the very end, and then returning. At which Sir George Summers called
diers about him, and shewed them the same, who observed it with much wonder
and carefullnesse: but vpon a sodaine, towards the morning watch, they lost sight
of it, and knew not what way it made. The superstitious Sea-men make many con-
structions of this Sea-fire, which nevertheless is visible in storms: the same (it may
be) which the Gracians were wont to call Castor and Pollux. . . . . The Italiens call
it (a sacred Body) Corpus sanctor: the Spaniards call it Saint Elmo. . . . . We threw
ouer-board much luggage . . . . and stowed many a Butt of Beere, Hogsheads of
Oyle, Syder, Wine and Vinegar. . . . . It being now the fourth morning, it wanted
little, to have shut vp hatches, and commending our sinful soules to God, committed
the Shippe to the mercy of the Sea . . . . but see the goodnesse and sweet introduc-
tion of better hope, by our mercifull God giuen vnto vs. Sir George Summers, when
no man dreamed of such hapinesses, had discouered, and cried Land . . . . Hauing
no hope to save [the ship] by coming to an anker, we were instrocted to runne her
shoar, as neere the land as we could. . . . . We found it to be the dangerous and
dreaded Iland or rather Ilands of the Bermuda . . . . which be so terrible to all that
ever touched on them, and such tempestes, thunders and other fearefull objects are
seen and heard about them, that they be called commonly The Devils Ilands, and
are feared and anoyed of all sea-travellers aliove, above any other place in the
world. . . . . It being counted of most, that they can be no habitation for Men, but
rather giuen ouer to Deuils and wicked Spirits. . . . . There is not through the
whole Ilands, either Champion ground, Valleys, or fresh Riuers. They are full of
Shawes of goodly Cedar . . . . the Berries whereof, our men seeth, straining, and
letting stand some three or foure daies, made a kind of pleasant drinke. . . . . Sure
it is, that there are no Riuers nor running Springs of fresh water to bee found vpon
any of them: when we came first we digged and found certaine gushings and soft
bulblings. . . . . True it is, for Fish in euerie Cone and Creek wee found Snaules,
and Skules in abundance. . . . . A kinde of webbe-footed Fowle there is, of the
bignesse of an English greenne Plouer, or Sea-Meawe, . . . these gather themselves
together and breed in these Ilands which are high . . . . there in the ground they
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—INCHANTED ISLAND

The Burrowes, like Conyes in a Warren, . . . . they were a good and well-relished Fowle, fat and full as a Partridge. There are two or three Islands full of their Burrowes, . . . . which Birds for their blindness (for they see weakly in the day) and for their cry and whooping, we called the Sea Owls; they will bite cruelly with their crooked Bills. . . . Some dangerous and secret discontent.

nourished amongst vs, had like to have bin the parents of bloody issues and mischiefes; . . . . what hath a more adamantine power to draw unto it the consent and attraction of the idle, vantward, and wretched number of the many, then liberty, and fulness of sensuality?

In the foregoing extracts I have given all the passages from Strachey's *Reportory* which have seemed to me to contain any allusions or phraseology which can be paralleled in *The Tempest*, and, if the date of that play's composition be 1613, which, as we have seen, is our only assured date, it is possible that they all antedated it.

In his *Farther Particulars*, 1639, Collier brings forward a Ballad which at one time he believed to be the long-sought source of *The Tempest*, but afterwards, as he says (p. 54), he became 'satisfied that it is a later production, and that the writer was acquainted with *The Tempest*, though he does not employ a single name found in it. My conjecture is that it was published (if published at all, of which we have no evidence but probability) during the period when the theatres were closed (viz. from about 1642 to 1660); in order, by putting the discontinued dramas into easy rhyme, to give the public some species of amusement founded on old plays, although the severity of the Puritans in those times would not allow of theatrical entertainments.

Hence Jordan's ballads, derived from *The Mer. of Ven.* &c. [I have gone over this ballad with the Rev. Mr Dyce and he] concurs with me in thinking that it is posterior to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. . . . . There are such strong general resemblances that I feel assured that the writer of the ballad must have known, if he did not in part use, the play. The initials at the end of the MS led me, when I first saw it, to conjecture that Robert Greene, who died in 1592, might be the author of it, but it is decidedly of too modern a cast and structure for him, and, as I before observed, my conjecture is that it was written about the period of the Protectorate. . . . . It is inserted in the MS volume I have had for years in my possession, the particular contents of which may be seen in my letter to the Rev. A. Dyce . . . . Mr Douce called it 'one of the most beautiful ballads he had ever read.' . . . . It runs thus:

**THE INCHANTED ISLAND.**

In Aragon there livde a king,
Who had a daughter sweete as Spring,
A little playfull childe.
He lovde his studie and his booke;
The toyles of state he could not brooke,
Of temper still and milde.

He left them to his Brother's care,
Who soone usurpde the throne unaware,
And turned his Brother forth.
The studious king Geraldo bight
His daughter Ida, deare as sight
To him who knew her worth.
APPENDIX

The Brother who usurpd the throne
Was by the name Benormo knowne,
Of cruell hart and bolde:
He turned his niece and Brother forth
To wander east, west, north, or south,*
All in the winter colde.

Long time he journeyd up and downe,
The head all bare that wore a crowne,
And Ida in his hand,
Till that they reachd the broad sea side,
Where merchant ships at anchor ride
From many a distant land.

Imbarking, then, in one of these,
They were, by force of windes and seas
Driven wide for many a mile;
Till at the last they shelter found,
The master and his men all drown'd,
In the enchanted Isle.

Geraldo and his daughter faire,
The onelie two that landed there,
Were sayde by myracle;
And, sooth to say, in dangerous houre
He had some more then human powre,
As seemeth by what befell.

He brought with him a magicke booke,
Whereon his eye did oft times looke,
That wrought him wonders great.
A magicke staffe he had also,
That angrie fiendes compell'd to goe
To doe his bidding straight.

The spirites of the earth and aire,
Unscene, yet fleeting every where,
To crosse him could not chuse.
All this by studie he had gaine
While he in Arragon remaind,
But never thought to use.

When landed on thinchanted Isle
His little Ida's morning smile
Made him forgett his woe:
And thus within a caverne dreare
They livde for many a yeare ifere,
For heaven had will'd it soe.

* For the rhyme we should read 'south or north' and for the sense it answers equally well. The transcriber was not a very accurate penman.
His blacke lockes turnd all silver gray
But ever time he wore away,
   To teach his childe intent;
And as she into beautie grewe,
In knowledge she advanced to[o],
   As wise as innocent.

Most lovelie was she to beholde;
Her haire was like to sunn llt golde,
   As blue as heaven her eye.
When she was in her fifteenth yeere
Her dainty forme was like the deere,
   Sportfull with majestie.

The Demon who the land had held,
By might of magicke he expelid,
   Save such as he did neede;
And seruants of the ayre he kept,
To watch ore Ida, when she slept,
   And on swift message speede.

And all this while in Arragon
Benormo reignde, who had a son
   Now grewne to man’s estate:
His sire in all things most unlike;
Of courage tried, yet slow to strike,
   Not turning love to hate.

Alfonso was the Princes name.
It chanced posthaste a message came
   Just then to Aragon,
From Sicilie to son and sire,
Which did their presence soone desire
   To see Sicilias’s son.

Fast tyed in the nuptiall band
To Naples daughters lovelie hand,
   And they to goe consent.
Sce in a galley on a day
To Sicilie they tooke their way,
   Thither to saile intent.

Geraldo by his magicke art
Knew even the hour of their depart
   For distant Sicilie;
He knew alsoe that they must passe
Neare to the ilse whereon he was,
   And that revenge was nie.
APPENDIX

He calleth his spirits of the sire,
Commanding them a storme prepare
To cast them on that shore.
The gallant barge came sailing on
With silken sailes from Arragon,
And manie a gilded ore.

But gilded ore and silken saile
Might not against the storme prevale:
The windes blew hie and loud.
The sailes were rent, the ores were broke
The ship was split by lightning stroke
That burst from angrie cloudes.

But such Geraldoe's powre that day,
That though the ship was cast away,
Of all the true not one,
Not even the shipboy, then was drownd,
And olde Benormo on drie ground
Imbracde his dearest son.

About the isle they wanderd long,
For still some spirite led them wrong,
Till they were wearie gowne;
Then came to olde Geraldoes cell,
Where he and lovelie Ida dwell:
Though seene they were not knowne.

Much marvellld they in such a place
To see an Eremit's wringled face,
More at the maid they start:
As soone as did Alfonso see
Ida so beautifull, but bee
Felt love within his hart.

Benormo heard with grieve and shame
Geraldo call him by his name,
His brothers voyce well knowne.
Upon his aged knees he fell,
And wept that he did ere rebell
Against his brother's throne.

Brother, he cried, forgive my crime!
I sweare, since that u[n]appallle time,
I have not tasted peace.
Retorne and take againe your crowne,
Which at your feete I will lay downe,
And soe our jarres suuene.
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—INCHANTED ISLAND

Never, Giraldo said, will I
Ascend that seat of sovereignty,
But I all wrongs forgett.
I have a daughter, you a son,
And they shall reign ere Aragon,
And on my throne be sett.

My head is all too olde to beare
The weight of crownes, and kingdomes care;
Peace in my booke I finde.
Gold crownes become not silver lockes,
Like sunbeames upon whitend rockes,
They mocke the tranquill minde.

Benorno, wore with cares of state,
Which wordlie sorrowes aye create,
Sawe the advice was good.
The tide of love betwixt the paire,
Alfonso young and Ida faire,
Had suddaine reacht the flood.

A galley, too, that was sent out
From Sicilie, in feare and doubt,
As having heard the wracke,
Arrivde at the enchanted Isle,
And tooke them all in little while
Unto Messina backe.

But ere his leave Geraldo tooke
Of the strange isle, he burnt his booke,
And broke his magicke wand.
His arte forbid he aye foresawed,
Never to deale in magicke more
The while the earth should stand.

From that daie forth the Isle has beene
By wandering sailors never seen.
Some say 'tis buryed deepe
Beneath the sea, which breakes and rores
Above its savage rockie shores,
Nor ere is knowne to sleepe.

In Sicilie the paire was wed,
To Arragon there after sped,
With fathers who them blessd.
Alfonso rule for many a yeare:
His people lovde him farre and neare,
But Ida lovde him best.

Fiinis. R. G.
Collier hereupon again discusses at some length the arguments for and against the antiquity of the Ballad, and speculates on its origin, but as it is acknowledged by him, and now believed by all, to be later than *The Tempest*, it is not worth while to quote him further.

Hunter (*Disposition, &c.*) cannot agree with Malone and others in the belief that Shakespeare's tempest was a reminiscence of the accounts of Somers's shipwreck, or that there was any great similarity between them. 'I now ask,' he says (p. 34), 'any one to look at the laboured argument of the two commentators [Chalmers and Malone], and to compare the passages from Jourdan's work, which they place in apposition with passages in the first scene of this play, and then to say whether there is anything beyond that similarity which must always exist when the subject is a storm at sea and the wreck of a vessel on the rocky shore of an island, whether the subject be treated in a work of imagination, like *The Tempest*, or in such a pedestrian narrative of real occurrences as that of Jourdan. Mr Malone has given the argument all the advantage it could derive from the artful aid of capitals and italics, but he seems to me to fail in showing coincidence in anything, except what has been common to all storms and all disastrous shipwrecks from the beginning of the world. For a critical or unusual circumstance, common to both, we look in vain; nor is a verbal conformity, which might betray that the Poet had recently read the narrative of Jourdan, anywhere to be found. No parallelism of numerous particulars, each of common occurrence. The parallelism on which much reliance is placed, of the safety, at last, of the Admiral, and the safety also of Alonso, fails in this, that the escape of Alonso was a necessary part of the story. I would deal fairly with commentators from whose labours I have received so much pleasure and instruction, and quote, if I saw anything that could be quoted with effect. But I find no such passage.—Besides, there is in the literature of the age of Shakespeare a description of another storm at sea, in which a vessel, having a king and prince on board, is wrecked, by a writer whose work was more likely to catch the attention of Shakespeare, and to fasten on his imagination, than Jourdan's. This description is by the pen of no less celebrated a poet than Ariosto, who of all the Italian poets was best known in England in the age of Elizabeth, and who had, of all the Italian poets, the greatest influence on our literature. . . . The *Orlando*, translated by Harington, was published in 1591. Shall we then wonder if we find Shakespeare a reader of Ariosto, and indebted to him occasionally for an incident or an expression? . . . *The Tempest* itself contains the most manifest evidence that he read a translation of the Latin of Ovid and of the French of Montaigne. I shall show you that it contains proof that he read this translation of Ariosto. Whether he were necessitated to do so, or whether he did it from choice, is a question which it seems not to have entered the mind of the Master of Emmanuel [Dr Farmer], to think it necessary to ask.

[F. 38.] The storm described by Ariosto is the principal incident of the forty-first canto of the *Orlando*. Shakespeare's obligations to it have never before been suggested. Of course, there must be in Ariosto, as there are also in Shakespeare, incidents and circumstances which are common to all storms. But what I contend for is this: that beside those incidents and circumstances, there are some which are sufficiently critical and peculiar, to lead to the inference that there was suggestion on the part of the earlier poet, and imitation (a just and proper imitation) on the part of Shakespeare. Harington's translation is not a very common book, so that the whole passage may bear transcription:
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—ARIOSTO

"A friendly gale at first their journey fitted,
And bore them from the shore full far away;
But afterward, within a little season,
The wind discover'd his deceit and treason.

9
"First from the poop it changed to the side,
Then to the proer at last it turned round;
In one place long it never would abide,
Which doth the pilot's wit and skill confound.
The surging waves swell still in higher pride,
While Proteus' flock did more and more abound,
And seem to him as many deaths to threaten
As that ships sides with divers waves are beaten.

10
"Now in their face the wind, straight in their back,
And forward this, and backward that it blows;
Then on the side it makes the ship to crack:
Among the mariners confusion grows.
The master ruin doubts and present wrack,
For none his will, nor none his meaning knows:
To whistle, beckon, cry, it naught avails,
Sometime to strike, sometime to turn their sails.

11
"But none there was could hear, nor see, nor mark,
Their ears so stopt, so dazzled were their eyes,
With weather so tempestuous and dark,
And black thick clouds that with the storm did rise,
From whence sometimes great ghastly flames did spark,
And thunder-claps that seem'd to rend the skies,
Which made them in a manner deaf and blind,
That no man understood the master's mind.

12
"Nor less, nor much less fearful, is the sound
The cruel tempest in the tackle makes;
Yet each one for himself some business found
And to some special office him betakes:
One this untied, another that hath bound;
He the main bowling now restrains, now slacks,
Some take an oar, some at the pump take pain,
And pour the sea into the sea again.

13
"Behold, a horrible and hideous blast
That Boreas from his frozen lips doth send,
Doth backward force the sail against the main.
And makes the waves unto the skies ascend,
APPENDIX

Then brake their oars, and rudder eke, at last
Now nothing left from tempest to defend;
So that the ship was awry'd now quite aside,
And to the waves laid ope her naked side.

14

"Then all aside the staggering ship did reel,
For one side quite beneath the water lay,
And on the other side the very keel
Above the water clear discern you may.
Then thought they all hope past, and down to'v kneel,
And unto God to take their souls did pray:
Worse danger grew than this when this was past,
By means the ship gan after leak so fast.

15

"The wind, the waves, to them no respite gave,
But ready every hour to overthrow them:
Oft they were hoist so high upon the wave,
They thought the middle region was below them.
Ofttimes so slow the same their vessel drave,
As though that Charon there his boat would shew them;
Scant had they time and power to fetch their breath,
All things did threaten them so present death.

16

"Thus all that night they could have no release;
But when the morning somewhat nearer drew,
And that by course the furious wind should cease
(A strange mishap), the wind then fiercer grew;
And while their troubles more and more increase,
Behold a rock stood plainly in their view,
And right upon the same the spiteful blast
Bare them perforce, which made them all aghast.

17

"Then did the master by all means essay
To steer out roomer, or to keep aloof,
Or, at the least, to strike sails if they may,
As in such danger was for their behoof.
But now the wind did bear so great a sway,
His enterprises had but little proof;
At last, with striving, yard and all was torn,
And part thereof into the sea was borne.

18

"Then each man saw all hope of safety past,
No means there was the vessel to direct:
No help there was but all away are cast,
Wherefore their common safety they neglect;
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—HUNTER

But out they get the ship-boat, and in haste
Each man therein his life strives to protect;
Of king nor prince no man takes heed nor note,
But well was he could get him in the boat.”

[Hunter hereupon prints the First Scene of The Tempest and then resumes.]

Now, besides whatever of general resemblance there may be, there are the following
minute and critical circumstances common to both. We have the master and the
master’s whistle in both. I do not say that to introduce the whistle might not occur
in both, but I think it improbable when both were seeking to fix the interest
in a king and a prince in peril of drowning. We have the leaking of the ship in
both; the striking of the sails in both; the falling to prayer in both; and, what is
more remarkable, the contempt of rank and royalty in both. I do not say that all
this may not be accidental, but I think it improbable that it should be so.’ [Hunter
enlarges upon these coincidences, and refers to others; among them he compares the
great ghastly flames’ in Ariosto with Ariel’s ‘flaming amazement,’ &c. Of verbal
coincidences he finds but few, and although he says but little of them, I think his best
friends would wish that he had said less. For instance, Miranda begs her father to
‘allay the waters’; the hermit who meets Rogero when he reaches the shore could
‘allay the waves’; the cry of the perishing souls affected Miranda; in Ariosto ‘twas
lamentable to hear the cries,’ &c., &c. In reference to the line in Shakespeare:
‘Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough,’ Hunter asks if it be not possible
that this line as ‘originally written by Shakespeare may have approached nearer than
it does at present to a line in Ariosto’ in the 17th stanza: ‘To steer out roomer, or
to keep afloat.’ ‘The precise meaning of roomer,’ continues Hunter, ‘I do not pro-
fess to know, and have consulted persons acquainted with the language of sailors
in vain. Possibly—it is a mere conjecture,—the original editors of this wholly post-
humous play found the word as unintelligible as it appears to us, and gave us the
present reading, still keeping near in sound to what was written and spoken.’ I
regret that this emendation was overlooked in its proper place in the text. I am con-
soled, however, by finding that in the oversight I have the comforting company of
the Cambridge Editors. On the very threshold of the play we find that Hunter is
urgent in his claim for Lampedusa as the uninhabited isle. This claim is now
strengthened by finding that one of Ariosto’s two islands is called Lipadusa. Hun-
ter thus concludes, p. 50: ’Whether the evidence I have produced, each portion of
which I admit not to be very strong, but which, in the sum, I apprehend to be all-
powerful, is sufficient to prove to you that Shakespeare was indebted (as far as he
was indebted to any one) to Ariosto for the storm scene with which the play opens,
and from which it derives its name, you will admit that there is much more resem-
bance between the storm of Ariosto and the storm of Shakespeare than there is
between Shakespeare’s storm and that which is described in the narrative of jour-
dan. . . . Am I claiming too much . . . if I say that the Bermudian theory of the
‘origin of this play is lost for ever?’

Such theories, as this of the excellent Hunter, put forth with so much assurance,
leave on my mind only a painful impression. Shakespeare is wounded in the house
of his friends. He is dealt with as though he were a poet of inferior ability, leading
a parasitic life upon his superiors of every land and of every tongue. Ariosto can
be original, Shakespeare cannot. Ariosto can imagine the horror of a tempest, a
power beyond Shakespeare, it seems, who for his description must go to Ariosto.
The very defects which Hunter finds in Malone's parallelisms seem to be present in his own. The circumstances common to both Ariosto and Shakespeare are merely those which are quite within the range of any landsman's imagination. While Ariosto's description is wire-drawn, and, if not tedious, far from horrifying, Shakespeare's scene is full of uproar, dismay, horror, and despair. Of that which in Shakespeare's shipwreck differentiates it from every other like dramatic description that ever was written, there is in Ariosto never a hint. Shakespeare's seamanship is flawless, he handles his vessel with consummate skill, every phrase bespeaks the mariner. Is there a spark of likelihood that a man who had so mastered the subject, either by experience amid such very scenes or by conference with seamen who had lived through them, would go for a few trumpery phrases or ideas to a distant landlocked poet? The wind that whistles through Shakespeare's cordage is to be found, I fear, only in the words of Ariosto's description.

After all, Hunter has a convert, Meissner, who, granting to Shakespeare no vestige of originality in details, adopts all the borrowings from the Orlando which Hunter detects, and even adds to the number. Meissner, in fact—why should we not acknowledge it at once?—has discovered Shakespeare's workshop, and found in it the most remarkable 'lay out' of counterfeiting appliances and burglars' tools that the world has yet seen, or that literary 'cracksmen' ever knew.

In 1811, Tieck, in his Alt-Englisches Theater (p. xii), speaks of Jacob Ayrrer as the earliest writer in Germany to make any real advance in dramatic composition. It is doubtful, however, whether this advance was due to Ayrrer's mother-wit or to the fact that his plays appear to be merely imitations or reproductions of English dramas. In almost all of his comedies he introduces a Fool named 'Jahn,' whom he sometimes expressly calls the 'English Fool,' and who in his actions resembles the Clown of our old plays. 'We find,' says Tieck, 'in Ayrrer's Opus Theatricum an adaptation of Hieromimo, or The Spanish Tragedy; and it is not improbable that there is also therein many an old English play, now lost.' Perhaps it is worth while here to note that Tieck in the next sentence calls attention to the curious problem, scarcely solved even to this hour, afforded by the presence in Germany at the beginning of the seventeenth century of a company of strolling actors, calling themselves 'English Comedians,' who performed plays at first, strangely enough, in their own language, which were founded on the English drama of that day, and of whose influence traces may yet be found in Germany in the puppet-shows still popular among the common people. This early allusion by Tieck to the 'English Comedians' seems to have eluded even the lynx-eyed Germans, who attribute it to Tieck's Deutsches Theater in 1817. The interesting subject of these strolling English Actors only indirectly concerns us here. We may be permitted to surmise that it was from them that Jacob Ayrrer drew the materials for many of his plays.

It behooves us to learn somewhat of this Jacob Ayrrer. There are not lacking enthusiastic students who assert that the connection is of the closest between his Opus Theatricum and Shakespeare.

In the interval between his Alt-Englisches Theater in 1811 and his Deutsches Theater in 1817, Tieck had recognised more old English plays than only Hieromimo among Ayrrer's works, but he knew very little more of Ayrrer's life, nothing scarcely but what can be learned from the title-page of the Opus Theatricum, viz. that he was no longer living when that folio was published in 1618, and that he had been a Proctor and Notary in Nürnberg. From internal evidence in one of Ayrrer's plays
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—TIECK

325

Tieck inferred that he had died in 1610. Later research has been more successful, and from COHN'S Shakespeare in Germany, an invaluable book on this subject, we learn (p. lxi) that Jacob Ayrer died in Nürnberg in March, 1605, and that he rose to official station from what are supposed to have been extremely humble circumstances. The year of his death is alone of importance to us in the present investigation.

In 1817, Tieck had detected in the Opus Theatricum analogues of two of Shakespeare's plays: The lovely Phæmicia, an analogue of Much Ado; and The fair Sida, an analogue of The Tempest. Of the latter he remarks (p. xxii): 'The drama of The fair Sida bears distinctly the stamp of an imitation of the English, albeit we have as yet found no piece which the German dramatist could have had at hand.' The relationship of the prince to the magician, his subjection to the latter, and still more emphatically his task of bearing logs, recall Shakespeare's Tempest, for which wonderful drama English critics have not as yet been able to find an origin; it is to me more than likely that for this work Shakespeare drew the idea from the same ancient piece which Ayrer has here imitated. The scene and the names the latter seems to have changed intentionally, just as he has thrust in the comic episode without any reference to the rest of the piece, quite after the style of the oldest English stage.'

The claims which are at the present day put forward for this Fair Sida by German critics are so emphatic—almost, it might be said, so extravagant—that it is worth while to examine the whole play. It is admirably translated in Cohn's volume, the antiquated German being rendered with rare felicity; the translation is all the more remarkable when we consider that it is translated into rhyme, line for line. Merely to save space I have here translated it into prose: I wish to express my thanks for the aid which, in obscure passages, I have derived from Cohn's translation and also from the notes in TITTMANN'S reprint.

Long and tedious as is this old Comedy, I have deemed it best to translate the whole of it. I have not dared to omit a single passage, lest German critics, who have displayed such remarkable ingenuity in detecting 'parallelisms' and 'resemblances,' should find in the omitted words the one proof of all others that Shakespeare plagiarised from Ayrer. Moreover, it is only by reading the whole play, and not a mere synopsis, that English students can arrive at an intelligent conclusion concerning the claims that are so stoutly urged in its behalf.

The title-page of the unwieldy folio now before me is noteworthy for the statement which it makes in regard to the share which Ayrer had in the composition of these plays—a statement which does not seem to have received, in the discussion of this subject, its due weight. The title runs thus: OPUS THEATRICUM Thirty Inimitable beautiful Comedies and Tragedies of all kinds of Memorable ancient Roman Histories and other Political stories and poems, Also six and thirty other beautiful, merry and entertaining Shrewsberry plays or Farces, By the late honorable and learned Mr. Jacobus Ayrer, Notarius Publicus and Procureor to the Court in Nürnberg, Gathered from manifold old poets and writers, with especial assiduity, for his own pastime and amusement, and composed in German rhymes for the Stage, so that everything can be personally represented. Also a Table of Contents. Printed at Nürnberg by Balthasar Scherffen. ANNIO MDCCVIII.

In the Opus Theatricum, The fair Sida begins on the second column of p. 433, recto, and ends on p. 442, verso. As in the First Folio the Dramatic Personæ are at the end of the play, which thus begins: 'COMEDY OF THE FAIR SIDA, WHAT REPELLETH HER TILL HER MARRIAGE. EMPLOYING 16 PERSONS, AND IN 5 ACTS.'
Ruprecht, the Postman, enters, carrying a letter in a cleft stick, and says: [This 'and says' or 'says' or merely S., is repeated before every speech.] Be silent and just listen to me, I am carrying a challenge from Leudegast, the mighty prince, who intends to over-run the valiant Ludolf with a great army and see if he will defend his arrogance, and will not stop until he has expelled him because there is no trusting in time of peace one who disregards all agreements or treaties. If you do not want to come to grief I'd advise you all to look well after your property. They are already descending the hill and I must hurry off to deliver this letter. Exit.

Enter Rollus the Peasant, wringing his hands, and says: Ay but the thief cribbed too much. I've just been kneading the flour, and there are two loaves short. I haven't had so little to bake for ever so long. If I only catch that thief my fate shall make the flour run out of his neck.

Enter John Molitor, dressed like a miller, and says: Tell me, Rolly, who is that man riding off there so fast? and why is he carrying a letter in a cleft stick?

Rollus. Thou thief! may a catarrh catch thee! What's that horseman to me? Just tell me why thou stolest my flour?

John Molitor. I swear I didn't.

Rollus. Then your wife did, the jade.

John (very earnestly). Why certainly, I took only my toll out of the grain in your sack. I didn't take an atom of your flour.

Rollus. That's easy enough seen. The more grain you steal, the less flour I get — as I know this day to my sorrow. There ought to have been twelve loaves, and I had flour enough for only ten.

John M. If you'll make your loaves smaller you can bake eighteen.

Rollus. Do you mean to come here and teach me how to bake bread, and make fun of me into the bargain? You downright rascally thief, you! Cheating everybody.

John M. Upon my soul, that's a lie. I'm not in the mill all the time. How then can I keep taking toll? My men are downright pious and never wrong a peasant, especially if they're tipp'd a bit. I'm not going to listen to you any more, the thing might go too far.

[Drum is heard.]

Rollus. Hark! hark! There are strange folks here. I'll go and look after my things, so that no damage happens to me. [Exit.]

Enter Ludolf with his daughter Sida, in heathen garb, and two attendants. Sits himself, and says angrily: Sida darling, daughter mine, we ought to receive some message by this time from the prince in Littau, whose ambassador we slew. He is highly displeasing to us, and our heart is full of rage. Just as soon as we are ready for war we will powerfully attack him, and drive him from his people and his home.

Sida. My father, my mind presages nothing good. We must be circumspect. No foe is to be trusted. Besides, our foe is strong withal, and very cunning and desperate. He may offer resistance, and misfortune befall us, and eternal blame be ours for the presumption we have hitherto shown. Let your heart I pray accept counsel from your wise counsellors, who know about such things better than I a simple young girl.

Ludolf. Ho, guard, look out the gate. If there are any people outside who wish to see us, admit them. [A guard opens the gate. Enter Ruprecht the Postman with a letter in a cleft stick, and making an obeisance to the prince, says:] Most noble
Prince, I am a messenger exempt from every need and danger, nevertheless I beg for grace. Duke Leudegast, in anger, has sent me hither with this challenge; his sentiments you will find therein. [Prince Ludolf takes the letter angrily from the cleft stick and reads it, and says in anger:] Thy prince is mighty kind to us! Say to him that if he is of heroic courage and wants to know us better, let him do what he likes. We will await him here, and so cudgel his hide that he'll relinquish all his presumption. And as for you, you may clear out or we'll make you stump it. [Exit Ruprecht bowing.] We must now look about us and order a powerful army to cool the arrogance of this prince.

Sida [sadly]. Ye gods, have pity! This is all on account of poor me. Dear father mine, forego it.

Ludolf. Just hold your jaw. It's got to be. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter Leudegast, Prince of Wiltau with his two counsellors, Franciscurus and Elemaus, all in armor, and says: Since the quarrelsome Duke Leupolt has brought on war and obliged us to enter his territory, let us therefore take heart, and gain wealth and glory. No peace will we ever make with him again as long as either of us live. We are resolved that this enmity shall not cease until one or the other is driven from throne and realm.

Franciscus. This is why we are armed, and are resolved to stake life and limb and do whatever is necessary.

Elemaus. Ay, life and limb and wealth, and everything in our power will we devote to the conquest of the proud prince in Littau.

Franciscus. If you will just look, there's a cloud of dust in the field yonder. That is the foe, I think. Therefore look out, there are going to be blows.

Leudegast. Aye, we see the banners wave. Be bold and ready! A battle is at hand! The enemy is attacking us in the rear! Be on your guard! Advance! advance! advance!

Duke Ludolf's men rush in. The battle rages long. Leudolf's people are all slain.

Leudolf falls on his knees, and says: Alas, misfortune is on my side. I cannot fight an army all alone. I therefore beg for grace and clemency.

Duke Leudegast. Misfortune is your fault alone. And I should have good reason and right in slaying you at once by a cruel, bad death. But I shall drive you, a dis grace and a scoff, from your country. But swear by mouth and hand, that you will leave this country and never come back. But whatsoever you and your daughter can carry away without the help of cart or wagon, you may keep. If you do this you must swear to me.

Ludolf [plaintively]. Alas, I trusted too much in myself. Too securely built upon my power. And so the pit which I dug for others I have fallen into myself.

[He takes the oath and exit sadly.

Leudegast. Enter ye dear Warriors and let us take the city. We have won wealth and fame, destroyed the prince's arrogance. We thank you greatly that you ventured life and limb. And now we'll distribute among you all the plunder in the city.

[Exeunt.

Enter Leudolf with Sida, he carries a white silver staff in his hand, and says: Alas, how unutterably bitter to me are scoff and scorn. My heart is ready to break, because I cannot take revenge. I have lost my Princedom, my Kingdom, my wealth, honor, and glory. And although I have no longer any land, I will not cease to use
every wile and guile until fortune once more beams upon me and I can be avenged upon my foe.

Sidra. This whole week, sire, I have had a great pain in my heart. Not for a single hour could I be joyous. My heart foreboded, alas, all the scoff and scorn of this sorrow. 'Twas no wonder that my heart burst into a thousand pieces. Of yore I lived in princely rank—now I have neither land nor people. Of yore I was addressed as Princely lady—now I am a beggar girl. Of yore my welfare was unbounded—it needs be that I must now eat grass. Of yore had I many a suitor—now I shall have to die single, and know not how the end may be.

Ludolf [enraged, shaking his staff]. Hold your jaw, or may Jupiter blast you! Have patience with me a minute, while I summon my Spirit to tell me just what is to happen to us here on earth until we die.

[With his staff he draws a circle with certain characters in it.]

Sidra. Alas, if you are going to raise the Spirit, let me go away. He is too fearful to me.

Ludolf. Be silent, he is harmless. [He opens the circle and knocks on the opening with his little staff, thereupon the Devil leaps from it, spits out fire, walking around in the circle, and says angrily.] Ludolf, you're a bad man. Owing to you, I can get no rest anywhere. The minute anything occurs to you, you think I must be with you instantly. Now I'd have you know that I have more conjurers than you, and can't hop up to you instantly, however cross you may be about it. So tell me at once what you want of me.

Ludolf. You rascal, if you are going to be so proud release me from my oath or else answer my questions at once.

Runcifal, the Devil. Tell me what you want. If you don't I'll go back to where I came from. You heard me say that I had to go on further.

Ludolf. Then tell me in one word, whether I can revenge myself on my foe.

Runcifal. I can promise you in truth, that—Before long it will happen that you can capture the son of your foe, and he will long be your servant; and after submitting to misery for a long time, he will be entirely freed from your service, will then return again to his father's house, thence you will be restored to honor, and fortune will return to you. More I cannot tell you.

[Exit.]

Ludolf. If you hear any huntsmen in this wood let me know at once, and I will take the best of care to catch something myself. If I only could catch that young prince,—if I only could revenge myself on him, he'd have to remain my slave, I promise you; on him I'll wreak all the evil his father did to us. Let us now enter this hut, because just at present we have nothing better.

[Exit.]

ACTUS PRIMUS.*

Enter John Molitor, very dusty with flour, and says, laughing: A mill that has water enough to drive only three wheels can't help being useful, and give subsistence to a lazy miller as well as to his wife and child and all his people. There is no trade on this earth in which the practice of evil deserves the hangman. Because millers are fond of toll and empty the peasants' sacks a little too far, they must be thieves, which doesn't sound well. After all 'tis done only for the sake of money. And if men had no desires the world wouldn't last. And so one man becomes a prosecutor another a knacker; a third, an official or a beadle; a fourth, a peasant in his smock; a fifth, a rascal and traitor; a sixth, a murderer; a seventh, a usurer; an eighth has

* Actus Primus, Secundus, &c. are always put at the end of the Act.
joyous spirits; a ninth cleans out offices; the tenth devises evil deeds; the eleventh
levies on goods; the twelfth is his apprentice. And so on through all classes there’s
much that can be blamed, and however much it may be condemned yet men soon fall
into the way of doing that which alone yields joy and pleasure. I’d never have been
a miller if I hadn’t known so well what great profit there is in the miller’s trade.
Every year I fatten a few hogs, the butchers when they buy them never ask how I
got them. A fatted ox I have in there, and I shall butcher it at home. I make
cheese and try out lard, and besides I have ready cash. But what brings me great
discomfort is, that I lost my wife this year. Otherwise, I’d rather be a miller than the
best Doctor in town.

Enter Rollus, the Peasant, with Ela his daughter, who carries a baby in swaddling-
clothes, and says: See there, El, there stands the beast. We’ll bring your child home
to him, and tell him he must support you. If he don’t I’ll sue him.

Ela. O let us only just get at him. [They approach John Molitor.

Rollus. Holla, miller, we’ve come at the right time. You’ve harmed my daughter
for me. Along of you she has to carry that child. You’ve got to tell her quickly
whether you’ll make an honest woman of her.

John Molitor (scratching his head). You’re talking about very strange matters. I
must make an honest woman of your daughter?—that’s a trade I never learned. I’m
rather short of honesty myself. If your daughter is well, let her stay so, I’m not the
father of the child.

Rollus. Yes, you rascal, you are. I’ll take my oath on it.

John Molitor (laughing and pointing at the peasant). Just look at that slanderous
old man. He takes his oath for his daughter, and believes all that she imposes on
him.

Ela. Ay, but it’s the truth, nevertheless, for all your denials. You are the child’s
father. Just look what a pretty little son.

John Molitor. If it’s pretty it ought to have been a little girl, so that it could take
after its mother. Give me a chance to think the matter over to-day, and then I’ll tell
you my intentions.

Rollus. Very well, we’re agreed. [They go a little aside, whisper together, John
laughs, then enters Dietrich with Agnes his daughter, who also carries a baby. Diet-
rich goes up to John, and says angrily:] Do I find you here, you honest man!

John (frightened, and scratching his head). Ay, what have I done to you, pray?

Dietrich. You’ve disgraced my daughter for me. Here, we’ve brought the child
to you. This will make you bring it up. And, moreover, you’ve got to go to church
and take my daughter in marriage.

John Molitor. I acknowledge no child of your daughter’s. I never touched her.

Dietrich. Let’s go to Court. Then, you’ll see what you get. At the very least,
you’ll go to prison, and have to maintain my daughter after all. I’ll be a good father-
in-law to you, and give you besides a hundred guldens.

John Molitor. A hundred guldens, and mend my shoes gratis into the bargain?

I need a wife. I can do nothing with my servants but quarrel and scold. But
excuse me while I go into my house for a while, I must think the matter over.
[Retires to where Rollus is standing with his daughter.] Hark ye, what will you
give me to boot, if I marry your daughter?

Rollus. If you’ll marry my daughter I’ll give you, with her, a hundred guldens.

John (pointing to the Shoemaker). Why, he has offered me a hundred Thalers.
and promises, besides, to mend all my old shoes for nothing. And his daughter is prettier than this girl.

_Rollus_. If you will go to Church with her I'll pay you a hundred and fifty dollars down, and in addition cart away all your compost.

_John_ (chuckling). After all, that's pretty good. Pardon me, I must ask a question. I'll soon give you a fair answer. _[Laughs.]_ If they won't bid any higher there'll be no sale. _[Going up to the Shoemaker.]_ Hark ye, Master Dietrich, upon my word your daughter is not for me. You offer too small a dower. Rollus has just offered me two hundred Thaler's, I'd have you know, and besides agrees to cart away all my compost as long as he and I live.

_Dietrich_ (astonished). I'll give you two hundred gulden's. I thought I had offered enough.

_John_. Just wait a minute, while I go and refuse Rollus.

_[The Shoemaker and his daughter lay their heads together.]_

_John_ (going up to Rollus). In a word, I must tell you that he is willing to give two hundred Thaler's and mend my shoes as long as we live. Now his daughter is a Burgher's child, and better born than a Peasant's child. Therefore, I'll take her.

_Rollus_. Dear me, I should be downright ashamed of myself if I were not as good as he. He may promise well, but I don't know how he will ever pay. Never mind, I'll give you two hundred Thaler's as just proposed.

_John_. Two hundred Thaler's is a good deal of money. I must reflect which would be most useful to me. _[He goes aside, but before turning to the Shoemaker, says:]_ I don't like either of the jades, so I'll start a brawl, and while the two are beating each other I'll steal away. _[Approaches Dietrich.]_ Why should I take your daughter. Rollus says positively that she is only your bastard, and that you yourself were born out of wedlock.

_Dietrich_ (angrily). The scoundrel shall take his oath on that, if he is going to say such things of us. It will cost him life and limb. I'll beat him sky-blue.

_John_. Just wait, I'll ask him first. _[Goes up to Rollus.]_ Rollus, I don't want your daughter. Go hear what Dietrich says of you, that you are thought to be a rogue, that your father was hanged and your brother executed.

_Rollus_ (running to the Shoemaker). You lie like a rogue and a rascal. Silence, I'll teach you to lie.

_Dietrich_. Come on, you'll meet your match.

_[They fight.]_ _John_ laughs, claps his hands, and runs off. _Exeunt fighting._

_Enter Leudegast, Prince of Wilna with Franciscus and Elemaus, his two counsellors, and Engelbrecht, his son, all, except the Prince, in the habit of huntsmen._

_Leudegast_. As you wish to go hunting to-day, let me say to you earnestly, that you must look after each other. You know that our foe is always on the watch, and should he find you defenceless in the forest, or should he overcome you in fight, he will do you a great injury. Therefore be discreet, and keep all together.

_Engelbrecht_. We will not separate. But should one of us get lost he can be easily brought back from his wandering by the sound of the horns.

_Franciscus_. I set little value on Ludolf's power. He has no longer any people or country to make us heed him. Moreover, who knows where he is sneaking around, having crept, through fear of us, into some bat's corner. You may be sure he is not in the forest.
Eimau. He'll never more show himself to us. We needn't worry on his account.

Ludov. Well, then, depart in peace. The stag is growing fat, see that you stop the process. [Exit

Enter Ludolf with Sida, each with a white staff, and says: Last night my spirit disclosed to me that the Duke's son, Engelbrecht, would hunt in the forest. It will come to me exactly right, I will track him in the forest, catch him, and so plague him that the like has never before been known.

Sida. Verily, that is what I'd gladly see. If we can only catch this bird we might fairly hope to gain control, once more, of the whole princely government; and he'd have to pay us a great ransom; and unless he is willing to lose his life he'll have to reинstate us.

Ludolf. Be silent, we must be exactly ready; I will shortly revenge myself on him or kill myself and you. [Exit, sorrowfully.

Enter Engelbrecht with his squire. They shout as they enter: Holla, holla, holla, then come forward.

Engelbrecht. We have wandered far from the paths, and no answer is given to our blasts on the horn. Look, look, what people are they just over there? In sooth they are running towards us. Therefore be well on your guard.

[They lay their hands on their rapiers.

Enter Ludolf, the Prince, with Sida, he carries in one hand a drawn sword, and in the other a white staff, and says: Thou young Prince surrender thyself.

Engelbrecht. Such booty thou shalt not gain this day. Squire, run him through with thy sword.

[They try to draw from the scabbards. Ludolf strikes the weapons with his staff.

Squire. I cannot draw my weapon. I believe it is bewitched.

Engelbrecht. Ay, it is mere magic. I am lamed in both hands. I can neither bend nor turn. Therefore since there is no other way, I must be thy prisoner and live according to thy pleasure.

Ludolf. Give me at once thy promise of this. And as for you, you saucebox, clear out, or I'll tread you into the dirt, and hack off all your four limbs, so that you'll cease to bother me; and I'll let crows and ravens feed on you.

Squire. Alas, an evil hunt have we. Gracious Prince, in heavy sorrow, at this time I take my leave of you. [Exit.

Ludolf. Now thou art my very slave. As thy father unrighteously drove me from home and people, and heaped on me great scoff and scorn, so shalt thou be parted from him and all thy country. Thou shalt carry wood for my daughter, and everything which she tells thee thou must obey and accomplish, or heavy blows shall force thee. And should she complaint to me that thou hast eat at anything, on the spot I'll strike thee dead. [Beats him to the exit. Strikes him on the back with his staff, as does also the daughter, and exit.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

Enter Dietrich and Rollus running, with loud outcries.

Rollus. Stop! in all conscience 'tis enough. In all my born days no man ever beat me so. And I never did you any harm.

Dietrich. I'm baseborn, am I? Tell me who told you that lie.
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Rollus. It never passed my lips. But the miller, he said, that you had called me a rogue, and had said my father was hanged and my brother too—and that's the account I wanted to settle.

Dietrich. I never cal'ed thee a rogue. I never thought of thy father or of thy brother being hanged.

Rollus. It's that miller, then, who has set us on. Let the rogue himself be hung. We'll accuse him before the Mayor. He shall pay for it, because we were put up to it.

[Exeunt running, then re-enter at opposite entrance.

Dietrich. The scoundrel has cleared out.

Rollus. Ay, the fellow's never at home, but I'll not rest till I've found the blackguard. [Enter John, disguised as an old woman, walking with a crutch.] Dear old lady tell us the truth, haven't you seen John Miller?

John Molitor (in an old woman's weak voice). John Miller—how should I have seen him; what the devil have I to do with him? Ask people who know.

Rollus. There, there, old mother. I know a man I can ask. He'll tell us in a minute.

John (still like an old woman). Ay, if he can do that, it's no small job, and I'll go with you too.

Enter Prince Leudegast with Franciscus and Elemaus, and says (seating himself): It seems very strange to me that you should return home all alone, without my dear son, after my strict commands that you should stay by his side. Let us write in every direction to find out where he is. In his death you've killed me. That was a sad hunting for me.

Franciscus. In sooth it is a downright sorrow that he should so have escaped us. We surrounded a deer which the young prince wanted to bring down. And with the deer he was lost too. We called the huntsman's Holla after him, and blew the horns also. We supposed he would return, but we could neither see him nor hear him. Yet we did not despair. We knew that he had with him his squire—the same who is now approaching.

[Enter Squire.

Prince. Where did you leave my son? What happened to you on the chase?

Squire. Alas, the young prince is a prisoner, as he was stalking a deer which he wished to bring down with his own gun. He missed the deer, and we got lost in the forest and could hear neither dogs nor horns. While we were stopping to think, a woman sprang upon us and then a man; who boldly seized us, demanded our surrender, and grievously threatened us. But we grasped our swords to rid ourselves of him, when, with a staff he had in his hand, he gave a little stroke on our weapons and we couldn't draw them. Such a terror then seized us that we had to surrender. And after he had severely threatened us, he bade me go my ways. And has kept your Highness's son, who therefore has to endure everything.

Leudegast. Alas, thou bad, unlucky chase! What evil thou bringest upon my house! And if I had gone out, too, the same would have happened to me. How shall I set about releasing my son? If it is Ludolf, our bitter foe, who has taken my son, he will surely take his life. We must not therefore lose a minute.

Elemaus. It is a remarkable story, of which it is useless to talk much; but highly necessary to take such counsel that every step shall be taken wisely.

Leudegast. Come, then, let us consult. There's no use in standing still. We must contrive some protection for my son.

[They all go out.
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Enter Prince Ludolf, with his staff.

Ludolf. Again my luck has turned. And my enemy is in my power, whom I’ll treat badly enough. But soft, what rabble comes here?

Enter Dietrich and Rollus, with John Molitor in woman’s clothes.

Dietrich. Gracious Sir, we two have a secret to discuss with you. We can’t find it out in any other way, and so we beg the aid of your magic. We’ll pay you right well. A miller lives near us who has put a scandal on us, and we have a sore complaint against him. But we cannot find him at home, and we believe this old woman knows where he is.

John Molitor (like an old woman). In faith, I know neither where he is nor who he is.

Ludolf (shakes his head and lays his staff on John’s head). Thou art a downright jade. I know you well, you sorry beldame. Just take that kerchief off your head and we’ll soon find the miller.

[He knocks off the kerchief with his staff and reveals John Molitor.

Dietrich. Thou shall not leave here alive. We’ll punish you to our hearts’ content, so that hereafter no good man by your means shall come to grief.

John. O Magician, I beg for mercy. Your art is ahead of mine.

Ludolf. What punishment do you wish me to inflict on him?

Rollus. Magician, turn him into a fox, to restrain his impudence hereafter.

John. I’ll eat your chickens, and do you even more harm than now.

Dietrich. Mr Magician, if it is possible make an ass of him.

John. Silly cobbler, just remember that if I am turned into an ass I’ll ruin thee. Cows, horses, and pigs shall bear nothing but asses, whose hides are good only for drums. Where’ll you get your leather—be sure, I’d give you nothing but that of asses.

Dietrich. Well, then, let him be a man, and punish him as much as you please.

Ludolf. I’d already fixed it. He shall stay with me here in the forest, and to guard against any spooniness* between my daughter and Engelbrecht, he shall keep a faithful eye on both and report to me. But first swear to me that you’ll do it.

[He swears. Exeunt.

Enter Sidea with the young prince Engelbrecht, who is very meanly clad, and is carrying some logs and an axe, which he lays down.

Sidea (threatening him with her staff). Unless you want to get a flogging, you’ll split me that wood up pretty quick, you abominable, lazy dog!

Engelbrecht (falling at her feet and imploring with his hands). Woe’s me, I’m utterly sick at heart and cannot go another step in doing this work. I am utterly exhausted, not an atom of strength is left in my body. ’Twere better far to kill me at once than to put on me such daily tasks, such heavy work. I beg you, as sincerely as I can, to kill me outright.

Sidea (addressing the audience). Although his father condemns my father to misery and to need, and I, his princely daughter, have cause enough for vengeance, yet when I think over the whole affair I have to bear in mind that he, too, is of princely birth

* I am ready to confess my ignorant surprise at the antiquity of this word. The original, Dijffey, I had always thought was modern slang adopted from the English. But from its presence here, earlier than 1605, it seems as though it were we who had taken it from the German. Let me here add what, perhaps, I should have mentioned before, that the difficulties of translation are increased by the lack of punctuation. Except here and there, in the stage directions, there are not a dozen marks of punctuation, of any kind, throughout the original play.—End.
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and has done us no harm; and, sooth to say, ought not to have to pay his father's debt. And, then, he has such a figure that on the score of beauty I cannot hate him. And if I must lead this life for a long time here in the forest, what a joy and happiness it were if he were to prove faithful to me and take me for his wedded wife. I'd like to help him out of all this need and woe. I'll tell him secretly about it. [She goes up to him.] My Engelbrecht, what would'st thou do if, on account of thy service, I were to release thee and then take thee in marriage.

Engelbrecht (falling at her feet). Ah, speak not, or my emotions will kill me, all the living gods in the world could not bring that about, but, if it were possible, my fate were then the best of all. Yes, to thy love I would devote myself, and serve thee body and soul, and make thee a princess.

Sida. If I could trust thee in this matter, and thou wilt accede and aid me with hand and mouth, I'll speak further with thee.

Engelbrecht. Ay, you ought to trust me, and you ought also to be my spouse.

Sida. Art thou then mine? [They join hands.

Engelbrecht. Yes.

Sida. Then I am thine. May the gods remain with us! Nothing now but death shall part us. That thou mayst see how earnest I am, I'll follow whithersoever thou leadest. [They embrace.

Enter Runcifal the Devil, and says: Sida, this proposal of thine I'll go straight and tell thy father. It's eminently improper that thou shouldst allow thyself to be carried off. [Sida takes her staff, strikes him on the mouth. He signifies that he is dumb, and sorrowfully departs.

Sida. Now the Spirit cannot harm us by betraying us to my father. Now we can go away from this country. [Exeunt.

Enter Prince Ludolf with John Molitor, in a rage he strikes John on the head with his staff, and says: Where is Sida? tell me at once.

John. I don't know. If she's not in the forest, she's with Engelbrecht.

Ludolf. Art thou not my slave, whose duty 'twas to guard them?

John. Ay, ay, I know that well enough. But, gracious Sir, there are two of them, and they didn't tell me where they were going. So I don't know where they are.

Ludolf. This shall cost thee thy life. Clear out and find where they are. And if thou dost not bring them back quickly, I'll cut thy head off. [John Molitor scratches his head and Exit.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

Enter Engelbrecht and Sida.

Sida. For my part, I hope we have now escaped from my father. But I am so tired from walking, that if my life and limb depended on it I could go no further. Would that I had stayed at home! But burning love has driven me to this risk.

Engelbrecht. Pray do not let this difficulty conquer you. If you can go no further afoot, you'll have to be driven in a coach. Wait here until I can send a coach back for you, with servants to bring you in.

Sida. I have stolen away from my father. Do you think that he will ever cease from seeking me on every road, and if he should find me here I've looked my last on you, and I must die before his face.

Engelbrecht. The gods can never will that. But to prevent your father from
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finding you, you must climb this tree. He could pass under it half a dozen times before he'd ever find you. Besides you'll not stay there long.

Sides. Alack, my heart misgives; but you'll forget me.

Engelbrecht. Ah, sweetheart, have no care. I pledge my honour and my faith, that I'll ne'er forget you while I live.

[He lifts her into the tree.

Sides. I trust that I shall be safe here, but pray don't forget me.

Engelbrecht. Why do you harp on 'forgetting'? I'll fetch you immediately.

[Exit.

The maiden sits in the tree, and says sorrowfully: If the prince for whom I have done so much should betray me, I would invoke vengeance on him and revenge, all my life.

Enter Finelia the cobbler's wife, with a pitcher to fetch water, and says: In this wretched town there's no good drinking-water, so we have to fetch it from a distance. My husband at home has told me to hurry and bring some water. Water never makes folks dance and hop. So I begged him to buy some beer—but the fool is such a skinflint. [She goes to the spring to draw water.] Ei, e i, now I can see myself reflected in the well. [She throws down the pitcher and walks simperingly around the spring.] The like of me cannot around be found. What an uncommonly lovely creature! What a fool I was to take up with that wax-end loony, that ugly, misshaped booby! I've done with him, I'll straight to court.

[Exit.

Enter Elsa, the peasant maid, with a pitcher, and, as she is about to draw some water, she sees the reflected image, and says: I cannot tell how surprised I am, now that I see my reflection and discover how fair I am. Ei, e i, what was I thinking of to wish to have the miller? I'm downright ashamed of it. And though I've loved not wisely, yet there are many people in the world who don't know it, and don't care for it. And forsooth, I must needs live in a corner with that fellow! No, no, I'll none of the miller. I'll to court as a grand dame.

[She also throws away her pitcher and walks proudly off.

Enter John Molitor, and says: My master raves awfully and swears I must find out his daughter, because I didn't look sharp enough after her. He reviles, insults, and blackguards me. Yes, indeed, he said it to my face, that if I didn't find her he'd kill me. I've run round the whole world, and have neither guttled nor guzzled a single thing. The sun is mighty hot. Look, down yonder is a nice spring, I'll refresh myself there a bit. [He goes to the spring, looks in, stands up, looks up into the tree, and says:] The reflection frightened me. What lovely dolls are hanging on the tree. This is the luckiest spring in the world, for here I've found the girl. I'll go straight and tell my master. He'll come to fetch her right off.

Sides (mournfully in the tree). Alas! whither shall I fly. My dearest stays too long away. The water's reflection has betrayed me to John Molitor, and he will tell my father. Alack! for grief and woe! Here is a new danger. Engelbrecht has clean forgotten me! Oh woeeful day, where shall I fly. I am the wretchedest creature on earth. Alas, with what anguish of heart I quiver! Oh, woe and calamity, I hear some people coming!

Enter Dietrich the cobbler, and says: I don't know what it means. I told my wife to fetch me some water. She came back out of her senses, says she has seen in the well what a beautiful woman she is, and that she'll stay with me no more, but will set up as a lady. I can never stand thirst, and if I don't wish to die of it I must fetch water for myself. At the same time, I will look and see what has made my wife so silly. [He goes to the well to draw water, and says:] The water gives a reflection.
A beautiful woman must be sitting above the spring. [He looks around and descries Sinea, and says:] Aha! now I see her. Oh, tender maiden, tell me what you are doing up there in the tree. To whom do you belong? whence do you come?

Sinea clasps her hands, and says: Ah, my good friend, I beg you sore that you will help me from this tree, and give me shelter for only two days that I may rest myself a while and escape from my enemy. And if you will aid me to avoid this calamity, I will reward you richly.

Dietrich the cobbler lifts her from the tree, and says: Indeed, I'll do it willingly. But I am very badly off at home.

Sinea. When there, I'll tell you everything; how I unluckily came hither. For I greatly feared that I should be a captive if I stayed there long, and so encounter woe and pain.

[They go off together.}

Enter Ludolf the Prince, and says: Here I'll await my Spirit. If he doesn't know where my daughter is, it's all up with the miller. I have sworn an oath that he must die by my hand.

[Hereupon Ludolf makes a circle with his staff; Runcifal leaps forth.]

Ludolf. Inform me, Runcifal, where my daughter has gone. I am greatly enraged with you, because you let her escape and never told me.

[Runcifal indicates that it was not his fault, because he could not speak.]

Ludolf. What do you mean? Speak at once.

[Runcifal makes signs that he cannot.]

Ludolf. He is bewitched, I clearly see.

[He strikes the Devil on the mouth with his staff.]

Runcifal. Your daughter accepted the prince. And I came along just then, and was going to tell thee about it, when she struck me on the mouth, so that my tongue was tied and not a single word since then have I spoken. How, then, could I tell thee? Thereupon they ran away from thee, and have gone home to his father.

Ludolf (mournfully). Now at last I am utterly ruined. If my John Molitor doesn't find her my heart will never again know peace. [Enter John Molitor with a little drum and pipe; he pipes and the Devil begins to dance.]

Ludolf. If thou art so merry, John, and canst pipe, tell me where my daughter is?

John. Your daughter?

Ludolf. Yes, my daughter, where is she?

John. Marry come up, I've seen her.

[Pipes again and drums.]

Ludolf. Where hast thou seen her, show me?

John. I saw her [pipes again, and then he says:] in a tree.

Ludolf (angrily). Stop thy piping, and tell me about my dear daughter. [John pipes and drums, the Devil dances, then some other devils run out; they all dance, at last John stops.]

Ludolf. I believe thou'rt lost thy wits, to kick up such a rumpus here.—You Devils, clear right out.—In one word, tell me where thou hast seen my daughter?

John. She sat there on the limb of a tree, the very next one to the spring. And I am so mighty joyful now, because I've found her. Come hither, and we'll find her there yet. 'Tis true I didn't see her. The reflection in the water betrayed her, just as I was about to drink.

Ludolf. Ah, if I could only get her again! Waste no time, but go right off and help me find my daughter.

[They go off.}
Enter Dietrich the cobler, with his wife, and says: Finelia mine, tell me, I pray, what's the matter, that thou'lt not treat me kindly any longer?

Finelia. I'm sorry I ever accepted thee, and that I live with thee. I'm a most lovely woman. The like is not in the city.

Dietrich. Say, who told thee that? He was humbugging thee.

Finelia. The reflection which I saw in the spring told me.

Dietrich. Then come along to the spring, and see if thou'lt not been plumply deceived. [Finelia goes with him to the spring, looks in, and says:] My former face is gone. When I look down now, I can't mistake myself for any one else. And I'm scarcely good enough for thee. But when I threw away my pitcher I was young and fair like the court dames, and then I thought I was too good for thee.

Dietrich. Never mind, Finelia dear. Look, here comes the maiden whose face was reflected in the well. I found her sitting in the tree. Thy beauty was an imagined dream. It can't compare with hers.

Sidea enters, and says: Mr Cobbler, I hope you'll grant my prayer, that I may have your wife's clothes to wear on the street, and that you will let her go with me and wear my clothes. I'll reward you richly. I only want to go to the Prince's court, I'll soon send her back to you.

Dietrich. That's all right. May the gods go with you, and may they all grant that we may soon meet again in joy.

[They all go off.

Enter Prince Ludolff with John Molitor.

John. On this tree, over this spring, I found your daughter. But she's no longer there.

Ludolff. I don't care for thy findings, find out where she has gone. You should have taken her with thee and brought her home.

John. For joy, I never thought of that. I thought that if your grace should come yourself and take her down, it would be a much greater joy. [Ludolff beats him with his staff, and says:] What a stupid, senseless blockhead thou art! Simpleton and silly calf! What thou dost by halves thou'lt pay with thy hide. [Runcifal the Devil runs in, and says:] There's no use in this fuss. I've looked everywhere for her. We've been thwarted by cunning. She's gone to the Prince of Wiltau, and is Engelbrecht's bride. So cease your pursuit.

Ludolff. My misery is indescribable. More sorrow and wretchedness has befallen me. I've been sold and betrayed. I don't know where to begin. Don't let us delay, but go at once to my cave. There we can discuss how I must manage.

[They all go off.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

Enter Leudegast, Prince of Wiltau, with Franciscus and Elemaus, and says mournfully: How can I tell the sorrow of my heart! That Engelbrecht, my only son, should be kept so long in his horrible imprisonment. We have sent everywhere for him, but no one has found him. I'm afraid he's dead. I've just won a wife for him—namely, the daughter of the king of Poland, whom we've just had fetched here. She's waiting impatiently for him; and when she hears that he's a prisoner, she'll never be comforted. Moreover, she won't be kept here any longer. She'll go home to-morrow.

Franciscus. We'll spare no pains, but try every means to find the young prince. By night and day, with force of arms, Ludolff must be pursued and killed like a dog. Every hour he is plotting against us and this country.
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Elemaus. It we are to snatch your Highness' son out of Ludolf's hands, we must send out a great army and carry him off by force. Unless I am deceived, there are some people at the door.

Leudegast. Let them enter. Perhaps it is a messenger with unexpected news of my son.

Elemaus opens the door, Engelbrecht enters in ragged clothes, Prince Leudegast arises, goes to him, and says: Oh, see! oh, woe! what shall we do? Alas, be welcome here, dear son. Alas, and wert thou born a prince, and now art in such dreadful clothes. And where hast thou been all this time?—Go quick and bring to him some clothes, new shoes, and eke a finger ring, and share all good things here with me.—But thou, pray tell me all that has occurred to thee.

Engelbrecht. Ludolf the prince took me a prisoner. Through him I came to great discomfort. I had to carry wood for him, and to cut and split it. And he treated me very badly. And he handed me over to his daughter, who almost took my life. Then she took pity on me, a poor, sick, half-dead man. After that she did me no more harm, she accepted me in marriage. Came away with me as far as this neighborhood. When she was able to go no further, I made her get up in a tree a little distance from the highway, while I came off to get a coach. Wherefore, Herr Father, orders must be given to bring Sidea here. [Here the counsellors return with the clothes, dress him, and Leudegast says:] My dear son, dost thou lack aught else? Everything which thou desirest we shall graciously grant. Also we shall look about for the most lovely maiden for thee, whom thou must marry. And so, my son, thou must remain at home, and not expose thyself as hitherto. —Gentlemen, bring hither the damsel. She has long awaited thee. She will be highly delighted. (Elemaus goes off, carrying the clothes, returns with Julia the maiden, and says:) Gracious Prince, I bring the maiden for your gracious son to see, whom we behold with joy.

Julia, the maiden. To the gods we will give praises, who have brought you home.

Engelbrecht. I cannot express my joy, that an hour like this has been granted to me. No creature in the world can believe the misery from which I have escaped. But I hope things will be better in future. After rain comes the sun.

Leudegast. Darling son, let us retire and discuss how quickest we may celebrate the marriage, and order it in the most costly manner, and that it lacks nothing.

[They all go off, Engelbrecht leading the maiden.]

Enter Duke Ludolf with his John, and says: John Molitor, we are done up. We must win or die. My daughter I will have again or stake my life. If the young Prince is going to keep Sidea, he must bring me again into the grace and favour of his old father. As it is all thy fault that Sidea escaped, thou'll have to find out the best way, or with thy hide thou'll have to pay. (John shrinks back, and says:) I've always been a prudent man, and if your grace will obey me, just put on my clothes while I put on yours, and thus we'll go together to Court, where we'll devise some cunning practice to bring off Sidea or the lad; whereby the old Prince, in order to retrieve the disgrace, will be forced to restore your gracious Highness to favour and conclude a peace with you.

Ludolf. Ay, marry, there's no harm in trying. We'll put our fate to the touch. Good luck may favour us!

[They go off.]

Enter Julia, and says sorrowfully: Alas, I have just learned that Engelbrecht has already plighted his troth to Sidea, the fairest of maidens, the daughter of the Prince of Willtau. Woe's me, if that is really true, the very first thing that she'll do
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—THE FAIR SIDE A

will be to contest my betrothal, and I shall come off second best, and then remain the jeer and sneer of rich and poor both far and near. Woe's me, of this had I been ware, they'd not have caught me in this snare. The Prince I know will make it good. He has promised silver, hill, and mountain. If I do not miss it that way, perhaps I may come off pretty well. But now I'll retire to my chamber. [Exit.

Enter Sidea, with a shabby cloak over her beautiful clothes, and a kerchief, which she can throw off quickly. She carries a goblet full of a drink, and says: Well, I've reached the court at last, but have heard some very bad news, namely, that Prince Engelbrecht has utterly forgotten the benefits I bestowed on him and risked life and limb in the doing. He has lost sight of everything and has at last betrothed another, with whom to-day he celebrates his marriage. But I've got a drink ready for him here; with it I'll creep in among the guests, and when they are at the merriest I'll offer him the draught to drink. The first drop he gulps will make him recognise me, make obeisance to me and call me by name and recall his promise to me, and lead me to the altar afterwards, so that what began in sorrow will have a joyous ending.

[She goes off.

Enter Leudegast, the Prince, with his counsellors Franciscus and Elemaus, and with Julia and Engelbrecht his son, and says: This day is the marriage day, so drive all thoughts and care away. Princes and Lords are gathering here from every country far and near; they wish to beautify this feast for us, and it is, therefore, our duty to show them honour. So then be cheery all. After a while, according to an ancient custom, we'll go to the Great Temple of Jupiter and have you there joined in marriage, with eating, drinking and music, with races, toursneys, contests and combats, and in merry pastimes drown all sorrow. Bid welcome, then, each stranger guest, and honour all, your very best. [They all bow. Enter Sidea, disguised, as just described, carrying her goblet. She gives them her hand, and then says to the Bridegroom: ] Herr Bridegroom, I am an ambassador, perhaps wholly unknown to you, yet sent hither by a great nation. That you may grandly refresh yourself, and feel to-day as you never felt before, drink this wine, which is of the best, and which I here present to you to-day upon your princey wedding. [Engelbrecht takes the goblet, looks at it, drinks, clasps his hands, and says:] Woe's me! how abandoned I have been to have so scandalously forgotten my darling Sidea. Oh woe! woe! sorrow! anguish and agony! Woe, heartbreaking, sighing, and pain! [He draws his dagger and says:] My saddened heart I will herewith free from further agony, and be my own executioner for forgetting my dearest. [Sidea grasps the dagger. All run to them. Sidea says:] With what folly are you seized. Take comfort, all will be well. Summon up your courage. What though you deserted Sidea in a tree on a strange road, she's alive and brisk and well, and you shall see her in a trice. [Sidea throws off the cloak and kerchief. Engelbrecht falls at his father's feet, and says:] Ah, Herr Father, take pity on me. She who has just come in is the daughter of Prince Ludolff, he whose temper was worse than a wolf's; he gave me to her for her own. She preserved my life, and had she not done so I should have been decayed long ago. I plighted her my troth, and when she could go no further, I put her in a tree in the woods and promised to fetch her right away, as I told you, Herr Father. After that, I forgot it and engaged myself to Julia, whom my conscience now reproaches me I cannot lead to the altar—rather will I lose my life. [To Julia he says:] Wherefore, princely maiden, I implore that you will pity my anguish and release my plighted troth.

Julia. It doesn't matter a great deal. If you were engaged to her before me, of course I ought not have come hither, for the first vow takes precedence, I suppose,
But I, poor fool, must now bear reproach from everybody. But you ought to be even more ashamed of yourself than I who knew nothing about it.

Leudegast. Ah, put the best face on the matter. It all happened unwittingly. That no such reproaches broad and deep may befall you, as you have just spoken of, come with us to the Church, and before you leave, I will confer on you a prince's son, handsome, rich, and as good as he, and you shall have amends from us for all your injuries, big and little. [He goes to Sidae, gives her his hand, and says:] Ah, are you then henceforth my daughter-in-law? Your father is my bitterest foe. If he were only here to-day we'd become reconciled, and henceforth for the rest of our days have no more discord. Accept my thanks for the kindness and honour you have done my son. [There is a knocking.] Sirrah, see who knocks. [The door is opened, Prince Ludolf with John Molitore enters and stands in a corner.]

Leudegast. Who may be those persons that enter? Forsooth, two very ill-mated companions. [Sidae looks around; immediately recognises her father, and says:] Oh woe, it is my father dear; why did he risk himself in here? [She says to her father:] Alas, Herr Father, what are you doing here? I am in terror for you, that you should thus venture.

Ludolf. Alas, canst thou be my flesh and blood and betray me so scandalously? [He goes to Leudegast, and says:] I pray your grace to pardon me. As affairs have turned out, I will never, as long as I live, do anything against your grace.

Leudegast [giving him his hand]. Since everything seems to be turning out to make us good friends, I restore your land to you and make with you a lasting peace, never to be broken, but always upheld; the terms whereof shall be carefully laid down after we have consulted together, and sealed it with our privy seals, as soon as the wedding is over.

Ludolf. All discord shall vanish in pure love and good friendship. And to show that the same has power and commences from this very hour, I pledge you, hand and mouth. [Ludolf gives him his hand, and says to his son-in-law:] Now I wish you all health and happiness, although I did treat you pretty badly. After all, it's over now without any harm, and everything is turning out well. [To John.] See here, take back your clothes and take off mine. [He attires himself for a wedding. Leudegast takes Julia's hand, and says:] Since happiness again is ours and all hostility at an end, let's all together enter here and joyous be with merry cheer, and let the wedding now begin. Julia, to you I give as spouse our Prince Francis; together with a comfortable fortune, so that your joy will be the greater. [He takes her to the Prince Francis; joins their hands, and says:] We thus give you to each other, and let the marriage proceed at once.

Franciscus. There is no loss, there is great gain. Dearest dear, be now consoled; from all your woes be freed. This marriage you shall never rue.

Julia. If your love to me is in earnest, I am satisfied with it. All my sorrows have vanished and I will do everything you wish.

Leudegast. Since everything is now restored, and the time has come for the marriage to begin, all follow after me, and every care you'll put away; this is, of all, the happiest day.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

John Molitore remains behind, and concludes: This history shows: 'Tis bad to resist the strong. Whenever circumstances arise which move us to anger, let us control ourselves. Consider if we lose our cause, what harm and damage thence accrue.
Tis well said that self-harm brings woe. The rich who are stronger, it is better to appease and mollify, than to stir up to strife. For the strongest generally comes out on top. And although the weaker may find a good chance afterwards for revenge, he mustn’t count too much on it. Let him look out that luck doesn’t beguile him. It often happens that he who is to-day on top may shortly get a fall. For vengeance doesn’t please God, but as the Bible tells us He will himself repay the wicked. Therefore so act that each side may yield a bit, and let each so behave that out of former quarrels and contention eternal unity may follow.

ALBERT COHN, who, in his Shakespeare in Germany, has put under lasting obligations all students of this chapter of German Dramatic History, observes (p. lviII):

“Ayer’s piece has a thoroughly legendary character. The apparently historical personages are not to be met with in history. A Prince Ludolf of Lithuania has existed just as little as a Prince Lendegaast of the Wiltau. The Wiltau is a fabulous name; the nearest approach to it is Wilna, but it does not appear that the latter has been ever so denominated.” History has no record of any Polish Princess (Julia), who was engaged to be married to a son of a Prince of Wiltau (Engelbrecht).

Ludolf says to Sida, “May Jove,” &c., and also in other passages the heathen gods are introduced. “Heathen clothes” are expressly prescribed for Ludolf and Sida, a direct proof that Ayer placed the action in an ante-Christian period. . . . Ayer is not the inventor of this subject; he has had either a legend or a play before him. A proof of this is to be found in the First Act, where Leudegaast says of Prince Ludolf: “Duke Leopold so loves strife and brawl That now he’s challenged us to “fall,” &c. No Duke Leopold appears throughout the whole piece, and the mention of one in this passage is a confusion of names which can only be explained by the supposition of a somewhat careless use of the original sources.” Unquestionably Ayer’s play is a mere adaptation; we are so informed on the title-page of his Opus Theatricum; but I am inclined to think that Leupold for ‘Ludolf’ is simply an oversight. In a note on IV, i, 164 of The Tempest, instead of Miranda, Walker wrote Matilda, and his accomplished editor Lettsom never noticed it. On p. lxx, Cohn continues, “In all cases where we are acquainted with the sources from which Ayer derived his plots, we see that he almost always retains the original names for his principal persons; and as it is highly improbable that these, for the most part purely German names, should have occurred in an English drama of the sixteenth century we cannot place much confidence in the suggestion, that any such work was the common source of the two plays in question. Ayer appears rather to have worked after some German original, and this may have come to light in England in the form of some metamorphosis or other. Neither is it impossible, or even improbable, that Ayer’s piece itself may have come to Shakespeare’s knowledge through the medium of comedians who had returned to England.”

Dr W. BELL finds so much similarity between Die schöne Sida and The Tempest that he is convinced that either Ayer copied from Shakespeare or Shakespeare copied from Ayer. But as The Tempest is one of Shakespeare’s latest plays, and as Ayer died in 1605, it follows that it was not Ayer who was the plagiarist. ‘Nothing would have been more in character,’ Bell says (Sh.’s Puck, ii, 280), ‘than if Shakespeare had made one of the various wandering companies of English performers . . . .

* Caro (Englische Studien, II. band, i. heft, p. 159) says that among “German orders” “Wiltau” is the usual name for Wilna.”—Eo.
and have listened to, if not read,—nay, acted in,—the dramas or Carnival Farces of Hans Sachs and Ayrer. Bell then assumes that to this residence of Shakespeare in Germany is due that knowledge of Folk-lore which, as Bell thinks, is to be detected profusely scattered through his plays. For instance, a story, taken down by word of mouth by Bechstein (Deutsches Märchenbuch, p. 172), called The Three Nuts, contains the task of log-splitting set to a captive prince by a magician, and victoriously accomplished by a lovely and compassionate princess. Again, in Kühn’s Märkische Sagen, p. 263, a story is given which may have helped to build up another portion of Shakespeare’s Tempest from German sources. It is entitled Die König’s Tochter beim Pohans, The King’s Daughter at the Wizard’s. Here we have a shipwrecked Prince, an enamoured Princess versed in magic arts, a conjuring staff, whereby when pursued the Princess turns herself into a wondrous flower and her lover into a bee. The parallelism which Bell discovers in this last item may serve as a sample of the value of the rest of his criticism. The wondrous flower, Bell finds developed into Miranda, with a play on the meaning of the name; and the bee suggested Ariel’s Where the bee sucks.

‘The resemblance of the Sidea to The Tempest,’ says Tittmann (Schauptsca a. d. sechzehnten Jahrhundert, 1869, ii, 151), ‘is twofold; it lies first in the main idea, which the Folk-lore already contained, and secondly in the attendant details. The former, the reconciliation of hostile Princes by the marriage of their children, originated with neither of the two poets; a similar adjustment of difficulties is repeatedly found in legend and history.’ [This erroneous statement is made by almost every German scholar who treats of this subject, and in some cases English critics have been misled into adopting it. No English reader, after a moment’s thought, will so interpret the forgiveness by Prospero of Alonso. But the idea just expressed by Tittmann, and repeated by Meissner, that Prospero’s reconciliation with Alonso was brought about by the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda, seems to have become fixed in Germany.] ‘In the combination of this main idea the choice of the devil’s tails adds heavily to the weight. An accidental accord is hardly possible.’ Tittmann repeats the stories mentioned by Bell, and adds another from Wolf (Deutsche Märchen u. Sagen, No. 26), whereof the origin is to be traced, he thinks, to the coasts of the North Sea, whence, as the common property of the Lower Saxton in Germany and England, Shakespeare might have taken it, just as Ayrer might have chosen another form of it. ‘Perhaps the Prince had to fight a monster on the island, just as Hagen had to fight Gabilun, whereof the form of Caliban is a survival. At all events, that feature is genuine which attributes Prospero’s power to his mantle, his Wishing-mantle. . . . Ariel’s pipe and tabor and John Molitor’s music are merely accidental parallelisms—these instruments are the favourite ones with the Clown on the English stage, and Ayrer merely imitates a clown in his John.’ Tittmann adopts the suggestion made by Cohn, that Shakespeare might possibly have gained his knowledge of these German sources from the returning Comedians, and thinks that through this hypothesis, which is not altogether too recondite, a “Shakespearian mystery,” as English critics have termed the source of the plot of The Tempest, may be brought nearer to its final solution.’ [Let me remark parenthetically, that Tittmann is, I think, unhappy in the text of Die schöne Sidea which he has selected for reprinting; and Meissner, the latest critic, has followed him. Tittmann’s text is to me really more difficult to read than the original. For ‘than’ of the original, Tittmann has dam; for ‘weh,’ he has me; and for ‘Eh,’ e, &c.; his foot-notes, however, are helpful.]
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—HALLIWELL

Hitherto we have found the German critics temperate in their claims for Sideo as a source for The Tempest; the most that has been urged by them (Bell was an Englishman) is a common origin. We now come to Meissner, whose book (Untersuchungen über Shakespeare's 'Sturm,' 1872) of a hundred and fifty octavo pages is devoted to the investigation of the sources of the plot of the present play; its first chapter deals with Die schöne Sideo, and therein (p. 13) Meissner does not hesitate to say that for certain details 'Shakespeare profited by Ayer direct' (Shakespeare Ayer's Stück direkt benutzte). To this extraordinary conclusion he comes after many pages of parallel columns with passages containing what he calls 'resemblances.' After reading them carefully, with all the candour at my command, I confess that, with two, possibly three, exceptions (the hackneyed 'enchantment of the swords,' the 'logbearing,' and possibly Prospero's 'cell' and Ludolf's 'cave'), I fail to detect in many instances anything more than the merest chance resemblance, and, in the majority of instances, any resemblance whatever. For example: 'Miranda. My husband, then? Ferd. Ay, with a heart as willing As bondage e'er of freedom; 'here's my hand. Mir. And mine with my heart in't.' To this passage Meissner (p. 12) finds even a verbal parallelism in the following: 'Sideo. Blstu denn mein. Engelbrecht. Ja. Sideo. So bleib ich dein Die Götter bleiben mit vns beyden.' [Here Meissner takes two lines from a preceding speech of Sideo where she asks Engelbrecht what he would do if she should release him from his slavery.] 'Wenn ich dir deiner Dienstbarkeit Zu wegen brecht jetzt ein freyheit.' From one learn all; or to take another instance, which is here given from The Tempest just as Meissner gives it, except that it is given in Shakespeare's English and in Cohn's (i. e. Solly's) translation of the German: In I. ii. : 'Ariel. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains... Prospero. How now? moody? ... If thou more murmur'st I will rend an oak.' To this, Meissner gives as a parallel from Sideo: 'Ludolf with a white silver wand makes a circle with some characters in it, strikes the opening with his wand, the Devil Runcival leaps forth, spits out fire, walks around the circle and says angrily: 'Ludolf, thou art a wicked man; For thee I nowhere tarry can. If thou an ill dost meditate, Thou think'st I must be with thee straight... Ludolf. Thou rogue! if thou so proud wilt be,' &c.' From such proofs as these the conclusion is drawn that Shakespeare went direct to Ayer! I remember that Hamlet once spoke of 'a god kissing carion.'

Halliwell (p. 503) suggests that Prospero's prototype may be looked for, with some probability of the research being successful, in the early histories of Genoa, where, in the year 1477, according to Thomas's History of Italy, 1561, "Prospero Adorno was established as the Duke of Millain's lieutenant there; but he continued scarcely one yeare, tyl meane of newe practices that he held with Ferdinand, kyng of Naples, he was had in suspicion to the Milanese; who, willyenge to depose him, rayed a newe commocion of the people, so that where he was before the dukes liutenantaute, now he was made governoure [or duke] absolutely of the commonwealth." Prospero was, however, deposed, and after some other changes, the citizens, remenbering how they were best in quiet, when they were subjects to the Duke of Milaine, returned of newe to be under the Milanese dominion; and than was Antony Adorno made governoure of the cite for the duke." A further confirmation that tis Prospero was, in all probability, the deposed duke of The Tempest will be found in Della Origine et de Fatti delle Famiglie Illustri d' Italia di M. Francesco Sansovino, libro primo, 410 Vin. 1582,' wherefrom Halliwell
gives a long extract in the original, which, however, adds nothing, I think, to our knowledge.

In the last century, attention was called by Steevens to the similarity between *The Tempest* and *Pericles* in the storm-scene; Meissner (*Untersuchungen über Sh.'s 'Sturm') goes further, and urges a resemblance in other respects between the two plays; in Cerimon, Helicanus, and Marina he finds the prototypes of Prospero, Gonzalo, and Miranda; in the last name he questions if there be not a reminiscence of Marina. He accepts Hunter's theory that the description of the tempest was suggested by Ariosto's *Orlando*, and adds two or three additional stanzas to those already quoted by Hunter. Furthermore, Meissner believes (p. 63), that Shakespeare derived his idea of Caliban from the description in Ammianus Marcellinus of the Huns, because the latter were of old supposed to be the progeny of the Devil and witches; the Latin author was translated in 1609 by Holland. In regard to this theory, it is pleasant to learn from his Preface that Meissner does not set upon it a high value.

The source of the Masque, Meissner asserts to have been the festivities at Stirling Castle when Prince Henry was baptised. To be sure, these festivities took place in 1594, and Shakespeare did not write his masque, so says Meissner, until eighteen years afterwards, but what are eighteen years to a man who tabulates for future use every incident of the day and every scrap of his knowledge? But Meissner's introductory paragraph (p. 81), with its intimate and assured knowledge of Shakespeare's inner life, should not be lost. It is as follows: 'The representation of happiness by the three figures—Ceres, Iris, and Juno—Shakespeare borrowed from a description of the Festival performance produced at Stirling Castle by order of King James on the occasion of the Baptism of Prince Henry, with extraordinary magnificence in 1594. This Baptism was an event of state of the first importance, and to it many European courts sent representatives. . . . Without doubt these festivities excited great attention in London. Descriptions were printed, came into Shakespeare's hands, and were used by him afterwards for his *Tempest*. It was, it is true, eighteen years later when the poet made use of them, and it could not have been solely his memory that recalled them to him. But we must consider the way in which our poet worked, how he laboriously [*mühselig*] gathered from his library the material which he needed. His idea was to represent dramatically, somehow or other, the sum and substance of earthly happiness. The method he sought and found in these Baptismal Festivities. Perhaps, too, there was an external occasion which awakened the memories of the English Court, of London, and of Shakespeare. To wit: Prince Henry, whose career had had this brilliant opening, and whose later life bade fair to fulfil, to the utmost, all the hopes of his baptism, died suddenly, universally lamented, in the bloom of his youth, on the 6th of November, 1612; that is, at the time when, perhaps, Shakespeare was still busy with *The Tempest*.'

Meissner sums up the sources of *The Tempest* in his Seventh Chapter, which, far too long to quote here, is remarkable for its virtual assumption that Shakespeare's plays are mere mosaics, painfully composed by gathering from every quarter under heaven all stray bits of glass or glittering tinsel; or, why not add? a few odd silver spoons, and then let the monstrous magpie stand confessed. But the concluding paragraph (p. 95) of this chapter is important, and it is here: 'The foregoing compilation and grouping of the sources of *The Tempest* give us an interesting glance into the work-
SOURCE OF THE PLOT—MEISSNER

* shop of the poet. We see that whenever he needed any action, or anything in the
*nature of a narrative, he did not create out of his own imagination. Was he lack-
ing in the inventive faculty of a novelist, were his powers weakening from age, or
*was it from the calculation that it would be better for him to let the action influence
*the characters from without, instead of letting it develop freely and unrestrained out
*of the characters, as it probably would have developed had he himself, unaided, also
*invented it? Probably it was from all these reasons combined. In the mean while,
*however, we cannot avoid the inference, which indeed is confirmed by his other
*works, that, in very sooth, in the case of this first of all poets the inventive faculty
*of a novelist—whereof a smaller share falls to the German nation than to the
*Romance, a smaller share to men than to women—stands revealed as conspicuously
*inferior in proportion to the development in other directions of his imagination.

It is perhaps worth while to mention, and merely to mention, two or three items on
*which Meissner (p. 13) lays stress. The first (see Cohn, p. xxi) is the Appointment
*by Christian, Duke of Saxon, of certain ‘fiddles and instrumentalists,’ ‘as his true
*and zealous servants to attend on him at banquets,’ ‘and entertain him with music
*and with their art in leaping,’ &c. By a decree of 25th of October, 1586, provision
*was made for their conveyance to Berlin. Among the names of these jumpers and
dancers appear Thomas Pope and George Bryan, both of whom are supposed to have
been the same who were subsequently attached to Shakespeare’s company of actors
*at the Blackfriars. The second is an Album (see Cohn, p. xxx) of one Johannes
*Cellarius of Nürnberg (which town Meissner italicses), wherein appear the autographs
*of the English players, Thomas Sackville, bearing date 1 February, 1604, and
*Johan Breidstrass, with the date 24 March, 1606. This ‘Breidstrass’ is supposed to
*be the translation of ‘Breadstreet,’ which, perhaps, it may be, although it is
*conceivable that it would have been quite as easy, and certainly more correct, for the
*owner to translate it ‘Brodatras.’ In this same Album there is also the autograph of
*John Doland (as it is there spelled) subscribed to the musical notation of a ‘fugis.’
The first item, says Meissner (p. 14), ‘points to the intimate connection between the
*Shakespearian stage and Germany, and the second, to an early intimate connection
*between London artists and Nürnberg, Ayer’s native town. Dowland could very
*easily have brought away with him The fair Sidea, and handed it over to Shake-
*peare.’ Lastly, Meissner cites an extract (Cohn, p. lxxvii) from a MS chronicle
*of the city of Nürnberg to the effect that, ‘1613. On Sunday, the 27th of June,
*... the Elector of Brandenburg’s servants and the English Comedians acted the
*beautiful comedies and tragedies of Phileole and Mariane, Item, of Celide and
*Seda,’ &c. ‘With great probability,’ adds Meissner, ‘we may assume this Seda,
*acted at that time and precisely in Nürnberg, to be our Fair Sidea.’ In Meissner’s
*truly admirable book, Die Englischen Comedianten sur seit Shakespeares in Oester-
*reich, 1884, reference is made to this same extract, and in regard to Seda Meissner
*says (p. 36) that it is, ‘perhaps, Jacob Ayer’s Fair Sidea which’ [and here he reveals
*how twelve years have imbedded the idea in his mind] ‘Shakespeare used for his
*Tempest.’

In all the foregoing speculations of Meissner (and it is not Meissner alone who
*yields to this influence, but all who deal with Shakespeare outside of his plays seem
to be similarly affected) we see how the insusceptible critics of taking assumptions
*for realities, of fancy for fact, leads to the building of stately domes on shifting sand.
It is perhaps noteworthy that the foregoing appointment to his household by the
Elector of Saxon of George Bryan and Thomas Pope could have lasted only a few
weeks. The date of the appointment is after the 25th of October, 1586, and yet Fleay (Hist. of the Stage, p. 82) says that Bryan and Pope were, with the rest of Leicester's men, playing in London in January, 1587. In the lax orthography of those days not much importance can attach to the spelling of proper names, but it may be remarked that in the photolithograph given by Cohn of these actors' autographs, the names are written in German characters and signed 'Thomas Poppe' and 'George Bryan' (or 'Bryane,' it is impossible to decide which). 'Thomas King' is the only signature in English characters.

In an Introduction to Corneille's tragedy of Heraklius, Voltaire gives extracts and translations from Calderon's drama of En esta vida todo es verdad y todo es mentira, and, after a discussion of the question whether Corneille was indebted to Calderon or Calderon to Corneille, comes to the conclusion that what is common to both must be conceded to Calderon. This discussion attracted the attention of Hermann Grimm, who upon further investigation discovered (Fünfzehn Essays, 1875, p. 206) that the scenes which Dryden and Davenant contributed to their Version of The Tempest are to be found word for word in Calderon's Comedy. After a brief recapitulation of Calderon's drama, Grimm arrives at the following conclusions (p. 216): 'Calderon's play not only furnished Dryden with his additional scenes to The Tempest, but, apart from these scenes, stands in close kinship to the original itself of Shakespeare; but not, however, in such a way that the Spanish poet can be said to have made use of The Tempest. The resemblance lies not in the conduct of the plot or the sequence of scenes, but only in the coincidence of similar legendary fundamental ideas; in Calderon we find a magician and his daughter, although only subordinate characters. . . . Of course Calderon was much later than Shakespeare. . . . But now, on the other hand, we find in Shakespeare Calderon's Astolfo and the two young princes, but in another play. These three characters correspond to the old man and the two youths in Cymbeline. Did Calderon weld together his play out of Shakespeare's Tempest and Cymbeline? Was Shakespeare known in Spain at that day? Strangely enough, this very episode in Shakespeare, where Imogen encounters the dwellers in the cave, is but loosely inserted in the play, and is not to be found in the novel out of which all the rest of the play was elaborated. Shakespeare himself, therefore, must have derived this addition from elsewhere. But how incomparably beautiful is the way in which Shakespeare has represented the innocence of the youths who take Imogen for a boy! Only incidentally is their ignorance intimated, and the dialectest idyll evolved from it. This is our way of representing such things poetically. Calderon, the Spaniard, goes straight to the heart of the matter and relentlessly describes it, wherein Dryden follows him. [From a comparison of the dramatic treatment in these two plays, by Shakespeare and by Calderon,] it seems to me likely [p. 218] that Calderon knew nothing of Shakespeare, and that both drew from the same source. It is, then, to the last degree remarkable that it was Dryden's hand which re-endowed, or rather completed to the full, Shakespeare's play with that which Shakespeare himself had omitted or had introduced into Cymbeline.-

But whence did Shakespeare and Calderon draw their material? They could hardly have had before them any old play. . . . Both works must be traced back to some common novelistic foundation. Let us seek further in this direction. The idea of celebrating the angelic innocence of youth is as old as Poesy itself. The insensibility of Adonis is its most beautiful expression in antiquity; the inexperience of Daphne in the idyll of Longus is an example of an even more refined pilfering
of the theme. But of touching beauty, and a blossom of the purest meaning, is an
Indian poem which tells how a king's daughter, Sanata, went forth to allure the
youth Rishiasringa into her father's realm, in order to bring by his presence the
long-desired rain, for lack of which the fields were burning up. The youth is living
with his aged father in a grove; both are penitents. Sanata waits for the absence of
the old man that she may approach Rishiasringa, who had never seen a woman
and who supposes the lovely girl to be a young scholastic. Their first meeting, the
vanishing of Sanata, the longing of Rishiasringa, the story he tells his father,
Sanata's repeated visits, and how she lured him away, form the loveliest, fairest
scenes, and belong to the best poetry I know. How cold and insufferable is Dry-
den's work alongside of them! but Shakespeare's Imogen stands the comparison.—
No trace is to be found of an earlier acquaintance with this poem in Europe; per-
haps it was known to the story-tellers in India from whom Johannes Damascenus
received the episodes of his Baarlam and Josaphat. In the fourth century this was
composed in Syriac, thence translated into Greek, and its contents—that is, all the
little stories of which it is made up—were known in Europe long before Shake-
speare's time.

(P. 221.) The composer of Baarlam owes his material not only to Indian, but also
to Ethiopian stories. We may hence infer that the Folk-story which forms the basis
of the Calderonian play was widely known in the Orient. Separate features from
it we again find in other places. Perhaps it passed, in amplified shape, through the
Moors to Spain, and so reached Calderon's ears. The magic of the old man, the
sudden building of the palace, which as suddenly vanishes, remind us of similar
deeds done by Genii in Arabian tales, as also of the subterranean life which always
recurs there. But I am dealing only in conjectures. And as to how the story passed
out of Spain into England and to Shakespeare, I can only suggest that the written
statement of all things is more easily established; but only in our times, when one
is sure that nearly everything gets into print, can there be a foundation of inquiry;
but for those epochs when assuredly there was the very smallest amount of printing,
and when oral tradition was the chief way in which stories were diffused, may it be
permitted to appeal to this mode of communication by word of mouth, especially
when no direct proofs can be adduced. We need not wonder then if the Folk-
story, which I have suggested, should have travelled to England also. . . . Thus
we see a poetical idea, purely human, appear in an East Indian poem, we meet it
in Grecian mythology, a Christian makes use of it in a poem designed to glorify his
Faith; it comes to Italy, to Germany, and then takes on a national significance; it
spreads, enlarged by pirating from other popular legendary elements, to Spain and
to England; Shakespeare makes use of it in two plays, which have no connection
the one with the other; one piece from the pen of Shakespeare Dryden changes,
and another from Calderon he makes use of to the same end, while from the same
drama Corneille takes the idea of a tragedy.—Every country impresses on an ele-
mental subject its own peculiarities. In the primeval Indian story the chief emphasis
is laid on the disobedience of the youth, who is torn from his consecrated solitude
by the loveliness of a female form; in the Grecian myth it is laid on the seductive
wiles of Aphrodite, which are wasted on the pure youthful soul of Adonis; in the
Oriental legend, the chiefest stress is laid on the contrast between the gloomy sub-
terranean life and the sudden revelation of the true existence; the Spanish poet
adorns it with wonderful, heroic, family complications, which he surrounds with the
brilliance of romance and exclusively glorifies the idea of pure legitimacy; the
APPENDIX

'Frenchman sets all this aside and gives us a picture of passions sharpened, among
both men and women, by politics; but in England, out of the original story there is
framed a wonderful, mysterious tale of the sea.'

In *Englische Studien* (II. band, i. heft, 1878, p. 141) J. Caro argues zealously
in favour of a romance, or of an epic, or of a ballad which celebrated the adventures
of Henry IV. on an expedition, in 1396, against the Lithuanians, as the remote source
of *The Tempest*. He maintains that the romantic history of the Russian princes with
whom Henry came then in contact must have been familiar themes in the mouths of
minstrels at feast and at camp-fire, and the similarity between these histories, with
their details of groundless jealousy, of exiled Princes, of royal marriages, of rescued
heirs, and the plots of *The Winter's Tale* and of *The Tempest*, indicates the earliest
germ of both of these Comedies. He maintains (p. 181) that the connection between
Russia and England was, in Shakespeare's time, of the closest, and that when in the
second half of the sixteenth century allusions were made to voyages of discovery,
the thoughts of Englishmen turned not to the West, but to the East, especially to
Russia. 'It is not going too far,' he says, 'to assume that in Shakespeare's time, in
England, the interest in Russia and in the Russians was as deep and universal as it
was in the eighteenth century in America and in the Americans. In very deed we
must assume that Shakespeare stood aloof from the interests of his time and of his
surroundings if we believe that he was not stirred by events which moved the crown,
the court, and the commercial world, and which the advent of Russian merchants
to London brought directly before his eyes.'—Caro's article is extremely interesting
and full of romantic details, which, however, seem to me to bear only the general
parallelisms, with the story of *The Tempest*, to be expected in the history of such fluc-
tuating monarchies as those with which Caro's name is identified as the historian.

In the note on 'Setebos,' I, ii, 437, a quotation is given which shows that Shake-
speare might have obtained the name of this god from Eden's *History of Travayle*,
1577, p. 252, Arber's *Reprints*.

Malone is of opinion (Far. '21, p. 13) that for some traits of Caliban Shake-
speare was indebted to a description in Holland's *Pliny*, bk vii, chap. ii, of the Cho-
romande, 'a savage and wild people; distinct voice and speech they have none, but
in stead thereof they keep an horrible gnashing and hideous noise; rough they are
and hairy all over their bodies; eyes they have red like the houlets,' &c.

For the expulsion of Prospero from Milan by his brother and for the plots with
Alonso, Malone (Far. '21, p. 6) suggested Greene's *Alphonnsus* as a possible source
of these incidents in *The Tempest*; and for the marriage of Cariel in Tunisia he sug-
gested the *Sixth Tragical Tale* of Turberville, which, as far as I can see, has nothing
in common with *The Tempest* but the name 'Tunis.' These suggestions have deserv-
edly received but little notice from subsequent critics.

For the former incident and for the magical banquet, H. C. (Notes and Quo. III, vi, 202) suggests a parallel in the *Ramayana*.

In *N. and Qu*. (VII, iv, 404) R. W. Boodle surmises that the expressions used
by Ferdinand when he sees Miranda, I, ii, 489, were suggested by a scene in *The
Rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune*, Dodgely, vi.

Many years ago Haliwell discovered, in a volume of tracts, some doggerel
verses, which he reprinted in 1865, and which were again reprinted ten years later
by Quaritch. The sole claim on the attention of Shakespeare students which has been urged for these verses is that they describe the shipwreck of Sir George Somers and mention the 'Bermoothawes.' The tract bears substantially the following title: 'Notices from Virginia. The Lost Flocke Triumphant. With the happy Arrival of that famous and worthy knight Sir Thomas Gates: ... With the manner of their distress in the island of Dewli (otherwise called Bermoothawes) where they remained 42 weeks. ... By R. Rich, Gent., one of the Voyage. London, 1610.' Three or four stanzas will prove, I think, quite sufficient. I omit the first two, which merely describe the setting out of the fleet; the third then tells us how—

'The seas did rage, the windes did blowe,
    distressed were they then;
Their ship did leake, her tucklings brake,
    in daunger were her men.
But heaven was pynell in this storme,
    and to an iland here,
    Bermoothawes call'd, conducted then,
    which did abate their feare.

'But yet these worthies forced were,
    opprest with weather againe,
To runne their ship betweene two rockes,
    where she doth still remaine.
And then on shooare the iand came,
    inhabited by hoggges,
Some soule and tortoyes there were
    they onely had one dogge.

'To kill these swyne, to yeild them food,
    that little had to eate,
Their store was spent, and all things scant,
    alas! they wanted meate.
A thousand hoggges that dogge did kill,
    their hungre to sustaine,
And with such foode did in that ile
    two and forty wekes remaينne,' &c.

It may be permitted to surmise that had Malone known of this tract, he would have detected in the prowess of this remarkable dog the hint which supplied Shake- speare with the dogs, which he afterwards set upon Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban.

It may be, perhaps, as well to recall here a note of Henley, on I, ii, 221. Lack of space in the Commentary debarred me from giving in full the passage from Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess, which Henley suggested was an imitation of Ariel's offer of service to Prospero. Ariel says: 'I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.'

The alleged imitation is in the Satyr's offer to Clorin, the Faithful Shepherdess, V, v, ad fin.
APPENDIX

'tell me, sweetest,
What new service now is meetest
For the Satyr? Shall I stray
In the middle air, and stay
The sailing rack, or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the sea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Through the rising waves that fall
In snowy fleeces? Dearest, shall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whose woven wings the summer dyes
Of many colors? Get thee fruit,
Or steal from heaven old Orpheus' lute?
All these I'll venture for, and more

To do her service all these woods adore.'

On this passage, Weber quotes Henley's note from The Tempest, as given at I, ii. 221, and Dyce repeats Weber, but expresses no opinion of his own. I cannot think that Dyce believed that any imitation by Fletcher is to be here detected. The only verbal identity is in the offer, by both Ariel and the Satyr, to dive; but Ariel offers to 'dive into the fire,' and the Satyr 'into the sea.' Had the imitation been unquestionable, it would have played sad havoc with Malone's date of 1611 for The Tempest. There is but little doubt that The Faithful Shepherdess 'was brought out,' as Gifford says, in 1610, perhaps before.' Dyce adds that 'Sir William Skip- with, one of the three friends to whom the author dedicates it, died on the 3rd of May, 1610.' If an imitation by Fletcher had been more pronounced, or had it been seriously believed to have even existed at all, this question of dates would have assumed importance, and have been discussed under the Date of Composition. But as it is, a belief in the alleged imitation has never been seriously entertained.

In conclusion, it may be as well to add a few facts mentioned by Hunter (Hist. i, 168) which, although they by no means indicate any source from which Shakespeare drew his plot, are more germane, perhaps, to a discussion of this subject than to any other: 'There was a real Alonso, King of Naples, having a son named Ferdinand, who in 1495 succeeded him in his kingdom. When he was dispossessed by Charles the Eighth of France, he retired to the island of Ischia. Ferdinand did not, as in the play, marry a princess of the house of Milan, but the two houses were at that time united by the marriage of Alonso himself with Hippolita Sforza, a daughter of Francis, Duke of Milan. Then turning to the history of Milan, we have a banished Duke in Maximilian, who was dispossessed in 1514 by Francis the First of France. We have also an usurping Duke of Milan, corresponding to Antonio, in a brother of Maximilian. To the banished Duke of Milan the original author of this romance seems to have transferred qualities which belonged to Alonso, King of Naples, of whom it is said that he renounced his estate unto his son (Ferdinand), took his treasure with him, and sailed into Sicily; where, for the term of his short life, that dured scarce one year, he disposed himself to study, solitariness, and religion.'—Thomae's Hist. of Italy, 1549. [See also Hallowell, ante.
DURATION OF ACTION—MUSIC

p. 343, and post "On Costume," p. 354.] But the Duke of Milan, called Francis
may seem to have had a taste for the studies in which Prospero was so great an
adept, for I have a treatise on Witchcraft, printed at Milan in 1490, in which the
reality of all that goes under the name of magic is affirmed, and the book is dedi-
cated to the duke by its author, Jerome Visconti. The name of Prospero does not
occur in either family.'

DURATION OF ACTION

Shakespeare has adhered in this play strictly to the Unity of Time. The dura-
tion of the action is just about the time required for the performance on the stage.
The indications of the time are marked with emphasis and precision. But we have
to accept Shakespeare's use of the nautical term 'glass,' and in this instance he has
been detected in a technical error. He supposed the sailor's 'glass' to be an hour-
glass instead of a half-hour glass. See notes on I, ii, 280, and V, i, 266. Making
this allowance, the action of the play lasts from three to four hours.

Daniel (New Sh. Soc. Trans. Pt II. p. 117) gives the following 'Time-analy-
as': 'In the first scene on the Island, which follows immediately on the shipwreck,
Prospero asks Ariel (I, ii, 280), "What is the time o' th' day? Ariel. Past the mid-
season. Prospero. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six and now Must by us
both be spent most preciously." The opening scene, the shipwreck, may, there-
fore, be supposed to commence shortly before 2 p.m., and it is now just past that
hour.—A little later [line 390] Caliban, on being called out by Prospero, grumbles:
"I must eat my dinner." Caliban, for those times, was a late diner.—At the com-
mencement of the last scene of the play [V, i, 5] Prospero again asks Ariel: "how's
"the day?" and Ariel replies—"On the six hour, at which time, my Lord, You
"said our worke should cease." The time, therefore, for the whole action would be,
according to Prospero and Ariel, little more than four hours. The testimony of
Alonso and the Boatswain is, however, somewhat at variance with this estimate of
time. In this same last scene Alonso speaks of himself and his followers as they—
"who three hours since Were wrack'd upon this shore." And he subsequently says
that his son's "eld'st acquaintance" with Miranda "cannot be three hours."—The
Boatswain, also, who shortly after enters, says,—"our ship—Which but three glasses
"sine, we gave out split—is tight and yare," &c. . . . It cannot, however, be over-
looked in an enquiry into the time of this play, that though that time is strictly lim-
ited to a few hours of one afternoon, it nevertheless contains touches of a much more
extended period; for instance, Ferdinand, addressing Miranda, III, i, 42, says—"'tis
"fresh morning with me When you are by at night." And yet they have never been
in each other's company at morning or at night! Daniel concludes with noticing
that as a measure of time for The Tempest a 'glass' must be a one-hour glass.

MUSIC

Of inspiring themes in the plays of Shakespeare, musicians have found the
largest number in The Midsummer Night's Dream, and next in The Tempest; in
the former, fifteen passages have been set to music; and in the latter, thirteen. This
statement I quote from Furnivall's Introduction to the New Sh. Society's List of
All the Songs and Passages in Shakespeare which have been set to Music, 1884. The
thirteen passages alluded to are properly restricted to Shakespeare’s play; the list
would be enlarged if Dryden’s Version were included. I have six additional themes
from that Version, published by Gaultford. The passages set to music, in the New Sh.
Society’s List, are as follows: ‘Now I flam’d amazement,’ I, ii, 231–239; ‘Come
unto these yellow sands,’ I, ii, 441–450; ‘Full fathom five thy Father lies,’ I, ii, 460–
468; ‘While you here do snooring lie,’ II, i, 333–338; ‘I shall no more see, to
sea,’ &c., II, ii, 46–57; ‘No more dams I’ll make for fish,’ II, ii, 190–196; ‘Flout
‘em and cout ‘em,’ &c, III, ii, 129, 130; ‘Before you can say come and goe,’ IV, i,
50–54; ‘Honour, riches, marriage, blessing,’ IV, i, 118–129; ‘You sun-burn’d Sicklen-
men of August weary,’ IV, i, 151–155; ‘The cloud-capt Towers,’ &c, IV, i, 174–
178; ‘Now do’s my Project gather to a head,’ V, i, 3–12; and lastly ‘Where the
Bee sucks,’ V, i, 101–107.

Of the foregoing, the music of only two has for us any special interest, viz. ‘Full
fathom five’ and ‘Where the bee sucks.’ The interest, however, in these two is not
merely special, but extraordinary. There is reason to suppose that the tunes have
survived to which they were sung on the stage in Shakespeare’s hearing.

In Wilson’s Cheerfull Ayres or Ballads, Oxford, 1660, these two songs are given
with the name of the composer, R. JOHNSON, who was, according to Grove’s Di-
cionary of Music, a lutenist and composer, and was in January, 1673–4, a retainer in
the household of Sir Thomas Kyteson. In April, 1575, being still in Sir Thomas’s
service, he assisted at the grand entertainment given by the Earl of Leicester to
Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. He subsequently came to London . . . and became
a composer for the theatres. In 1610 he composed the music for Middleton’s Witch.
‘. . . . In 1611 he was in the service of Prince Henry at an annual salary of £40. In
1612 he composed the music for Shakespeare’s Tempest.’ With his subsequent com-
positions or his career we are not here concerned. His claims as the composer of these
two songs are discussed by ROFFE (Handbook of Shakespeare Music, 1878, pp. 86,
87), and fully substantiated.

In the belief that the original music in Wilson’s Cheerfull Ayres is of greater
interest, with all its errors and its remarkable harmony, than any modern corrected
version, I have had the pages reproduced by Levytyping. The size of the original,
an oblong quarto, with six staves on a page, is about two inches longer and three
inches broader than the present reproduction.

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\multicolumn{5}{c}{\textbf{R. Johnson.}} \\
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MUSIC

Suffer a sea change into something rich and strange.

Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell, Hark now I hear them+

Ding Dong Bell Ding Dong Ding Dong Bell + +

Captain Friars.

Here the bee sucks there thistle, in a cowslip bell I lie there I couch

When owls do cry, on the barn Back I doe fly, after Summer merrily

Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the blossom that hangs on the bough

Merrily Merrily shall I live now, under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
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COSTUME

The Costumes for the King of Naples and his followers are generally supposed to be, I believe, those of Shakespeare's own day. 'If the introduction of the Duke of Milan,' says E. W. GODWIN (The Architect, 10 April, 1875), 'makes the historical student uneasy, then there is no reason why the costume should not be put back seventy years or so. In the latter case we should have dresses,' similar to those in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, for which we should go to the paintings of Tintoretto and of Titian.

MALONE (Var. '21, vol. xv, p. 13) says that the dress worn by CALIBAN, 'which doubtless was originally prescribed by the poet himself and has been continued, I believe, since his time, is a large bear skin, or the skin of some other animal; and he is usually represented with long shaggy hair.'

'The extent of Caliban's ichthyological character,' says HALLIWELL (p. 334), 'will be determined from allusions in the play to be comparatively slight, perhaps restricted to the finny appearance of his arms. A misshapen man, with this peculiarity, would indicate a monster as unnatural as could with propriety be introduced as a dramatic character taking an active share in the action of the play. Caliban is certainly neither a Dagon nor a monkey, the two extremes which have been assigned to him by the critics.'

See the notes on 'Caliban,' I, ii, 364.

The SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY in 1848 published, with notes by J. R. PLANCHE, some facsimiles of drawings made by INIGO JONES of the costumes which were used in Ben Jonson's Masques (among them are two of Shakespeare's characters; one is Jack Cade and the other Romeo, as a Pilgrim). Certain characters in the Masque of The Fortunate Isles and their Union are here depicted, and one of them is labelled 'Aery Spirit.'—COLLIER suggests that 'very possibly,' Ariel appeared as in this sketch, which is thus described by PLANCHE (p. 58): 'The Masque commences thus: 'His Majesty being set, Enter, running, Jophiel, an Airy Spirit, and according to the Magi the intelligence of Jupiter's sphere, attired in light silks of various colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow hair, a chaplet of flowers, blue silk stockings, and pumps and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand.' The figure designed by Inigo Jones, if intended for this principal spirit, presents us with some variations from this description. He is attired in a tunic, most probably of light silk, as the form of the body is pretty clearly defined through it; and over the right shoulder he wears a scarf of similar material, and probably of a different colour. His wig—for by a hair 'a whole head of false hair was signified—no doubt was of the 'bright yellow' specified; but it is here unadorned by the chaplet of flowers. His stockings may have been blue; but he seems to have been depicted in buskins, instead of pumps; and gloves are not discernible on his hands, in neither of which do we behold a fan.'

In Henslowe's Diary (Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 277), among the 'properties' of the Lord Admiral's men is 'a robe for to goo invisibell.'—See I, ii, 440.

HALLIWELL (p. 333): The period of the action of this play, although the story is of course entirely fanciful, may be referred, for the sake of those who may require to be informed of the appropriate Costume of the characters, to the latter part of the 16th century. There was at this period a real Alfonso or Alonzo, King of Naples, who had a son called Ferdinand. [See Hunter, Illust. i, 168, quoted ante.] The latter, although illegitimate, was named by the Pope as successor to his father's
crown (Thomas's *Hist. of Italy*, 1561, f. 133); and, after he had succeeded to the throne, was enabled to withstand the attack of an invader by the assistance afforded him by the Pope and the reigning duke of Milan. Previously to this, an attempt had been made by Charles the Eighth of France, at the instigation of a former duke of Milan, "to expulse Kyng Alfonso out of Naples, because he had before taken him for his enemy, for seyng to mainteigne the astate of Giovann, the sonne of Galeazo, "agaynst hym." The writer of the romance on which *The Tempest* was founded most likely followed a not unusual custom in adopting the names of some of his characters from real history. . . . . Other small coincidences may probably be traced by further research; but what is stated above, gleaned merely from the early compilation by Thomas, is sufficient to indicate the date to which the action is to be referred, when a fact of the kind is desired for determining the nature of the accessories required for the purposes of art or representation. The costume of Prospero, when he appears in his necromantic dress, should assimilate to that of the ancient magicians, one of whom is described in a very curious early MS in the possession of Lord Londoleshborough, as 'being apparelled in a blacke cote, and cape cloke, with a payer of 'blakke sile' neather stockes, gartered with blacke garters crosse above the knee, hav'ing a velvet cap and a blakke fether.' The same authority says that there was to be a magical parchment affixed to the sleeve during the process of an enchantment; and Reginald Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, gives the form of one of these necromantic symbols, which he says was to be attached to the magician's breast when he desired to invoke a spirit. . . . As it may, however, be doubted whether Shakespeare intended Prospero should be regarded, even in his costume, as a type of the popular idea of a necromancer, it would probably be nearly sufficient to adopt a plain black gown distinguished by the magical cross, and leave the rest to the taste of the artist, limited by a regard to the period of the action. (P. 503.) In addition to what has been previously said, it may be observed that the character of Magus in the play of the *Marrriages of the Arts*, is represented as being attired 'in a blacke sute with a 'triple crowne on his head, beset with crosses and other magical characters; in blacke 'shooses, with a white wand in his hand.'

Douce (i, 30): The character of Trinculo, who in the *Dramatis Personae* is called a 'jestor,' is not very well discriminated in the course of the play itself. As he is only associated with Caliban and the drunken butler, there was no opportunity of exhibiting him in the legitimate character of a professed fool; but at the conclusion of the play, it appears that he was in the service of the king of Naples, as well as Stephano. On this account he must be regarded as an allowed domestic buffoon, and should be habited on the stage in the usual manner. [Caliban calls him a 'pied ninny,' which of itself indicates his dress.]

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**CRITICISMS ON THE PLAY**

**Dr Johnson (1773):** It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revival* [i.e. Heath] thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended nor 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.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, 1817, p. 116): The Tempest is one of the most original and perfect of Shakespeare's productions, and he has shown in it all the variety of his powers. It is full of grace and grandeur. The human and imaginary characters, the dramatic and the grotesque, are blended together with the greatest art, and without any appearance of it. Though he has here given 'to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,' yet that part which is only the fantastic creation of his mind has the same palpable texture and coheres 'semblably' with the rest. As the preternatural part has the air of reality, and almost haunts the imagination with a sense of truth, the real characters and events partake of the wildness of a dream. The stately magician Prospero, driven from his dukedom, but around whom (so potent is his art) airy spirits throng numberless to do his bidding; his daughter Miranda ('worthy of that name') to whom all the power of his art points, and who seems the goddess of the isle; the princely Ferdinand, cast by fate upon the haven of his happiness in this idol of his love; the delicate Ariel; the savage Caliban, half brute, half demon; the drunken ship's crew—are all connected parts of the story, and can hardly be spared from the place they fill. Even the local scenery is of a piece and character with the subject. Prospero's enchanted island seems to have risen up out of the sea; the airy music, the tempest-tossed vessel, the turbulent waves, all have the effect of the landscape background of some fine picture. Shakespeare's pencil is (to use an allusion of his own) 'like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in.' Everything in him, though it partakes of 'the liberty of wit,' is also subjected to 'the law' of the understanding. For instance, even the drunken sailors, who are made reeling ripe, share, in the disorder of their minds and bodies, in the tumult of the elements, and seem on shore to be as much at the mercy of chance as they were before at the mercy of the wind and waves. These fellows with their sea-wit are the least to our taste of any part of the play; but they are as like drunken sailors as they can be, and are an indirect foil to Caliban, whose figure acquires a classical dignity in the comparison.

CAMPBELL (1838): 'This drama is comparatively a grave counterpart to A Midsummer Night's Dream. I say comparatively, for its gaiety is only less abandoned and frolicsome. To be condemned to give the preference to either would give me a distress similar to that of being obliged to choose between the loss of two very dear friends.—The Tempest, however, has a sort of sacredness as the last work of the mighty workman. Shakespeare, as I'm conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired to typify himself, has made its hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up spirits from the vasty deep, and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly natural and simple means. And this final play of our poet has magic indeed; for what can be simpler in language than the courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda, and yet what can be more magical than the sympathy with which it subdues us? Here Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. . . . yet the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and to bury it fathoms in the ocean—deeper than did ever plummet sound.' That staff has never been, and never will be, recovered. [Attention has been called (I cannot now
remember where) to the trivial, very venial oversight of drowning the staff instead of the book.—Ed.]}

W. W. Lloyd (Critical Essay, Singer's Second Edition, 1856, p. 94): While then the drama before us is apparently so remote in locality and detail from Virginia, it is most curious to observe how many of the topics brought up by colonies and colonization are indicated and characterized in the play.—The wonders of new lands, new races; the exaggerations of travellers, and their truths more strange than exaggeration; new natural phenomena, and superstitious suggestions of them; the perils of the sea and shipwrecks, the effect of such fatalities in awakening remorse for ill-deeds, not unremembered because easily committed; the quarrels and mutinies of colonists for grudges new and old, the contests for authority of the leaders, and the greedy misdirection of industry while even subsistence is precarious; the theories of government for plantations, the imaginary and actual characteristics of man in the state of nature, the complications with the indigene, the resort, penalty or otherwise, to compelled labour, the reappearance on new soil of the vices of the older world, the contrast of moral and intellectual qualities between the civilized and the savage, and the gradual apprehension of the wondrous strangers by the savage, with all the requirements of activity, promptitude, and vigour demanded for the efficient and successful administration of a settlement,—all these topics, problems, and conjunctures came up in the plantation of Virginia by James I.; and familiarity with them and their collateral dependence would heighten the sensibility of the audience to every scene of a play which presented them in contrasted guise, but in a manner that only the more distinctly brought them home to their cardinal bearings in the philosophy of society—of man. [P. 102.] The incidental references to Claribel have the effect of adding another female character to the play; besides their use in furnishing an unforced motive for the voyage of Alonso, they serve to place him in contrast with Prospero in respect of paternal sensibility, while the word Gonzalo throws in at last, reconciles uneasy thoughts about his fate, by indicating that the African marriage had, by good fortune, been of happier event than Alonso had any right to count on, or had concerned himself about anticipating.—Gonzalo's Utopian theory of a happy island under theoretical government, presupposes an alteration in power and quality, not only of human nature but of nature at large; it prepares the edge and point of the next scene, where the inclemencies of the isle, the debasing labour rendered necessary, and the vile tendencies of imbruted passion in the occupants, tend to make the fantastic paradise a hell; and the outcry of the debauched slave, 'Freedom, hey day, freedom,' echoing the philosopher's aspiration for entire freedom from all restraint, is only ominous of disaster and misery.

Francois-Victor Hugo (Œuvres Complètes de Shakespeare, 1865, vol. ii. Introduction, p. 87): Only one man resisted this universal current [i.e. the belief in witchcraft promulgated by James].

That man was Shakespeare.
Shakespeare did not as did Reginald Scot.
He did not reject the traditions of the Bible nor the legends; he engrafted them.
He did not question the existence of the invisible world; he rehabilitated it.
He did not deny man's supernatural power; he consecrated it.

James the Sixth said: Accursed be spirits! Shakespeare says: Glory be to spirits!
This side taken by the poet was not the premeditation of a tactician; it was the result of a conviction. Shakespeare had a profound belief in the mysterious. He was not of those who affirm that the creation which begins with stones stops at man; he accepted fully the popular philosophy which makes an indefinite scale of beings ascend from matter to ideas, from evil to good, from Satan to Jehovah, and midway in this scale places man, half body and half soul. Convinced that there is an intermediate world between man and God, Shakespeare was led, by logic itself, to a recognition of all the creatures wherewith the Pantheism of the Renaissance filled the world. No! Legends did not lie. No! Scripture did not lie. No! Mythology was not a myth. No! Plato did not lie. No! The ancient Druidical dogma did not lie. There is room in the Infinite for all the creatures of all the Theogonies. 'There are more things in this world, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' Above us, around us, and below us there are circling thousands of beings who see us, and whom we do not. These beings animate creation everywhere; gnomes and satyrs people the earth; nymphs, naiads, and undines people the waters; lares and hobgoblins people houses; sylphs and salamanders people the air and the fire; fairies people the ether; spirits people atoms! These beings form a superior humanity, seeing further than we and knowing more than we. And we, junior humanity, have not the right, forsooth, to address ourselves to this elder sister! We have not the right, forsooth, to evoke her, to consult her, to conjure her! We, sad lump of flesh that we are, must needs be forbidden in our perplexities to call upon these luminous auxiliaries! And not only is this appeal to be forbidden us, but it is to be accounted a crime! And, to punish these invocations to the purest of spiritual beings, fagots are to be prepared!

It is against these conclusions of the legislator that the poet protests. The law condemns Faerie; Shakespeare celebrates it in The Midsummer Night's Dream. The law condemns the magician to the stake; Shakespeare glorifies him in The Tempest.


In the former, the work of the poet's youth, man obeys the spirits. In the latter, the work of the poet's ripe age, it is the spirits who obey man.

Many commentators agree in the belief that The Tempest is the last creation of Shakespeare. I will readily believe it. There is in The Tempest the solemn tone of a testament. It might be said that, before his death, the poet, in this epopee of the ideal, had designed a codicil for the Future. In this enchanted isle, full of 'sounds and sweet airs that give delight,' we may expect to behold Utopia, the promised land of future generations, Paradise regained. Who in reality is Prospero, the king of this isle? Prospero is the shipwrecked sailor who reaches port, this exile who regains his native land, he who from the depths of despair becomes all-powerful, the worker who by his science has tamed matter, Caliban, and by his genius the spirit, Ariel. Prospero is man, the master of Nature and the despot of destiny; he is the man-Providencce!

The Tempest is the supreme denouement, dreamed by Shakespeare, for the bloody drama of Genesis. It is the expiation of the primordial crime. The region whither it transports us is the enchanted land where the sentence of damnation is absolved by clemency, and where reconciliation is ensured by amnesty to the fratricide. And, at the close of the piece, when the poet, touched by emotion, throws Antonio into the arms of Prospero, he has made Cain pardoned by Abel.
CRITICISMS ON THE PLAY—MONTÉGUT

ÉMILE MONTÉGUT (Rheus des Deux Mondes, 1865, vol. lxxviii. p. 732): The Tempest is clearly the last of Shakespeare's dramas, and, under the form of an allegory, is the dramatic last will and testament of the great poet, his adieux to that faithful public whose applause, during the short space of five and twenty years, he had gained for five and twenty masterpieces, and more than eleven others which, full of imagination and charm, would have made for any lesser mortal the most enviable of crowns; in a word, this drama is a poetic synthesis, or, as Prospero would express it in the language of a magician, it is a microcosm of that dramatic world which his imagination had created.

[Montégut give an ingenious and original reason for the position of The Tempest in the Folio: Although the last of Shakespeare's plays, it is in that volume placed first, because, like the emblematic frontispieces of antique books, it prepares the reader for the substance of all that follows. No other play will do this, none other is such a synthesis of all. Just as three or four well-selected plants will represent to the experienced eye of a botanist the flora of a hemisphere, so the whole Shakespearian world is brought before the imagination by the characters of Prospero, of Ariel, of Caliban, and of Miranda. 'It is of all poetic generalisations which have ever been made, the most refined and the clearest.']

After all, it is quite possible that The Tempest was performed for the first time at some marriage; but what is inadmissible is that it was composed expressly for such an occasion; the length of the drama, which far exceeds the customary length of a masque, forbids such a supposition. On the contrary, there is every indication that we are dealing with a work dreamed out at leisure, slowly arranged, patiently executed, and not with a brilliant improvisation which had to be ready at short notice, at a fixed hour for a solemnity which admitted of no delay.—p. 739. [If, however, it be really the fact that it was written for a marriage, Montégut suggests as a possible explanation that the demand for a masque may have broken in on Shakespeare's retirement in Stratford, where he was busily occupied with writing out his farewell to his dear public in this play of The Tempest. The demand came from a source too powerful to be refused. Into this farewell piece, nearly finished, Shakespeare intercalated the masque in the Fourth Act, and the thing was done. 'The masque appears to have been introduced somewhat artificially; the general action would not be deranged by its excision.—p. 740.]

Prospero apparently makes several allusions to his own age, and intimates that it is the proper age to retire from public life. When Prospero says to Ariel, 'The time is now come; and must by us both be spent most preciously,' it is a little difficult to decide what Shakespeare means by 'the sixth hour'; because he wrote this play between his forty-seventh and his forty-eighth year, and Prospero seems to use the word 'hours' as the decades of human life; but in all other respects his words correspond exactly to the age which he had then reached. Like Prospero, Shakespeare had passed the 'mid-season' or summer of life. . . . . [When Ariel sings that he will fly 'after summer merrily' we must understand not the summer of the year, but the summer of life, implying that the befitting hour for genius to retire is at the end of this warm season when its wings can expand in broad day, and that after mature age, or past the 'mid-season,' inspiration departs never to return. This prepossession to retire before age has chilled his genius and while his inspiration is in full course, is perceptible throughout the drama. [For proof of this Montégut appeals to Prospero's farewell to the 'elves of brooks, and standing lakes and groves,' and to the Epilogue.]—p. 472.
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The history of the Enchanted Island, as Prospero reveals it in his conversations, in the First Act, with Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban,—is it not word for word the history of the English theatre and of the transformation which Shakespeare wrought in it? ... A young man, driven from home by domestic reverses, pursued by poverty, and, perhaps, by the persecutions of Sir Thomas Lucy (may his name live for ever!) steps, on the boards of the English theatre. ... Ah, that primitive English theatre, what a savage, inhospitable place, where the witch Sycorax, another name for barbarism, hourly practised her abominable sorceries! ... She was scarcely just dead when Shakespeare arrived on this isle of a theatre which he found under the control of a gloomy and nondescript genius, a scion worthy of her, Caliban,—let us boldly call him Marlowe,—a devilish creature, with a criminal imagination, a soul of the damned, whom education debased instead of refining, and whose savagery seemed merely to increase under all the resources of civilisation. In the audacious lusts, in the misshapen thoughts of Caliban can be readily detected that spirit of sedition and impiety which glows in the theatre of Marlowe; ... but, misshapen as he is, this Caliban of the English theatre is a true son of nature, this 'abhorred slave' of vice is inspired, and he utters with incomparable power the poesy of slime and of crime. Accordingly, Shakespeare, who could recognize this, neither denied its worth nor disclaimed it. 'This thing of darkness,' he says by the mouth of Prospero, 'I acknowledge mine.' But, in taking possession of this theatre with its bloody and perverted inventions, he heard the mournful voice of an imprisoned spirit beseeching him to free it, the sweet voice of English genius, full of tenderness, of melancholy, and of passion, which for expression needed complete freedom. Shakespeare freed this beautiful spirit from the prison where barbarism had confined it, and by its aid humanised the savage theatre. Then the brambles burst into flower, the thickets were transformed into verdurous groves where fairies loved to throng; the horrible gloom of the primeval forest was scattered by the light of dazzling apparitions, the foul, mephitic vapours grew melodious, and were crossed and recrossed by songs to which even Caliban and his debased companions could not be insensible, and which will retain their power as long as there are souls here below open to music and poesy. Behold the Eden into which Shakespeare converted this savage land! Nevertheless, against this isle, thus transfigured by Prospero, there was many a calumny uttered; its fertility was denied, the enchantments of its sovereign called in doubt. Shakespeare, in this allegory of his life, does not overlook the criticisms of which he was the object. Recall the conversation with which the Second Act opens, and the bitter sneers at the Enchanted Isle spoken by Sebastian and Antonio, some George Chapman, or some John Marston, egged on by jealousy and hate, perhaps, also by the instigations of that dog of a Ben Jonson (ce dogue de Ben Jonson), great poet and antipathetic character, whose relations with Shakespeare were not always, to his shame be it spoken, free from hypocrisy. It is in vain that honest Gonzalo extols the charms of the isle; Antonio and Sebastian criticise everything in it, even the colour of the soil. ... Patience, malignant sceptics! The phantasmagoria of the vanishing viands and of Ariel as a harpy will soon conquer your incredulity and dazzle you into insanity, and force you, with repentance, to confess the power of Prospero-Shakespeare.—p. 746.

Mrs F. A. Kemble (MS note in a copy of Harmer's edition, long in her possession): The Tempest is my favourite of Shakespeare's dramas. The remoteness of the scene from all known localities allows a range to the imagination such as no other of his plays affords,—not even The Midsummer Night's Dream, where, though the
CRITICISMS ON THE PLAY—KEMBLE

Drama is a half of them superhuman, the scene is laid in a wood 'near Athens'; and Theseus and Hippolyta, if fabulous folk, are among the mythological acquaintance of our earliest school days.—But the 'uninhabited island,' lost in unknown seas, gives far other scope to the wandering fancy. As the scene is removed from all places with which we hold acquaintance, so the story, simple in the extreme, has more reference to past events than to any action in the play itself, which involves but few incidents, and has little to do with common experience.—But chiefly

Delight in this play, because of the image if present to my mind of the glorious supremacy of the righteous human soul over all things by which it is surrounded.

Prospero is to me the representative of wise and virtuous manhood in its true relation to the combined elements of existence,—the physical powers of the external world, and the varieties of character with which it comes into voluntary, accidental, or enforced contact.—Of the wonderful chain of being, of which Caliban is the dregs, and Ariel the most ethereal extreme, Prospero is the middle link. He—the wise and good man—is the ruling power, to whom the whole series is subject.—First, and lowest in the scale, comes the gross and uncouth but powerful savage, who represents both the more ponderous and unwieldy natural elements (as the earth and water), which the wise magician by his knowledge compels to his service; and the brutal and animal propensities of the nature of man which he, the type of its noblest development, holds in lordly subjugation.—Next follow the drunken, ribald, foolish retainers of the King of Naples, whose ignorance, knavery, and stupidity represent the coarser attributes of those great, unenlightened masses which, in all communities, threaten authority by their conjunction with brute force and savage ferocity; and only under the wholesome restraint of a wise discipline can be gradually admonished into the salutary subserviency necessary for their civilisation.—Ascending by degrees in the scale, the next group is that of the cunning, cruel, selfish, treacherous worldlings,—Princes and Potentates,—the peers, in outward circumstances of high birth and breeding, of the noble Prospero, whose villainous policy (not unaided by his own dereliction of his duties as a governor in the pursuit of his pleasure as a philosopher) triumphs over his fortune, and, through a devilish ability and craft, for a time gets the better of truth and virtue in his person.—From these, who represent the baser intellectual, as the former do the baser sensual, properties of humanity, we approach by a most harmonious, moral transition, though the agency of the skilfully interposed figure of the kindly gentleman, Gonzalo, those charming types of youth and love.—Ferdinand and Miranda.—The fervent, chivalrous devotion of the youth, and the yielding simplicity and sweetness of the girl, are lovely representations of those natural emotions of tender sentiment and passionate desire which, watched and guided and guarded by the affectionate solicitude and paternal prudence of Prospero, are pruned of their lavish luxuriance, and supported in their violent weakness by the wise will that teaches forbearance and self-control as the only price at which these exquisite flowers of existence may unfold their blossoms in prosperous beauty and bear their rightful harvest of happiness as well as pleasure.—Next in this wonderful gamut of being, governed by the sovereign soul of Prospero, come the shining figures of the Masque,—beautiful bright apparitions, fitly indicating the air, the fire, and all the more smiling aspects and subtle forces of nature. These minister with prompt obedience to the magical behests of science, and, when not tolling in appointed service for their great task-master, recreate and refresh his senses and his spirit with the ever-varying pageant of this beautiful Universe.—Last—highest of all—crowning with a fitful flame of lambent brightness this poetical pyramid of existence, flickers
APPENDIX

and flashes the beautiful Demon, without whose exquisite companionship we never think of the royal magician with his grave countenance of command.—Ariel seems to me to represent the keenest perceiving intellect, separate from all moral consciousness and sense of responsibility. His power and knowledge are in some respects greater than those of his master,—he can do what Prospero cannot,—he lashes up the Tempest round the isle,—he saves the king and his companions from the shipwreck,—he defeats the conspiracy of Sebastian and Antonio, and discovers the clumsy plot of the beast Caliban,—he wields immediate influence over the elements, and comprehends alike without indignation or sympathy,—which are moral results,—the sin and suffering of humanity. Therefore,—because he is only a spirit of knowledge, he is subject to the spirit of love,—and the wild, subtle, keen, beautiful, powerful creature is compelled to serve with mutinous waywardness and unwilling subjection the human soul that pitied and rescued it from its harsher slavery to sin,—and which, though controlling it with a wise severity to the fulfillment of its duties, years after it with the tearful eyes of tender human love when its wild wings flash away into its newly recovered realm of lawless liberty.

Lowell (Among my Books, 1870, p. 199): If I read The Tempest rightly, it is an example of how a great poet should write allegory,—not embodying metaphysical abstractions, but giving us ideals abstracted from life itself, suggesting an under-meaning everywhere, forcing it upon us nowhere, tantalizing the mind with hints that imply so much and tell so little, and yet keep the attention all eye and ear with eager, if fruitless, expectation. Here the leading characters are not merely typical, but symbolical,—that is, they do not illustrate a class of persons, they belong to universal Nature. . . . There is scarce a play of Shakespeare's in which there is such variety of character, none in which character has so little to do in the carrying on and development of the story. But consider for a moment if ever the Imagination has been so embodied as in Prospero, the Fancy as in Ariel, the brute Understanding as in Caliban, who, the moment his poor wits are warmed with the glorious liquor of Stephano, plots rebellion against his natural lord, the higher Reason. Miranda is mere abstract Womanhood, as truly so before she sees Ferdinand as Eve before she was wakened to consciousness by the echo of her own nature coming back to her, the same, and yet not the same, from that of Adam. Ferdinand, again, is nothing more than Youth, compelled to drudge at something he despises, till the sacrifice of will and abnegation of self win him his ideal in Miranda. The subordinate personages are simply types; Sebastian and Antonio, of weak character and evil ambition; Gonzalo, of average sense and honesty; Adrian and Francisco, of the walking gentlemen who fill up a world. They are not characters in the same sense with Iago, Falstaff, Shallow, or Leontes; and it is curious how every one of them loses his way in this enchanted island of life, all the victims of one illusion after another, except Prospero, whose ministers are purely ideal. The whole play indeed is a succession of illusions, winding up with those solemn words of the great enchanter who had summoned to his service every shape of merriment or passion, every figure in the great tragi-comedy of life, and who was now bidding farewell to the scene of his triumphs. For in Prospero shall we not recognize the Artist himself,—

'That did not better for his life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds,
Whence comes it that his name receives a brand,'—

who has forfeited a shining place in the world's eye by devotion to his art, and who
CRITICISMS ON THE PLAY—RUSKIN

turned adrift on the ocean of life on the leaky carcass of a boat, has shipwrecked on that Fortunate Island (as men always do who find their true vocation), where he is absolute lord, making all the powers of Nature serve him, but with Ariel and Caliban as special ministers?

RUSKIN (\textit{Manера Пульвери}, ed. New York, 1872, p. 126): Plato's slave, in the \textit{Polity}, who, well dressed and washed, aspires to the hand of his master's daughter, corresponds curiously to Caliban's attacking Prospero's cell; and there is an undercurrent of meaning throughout, in the \textit{The Tempest} as well as in \textit{The Merchant of Venice}, referring in this case to government, as in that to commerce. Miranda ("the wonderful," so addressed first by Ferdinand, "Oh you wonder!") corresponds to Homer's Arte; Ariel and Caliban are respectively the spirits of faithful and imaginary work, opposed to rebellious, hurtful, and slavish labour. Prospero ("for hope"), a true governor, is opposed to Sycorax, the mother of slavery, \textit{uer name,}

- "Swine-raven," indicating at once brutality and deathfulness. . . . For all these dreams of Shakespeare, as those of true and strong men must be, are \textit{σφιθαγμα θεία, καὶ κατὰ τῷ βωμῷ}—divine phantasms, and shadows of things that are. We hardly tell our children, willingly, a fable with no purport in it; yet we think God sends his best messengers only for fairy tales to us, fond and empty. \textit{The Tempest} is just like a grotesque in a rich massal, "clasped where paynims pray." Ariel is the spirit of generous and free-hearted service, in early stages of human society oppressed by ignorance and wild tyranny; venting groans as fast as mill-wheels strike; in shipwreck of states, dreadful; so that all but mariners plunge in the brine and "quit the vessel, then all afe with me," yet having in itself the will and sweetness of truest peace, whence that is especially called "Ariel's" song, "Come unto these yellow sands, and there, \textit{take hands}," "courtesied when you have, and kissed, the wild waves "whist"; (mind, it is "cortesia," not "curtesy"), and read quiet for "whist," if you want the full sense. Then you may indeed foot it feally, and sweet spirits bear the burden for you,—with watch in the night and call in early morning. The \textit{vis vitae} in elemental transformation follows—"Full fathom five thy father lies, of his bones are "coral made." Then, giving rest \textit{after} labour, it "fetches dew from the still-vext "Bermoothes, and with a charm joined to their suffered labour, leaves men asleep." Snatching away the feast of the cruel, it seems to them as a harpy; followed by the utterly vile, who cannot see it in any shape, but to whom it is the picture of nobody, it still gives shrill harmony to their false and mocking catch, "Thought is free"; but leads them into briers and foul places, and at last hollos the bounds upon them. Minister of fate against the great criminal, it uses itself with the "incensed seas and "shores," —the sword that layeth at it cannot hold, and may "with bemocked-at stabes "as soon kill the still-closing waters, as diminish one dowl that is in its plume." As the guide and aid of true love, it is always called by Prospero's "fine" (the French 'fine,' not the English), or "delicate"—another long note would be needed to explain all the meaning in this word. Lastly, its work done, and war, it resolves itself into the elements. The intense significance of the last song, "Where the bee sucks," I will examine in its due place.—The types of slavery in Caliban are more palpable, . . . . the heart of his slavery is in his worship: "That's a brave god and bears celestial— "liquor." But, in illustration of the sense in which the Latin \textit{benignus} and \textit{malignus} are to be coupled with Eleutheria and Douleia, note that Caliban's torment is always the physical reflection of his own nature—cramps and "side stitches that shall pen "thy breath up; thou shalt be pinched, as thick as honey-combs;" the whole nature
of slavery being one cramp and cretious contraction. Fancy this of Ariel! You may fetter him, but you set no mark on him; you may put him to hard work and far journey, but you cannot give him a cramp.

Dowden (Shakspere—His Mind and Art, 1875, p. 425): If I were to allow my fancy to run out in play after such an attempted interpretation, I should describe Prospero as the man of genius, the great artist, lacking at first in practical gifts which lead to material success, and set adrift on the perilous sea of life, in which he finds his enchanted island, where he may achieve his works of wonder. He bears with him Art in its infancy—the marvellous child, Miranda. The grosser passions and appetites—Caliban—he subdues to his service, 'Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir, I do not love ' to look on. Proc. But as 'tis We cannot miss him'; and he partially informs this servant-monster with intellect and imagination; for Caliban has dim affinities with the higher world of spirits. But these grosser passions and appetites attempt to violate the purity of art. Caliban would seize on Miranda, and people the island with Calibans; therefore his servitude must be strict. And who is Ferdinand? Is he not, with his gallantry and his beauty, the young Fletcher in conjunction with whom Shakspere worked upon The Two Noble Kinsmen and Henry VIII. Fletcher is conceived as a follower of the Shaksperian style and method in dramatic art; he had 'eyed full many a lady with best regard,' for several virtues had liked several women, but never any with whole-hearted devotion, except Miranda. And to Ferdinand the old enchanter will entrust his daughter, 'a thirld of his own life.' But Shakspere had perceived the weak point in Fletcher's genius—its want of hardness of fibre, of patient endurance, and of a sense of the solemnity and sanctity of the service of art. And therefore he finely hints to his friend, that his winning of Miranda must not be too light and easy. It shall be Ferdinand's task to remove some thousands of logs and pile them, according to the strict injunction of Prospero. 'Don't despise drudgery and dryas dust work, young poet,' Shakspere would seem to say, who had himself so carefully laboured over his English and Roman histories; 'for Miranda's sake such drudgery may well seem light.' Therefore, also, Prospero surrounds the marriage of Ferdinand to his daughter with a religious awe. Ferdinand must honour her as sacred, and win her by hard toil. But the work of the higher imagination is not drudgery—it is swift and serviceable among all the elements, fire upon the topmast, the sea-nymph upon the sands, Ceres, the goddess of earth, with harvest blessings, in the Masque. It is essentially Ariel, an airy spirit,—the imaginative genius of poetry, but recently delivered in England from long slavery to Sycorax. Prospero's departure from the island is the abandoning by Shakspere of the theatre, the scene of his marvellous works: 'Graves at my command Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth By my so potent art.' Henceforth Prospero is but a man; no longer a great enchanter. He returns to the dukedom he had lost in Stratford-upon-Avon, and will pay no tribute henceforth to any Alonso or Lucy of them all.—Thus may one be permitted to play with the grave subject of The Tempest, and I ask no more credit for the interpretation here proposed than is given to any other equally innocent, if trifling, attempt to read the supposed allegory.

J. Surtees Phillpotts (Rugby Edition, 1876, p. xx): Another poet had depicted a magical tempest with a shipwrecked prince cast upon an enchanted island, and there relieved and tended by a king's daughter. The pictures are both beautiful, but they are not the same, and their difference is as marked a feature in their beauty as their
CRITICISMS ON THE PLAY—FURNIVALL

likeness.—If an uneducated person wished to understand the meaning of a poetical creation, or, in other words, to see in what the essential unity of a poem consisted, he could hardly do better than exchange the details in Homer's canvas (Od. vi, 244, 275, 310), piece by piece, for those in Shakespeare. He would then see what magic art there is in a poet's colouring, and how even the most trivial details are made to throw a reflected light on the main action of the piece; how, for instance, the attractiveness of the one island enhances the fidelity of Ulysses, while the barrenness of the other blackens the guilt of Antonio.—Caliban could not be transferred. He is a purely Celtic creation, the grotesque demonology which made such beings conceivable being wholly foreign to the sunny sportiveness of an Hellenic myth.—Ariel's song would not have been a fit vehicle for conveying sage advice to Ulysses in deadly peril, nor would stern-eyed Athene have ever won her liberty as a 'felix in amoribus indix,' even the heavenly grace she sheds on her hero for the nonce being at once turned to the practical end of winning him a free passage to his home.—If we fancy Ulysses taking the place of Ferdinand in The Tempest, it is obvious that it must have been a tale without an end, or have had the same end which poor Calypso found so sad. Ferdinand is fresh to the world; he 'carries a brave form,' unlike the toil-worn Ulysses; he has all his life before him, with no memories of long years passed with Penelope, of never-ending travels by land and sea, of the towns and moods of many 'mea'; he is, in short, Miranda's peer.—There is a real resemblance, on the other hand, between the characters of Nausicaa and Miranda. Each stands before us as an ideal of maidenhood, while the depths of tenderness in each are half revealed to us by their expressions of pity and sympathy. . . . Yet for all its unrivalled simplicity, Miranda's character marks the growth in the conception of woman's relation to society since the epic times. Nausicaa is no free agent; she may have preferences, but she does not choose; with a Quaker-like simplicity we see her preparing for her wedding with the suitor of her father's choice. Shakespeare required for his Miranda an amount of self-assertion which to Nausicaa would have seemed indecorous.

FURNIVALL (Leopold Sh. Introduct., 1877, p. lixxviii): No play brings out more clearly than The Tempest the Fourth-Period spirit [i.e. of Re-union, of Reconciliation, and Forgiveness], and Miranda evidently belongs to that time; she and her fellow, Perdita, being idealisations of the sweet country maidens whom Shakspere would see about him in his renewed family life at Stratford. . . . Turn back to the First-Period Midsummer Night's Dream, and compare with its Stratford girls, stained with the tempers and vulgarities of their day, these Fourth-Period creations of pure beauty and refinement, all earth's loneliness filled with all angels' grace; and recognise what Shakspere's growth has been. . . . The general consent of critics and readers identifies Shakspere, in the ripeness and calmness of his art and power, more with Prospero than with any other of his characters; just as the like consent identifies him, in his restless and unsettled state, in his style of less perfect art, with Hamlet.—When we compare Prospero's 'We are such stuff As dreams are made of, and our little life 'Is rounded with a sleep,' with all the questionings and fears about the future life which perplexed and terrified Hamlet and Claudio, we may see what progress Shakspere has himself made in soul. The links of this play with Pericles are the opening storm in each, Thaisa and Marina thought drowned or dead, and yet restored to Pericles; Ferdinand, and Prospero, and Miranda thought drowned, and yet restored to Alonso; revenge forgotten by Pericles in the fulness of his joy; revenge overcome in Prospero by his willingness to forgive. With earlier plays we can hardly help com-
paring the faithful, cheery Gonzalvo, who provides Prospero and Miranda in their
danger with clothes, and food, and books, with the faithful Kent, and Gloster who
provides Lear with a room and a litter to drive towards Dover. Caliban is hinted at
in Troilus (111, iii, 264), while Prospero's speech to Miranda, about the zenith and
the star, is like Brutus's on the tide in the affairs of men. In his inattention to his
government, Prospero is like the Duke in Measure for Measure. With Hamlet we have
the likenesses of Antonio getting rid of Prospero and seizing his crown to Claudius's
murder of Hamlet's father and taking his crown; and Prospero's warning to Ferdin-
dand that 'the strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood,' like Polonius's to
Ophelia of the blazes when the blood burns, giving more light than heat. But Proser-
po, unlike Hamlet, has been taught by the discipline of his island life, and as soon
as fortune gives him his first chance, he acts, and obtains his end. As a fairy-land
play, the links of The Tempest with Midsummer Night's Dream are strong. But
now it is no longer, as in Shakespeare's youth, that men and women are toys for fairies'
whims to play with; in his age the poet uses his magic to wield the fairy-world and
the powers of nature for the highest possible end—the winning back to good, of human
souls given over to evil. Contrast, too, for a moment, Oberon's care for the lovers in
the Dream, with the beautiful, tender feeling of Prospero for Miranda and Ferdinand
here. He stands above them almost as a god, yet sharing their feelings and blessing
them. Note, too, how his tenderness for Miranda revives in his words, 'The fringed
curtains of thine eyes advance,' the lovely fancy of his youth, her 'two blue wings
down faintly she upheaveth' (Ven. and Ad. 482). He has seized in Miranda, as in
Perdita, on a new type of sweet country-girl unspoilt by town devices, and glorified
it into a being fit for an angel's world. And as he links earth to heaven with
Miranda, so he links earth to hell with Caliban.

Richard Grant White (Studies in Shakespeare, 1886, p. 27): Nothing is clearer
to me, the more I read and reflect upon his works, than that, after Shakespeare's first
three or four years' experience as a poet and dramatist, he was entirely without even
any art-purpose or aim whatever, and used his materials just as they came to his hand,
taking no more pains with them than he thought necessary to work them into a play
that would please his audience and suit his company; while at the same time, from
the necessities of his nature and the impulse that was within him, he wrought out the
characters of his personages with the knowledge of a creator of human souls, and
in his poetry showed himself the supreme master of human utterance. The Tem-
pest conforms to the unities of time and place merely because the story made it con-
venient for the writer to observe them; The Winter's Tale defies them because its
story made the observance of them very troublesome, and indeed almost, if not quite,
impossible. There has been a great deal of ingenious speculation about Shakespeare's
system of dramatic art. It is all unfounded, vague, and worthless. Shakespeare had
no system of dramatic art.

Dr Garnett (Irving Shakespeare, 1890, p. 188): The Tempest is not one of those
plays whose interest consists in strong dramatic situations. The course of the action
is revealed from the first. Prospero is too manifestly the controlling spirit to arouse
much concern for his fortunes. Ferdinand and Miranda are soon put out of their
pain, and Ariel lies beyond the limits of humanity. The action is simple and uniform,
and all occurrences are seen converging slowly towards their destined point.
No play, perhaps, more perfectly combines intellectual satisfaction with imaginativ
pleasure. Above and behind the fascination of the plot and the poetry we behold Power and Right evenly paired and working together, and the justification of Providence producing that sentiment of repose and acquiescence which is the object and test of every true work of art.

**Prospero**

CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE (Sa. Characters, 1863, p. 279): But with all our admiration of and sympathy with the illustrious magician, we perforce must acknowledge Prospero to be of a revengeful nature. He has not the true social wisdom; and he only learns Christian wisdom from his servant Ariel. By nature he is a selfish aristocrat. When he was Duke of Milan he gave himself up to his favourite indulgence of study and retired leisure, yet expected to preserve his state and authority. When master of the Magic Island he is stern and domineering, lording it over his sprite-subjects and ruling them with a wand of rigour. He comes there, and takes possession of the territory with all the coolness of a usurper; he assumes despotic sway, and stops only short of absolute unmitigated tyranny. His only point of tender human feeling is his daughter; and his only point of genial sympathy is with the dainty being Ariel. And yet withal, beneath Prospero's sedate expression, we find there lie real kindness and affection for the little embodied Zephyr; for when, with a sportive question and child-like, Ariel says, 'Do you love me, master? No;' the master replies, 'Dearly 'my delicate Ariel.' And again, afterwards, 'I shall miss thee; but yet thou shalt 'have thy freedom,' showing that he has a heart to comprehend the eagerness of the airy sprite to be at liberty amidst the boundless elements of which he is the creature. The best of Prospero's social philosophy is, that it consists not in so obstinate an adherence to its tenets, but that it suffers itself to be won over to a kindlier and more tolerant course when convinced that he has hitherto held too strict a one. His purpose of revenge gives way to mercy when assured that his injurers repent.

J. A. HERAUD (Shakespeare—His Inner Life, &c, 1865, p. 395): Ariel is swayed more by fear than gratitude, a fact which excites Prospero's anger. And here let it be remarked what necessities belong to dramatic characterisation. Although Shakspere would not exhibit Prospero with his clear spiritual will and power obscured and tormented by the sensual appetites and passions that made the lives of Antony and Cleopatra 'a storm whereon they rode'; yet, had he depicted his benevolent magician as basking perpetually in the sunshine of an open conscience and uninteruptedly serene, we should have had a being elevated so far above the condition of humanity that we could not have sympathized with him. He therefore presents him as chained with certain obstacles in the magic sphere of his working, and as occasionally wroth with Ariel and Caliban for resistance expressed or implied. He is also liable to perturbation of mind from forgetfulness, as in the Fourth Act, when he suddenly remembers the conspiracy of Caliban. And thus, with all his moral excellence, Prospero is made to awaken our sympathy for a natural imperfection. Meanwhile, all has the wonderful coherence and mystery of a dream.

EDWARD R. RUSSELL (Theological Review, Oct. 1876, p. 482): *The Tempest* must be placed among the most fanciful products of Shakespeare's genius, and, though full of gravity and serious incidents, is generally thought to derive any interest it may
have for the reflective and emotional faculties from the fascinating traits of Miranda, Prospero, and Ferdinand. We must be permitted to suggest a deeper purpose. In the Epilogue, the poet says his project was to please, but be sure it was to please himself as well as his audience. Let any one to whom the idea has not previously occurred, re-open his Shakespeare with the special intention of appreciating what we may call the Manichean element in this delightful poem. Postpone the pleasure of letting the mind glide gently down the current of the poet's dream. Cast a gaze of scrutiny into its depths. Fear not lest you should be too polemical. The supreme poetic charm of The Tempest will not be easily dissipated. But if for the time you manage to analyze this gossamer thing of beauty, what will you see? A man perfectly wise and gracious, scarcely distinguishable in purity and benevolence from what we believe of God, and endowed by magical studies—or rather (for our present purpose) by the dramatist's will—with superhuman power. Prospero, by this happy fiction of magic lore, is put, without profanity, almost in the place of Deity. In one passage [V, i], in which he puts forward his humanity, asking whether he shall not be as kindly moved as Ariel towards his prisoners in the lime-grove, seeing that Ariel is but air, while he is 'one of their kind, and relishes all as sharply, passion as they,' it is just possible that there may be an allusion to the sensibility to man's infirmities attributed in Holy Writ to the experiences on earth of the great High Priest. However this may be, we have in Prospero a being capable of calling forth spirits, of causing storms and shipwrecks, miraculous escapes and supernatural restorations, and indeed of doing everything very much as the Deity can, according to the received theory of special providences. To him, in the seemingly cruel exercise of his power, his daughter Miranda makes appeal in the celebrated passage, spoken in sight of the shipwreck, beginning: 'If by your art, my dearest father, you have put the wild 'waters in this roar, allay them.' May we not consider the rest of the play an answer, as this passage is an echo, to the weary doubts of ages in the presence of calamities caused by Omnipotence, which seems malevolent in not having prevented them? To pursue the idea is here impossible; but it will give a new fruitfulness to the reading of The Tempest if Prospero be followed in this mood through his grave struggle with powers of evil,—if we note how obstinately the ill elements of sentient life continue malign and perverse in his despite; how cunningly and blindly within the circle of his sway light-minded conspirators tinker their petty schemes; how constantly, vigilantly, and painfully his power has to be exercised if exercised with effect; how omnipotent though he be, it is only by moral discipline he can work moral ends; and how, contending with his master-mind, the very spirits with whom he has peopled his domain, and who are absolutely his slaves, are 'tricky' and scarce controllable.—In the light of such a conception of the poet's inner fancy, what analogies are revealed! Even the drunken sailors and Caliban's worship of his sorry sailor-king have their counterparts in God's world. The 'abhorred slave, which any print of good will not take, being capable of all ill,' stands for much that is incorrigible in the warrier specimens of the human race. The magical threat which imposes chaste love on Ferdinand symbolizes moral laws more absolute than necromancy. The 'stuff that dreams are made of' weaves itself into the veritable fabric of created life. 'Spirits which by Prospero's art have been 'from their confines called to exact his present fancies,' may typify whole literatures on which have been inscribed the passing yet eternal thoughts of Deity. 'The rarer action,' says Prospero, is 'In virtue than in gregarious; they being penitent The sole drift of any purpose doth extend Not arown further.' And in such words we seem to hear the immortal secret of
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Heaven's discipline, so far as men can rightly understand it. But most frequently of all do we perceive in gentlest lineaments the shadowy outlines of that inexplicable, never-ending battle between permitted or necessary evil and omnipotent good which puzzles humanity from age to age. When Prospero abjures his magic, dissolves his airy charm, breaks his staff, buries it certain fathoms in the earth, and, deeper than did ever plummet sound, drowns his book, a sigh of relief breaks from the bosom which his charms have enthralled. We rejoice to know that the hollow of the Divine hand is more capacious than the simplest capacity of a poet's Atlantean genius, and its rectifying touch even kindlier than this most gracious creation of Shakespeare's tenderest mood of wistful theological thought. That his thought was theological we cannot doubt, ethereal and sparkling as was its expression. It is unlikely that the scheme of *The Tempest* could have bad any other origin than the contemplations to which we attribute it; and it is impossible that such analogies to the Divine government should have gone unnoticed under his eye as they passed in the act of creation from his pen.

Dr Garnett (Irving Shakespeare, 1890, p. 185): Prospero's mercy is as complete [as that of Imogen or of Hermione], but it is of another kind. It is rather the contemptuous indifference not only of a prince, who feels himself able to despise his enemies, but of a sage no longer capable of being very deeply moved by external accidents and the mutations of earthly fortune. He does not in his heart very greatly care for his dukedom, or very deeply resent the villainy that has deprived him of it. The happiness of his daughter is the only thing which touches him very nearly, and one has the feeling that even the failure of his plans to secure this would not have embittered his life. Nay, so far does he go in detachment from the affairs of the world, that without any external enforcement he breaks his staff and drowns his book, and, but for the imperishable gains of study and meditation, takes his place among ordinary men. That this Quixotic height of magnanimity should not surprise, that it should seem quite in keeping with the character, proves how deeply this character has been drawn from Shakespeare's own nature. Prospero is not Shakespeare, but the play is in a certain measure autobiographical. . . . It shows us more than anything else what the discipline of life had made of Shakespeare at fifty,—a fruit too fully matured to be suffered to hang much longer on the tree. Conscious superiority untinged by arrogance, genial scorn for the mean and base, mercifulness into which contempt enters very largely, serenity excluding passionate affection, while admitting tenderness, intellect overtopping morality, but in no way blighting or perverting it,—such are the mental features of him in whose development the man of the world had kept pace with the poet, and who now shone as the consummate example of both. . . . Another great poet has portrayed for us an aged, potent, and benevolent enchanter. It is interesting to compare Prospero with the Faust of *The Second Part*; who, far more distinctly than Shakespeare's creation, impersonates the author and sums up his final view of life. It is plain that the Time Spirit has been at work, and that either of these poets would have written differently in the century of the other. Though Shakespeare was a more practical man than Goethe, and quite exempt from what, did reverence allow, we might describe as the latter's 'fada,' the Faust of *The Second Part* is a more practical and energetic person than Prospero, and much more strongly impressed with the paramount duty of labouring for the common weal in his day and generation. On the other hand, although Goethe was a more highly cultivated man than Shakespeare and much more advanced in years, his Faust does
not possess the calm superiority and pure, thrice-defecated refinement of Prospero. The ex-manager of the Globe, with his constant eye to the main chance, has produced a pattern for scholars; the statesman and courtier has given a model for the ordinary man. We must ascribe this in great measure to the different circumstances of the periods of the respective authors. . . . Neither Faust nor Prospero is a perfect character. Each has a past to be repented of. Prospero, indeed, has not, like Faust, committed crime; but neither has he, like Faust, been exposed to the temptations of a supernatural intelligence. His errors have been the product of his own nature; he has, like the monarch [i.e. King James. See p. 303 ante] he shadows forth, been too bookish for a King: 'for the liberal arts Without a parallel; these 'being all my study The government I cast upon my brother, And to my state grew 'stranger, being transported And rapt in secret studies.'—Prospero's narrative, in which this is confessed, is a subtle piece of dramatic irony; he does not blame himself, or suspect that he may be lowering himself in his daughter's opinion, or see anything except the treachery from which he has suffered, but which he has himself invited. There is, besides, a slight tinge of irony in Shakespeare's conception of his wisdom; it is admirable and adequate to the end it would attain, but a little too fussy and self-conscious to rank as the very highest manifestation of intellect. It is what one continually sees in men of great parts and long experience, intimately persuaded that no one can do anything so well as themselves, and perhaps not without ground for that conviction, but a trifle too obtrusive in the assertion of it. The remaining deductions from Prospero's perfection are also conspicuous in Faust. Shakespeare and Goethe, delineating aged men, have given them a tinge of petulance and peevishness. In Faust this becomes unreasoning injustice, and makes him, contrary to his intention, re-enact the tragedy of Naboth's vineyard. In Prospero it is a mere fable, visible in his somewhat pedantic manner to his daughter, his susceptibility when she does not give him sufficient attention, though knowing that he has himself caused her drowsiness, and his tartness toward Ariel. One can imagine how a tamed and civilised Caliban might contrive to stir up the populace against him, though this is not M. Renan's idea.

**Miranda**

**Coleridge (Lit. Rem. ii, 154):** With love, pure love, there is always an anxiety for the safety of the object, a disinterestedness by which it is distinguished from the counterfeits of its name. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II, Scene ii, with *The Tempest*, III, i. I do not know a more wonderful instance of Shakespeare's mystery, in playing a distinctly memorable variation on the same remembered air, than in the transporting love confessions of Romeo and Juliet and Ferdinand and Miranda. There seems more passion in the one, and more dignity in the other; yet you feel that the sweet, girlish lingering and busy movement of Juliet, and the calmer and more maidenly fondness of Miranda, might easily pass into each other.

**Mrs Jameson (Characteristics of Women, ed. ii, 1833, i, 280):** We might have deemed it impossible to go beyond Viola, Perdita, and Ophelia as pictures of feminine beauty; to exceed the one in tender delicacy, the other in ideal grace, and the last in simplicity, if Shakespeare had not done this; and he alone could have done it. Had he never created a Miranda, we should never have been made to feel how completely the purely natural and the purely ideal can blend into each other.
The character of Miranda resolves itself into the very elements of womanhood. She is beautiful, modest, and tender, and she is these only; they comprise her whole being, external and internal. She is so perfectly unsophisticated, so delicately refined, that she is all but ethereal. Let us imagine any other woman placed beside Miranda—even one of Shakespeare's own loveliest and sweetest creations—there is not one of them that could sustain the comparison for a moment; not one that would not appear somewhat coarse or artificial when brought into immediate contact with this pure child of nature, this 'Eve of an enchanted Paradise.'

What, then, has Shakespeare done?—'O wondrous skill and sweet wit of the 'man'!—he has removed Miranda far from all comparison with her own sex; he has placed her between the demi-demon of earth and the delicate spirit of air. The next step is into the ideal and supernatural; and the only being who approaches Miranda, with whom she can be contrasted, is Ariel. Beside the subtle essence of this ethereal sprite, this creature of elemental light and air, that 'ran upon the winds, rode the curl'd clouds, and in the colours of the rainbow lived,' Miranda herself appears a palpable reality, a woman, 'breathing thoughtful breath,' a woman, walking the earth in her mortal loveliness, with a heart as frail-strung, as passion-touched, as ever fluttered in a female bosom.

I have said that Miranda possesses merely the elementary attributes of womanhood, but each of these stands in her with a distinct and peculiar grace. She resembles nothing upon earth; but do we therefore compare her, in our own minds, with any of those fabled beings with which the fancy of ancient poets peopled the forest depths, the fountain, or the ocean?—oread or dryad fleet, sea-maid, or naiad of the stream? We cannot think of them together. Miranda is a consistent, natural, human being. Our impression of her nymph-like beauty, her peerless grace, and purity of soul has a distinct and individual character. Not only is she exquisitely lovely, being what she is, but we are made to feel that she could not possibly be otherwise than as she is portrayed. She has never beheld one of her own sex; she has never caught from society one imitated or artificial grace. The impulses which have come to her, in her enchanted solitude, are of heaven and nature, not of the world and its vanities. She has sprung up into beauty beneath the eye of her father, the princely magician; her companions have been the rocks and woods, the many-shaped, many-tinted clouds, and the silent stars; her playmates the ocean billows, that stooped their foamy crests, and ran rippling to kiss her feet. Ariel and his attendant sprites hovered over her head, ministered duteous to her every wish, and presented before her pageants of beauty and grandeur. The very air, made vocal by her father's art, floated in music around her. If we can presuppose such a situation with all its circumstances, do we not behold in the character of Miranda not only the credible, but the natural, the necessary results of such a situation? She retains her woman's heart, for that is unalterable and inalienable, as a part of her being; but her deportment, her looks, her language, her thoughts—all these, from the supernatural and poetical circumstances around her, assume a cast of the pure ideal; and to us, who are in the secret of her human and pitying nature, nothing can be more charming and consistent than the effect which she produces upon others, who, never having beheld anything resembling her, approach her as 'a wonder,' as something celestial: 'Most sure, the goddess 'on whom these airs attend!' And again: 'What is this maid? Is she the goddess 'who hath severed us, And brought us thus together?'

Contrasted with the impression of her refined and dignified beauty, and its effect on all beholders, is Miranda's own soft simplicity, her virgin innocence, her total
APPENDIX

ignorance of the conventional forms and language of society. It is most natural that in a being thus constituted, the first tears should spring from compassion, ‘suffering with those that she saw suffer’; and that her first sigh should be offered to a love at once fearless and submissive, delicate and fond. She has no taught scruples of honour like Juliet; no coy concealments like Viola; no assumed dignity standing in its own defence. Her bashfulness is less a quality than an instinct; it is like the self-folding of a flower, spontaneous and unconscious. I suppose there is nothing of the kind in poetry equal to the scene between Ferdinand and Miranda. In Ferdinand, who is a noble creature, we have all the chivalrous magnanimity with which man, in a high state of civilization, disguises his real superiority, and does humble homage to the being of whose destiny he disposes; while Miranda, the mere child of nature, is struck with wonder at her own new emotions. Only conscious of her own weakness as a woman, and ignorant of those usages of society which teach us to dissemble the real passion, and assume (and sometimes abuse) an unreal and transient power, she is equally ready to place her life, her love, her service beneath his feet.

[P. 291.] As Miranda, being what she is, could only have had a Ferdinand for a lover, and an Ariel for her attendant, so she could have had with propriety no other father than the majestic and gifted being who fondly claims her as ‘a thread of his own life—nay, that for which he lives.’ Prospero, with his magical powers, his superhuman wisdom, his moral worth and grandeur, and his kingly dignity, is one of the most sublime visions that ever swept with ample robes, pale brow, and sceptred hand before the eye of fancy. He controls the invisible world, and works through the agency of spirits; not by any evil and forbidden compact, but solely by superior might of intellect—by potent spells gathered from the lore of ages, and abjured when he mingles again as a man with his fellow-men. He is as distinct a being from the necromancers and astrologers celebrated in Shakespeare’s age as can well be imagined; and all the wizards of poetry and fiction, even Faust and St. Leon, sink into commonplaces before the princely, the philosophic, the benevolent Prospero. — The characters [Juliet, Helena, Perdita, Viola, Ophelia, Miranda] which I have here classed together as principally distinguished by the predominance of passion and fancy, appear to me to rise in the scale of ideality and simplicity from Juliet to Miranda; the last being in comparison so refined, so elevated above all stain of earth, that we can only acknowledge her in connection with it through the emotions of sympathy she feels and inspires.

HUNER (Shakespeare’s Mädchen und Frauen, 1839, Philadelphia ed. p. 345): Ay, truth is forever the badge of Shakespearian love, in whatsoever shape it appear, be it called Miranda, or Juliet, or even Cleopatra.—Albeit I have mentioned these names more by accident than by design, yet it occurs to me that they, too, represent the three most significant types of love. Miranda is representative of a love which, without historic influence, can develop its highest ideality, like a flower in a virgin soil which only fairy feet may tread. The songs of Ariel have moulded her heart, and sensuality never appeared to her but in the revolting, hateful shape of a Caliban. The love, therefore, which Ferdinand inspires, is not merely naïve but of a holy sincerity, of a primeval purity verging on the awesome. Juliet’s love, like her times and surroundings, bears a more romantic, medieval character, hinting of the renaissance; its glow is dazzling like the palace of the Scalieri, and strong withal like the noble clans of Lombardy, who, rejuvenated by Germanic blood, loved as vehemently as they hated. Juliet represents the love of a youthful period, rude, indeed, but of uncontaminated
health. She is permeated with the sensual glow and the strong faith of such a time, and even the chill of the charnel-house can neither shake her trust nor cool her ardour. But ah, this Cleopatra of ours,—she represents a civilisation already out of joint; a time when beauty has withered, when the locks, albeit curled by every art, anointed with every perfume, are shot with many a grey hair; a time when the cup, the lower it gets, the more eagerly it is drained. This love is without faith or fidelity, but none the less wild and glowing. In angry consciousness that this glow is inextinguishable, the impatient woman adds more oil and plunges like a bacchante into the blazing flames. Cowardly is she, and yet hurried on by her own destructiveness. Love is always a kind of frenzy, more or less beautiful; but with this Egyptian queen, it mounts to the most shuddering madness. . . . This love is a mad comet which, storming across the heavens in the most unprecedented orbit with its flaming train, terrifies the stars in its path, where it does not harm them, and at last miserably collapsing disappears, like a rocket, in a thousand sparks. Ay, fair Cleopatra, like a fearsome comet wilt thou, and not alone for thine own destruction didst thou glow, but for all thy fellows didst thou bode harm. . . . In Anthony's downfall, old heroic Rome came to a lamentable end.—But to what shall I compare you, Juliet and Miranda? Again I look up to the heavens and there seek your image. Perchance it lies behind the stars, where my gaze cannot penetrate. Perhaps if the glowing sun should have the mildness of the moon, I could compare it, Juliet, to thee! If the gentle moon should e'en have the ardour of the sun, I would compare it, Miranda, to thee!

HENRY GILES (Human Life in Shakespeare, 1868, p. 135): Idealism is an evident characteristic of all the women in Shakespeare that poetically interest our feelings and imagination. But in some it is so luminous as to form a nimbus in which they always appear to our memory and fancy. Miranda is the first of this order. She has dwelt alone, from her infancy, with her father on a desert island compassed by ocean and the heavens; and thus she has lived, fearless and delighted, in the midst of mystery and beauty. Quiet in the soul-sleep of innocence, trustful in her father's care and power, she has dread of nothing. The spirits of air are her ministers, the brutes of earth are meek to her, and even Caliban bends to her service. But clouds gather in the sky; winds rush upon the sea; with the storm comes her prince, and with the prince comes love. The visionary world is broken into by the actual; realities intrude on fancies; and out of dreams she merges into passion. Now this,—a fable in outward fact,—is a truth in the inward life. The actual, natural, genuine maiden does dwell much alone. Her life is an island full of enchantments, girded by immensity. In her intercourse with nature she sees, and hears, and feels the wonderful and the lovely; filial affections are in her heart; the graces and charities of maidenhood are in her manner. When, this calm of unconsciousness must end,—when the trouble darkens, out of which impassioned hopes are born,—when the prince of her affections comes to her in the storm, she arises in the royalty of womanhood to meet him. If no prince should come, or if he who does come should not be a prince or princely, she will yet be queenly in her own womanly right, and by her own womanly nature.

Mrs F. A. KEMBLE (Notes, &c, 1882, p. 155): I would suggest to the reader's consideration the curious felicity of the scene, where Ferdinand and Miranda acknowledge their affection to each other. I mean in the harmonious contrast between a young
prince, bred in a Court, himself the centre of a sphere of the most artificial civilisation, and a girl, not only without any knowledge of the world and society, but even without previous knowledge of the existence of any created man but her father and Caliban.—Brought up in all but utter solitude, under no influence but that of her wise and loving father on earth and her wise and loving Father in Heaven, Miranda exhibits no more coyness in her acceptance of Ferdinand's overtures than properly belongs to the instinctive modesty of her sex, unenhanced by any of the petty, pretty arts of coquetry and assumed shyness, which are the express result of artificial female training. The simple emotion of bashfulness, indeed, which (in spite of her half-astonished, half-delighted exclamation—"Do you love me?" that elicits her lover's passionate declaration) causes her to 'weep at what she's glad of,' is so little comprehensible to herself, that she shakes it off with something like self-reproach as an involuntary disingenuousness: 'Hence, bashful cunning;,' and then with that most pathetic and exquisite invocation to 'plain and holy innocence,' offers her life to her lover with the perfect devotion and humility of the true womanly nature. In the purity and simplicity of this 'tender of affection,' Ferdinand made acquaintance with a species of modesty to which assuredly none of those ladies of the Court of Naples, 'whom he 'had eyed with best regard,' had ever introduced him; and indeed to them Miranda's proceeding might very probably have appeared highly unladylike, as I have heard it pronounced more than once by — ladies. The young prince, however, was probably himself surprised for a little while into a sphere of earnest sincerity as different from the artificial gallantry with which he had encountered the former objects of his affection as the severe manual labour he was undergoing for the sake of Miranda was different from the inflated offers of service, and professions of slavery, which were the jargon of civilised courtesy; that species of language which Olivia reproves when she says, 'twa never merry world Since lowly feigning was called 'compliment.'—The transparent simplicity and sweet solemnity of the girl's confession of love could not but awaken an almost religious sense of honour and tenderness in the young man's soul, and though his Neapolitan Court vocabulary speaks a little in the 'admired Miranda, Indeed the top of admiration,' the 'I 'Beyond all limit of what else ! the world Do love, prize, honour you,' is love's true utterance, as free from sophistication as the girl's own guileless challenge.—It is not a little edifying to reflect how different Prospero's treatment of these young people's case would have been if, instead of only the most extraordinary of conjurers, he had been the most commonplace of scheming matrons of the present day. He, poor man, alarmed at the sudden conquest Ferdinand makes of his child, and perceiving that he must 'this swift business uneasy make, lest too light winning make 'the prize light,' can bethink himself of no better expedient than reducing the poor young prince into a sort of supplementary Caliban, a hewer of wood and drawer of water: now, a modern chaperon would merely have had to intimate to a well-trained modern young lady, that it would be as well not to give the young gentleman too much encouragement till his pretensions to the throne of Naples could really be made out (his straying about without any Duke of Newcastle, and very wet, was a good deal like a mere adventurer, you know); and I am pretty certain that the judicious mamma or female guardian of Miss Penelope Smith, the fair British Islander who became Princess of Capua, pursued no other system of provocation by repression. An expert matrimonial schemer of the present day, I say, would have devised by these means a species of trial by torture for poor Ferdinand, to which his 'sweating 'labour' as Prospero's patient log man would have been luxurious idleness.—But
CRITICISMS—MIRANDA

Prospero was after all a mere man, and knew no better than to bring up Miranda to speak the truth, and the fair child had been so holily trained by him, that her surrender of herself to the man she loves is so little feminine after the approved feminine fashion that it is simply angelic.—That Shakespeare, who indeed knew all things, knew very well the difference between such a creature as Miranda and a well-brought-up young lady, is plain enough, when he makes poor Juliet, after her passionate confession of love made to the stars and overheard by Romeo, apologise to him with quite pathetic mortification for not having been more 'strange.' She regrets extremely her unqualified expressions of affection,—assures Romeo that nothing would have induced her to have spoken the truth if she had only known he had heard her, and even offers, if it can be the least satisfaction to him, and redeem what she may have lost in his esteem by her frankness, to 'frown and be perverse and say him 'nay,'—and, in short, has evidently shocked her own conventional prejudices quite as much as she fears she has his, by not having had a chance of playing a thousand fantastical tricks about a passion which is thenceforth to govern her life, and give her over to her early death. But then Juliet was the flower of Veronese young ladies, and her good mother and gossipping nurse were not likely to have neglected her education to the tune of letting her speak the truth without due preparation. Miranda is to be excused as a savage,—probably Ferdinand thought her excusable.

ANON. (Shakespeare's Garden of Girls, 1885, p. 264): It is with men rather than women that Miranda is so great a favorite. Few women can understand her, and fewer still believe in her. And why? Because she is not sufficiently of the earth, earthy. Not that I attach any base ideas to the epithet earthy, for the earth is the mother of all good. . . . Miranda is one of those strange beings who are best understood by those who least resemble her.—We cannot judge fairly of those who stand in the same line with ourselves, for we can only obtain a sidelong glance at them. But of altogether opposite natures we can make a complete survey, view them from behind and before, and take their measure justly. Therefore, I maintain that Miranda is better understood by the opposite sex, and is more appreciated by men than by women. [P. 270.] Juliet, when she imagined all in the house were safe in bed, crept out into the still, warm, summer air to tell her bosom's secret to the listening breeze, and found a listening lover. Miranda, as soon as she thinks her father is hard at study, strays instinctively towards the spot where she is likely to meet Ferdinand. Love teaches her guile, but it is guile of a very harmless kind, and we can only smile complacently, as, no doubt, the old man, Prospero, did, at the young girl stealing away, unperceived, as she imagines, to the object of her heart's newly-aroused devotion.—There would be a little fluttering of conscience at the clandestine interview. But even good and pure Miranda must dissemble a little when love assumes his sway, and she forgets her father's command when she reveals her name.

Dr GARNETT (Irving Shakespeare, 1890, p. 187): If Prospero is imperfect, Miranda is perfection, with the abatement only that we see her in a peculiar and limited set of circumstances, and must take her on trust for the rest. She is not a Cordelia or an Imogen, so tried in the fire as to justify the confidence that she could not possibly come short in any circumstance of life. She is rather a Perdita, 'a wave of the 'sea,' caught and shown for an instant in so exquisitely graceful an attitude that we are only too thankful to be sure that 'she will ever do nothing but that.' In some respects this pair of heroines are the most wonderful of all Shakespeare's women, for
nowhere else is such an effect obtained with so little apparent effort. Mere outlines produce the impression of elaborate paintings, and that seems the freest exuberance of the most careless genius which is in reality the reward of the profoundest study and severest toil. It would be far easier to create or copy a Lady Macbeth than a Miranda. It is amazing with how few speeches and how little action this effect is produced. Certain it is that when Miranda offers to carry the logs for Ferdinand she seems to put all the grace and lovingness of womankind into that single act; and that no one ever stumbled at her frank surrender to, or rather, appropriation of, a prince whom she has hardly seen.—What volumes it speaks for Shakespeare's freshness of heart that Imogen, Perdita, and Miranda should be the last creations of the veteran dramatist!—The other human personages do not require much notice. Being Shakespeare's, they are exactly what they ought to be; but, unless Gonzalo be excepted, they have no other office than that of necessary wheels in the mechanism of the piece. Ferdinand is a gallant young lover, rewarded beyond his deserts as lovers sometimes are, and as his prototype was expected to suppose himself. Alonso's grief and remorse are conveyed with all the power of which a cheerful subject admitted.

ARIEL

Coleridge (Seven Lectures, &c, 118): If a doubt could ever be entertained whether Shakespeare was a great poet, acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law, as has been sometimes idly asserted, that doubt must be removed by the character of Ariel. The very first words uttered by this being introduce the spirit, not as an angel, above man; not a goome, or a fiend, below man; but while the poet gives him the faculties and the advantages of reason, he divests him of all mortal character, not positively, it is true, but negatively. In air he lives, from air he derives his being, in air he acts; and all his colours and properties seem to have been obtained from the rainbow and the skies. There is nothing about Ariel that cannot be conceived to exist either at sun-rise or at sun-set; hence all that belongs to Ariel belongs to the delight the mind is capable of receiving from the most lovely external appearances. His answers to Prospero are directly to the question, and nothing beyond; or where he expatiates, which is not unfrequently, it is to himself and upon his own delights; or upon the unnatural situation in which he is placed, though under a kindly power and to good ends—Shakespeare has properly made Ariel's very first speech characteristic of him. After he has described the manner in which he had raised the storm and produced its harmless consequences, we find that Ariel is discontented,—that he has been freed, it is true, from a cruel confinement, but still that he is bound to obey Prospero and to execute any commands imposed upon him. We feel that such a state of bondage is almost unnatural to him, yet we see that it is delightful for him to be so employed.—It is as if we were to command one of the winds in a different direction to that which nature dictates, or one of the waves, now rising and now sinking, to recede before it bursts upon the shore: such is the feeling we experience when we learn that a being like Ariel is commanded to fulfil any mortal behest.—When, however, Shakespeare contrasts the treatment of Ariel by Prospero with that of Sycorax, we are sensible that the liberated spirit ought to be grateful, and Ariel does feel and acknowledge the obligation; he immediately assumes the airy being, with a mind so elastically correspondent, that when once a feeling has passed from it, not a trace is left behind.—Is there any thing in nature
from which Shakespeare caught the idea of this delicate and delightful being, with such child-like simplicity, yet with such preternatural powers? He is born neither of heaven nor of earth; but, as it were, between both, like a May-blossom kept suspended in air by the fanning breeze, which prevents it from falling to the ground, and only finally, and by compulsion, touching the earth. This reluctance of the Sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up through the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgement Shakespeare has availed himself of it, in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty.

SCHLEDEL (p. 180): In the zephyr-like Ariel the image of air is not to be mistaken; . . . as, on the other hand, Caliban signifies the heavy element of earth. Yet they are neither of them 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, ought never to be altogether unknown to the genuine poet, as poetry is altogether incompatible with mechanical physics, but which few have possessed in equal degree with Dante and himself.

FRANZ HORN (Shakespeare's Schauspiele Erläutert, 1823, ii, 110): As a contrast to Caliban we have Ariel, but by no means a purely ethereal, expressionless angel, rather a genuine spirit of air and of pleasure, graceful and free-thoughted, but light withal, mischievous, and at times a wee bit naughty. He owes to Prospero his deliverance from the most confined of all confined situations, but gratitude is no merely natural virtue (we might almost add that it is not an atmospheric virtue). Accordingly, almost like a human being, he has, not infrequently, to be reminded of it and kept in check. Only when promised to be set free in two days is his amiability restored, and does he take pleasure in carrying out his master's plans, with delightful skill, at one time as a sea-nymph, at another as the stage-manager of a masque, and as an actor, or as a harpy, & c.—We referred just now to expressionless angels, and no explicit hint is needed as to where they are to be found; for no one can deny that these immortal winged ones (so charming in many an old German painting), with their cumbrous immortal harps, and, if possible, even more immortal hallelujahs, occasion in the works of many a poet a no less immortal weariness. Shakespeare never falls into this error, and it is a delight to observe in what manifold and sure ways he always deals with the wonderful. In The Tempest he attains his end by the simplest means, representing nature, and indeed truly, as the greatest of wonders. In the gentlest of ways he has led us to the faith that Prospero, through his higher power, is able to command nature,—and how willingly do we put faith in this higher power in man!—thus all other wonders become perfectly natural, and, to a certain extent, mere trifles, which we see with pleasure play around us. That higher power does not by any means reside in Prospero only. Ferdinand and Miranda, without any visible magician's wand or any special preparation, are an overmatch to the wonders of nature, in which they take pleasure merely as in some delightful comedy, for the supreme wonder is in their own bosoms: Love, purely human, and, therefore, divine.

SKOTTOWE (Life of S. A., & c, 1824, ii, 315): The most decisive instance of the
pre-eminence of Prospero as a magician is the obedience of Ariel. The necromancer of ordinary acquirements domineered over inferior spirits; the more skilful, over invisible beings of a more exalted nature; but that artist, alone, whose powerful genius had led him triumphant through the whole range of human science, could aspire to the control of spirits resident in the highest regions of spiritual existence. Of this order is Ariel, and Shakespeare has somewhat overstrained the privilege which, as a superior spirit, he enjoyed, by releasing him from all restrictions upon the time of his appearance. The approach of day was the signal for the departure of all spirits, the most wicked disappearing first, and the least criminal lingering till dawn, and even daylight itself, appeared. Ariel was entitled to protract his stay to the latest possible period allowed; but all spirits were more or less guilty of the rebellion for which they were banished heaven; and, as a guilty thing, the performance of all his labours between two and six o'clock in the afternoon, to which they are specifically fixed, is inadmissible.

In Notes and Queries (3d Ser. vol. iv, p. 44, 1863) CUTHBERT BEDE (Rev. Edw. Bradley) reproduced, in part, an early play-bill, wherein, as Miss Kemble, the future Mrs Siddons took the part of Ariel. The young actress was but twelve years old, and had probably appeared on the stage many times before; there exists, however, only one earlier play-bill, I believe (see The Kembles, by Fitzgerald, i, 21), in which her name appears among the Dramatis Personae, but in the present bill she appears for the first time in a Shakespearian character. 'At that time, 1767,' says Cuthbert Bede, 'the managers of country theatres were driven to various ingenious expedients in order to evade those penalties upon unlicensed play-houses threatened by Sir Robert Walpole's "Golden Rump" Act of 1737, and they usually advertised and charged for a concert in which a dramatic performance could be introduced gratis. . . . I copy as much of the bill as relates to the play and the Kembles:

"Worcester, April 16th, 1767.

"Mr Kemble's Company of Comedians.

"At the Theatre at the King's Head, on Monday evening next, will be performed a Concert of Music, to begin at exactly half-an-hour after six o'clock. Tickets to be had at the usual places. Between the parts of the Concert will be presented, gratis, a celebrated Comedy call'd

The Tempest, or the Enchanted Island.

(As altered from Shakespeare by Mr Dryden and Sir W. D'Avenant.)

With all the Scenery, Machinery, Music, Monstors, and other Decorations proper to the piece, entirely new.

Alonso (Duke of Mantua), Mr Kemble;
Hyppolito (a youth who never saw a woman), Mr Siddons;
Stephano (Master of the Duke's Ship), Mr Kemble;
Amphitrite, by Mrs Kemble;
Ariel (the Chief Spirit), by Miss Kemble;
and Milcha, by Miss F. Kemble.

The Performance will open with a Representation of a Tempestuous Sea (in perpetual agitation) and Storm, in which the Usurper's Ship is Wreck'd; the Wreck ends with a Beautiful Shower of Fire.—And the whole to conclude with a Calm Sea, on which appears Neptune, Poetic God of the Ocean, and his Royal Consort Amphitrite, in a Chariot drawn by Seahorses, accompanied with Mermaids, Tritons &c."
CRITICISMS—CALIBAN

And it was in this fashion that The Tempest was produced by Mr Kemble, twenty two years later than this, at Drury Lane Theatre.

Sir Edward Strachey (Quarterly Review, July, 1890, p. 120): Let us notice the contrast between the man and the spirit who 'is but air,' and so cannot pretend to more than a transient and, as it were, reflected, touch of human tenderness and pity. This contrast, not only here, but throughout the Play, may remind us of Fouqué's beautiful conception of Undine, the elemental spirit into whom a human soul is infused through marriage. Fouqué must have been possessed by the same idea as Shakespeare as to these elemental spirits; and each does but embody in his own poetic form an idea which is to be found at the bottom of the Greek tales of nymphs, and satyrs, and hamadryads, and of the medieval traditions of elves, and fairies, and water-sprites. Looking at them from this point of view, we see that Fouqué and Shakespeare throw each much light on the other's mode of treating the subject, and so on the subject itself. But for our present purpose the contrast is even more important than the resemblance; for it shows us the higher genius, the more thorough mastery of the laws of nature and life, in Shakespeare's creation. Fouqué would have made Ariel a female spirit becoming Miranda by the power of love, and marriage to Ferdinand; but how much finer, because truer, is Shakespeare's Miranda, a real and complete woman from first to last! Fouqué's conception is indeed very charming, but wants the reality of Shakespeare's, without surpassing it in poetic ideality. Yes, they do not least appreciate and enjoy the presence of Ariel who are most content that he should vanish at last into thin air, leaving us with common mortals in the common light of day, and among the common thoughts,—common, yet solemn even to sadness,—with which the Play concludes. Prospero represents the poet in the exercise of his art, infusing a new life of poetry and romance into all nature; yet who feels more deeply, who declares more plainly, than Prospero, that the time must come to every one, when not only does each glorious vision fade into the light of common day, but that light itself sinks into dusk and darkness. The romantic and the poetic cannot sustain the actual, but, having first themselves died out, leave this to perish too.

CALIBAN

Dryden (Preface to Tro. and Cress. 1679): To return once more to Shakespeare; no man ever drew so many characters, or generally distinguished 'em better from one another, excepting only Johnson: I will instance but in one, to show the copiousness of his invention; 'tis that of Caliban, or the monster in The Tempest. He seems there to have created a person which was not in Nature, a boldness which at first sight would appear intolerable; for he makes him a species of himself, begotten by an Incubus on a Witch; but this, as I have elsewhere prov'd, is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility, at least the vulgar stile believe it. We have the separated notions of a spirit and of a witch; (and spirits, according to Plato, are vested with a subtil body; according to some of his followers, have different sexes) therefore as from the distinct apprehensions of a horse, and of a man, Imagination has form'd a Centaur, so from those of an Incubus and a Sorceress, Shakespeare has produc'd his Monster. Whether or no his generation can be defended, I leave to Philosophy; but of this I am certain, the Poet has most judiciously furnish'd him with a person a
APPENDIX

language, and a character which will suit him both by Father’s and Mother’s side: he has all the discontents and malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; besides a convenient proportion of the deadly sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Lust, are manifest; the deject lane of a slave is likewise given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a Desart Island. His person is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural lust; and his language is as hobgoblin as his person; in all things he is distinguish’d from other mortals.

COLERIDGE (Seven Lectures, 121): The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived; he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air. He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways—by having more understanding without moral reason; and by not having the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being; the poet has raised him far above contempt; he is a man in the sense of the imagination; all the images he uses are drawn from Nature and are highly poetical; they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed beyond animal passion and repugnance to command.

A. W. SCHLEGEL (Lectures on Dram. Literature, trans. by John Black, 1815, ii, 179): Caliban has become a by-word as the strange creation of a poetical imagination. A mixture of the gnome and the savage, half demon, 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 should be communicated to a stupid ape. Caliban is malicious, cowardly, false, and base in his inclinations; and yet he is essentially different from the vulgar knaves of a civilized world, as they are occasionally portrayed by Shakespeare. He is rude, but not vulgar; he never falls into the prosaic and low familiarity of his drunken associates, for he is a poetical being in his way; he always speaks in verse. He has picked up everything dissonant and thorny in language, out of which he has composed his vocabulary; 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 put in motion the poisonous vapours. The whole delineation of this monster is inconceivably consistent and profound, and, notwithstanding its hatefulness, by no means hurtful to our feelings, as the honour of human nature is left untouched.

LAMB (Sanity of True Genius, Works, ii, 452, ed. 1870): Where Shakespeare seems most to recede from humanity he will be found the truest to it. From beyond the scope of Nature if he summon possible existences, he subjugates them to the law of her consistency. He is beautifully loyal to that sovereign directress, even when he appears most to betray and desert her. His ideal tribes submit to policy; his very monsters are tamed to his hand, even as that wild sea-brood, shepherded by Proteus. He tames, and he clothes them with attributes of flesh and blood, till they wonder at
themselves, like Indian Islanders forced to submit to European venture. Caliban, the Witches, are as true to the laws of their own nature (ours with a difference) as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits are differentiated,—that if the latter wander ever so little from Nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency. Their imaginations are not active, for to be active is to call something into act and form, but passive, as men in sick dreams. For the super-natural, or something super-added to what we know of Nature, they give you the plainly non-natural.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, 1817, p. 118): The character of Caliban is generally thought (and justly so) to be one of the author's masterpieces. It is not indeed pleasant to see this character on the stage, any more than it is to see the god Pan personated there. But in itself it is one of the wildest and most abstracted of all Shakespeare's characters, whose deformity, whether of body or mind, is redeemed by the power and truth of the imagination displayed in it. It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban, in contact with the pure and original forms of Nature; the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth, and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is 'of the earth, earthy.' It seems almost to have been dug out of the ground, with a soul instinctively superadded to it, answering to its wants and origin. Vulgarity is not natural coarseness, but conventional coarseness, learned from others, contrary to, or without an entire conformity of natural power and disposition; as fashion is the common-place affectation of what is elegant and refined without any feeling of the essence of it.—P. 120. Master Barnardine, in Measure for Measure, the savage of civilized life, is an admirable philosophical counterpart to Caliban.

SKOTTOWE (ii, 325): Yet it admits of question, whether the portrait of Caliban be a perfect and harmonious whole. Whence, it may be asked, did Caliban obtain such skill in the accurate and even familiar use of words not necessary to the expression of common ideas? Whence his clear notions of the relative situations of the governor and the governed? . . . Could all the skill and diligence of Prospero have imbued his mind with the knowledge he evinces? Of explaining to the 'poisonous slave,' his indisputable right to the dominion of the island under the double claim of inheritance and possession, his able master will not even be suspected.

In 1873, Dr DANIEL WILSON, Professor of English Literature in University College, Toronto, published a book called Caliban: The Missing Link. 'The missing link,' refers to that gap, not alone in Darwin's theory, but in any theory, of evolution, which exists between highest ape and the lowest savage; and Dr Wilson's purpose is, as he states in his Preface, p. xi, to show that Shakespeare's 'genius had already created 'for us the ideal of that imaginary, intermediate being, between the true brute and 'man, which, if the new theory of descent from crudest animal organisms be true, 'was our predecessor and precursor in the inheritance of this world of humanity. 'We have in The Tempest a being which is 'a beast, no more,' and yet is endowed 'with speech and reason up to the highest ideal of the capacity of its lower nature.' However charming the theory of the origin of species may be, 'all is vain, unless the
whole hypothesis of the descent of man, the evolution of mind, and every step in
the pedigree by which he is traced back to the remotest of his new-found ancestry,
be accepted as an indisputable fact.'—p. 7. 'The not wholly irrational brute, the
animal approximating in form and attributes as nearly to man as the lower animal
may be supposed to do while still remaining a brute, has actually been conceived
for us with all the perfection of an art more real and suggestive than that of the
chisel of Phidias, in one of the most original creations of the Shakespearian drama.'
—p. 9. 'There was obviously something marine or fish-like in the aspect of the
island monster. "In the dim obscurity of the past," says Darwin, "we can see that
"the early progenitor of all the vertebrates must have been an aquatic animal"; in
its earliest stages "more like the larve of the marine Ascidians than any other
known form," but destined in process of time, through lancelet, ganoid, and other
kindred transitions, to "suffer a sea-change Into something rich and strange." In
Caliban there was undesignedly embodied, seemingly, an ideal of the latest stages
of such an evolution.'—p. 73. 'In reality, though by some scaly or fin-like append-
ages, the idea of a fish or sea-monster is suggested to all, the form of Caliban is,
nevertheless, essentially human.'—p. 75. 'Caliban is, therefore, to all appearance
in his twenty-fifth year [Ariel was imprisoned a 'dozen years' when Prospero
arrived on the island, and that was 'twelve years' before the opening of the play]
as we catch a first-glimpse of this pre-Darwinian realisation of the intermediate link
between brute and man.... We may conceive of the huge canine teeth and pro-
gnathous jaws which in old age assume such prominence in the higher quadruman.
Darwin claims for the bonnet-monkey "the forehead which gives to man his noble
"and intellectual appearance"'; and it is obvious that it was not wanting in Caliban,
for when he discovers the true quality of the drunken fools he has mistaken for gods,
his remonstrance is, "we shall all be turned to apes with foreheads villainous low."
Here then is the highest development of "the beast that wants discourse of reason."
He has attained to all the maturity his nature admits of, and so is perfect as the study
of a living creature distinct from, yet next in order below the level of, humanity.'—
p. 78. 'Caliban is not a brutalised, but a natural brute mind. He is a being in
whom the moral instincts of man have no part; but also in whom the degradation
of savage humanity is equally wanting. He is a novel anthropoid of a high type,—
such as on the hypothesis of evolution must have existed intermediate between the
ape and man,—in whom some spark of rational intelligence has been enkindled,
under the tutelage of one who has already mastered the secrets of nature.'—p. 79.
Prospero describes the pity with which he at first regarded the poor monster, whose
brutish gabble he had trained to the intelligent speech which is now used for curses.
In all this do we not realise the ideal anthropoid in the highest stage of Simian evo-
luition, stroked and made much of, like a favourite dog, fed with dainties, and at
length taught to frame his brute cries into words by which his wishes could find
intelligible utterance?.... But the intellectual development compasses, at the
utmost, a very narrow range.'—p. 86. 'Caliban seems indeed the half-human link
between the brute and man; and realises, as no degraded Bushman or Australian
savage can do, a conceivable intermediate stage of the anthropomorphous existence,
as far above the most highly organised ape as it falls short of rational humanity.
He excites a sympathy such as no degraded savage could. We feel for the poor
monster, so helplessly in the power of the stern Prospero, as for some caged wild
beast pining in cruel captivity, and rejoice to think of him at last free to range in
harmless mastery over his island solitude.... His is a type of development essen-
CRITICISMS—CALIBAN

ially non-human,—though, for the purposes of the drama, endowed to an extent altogether beyond the highest attainments of the civilised, domesticated animal, with the exercise of reason and the use of language;—a conceivable civilisation such as 'would, to a certain extent, run parallel to that of man, but could never converge to 'a common centre.'—p. 90.

In two succeeding chapters WILSON treats of Caliban as 'the Metaphysician' and as 'the Theologian,' at times, in lines running parallel to Browning's poem, which is used by way of illustration. Wilson's emendations of the Text of the play have been duly incorporated in the preceding pages of this volume.

A. W. WARD (Hist. of Eng. Dramatic Literature, 1875, i, 441): What was the origin of the conception of Caliban? It undoubtedly connects itself with the general idea of the desert island, to which it forms an all but inevitable supplement. But to the influence of such accounts of desert places and their savage inhabitants [as in Eden's History of Travails, in Ralegh and in Hakluyt] was added that of a literary tendency of this very age. I refer, of course, to the descriptions of Utopias, inhabited by beings free from the debasing influences of a false civilisation, of which the best known example is Sir Thomas More's De Optimo reipublica statu deque nova INSULA Utopia (published abroad in Latin in 1516, and in its first English translation in 1551). An Italian Civitas solis, by Campanella in 1600, is likewise noted; and the production of this class of works, as is well known, continued to be a favourite exercise of genius and of ingenuity in many later periods of our own literature; indeed, our own generation has had to submit to a revival of this at times rather fatiguing kind of invention. But a more special literary panegyric of the blessings of an uncivilised state of society was in existence in one of the Essays of Montaigne, translated by Florio in 1603. . . . . It seems difficult to escape from the conclusion, that Shakapere intended his monster as a satire incarnate on Montaigne's 'noble savage.'

PHILLIPPS (The Rugby Edition, p. xvii, 1876): In Caliban we seem to catch an echo of tales told by prisoners on their return from that Algerine captivity which overtook so many a seafarer of the time. Shakespeare transmutes such rude accounts by creating a being who, though fierce and vile in every way, is still penetrated with the spirit of that surrounding nature of which he is a part. . . . Caliban is the very reverse of Ariel. He can feel neither gratitude nor attachment. The only reverence he shows for Prospero is a brutish fear of what he may suffer from a superior being whose motives he imagines to be revenge or mere caprice. . . . . The character may have had a special bearing on the great question of a time when we were discovering new countries, subjecting unknown savages, and founding fresh colonies. If Prospero might dispossess Caliban, England might dispossess the aborigines of the colonies.

As another instance of the deep impression on the world of literature which the son of Sycorax has made, M. RENAN wrote (in 1878) under the title of Caliban, and as a continuation of The Tempest, a philosophical drama, which he asks the reader to regard merely 'as the amusement of an idealist, not as a theory; a fantasy of the imagination, not as a political thesis'; its political bearing, however, is manifest throughout, and, although much of it is local and temporary, its fundamental idea will be true until the millennium. It is to be regretted that space will permit of only a brief abstract; anything short of an unabridged translation (of course out of
APPENDIX

all question here) would fail to give an adequate idea of the keen, satirical brilliancy of the original.

Prospero is represented as having been accompanied by Ariel, Caliban, Gonzalo, and Trinculo to Milan, where he has been reinstated as Duke; but, however faithful he may have been to the promise of breaking his staff and drowning his book, he has evidently provided himself with a new library, and, immersed in secret studies, neglects the duties of government as much as ever. Caliban has the freedom of the cellar, and it is there we first see him, and hear the first mutterings of red-republicanism, or perhaps, socialism, whereof eventually he becomes the exponent. His bitterness towards Prospero is intense, his regret endless that he was foiled in his attempt on Prospero's life. 'Here in this new country,' he says, 'I have been promised my liberty. And to this liberty I have a right! Aforetime, I never reflected, but, in this plain of Lombardy, my ideas have bravely expanded. The Rights of Man are absolute. How dare Prospero prevent me from belonging to myself? 'Tis true, he lets me get drunk in his cellar; but is it not the very first crime of princes to humiliate the people by benefits? To wipe out this disgrace at the hands of princes there is but one way: to kill them; blood alone can wash out this outrage.' Ariel appears and undertakes to reason with Caliban. 'Why should you revolt?' he asks. 'Where could you be better off than here? The cellar is free to you, and you know the way to it. If free, you would be far less happy.' 'Ay,' responds Caliban, 'but I am worked out (exploited). Spiritless valet, can't you see that to be exploited by another man is perfectly insupportable? have you no jot of honour? No mortal has a right to degrade another. In such a case, revolt becomes the most holy of duties.' Thus the argument proceeds, Caliban at every step revealing a fresh development in socialist views, until towards the close there is one penetrating thrust at what socialists term 'the Church.' 'Prospero ruled us by false pretences. He deceived us, and is there anything more humiliating than to be deceived? Those imps that made me tumble into quagmires, those apes that made me frantic by their grimaces, those infuriated cats which bit my legs, they were horrible, and they were not genuine. Aha! you scoundrel, this injury I'll never forgive! When the people once discover that the superior classes have led them by superstition, you will see what they will do to their ancient masters. This hell with which they terrify us has never existed. These monsters, which gave Prospero his prestige, were imaginary; but they tormented me just as much as if they had been real.'

In the Second Act, Prospero provides a masque for the people of Milan on a vast and most gorgeous scale, but before it takes place, and afterwards, in the various groups of spectators the questions that agitate modern society are discussed, with a ground tone of discontent and with intimations of sedition. In the Third Act the revolution breaks out, and Caliban is in his element. He mingles among the people, says but few words, but each time strikes the key-note to which the dull intelligence of the rabble responds, until at last all break out in cries of 'Vive Caliban! Caliban, chef du peuple!' and Caliban thus harangues them: 'This is not the time to talk. The man who has done you all this wrong is wicked, cunning, indescribable. Our duty is to catch him and to hinder him from further evil. Do not think that this will prove easy. He has under his control, spirits as malicious as himself, especially a damned performer on the pipe and tabor whose tricks are inconceivable. On one occasion I had an opportunity to drive a nail into Prospero's head. I was in the very sweat of the pleasure; piff!—the whole chance was piped away. Distrust yourselves; 'tis harder than you suppose. Conforme to me the order and the
CRITICISMS—RENAN

march of events. . . . First of all, we must lay hold of his books—those books of hell, ugh! how I hate them. We must take them and burn them. Some one else might use them. Down with books! They are the worst enemies of the People. They who have them, control their fellow-creatures. The man who knows Latin, 'commands other men. Down with Latin!'

The upshot of it all is, that the revolution is successful, Caliban is installed in Prospero's palace and the Third Scene of the Third Act, which is, I think, the gem, finds Caliban, alone, at night stretched on Prospero's bed, and he thus soliloquises: 'No, I never would have believed that it is so sweet to reign. Above all, I never would have believed that by reigning one matured so fast. On the trip from the townhall to this palace, I changed more than during all the rest of my life. Ten hours have passed since the people brought me here in their arms, and now—I do not recognise myself. I was unjust to Prospero; bondage embittered me. But, now, lying here in his bed, I judge him as we judge our fellows. There was good in him, and, in many respects, I am disposed to imitate him.

'What can be more odious, for example, than the inopportune impatience of these people, this endless file of impossible petitions with which they have just overwhelmed me? What greed for enjoyment! What subversive pretensions! They demand of me to extract the nourishment for ten thousand men out of a hoghead of wheat, and to pour five hundred tankards of wine out of a pint. Tell that to the marines, comrades! As for me, my decision is made: I am not to let myself be overruled by men who suppose that, by placing themselves in advance of me, they are going to drag me with them into the abyss. A government should resist,—I will resist. After all, Institutions and myself have interests in common. I also am an Institution,—it is necessary that this should last. Property is the ballast of society;—

'I feel myself in sympathy with property-owners.

'And then over and above the useful, there is the ornamental ('l'esthetique'). Ornament is necessary. Marry, fêtes, the fine arts, palaces, courts are the ornaments of life. I will foster artists. Literary men shed glory; I must not neglect them. . . .

'Prospero was always talking of the welfare of humanity. 'Tis not he who is destined to achieve it. Suppose, by chance, it should happen to be I. . . . [He falls asleep.]

Prospero sends Ariel to put to rout the revolutionists, but Ariel returns defeated, bewildered, and dust-defiled. Wherever Caliban is supreme, Ariel is powerless; no one listened to his music, his songs were unheard. 'Revolution is Realism; in what is visionary, ideal, the People have no faith. The People have become Positivists.

'Faith is necessary if our ideal terrors are to be felt. What is to be done when the People have become Positivists?'

Prospero having been deposed, the Inquisition steps in and claims him as a prisoner for his free-thinking and sorcery. Prospero resists and the Milanese, Caliban's subjects, sustain him. 'Eh bien,' says Gonzalo to Prospero, 'you see how it is. Caliban has one more good quality still: he is anticlerical.' 'True,' answers Prospero, and then after a moment's hesitation, '—In exile I shall find the monk everywhere. Ma foi, vive Caliban!'

In the Fifth Act, Caliban is seen in all his regal splendour, seated on Prospero's throne and receiving homage. The Inquisition appeals to him to enforce its orders, and in rehearsing Prospero's wickedness reminds Caliban that at one time Prospero had been his mortal enemy. 'Ah, no,' Caliban interposes, 'be silent. Do not recall those memories to me. What has been, is no longer. I am heir to Prospero's rights; I must defend them. Prospero is my protégé. It is befitting that he should
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'work at his ease, with his philosophers and his artists, under my patronage. His works will be the glory of my reign. I shall have my share in them. I work him ('Je l'exploite); 'tis the law of the world.'

In the closing scene Prospero gives Ariel his liberty, which is, Ariel says, his death. Prius mori quam sedari. The air has already reclaimed in me that which belongs to it. . . . Every idealist will be my lover; every pure soul my sister; I shall be the virgin snow on the bosom of young girls, the glow in the tresses of their hair. I shall blossom with the rose, I shall grow green with the myrtle, exhal ing perfume with the carnation, pale with the olive. Adieu, my master, remember thy Ariel.' [Ariel vanishes and a pure, exquisite harmony breathes around. Prospero falls senseless. The End.

An edition like the present would be scarcely complete without at least a reference to BROWNING'S Caliban upon Setebos; or Natural Theology in the Island. The essence of the poem lies in its alternative title, which sets forth the vague questionings of a keenly observant, but utterly untutored, mind in regard to the existence of an overruling power, the problem of evil, the mystery of pain, and the evidences of caprice, rather than of law, in the government of the world,—such restless longings for a solution of the mysteries of life as rise unbidden to the mind when looking on the ocean, at high noon, amid the full tide of summer life.

Caliban, who almost uniformly speaks in the third person, is represented as lying, at midday, prone, 'with elbows wide, fists clenched to prop his chin,' near the mouth of his cave, kicking both feet in cool slush, and looking out over the sea, which sunbeams cross and recross. He resolves to talk to himself just as he pleases about 'that other, whom his dam called God.' Accordingly, he shouts 'Setebos, Setebos, and 'Setebos!' but as there is no response he infers that the god must 'dwell i' the cold o' the moon.' And yet that god must have made the sun, (which gives proofs of power,) as well as the clouds, winds, and meteors; but He did not make the stars, they effect nothing; He made, however, 'the sun, this isle, Trees and the fowls here, beast and creeping thing. All these He made, and more, Made all we see, and us.' But why did He make them and us? It could scarcely have been from spite. He would hardly have made what He 'misliked or slighted or was an eye-sore to Him.' It must have been in 'envy, littleiness, or sport' that He 'made what Himself would 'fain, in a manner, be.—Weaker in most points, stronger in a few,' and 'yet mere 'playthings all the while.' Suppose, in a moment of intoxication, I were to wish, says Caliban, that 'I were born a bird'; and, being unable to be what I wished, I could make out of clay a live bird, and will it to fly to yon rock-top

'I which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle clay, And he lay stupid-like,—why, I should laugh; And if he, spying me, should fall to weep, Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong, Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again,— Well as the chance were, this might take, or else Not take, my fancy; I might hear his cry, Or give the manikin three legs for his one, Or pluck the other off, leave him like an egg. And lessoned he was mine and merely clay. Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme . . . . Making and marring clay at will? So He.'
There is nothing aere of right nor wrong, but mere caprice,—just as if ‘of yonder crabs that march from mountain to the sea’ I should let twenty pass, and stone the twenty-first. ‘As it likes me each time, I do: so He.’

But suppose, after all, that He were good? the main, yet will He not tolerate any vainglory or boasting in the things which He Has created, they must be submissive and cringe before Him. Suppose I were to make a pipe whose sound could ensnare the birds, and suppose the pipe were to boast and say,

‘I catch the birds, I am the crafty thing,
I make the cry my maker cannot make
With his great round mouth; he must blow through mine!’

Would not I smash it with my foot? So He.’

But why should Setebos be discontented, why should He be thus ill at ease? Perhaps there is a higher Ideal, of which Setebos is conscious—a something quiet o’er His head, out of His reach, that feels nor joy nor grief, both of which in themselves are really indications of weakness. But for this higher power Caliban does not care; he cares only for Setebos, who, first, looking up and finding that He cannot soar to what is quiet and hath happy life, next looks down here and makes this bauble of a world to ape what is real and better. Just as Caliban, whose standard cannot rise above himself, had once imitated Prospero’s magic book by stitching a book of broad leaves and wrote thereon prodigions words, and pealed a wand and called it by a name,

‘Plays thus at being Prosper in a way,
Taketh his mirth with make-believes: so He.’

Sycorax had held that the quiet made all things and that Setebos alone was the cause of evil. This cannot be, because the stamp of imperfection is on all things, and imperfection means misery and unquiet.

Undoubtedly Setebos is busy, working all the time, not, however, out of love for what He creates, but merely to exercise His wit and strength. Just as Caliban had once made a pile of turfs, and, with a fish tooth, scratched a moon on each, and set up some sticks endwise, and crowned the whole with a sloth’s skull a-top. In the work itself there was not the slightest use, it was done for work’s sole sake:

‘Shall some day knock it down again: so He.’

In the distribution of happiness there is the same caprice. Setebos has a spite against Caliban, and favours Prospero, who knows why? If He would only tell the secret of how to please Him! Obeying no law Himself, there is no law for obeying Him. If you are lucky once, be sure you will never be lucky in the same way again. If you repeat some act that has once pleased Him, He may grow wroth,—never try the same way twice! Just as Caliban himself sometimes spares a squirrel because it is plucky and shows fight, or else spares an urchin because it is timid and shows fear, but what would arouse his wrath would be that either creature, because he had spared him so once, should think that he must spare him so a second time. ‘He would teach the reasoning couple what “must” means.

‘He does as he likes, or wherefore Lord? So He.’

However, the present state of things will continue. Perhaps Setebos may get tired of this world and so leave off watching it. ‘Here are we, and there is He, and nowhere help at all.’

After all, with this life the pain will stop. Setebos does His worst in this our life, and saves the last pain for the worst,—with which, an end. Meanwhile the best way to escape His ire is not to seem too happy. Herein extremes meet and unrestrained free-thinking merges into Puritanic asceticism. Therefore, to all outward seeming,
Caliban intends to appear as miserable as ever, will dance only on dark nights, in the sunlight will moan, and get under holes to laugh. If Setebos should catch him just then, and ask 'What chucklest at?' to appease Him, he would cut a finger off 'or of 'my three kid yearlings burn the best,' and in the meanwhile hope that things will somehow mend, that either the superior quiet will conquer Setebos or that Setebos Himself will grow old and doze, doze, which is really as good as if He were dead.

At this point of Caliban's meditations a terrible thunderstorm bursts over his head, the white lightning flashes 'there, there, there, there.' Setebos has evidently become cognizant of Caliban's irreverent speculations:

'What, what? A curtain o'er the world at once!
Crickets stop hissing; not a bird—or, yes,
There scuds His raven that hath told Him all!
It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha! The wind
Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house o' the move,
And fast invading fires begin! White blaze—
A tree's head snaps—and there, there, there, there,
His thunder follows! Fool to gibe at Him!
Lo! 'Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!'
'Maketh his teeth meet through his upper lip,
Will let those quails fly, will not eat this month
One little mess of whelks, so he may 'scape!'

WITCHCRAFT

The magic which Prospero practises in the 'Enchanted Island' is so entirely his own, and so far removed from all traces of vulgar Witchcraft, that it is not worth while to do more than simply refer the reader, who may be curious in such matters, to Dr Drake's Shakespeare and His Times, vol. ii, p. 507–525, where much learning on the subject is conveniently epitomised, together with copious extracts from Scott's Discoveries of Witchcraft. I cannot see, however, that any light is thrown on the character of Prospero, or that we are taught a more exquisite appreciation of Ariel, by knowledge the most exact of the distinctions between Magicians and Necromancers, and Wizards, or between Elves, and Demons, and Goblins. For me, it is sufficient to try to imagine the infinite delight with which Shakespeare's audience accepted as a real, genuine, living creature such a fairy as Ariel, and the breathless awe with which every wave of Prospero's wand was regarded. To that audience, Witchcraft and Enchantment were Facts, not to be questioned, and Caliban was as veritable a possibility as Ferdinand. The strength of the popular belief in Witches and in Demon Lovers, in Shakespeare's time, may be inferred from its vitality even in the days of Dryden, who asserts, as we have seen above on p. 379, that Caliban's parentage 'is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility.'
DRYDEN'S VERSION

DRYDEN'S VERSION

The following version of *The Tempest* by Davenant and Dryden was written, as we learn, not only from the Epilogue, but also from Pepys's, in 1667. Dryden's *Preface*, dated 1669, was probably written for the earliest publication in 1670. The present Reprint is from the earliest copy in my possession. I have cut out about twenty or thirty lines, which will not be missed. The Notes on the First Scene were kindly made for me by Commander F. M. Green, U.S.N., whose name, widely known and honoured in naval scientific circles, has an authority, almost, it might be said, without appeal, as that of the 'Editorial Contributor' on 'Naval and Nautical Terms' in *The Century Dictionary*.

The following are the references to this Version in Pepys's *Diary*. They are taken from Miss L. Toole-Smith's *Ingleby's Centuries of Prayse* (p. 321, &c.):

[1667] November 7.—At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see *The Tempest*, an old play of Shakespeare's, acted I hear the first day. . . . The house mighty full; the King and Court there; and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of musick in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the man goes on with the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.

November 13.—To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *The Tempest* again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious.

December 12.—After dinner all alone to the Duke of York's house and saw *The Tempest*, which, as often as I have seen it, I do like very well, and the house very full.


February 3.—To the Duke of York's house, to the play *The Tempest*, which we have often seen, but yet I was pleased again, and shall be again to see it, it is so full of variety, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the tune of the seamen's dance.

1668–69. January 21.—Home, where I find Madam Turner, Dyke, and The, and had a good dinner for them & merry; and so carried them to the Duke of York's house, . . . and there saw *The Tempest*; but it is but ill done by Gosnell, in lieu of Moll Davis.

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**THE TEMPEST, or THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.** A Comedy. As it is now Acted at His Highness the Duke of York's Theatre. LONDON, Printed by T. N. for Henry Herringman, at the Blew Anchor in the Lower Walk of the New-Exchange. MDCLXXIV.

**PREFACE.**

The writing of Prefaces to Plays, was probably invented by some very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by some Ape of the French Eloquence, which uses to make a business of a Letter of Galantry, an examen of a Farce; and, in short, a great pomp and ostentation of words on every trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of gaiety, which would be an imposition upon us.
We may satisfy our selves with surmounting them in the Scene, and safely leave them those trappings of writing, and flourishes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I must proceed no farther in this Argument, lest I run my self beyond my excuse for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to set a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally Shakespeare's: a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire. The Play it self had formerly been acted with success in the Black-Fryers: and our Excellent Fletcher had so great a value for it, that he thought fit to make use of the same Design, not much varied, a second time. Those who have seen his Sea-Voyage, may easily discern that it was a Copy of Shakespeare's Tempest: the Storm, the Desert Island, and the Woman who had never seen a Man, are all sufficient Testimonies of it. But Fletcher was not the only Poet who made use of Shakespeare's Plot: Sir John Suckling, a profess'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footsteps in his Goblins; his Ragmella being an open imitation of Shakespeare's Miranda; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, soon found that somewhat might be added to the design of Shakespeare, of which neither Fletcher nor Suckling had ever thought: and therefore to put the last hand to it, he design'd the Counter part to Shakespeare's Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never seen a Woman; that by this means those two Characters of Inocence and Love might the more illustrate and commend each other. This excellent Contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that from the very first moment it so pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I must likewise do him that justice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reason why it is not so faulty, as the rest which I have done, without the help or correction of so judicious a Friend. The Comical part of the Saylors were also of his invention and for the most part his writing, as you will easily discover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to observe somewhat more nearly of him than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then so quick a fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him on which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprising; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the least happy. And as his fancy was quick so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrow'd not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were sober and judicious: and he correct'd his own writings much more severely than those of another Man, bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing, which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due, in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he bath done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the Action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his reputation) I am satisfy'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour, in being thought the Author of an
LYRDIEN’S VERSION

Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the Merit and Name of Shakespeare and Sir William Davenant.

Decemb. 1.
1669.

JOHN DRIDEN.

PROLOGUE.

A S when a Tree’s cut down, the secret Root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches ar
So, from old Shakespeare’s honour’d dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher Wit, to labouring Johnson Art.
He, Monarch-like, gave those his Subjects Law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach’d that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Johnson crept and gather’d all below.
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men,
’Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare’s pen.
The Storm which vanish’d on the neighboring shore,
Was taught by Shakespeare’s Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespeare’s Magick could not copy’d be,
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess ’twas bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which work by Magick supernatural things:
But Shakespeare’s Pow’r is Sacred as a King’s
Those Legends from old Priesthood were receiv’d,
And he then writ, as People then believ’d.
But, if for Shakespeare we your grace implore,
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc’d t’ employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that’s a transformation, you will say,
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LONZO Duke of Savoy, and Usurper of the Dukedom of Mantua.
Ferdinand his Son.
Prospero right Duke of Millain.
Antonio his Brother, Usurper of the Dukedom.
Gonsalo, a Nobleman of Savoy.
Hippolito, one that never saw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of Mantua
Stephano Master of the Ship.
Mustacho his Mate.
Trinculo Boatswain.
Venturo a Marriner.
THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

The Front of the Stage is open'd; and the Band of 24 Violins, with the Harpsicada and Theorbo's which accompany the Voices, are plac'd between the Pit and the Stage. While the Overture is playing, the Curtain rises, and discloses a new Frontispiece, join'd to the great Pilasters, on each side of the Stage. This Frontispiece is a noble Arch, supported by large wreathed Columns of the Corinthian Order; the wreathings of the Columns are beautif'd with Roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the Cornice, just over the Capitals, sits on either side a Figure, with a Trumpet in one hand, and a Palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther on the same Cornice, on each side of a Compass-peonment, lie a Lion and a Unicorn, the Supporters of the Royal Arms of England. In the middle of the Arch are several Angels, holding the King's Arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that Compass-peonment. Behind this is the Scene, which represents a thick Cloudy Sky, a very Rocky Coast, and a Tempestuous Sea in perpetual Agitation. This Tempest (suppos'd to be rais'd by Magick) has many dreadful Objects in it, as several Spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the Sailors, then rising and crossing in the Air. And when the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd, and a shower of Fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with Lightning, and several Claps of Thunder, to the end of the Storm.

ACT I.

Enter Mustacho and Ventoso.

Vent. Why a Sea comes in?

Must. A hoaming! Sea! we shall have foul weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud comes against the Wind, 'twill blow hard.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Bosen!

Trinc. Here, Master, what say you?

Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Must. Let's have Sea room enough, and then let it blow the Devil's Head off.

Steph. Boy! Boy! Boy! (Enter Cabin Boy.)

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here, Master.

Steph. Give the Pilot a dram of the Bottle. (Exit Stephano and Boy.)

1 hoaming] According to the Century Dictionary, this word is found nowhere else: 'it is probably an error (for combing in the form of coaming, or else for foaming?).'

2 Scud] F. M. Green: The scud never goes against the wind.
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Enter Mariners, and pass over the Stage.

Trinc. Bring the Cable to the Capstorm.¹

Enter Alonso, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Bosen have a care; where's the Master? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Anto. Where's the Master, Bosen?

Trinc. Do not you hear him? you hinder us: keep your Cabins, you help the storm.

Gons. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is: hence; what care these Roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin: silence; trouble us not.

Gons. Good Friend, remember whom thou hast aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than thyself: you are a Counsellor, if you can advise these Elements to silence, use your wisdom: if you cannot, make your self ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our ways, Sirs.

[Exeunt Trincalo and Mariners.

Gons. I have great Comfort from this Fellow; methinks his complexion is perfect Gallows; stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; Make the Rope of his Destiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd, we shall be drown'd.

[Exit.

Enter Trincalo and Stephano.


Steph. Make haste, let's weigh, let's weigh, and off to Sea. [Ex. Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and pass over the stage.

Trinc. Hands down! man your Main-Capstorm.

Mustach. and Ventoso at the other door.

Must. Up aloft! and man your Seere-Capstorm.²

Vent. My Lads, my Hearts of gold, get in your Capstorm-Bar: Hoa up, hoa up, &c.

[Exeunt Mustachio and Ventoso.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there;
Quarter-Master, get's more Nippers.

[Ex. Steph.

Enter two Mariners, and pass over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capstorm.

You dogs, is this a time to sleep? lubbard.

Heave together, Lads. [Trincalo whistles.

[Exeunt Mustachio and Ventoso.

Must. within. Our Vial's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave, Lads! we are fixt' again. Heave together, Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut down the Hammocks! cut down the Hammocks!

Come, my Lads: Come, Bullyes, cheer up! heave lustily.

The Anchor's a peek.

¹ Capstorm: In Murray’s New Eng. Dict, this form for Capstorm is cited in the present passage, but no other example of it is given.
² Seere-Capstorm: F. M. Green: A perfectly absurd order. There is no such thing as a ‘Seere-Capstorm,’ and there has never been such a thing.
APPENDIX

Trinc. Is the Anchor a Peck?
Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!
Trinc. Up aloft my Lads, upon the fore-castle!
Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, &c. Haul Catt, haul:
Haul Catt, haul. Below.
Steph. Aft, aft, and loose the Misen!
Trinc. Get the Misen-tack aboard. Haul aft Misen-sheet;
Enter Mustacho.

Must. Loose the Main-top-sail!
Steph. Let him alone, there's too much Wind.
Trinc. Loose Fore-sail! Haul aft both sheets! trim her right afore the Wind.
Aft! aft! Lads, and hale up the Misen.
Must. A Mackrel-gale, Master.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind veers forward, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, star-board, a little steady; now steady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come, till the Sails are loose.
Enter Ventoso.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are loose. [Ex. Must.
Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump. [Ex. Vent.

Enter Mustacho at the other door.

Must. O Master! six foot water in Hold.
Steph. Clap the Helm hard a weather! Flat, flat, flat, in the Fore-sheet there.
Trinc. Over haul your fore-bolting.
Trinc. A Curse upon this hooling. [A great Cry within.
They are louder than the Weather. [Enter Antonio and Gonzalo.
Yet again, what do you here? shall we give o'r, and drown? ha' you a mind to sink?
Gons. A F ox o'your Throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable Dog.
Trinc. Work you then and be Fox't.

Anto. Hang, Cur, hang, you Whorson insolent Noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Ease the Fore-brace a little. [Exit.

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1 Cut] F. M. Green: Evidently a misprint for Cat.
2 Haul Catt] Murray's New Eng. Dict. cites: Falconer, Dict. Marine, 1789, Cat, is . . . a . . . strong tackle, or complication of pulleys, to hook and draw the anchor . . . up to the cat-head.
3 trim her right afore the Wind] F. M. Green: From the first exclamations in this Scene, 'What a sea comes in? ' let's off to sea,' &c., it is evident that the wind is blowing on shore. The effect, therefore, of this present order would be to drive a vessel, trimmed 'right afore the wind,' directly on shore.
4 F. M. Green: The orders contained in the preceding seven lines are incoherent and unintelligible. A 'fore-bowline' is an unimportant, insignificant line, used only in fair weather.
5 Ease . . . little] F. M. Green: This could do neither good nor harm. In fact, it may be generally remarked of this whole Scene, that the words and phrases put into the mouth of the Boatswain are manifestly used by a person who did not at all understand them.
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Gons. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a
Nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd Wench.

Enter Alonzo and Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my self I care not, but your loss brings a Thousand Deaths to me.

Alonzo. O name not me, I am grown Old, my Son; I am tedious to the World
and that, by use, is so to me: But, Ferdinand, I grieve my Subjects loss in thee;
Also, I suffer justly for my Crimes, but why thou shouldst—O Heaven!

[A Cry within.

Heark, Farewel, my Son, a long farewel!

Enter Trinculo, Mustacho, and Ventoso.

Trinc. What must our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's lost. To prayers, to prayers.

Gons. The Duke and Prince are gone within to prayers.

Let's assist them.

Must. Nay, we may s'en pray too; our case is now alike.

Alonzo. Mercy upon us, we split.

Gons. Let's all sink with the Duke and the Young Prince. [Exeunt.

Enter Stephano, and Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is sinking. [A new Cry within.

Steph. Run her ashore!

Trinc. Luff! luff! or we are all lost! there's a Rock upon the Star-board-Bow.

Steph. She strikes, she strikes! All shift for them themselves. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

In the midst of the Shower of Fire the Scene changes. The Cloudy Sky, Rocks, and
Sea vanish; and when the Lights return discover that Beautiful part of the Island,
which was the Habitation of Prospero; 'Tis composed of three Walks of Cypress-
trees, each Side-walk leads to a Cave, in one of which Prospero keeps his Daugh-
ters, in the other Hippolito: The Middle-Walk is of a great depth, and leads to
an open part of the Island.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Prospero. Miranda, where's your Sister?

Miranda. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the Walk's end, on the huge
Best of Waters.

Prospero. It is a dreadful Object.

Miranda. If by your Art, my dearest Father, you have put them in this roar, alay 'em
quickly.

Prospero. I have so ordered, that not one Creature in the Ship is lost:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Sister:
You both are ignorant of what you are.
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Then Prospero, Master of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Miranda. I ne'er endeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me,

Prospero. I should inform thee farther.

Miranda. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
but then you stopt.

Prospero. The Hour's now come; Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember a
time before we came into this Cell? I don't think thou canst, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Pros. Tell me the Image then of any thing which thou dost keep in thy remembrance still.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hast, and more, Miranda: what seest thou else in the dark backward, and abyss of Time?

If thou remember'st ought e'er thou cam'st here, then how thou cam'st thou may'st remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Pros. Fifteen years since, Miranda, thy Father was the Duke of Milan, and a Prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Pros. Thy Mother was all Vertue, and she said, thou wast my Daughter, and thy Sister too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul Play had we, that we hither came, or was't a Blessing that we did?

Pros. Both, both my Girl.

Mir. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Pros. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd Antonio, to whom I trusted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with secret Studies: That false Uncle, having attain'd the craft of granting suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or top, for over-topping, soon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and suck'd my verdure out; thou attend'st not.

Mir. O good, Sir, I do.

Pros. I thus neglecting worldly ends, and bent to closeness, and the bettering of my mind, wak'd in my false Brother an evil Nature: He did believe he was indeed the Duke, because he then did execute the outward Face of Sovereignty. Dost thou still mark me?

Mir. Your Story would cure Deafness.

Pros. This false Duke needs would be absolute in Milan, and Confederates with Savoy's Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him Homage.

Mir. False Man!

Pros. This of Savoy, being an Enemy to me inveterate, strait grants my Brother's Suit, and on a Night, Mated to his Design, Antonio opened the Gates of Milan, and I 'twixt dead of darkness, hurled me thence, with thy young Sister, and thy crying Self.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour destroy us?

Pros. They durst not, Girl, in Milan, for the Love my people bore me; in short, they hurled us away to Savoy, and thence aboard a Bark at Nissa's Port: bore us some Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten carcass of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Mast; the very Rais instinctively had quit it.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Pros. Thou and thy Sister were two Cherubins, which did preserve me: you both did smile, infused with Fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By Providence Divine. Some food we had and some fresh Water, which a Nobleman of Savoy, called Gonzalo, appointed Master of that black design, gave us; with rich Garments and all necessaries, which since have steaded much; and of
his Gentleness (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furnish'd me from my own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

_Mir._ Would I might see that Man.

_Prosp._ Here, in this Island we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my Skill I find, that my Mid-Heaven doth depend on a most happy Star, whose Influence if I not court, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here cease more Questions, thou art inclin'd to sleep: 'tis a good dullness, and give it way; I know thou canst not chuse. [She falls asleep.]

Come away, my Spirit: I am ready now, approach, my _Ariel._ Come. [Enter Ariel.

_Ariel._ All hail, great Master, grave Sir, hail, I come to answer thy best pleasure, be it to fly to swim, to shoot into the Fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy strong bidding task _Ariel_ and all the Qualities.

_Prosp._ Hast thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempest that I bad thee?

_Ariel._ To every Article, I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waste, the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement and sometimes I seem'd to burn in many places on the Top-mast the Yards, and Boresprit; I did flame distinctly. Nay once I rain'd a shower of Fire upon them.

_Prosp._ My brave Spirit! Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil did not infect his Reason?

_Ariel._ Not a Soul but felt a Fever of the Mind, and play'd some tricks of Desperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming Brine, and quit the Vessel; the Duke's Son _Ferdinand_, with Hair upstaring (more like Reeds than Hair) was the first man that leap'd, cry'd, I Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

_Prosp._ Why that's my Spirit; But was not this nigh shore?

_Ariel._ Close by, my Master.

_Prosp._ But, _Ariel_, are they safe?

_Ariel._ Not a Hair perish'd.

In Troops I have disperse'd them round this Isle. The Duke's Son I have landed by himself, whom I have left warming the Air with sights, in an odd Angle of the Isle, and sitting, his Arms he fold'd in this sad Knot.

_Prosp._ Say how thou hast dispos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the rest of the Fleet?

_Ariel._ Safely in harbour Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'd'st Me up at Mid-night to fetch Dew from the Still next _Bermoothes_, there she's hid, The Mariners all under Hatches stow'd, Whom with a Charm, join'd to their suffer'd Labour, I have left asleep; and for the rest o' th' Fleet, (Which I disperse) they all have met again, And are upon the _Mediterranean_ Float. Bound sadly home for Italy:

Supposing that they saw the Duke's Ship wrack'd, And his great Person perish.

_Prosp._ _Ariel_, thy Charge

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more Work.

What is the time o' th' day?
APPENDIX

_Ariel._ Past the Mid-season.

_Prosp._ At least two Glasses: the time 'tween six and now must be spent most preciously.

_Ariel._ Is there more Toy? since thou dost give me Pain, let me remember thee what thou hast promised, which is not yet perform'd me.

_Prosp._ How now, _Moodie_?

What is't thou can't demand?

_Ariel._ My Liberty.

_Prosp._ Before thy time be out? no more.

_Ariel._ I prethee!

Remember I have done thee faithful Service,

Told thee no Lies, made thee no Mistakings,

Serv'd without Grudge, or Grumbling,

Thou didst promise to hate me a full Year.

_Prosp._ Dost thou forget

From what a Torment I did free thee?

_Ariel._ No.

_Prosp._ Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the Ooze of the salt Deep, to run against the sharp Wind of the North, to do my Bus'ness in the Veins of the Earth when it is bak'd with Frost.

_Ariel._ I do not, Sir.

_Prosp._ Thou ly'st, Malignant thing! hast thou forgot the foul Witch _Sycorax_

who with Age and Envy was grown into a Hoop? hast thou forgot her?

_Ariel._ No, Sir.

_Prosp._ Thou hast, where was she born? speak, tell me.

_Ariel._ Sir, in _Argier_.

_Prosp._ Oh, was she so!

I must once every Month recount what thou hast been, which thou forget'st. This damn'd Witch _Sycorax_, for Mischief manifold, and Sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from _Argier_ thou know'st was banish'd: but for one thing she did, they would not take her Life: is not this true?

_Ariel._ I, Sir.

_Prosp._ This blue-eye'd Hag was hither brought with Child,

And here was left by th' Sailors, thou, my Slave,

As thou report'st thy self, wast then her Servant,

And 'cause thou wast a Spirit too delicate

To act her Earthly and abhor'd Commands;

Refusing her grand Hests, she did confine thee,

By help of her more potent Ministers;

(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,

Within whose rift imprison'd thou didst painfully

Remain a dozen Years; within which space she dy'd,

And left thee there; where thou didst vent

Thy Groans, as fast as Mill-Wheels strike.

Then was this Isle (save for two Brats,

Which she did litter here, the brutish _Caliban_,

And his Twin-Sister, two freckled hag-born Whelps)

Not honour'd with a humane Shape.

_Ariel._ Yes! _Caliban_ her Son, and _Sycorax_ his Sister.
PROP. Dull thing, I say so; be, that Caliban, and she that Sycorax, whom I now keep in service. Thou best know'st what torment I did find thee in; thy groans did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts of ever angry bears, it was a torment to lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax could me'rr again undo: It was my art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the pine to gape and let thee out.

ARIEL. I thank thee, Master.

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

ARIEL. Pardon, Master.

I will be correspondent to command, and be a gentle spirit.

PROP. Do so, and after two day's I'll discharge thee.

ARIEL. Thanks, my great Master. But I have yet one request.

PROP. What's that, my spirit?

ARIEL. I know that this day's business is important, requiring too much toyl for one alone. I have a gentle spirit for my love, who twice seven years has waited for my freedom: Let it appear, it will assist me much, and we with mutual joy shall entertain each other. This I beseech you grant me.

PROP. You shall have your desire.

ARIEL. That's my noble Master, Milcha! [Milcha flies down to his assistance.

MIL. I am here my love.

ARIEL. Thou art free! welcome, my dear! what shall we do? say, say, what shall we do?

PROP. Be subject to no sight but mine, invisible to every eye-ball else. Hence with diligence, anon thou shalt know more. [They both fly up, and cross in the air.

THOU hast slept well my child. [To Miranda.

MIR. The sadness of your story put heaviness in me.

PROP. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call Caliban, my slave, who never yields us a kind answer.

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

PROP. But it is we cannot miss him; he does make our fire, fetch in our wood, and serve in offices that profit us: what ho! slave! Caliban! thou earth thou, speak.

CALIB. Within. There's wood enough within.

PROP. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself upon thy wicked dam come forth. [Enter Caliban.

CALIB. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd, with Raven's feather from unwholesome fens, drop on you both: A south-west blow on you, and blister you all o'er.

PROP. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps, side-stitches, that shall pen thy breath up;urchins shall prick thee till thou bleed'st, thou shalt be pinch'd as thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging than the bees which made 'em.

CALIB. I must eat my dinner: this island's mine by Sycorax my mother, which thou took'st from me. When thou came'st first, thou stook'st me, and mad'st much of me, would'st give me water with berries in't, and taught'st me how to name the bigger light, and how the less, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and showed thee all the qualities of the isle, the fresh-springs, brine-pits, barren places and fertile. Curs'd be I that I did so: All the charms of Sycorax, Toads,
Beetles, Bats, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou hast. I first was mine own Lord; and here thou stay'st me in this hard Rock, whiles thou does keep from me the rest o' th'Island.

Prosp. Thou most lying Slave, whom Stripes may move, not Kindness: I have us'd thee (Filth that thou art) with humane Care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didst seek to violate the Honour of my Children.

Calib. Oh ho, oh ho, would's had been done: thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else this Isle with Calibans.

Prosp. Abhor'd Slave! Who ne'er would any print of goodness take, being capable of all Ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour one or other thing when thou didst not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but wouldst gabble, like a thing most Brutish I endow'd thy Purposes with Words, which made them known: But thy wild Race (though thou didst learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore was thou deservedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my Profit by it is, that I know to curse: the red botch rid you for learning me your Language.

Prosp. Hag-seed hence! Fetch us in fewel, and be quick To answer other business: shrug'st thou (Malice) If thou neglectest, or dost unwillingly what I command, I'll wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy bones with Aches, Make thee roar, that Beasts shall tremble at thy Dinn.

Calib. No, prethee! I must obey. His Art is of such power It would control my Dam's God, Setebos, And make a Vassal of him.

Prosp. So, Slave hence. [Exeunt Prosp. and Calib. severally

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh, Sister! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my Eyes cast down upon the Seas,
The Whistling Winds blew rudely on my Face,
And the Waves roar'd; at first I thought the War
Had been between themselves, but strait I spy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above,
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind;
Sometimes he nod'd down his Head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clambring to the Top of all the Billows,
And then again he curst'd down so low,
I could not see him; till at last, all side-long,
With a great Crack his Belly burst in pieces.

Mir. There all had perish't,
Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sister, I have stranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

\textit{Dor.} But what is that? for yet he never told me.
\textit{Mir.} I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father say, we Women were made for him.

\textit{Dor.} What, that he should eat us, Sister?
\textit{Mir.} No sure, you see my Father is a Man,
And yet he does us good. I would be were not old,

\textit{Dor.} Methinks, indeed, it would be finer,
If we two had two young Fathers.

\textit{Mir.} No, Sister, no, if they were young,
My Father said, that we must call them Brothers.

\textit{Dor.} But, pray, how does it come, that we two are not Brothers then, and have
not Beards like him?

\textit{Mir.} Now I confess you pose me.

\textit{Dor.} How did he come to be our Father too?

\textit{Mir.} I think he found us when we both were little,
And grew within the Ground.

\textit{Dor.} Why could he not find more of us? Pray, Sister, let you and I look up
and down one day, to find some little ones for us to play with.

\textit{Mir.} Agreed; but now we must go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which seizes all who are in open air:
The' effect of his great Art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

\textit{Dor.} And I, methinks more long to see a Man. [Exit.]

\section{ACT II. SCENE I.}

\textit{The Scene Changes to the wilder part of the Island, 'tis composed of divers sorts of
Trees, and barren Places, with a prospect of the Sea at a great distance.}

\textit{Enter Stephano, Mustacho, Vestosio.}

\textit{Vent.} The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

\textit{Must.} This kind Bottle, like an old Acquaintance, swam after it.
And this Scullop-shell is all our Plate now.

\textit{Vent.} 'Tis well we have found something since we landed.
I prethee fill a sop, and let it go round.
Where hast thou laid the Runlet?

\textit{Must.} I' the hollow of an old Tree.

\textit{Vent.} Fill space.

We cannot live long in this barren Island, and we may
Take a sop before Death, as well as others drink
At our Funerals.

\textit{Must.} This is Prize-Brandy, we steal Custom, and it cost nothing, Let's have two
rounds more.
VENT. Master, what have you sa’id?

STEPH. Just nothing but my self

VENT. This works comfortably on a cold stomach.

STEPH. Fill’s another round.

VENT. Look! Mustache weeps. Hang losses, as long as we have Brandy left. Pr thee leave weeping.

STEPH. He sheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: he shall drink no more.

MUST. This will be a doleful day with old Bess. She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That’s lost too. But, as you say, hang losses. Prethee fill again.

VENT. Be shrewd thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife.

I had not thought of mine else, Nature will shew it self, I must melt. I prithee fill again, my Wife’s a good old Jade, And has but one Eye left: but she’ll weep out that too, When she hears that I am dead.

STEPH. Would you were both hang’d for putting me in thought of mine.

VENT. But come, Master, sorrow is dry! there’s for you agen.

STEPH. A Mariner had e’en as good be a Fish as a Man, but for the comfort we get ashore: O for an old dry Wench now I am wet.

MUST. Poor heart! that would soon make you dry agen: but all is barren in this Isle: Here we may lie at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South ere we can cry, A Sail, A Sail, at sight of a white Apron. And therefore here’s another to comfort us.

VENT. This Isle’s our own, that’s our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train, are perish’d.

MUST. Our Ship is sunk, and we can never get home agen: we must e’en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

VENT. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav’n will drive Shipwrecks ashore to make us all rich; therefore let us carry good Con sciences, and not eat one another.

STEPH. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I’ll break out his teeth with my Scepter: for I was Master at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you Mustache have been my Mate, and shall be my Vice-Roy.

VENT. When you are Duke, you may chuse your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my voice. And so fill me th’ other soon.

STEPH. Whispering. Ventoso, dost thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy voice.

VENT. I’ll have no whispering to corrupt the Election; and to show that I have no private ends, I declare aloud that I will be Vice-Roy, or, I’ll keep my voice for my self.

MUST. Stephano, hear me, I will speak for the people, because there are few, or rather none in the Isle to speak for themselves. Know then, that to prevent the farther shedding of Christian blood, we are all content Ventoso shall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak, good people, are you well agreed? What, no man answer? well, you may take their silence for consent.

VENT. You speak for the People, Mustacho? I’ll speak for ‘em, and declare generally with one voice, one and all; That there shall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unless I be he.

MUST. You declare for the people, who never saw your Face! Cold Iron shall decide it.

[Both draw.]
Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I
do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-roys over the whole Island.

Bath. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo, with a great Bottle, half drunk.

Vent. How! Trincalo our brave Boscaw!

Must. He reeks: can he be drunk with Sea water?

Trinc. sings. I shall no more to Sea to Sea,

Here I shall die ashore.

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a Man's Funeral.

But here's my comfort.

Sings. The Master, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For she had a tongue with a tangle,
W-would cry to a Sailor, Go hang I
She lovel not the savour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might scratch her where ere she did itch.

[Drinks.

This is a scurvy Tune too, but here's my comfort again.

Steph. We have got another Subject now; Welcome,
Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack,

Boy: the King of good-fellows can be no subject.

I will be old Simon the King.

Must. Ha! old Boy! how didst thou scape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Sailors
Threw over-board: but are you alive, ha! for I will
Tipple with no Ghosts till I'm dead: thy hand, Mustacho,
And thine, Ventoso; the Storm has done its worst:

Stephano alive too! give thy Bosom thy hand, Master.

Vent. You must kiss it then, for, I must tell you, we have chosen him Duke in a
full Assembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Must. Of this Island, Man. Oh Trincalo, we are all made, the Island's empty;
all's our own, Boy, and we will speak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'st be as
great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-roys over all the Island; and when we are weary of
Governing, thou shall succeed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, Ventoso, I will succeed you in both your places before you
enter into 'em.

Steph. Trincalo, sleep and be sober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and you Trincalo, are not your self;
but we pardon your first fault, because it is the first day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried so swimmingly against me, whilst I was
swimming, and saving my self for the good of the people of this Island.

Must. Art thou mad, Trincalo? wilt thou disturb a settled Government, where
thou art a mere stranger to the Laws of the Country?
Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil War begins.

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no bloudshed,
My Subjects are but few: let him make a Rebellion
By himself; and a Rebel, I Duke Stephano declare him:
Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke Trincalo declares, that he will make open War where ever he
meets thee, or thy Vice-Roys.

Enter Caliban with wood upon his back.

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun sucks up from Frogs, Fens, Flats, on Prospero
fall and make him by inch-meal a Disease: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs
must curse, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin shows, pitch me i' th' mire,
nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but for every trifle he sets
them on me; sometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite
me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in
my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their
cloven tongues hiss me to madness. Hah! yonder stands one of his spirits sent to
 torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fish?

This is some Monster of the Isle, were I in England,
As once I was, and had him painted;
Not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me
Six pence for the sight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a present for an Emperour.
Come hither pretty Monster, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'll bring the Wood home faster.

Trinc. He talks none of the wisest: but I'll give him
A dram o' th' Bottle, that will clear his understanding.
Come on your ways, Master Monster, open your mouth.
How now, you perverse Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your Friend!

Open your chops, I say.

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Celestial Liquor;
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monster; Monster, what sayst thou, are thou con-
tent to turn civil and sober, as I am? for then thou shalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll swear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: didst thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her when time was. By this
light, a very shallow Monster.

Calib. I'll shew thee every fertile inch i' th' Isle, and kiss thy foot: I prithee be
my God, and let me drink.

Trinc. Well drawn Monster, in good faith.

Calib. I'll shew thee the best Springs, I'll pluck thee Berries,
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curse upon the Tyrant whom I serve, I'll bear him
No more sticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monster is loving in his drink.

Calib. Pray thee, let me bring thee where Crabs grow
And with my long nails will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jays-nest, and instruct thee how to snare
The Marmazete; I’ll bring thee to cluster’d Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monster comes of a good natur’d race;
Is there no more of thy Kin in this Island?

Calib. Divine, here is but one besides my self;
My lovely Sister, beautiful and bright as the Full Moon.

Trinc. Where is she?

Calib. I left her clambering up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the dropping Honey-combs.
Say, my King, shall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She shall swear upon the Bottle too.
If she proves handsome she is mine: Here, Monster,
Drink agen for thy good news; thou shalt speak
A good word for me.

[ Gives him the Bottle.

Calib. Farewell, old Master farewell, farewell.
Sing No more Dams I’ll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape Trencher, nor wash Dish,
Ban, Ban, Cackaliban
Has a new Master, get a new Man.
Heigh-day! Freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here’s two Subjects got already, the Monster,
And his Sister: well, Duke Stephano, I say, and say agen,
Wars will ensue, and so I drink.

[ drinks.
From this Worshipful Monster, and Mistriss
Monster his Sister,
I’ll lay claim to this Island by alliance:
Monster, I say thy Sister shall be my Spouse:
Come away, Brother Monster, I’ll lead thee to my Butt.
And drink her health.

Scene Cypress Tree and Cave.

Enter Prospero alone.

Pros. ‘Tis not fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The Infant Duke of Mantua so near them in this Isle.
Whose Father dying, bequeathed him to my care:
Till my false Brother (when he design’d t’ usurp
My Dukedom from me) expos’d him to that fate.
He meant for me. By calculation of his birth
I saw death threat’ning him, if, till some time were
Past, he should behold the face of any Woman:
And now the danger’s nigh: Hippolito!

[Exeunt.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Pros. How I have lov’d thee from thy infancy
Heav'n knows, and thou thy self canst bear me witness,
Therefore accuse not me for thy restraint.

Hipp. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurri'd me from thence,
Only to change my Prison, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Pros. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and death unseen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hipp. You taught me not to fear him in any of his shapes:
Let me meet death rather than be a Prisoner.

Pros. 'Tis pity he should seize thy tender youth.

Hipp. Sir, I have often heard you say, no Creature liv'd
Within this Isle, but those which Man was Lord of?
Why then should I fear?

Pros. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who share Man's Sovereignty by Nature's Laws,
And oft depose him from it.

Hipp. What are those Creatures, Sir?

Pros. Those dangerous Enemies of Men call'd Women.

Hipp. Women! I never heard of them before.

What are Women like?

Pros. Imagine something between young Men and Angels;
Fatally beauteous, and having killing Eyes,
Their Voices charm beyond the Nightingales,
They are all enchantment, those who once behold'em,
Are made their slaves for ever.

Hipp. Then I will wink and fight with 'em.

Pros. 'Tis but in vain,
They'll haunt you in your very sleep.

Hipp. Then I'll revenge it on 'em when I wake.

Pros. You are without all possibility of revenge,
They're so beautiful, that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wish to hurt them.

Hipp. Are they so beautiful?

Pros. Calm sleep is not so soft, nor Winter Sun,
Nor Summer shades so pleasant.

Hipp. Can they be fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more delightful than the Peacocks' Feathers?
Or than the gloss upon the necks of Doves?
Or have more various beauty than the Rainbow?
These I have seen, and without danger wondred at.

Pros. All these are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman dangerous and fair:
Therefore if you should chance to see 'em,
Avoid 'em straight I charge you.

Hipp. Well since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun 'em as I may with safety of the
Unblemish'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm sure I shall
Not then forbear them.
    Prospero. Go in and read the Book I gave you last.
To-morrow I may bring you better news.
    Hippolito. I shall obey you, Sir.
    Prospero. So, so; I hope this Lessen has secur'd him,
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From yonder Rock where first I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Because the shipwreck happen'd near his Mansion.
I hope he will not stir beyond his limits,
For hitherto he hath been all obedience:
The Planets seem to smile on my designs,
And yet there is one sullen Cloud behind,
I would it were dispers'd.
    [Exit Hippolito. Enter Miranda and Dorinna.
How! my Daughters! I thought I had instructed them enough: Children! retire;
Why do you walk this way?
    Miranda. It is within our bounds, Sir.
    Prospero. But both take heed, that path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.
    Dorinna. Is the Man that way, Sir?
    Prospero. All that you can imagine ill is there,
The Curled Lion, and the rugged Bear,
Are not so dreadful as that Man.
    Miranda. Oh me, why stay we here then?
    Dorinna. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.
    Miranda. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man;
And yet you are not dreadful.
    Prospero. I Child! but I am a tame Man; old Men are tame
By Nature, but all the danger lies in a wild Young Man.
    Dorinna. Do they run wild about the Woods?
    Prospero. No, they are wild within doors, in Chambers,
And in Closets.
    Dorinna. But, Father, I would stroak 'em, and make 'em gentle,
Then sure they would not hurt me.
    Prospero. You must not trust them, Child:
Well, I must in; for new affairs requires my
Presence: be you Miranda, your Sisters Guardian.
    [Exit Prospero. Dorinna. Come, Sister, shall we walk the other way?
The Man will catch us else: we have but two legs,
And he perhaps has four.
    Miranda. Well, Sister, though he have; yet look about you,
And we shall spy him ere he comes too near us.
    Dorinna. Come back, that way is towards his Den.
    Miranda. Let me alone; I'll venture first, for sure he can
Devour but one of us at once.
    Dorinna. How dare you venture?
Mir. We'll find him sitting like a Hare in's Form
And he shall not see us.

Dor. I but you know my Father charg'd us both.

Mir. But who shall tell him on't? we'll keep each

Others Counsel.

Dor. I dare not for the World.

Mir. But how shall we hereafter shun him, if we do not
Know him first?

Dor. Nay, I confess I would fain see him too. I find it in my
Nature, because my Father has forbidden me.

Mir. I, there's it, Sister, if he had said nothing, I had been quiet. Go softly
and if you see him first, be quick, and becken me away.

Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll humble my self to him,
And ask him pardon, as I do my Father,

When I have done a fault. [Exeunt.

The Scene continues. Enter Hippolito.

Hip. Prospero has often said, that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: why then are Women made?
Are they to suck the poison of the Earth
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Question, when next I see him here.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda, peeping.

Dor. O Sister, there it is, it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, just so, and has Legs as we have too.

Hip. It strangely puzzles me: yet 'tis most likely
Women are somewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Heark! it talks, sure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is just like one of us: methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was; see now it turns this way.

Mir. Heaven! what a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis dangerous, Sister! I'll go to it.
I would not for the World that you should venture.

My Father charg'd me to secure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Sister,
He'll not hurt me, I see it by his looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! but go back, and he shall eat me first
Fie, are you not asham'd to be so much inquisitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give your self.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.

Observe how he begins to stare already.

I'll meet the danger first, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Sister, you shall never vanquish me in kindness.
I'll venture you no more than you will me.

Proc. within Miranda, Child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me; I will but say my Prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Sister, you'll repent it. [Exit Miranda.
DORIEN'S VERSION

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have the other peep.

Hip. seeing her. What thing is that? sure 'tis some Infant of the Sun, dress'd in his Fathers gayest Beams, and comes to play with Birds: my sight is dazld, and yet I find I'm loth to shut my Eyes.

I must go nearer it—but stay awhile;

May it not be that beauteous Murderer, Woman,

Which I was charg'd to shun? Speak, what art thou?

Thou shining Vision!

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told I am a Woman;

Do not hurt me, pray, fair thing.

Hip. I'd sooner tear my Eyes out, than consent to do you any harm; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'er prove so to that which looks like you: for though I have been charg'd by him (whom yet I never disobey'd) to shun your presence, yet I'd rather die than lose it; therefore I hope you will not have the heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a Man, that dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd. Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I must confess, I was inform'd I am a Man,

But if I fright you, I shall wish I were some other Creature.

I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not poison to each other!

Alas, can we not meet but we must die?

Hip. I hope not so! for when two prisonous Creatures,

Both of the same kind, meet, yet neither dies.

I've seen two Serpents harmless to each other,

Though they have twin'd into a mutual knot:

If we have any venom in us, sure, we cannot be more Poisonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.

You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it? [Takes her hand.

Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Sister's hands,

And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's something,

When I touch yours; which makes me sigh: just so

I've seen two Turtles mourning when they met;

Yet mine's a pleasing grief; and so me thought was theirs:

For still they mourn'd: and still they seem'd to murmur too,

And yet they often met.

Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the same sense too: your hand

Methinks goes through me; I feel it at my heart,

And find it pleases, though it pains me.

Pros. Within. Dorinda!

Dor. My Father calls again; ah, I must leave you.

Hip. Alas, I'm subject to the same command.

Dor. This is my first offence against my Father,

Which he, by severing us, too cruelly does punish.

Hip. And this is my first trespass too: but he hath more

Offended truth than we have him:

He said our meeting would destructive be,

But I no death but in our parting see. [Exeunt several ways.
APPENDIX

SCENE III. A wild Island.
Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gom. 'Beseech your Grace be merry: you have cause, so have we all, of joy, for our strange 'scape; then wisely, good Sir, weigh our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pritype peace, you cram these words into my Ears, against my stomach; how can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a meal to some strange Fish.

Ant. Sir, he may live, I saw him beat the Billows under him, and ride upon their backs: I do not doubt he came alive to Land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone; and you and I, Antonio, were those who caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it?

Alon. Then, then, we should have help'd it, when thou betraiedst thy Brother Prospero, and Mantua's Infant Sovereign, to my power; and when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right: Then lost we Ferdinand; Then forfeited our Navy to this Tempest.

Ant. Indeed we first broke Truce with Heaven; you to the waves an Infant Prince expos'd, and on the waves have lost an only Son. I did usurp my Brother's fertile Lands, and now am cast upon this Desart-Isle.

Gom. These, Sirs, 'tis true were crimes of a black dye; but both of you have made amends to Heav'n by your late Voyage into Portugal; where in defence of Christianity, your valour has repul's'd the Moors of Spain.

Alon. O name it not, Gonzalo; No act but penitence can expiate guilt!
Must we teach Heav'n what price to set on Murder! what rate on lawless Power and wild Ambition! or dare we traffick with the Powers above, and sell by weight a good deed for a bad?

[An flourish of Musick.

Gom. Musick! and in the air; sure we are Shipwrack'd on the Dominions of some merry Devil!

Ant. This Isle's Inchanted ground; for I have heard swift Voices flying by my Ear, and groans of lamenting Ghosts.

Alon. I pull'd a Tree, and blood pursu'd my hand.
Heav'n deliver me from this dire place, and all the after-actions of my life shall mark my penitence and my bounty.

[Music agen louder.
Hark, the sounds approach us!

Ant. Lo the Earth opens to devour us quick.
These dreadful howers, and the guilty sense of my foul Treason, have unnam'd me quite.

Alon. We on the brink of swift destruction stand;
No means of our escape is left.

[Another flourish of Voices under the Stage.

Ant. Ah! what amazing sounds are these we hear!

Gom. What horrid Masque will the dire Fiend present?

Sung under the Stage.

1. Dev. Where does the black Fiend Ambition reside,
With the mischievous Devil of Pride?

2. Dev. In the lowest and darkest Caverns of Hell
Both Pride and Ambition does dwell.

1. Dev. Who are the chief Leaders of the damned Host?

3. Dev. Proud Monarch, who tyrannise most.
1. Dev. Damned Princes there
   The worst of torments bear.
2. Dev. Who in Earth all other in pleasures excell,
   Must feel the worst torments of Hell. [They rise singing this Chorus.
Ant. Oh Heav'n! what horrid Vision's this?
How they upbraid us with our crimes!
Alon. What fearful vengeance is in store for us!
   1. Dev. Tyrants by whom their Subjects bleed,
          Should in pain all others exceed;
   2. Dev. And hardy Monarchs who their Neighbours invade,
          And their Crowns unjustly get;
          And such who their Brothers to death have betray'd,
   In Hell upon burning Thrones shall be set.
   3. Dev. } —— In Hell, in Hell with flames they shall reign,
Chor. } And for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.
Ant. Oh my Soul; for ever, for ever shall suffer the pain.
Alon. Has Heav'n in all its infinite stock of mercy
No overflowings for us? poor, miserable guilty Men!
Gons. Nothing but horrors do encompass us!
For ever, for ever must we suffer!
Alon. For ever we shall perish! O dismal words, for ever!
   1. Dev. Who are the Pillars of the Tyrants Court?
   2. Dev. Rapine and Murder his Crown must support!
   3. Dev. } —— His cruelty does tread
       On Orphans tender breasts, and Brothers dead!
   2. Dev. Can Heav'n permit such crimes should be
       Attended with felicity?
   3. Dev. No, Tyrants their Scepters uneasily bear,
       In the midst of their Guards they their Consciences fear.
   2. Dev. } Care their minds when they wake unquiet will keep,
   Chor. } And we with dire visions disturb all their sleep.
Ant. Oh horrid sight! how they stare upon us!
The Fiends will hurry us to the dark Mansion.
Sweet Heav'n, have mercy on us!
   1. Dev. Say, say, shall we bear these bold Mortals from hence?
   2. Dev. No, no, let us show their degrees of offence.
   3. Dev. Let's muster their crimes upon every side,
       And first let's discover their pride.
   Enter Pride.
Pride. Lo here is Præ... who first led them astray.
       And did to Ambition their minds then betray.
   Enter Fraud.
 Fraud. And Fraud does next appear,
       Their wandering steps who led,
       When they from Virtue fled,
       They in my crooked paths their course did steer.
   Enter Rapine.
Rapine. From Fraud to Force they soon arrive,
       Where Rapine did their actions drive.
APPENDIX

Enter Murder.

Murder.  There long they could not stay;
Down the steep Hill they run,
And to perfect the mischief which they had begun,
To Murder they bent all their way.

Around, around we pace,
Chorus  About this cursed place;
of all.  While thus we compass in
These Mortals and their sin  

[Devils vanish.

Ant.  Heav'n has heard me, they are vanish'd!

Alon.  But they have left me all unmann'd?

I feel my sinews slacken with the fright;
And a cold sweat trills down o' r all my Limbs,
As if I were dissolving into water.

Oh Prospero, my crimes 'gainst thee sit heavy on my heart!

Ant.  And mine 'gainst him and young Hippolito.

Gons.  Heav'n have mercy on the penitent.

Alon.  Lead from this cursed ground;
The Seas in all their rage are not so dreadful.
This is the Region of despair and death.

Ant.  Shall we not seek some Fruit?

Alons.  Beware all fruit, but what the Birds have peck'd.
The shadows of the Trees are pois'nous too: a secret venom slides from every
branch! my Conscience does distract me! O my Son! why do I speak of eating or
repose, before I know thy fortune?

[As they are going out, a Devil rises just before
them, at which they start, and are frighted.

Alons.  O Heavens! yet more Apparitions!

Devil sings.  Arise, arise! ye subterranean winds,
More to disturb their guilty minds:
And all ye filthy damp's and vapours rise,
Which use to infect the Earth, and trouble all the Skies;
Rise you, from whom devouring plagues have birth:
You that 't vast and hollow womb of Earth,
Engender Earthquakes, make whole Countries shake,
And stately Cities into Desarts turn;
And you who feed the flames by which Earths entails burn.
Ye raging winds, whose rapid force can make
All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake:
Come drive these Wretches to that part of th' Isle,
Where Nature never yet did smile:
Cause Fogs, and Storms, Whirlwinds and Earthquakes there:
There let 'em howl and languish in despair.
Rise and obey the powerful Prince of th' Air.

Two Winds rise, Ten more enter and dance.

At the end of the Dance, Three winds sink, the rest drive Alon Ant.

Gons. off.
ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE. A wild Island.

Enter Ferdinand, and Ariel and Milchi invisible.

Ariel. Come unto these yellow sands,
    And then take hands,
Curtis'd when you have, and kiss'd
    The wild waves whist.
Foot it fealy here and there,
    And sweet sprights the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
    Bow waugh, the Watch-dogs bark.
Bow waugh. Hark! hark! I hear
    The strain of strutting Chanticler,
Cry, Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where should this Musick be? i' th' air, or earth? it sounds no more, and
sure it waifs upon some God i' th' Island: sitting on a Bank, weeping against the
Duke; my Father's wrack'd; This Musick hover'd on the waters, allaying both their
fury and my passion with charming Airs. Thence I have follow'd it, (or it has drawn
me rather) but 'tis gone; No it begins again.

Milchi sings.

Full fathom five thy Father lies,
    Of his bones is Coral made:
Those are Pearls that were his Eyes,
    Nothing of him that does fade.
But does suffer a Sea-change
    Into something rich and strange:
Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell;
    Hark! now I hear 'em, ding dong Bell.

Ferd. This mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father.

This is no mortal business, nor a sound which the Earth owns——
I hear it now before me; however I will on and follow it.

[Exit Ferd. following Ariel.

SCENE II. The Cypress Trees and Cave.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Excuse it not, Miranda, for to you (the elder, and I thought the more
discreet) I gave the conduct of your Sisters actions.

Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to
depart.

Pros. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own?
did you not see the Man whom I commanded you to shun?

Mir. I must confess I saw him at a distance.

Pros. Did not his Eyes infect and poison you?

What alteration found you in your self?

Mir. I only wondred at a sight so new.

Pros. But have you no desire once more to see him?

Come, tell me truly what you think of him?

Mir. As of the gayest thing I ever saw, so fine, that it appear'd more fit to be
belov'd than fear'd, and seem'd so near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Sister.

*Prosp.* You do not love it?

*Mir.* How is it likely that I should, except the thing had first lov'd me?

*Prosp.* Cherish these thoughts: you have a generous Soul;

And since I see your mind not apt to take the light

Impressions of a sudden love, I will unfold

A secret to your knowledge.

That Creature which you saw, is of a kind

Nature made a prop and guide to yours.

*Mir.* Why did you then propose him as an object of terror to my mind?

You never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you said,

I did believe as sacred.

*Prosp.* I fear'd the pleasing form of this young Man

Might unawares possess your tender Breast,

Which for a nobler Guest I had design'd;

For shortly, my *Miranda*, you shall see another of this kind,

The full-blown Flower, of which this Youth was but the

Op'ning Bud. Go in, and send your Sister to me.

*Mir.* Heav'n still preserve you, Sir.

*Prosp.* And make thee fortunate. [Exit Miranda.

*Enter* Dorinda.

O, Come hither, you have seen a Man to day,

Against my strict command.

*Dor.* Who I? indeed I saw him but a little, Sir.

*Prosp.* Come, come, be clear. Your Sister told me all.

*Dor.* Did she? truly she would have seen him more than I,

But that I would not let her.

*Prosp.* Why so?

*Dor.* Because, methought, he would have hurt me less

Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry

With me, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much to blame.

*Prosp.* Hah! was he to blame?

Tell me, with that sincerity I taught you,

How you became so bold to see the Man?

*Dor.* I hope you will forgive me, Sir, because I did not see him much till he saw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and star'd, and star'd upon my Face; and so I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'r come near a Man again——

*Prosp.* I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

*Dor.* Pray be not angry, Sir, I tell you, you are mistaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

*Prosp.* But he may do you more harm hereafter.

*Dor.* No, Sir, I'm as well as e'r I was in all my life,

But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.

That dangerous Man runs ever in my mind.

*Prosp.* The way to cure you, is no more to see him.

*Dor.* Nay, pray, Sir, say not so; I promis'd him

To see him once agen; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I should never break my Promise.

Prop. You'd you see him who did you so much mischief?

Der. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me;
For when I left him, Sir, he sigh'd so, as it grieve'd
My heart to hear him.

Prop. Those sighs were pois'nous, they infected you:
You say, they grieve'd you to the heart.

Der. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Prop. These are the Day-dreams of a Maid in Love.
But still I fear the worst.

Der. O fear not him, Sir.

Prop. You speak of him with too much Passion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, Dorinda)
What past betwixt you and that horrid Creature?

Der. How, horrid, Sir? if any else but you should call it so, indeed I should be
angry.

Prop. Go too! you are a foolish Girl; but answer to what I ask, what thought
you when you saw it?

Der. At first it star'd upon me, and seem'd wild,
And then I trembled; yet it look'd so lovely, that when
I would have fled away, my feet seem'd fasten'd to the ground.
Then it drew near, and with amazement ask'd
To touch my hand; which, as a ransom for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his mouth so eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have swallow'd it.

Prop. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?

Der. He on a sudden grew so tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
Agen, my heart did beat so strong, as I lack'd breath
To answer what he ask'd.

Prop. You have been too fond, and I should chide you for it

Der. Then send me to that Creature to be punish'd.

Prop. Poor Child! thy Passion, like a lazy Ague,
Has seiz'd thy bloud, instead of striving, thou humour'st
And feed'st thy languishing disease: thou fight'st
The Battles of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threaten'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.

Der. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me.
But looks about him like a Callow-bird,
Just stragg'l'd from the Nest: pray trust me, Sir,
To go to him agen.

Prop. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your self reserv'dly to him.
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand.
But keep at distance from him.
This is hard.

It is the way to make him love you more;
He will despise you if you grow too kind.

I'll struggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I lose him by it, will you promise
To bring him back again?

Fear not, Dorinda;
But use him ill, and he'll be yours for ever.

I hope you have not cousen'd me again.
Now my designs are gathering to a head.
My spirits are obedient to my charms.
What, Ariel! my Servant Ariel, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

What would my potent Master? Here I am.
Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform, and I must use you in such another
Work: how goes the day?

On the fourth, my Lord; and on the sixth,
You said our work should cease.
And so it shall;
And thou shalt have the open air at freedom.

Thanks, my great Lord.
But tell me first, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?

Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-grove, which weather-fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot stir one step beyond their compass.

How do they bear their sorrows?
The two Dukes appear like men distracted, their
Attendants brim-full of sorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good Gemasio:
His Tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops
From Eaves of Reeds, your Vision did so work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.

Do'st thou think so, Spirit?
Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

And mine shall:
Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and shall not I (a Man like them, one
Who as sharply relish passions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd then thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reason 'gainst my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in vertue than in vengeance.
Go, my Ariel, refresh with needful food their
Famish'd Bodies. With shows and cheerful
Musick comfort 'em.
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Ariel. Presently, Master.

Prosp. With a twinkle, Ariel. But stay, my Spirit;
What is become of my Slave Caliban,
And Sycorax his Sister?

Ariel. Potent Sir!

They have cast off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Island into Governments.

Prosp. No matter, I have now no need of 'em.

But, Spirit, now I stay thee on the Wing;
Haste to perform what I have given in charge:
But see they keep within the bounds I set 'em.

Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with walls of Adamant,
Invisible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpassable.

Prosp. Make haste then. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE I. WILD ISLAND.

Enter Alonso, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gons. I am weary, and can go no further, Sir.

Alons. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who art my self seiz'd
With a weariness, to the dulling of my Spirits:

[They sit.

Even here I will put off my hope and keep it no longer

For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we stray to find.

I'm faint with hunger, and must despair of food.

What! Harmony aigen, my good Friends, heark!

Ant. I fear some other horrid Apparition.

Give us kind Keepers, Heaven, I beseech thee!

Gons. 'Tis cheerful Musick this, unlike the first.

Ariel and Milcha invisible, sing.

Dry those Eyes which are overflowing,
All your storms are overblowing:
While you in this Isle are biding,
You shall Feast without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you can drink of,
Shall be yours: and want shall shun you,
Ceres' blessing so is one you.

Alons. This voice speaks comfort to us.

Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Musick in a Song
To me, my stomach being empty.

Gons. O for a Heavenly Vision of Boyl'd,
Bak'd and Roasted!

[Enter spirits.

Dance of fantastick Spirits; after the Dance, a Table furnish'd

Ant. My Lord, the Duke, see yonder.

A Table, as I live, set out and furnish'd
With all varieties of Meats and Fruits.

Alons. 'Tis so indeed; but who dares taste this feast
Which Fiends provide, perhaps to poison us?
Gons. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be so ill-natur'd, he may do his pleasure.
Ant. 'Tis certain we must eat or famish;
I will encounter it, and feed.

Aeons. If both resolve, I will adventure too.
Gons. The Devil may fright me, yet he shall not starve me.

[Two Spirits descend and fly away with the Table.

Aeons. Heav'n! behold, it is as you suspected: 'tis vanish'd.
Shall we be always haunted with these Fiends?
Ant. Here we shall wander till we famish.
Gons. Certainly one of you was so wicked as to say Grace: This comes on't, when Men will be Godly out of season.
Ant. Yonder's another Table, let's try that—

[Exeunt.

Enter Trincalo and Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monster, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Sister, is she so brave a lass?
Calib. In all this Isle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant Prospero; and she is bigger than 'em both. O here she comes; now thou may'st judge thy self, my Lord.

Enter Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monstrous fair indeed. Is this to be my spouse? well, she's Heir of all this Isle (for I will geld Monster). The Trincalo's, like other wise Men, have antiently us'd to marry for Estate more than for Beauty.
Syc. I prethee let me have the gay thing about thy neck, and that which dangles at thy wrist.
[Scorax points to his Bosoms Whistle and his Bottle.
Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, observe my Chuck, is a budge of my Sea-office; my fair Fuss, thou dost not know it.
Syc. No, my dread Lord.
Trinc. It shall be a Whistle for our first Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to swimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.
Syc. It'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it first.
Trinc. I prethee, sweet Baby, do not Play the wanton, and cry for my goods e's I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou shalt have the Devil and all.
Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?
Trinc. This is a Sucking-bottle for young Trincalo.
Calib. Shall she not taste of that immortal Liquor?
Trinc. Umph! that's another question: for if she be thus flipant in her Water, what will she be in her Wine?
[Enter Ariel (invisible) and changes the Bottle which stands upon the ground.
Ariel. There's Water for your Wine.
[Exit Ariel.

Trinc. Well! since it must be so—

[Give her the Bottle. How do you like it now, my Queen that must be?
Syc. Is this your heavenly Liquor?
I'll bring you to a River of the same.

Trinc. Wilt thou so, Madam Monster? what a mighty Prince shall I be then?
I would not change my Duke, to be great Turk Trincalo.
Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.
Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Island drink such, they are the merriest Frogs in Christen Iom.
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Calib. She does not know the vertue of this Liquor:
I prethee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well said, Subject Monster. [Caliban drinks.

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou hast chang'd the Wine then, and drank it up,
Like a debauch'd Fish as thou art. Let me see't.
I'll taste it my self. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulp, such as this, which kill'd my famous
Predecessor, old Simon the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prethee be not angry, and I will lick thy shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my Heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a Liquor-

ish Monster.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this must be done by one of Prospero's

Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but malice in these Devils, I would it had been Holy-

water for their sakes.

Syc. 'Tis no matter, I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly said, in troth; now cannot I hold out against her.

This Wife-like virtue of hers has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my arms?

Trinc. Thou shalt have Duke Trincalo in thy arms:

But prithee be not too boistrous with me at first;
Do not discourage a young beginner. [They embrace.

Stand to your Arms, my Spouse,
And subject Monster; [Enter Steph. Must. Vent.

The Enemy is come to surprise us in our Quarters.
You shall know, Rebels, that I am marry'd to a Witch;
And we have a thousand Spirits of our Party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
(Finding no food, and but a small remainder of Brandy)
Are come to treat a Peace betwixt us,
Which may be for the good of both Armies,
Therefore Trincalo, disband.

Trinc. Plain Trincalo, methinks I might have been a Duke in your mouth;
I'll not accept of your Embassie without my Title.

Steph. A Title shall break no squares betwixt us:
Vice-Roys, give him his style of Duke, and treat with him,
Whilst I walk by in state. [Ventoso and Mustachio bow, whilst Trincalo puts on his Cap.

Must. Our Lord and Master, Duke Stephano, has sent us
In the first place to demand of you, upon what
Ground you make War against him, having no right
To govern here, as being elected only by
Your own Voice.

Trinc. To this I answer, that having in the face of the World
Espous'd the lawful Inheretrix of this Island,
Queen Blouse the First, and having homage done me,
By this Hectoring Spark her Brother, from these two
I claim a lawful Title to this Island.

Must. Who that Monster? be a Hector?
Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?
Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good tongues in your heads,
I advise you, and proceed to your business.
Must. First and foremost, as to your claim that you have answer'd.
Vent. But second and foremost, we demand of you,
That if we make a Peace, the Butt also may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.
Trinc. I cannot treat with my honour without your submission.
Steph. I understand, being present, from my Embassadors, what your resolution
is, and ask an hour's time of deliberation, and so I take our leave; but first I desire
to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince and his Embassadors.
Trinc. That I refuse, till acts of hostility be cease'd
These Rogues are rather Spies than Embassadors;
I must take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the secrets of my Dukedom.
Vent. Trincalo, you are a barbarous Prince, and so farewel.


Trinc. Subject Monster! stand you Centry before my Cellar; my Queen and I
will enter, and feast our selves within.

Enter Ferdinand, Ariel and Milcha (invisible).

Ferd. How far will this invisible Musician conduct
My steps? he hovers still about me, whether
For good or ill, I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been so long a slave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her flatteries as her frowns.
But here I am——

Ariel. Here I am.
Ferd. Hah! art thou so? the Spirit's turn'd an Echo:
This might seem pleasant, could the burthen of my
Griefs accord with any thing but sighs,
And my last words, like those of dying men,
Need no reply. Fain I would go to shades, where
Few would wish to follow me.

Ariel. Follow me.
Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his counsel.

Ariel. Take his counsel.
Ferd. It may be the Devil's counsel, I'll never take it.
Ariel. Take it.
Ferd. I will discourse no more with thee,
Nor follow one step further.
Ariel. One step further.
Ferd. This must have more importance than an Echo.
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'll try if it will answer when I sing
My sorrows to the murmur of this Brook.

He sings.

Go thy way,

Ariel. Go thy way.
Ferd. Why shouldst thou stay?
Ariel. Why shouldst thou stay?
Ferd. Where the winds whistle, and where the streams creep,
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I sleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. For 'tis time to be gone.
Ferd. What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?
Within this desert place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot from here, nor kind fortune smile.
Ariel. Kind Fortune smiles, and she
Has yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.
Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on Musician. [Exit and return.

SCENE IV. The Cypress-Trees and Cave.

SCENE changes, and discovers Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and say what thou seest yonder.

Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confess it carries a brave form.
But 'tis a Spirit.

Pros. No Girl, it eats, and sleeps, and has such senses as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou seest, was in the wreck; were he not somewhat stain'd with grief (Beauty's worst canker) thou might'st call him a goodly Person; he has lost his Company, and strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him a thing Divine, for nothing natural I ever saw so noble.

Pros. It goes on as my Soul prompts it; Spirit, fine Spirit. I'll free thee within two days for this.

Ferd. She's sure the Mistress on whom these Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are Divine, be please'd to instruct me how you will be worship'd; so bright a beauty cannot sure belong to humane kind.

Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if such you are.

Ferd. My language too! O Heav'n's! I am the best of them who speak the Speech when I'm in my own Country.

Pros. How, the best? What wert thou if the Duke of Savoy heard thee?

Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to hear thee speak of Savoy: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my self am Savoy, whose fatal Eyes (e'r since at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrack'd.

Mir. Alack! for pity.

Pros. At the first sight they have chang'd Eyes, dear Ariel
I'll set thee free for this—young Sir, a word.

With hazard of your self you do me wrong.

Mir. Why speaks my Father so urgently?
This is the third Man that e’r I saw, the first whom
E’r I sigh’d for, sweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin’d my way.

Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affections not gone forth,
I’ll make you Mistress of Seney.

Prop. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others power, but this swift
Bus’ness I must uncease make, lest too light
Winning make the prize light— one word more.
Thou usurp’st the name not due to thee, and hast
Put thy self upon this Island as a Spy to get the
Government from me the Lord of it.

Ferd. No, as I’m a Man.

Mir. There’s nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple
If th’ evil Spirit hath so fair a House,
Good things will strive to dwell with it.

Prop. No more, Speak not for him, he’s a Traytor.
Come I thou art my Pris’ner, and shalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the fresh-Brook Muscles, wither’d Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl’d; follow.

Ferd. No, I will resist such entertainment,
Till my Enemy has more power. [He draws, and is charm’d from more.

Mir. O dear Father! make not too rash a trial
Of him, for he’s gentle, and not fearful.

Prop. My Child, my Tutor! put thy Sword up, Traytor.

| Conscience is possess’d with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here disarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you Father.

Prop. Hence: hang not on my Garment.

Mir. Sir, have pity,
I’ll be his Surety.

Prop. Silence! one word more shall make me chide thee
If not hate thee: what, an Advocate for an
Impostor? sure thou think’st there are no more
Such shapes as his?
To the most of Men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are Angels.

Mir. My affections are then most humble,
I have no ambition to see a goodlier Man.

Prop. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.

Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, and all bound up:
My Father’s loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man’s threats,
To whom I am subdu’d, would seem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Prison behold this Maid:
All corners else o’ th’ Earth let liberty make use of:
I have space enough in such a Prison.

Pros. It works: come on:
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel: follow me.

Mir. Be of comfort!

My Father’s of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

Thou shalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my Command.

Ariel. To a syllable.

Pros. to Mir. Go in that way, speak not a word for him:

I’ll separate you.

Ferd. As soon thou may’st divide the Waters,
When thou strik’st ‘em, which pursue thy boodless blow,
And meet when ’tis past.

Pros. Go practise your Philosophy within,
And if you are the same you speak your self,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince——That door
Shews you your Lodging.

Ferd. ’Tis in vain to strive, I must obey.

Pros. This goes as would wish it.

Now for my second care Hippolito.
I shall not need to chide him for his fault,
His Passion is become his punishment.

Come forth, Hippolito.

Hip. Entering. ’Tis Prospero’s Voice.

Pros. Hippolito! I know you now expect I should severely chide you: you
have seen a Woman in contempt of my commands.

Hip. But, Sir, you see I am come off unharmed;
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.

Pros. You think you have receiv’d no hurt?

Hip. No, none, Sir.

Try me agen, when e’r you please I’m ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of ‘em.

Pros. How much in vain it is to bridge Nature!

Well! what was the success of your encounter?

Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at first,
For I took her to mercy, and she me.

Pros. But are you not much chang’d from what you were?

Hip. Methinks I wish and wish! for what I know not,
But still I wish——yet if I had that Woman
She, I believe, could tell me what I wish for.

Pros. What wou’d you do to make that Woman yours?

Hip. I’d quit the rest o’ th’ World that I might live alone with
Her, she never should be from me:
We two would sit and look till our Eyes ak'd.
    Prop. You'd soon be weary of her.
    Prop. But you'll grow old and wrinkle'd, as you see me now,
And then you will not care for her.
    Hip. You may do what you please, but, Sir, we two can never possibly grow old
    Prop. You must, Hippolito.
    Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who shall make us?
    Prop. Nature, which made me so.
    Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but she has made us young.
    Prop. Time will convince you.
Mean while be sure you tread in honour paths,
That you may merit her: And that you may not want
Fit occasions to employ your virtue, in this next
Cave there is a stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble presence, and, as he says himself,
Of Princely birth; he is my Pris'ner, and in deep
Affliction: visit, and comfort him; it will become you.
    Hip. It is my duty, Sir.                       [Exit Hippolito.
    Prop. True, he has seen a Woman, yet he lives; perhaps I took the moment of
his birth amiss, perhaps my Art it self is false: on what strange ground we build our
hopes and fears, Man's Life is all a mist, and in the dark our Fortunes meet us.
If fate be not, then what can we foresee?
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill, 'tis ours; if good, the act of Heaven. [Exit Prospero.

Scene, a Cave.

Enter Hippolito and Ferdinand

    Ferd. Your pity, noble youth doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas sad to lose a Father so.
    Hip. I, and an only Father too, for sure you:
You had but one.
    Ferd. But one Father, he's wondrous simple!
    Hip. Are such misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many men live.
    Ferd. Such are we born to.
But, gentle Youth, as you have question'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?
    Hip. Do not you know?
    Ferd. How should I?
    Hip. I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not so:
Well, Prospero! this is now the second time
You have deceiv'd me.
    Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a Man:
But I would know of whence?

Hippolito. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hippolito. I was told I had one, and that he was a Man, yet I have been so much deceived, I dare not tell you for a truth; but I have still been kept a Prisoner for fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for since I came, I have beheld one here, whose Beauty pierc’d my heart.

Hippolito. How did she pierce, you seem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And festers by her absence.

But, to speak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hippolito. Now I suspect that love’s the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet since you saw her?

Ferd. I take no rest.

Hippolito. Just, just my disease.

Do you not wish you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wish.

Hippolito. There, I confess, I differ from you, Sir:

But you desire she may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hippolito. Just my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I’ll pity you, and you shall pity me.

Ferd. I love so much, that if I have her not, I find I cannot live.

Hippolito. How! do you love her?

And would you have her too? that must not be:

For none but I must have her.

Ferd. But perhaps we do not love the same:

All Beauties are not pleasing alike to all.

Hippolito. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,

Besides that one I love?

Ferd. That’s a strange question. There are many more besides that Beauty which you love.

Hippolito. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of ’em.

Ferd. But, noble Youth, you know not what you say.

Hippolito. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without ’em:

O, how I rejoice! more Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love, you must be ty’d to one.

Hippolito. Ty’d! how ty’d to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hippolito. But, Sir, I find it is against my nature.

I must love where I like, and I believe I may like all

All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,

For I must have her.

Ferd. His simplicity

Is such that I can scarce be angry with him.

Perhaps, sweet Youth, when you behold her,

You will find you do not love her.

[Aside.]
HIP. I find already I love because she is another woman.
Ferd. You cannot love two women both at once.
HIP. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do resemble
Her whom I've already seen. I'll have as many as I can,
That are so good, and Angel like, as she I love;
And will have yours.
Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.
HIP. I can do any thing for that I love.
Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force, restrain you from it.
HIP. Why do so if you can. But either promise me
To love no Woman, or you must try your force.
Ferd. I cannot help it, I must love.
HIP. Well you may love, for Prospero taught me Friendship too: you shall love
me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-women shall be mine.
Ferd. I must break off this Conference, or he will
Urge me else beyond what I can bear.
Sweet Youth! some other time we will speak
Farther concerning both our loves; at present
I am indispos'd with weariness and grief,
And would, if you are pleas'd, retire a while.
HIP. Some other time be it? but, Sir, remember
That I both seek and much intreat your Friendship,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.
Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will consider of it. [Exit Ferdinand.

HIP. This stranger does insult, and comes into my
World to take those heavenly beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inspir'd to love,
And yet he said he did desire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that Prospero was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Those precious things he for himself design'd. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cypresses, Trees, and Cave.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Y'our suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may see him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You must not stay, your visit must be short.
One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind,
A kindness to that Youth, whom first you saw
I would have Friendship grow betwixt 'em.
Mir. You shall be obey'd in all things.
Pros. Be earnest to unite their very Souls.
Mir. I shall endeavour it.

Pros. This may secure Hippolito from that dark danger which my Art fore-
bodes; for Friendship does provide a double strength t' oppose the assaults of For-
tune. [Exit Prospero.
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be Prisoner where I dearly love, is but a double tye, a Link of Fortune join'd to the Chain of Love; but not to see her, and yet to be so near her, there's the hardship: I feel my self as on a Rack, stretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have ease, yet cannot reach it.

Mir. Sir! my Lord! where are you?

Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir. Speak softly, it is I.

Ferd. O Heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle than your Father's Cruel, how, on a sudden, all my griefs are vanish'd!

Mir. How do you bear your Prison?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and silence wait upon our wishes; do but think we chuse it, and 'tis what we would chuse.

Mir. I'm sure what I would.

But how can I be certain that you love me?

Look to't; for I will die when you are false.

I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd
And haunted their false Lovers with their Ghosts.

Ferd. Your Ghosts must take another form to fright me,
This shape will be too pleasing: do I love you?

O Heaven! O Earth! bear witness to this sound,
If I prove false——

Mir. Oh hold, you shall not swear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forsworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeserv'd Captivity, than I could wish to gain my freedom with the loss of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a suit to you, and that, Sir, shall be now the only trial of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave said enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'erb'd the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my sake, who for his own deserves all the respect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his usage can make me hate him, when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all these wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a request, which if you love, I should not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?

And love him for your sake?

Mir. Yes such a one, who, for his sweetness and his goodly shape (if I, who am unskil'd in forms, may judge), I think can scarce be equal'd:

'Tis a Youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of such a graceful feature, and must I for your sake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you scruple to grant the first request I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the World, and wants your Conversation. You should have compassion on so meek a stranger.

Ferd. Those need compassion whom you discommend, not whom you praise.

Mir. Come you must love him for my sake: you shall.

Ferd. Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?

Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I must hate him.

**Mir.** Have I so far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my sake?
Yet sure you would not hate him, if you saw
Him as I have done, so full of youth and beauty.

**Ferd.** O poison to my hopes!

When he did visit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.

**Mir.** Alas what mean you?

**Ferd.** It is too plain: like most of her frail Sex, she's false,
but has not learn'd the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, she loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Because she's young? No, no, their Nurses teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.

**Mir.** I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you please to hear me——

**Heark.** Sir! now I am sure my Father's comes, I know
His steps; dear Love, retire a while, I fear
I've stay'd too long.

**Ferd.** Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: Oh Jealousie!
Oh Love! how you distract me?

**Mir.** He appears displeas'd with that young man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I must conceal it from my Father's knowledge,
For he will think that guiltless I have caus'd it;
And suffer me no more to see my Love.

**Pros.** Now I have been indulgent to your wish,
You have seen the Prisoner.

**Mir.** Yes.

**Pros.** And he spake to you?

**Mir.** He spoke; but he receiv'd short answers from me.

**Pros.** How like you his converse?

**Mir.** At second sight
A Man does not appear so rare a Creature.

**Pros. Aside.** I find she loves him much because she hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence. Well go in.

**Mir. Aside.** Forgive me, truth, for thus disguising thee; if I can make him think
I do not Love the stranger much, he'll let me see him oftener.

**Pros.** Stay! stay——I had forgot to ask her what she had said
Of young Hippolito! Oh! here he comes! and with him
My Dorinda. I'll not be seen, let

**Enter Hippolito and Dorinda.**

Their loves grow in secret.

**Hip.** But why are you so sad?

**Dor.** But why are you so joyful?

**Hip.** I have within me all the various Musick of
The Woods. Since last I saw you, I have heard brave news!
DRYDEN'S VERSION

I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.

Dor. Sir, when I saw you first, I, through my Eyes, drew
Something in, I know not what it is;
But still it entertains me with such thoughts,
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.

Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you blessed news,
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you too.

Dor. Is this your news? you see it moves not me.

Hip. And I'll have 'em all.

Dor. What will become of me then?

Hip. I'll have you too.

But are not you acquainted with these Women?

Dor. I never saw but one.

Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a base poor World, I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?

Dor. Who, my Sister?

Hip. Is she your Sister? I'm glad o' that: you shall help me to her, and I'll
love you for't. [Offers to take her hand.]

Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.

My Father's counsel which enjoin'd reservedness,

Was not in vain, I see.

Hip. What makes you shun me?

Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Sister's hand.

Hip. Why, must not he who touches hers, touch yours?

Dor. You mean to love her too.

Hip. Do not you love her?

Then why should not I do so?

Dor. She is my Sister, and therefore I must love her:
But you cannot love both of us.

Hip. I warrant you I can:

Oh that you had more Sisters!

Dor. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.

Hip. O but you must;

One is enough for you, but not for me.

Dor. My Sister told me she had seen another;
A Man like you, and she lik'd only him;
Therefore if one must be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.

Hip. If she like him, she may like both of us.

Dor. But how if I should change and like that Man?

Would you be willing to permit that change?

Hip. No, for you lik'd me first.

Dor. So you did me.

Hip. But I would never have you see that Man;
I cannot bear it.
Dor. I'll see neither of you.

Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;

But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:

O! he's a terrible, huge, monstrous Creature,

I am but a Woman to him.

Dor. I will see him,

Except you'll promise not to see my Sister.

Hip. Yes, for your sake, I needs must see your Sister.

Dor. But she's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not

Her Sister, she would eat me; therefore take heed.

Hip. I heard that she was fair, and like you.

Dor. No, indeed, she's like my Father, with a great Beard,

'Twould fright you to look on her,

Therefore that Man and she may go together,

They are fit for no body, but one another.

Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes, fly! fly! before he sees you.

Dor. Must we part so soon?

Hip. Y' are a lost Woman if you see him.

Dor. I would not willingly be lost, for fear you

Should not find me, I'll avoid him.

Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her

Sister must be fair, for she's a Woman;

All of a kind that I have seen are like to one

Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and the Woods are so. [Exit Dorinda.

Ford. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!

I have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.

Hip. How! Sir? pray are you sure on't?

Ford. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her sake.

Hip. Then I must have her.

Ford. No, not till I am dead.

Hip. How dead? what's that? But whatsoe'er it be,

I long to have her.

Ford. Time and my grief may make me die.

Hip. But for a Friend you should make haste; I ne'er ask'd

Any thing of you before.

Ford. I see your Ignorance;

And therefore will instruct you in my meaning.

The Woman, whom I love, saw you, and lov'd you.

Now, Sir, if you love her, you'll cause my Death.

Hip. Be sure I'll do't then.

Ford. But I am your Friend;

And I request you that you would not love her.

Hip. When Friends request unreasonable things,

Sure th' are to be deny'd: you say she's fair,

And I must love all who are fair; for, to tell

You a secret, Sir, which I have lately found

Within my self; they're all made for me.

Ford. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and one for you
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir,
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there be so many 't th' World)
So that if once I see her, I shall love her.
Ferd. Then do not see her.
Hip. Yes, Sir, I must see her.
For I would fain have my heart beat again,
Just as it did when I first saw her Sister.
Ferd. I find I must not let you see her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of Arms.
Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as strong as yours.
Ferd. He's still so ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid Force: pray do not see her, she was
Mine first; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have not yet consider'd what is right, but, Sir
I know my inclinations, are to love all Women:
And I have been taught, that to dissemble what I
Think, is base. In honour then of truth, I must
Declare that I do love, and I will see your Woman.
Ferd. You'd you be willing I should see and love your
Woman, and endeavour to seduce her from that
Affection which she vow'd to you?
Hip. I would not you should do it, but if she should
Love you best, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear she shou'd, I will provide against
The worst, and try to get your Woman.
Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Besides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not see her.
Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have such beauty.
If that will get me Women,
I'll never want 'em.
Ferd. Then since you have refus'd this act of Friendshp,
Provide your self a Sword, for we must fight.
Hip. A Sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why such a thing as this.
Hip. What should I do with it.
Ferd. You must stand thus, and push against me,
While I push at you, till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave sport;
But we have no Swords growing in our World.
Ferd. What shall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange Ignorance! you must defend your life,
And so must I: but since you have no Sword,
Take this; for in a corner of my Cave

[ Gives him his Sword.
I found a rusty one; perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Pris'n'er here: that I will fit.
When next we meet, prepare your self to fight.

_Hip._ Make haste then, this shall ne'er be yours again.
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet, and
When they are dead, their Women shall be mine.

_Ferd._ I see you are unskilful; I desire not to take
Your Life, but if you please, we'll fight on
These conditions: He who first draws blood,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women shall be his.

_Hip._ Agreed, and e'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.

_Ferd._ But win these first.

_Hip._ I'll warrant you I'll push you. [Exeunt severally]

SCENE II. _The wild Island._

_Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax._

_Calib._ My Lord, I see 'em coming yonder.

_Trinc._ Whom?

_Calib._ The starv'd Prince, and his two thirsty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.

_Trinc._ If thou wert a Monster of parts, I would make thee
My Master of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
The Devil take all Dunces, thou hast lost a brave
Employment by not being a Linguist, and for want
Of behaviour.

_Syc._ My Lord, shall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em,
Just as I am to thee.

_Trinc._ No, that's against the Fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a
high place, Spouse, and must give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the
gravity of Statesmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wise.

_Enter Stephano, Venio, Mustacho._

_Vent._ Duke Trincalo, we have consider'd.

_Trinc._ Peace, or War?

_Must._ Peace, and the Butt.

_Steph._ I come now as a private Person, and promise to live peaceably under
your Government.

_Trinc._ You shall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the first fruits of it, amongst
all Civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy. _Caliban, skink about._

_Steph._ I long to have a Rowe to her Graces Health, and to the _Haunse_ in
Kelder, or rather Haddock in Kelder, for I guess it will be half Fish. [Aside.

_Trinc._ Subject Stephano, here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this
draught. [Drinks.

_Steph._ Great Magistrate, here's thy Sister's health to thee. [Drinks to Caliban.

_Syc._ He shall not drink of that immortal Liquor:
My Lord, let him drink Water.

_Trinc._ O Sweet-heart, you must not shame your self to day.
Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huswifry:
She wants a little breeding, but she's hearty.

_Must._ Ventoso, here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one another's Bellies?

_Vent._ Let it come, Boy.

_Trinc._ Now would I lay greatness aside, and shake my heels, if I had but Music.

_Calib._ O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all sorts, some great roaring Devils, and some little singing Sprights.

_Syr._ Shall we call? and thou shalt hear them in the air.

_Trinc._ I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-law's Legacy immediately.

_Calib._ Sings. We want Music, we want Mirth,

Up, Dam, and close the Earth:

We have now no Lords that wrong us,

Send thy merry Sprights among us.

_Trinc._ What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my Music, and pay nothing for't?

[A Table rises, and four Spirits with Wine and Meat enter, placing it, as they dance, on the Table: The Dance ended, the Bottles vanish, and the Table sinks again.

_Vent._ The Bottle's drunk.

_Must._ Then the Bottle's a weak shallow Fellow, if it be drunk first.

_Trinc._ Stephano, give me thy hand:

Thou hast been a Rebel, but here's to thee:

Prithee why should we quarrel? shall I swear

Two Oaths? By Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:

In witness whereof I drink soundly.

_Steph._ Your Grace shall find there's no love lost,

For I will pledge you soundly.

_Trinc._ Thou hast been a false Rebel, but that's all one;

Pledge my Grace faithfully.

_Trinc._ Caliban,

Go to the Butt, and tell me how it sounds:

_Peer._ Stephano, dost thou love me?

_Steph._ I love your Grace, and all your Princely Family.

_Trinc._ 'Tis no matter if thou lov'st me? hang my Family:

Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what

Thou think'st of my Princess?

_Steph._ I look on her, as on a very noble Princess.

_Trinc._ Noble? Indeed she had a Witch to her Mother, and the Witches are of great Families in Lapland, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Monosor De-Files in France; but look on her Beauty, is she a fit Wife for Duke Trinculo? mark her Behaviour too, she's tippling yonder with the Servant men.

_Steph._ An't please your Grace, she's somewhat homely; but that's no blemish in a Princess. She is Virtuous.

_Trinc._ Umph! Virtuous! I am loath to disparage her.

To tell thee true, I married her to be a great Man, and so forth: but make no words on't, for I care not who knows it, and so here's to thee again: Give me the Bottle, Caliban! did you knock the Butt? how does it sound?
Calib. It sounds as though it had a noise within.
Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the throat, and is departing: give me the Bottle.  
[Drinks.
Must. A short life and a merry, I say.  
Syc. But did he tell you so?  
Steph. He said you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you only to get possession of the Island.
Syc. My Mother's Devils fetch him for't.
Steph. And your Father's too: Hem! Skink about his Grace's health agen.  O if you will but cast an Eye of pity upon me—
Syc. I will cast two Eyes of pity on thee: I love thee more than Haws, or Blackberries, I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moss, my Brother knows not of 'em; but I'll bring thee where they are.
Steph. Trincalo was but my Man when time was.
Syc. Wert thou his God, and didst thou give him Liquor?
Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my self: Wilt thou leave him, and thou shalt be my Princess?
Syc. If thou canst make me glad with this Liquor.
Steph. I'll warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.
Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?
Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.
Trinc. What's that you will do? hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? how does my Pigs-nye?  
[To Sycorax.
Syc. Be gone! thou shalt not be my Lord, thou say'st
I'm ugly.
Trinc. Did you tell her so—hah! he's a Rogue, do not believe him, Chuck.
Steph. The foul words were yours: I will not ear 'em for you.
Trinc. I see if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will correct thee with my Royal Hand.  
[Srikes Stephano.
Syc. Dost thou hurt my Love?  
[Flies at Trincalo.
Trinc. Where are our Guards?  Treason! Treason!
Vent. Who took up Arms first, the Prince or the People?
Trinc. This false Traitor has corrupted the Wife of my Bosom.  
[Whispers Mustacho hastily.
Mustacho, strike on my side, and thou shalt be my Vice-Roy.
Must. I'm against Rebels! Ventouo, obey your Vice-Roy.
Vent. You a Vice-Roy?  
[They two fight off from the rest.
Steph. Hah! Hector Monster! do you stand neuter?
Calib. Thou would'st drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.
Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had such a husband, but I'll claw him.
Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and shall I stand idle?  
[Trincalo beats off Stephano to the door.  Exit Stephano.  
I'll not pursue too far, for fear the Enemy should rally agen, and surprise my Butt in the Citadel; well I must be rid of my Lady Trincalo, she will be in the Fashion else; first, Cuckold her Husband, and then sue for a Separation, to get Alimony.  
[Exit.
DRYDEN’S VERSION

SCENE III. The Cypress-trees and Cave.

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, (with their swords drawn).

_Ferd._ Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground’s firm and even: are you ready?
_Hip._ As ready as your self, Sir.
_Ferd._ You remember on what conditions we must fight;
Who first receives a wound is to submit.
_Hip._ Come, come, this loses time; now for the
Women, Sir. [They fight a little, Ferdinand hurts him.

_Ferd._ Sir, you are wounded.
_Hip._ No.
_Ferd._ Believe your bloud.
_Hip._ I feel no hurt, no matter for my bloud.
_Ferd._ Remember our Conditions.
_Hip._ I’ll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.

[Hi[p press on: Ferd. retires and waras.

_Ferd._ I’m loth to kill you; you are unskilful, Sir.
_Hip._ You beat aside my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you shall see my skill.
_Ferd._ You faint for loss of bloud: I see you stagger:
Pray, Sir, retire.

_Hip._ No! I will ne’er go back——
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——
_Ferd._ Your Eyes begin to daze.
_Hip._ Why do you swim so, and dance about me?
Stand but still till I have made one thrust. [Hippolito, thrusts and falls.

_Ferd._ O help, help, help!

Unhappy Man! what have I done?

_Hip._ I’m going to a cold sleep, but when I wake,
I’ll fight agen. Pray stay for me.

_Ferd._ He’s gone! he’s gone! O stay, sweet lovely Youth!
Help! help! [Enter Prospero.

_Prosp._ What dismal noise is that?
_Ferd._ O see, Sir, see!

What mischief my unhappy hand has wrought.

_Prosp._ Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To resist the will of Heaven?

He’s gone for ever. O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my designs are ruin’d
And unravell’d by this blow.
No pleasure now is left me but revenge.

_Ferd._ Sir, if you knew my innocence——

_Prosp._ Peace, peace,
Can thy excuses give me back his life?

What, _Ariel_? sluggish Spirit, where art thou?

_Ariel._ Here, at thy beck, my Lord.

_Prosp._ I, now thou com’st, when Fate is past and not to be
Recall’d. Look there, and glut the malice of
Thy Nature.  For as thou art thy self, thou
Canst not but be glad to see young Virtue
Nipt i' th' Blossom.
    Ariel.  My Lord, the Being high above can witness
I am not glad; we Airy Spirits are not of a temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in swarms, and often combate
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.
    Prospero.  Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretel,
This fatal action then?
    Ariel.  Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of Hippolito,
Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclo'red it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightsome Regions of the Air,
(My Native Fields) above a hundred years.
    Prospero.  I'll Chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount Hekla:
I'll singe thy airy Wings with sulph'rous flames,
And choak thy tender nostrils with blew smock,
At ev'ry Hickup of the belching Mountain,
Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,
And then fall down agen.
    Ariel.  Pardon, dread Lord.
    Prospero.  No more of pardon than just Hear'n intends thee
Shalt thou e'er find from me: hence! fly with speed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him, with my Brother, straight
Before me.
    Ariel.  Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought.  [Exit Ariel]
    Ford.  O Heavens! what words are those I heard?
Yet cannot see who speak 'em: sure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, some siery Vision.
    Prospero.  No, Murd'rer, she's, like thee, of mortal mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet she had faults, and must be punish'd for 'em.
    Miranda and Dorinda! where are ye?
The will of Heaven's accomplish'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.  [Enter Miranda and Dorinda

    Miranda.  My Love! is it permitted me to see you once again?
    Prospero.  You come to look your last; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my blessing, speak not, nor approach him.
    Dorinda.  Pray, Father, is not this my Sister's Man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not so excellent
As my Hippolito.
PROF. Alas, poor Girl, thou hast no Man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why, was there ever any more of him?
He lies asleep, Sir, shall I waken him? [...She kneels by Hippolito and jogs him.]
Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.
Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not speak to me?
i fear you have displess'd him, Sir, and now
He will not answer me, he's dumb and cold too;
But I'll run straitly, and make a fire to warm him. [...Exit Dorinda running.]

Enter Alonso, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel (invisible).

Alons. Never were Beasts so hunted into Toils,
As we have been pursu'd by dreadful shapes.
But is not that my Son? O Ferdinand!
If thou art not a Ghost, let me embrace thee.
Ferd. My Father! O sinister happiness! Is it
Decreed I should recover you alive, just in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is lost in Death,
And by my hand?
Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?
Gon. This Isle is full of nothing else.
PROF. You stare upon me as
You ne'er had seen me: Have fifteen years
So lost me to your knowledge, that you retain
No memory of Prospero?
Gons. The good old Duke of Milain!
PROF. I wonder less, that thou, Antonio, know'st me not,
Because thou didst long since forget I was thy Brother,
Else I never had been here.
Ant. Shame choaks my words.
Alons. And wonder mine.
[To Alonso
PROF. For you, usurping Prince,
Know, by my Art, you were Shipwrack'd on this Isle,
Where, after I a while had punish'd you, my vengeance
Would have ended; I design'd to match that Son
Of yours, with this my Daughter.
Alons. Pursue it still, I am most willing to't.
PROF. So am not I. No Marriages can prosper
Which are with Murderers made; Look on that Corps:
This, whilst he liv'd, was young Hippolito, that
Infant Duke of Mantua; Sir, whom you, expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up, till that blood-thirsty
Man, that Ferdinand——
But why do I exclaim on him, when Justice calls
To unsheath her Sword against his guilt?
Alons. What do you mean?
PROF. To execute Heav'n's Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have dispossess'd me of my Milain.
APPENDIX

Bloud calls for bloud; your Ferdinand shall die,
And I, in bitterness, have sent for you,
To have the sudden joy of seeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to see him die.

Alons. And think'st thou I, or these, will tamely stand,
To view the Execution? [Lays hand upon his Sword.

Ford. Hold, dear Father! I cannot suffer you
T' attempt against his life, who gave her being
Whom I love.

Prop. Nay then appear my Guards——
I thought no more to use their aid;
(I'm curs'd because I us'd it) [He stamps, and many Spirits appear
But they are now the Ministers of Heaven,
Whilst I revenge this Murder.

Alons. Have I for this found thee, my Son so soon, agen,
To lose thee? Antonio, Gonzalo, speak for pity.

Ford. to Mir. Adieu, my fairest Mistress.

Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I must speak.

Though I am loth to disobey you, Sir,
Be not so cruel to the Man I love,
Or be so kind to let me suffer with him.

Ford. Recal that Pray'r, or I shall wish to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.

Prop. This night I will allow you, Ferdinand, to fit
You for your death, that Cave's your Prison.

Alons. Ah, Propers! hear me speak. You are a Father
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.

Prop. No more! all you can say is urg'd in vain:
I have no room for pity left with me.
Do you refuse? help Ariel, with your Fellows,
To drive 'em in. Alonsio and his Son bestow in
Yonder Cave; and here Gonzalo shall with
Antonio lodge. [Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, shall he be warm'd?

Prop. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.

Dor. Dead! Sir, what's that?

Prop. His Soul has left his Body.

Dor. When will it come agen?

Prop. O never, never!

He must be laid in Earth, and there consume.

Dor. He shall not lie in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.

Prop. He's murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Sister.

Now both of you may see what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs see Men, and by
That sight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and Ferdinand must die
For murd'ring him.

_Mir._ Have you no pity?

_Prosp._ Your disobedience has so much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no blessing with you.
Help to convey the Body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone.  [They bear off the Body of Hippolito.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda again; Ariel behind 'em.

_Ariel._ I've been so chid for my neglect, by Prospero,
That I must now watch all, and be unseen.

_Mir._ Sister, I say agen, 'twas long of you
That all this mischief happen'd.

_Dor._ Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curiosity brought me to see the Man.

_Mir._ You safely might have seen him, and retir'd; but
You wou'd needs go near him, and converse: you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.

_Dor._ That was your envy, Sister, not your love;
You call'd me thence, because you could not be
Alone with him your self; but I am sure my
Man had never gone to Heaven so soon, but
That yours made him go.

_Mir._ Sister, I could not wish that either of 'em shou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his Fortune,
And you must be satisf'd.

_Dor._ I'll not be satisf'd: my Father says he'll make
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you strive
To make him warm agen.

_Mir._ In spite of you mine never shall be cold.

_Dor._ I'm sure 'twas he that made me miserable,
And I will be reveng'd.  Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to lose a Man.

_Mir._ Yes, but there is some difference betwixt
My Ferdinand, and your Hippolito.

_Dor._ I, there's your judgment.  Yours is the oldest
Man I ever saw, except it were my Father.

_Mir._ Sister, no more.  It is not comely in a Daughter,
When she says her Father's old.

_Dor._ But why do I stay here, whilst my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.

_Mir._ Sister, I'll never sleep with you again.

_Dor._ I'll never more meet in a bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.

_Mir._ And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lie,
And echo to each blast of wind a sigh.

[Exeunt severally, looking discontentedly on one another.

_Ariel._ Harsh discord reigns throughout this fatal Isle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits smile;
Old Prospero by his Daughters robb'd of rest,
Has in displeasure left 'em both unblest.
Unkindly they abjure each others Bed,
To save the living and revenge the dead.
Alonso and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good Gonzalo does their Crimes upbraid.
Antonio and Gonzalo disagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at distance be.
The Seamen all that cursed Wine have spent,
Which still renew'd their thirst of Government;
And wanting Subjects for the food of Pow'rs,
Each wou'd to rule alone the rest devour.
The Monsters Sycorax and Caliban,
More Monstrous grow by passions learn'd from Man.
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and suffer in these discontents.
Why shou'd a Mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial mold?
Accursed Magick we our selves have taught,
And our own pow'rs has our subjection wrought!

[Exit.

ACT V.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Pros. Y'ou beg in vain; I cannot pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.

Mir. Then let Heaven punish him.

Pros. It will by me.

Mir. Grant him at least some respite for my sake.

Pros. I by deferring Justice should incense the Deity
Against my self and you.

Mir. Yet I have heard you say, The powers above are slow
In punishing, and shou'd not you resemble them?

Pros. The Argument is weak; but I want time
To let you see your errors; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him.

Mir. And can you be his Judge and Executioner?

Pros. I cannot force Gonzalo, or my Brother, much
Less the Father to destroy the Son? it must
Be then the Monster Caliban, and he's not here;
But Ariel strait shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My Potent Lord, before thou call'st, I come,
To serve thy will.

Pros. Then, Spirit, fetch me here my salvage slave.

Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.

Pros. Art thou then prone to mischief,
Wilt thou be thy self the Executioner?

Ariel. Think better of thy Aiery Minister, who,
For thy sake, unbidden, this night has flown
O’er almost all the habitable World.

Prop. But to what purpose was all thy diligence?

Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord, for my
Neglect of young Hippolito, I went to view
His Body, and soon found his Soul was but retir’d,
Not sally’d out: then I collected
The best of Simples underneath the Moon,
The best of Balms, and to the wound apply’d
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.
His only danger was his loss of blood, but now
He’s wak’d, my Lord, and just this hour
He must be dress’d again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc’d him, with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it close from Air till
I have time to visit him again.

Prop. Thou art my faithful Servant:
It shall be done: Be it your task, Miranda, because your
Sister is not present here, while I go visit your
Dear Ferdinand, from whom I will a while conceal
This news, that it may be more welcome.

Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir, for now
You twice have given me Life.

Prop. My Ariel, follow me. [Exeunt severally.

[Enter Hippolito discover’d on a Couch, Dorinda by him

Dor. How do you find your self?

Hip. I’m somewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun? I am too weak to walk.

Dor. My Love, I’ll try. [She draws the Chair nearer the Audience.
I thought you never would have walk’d agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you been there?

Hip. I know not where I was.

Dor. I will not leave you till you promise me you
Will not die agen.

Hip. Indeed I will not.

Dor. You must not go to Heav’n, unless we go together;
For I’ve heard my Father say, that we must strive
To be each others guide, the way to it will else
Be difficult, especially to those who are so young.
But I much wonder what it is to die.

Hip. Sure ‘tis to dream, a kind of breathless sleep,
When once the Soul’s gone out.

Dor. What is the Soul?

Hip. A small blue thing, that runs about within us.

Dor. Then I have seen it in a frosty Morning run
Smoking from my mouth.

Hip. But, dear Dorinda,
What is become of him who fought with me?
Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him die to day,
For what he did to you.

Hip. That must not be, my dear Dorinda; go and beg your
Father, he may not die; it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it first.

Dor. But if he live, he'll never leave killing you.

Hip. No! I just remember when I fell asleep, I heard
Him calling me a great way off, and crying over me as
You would do; besides we have no cause of quarrel now.

Dor. Pray how began your difference first?

Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.

Dor. That hurt you had was justly sent from Heaven,
For wishing to have any more but me.

Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my blood; for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not love so many.

Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May live; I'm glad the naughty blood, that made
You love so many, is gone out.

Hip. My dear, go quickly, lest you come too late.

[Exit Dor.

Enter Miranda at the other door, with Hippolito's
Sword wrapt up.

Hip. Who's this who looks so fair and beautiful, as
Nothing but Dorinda can surpass her? O!
I believe it is that Angel Woman,
Whom she calls Sister.

Mir. Sir, I am sent hither to dress your wound;
How do you find your strength?

Hip. Fair Creature, I am faint with loss of blood.

Mir. I'm sorry for't.

Hip. Indeed and so am I, for if I had that blood, I then
Should find a great delight in loving you.

Mir. But, Sir, I am another's, and your love is given
Already to my Sister.

Hip. Yet I find that, if you please, I can love still a little.

Mir. I cannot be unconstant, nor shou'd you.

Hip. O my wound pains me.

Mir. I am come to ease you. [She unwraps the Sword.

Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me.

My wound shoots worse then ever. [She wipes and anoints the Sword.

Mir. Does it still grieve you?

Hip. Now methinks there's something laid just upon it.

Mir. Do you find no ease?

Hip. Yes, yes, upon the sudden all the pain
Is leaving me: Sweet Heaven, how I am eas'd!

Enter Ferdinand and Dorinda to them.

Ford. (to Dor.) Madam, I must confess my life is yours,
I owe it to your generosity.
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Dor. I am o're joy'd my Father lets you live; and proud
Of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me.

Mir. How? gave his life to her!

Hip. Alas I think she said so, and he said he ow'd it
To her generosity.

Ferd. But is not that your Sister with Hippolito?

Dor. So kind already?

Ferd. I came to welcome life, and I have met the
Cruellest of deaths.

Hip. My dear Dorinda with another Man?

Dor. Sister, what bus'ness have you here?

Mir. You see I dress Hippolito.

Dor. Y' are very charitable to a Stranger.

Mir. You are not much behind in charity, to beg a pardon
For a Man, whom you scarce ever saw before.

Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he should die, then you should cure his wound.

Mir. And I wish Ferdinand had dy'd before
He ow'd his life to your entreaty.

Ferd. (to Hip.) Sir, I'm glad you are so well recover'd, you
Keep your humour still to have all Women.

Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, Dorinda.

Mir. Ah Ferdinand! can you become inconstant?
If I must lose you, I had rather death should take
You from me, than you take your self.

Ferd. And if I might have chosen, I would have wish'd
That death from Prospero, and not this from you.

Dor. I, now I find why I was sent away,
That you might have my Sister's Company.

Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindness,
This is too much, first to be false your self,
And then accuse me too.

Ferd. We all accuse each other, and each one denies their guilt,
I should be glad it were a mutual error.
And therefore, first, to clear my self from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I say I only love
Your Sister,

Mir. O blest word!

I'm sure I love no Man but Ferdinand.

Dor. Nor I, Heaven knows, but my Hippolito.

Hip. I never knew I lov'd so much; before I fear'd
Dorinda's constancy, but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, because none else can
Recompense her Icou.

Ferd. 'Twas happy then we had this little trial.
But how we all so much mistook, I know not.

Mir. I have only this to say in my defence, my Father sent
Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.

_Dor._ And _Hippolito_ sent me to beg the life of _Ferdinand._

_Ferd._ From such small errors left at first unheeded,

Have often sprung sad accidents in love:

But see, our Fathers and our Friends are come

To mix their joys with ours.

_Enter_ Prospero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

_Alon._ (to _Prosp._) Let it no more be thought of; your purpose,

Though it was severe, was just. In losing _Ferdinand_

I should have mourn’d, but could not have complain’d.

_Prosp._ Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decreed it otherwise.

_Dor._ O wonder!

_Hip._ How many goodly Creatures are there here!

_Hip._ How beauteous Mankind is!

_Alon._ How many goody Creatures are there here!

_Alon._ (to _Ferd._) Now all the blessings of a glad Father

Compass thee about,

And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.

_Gons._ I’ve inward wept, or should have spoken e’r this.

Look down, sweet Heaven, and on this Couple drop

A blessed Crown. For it is ye Chalk’d out the

Way which brought us hither.

_Ant._ Though penitence forc’d by necessity can scarce

Seem real, yet, dearest Brother, I have hope

My blood may plead for pardon with you; I resign

Dominion, which, ’tis true, I could not keep,

But Heaven knows too, I would not.

_Prosp._ All past crimes I bury in the joy of this

Blessed day.

_Alon._ And that I may not be behind in Justice, to this

Young Prince, I render back his Dukedom,

And, as the Duke of _Mantua_, thus salute him.

_Hip._ What is it you render back? methinks

You give me nothing.

_Prosp._ You are to be Lord of a great People,

And o’r Towns and Cities.

_Hip._ And shall these People be all Men and Women?

_Gons._ Yes, and shall call you Lord.

_Hip._ Why then I’ll live no longer in a Prison, but

Have a whole Cave to my self hereafter.

_Prosp._ And that your happiness may be compleat,

I give you my _Dorinda_ for your Wife; she shall

Be yours for ever, when the Priest has made you one.

_Hip._ How can he make us one? shall I grow to her?

_Prosp._ By saying holy words, you shall be joyn’d in Marriage

To each other.

_Dor._ I warrant you those holy words are charms.

My Father means to conjure us together.
DRYDEN'S VERSION

Enter Ariel, driving in Stephano, Trincalo, Mustacho, Ventoso, Caliban, Sycorax.

Prop. Why that's my dainty Ariel. I shall miss thee,
But yet thou shalt have freedom.

Guns. O Look, Sir, look, the Master and the Saylers——
The Bosen too——my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that Man could ne'r
Be drown'd.

Alon. (to Trinc.) Now Blasphemy, what not one Oath ashore?
Hast thou no mouth by Land? why star'st thou so?

Trinc. What, more Dukes yet? I must resign my Dukedom,
But 'tis no matter, I was almost starv'd in't.

Must. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.

Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship agen, and
were her Master, I'd willingly give all my Island for her.

Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ship.

Trinc. I shall need no Hangman, for I shall e'n hang
My self, now my Friend Butt has shed his
Last drop of life. Poor Butt is quite departed.

Ant. They talk like Mad-men.

Prop. No matter, time will bring 'em to themselves, and
Now their Wine is gone, they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is safe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you first set Sail.

Alon. This news is wonderful.

Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?

Prop. Rarely, my Diligence.

Guns. But pray, Sir, what are those mis-shapen Creatures?

Prop. Their Mother was a Witch, and one so strong,
She would controul the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her Command without
Her Power.

Syr. O Setebos! these be brave Sprights indeed.

Prop. (to Calib.) Go, Sirrah, to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.

Calib. Most carefully. I will be wise hereafter.

What a dull Fool was I, to take those Drunkards
For Gods, when as such as these were in the World?

Prop. Sir, I invite your Highness and your Train
To my Poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will employ, in telling you my story.

Alon. No doubt it must be strangely taking, Sir.

Prop. When the Morn draws, I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promise you calm Seas, and happy Gales.

My Ariel, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.

Ariel. I'll do it, Master.

Prop. Now to make amends
For the rough treatment you have found to day,
APPENDIX

I'll entertain you with my Magick Art:
I'll, by my power, transform this place, and call
Up those that shall make good my promise to you.

[Scene changes to the Rocks, with the Arch of Rocks,
and calm Sea. Musick playing on the Rocks.

Prop. Neptune, and your fair Amphitrite, arise;
Oceanus, with your Tethys too, appear;
All ye Sea-Gods, and Goddesses, appear!
Come, all ye Tritons; all ye Nereids, come,
And teach your sawcy Element to obey:
For you have Princes now to entertain,
And unsoul'd Beauties, with fresh youthful Lovers.

[Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys, appear in a
Chariot drawn with Sea-Horses; on each side of the Chariot,
Sea-Gods and Goddesses, Tritons and Nereids.

Alums. This is prodigious.
Ant. Ah! what amazing Objects do we see?
Gons. This Art doth much exceed all humane skill.

SONG.

Amph. **MY Lord: Great Neptune, for my sake,**
Of these bright Beauties pitty take:
And to the rest allow
Your mercy too.

Let this inflamed Element be still,
Let your Subjects obey:
Let him his brooks flow:
In their dark Caverns, and no more
Let them disturb the bosom of the deep,
Till these arrive upon their wish'd-for-Shore.

Neptune.

So much my Amphitrite's love I prize,
That no commands of hers I can despise.
Tethys no furrowed now shall weare,
Oceanus no wrinkles on his brow,
Let your serenest looks appear,
Be calm and gentle now.

Nep. & The same Parent of the Flows and the Springs,
Amph. While each Nereid and Triton Plays, Reels, and Sings.
Oceanus. Confine the roaring Winds, and we
Will soon obey you cheerfully.

Chorus of
Tritons
and Ner. Upon the Flows we'll sing and play,
And celebrate a Halcyon day.

Nept. Great Nephew Æolus make no noise,
Muzzle your roaring Boys.

Amph. Let 'em not bluster to disturb our ears,
Or strike these Noble Passengers with fears.

Nept. Afford 'em only such an easie Gale,
As pleasantly may swell each Sail.
Amph. While fell Sea-Monsters cause intestine jars,
This Empire you invade with foreign Wars.
But you shall now be still,
And shall obey my Amphitrite's will.

Eolus descends. You I'll obey, who at one stroke can make,
With your dread Trident, the whole Earth to quake.
Come down, my Blusterers, swell no more,
Your stormy rage give o'er.
Let all black Tempest cease —
Winds from the four corners appear.
And let the troubled Ocean rest:
Let all the Sea enjoy as calm a peace,
As where the Halcyon builds her quiet Nest.
To your Prisons below,
Down, down you must go:
You in the Earths Entails your Revels may keep;
But more till I call you trouble the Deep.
[Winds fly down.]
Now they are gone, all stormy Wars shall cease:
Then let your Trumpeters proclaim a Peace.

Amph. Tritons, my Sons, your Trumpets sound,
And let the noise from Neighbouring Shores rebound,


Chorus. Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.
Sound a Calm.

[Here the Tritons, at every repeat of Sound a Calm, changing their Figure and Postures, seem to sound their wreathed Trumpets made of Shells.

A Symphony of Musick, like Trumpets, to which four Tritons Dance.

Nept. See, see, the Heavens smile, all your troubles are past,
Your joys by black Clouds shall no more be o'ercast.
On this barren Isle ye shall lose all your fears,
Leave behind all your sorrow, and banish your cares.

Both. And your Loves and your Lives shall in safely enjoy;
No influence of Stars shall your quiet destroy.

Chor. of all. And your Loves, &c.
No influence, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Oceanus. We'll safely convey you to your own happy Shore,
And yours and your Country's soft peace we'll restore.

Tethys To treat you blest Lovers, as you sail on the Deep,
The Tritons and Sea-Nymphs their Revels keep.

Both. On the swift Dolphins backs they shall sing and shall play;
They shall guard you by night, and delight you by day.

Chor. of all. On the swift, &c.
And shall guard, &c.

[Here the Dancers mingle with the Singers.

Mir. What charming things are these?

Dor. What Heavenly Power is this?
APPENDIX

Prosp. Now, my Ariel, be visible, and let the rest of your Aerial Train,
Appear, and entertain 'em with a Song:

[Scene changes to the Rising Sun, and a number of Aerial Spirits in the
Air, Ariel flying from the Sun, advances towards the Pit.

And then farewell my long-lov'd Ariel.

Alon. Heaven! what are these we see?

Prosp. They are Spirits, with which the Air abounds in swarms, but that they
are not subject to poor feeble mortal Eyes.

Alon. O wonderful skill!

Alon. O Power Divine!

Ariel and the rest sing the following Song.

Ariel. Where the Bee sucks, there suck I,
In a Cressid's Bed I lie;
There I couch when Owls do cry.
On the Swallows wings I fly
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the Blossom that hangs on the Bow.

[Song ended, Ariel speaks, hovering in the Air.

Ariel. My Noble Master!
May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.
And for the freedom I enjoy, 't th' Air,
I will be still your Ariel, and wait
On Acrey accidents that work for Fate.
What ever shall your happiness concern,
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

Prosp. Thou hast been always diligent and kind!
Farewell, my long-lov'd Ariel, thou shalt find,
I will preserve thee ever in my mind.
Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge, as it was to me:
The promises of blooming Spring live here,
And all the blessings of the ripening Year.
On my retreat, let Heav'n and Nature smile,
And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle.

[Exeunt

EPILOGUE

G
Allants, by all good signs it does appear,
That Sixty seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muses there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Monsieur, and the Spanish Plot:
Defe or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.
The Ghosts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors where so'er we pass,
In Visions bloudier than King Richard's was.

For this poor Wretch, he has not much to say,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.
THE VIRGIN QUEEN

He sends me only like a Sh'rieff's Man here,
To let you know the Malefactor's near,
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.
For if you shou'd be gracious to his Pen.
Th' Example, will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubl'd with 'em all aagn.

FINIS.

[No words which would not with justice be called idle can be expended on the foregoing Version. As a comprehensive commentary thereon it is interesting to note that the additions to the original, on which Dryden and Davenant plumed themselves, are wholesale plagiarisms from Calderon's play written twenty years earlier, so says HERMAN GRIMM (Fünfahnh Essays, 1875, p. 206), who also says, with humour, that such is the quality of these additions that the two poets laureate might well have contended for the honour of having contributed the smaller share. For the extracts themselves, which Grimm adduces in proof of his assertion, I must refer the student to the Essay just mentioned; the innocence or the guilt of Dryden does not here concern us. But Calderon's play does concern us as sharing (according to Grimm) with The Tempest and Cymbeline a common origin. Extracts from Grimm's Essay are given in the Source of the Plot, p. 346.]

THE VIRGIN QUEEN

In 1797, F. G. WALDRON, an actor, and editor of The Literary Museum, published The Virgin Queen, a drama in Five Acts, 'attempted,' so it says on the title-page, 'as a Sequel to Shakespeare's Tempest.' Prospero's haste in breaking his staff and drowsing his book seems to have left a painful impression on Waldron's mind as a highly inconsiderate and premature act, and this 'Sequel' is apparently designed to emphasize the moral that it is not safe to bolla until you are out of the woods.

Just before embarking for Milan, Caliban entreats Prospero not to leave him behind—the prospect of future loneliness appalled him, 'custom'd to sort With monikes, 'apes, baboons, I felt not, ere My noble lord came here, its irksomeness.' Prospero accedes to Caliban's pleadings and gives him permission to accompany the party to Milan. Caliban's gratitude is boundless, and his offers profuse to dig for water in the new country whither they are going, to scoop out a trim cell, to lick Prospero's feet, &c. &c. This trust in Caliban's sincerity is Prospero's second fatal mistake; his first was the breaking of his staff and the drowsing of his book, whereby he lost his supremacy and became an ordinary mortal. At the moment of leave-taking Ariel reveals to Prospero a secret, which he had just learned, to the effect that 'the spirit of that foul witch, Sycorax, Who died, thou knowst, upon this isle, great sir! From the blue lake of fire, wherein 'twas plung'ed, Will soon be los'd, till the dread day of doom!' but it appears that as 'she was native of dark Afric's clime, On earth, in Africk only, can she harm'; and Ariel, therefore, adjures Prospero not to touch that land on his homeward journey. Ariel then bids Prospero farewell with the wish that he were mortal for only one moment that he might 'distil a tender tear.'

Once at sea, and released from the influences of the magic isle and the terrors of Prospero's power, the conspirators, Antonio and Sebastian, return to their plottings, and Caliban's bestial nature reasserts itself, and he longs for vengeance on Prospero.
and, having been again supplied with liquor by Stephano and Trinculo, relieves his feelings, as the scene closes, with the following ditty:

'I gather'd ripe clusters of grapes from the vine,
Then champ'd 'em, and swill'd 'em, rejoiced so to dine;
Yet, like a dull ass, was raid, beaten, and jeer'd,
Of adder, ape, urchin, and goblin afeard!
But, liquor celestial now, plenteous, I quaff,
At adder, ape, urchin, and goblin can laugh;
Ho, ho, ho; ho, ho, ho! I now should not fear,
Though Prospero and all his curst spirits were here.'

In the Third Act Sycorax descends on the vessel, brimming with love for her 'long-lost boy,' and with vengeance on Prospero; she makes Caliban invulnerable, and instructs him that he must force the pilot to steer for Africa. Antonio and Sebastian introduce themselves to Sycorax and join the plot, which is ingeniously carried out by throwing overboard all the provisions, thus forcing upon Prospero the uncomfortable alternative of starving, or of making for the nearest shore, which is Africa. No sooner have they arrived on the shores of the latter, than they find Claribel and her husband in a plight almost as bad as their own. It appears that Claribel and her husband Abdallah are the victims of a witch named Hyrca, a friend of Sycorax, who has driven them from Tunis to this region of the coast. The whole family of Prospero and of Alonso being thus within the power of the two witches, Hyrca and Sycorax, the two latter prepare to make the best of their opportunity, after triumphantly announcing that—

'Love, Pity, Mercy, hence! Revenge now reigns!
Sycorax and Hyrca stalk the sanguine plains!'

Within sight of Prospero his ships are burnt, and Abdallah is told to prepare to be thrown into the raging flames; to Prospero, Sycorax expatiates on the multitude of choice tortures she has prepared for him, and winds up with saying that she intends Miranda for Caliban, for which Caliban has the civility to thank his 'gentle dam.' Circumstances are about as dark as can be well imagined for Prospero, whose repentance over his folly in prematurely dispensing with his power is abysmal, when grand harmonious music is heard. Ariel appears and presents to Prospero the precious book for which he had 'div'd i' th' oozey Neptune's bed,' and eke the broken staff for which he had 'into Tellus' bosom deeply pierced,' and, when found, had mended! The mere sight of these two treasures in Prospero's hands is quite enough for Sycorax, Hyrca, and Caliban, who, without waiting for the staff to be waved or the book opened, 'go off howling, amidst Thunder, &c.' (Please note the shuddering vagueness of the ' &c. !)

Ariel, always considerate, had brought up the rest of the fleet, which replaced the burnt vessels, and Prospero and Alonso, with their respective families, set sail for Italy, leaving behind Antonio and Sebastian, who are destitute for their crimes to 'echo with their groans on this strange shore, Hyrca's dire shrieks, curst Caliban's fell roar!' Ariel's feelings find expression in an outburst of song, which proclaims that 'From bondage free, Sweet liberty Shall Ariel hence enjoy! I' th' bee's quaint cell, Or musk-rose dwell; Upon the Goss'mer toy!' &c. Prospero then explains that 'Virtue's our magic-staff! our book Pure piety!—with faith who look Thereon may antres vast explore.' A hymn to the same effect is then sung by the attendant spirits,' and the curtain falls. Claribel, I believe, is 'The Virgin Queen.'
PLAN OF THE WORK, &c.

In this Edition the attempt is made, to give, in the shape of Textual Notes, on the same page with the Text, all the Various Readings of The Tempest, from the First Folio to the latest critical Edition of the play; then, as Commentary, follow the Notes which the Editor has thought worthy of insertion, not only for the purpose of elucidating the text, but at times as illustrations of the history of Shakespearean criticism. In the Appendix will be found discussions of subjects which on the score of length could not be conveniently included in the Commentary.

LIST OF EDITIONS COLLATED IN THE TEXTUAL NOTES.

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CAMBRIDGE (THIRD EDITION, W. A. Wright) [Cam. iii] 1891

REV. J. M. JEPHSON 1864
REV. JOHN HUNTER (Longmans' Series) 1870
W. J. ROLFE 1871
J. S. PHILLPOTTS (The Rugby Edition) 1876
J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN 1889
K. DEIGHTON 1889
REV. D. MORRIS (Collins' English Classics) n. d.

The last seven editions I have not collated beyond referring to them in disputed passages. The same is to a large extent true of the Third Cambridge Edition; my work of collation was finished when the volume containing this play was issued. The text of Shakespeare, especially in The Tempest, has become, within the last twenty-five years, so settled, that to collate editions which have appeared within these years is a work of supererogation. The case is different with the Second and Third Editions of editors like Dyce, Collier, Grant White, and W. Aldis Wright, wherein it will always prove interesting to note the effect of time in modifying their opinions.

In the Textual Notes the symbol Fy indicates the agreement of the Second, Third, and Fourth Folios.

The omission of the apostrophe in the Fy, a peculiarity of that edition, is not generally noted.

Nor is notice taken of the first Editor who adopted the modern spelling, or who substituted commas for parentheses, or changed ? to !.

The sign + indicates the agreement of Rowe, Pope, Throldal, Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson.

When Warburton precedes Hanmer in the Textual Notes, it indicates that Hanmer has followed a suggestion of Warburton's.

The words et cæt. after any reading indicate that it is the reading of all other editions.

The words et seq. indicate the agreement of all subsequent editions.

The abbreviation (nods) indicates that the reading is substantially given, and that immaterial variations in spelling, punctuation, or stage-directions are disregarded.

An Emendation or Conjecture which is given in the Commentary is not repeated in the Textual Notes unless it has been adopted by a subsequent editor; nor is conj added to any name in the Textual Notes unless the name happens to be that of an editor, in which case its omission would be misleading.

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In order that others may use this book, please return it as soon as possible, but not later than the date due.