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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918
Orberry's Edition.

THE TEMPEST,
A PLAY;

By W. Shakspere.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS.

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRES ROYAL.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London,
PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPRIN, AND R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, PALL-MALL.

1823.
Remarks.

THE TEMPEST.

The mind of that man must be very strongly impregnated with self-conceit, who in proportion as he advances in life, does not see more and more reason to distrust the correctness of his opinions, and to pause ere he bestows upon any work unqualified applause. When he reflects how frequently experience has cooled the ardent feelings of admiration excited by the first perusal of an author's writings, and taught him that what he once deemed a model of perfection was but a tissue of false taste and absurdity, he will become somewhat more chary of his eulogies, and seek to discover whether sound judgment will sanction the decision which his feelings urge him to pronounce. In the season of adolescence we are especially liable to fall into this error of indiscriminate admiration; our eyes are fascinated by every ignis fatuus which presents itself to their view; and we worship it with unsuspecting ardour, till we find at length that what we foolishly thought a pure and steady flame, was nothing but a fleeting worthless vapour.

There are, however, some few authors not less calculated to satisfy the judgment of manhood, than to captivate the imagination of youth; and, such a one is Shakspeare. Time and reflection, far from weakening the hold which his scenes acquired upon our regard in the days of boyhood, have but served to strengthen and render it perpetual, and to convince us that what delighted the child, is no less worthy of fascinating and instructing the man; "With him were the dreams of our earliest love," and our reverence for his name has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. It is not the transient offspring of capricious taste, doomed to terminate as suddenly as it commenced, but a settled conviction, resulting from frequent examinations into its soundness, and from every succeeding enquiry becom-
ing more rooted and immovable. Justly, indeed, is Shakspeare the admiration and glory of his countrymen, and honourable alike to themselves and the poet is the pride with which they regard him! This feeling has about it no particle of selfishness or of narrowness, no mixture of paltry or personal considerations, but is a generous tribute paid solely to the powers of mind; the homage of a free and enlightened people to the grandest genius the world ever saw. But, not by his own countrymen only, is the worth of Shakspeare appreciated. Never was the delightful spectacle of talent triumphing over all difficulties, and overcoming all national prejudices, so sublimely displayed as in the universality of Shakspeare's renown. The son of a petty tradesman in an obscure English village, has imparted instruction and amusement to millions, and millions yet unborn will owe him the same obligations. On the banks of the Nile, the Ganges, the Amazon, and the St. Lawrence, beneath the torrid and the temperate zones, in regions which when he wrote were scarcely known to exist, in all climates and among all nations, are the works of Shakspeare read and admired. "Princes and rulers of the people" dwell upon them with delight; young and old, grave and gay, learned and ignorant, all ranks and conditions of men, have experienced the magic influence of his genius. "His name is gone forth into all lands, and his glory unto the ends of the earth."

"Hail, bard triumphant, born in happier days,
Unquestion'd heir of everlasting praise;
Whose honours with the lapse of years shall grow,
As streams roll down, increasing as they flow."

Our readers will pardon us this rhapsody, for we are sure that the subject upon which our feelings have run riot, is one too congenial to their own, for them to take umbrage at our enthusiasm. Indeed, the admiration with which Englishmen regard the writer, is equalled by the love they feel towards the man. They love him for his kind-heartedness, his national pride, his generosity, his humanity, his charity, all the amiable virtues which render humanity engaging, and which the perusal of his works would convince us that he possessed in an eminent degree, even were the concurring testimony of his contemporaries wanting to assure us of the fact. This conviction
tends inexpressibly to heighten the charm of his writings; and, indubitably, Englishmen do "adore his memory, on this side idolatry, beyond that of any other man."

The following drama, which is one of the last he composed, was produced at a period of life when it might reasonably be imagined that the exuberance of his fancy had become somewhat abated by increasing years, and his imagination tamed by a long and busy intercourse with the world. But, do we discover in the "Tempest" any symptom of declining powers, or, rather, does it not surpass in many respects the most powerful of the dramas he wrote in the full vigour of manhood? "Spurning the bounded regions of Existence," he has here introduced to us beings merely imaginary, yet scarcely out of nature; and, such is the power of genius, has made them act and speak precisely as every one feels persuaded they would act and speak, did they actually exist. The wild and the wonderful, the playful and the pathetic, the terrible and the sublime, are all to be met with in this grand production; and perhaps no other drama but "Macbeth" possesses the last mentioned attribute in so astonishing a degree. To this may be added what many people will deem still higher praise, namely that its plan is perfectly regular, that the three Unities of Action, Time, and Place, are more strictly observed than is common with Shakspeare, and that the anachronisms and similar incongruities, of which he is so often guilty, are here very carefully avoided. The "Tempest," indeed, is far less calculated to shock the disciples of the classical school than any other of Shakspeare's Romantic Dramas.

Yet, after every eulogium—and no eulogy can possibly outstrip their merits—has been lavished upon the magnificent conceptions and the delicious poetry, which this piece contains, it must not be denied that as an acting-drama it is deficient in human interest, and does not sufficiently appeal to the passions of an audience to become a great favourite in the Theatre. Prospero is too far exalted above our nature, too far removed from the hopes and fears of humanity, for us to take that interest in his misfortunes which the spectacle of "a great man struggling with the storms of fate" is generally calculated to excite; our sympathy for the man is forgotten amid our reverence for the philosophical magician. We know that whatever straits he may be reduced to, he has always a resource in his art; and though at last we experience a placid satisfaction at the abse-
ment of his treacherous enemies, we experience no very lively solicitude respecting the means by which it is brought about. "We watch their progress with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference." The underplot is still less exciting. The shipwrecked party are all, except Gonzalo, so utterly worthless, that no one can be concerned for their fate, or for the issue of the conspiracy against the King. "Whether Sebastian do kill Alonso, or Alonso do kill Sebastian, or each does kill the other," is a matter of perfect indifference. By the way, Antonio's agency in this transaction seems to require some explanation; for, though an abandoned villain, he is not a gratuitous murderer; yet, he appears to propose the assassination of Alonso from pure love of mischief, and without any certain prospect of gain to himself, since he makes no previous stipulation for reward, and the promise of remitting the tribute proceeds spontaneously from Sebastian. The beauty of the scene, however, amply atones for such little oversights. That between King John and Hubert is more carefully worked up, but is scarcely finer. How artfully are the first suggestions of the tempter imagined, how subtle and how cautious are his approaches!

"Sebastian. I find not
"Myself dispos'd to sleep.
"Antonio. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
"They fell together, as by one consent;
"They dropp'd as by a thunderstroke: what might,
"Worthy Sebastian,—O, what might—no more:—
"And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
"What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee, and
"My strong imagination sees a crown
"Dropping upon thy head."

From the objection of defective interest urged against the characters, those of Ferdinand and Miranda are entirely free; for, though from the commencement we foresee a prosperous issue to their loves, they are so amiable a pair of beings that we unavoidably feel deeply interested in their fate. Miranda is the abstract idea of purity personified. Simple, ingenious, frank, tender, and confiding, her very want of reserve displays the perfection of modesty, and the plain
acknowledgment of her thoughts, which in any other woman would be
disgusting forwardness, proclaims in her the extreme of unsuspecting
innocence. None but Shakspeare could have imagined such a charac-
ter, or have developed it in so exquisite a manner. How amazingly
varied as well as vigorous were his powers! _Miranda and Juliet_
both make an open avowal of their attachment, yet, how widely
different are their feelings, how nicely discriminated their behaviour,
but in both instances how completely true to nature! An author less
intimately acquainted with the human heart, would have made _Mir-
anda_ play off the simperings and timidity of an arrant coquette;
but, Shakspeare's profounder skill taught him that the absence of all
dissimulation and guile necessarily involves the absence of all false
shame and suspicion. If the reader feels any inclination to compare
a specimen of utterly unsophisticated modesty with a conception
drawn from the refinements of the drawing-room, let him place the
character of _Miranda_ beside that of _Amanthis_ in the French drama
called "The Child of Nature." To the well-bred, well-dressed
ladies and gentlemen who deem the latter a model of purity, Shaks-
peare's heroine must doubtless appear a sad bold young hussey.
_Miranda's_ language is consonant to the simplicity of her ideas, ex-
cept in one instance, when it seems to hover upon the regions of
bombast:

"The sky it seems would pour down stinking pitch,
"But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
"Dashes the fire out."

_Ferdinand_, also, is a very engaging character. His refined man-
ers, his humane and amiable disposition, and his filial piety, strongly
interest us in his favour. The scene in which he is introduced
bewailing his "drown'd father" is extremely touching, and his first
interview with _Miranda_, though a hazardous subject to handle, is
managed with infinite dexterity; nor will there appear to be any
thing forced or unnatural in their sudden passion, when the influence
of _Prospero's_ magic in the business is borne in mind. But, what
power of language can do justice to those poetical conceptions,
_Ariel_ and _Caliban_: the extremes of grace and deformity; of gentle-
ness and brutality? Were all of Shakspeare's other performances lost
to the world, these two "fine issues of his brain" would suffice to
immortalize him. Caliban (an anagram of Cannibal, as the acute
commentators have discovered,) is the grandest specimen of the
grotesque sublime to be met with in the whole compass of literature.
What can possibly be more appalling than the manner in which he
imprecates curses upon Prospero, more terrifically grand than his
description of the torments inflicted upon him by the Spirits, or more
admirable than his savage exultation when reminded of his attempt
upon Miranda's chastity? Warburton mentions a tradition that
"Lord J. Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden concurred
in observing that Shakspeare had not only found out a new character
in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of
language for that character:" a remark which Johnson pronounces to
be founded upon mistaken notions. Yet, surely, he has interpreted
the meaning of the observation too literally. They could not intend
to assert that Shakspeare had invented new words for Caliban, but
merely new ideas, which is undoubtedly true; for, Caliban's senti-
ments are not only perfectly unique, but are also expressed in a man-
ner which in any other being would be quite incongruous and out of
character. What a singular air of savage ferocity and cunning, for
instance, pervades the annexed passage:

"As I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for, without them
He's but a sod, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And the most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter: I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax, my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasses Sycorax
As greatest does least."
And what a touch of nature is contained in the following lines:

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

Caliban's repentant submission in the last act has been censured by some critics, as violating the consistency of his character, which is previously represented as irreclaimably stubborn; but it seems to be perfectly natural, that, upon discovering how he has been duped by his pafty "god," and receiving fresh evidence of the irresistible force of Prospero's art, he should feel abashed and humbled, and resolve, for a time at least, to renounce his malicious habits. Shakespeare, it has been remarked, has seldom or never drawn a being so completely vile as to exclude all possibility of our sympathizing with it; his worst villains have some redeeming trait which connects them with humanity; and thus, even Caliban, in the midst of his brutality, seems capable of gratitude, and can scarcely fail to excite a degree of compassion for his sufferings. He is, to say the truth, but an ill-used gentleman. "The isle was his by Sycorax his mother;" but Prospero, not content with usurping his birthright, after coaxing from him his knowledge of the fresh springs and fertile places, makes him in return light his fire, bear his burdens, and perform all kinds of menial offices, not to mention the torments inflicted upon him by the imps. To be sure, the "delicate monster's" behaviour to Miranda was very indefensible, but the punishment seems sadly disproportioned to the offence.

In our remarks upon the various characters which come under our notice in this series of plays, we abstain, for obvious reasons, from all mention of the actors who personate them; but the recollection of the inimitable manner in which that of Caliban was sustained by poor Emery, induces us for once to deviate from our customary practice.
The following remarks upon this performance are, from the pen of a critic, who, had he always written thus, would have benefited both himself and mankind far more than he has done. "The humour of Caliban must rise from the roughness of his manners, and his infinite awe at the divinity of the sailor who has made him drunk; and this roughness as well as awe, Emery most inimitably displayed, particularly in the vehement manner and high voice with which he cursed Prospero, and the thoughtful lowness of tone, softened from its usual hoarse brutality, with which he worshipped his new deity. Emery, notwithstanding the coarseness of style necessary to the parts he performed, was a truly poetical actor, and in all the varieties of the poet's flight kept by his side with the quickest observation. In this character he approached to terrific tragedy, when he described the various tortures inflicted on him by the magician, and the surrounding snakes, that 'stare and hiss him into madness.' This idea, which is truly the 'fine frenzy' of the poet, and hovers on that verge of fancy, beyond which it is a pain even for poetry to venture, was brought before the spectator with all the loathing and violence of desperate wretchedness. The monster hugged and shrunk into himself as he proceeded; and when he pictured the torment that almost turned his brain, glared with his eyes, and gnashed his teeth with an impatient impotence of revenge." This is high praise, but strictly just; and we experience a melancholy pleasure in transcribing it as a tribute to the memory of one whose merits few eulogies could exceed, but who now, alas! is deaf alike to the voice of praise and of censure.

Ariel, that "emanation of an all-beautiful mind," is rendered doubly captivating by being placed in contrast with Caliban—an angel of light opposed to a spirit of darkness. The mind is lost in admiration of the powers which could, with equal readiness, produce this delicate trickery spirit, and the rugged savage we have just been contemplating. How amiable is the behaviour of this airy being; how pathetic are its appeals to Prospero for a release from bondage; and how engaging its solicitude for the welfare of mortals, though possessing scarcely any feeling in common with them, but the sense of pain and the love of freedom. The utmost ingenuity of censorious critics has been able to discover but one blemish in the execution of this character, viz. that the songs it warbles are unsuited to the dignity of a Spirit, which may be very true; but they are, nevertheless, exactly
adapted to the nature and office of Ariel, although they do not strut in Heroics, nor terminate with Alexandrines, which we suppose is what is meant by "dignity." The dirge (p. 23,) has a fine rich solemnity about it truly Shakspearian; and the final air ("Where the bee sucks,"') breathes the very essence of ethereal exultation. Dr. Wilson, in his "Court Ayres," published 1660, asserts that these two pieces were first set by Robert Johnson, a composer contemporary with Shakspeare.

The comic characters contribute little to the progress of the plot, but they are admirable personations, from Trinculo down to the Sailors, who fall to prayers at the approach of peril. Even the brief part of the Boatswain displays the hand of a master. Trinculo and Stephano are delightful fellows; their encounter with Caliban, in the second act, is as fine as any thing of the kind that Shakspeare has written; and nothing can be imagined more exquisitely humorous than Trinculo's sudden return of courage, and display of contempt for the "shallow monster," upon discovering how groundless were his apprehensions of him: Of the remaining personages we have already said as much as seems to be necessary. Johnson observes of Gonzalo, "that being the only good man who appears with the King, he is the only one that preserves his cheerfulness in the wreck, and his hope on the island." We may also remark, that the confused silence of Antonio and Sebastian, after Prospero has discovered himself to them, is very naturally imagined. Modern writers of comédie larmoyante, always make their greatest villains fall to weeping and talking fl nitely of their remorse. The regularity of the plan we have spoken of before. Shakspeare seems to have made great progress in what may be styled the mechanical portion of his art, as he advanced in age. Miranda's very first words are cleverly contrived to give the reader an insight into her father's character; and Prospero's explanatory narrative is entirely free from the objection urged by Mr. Smeir against such convenient communications. "Tis impossible for any detail of the kind to be lost awkwardly introduced.

No play abounds so much with beautiful poetry as this does, and perhaps no passage in the English language has been so frequently

* Davies says, that Underhill was so celebrated for his performance of this part, that he was called by the nick-name of Prince Trinculo.
quoted as that well-known one, beginning "The cloud-capt towers, &c." We abstain, however, from giving farther specimens of what is in the hands of every one, and in the recollection of most people; but we must remark, that some of the finest parts are either expunged altogether from the acting-copy, or greatly curtailed. The delightful Masque, for instance, which is excelled in beauty by few similar productions. It was Seward, we believe, who discovered that Shakespeare evinced his contempt for this species of composition, by leaving behind him no specimen of it: Mr. Seward must have been extremely ignorant, or strangely forgetful.

Mrs. Griffiths laments that the "Tempest" has no striking moral, but says, that, from the incidents, the following reflections may naturally be deduced:—"That the justice and goodness of providence are so frequently manifested towards mankind, even in this life, that the circumstance should encourage an honest mind to form hopes in the most forlorn situations; and ought also to warn the wicked never to rest assured in the false confidence of wealth and power. The story also affords a lesson to princes not to render themselves ciphers by placing a dangerous confidence in favourites."

"The Tempest," from the accidental circumstance of having been placed at the commencement of the first folio volume of Shakspere's plays, has generally occupied the same station in subsequent editions, with the following passage:

"Let greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres,—no! but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken;
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair;
Those stately courts, those sky-encount'ring walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air."

...
though it was unquestionably one of his latest performances. Malone and Chalmers fix upon 1612 or 1613 as the date of its production, and they are perhaps correct in their conclusion, though somewhat fanciful in their premises. Stowe recording that a terrible storm of wind occurred about that period, the commentators at once decide that Shakespeare availed himself of the circumstance to choose a title, which, from apparently alluding to the common subject of conversation, seemed likely to render his play attractive. The probabilities seem to be in favour of 1612, as Vertue's MSS. record that it was "acted at court the beginning of 1613." Dryden tells us that it was a favourite at the Blackfriars' Theatre; but after the Restoration it appears to have been neglected for a time, as we do not find its name in the list of pieces performed either by the King's or Duke's company. In the year 1667, however, an alteration of it by Dryden and Davenant was produced by the latter company, in a very splendid style, which has been the ground-work of all subsequent adaptations of it to the stage. Dryden's account of the motives which led him to undertake this performance deserves to be quoted, were it only for the honourable mention it makes of his unjustly-neglected colleague:—

"I do not," says he, "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 with me 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 itself had formerly been acted with success in the Blackfriars'; 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 professed admirer of our author, has followed his footsteps in his 'Goblins,' his Regnellia being an open imitation of Miranda, and his Spiritus, though counterfeit, yet are copied from Ariel. But Sir William Davenant, as he was a man of a 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 designed the counterpart to Shakespeare's plot, viz. that of a man who had never seen a woman, that by these means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and coramend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleased to communicate to me, and to desire my assistance in it. I confess, that, from the very first moment, it so pleased 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 comic parts of the Sailors were also of his invention, and, for the most part, his writing, as you will easily discover by his style. It had, perhaps, been easy enough for me to have arrogated more to myself than was my due in the writing of this play, and to have passed by his name with silence, in the publication of it, with the same ingratitude with which others have used him, whose writings he hath not only corrected, as he hath done this, but had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole scenes together, which may as easily be distinguished 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 satisfied I could never have received so much honour in being thought the author of any poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my imperfections with the merit and names of Shakespeare and Sir William Davenant.

Dryden's warmest admirers must allow, what he himself appears to have been aware of, that, in the attempt to improve upon Shakespeare, he failed egregiously. He has not only destroyed the noble simplicity of the original plan, and outraged all probability, by introducing a sister of Miranda, who has never seen a man, with a young man who has never seen a woman; but he has made them utter contemptible ribaldry, and indulge in the most puerile conceits. Caliban, also, has a sister, who first becomes enamoured of Trinculo, then transfers her affections to Stephano, and finally falls to fighting with her brother. The Sailors are rendered much more important personages, and a variety of unintelligible sea slang is allotted them, which was probably gleaned by Davenant in his marine trips. The part of Sebastian is expunged, and the under-plot of the conspiracy omitted,
in lieu of which there occurs a contention between Trinculo and Stephano for the possession of the island. In short, Shakspere's sublime drama is transformed into a mass of vulgar buffoonery; yet, while we fully coincide in every expression of contempt which has been heaped upon this tasteless performance, let us be allowed to offer a few words of apology for the deed. Dryden knew full well the composition of a play-house audience; he knew that the lofty conceptions and exquisite poetry of Shakspere's piece were far too refined for the gross capacities of the major part of them; and that it would never become attractive till it was rendered more congenial to their vulgar tastes. The most inveterate enemies of his alteration must admit the truth of what has previously been hinted, that the "Tempest," in its original form, is not calculated to excite much interest in a theatre; nor can they deny that his additions, by increasing the intricacy of the plot, and rendering the agency of human beings more prominent, have greatly lessened the objection. The fact is, that people are accustomed to declaim bitterly against the taste of audiences, without recollecting that they are not composed of poets and philosophers only, but of an infinite variety of classes, many of them of little or no education, destitute of refinement, having, of course, no relish for poetry, nor understanding any thing removed at all beyond the sphere of actual existence. What are Prospero, and Caliban, and Ariel to them? Incomprehensible beings, which make them stare for the first five minutes, and yawn for the rest of the evening, unless enchanted by something more material, and more akin to their coarse perceptions. They who marvel at the damning of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," and the banishment from the stage of Milton's "Comus," would do well to think of this, and to recollect that satyrs and river-gods, Daphnis and Alexis, may be very delightful in masques and pastoralas, but have no charms for the gentlemen in the galleries, though they come recommended by all the fascinations with which genius and learning can invest them.

We offer this to extenuate, not to justify Dryden's share in the foul transaction of re-modelling the "Tempest," of which his better judgment doubtless disapproved, but which perhaps his necessities compelled him to undertake. Of the performance itself we think as contemptibly as any one; yet, while we reverence the memory of
Shakspeare, we also regard that of Dryden, and are unwilling to hear him condemned, without urging whatever we can in his defence. That he did not venture upon altering the piece, through inability to appreciate worthily the merits of its original author, is shown by his prologue, which his last editor, Sir Walter Scott, justly styles one of the most masterly tributes ever offered at the shrine of Shakspeare. The greater part of it may be given without offence, but at the conclusion he degenerates as usual into ribaldry:—

"As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot,
So from old Shakspeare's honour'd dust this day
Springs up and buds a new-reviving play.
Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson 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 Jonson 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 outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The storm which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakspeare's Tempest first to roar;
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle."

But Shakspeare's Magic could not copied 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 works by magic supernatural things,
But Shakspeare's power is sacred as a king's;
Those legends from old priesthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ as people then believ'd."

* He alludes to Fletcher's "Sea-Voyage."
Upon Dryden's alteration, all subsequent adaptations of the play have been partly founded; but even with the assistance of his mere-trivial additions, it has never been remarkably popular. We confess that this excites neither our wonder nor our regret, for the very idea of acting such beautiful abstractions, such impalpable shadowy conceptions as "The Tempest" and "The Midsummer Night's Dream," seems to us to be perfectly absurd. How satisfactorily are our ideas of Prospero, Caliban, and Ariel embodied by a solemn stalking gentleman in a long gown and grey beard, a hairy man-o'-the woods, and a robust young lady with a pair of painted gauze wings stuck to her shoulders; and how much the beauty as well as propriety of Ariel's parting strain is increased, by its being transformed into a glee, performed by half a dozen fat chorus-singers, let down from the ceiling in a clumsy creaking piece of machinery. The whole affair is a futile attempt to embody beings who can have no existence but in the imagination—

"Where are the forms the poet's soul hath seiz'd?
In him alone. Can nature shew so fair?"

Dryden's drama was produced with great splendour of dresses and decorations, as the stage directions sufficiently shew. That prefixed to the opening scene is an elaborate piece of description, from which the curious frontispiece to the "Tempest," in Rowe's edition of Shakspeare, was obviously designed. The success of the play stimulated a writer named Duffet to produce a burlesque of it at the rival theatre, under the title of "The Mock Tempest," but being a mere mass of dull ribaldry, it was soon laid aside. Dryden, however, has conferred immortality upon its name in these four lines:

"The dullest scribblers some admirers found,
And the Mock Tempest was awhile renown'd;
But this low stuff the town at last despis'd,
And scorn'd the folly that they once had pris'd."

The other principal revivals of the "Tempest" have been as follow:—In 1756, at Drury Lane Theatre, as an opera, the songs in which were attributed to Garrick.—In 1758, at the same house, as originally written.—In 1777, at the same house, with songs,
said to be written by Sheridan.—In 1789, at the same house, compiled from Shakespeare and Dryden, by Kemble, who, in 1806, brought it forward at Covent Garden. This last alteration is at present the standard acting-copy, and has been followed in the edition here presented to the reader, who will find that some of Dryden's interpolations have been rejected, and others retained.

Upon the occasion of the last-mentioned revival, a very animated discussion was for some time maintained in the public papers respecting the true pronunciation of the noun aches in this line (p. 11).

"Fill all thy bones with aches—make thee roar."

Kemble made the word in italics a disyllable, as demanded by the measure, and as was invariably the custom in Shakespeare's time. This, however, drew upon him the derision of that large majority of his auditors, the ignorant and the malicious; and though all who understood any thing of the matter, knew that he was critically right, many sensible men questioned his judgment and prudence in thus contending with that obstinate beast the multitude. We will not tire our readers with numerous authorities in support of Kemble's pronunciation, for, when one's proofs are aptly chosen, &c.—the quotation is somewhat musty, but we fancy that the passages subjoined will be found as decisive of the question as two thousand:—

"On the letter H.

"In thine head, or teeth, or toe, or knee,
In what place soever H may pike him,
Wherever thou shalt find aches, thou shalt not like him."


"Or ling'ringly his lungs consumes,
Or meets with aches in the bone."

Knight of the Burning Pestle, Act II.

In fact, the plural of the noun aches was commonly used as a disyllable so low as the time of Swift. When Cooke once played Prospero, upon the occasion of Kemble's illness, much curiosity was excited to hear how he would pronounce the contested word, but he cheated both parties, by omitting the line altogether. Mr. Young, we believe, gives aches as a monosyllable, and completes the measure by placing and after it.

P. P.
Costume.

PROSPERO.
Crimson satin vest, slate-coloured mantle, trimmed with broad black velvet, flesh stockings and black sandals.

ALONZO.
Crimson velvet vest, robe, and trunk; breeches, embroidered with gold, white silk hose, white shoes, crimson velvet hat, and white plume of feathers.

ANTONIO.
Blue velvet do. do. lined with white satin.

GONZALO.
Green cloth dress, embroidered with gold.

PERDINAND.
Light blue cloth dress, same as above, richly embroidered with silver, white silk hose and russet shoes.

STEPHANO.
Jacket, breeches, and cloak of yellow, scarlet, and light blue cloth, one blue, one red stocking, and russet shoes.

TRINCULO.
Brown rough jacket, Guernsey shirt, petticoat trowsers, and pair of red hose.

CALIBAN.
Flesh-coloured dress, over which a goat skin jacket, short breeches and mantle, shoes to correspond, and long shaggy black wig.

ARIEL.
Flesh-coloured dress, white muslin tunic richly spangled, blue mantle richly spangled, wings on the back, and star in front of the head.

SPIRITS OF THE ISLAND.
Imaginary figures in masks, &c. &c.

SPIRITS IN THE GLEE.
Flesh dresses, with spangled tunics over them.

MIRANDA.
Muslin dress, trimmed with leaves and coral, small drapery, trimmed the same.

DORINDA.
Ibid.
Persons Represented.

Covent Garden, 1821.

Prospero .......................... Mr. Macready.
Alonso .......................... Mr. Egerton.
Hypolito .......................... Mr. Duruset.
Antonio .......................... Mr. Chapman.
Prince Ferdinand ............... Mr. Abbott.
Gonzalo .......................... Mr. Jefferies.
Trinculo .......................... Mr. Blanchard.
Stephano .......................... Mr. W. Farren.
Caliban .......................... Mr. Emery.

Miranda .......................... Miss Halland.
Dorinda .......................... Miss Stephens.
Ariel .......................... { Miss Foote.  Miss M. Tree.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation is three hours.—The half price commences at nine o'clock.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. .......... is meant. .... Right Hand.
L.H. ............... Left Hand.
S.E. ............... Second Entrance.
U.E. ............... Upper Entrance.
M.D ............... Middle Door.
D.F. ............... Door in Flat.
R.H.D. ............... Right Hand Door.
L.H.D. ............... Left Hand Door.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Cell of Prospero.—Caliban’s Cave
R.H.

Enter Prospero, R.H. meeting Miranda L.H.

Pro. Miranda, where’s your sister?
Mir. Sir, I saw her
Climbing tow’rds yon high point, whence I am come
From gazing on the ocean.—A brave creature,
Who has, no doubt, some other creatures in her,
Toss’d on the waste of waters,—

Pro. Be collected;
I shall do nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my daughter, and thy pretty sister.
You are both ignorant of what you are,
Nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better (1)

(1) This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our
oldest writers. So, in The History of Helvetia Knight of the Swan,
bl. 1, no date, imprinted by Wm. Copland: “And also the more
sooner to come, without prolixity, to the true Chronicles,” &c.
Again, in the True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla, 1594:

“To wait a message of more better worth.”

Again, ibid:

“That haste more greater than Cassandra now.”

B
THE TEMPEST.

Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, (1) And your no greater father.

Mir. More to know

Did never meddle (2) with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

(Hangs up his mantle L. H. in flat, and wand r. h. against flat.)

Lie there, my art.—

The fated wreck of that same gallant ship,

I shall with such provision in mine art

So safely order,

That not so much perdition as a hair,

Shall 'tide to any creature in the vessel.

Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,

And left me to a bootless inquisition;

Concluding,—"Stay, not yet."

Pro. The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;

Obey, and be attentive.—

(They sit down; Mir. L. H. Pro. r. h.)

Canst thou remember

A time before we came unto this cell?

I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not

Out three years old. (3)

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what?—by any other house, or person?

Of any thing the image tell me, that

Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream, than an assurance

(1) i.e. A cell in a great degree of poverty.—So, in Antony and Cleopatra: "I am full sorry."

(2) Interfere, to trouble, to busy itself, as still used in the North, e.g. Don't meddle with me; i.e. Let me alone; don't molest me.

(3) i.e. Quite three years old, three years old full out, complete.
THAT MY REMEMBRANCE WARRANTS:—HAD I NOT
FOUR OR FIVE WOMEN ONCE, THAT TENDED ME?
    PRO. THOU HADST, AND MORE, MIRANDA:
FIFTEEN YEARS SINCE, MY CHILD, BUT FIFTEEN YEARS,
THY FATHER WAS DUKE OF MILAN, AND
A PRINCE OF POWER.
    MIR. O, THE HEAVENS!
WHAT FOUL PLAY HAD WE, THAT WE CAME FROM THENCE?
OR BLESSED WAS'T WE DID?
    PRO. BOTH, BOTH, MY GIRL:
BY FOUL PLAY, AS THOU SAYST, WERE WE HEAV'D THENCE;
BUT BLESSEDLY HOPE HITHER.
    MIR. O, MY HEART BLEEDS,
TO THINK O'THE TEEN (1) THAT I HAVE TURN'D YOU TO,
WHICH IS FROM MY REMEMBRANCE! PLEASE YOU, FURTHER.
    PRO. MY BROTHER, AND THY UNCLE, CALL'D ANTONIO,—
I PRAY THEE MARK ME,—THAT A BROTHER SHOULD
BE SO PEFIDIOUS!—TO HIM I PUT
THE MANAGE OF MY GOVERNMENT,
AND TO MY STATE GREW STRANGER, BEING TRANSPORTED,
AND RAPT IN SECRET STUDIES. THY FALSE UNCLE—
DOST THOU ATTEND ME?
    MIR. SIR, MOST HEEDFULLY.
    PRO. BEING ONCE PERFECTED HOW TO GRANT SUITS,
HOW TO DENY THEM, HAVING BOTH THE KEY (2)
OF OFFICER AND OFFICE, SET ALL HEARTS
TO WHAT TUNE PLEASED HIS EAR; THAT NOW HE WAS
THE IVY WHICH HAD HID MY PRINCELY TRUNK,
AND SUCK'D MY VERDURE OUT ON'T.—THOU ATTEND'ST NOT.
    MIR. O, GOOD SIR, I DO.
    PRO. BEING THUS LORDED,
NOT ONLY WITH WHAT MY REVENUE YIELDED,
BUT WHAT MY POWER MIGHT ELSE EXACT,
HE NEEDS WILL BE
ABSOLUTE MILAN:—ME, POOR MAN!—MY LIBRARY
WAS DUKEDOM LARGE ENOUGH; OF TEMPORAL ROYALTIES
HE THINKS ME NOW INCAPABLE: CONFEDERATES,

(1) SORROW, GRIEF, TROUBLE.
(2) THIS IS MEANT OF A KEY FOR TUNING THE HARPICHORD, SPINNET, OR VIRGINAL; WE CALL IT NOW A TUNING HAMMER.
So dry (1) he was for away, with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
And bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping: whereupon,
A treacherous army levied, one mid-night
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,
Push'd me forth.

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

_Pro._ Girl, they durst not.
So dear the love my people bore me, set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

_Mir._ Alack, what trouble
Were we then to you!

_Pro._ O, two cherubim
Ye were, that did preserve me!—ye did smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven;
Which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, (2) to bear up
Against what should ensuing

_Mir._ How came we ashore?

_Pro._ By providence divine,—
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, he being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us; with

(1) Thirsty.
(2) _Stomach is stubborn resolution._ So, Horace: "—gravem
Felidae stomachum."
THE TEMPEST.

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much: so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my kingdom.

MIR. 'Would I might
But ever see that man!

PRO. Mark me, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, your school-master, made you more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

(Rises and embraces her.)

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

PRO. Know thus far forth:

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now, my dear lady, (1) hath my enemies
Brought on these seas; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—
(Takes up his wand, and charms Miranda to sleep.)
Here cease more questions.
Thou art inclin'd to sleep; 'tis a good dullness,
And give it way:—I know thou canst not choose.—
(Miranda sleeps on r.h. in a chair.—Prospero
puts on his mantle.)

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

Enter ARIEL, down platform l.h.s.e.

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

(1) i.e. Now my auspicious mistress.
6 THE TEMPEST.

To swim, to dive into the sea, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality. (1)

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Prepar'd to point (2) the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

Pro. What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

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

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

Pro. How now,—moody?

What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out?—no more.

Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

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

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou for-
got

(1) i.e. All his confederates, all who are of the same profession.
(2) i.e. To the minutest article; a literal translation of the French phrase—a point.
THE TEMPEST.

The foul witch Sycorax, (1) who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pro. Thou hast. Where was she born? Speak;
tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier, (2)
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life:—is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.
Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with
child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthly and abhor'r'd commands,
Refusing her grand sorts, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

(1) This idea might have been caught from Dionysus Settle's Reporte
of the Last Voyage of Captaine Frobisher, 12mo. bl. i. 1577. He is
speaking of a woman found on one of the islands described. "The
old wretch, whom divers of our Saylers supposed to be a Diuell, or a
Witch: plucked off her huskins, to see if she were cloven footed, and
for her ougly hewe and deformitie, we let her goe."

(2) Argier is the ancient English name for Algiers.
THE TEMPEST.

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

Ari. I thank thee, master.

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

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

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

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

Pro. Go, with the spirits under thy command,
Let loose the tempest, as I bade thee; then,
Disperse the stranded crew about the isle,
And bring the king's son, Ferdinand, to my cell.—
Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else.

(Crosses, and sits down, L.H.)

Ari. Master, I shall.

SONG.—ARIEL.

O, bid thy faithful Ariel fly
To the farthest India's sky;
Or, to do thy great command,
Traverse o'er more distant land;
I'll climb the mountains, plunge the deep,—
I, like mortals, never sleep,—
I'll do thy task, whate'er it be,
Not with ill will, but merrily. [Exit, L. M.]
THE TEMPEST.

Pro. Awake; dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake!

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

Pro. Shake it off; come on; (Miranda rises.)
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

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

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: (1) he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho!—(Crosses to R.H.)—Slave!
Caliban!—
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (Without, R.H.) There's wood enough
within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for
thee;
Come forth, thou tortoise! when?—
Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!—

Enter Caliban, from his den, R.H.

[Exit Miranda, L.H.

Cal. As wicked (2) dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! A south-west blow on you,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins(3)
Shall, for that vast (4) of night that they may work,

(1) That is, we cannot do without him.
(2) Wicked: having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, wicked
weed: so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have virtues.
(3) Hedgehogs.
(4) The vast of night means the night which is naturally empty and
THE TEMPEST.

All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king, and here you styre me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.—Ah—ah!

Pro. Most abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill, I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care:—I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou diest not, savage,
Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,

(1)
Though thou diest learn, bad that in't which good

natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hast deserv'd more than a prison.

Cal. You deserv'd more than a prison.

(1) Race, in this place, seems to signify original disposition, inborn qualities. In this sense we still say—The race of wine.
THE TEMPEST.

Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thee wert best,
To answer other business—Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god Setebos, (1)
And make a vassal of him. (Aside.)

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[Exit; Cal. r.h.; Pro. l.h. u.e.

SCENE II.—A Front Rock-scene.

Enter Miranda, r.h. meeting Dorinda, l.h.

Dor. O, sister, sister,—what have I beheld!
Mir. What is it moves you so?

Dor. From yonder rock,
As I mine eyes cast down upon the sea,
The whistling winds blew rudely in my face.
And the waves roar'd:—at first, I thought the war
Had been between themselevs; but straight I spy'd
A strange huge creature,—

Mir. O, you mean the ship.

Dor. Is't not a creature, then? it seem'd alive.

Mir. Well—but what of it?

Dor. This floating ram did bear his horns aloft
All ty'd with ribands ruffling in the wind;
Sometimes he nodded down his head awhile,
And then the waves did heave him to the moon.

Mir. But, sister, I have stranger news to tell you:—

(1) We learn from Magellan's voyage, that Setebos was the supreme
god of the Patagons, and Cheleule was an inferior one.

B 6
THE TEMPEST.

In this great creature there are other creatures,
And shortly we may chance to see that thing
Which you have heard my father call—a man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My father say, we women were made for him.

Dor. Made for him? What, that he should eat
us, sister?

Mir. No, sure; you see, my father is a man,
And yet he does us good.

Dor. Methinks, it would
Be finer, sister, if we had two young fathers.

Mir. No, sister, no; because, if they were young,
My father said, that we must call them—brothers.

Dor. How comes it, then, that we two are not
brothers?

And how came he to be our father too?

Mir. I believe, he found us, when we both were
little,

And grew within the ground.

Dor. Why didn’t he find more of us? ’Pray, dear
sister,
Let you and me look up and down one day,
To find some little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed.—But now we must go in; this is
The hour wherein my father’s charm will work,
Which seizes all that are in open air.
The effect of this great art I long to see,
Which will perform as much as magic can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to see a man.

[Exeunt, r.h.

END OF ACT 1.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Sea.—A Ship in a Tempest.—Ariel firing the ship.

Enter four Spirits of the Winds dancing, r.h. and Spirits of the Storm, l.h.

CHORUS.

Arise, ye terrors of the storm,
Appal the guilty eye:
Tear the wild waves, ye mighty winds,
Ye blasting lightnings, fly!
Dart thro’ the tempest of the deep,
And rocks and seas confound!—

(Loud thunder.)

Hark, how the vengeful thunders roll!
Amazement flames around.
Behold—the fate-devoted bark
Dash’d on the trembling shore!
Mercy!—the sinking wretches cry,—
Mercy!—they’re heard no more.

[The ship seems to founder.—Ariel and all the other Spirits disappear; some r.h. and others l.h.

SCENE II.—The Cave of Hippolyto.

Enter Prospero, from centre.

Pro. The tempest has to the point obey’d my spells,
And cast my enemies within my power.
Now, to forewarn my ward Hippolyto.
’Tis not yet fit, I let my daughters know
That I have rear’d the rightful prince of Mantua,
As I have them, from childhood, in this isle.
His father, dying, bequeath’d him to my care,
That I should breed him equal to his birth.
THE TEMPEST.

O, thou false brother! was it not enough
To usurp my state, but that thou must betray
My pupil's dukedom to the Neapolitan,
And doom him to the fate design'd for me?—
By calculation of his birth, I saw
Death threatening him, if, till some time were pass'd,
He should behold the face of any woman;
And now the danger's nigh.—Hippolyto!—
Approach, young man; come forth:—Hippolyto!—

Enter HIPPOLYTO, L.H.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleasure.
Pro. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heaven knows, and thou thyself canst bear me
witness;
Therefore accuse me not for this restraint.
Hip. I murmur not; but I may wonder at it.
Pro. O, gentle youth, fate waits for thee abroad,
A black star threatens thee, and death, unseen,
Stands ready to devour thee.
Hip. Sir, I have often heard you say, no creature
Liv'd in this isle, but those which man was lord of:
Why, then, should I fear?
Pro. But here are creatures which I nam'd not to
thee;
Those dangerous enemies of men, call'd women.
Hip. Women!—I never heard of them before.
What are women like?
Pro. Imagine something 'tween young men and
angels,
Fatafly beauteous, and with killing eyes;
Their voices charm beyond the nightingale's;
They're all enchantment; those who once behold them
Are made their slaves for ever:—
Therefore, if you should chance to meet them,—mark
me,—
Avoid them straight, I charge you.
Hip. Well, since you say they are so dangerous,
I'll so far shun them, as I may with safety
THE TEMPEST.

Of the unblemish'd honour which you taught me;
But let them not provoke me; for, I'm sure,
I shall not then forbear them.

Pro. Go in, and read the book I gave you last.
Hip. I shall obey you, sir.

[Exeunt Pro. r.h. Hip. centre.

SCENE III.—A Valley in the Island.

Enter Prospero, r.h.

Pro. So, so; I hope this lesson has secur'd him;
For I have been constrain'd to change his lodging
From the far-distant rock where I have bred him,
And bring him to the neighbourhood of my cell,
Because the shipwreck happened near his mansion.—
How, my daughters!—
I thought I had instructed them enough.

Enter Miranda and Dorinda, l.h.

Children, retire:—why do you walk this way?

Mir. It is within our bounds, sir.

Pro. But, both take heed; that path is very dan-
gerous:
Remember what I told you.

Dor. Is the man that way, sir?

Pro. All that you can imagine ill, is there:
The curled lion, and the rugged bear,
Are not so dreadful as that savage man.
But I must in;
For now my operant spells require my presence.—
Be you, Miranda, guardian to your sister. [Exit, r.h.

Dor. Come, sister, let us walk the other way,
The man will catch us else: we've but two legs,
And he, perhaps, has four.

Mir. Well, sister, tho' he have; yet, look about you,
And we shall spy him, ere he come too near us.
THE TEMPEST.

Dor. Come back, come back; that way is tow'rd his den.

Mir. Let me alone: I'll venture first; for, sure, He can devour but one of us at once. I will go softly—if you see him first, Be sure you call me, to take care of you. [Exit, r.h.

Dor. Nay, I confess, I would fain see him too: I find a longing in my very nature, Because my father has forbidden me. [Exit, r.h.

SCENE IV.—The Cave of Hyppolyto.

Enter HYPPOLYTO, from centre, reading.

Hip. Prospero has often said, that nature makes Nothing in vain: why, then, are women made? I'll ask that question of him, when I see him next.

Enter DORINDA and MIRANDA, r.h.

Dor. O, sister, there it is!—it walks about; Like one of us!

Mir. Ay, 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.

Mir. Hark, hark! it talks! Why sure this is not it My father meant:—'tis just like one of us.

Dor. I am not half so much afraid on't as I was:—see, see, it turns this way.— Heav'n, what a pretty thing it is!

Mir. I'll go nearer it.

Dor. O, no; 'tis dangerous, sister: I'll go to it.

Mir. 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, sister; He will not hurt me; I see it by his looks.

Pro. (Without, r.h.) What ho! what ho! Mi-

Mire, child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my father call? go in.
THE TEMPEST.

Dor. 'Twas you he call'd, not me.—Make haste, make haste:—
You would not let my father wait, I hope.

Pro. (Without.) Miranda, child,—

Mir. Come, sister, come with me. [Exit, r.h.

Dor. Though I die for't, I must have t'other peep.

Hip. (Turns and sees her.) What thing is that?
Sure, 'tis some favourite infant of the sun!
My sight is dazzled—I'll go nearer to it.—
May it not be that beauteous murderer, woman,
Whom I am charg'd to shun? Speak, speak—what
art thou,

Shining vision?

Dor. Alas, I know not; but I'm told, I am
A woman.—Do not hurt me, 'pray, fair thing.

Hip. Won't you hurt me, fair thing? for, 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;
Although, I fear, you are a man, that lion,
That dangerous thing, of which I have been warn'd.

'Pray, tell me what you are.

Pro. (Without.) 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 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;
Yet I no death, but in our parting, see.

[Exeunt; Dor. and Mir. r.h. Hip. centre.

SCENE V.—A naked part of the Island.—Thunder,

Wind, Rain.

Enter Caliban, l.h. bearing a burden of wood.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease!—\(\text{(Threw off his load.)}\)
His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i'the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle they are set upon me;
Sometimes-like spes, that mow (1) and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks (2) at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound (3) with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness. \(\text{(Wind and rain.)}\)

\textit{Trin. (Without, L.H.) O, O, O!—}

\textit{Cal. Lo, now, lo!}

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

\(\text{(Lies down, in centre.)}\)

\textit{Enter Trinculo, L.H.}

\textit{Trin.} Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i'the wind: if it should thunder, as it did be-
fore, I know not where to hide my head: yond' same
cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have
we here?—a man or a fish?—dead or alive?—A fish!
he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like
smell; a kind of—not the newest, poor John.—A
strange fish! Legg'd like a man! and his fins like
arms!—Warm, o'my troth!—I do now let loose my
opinion, hold it no longer; this is no fish, but an is-
lander, that has lately suffered by a thunderbolt.—
\(\text{(Wind and rain.)}\)—Alas, the storm is come again:
my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is
no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man

(1) Make mouths. (2) Prickly. (3) Enwrapped.
THE TEMPEST

with strange bedfellows: I will here abridge till the
dregs of the storm be past.

(Lies down behind Caliban.)

Enter Stephano, L.H. with a leg under his arm.

Step. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore.

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

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate:
For she had a tongue with a twang,
Would cry to a sailor, "go hang;"
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

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

(Drinks.)

Cal. Do not torment me:—O!

Step. What's the matter?—Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of
Inde?—Ha!—I have not 'scap'd drowning, to be
afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said,
as proper a man as ever went on four legs, cannot
make him give ground; and it shall be said so again,
while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. This spirit torments me:—O!

Step. (Walking round Caliban.) This is some mon-
ster of the isle, with four legs; who has got, as I take
it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our lan-
guage? I will give him some relief, if it be but for
that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and
get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Em-
peror that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster:—O, O, O!
THE TEMPEST.

Step. He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest:—he shall taste of my bottle:—if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much (1) for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

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

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth;—here is that which will give language to you, cat; (2) open your mouth:—this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly:—you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

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

Step. Four legs and two voices!—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter soul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.—Come, amen! (3) I will pour some in thy other mouth.—

(Goes round to L. H.)

Trin. Stephano!

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afeard; thy good friend Trinculo.

Step. If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser leg. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? (4) Can he vent Trinculos?

(1) Let me take what sum I will, however great, I shall not take too much for him: it is impossible for me to sell him too dear.
(2) Alluding to an old proverb, that good liquor will make a cat speak.
(3) Amen—means, stop your draught: come to a conclusion.
(4) Siege signifies stool in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest. So, in Holinshed, p. 705: "In this year also, a house on London Bridge, called the common siege, or privie, fell downe into the Thames."—A moon-calf is an insalutate shapeless mass supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only.
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Trin. I took thee to be killed with a thunder-stroke.
And art thou living, Stephano? O, Stephano, two
Neapolitans 'scap'd!—(Runs and embraces him.)

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

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor.

Step. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou
hither? Swear by this bottle how cam'st thou hither.
I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved
overboard; how escaped'st thou?

Trin. Swam ashore, man, like a duck.—O, Stephano,
hast any more of this?

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

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

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

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

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

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow
monster;—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster;—
the man i'the moon!—A most poor, credulous mon-
ster.

Step. Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

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

Trin. By this light, a most pernicious and drunken
monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee
berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man!

Trin. A most ridiculous monster; to make a won-
der of a poor drunkard.—Ah, me!
Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;  
And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmoset: I'll bring thee  
To clust'ring filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young sea-mells from the rock:—wilt thou go with  
me?

Step. I pr'ythee, now, lead the way without any  
more talking, Trinculo, the king and all our company  
being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my  
bottle,—(Gives the keg to Caliban, who drinks it  
empty.)—and lead the way, monster. Fellow Trinculo,  
we'll fill him by and bye again.  
Cal. (Sings drunkenly.)

No more dams I'll make for fish;  
Nor fetch in firing  
Nor scrape trench ring, (1) nor wash dish;  
'Ban, 'ban, Ca—Caliban  
Has a new master—get a new man.

(Turning his head scornfully towards the cell  
of Prospero.) [Exit Cal.]  

SCENE VI.—A wild and beautiful part of the Is-  
land, on the Sea-shore.

Enter Ariel, and other Spirits, R.H.U.B.

SONG.—Ariel.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:

(1) In our author's time trenchers were in general use; and male  
domestics were sometimes employed in cleaning them. "I have  
helped (says Lhuy, in his History of his Life and Times, ad an.1620,)  
to carry eighteen tubs of water in one morning—all manner of  
dragery I willingly performed; scrape-trenchers," &c.
Enter three Sea-Nymphs, dancing.

Foot it fealty here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

Hark! hark!
The watch-dogs bark:
Hark! hark! I hear
The strain of chanticleer.

Enter Ferdinand, R.H.U.E.—Ariel and the other
Spirits are invisible to him.

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

(Music.)

No, it begins again.

SONG.—ARIEL.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearl’s that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change (1)
Into something rich and strange.

(1) The meaning is—every thing about him, that is liable to altera-
tion, is changed.
THE TEMPEST:

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;*
*Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*

Fer. This ditty does remember my drown'd father:
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. (1)

*(Ariel waves Ferdinand after him.)*

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;*
*Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*

[Exeunt, Fer. L.H. following Ariel and Spirits.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Cell of Prospero.

*(Ariel and other Spirits, still invisible to Ferdinand, sing without. L.H.)*

CHORUS.—SPIRITS.

*Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell;*
*Hark! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.*

While they are singing, Enter Prospero and Miranda, L.H.

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

(1) To owe, in this place, as well as many others, signifies *to own.*
So, in Othello;

"——that sweet sleep
"Which thou ow'dst yesterday."
THE TEMPEST.

Mir. What is't?—a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such
senses
As we have, such: this gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call
him
A goodly person.

Enter Ariel, waging Ferdinand after him, followed by other Spirits, l.h.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on
As my soul prompts it: spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
thee
Within two days, for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is,—O, you wonder!—
If you be maid, or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But, certainly a maid.
Fer. My language!—heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.
Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: he does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.
THE TEMPEST.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords.

Pro. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong. Attend—

(Prospero talks apart to Ariel, z.h.u.b.)

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungeently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

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

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift busi-

ness
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp

(Crosses to centre.)

Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

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

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

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

(He draws his sword.)

Pro. Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy con-
science
THE TEMPEST.

Is so possess’d with guilt:—come from thy ward; (1)
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I’ll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
My foot my tutor? (2) hush!—Come on, obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father’s loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man’s threats,
To whom I am subdu’d, were but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o’ the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works:—come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

(Mir. Be of comfort;
My father’s of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: ne’er, till this day,
Saw I him touch’d with anger so distemper’d.

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

Ari. To the syllable.

(1) Abandon that unavailing posture of defence.
(2) In King Lear, Act IV. sc. ii. one of the quartos reads—

"My foot usurps my head."

Thus also Pope, Essay on Man, i. 260:

"What, if the foot, ordain’d the dust to tread,
"Or hand to toil, aspir’d to be the head?"

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THE TEMPEST.

Pro. Come, follow:—Speak not for him. [Exeunt Pro. and Mir. r.h.

SONG.—Ariel.

Kind fortune smiles, and she
Hath yet in store for thee
Some strange felicity:
Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see.

CHORUS.—Spirits.

Follow me, follow me,
And thou shalt see. [Exeunt, r.h.

SCENE II.—An open part of the island.

Enter Trinculo, Caliban, and Stephano with a keg, l.h.

Step. (r.h.) Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.—Servant-monster, drink to me:—why, thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

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

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack:—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.(1)

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

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

(1) Meaning, he is so much intoxicated as not to be able to stand. The quibble between standard, an ensign, and standard, a fruit-tree that grows without support, is evident.
THE TEMPEST.

Trin. Thou ly'st, most ignorant monster; why, thou debosh'd (1) fish thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

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

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—O lord, O lord, that a monster should be such a natural!

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

Step. (Crosses to centre.) Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree—the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

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

Step. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo. (Caliban kneels.)

Enter Ariel, invisible to them, with a tabor and pipe, r.h.

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

Art. Thou ly'st.

Cal. Thou ly'st, thou jesting monkey, thou:—

(Rises.)

I would, my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

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

(1) i.e. Debauched. In Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1634, it is used thus:

"——See your house be stord'
"With the deboishest roarers in this city."

Again, in Monsieur Thomas, 1639:

"——Saucy fellows,
"Deboshed and daily drunkards."
THE TEMPEST.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.
Step. Mum then, and no more.—Proceed.
Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him,—for, I know, thou dar'st,—
I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.
Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not. (L.H. of Step.)
Cal. What a pied(1) ninny's this! Thou scurvy
patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows.

Step. Trinculo, run into no further danger: inter-
rupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand,
I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish
of thee.
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go
further off.
Step. Did'st thou not say, he lied?
Ari. Thou ly'st.
(On L.H. of Step. and gets round to R.H. of Cal.)
Step. Do I so? take thou that.
(Strikes Trinculo.)
As you like this give me the lie another time.

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

(Goes up L.H.)

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!
Step. Now, forward with your tale.—'Pr'ythee,
stand further off.
Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.
Step. Stand further.—Come, proceed.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him

(1) It should be remembered that Trinculo is no sailor, but a Jester,
and is so called in the ancient dramatis persona: he therefore wears
the party-coloured dress of one of those characters. So, in the Devil's
Law Case, 1623:

"Unless I wear a pied fool's coat."
I the afternoon, to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife: remember,
First to possess his books; for, without them,
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him,
As rootedly as I.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man, and be myself
king of the island. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Stephano, hear me: I will speak for the
people, because there are none in the island to speak
for themselves.—Know then, we are all content that
Stephano shall be king, on condition I may be vice-
roy over him. Speak, good people, are you agreed?
What, no man answer? Then, we may take their
silence for consent.

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

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

Step. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [Exit, r. h.

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

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason,
any reason: come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

(They sing and dance.)

Flout 'em, and skout 'em;
And skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

(Ariel, r. h. plays the tune on the tabor and pipe
without.)

Step. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
picture of no-body.
THE TEMPEST.

Step. If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

(Ariel plays again.)

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts:—I defy thee.

(Ariel plays again.)

Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Step. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices, That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming, The clouds, methought, would open, and show riches Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd, I cried to dream again.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be by-and-bye: I remember the story.—(Ariel plays again, at some distance; and continues to do so, retiring more and more, till the end of the scene.)

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

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

Trin. I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt, r.h.

SCENE III.—A grove behind the cell of Prospero.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero, r.h.u.e.

Pro. Your suit has pity in't, and has prevail'd. But yet take heed;—your visit must be short.—One thing I had forgot; insinuate into his mind
THE TEMPEST.

A kindness to that youth whom first you saw;
I would have friendship grow between them.

_Mir._ You shall be obey'd in all things.

_Pro._ Be earnest to unite their very souls.

(Crosses to r.h.)

_Mir._ I shall endeavour it.

_Pro._ This may secure Hippolyto
From that dark danger which my heart forbodes;
For friendship does provide a double strength
To oppose the assaults of fortune. See, he comes:—
Remember.

[Exit, l.h.u.e.]

_Enter Ferdinand, l.h.s.e. bearing a log._

_Mir._ Alas, now! 'pray you, (Crosses to l.h.)
Work not so hard; I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
'Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: my father
Is gone to study; 'pray now, rest yourself.

_Fer._ O, most dear mistress, (Puts down the log.)
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

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

_Fer._ No, precious creature:
I had rather crack my sinews,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

_Mir._ Why, I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.—You look wearily.

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

_Mir._ Miranda:—O, my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
THE TEMPEST.

Fer. Admir'd Miranda!—
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world!—Full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best. (1)

Mir. I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you.—
I prattle wildly, and my father's precepts
Therein I do forget.

Fer. Hear my soul speak;—
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

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

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

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness.—Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

(1) It has been conjectured that this line was suggested by the celebrated picture of Venus, by Apelles: but had our author been thinking of the judicious selection made by the Grecian artist, he would rather have expressed his meaning by "every woman's," or "every beauty's best," as the dignity of the allusion is destroyed by including the component parts of the brute creation.
THE TEMPEST.

I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

_Fer._ My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

_Mir._ My husband then?
_Fer._ Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

_Mir._ And mine, with my heart in't.—
Now, I've a suit to you, and I shall make it
The only trial of your love to me.

_Fer._ You've said enough, never to be deny'd,
Were it my life.

_Mir._ For my sake to love one, sir,
Who, for his own, indeed, does well deserve
All the respect that you can ever pay him.

_Fer._ Is there another whom I ought to love,
And love him for your sake?

_Mir._ Yes; such a one,
As, for his sweetness, and his goodly shape,
If I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge,
Can scarce be match'd: my sister thinks so too,
My dear Dorinda.

_Fer._ Have you a sister?

_Mir._ Yes; she loves him too:
And you must love him for my sake: you shall.

_Fer._ Must I for yours, and cannot for my own?
Since you would have 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 fresh in youth and beauty.

_Fer._ O poison to my hopes! (Crosses to L.H.)

_Mir._ I must attend my father:—Fare you well!—
Here comes the youth:—I fear, I've stay'd too long.

[Exit, R.H.U.E.

_Fer._ Too long indeed; and yet not long enough.
Sir, well encounter'd:—you're the happy man;
You've got the hearts of both the beauteous women.
  Hip. How, sir, I pray you? Are you sure of that?
  Fer. You know, Dorinda loves you; and
Miranda charg'd me love you for her sake.
  Hip. Then I must have her.
  Fer. Not till I am dead.
  Hip. How dead? What's that? But whatsoe'er
  it be,
I long to have her.
  Fer. Wait a little while;
Time and my grief may make me shortly die.
  Hip. I beg that you'll make haste then; for, to
tell you
A secret, sir, which I have lately found
Within myself,—they are all made for me.
  Fer. That's but a fond conceit: you're made for
  one,
And one for you.
  Hip. You cannot tell me, sir;
I know, I'm made for twenty hundred women,—
I mean, if there be so many in the world;—
So that, if once I see her, I shall love her.
  Fer. I find, I must not let you see her, then.
  Hip. How will you hinder me?
  Fer. By force of arms:
Provide yourself a sword; for we must fight.
  Hip. A sword,—what's that?
  Fer. A weapon such as this. (Draws his sword.)
  Hip. What should I do with it?
  Fer. You must stand thus,
And aim at me, 'till one of us fall dead.
  Hip. But we have no swords growing in our world.
  Fer. What shall we do then, to decide our quarrel?
  Hip. We'll take the sword by turns, and fight
with it.
THE TEMPEST.

Fer. 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,
I now remember that I saw another.—

(Gives Hippolyto the sword.)

When next we meet, prepare yourself 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’re dead, their women shall be mine.

Fer. 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,
Shall be acknowledg’d as the conqueror,
And both the women shall be his.

Hip. Agreed;
And ev’ry day I’ll fight for two more with you.

Fer. But win these first.

Hip. Make haste, and find your sword.

[Exeunt; Fer. r.h. Hip. l.h.]

SCENE IV.—A rocky, mountainous part of the Island.

Enter Antonio, Alonso, and Gonzalo, r.h.u.e.

Gon. (l.h.) Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss: then wisely weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. (Centre.) Peace, Gonzalo.

Ant. (a.h.) But the rarity of it is, (which is, in- deed, almost beyond credit,) our garments, being, as they were, drench’d in the sea, are, notwithstanding, as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of your fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of Tunis.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears, against
The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for coming thence,
My Ferdinand is lost.

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

Alon. No, no, he's gone:
And thou, and I, Antonio,—thou and I
Have caus'd his death.

Ant. How could we help it, sir?

Alon. How help it? Then we should have help'd
it, then,
When thou betray'dst thy brother, Prospero,
And gav'st the infant-sovereign of Mantua
Into my power; then lost we Ferdinand,
Then forfeited our navy to this tempest.—
E'en here do I put off all hope: he's drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. (Music.)
What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music.

Enter Ariel and other spirits, r.h.s.e. A Ban-
quêt presents itself, and the spirits, having danced
about it with actions of salutation, and invited the
king and his followers to eat, are led away by
Ariel, r.h.

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven!—What were
these?

Ant. They vanish'd strangely.

Gon. No matter, since
They've left their viands behind; for we have sto-
machs.

Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Well, sir, I will; for I am hungry:
The devil may fright me, but he shall not starve me.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, although my last:
THE TEMPEST.

No matter since I feel the best is past.

(Sounds of discordant instruments—The banquet vanishes.)

A Voice from below. You men of sin, whose destiny hath caus'd
The never-surfeited sea to cast up,
And on this isle, where man doth not inhabit,—
You amongst men being most unfit to live,—
Remember Prospero. (Thunder and lightning.)

Alon. (Centre.) 'Tis monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder
Pronounce'd the name of Prospero.

Ant. (L.H.) This isle's enchanted ground; for I have heard
Swift voices flying by my ear, and groans
Of ghosts lamenting.

Alon. Good heav'n deliver me from this dire place,
And all the after-actions of my life
Shall mark my penitence!—Lead from this spot.
(It suddenly grows dark.—Thunder and lightning.—Several Furies rise.)

Furies Sing.

1st Fury. Where does the black fiend, Ambition, reside,
      With the mischievous devil of pride?
2d Fury. In the lowest and darkest cavern of hell,
      Both Pride and Ambition do dwell.
1st Fury. Who are the chief leaders of the damn'd host?
2d Fury. Proud monarchs who tyrannize most.

CHORUS—SPIRITS, while others surround Alonso
      and his followers.

In hell, in hell, in flames they shall reign,
And for ever and ever shall suffer the pain.

[Thunder and lightning.—Exeunt, r.h. pursued by the furies.

END OF ACT III.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Cell of Prospero.

Prospero discovered reading.

Pro. (Comes forward.) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter Ariel, L.ii.

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

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

Ari. Ay, my commander.

Pro. Where did'st thou leave these varlets?

Ari. They were red hot with drinking, mighty sir;
So full of valour, that they smote the air,
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground,
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project:—so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, prickling goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins:—at last, I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beside the marsh.

Pro. Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthy perform; and I must use you
In such another trick: go, call the spirits,
O'er whom I gave thee power, quick to this place,
And let them bring the trumpery in my cave,
For stale(1) to catch these thieves.

(1) A word in fouling, used to mean a bait, or decoy to catch birds.

"Hence tools of wrath, states of temptation."
THE TEMPEST.

'**Ari.** Presently?  
**Pro.** Ay, with a twink.  
[Exit, Ariel, R.H.U.E.

O, this Caliban!—
A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, are all lost, quite lost;  
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers.(1)—I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring.

**Enter Ariel and other spirits R.H.U.E. with garments.**

Come, hang them on this line.

[The Spirits stretch a cord across the mouth of  
the cell, and hang the garments on it.—Exeunt  
**Pro. Ari.** and the other Spirits, R.H.U.E.

**Enter Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, L.H.**

**Cal.** 'Pray you tread softly, that the blind mole (2)  
may not  
Hear a foot fall; we now are at his cell.  
**Step.** Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harm-  
less fairy, has done little better than play'd the jack  
(3) with us.  
**Trin.** Monster, I do smell all horse-pond; at which  
my nose is in great indignation.

Again, in *Green’s Mamilla*, 1595: “—that she might not strike at  
the stake, lest she were canvassed in the nets.”

(1) **Shakespeare**, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what his patron’s most intimate friend, the great Lord Essex,  
in an hour of discontent, said of Queen Elizabeth: “that she grew  
old and sanker’d, and that her mind was become as crooked as her ear-  
case”—a speech which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cast him  
his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much  
talked of. This play being written in the time of King James, these  
obnoxious words might be safely repeated.

(2) This quality of hearing, which the mole is supposed to possess  
in so eminent a degree, is mentioned in *Euphues*, 4to. 1581, p. 64:—  
“Doth not the lion for strength, the turtle for love, the ant for labour,  
excel man? Doth not the eagle see clearer, the vulture smell better,  
the mole heare ligher?”

(3) *i.e.* He has played *Jack with a lantern*; has led us about like  
an *ignis fatua*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire.
THE TEMPEST:

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

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

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottle in the pool,—

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

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

Step. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be over ears for my labour. (Going.)

Cal. 'Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet:—see'st thou here,

This is the mouth o'the cell: no noise, and enter:

Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,

For aye thy foot-licker.

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

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

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

Trin. O, ho, monster, we know what belongs to a frippery; (1)—O, king Stephano!

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

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool!—What do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? Let it alone
And do the murder first:—if he awake,

From crown to toe he'll fill our skins with pinches;

Make us strange stuff.

Step. Be you quiet, monster.

(1) A frippery was a shop where old clothes were sold. Friperie, Fr.
THE TEMPEST.

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

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

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

Trin. And this.

Step. Ay, and this.

(Horns, and a noise of Hunters heard.)

Enter three Spirits, in monstrous shapes of hounds, with Prospero, Ariel, and two other Spirits, r.h. setting them on Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

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

(Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, roaring, are driven away, L.H.)

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

[Exeunt two Spirits, L.H.

(Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo roar without, L.H.)

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly.—For a little, Follow, and do me service. [Exeunt, r.H.

SCENE II.—The inside of the Cave of Hippolyto. Couch with skins, r.h.s.e.

Enter Ferdinand, r.h. and Hippolyto, l.h. with drawn swords.

Fer. Come, sir, your cave affords no choice of place; But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?
THE TEMPEST.

Hip. As ready as yourself, sir.
Fer. 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, Ferdinand touches him.)

Fer. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Fer. Believe your blood.
Hip. I feel no hurt; no matter for my blood.
Fer. Nay, but remember our conditions, sir.
Hip. I will not leave till my sword hits you too.

(Hippolyto presses on, Ferdinand retires and
wards.)

Fer. You faint for loss of blood; I see you stagger;
Pray, sir, retire.

Hip. No, I will ne'er go back:—
Methinks the cave turns round—I cannot find—
Why do you swim and dance about me?
Stand still, till I have made one thrust.—

(Thrusts and falls on couch.)

Fer. 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 again:—'pray, stay for me. (Swoons.)
Fer. He's gone,
He's gone!—O, stay, sweet lovely youth!—Help!—
Help!—

Enter Prospero, r.h.u.e.

Pro. What dismal noise is that?
Fer. O, see, sir, see,
What mischief my unlucky hand hath wrought!
Pro. 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 inhuman father!—All my plans
Are ruin'd and unravell'd by this blow:
No pleasure now is left me, but revenge.
THE TEMPEST.

Fer. Sir, if you knew my innocence,—

Pro. Peace, peace!

Can thy excuses give me back his life?—

What, Ariel! sluggish spirit, where, where art thou?

Enter Ariel, l.h.

Ari. Here, at thy beck, my lord.

Pro. Ay, now thou com'st,

When fate is pass'd, and not to be recall'd.

Look there, and glut the malice of thy nature;

For, as thou art thyself, thou can'st not but

Be glad to see young virtue nipp'd i'the blossom.

Ari. My lord, the Being high above can witness

I am not glad.

Pro. Why did'st thou not prevent, at least foretell,

This fatal action then?

Ari. Pardon, great sir;

I meant to do it; but I was forbidden

By the ill genius of Hippolyto,

Who came and threaten'd me, if I disclos'd 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.

Pro. I'll chain thee in the north for thy neglect,

Within the burning bowels of mount Hecla;

I'll singe thy airy wings with sulphurous flames,

And choke thy tender nostrils with blue smoke:

At every hickup of the belching mountain,

Thou shalt be lifted up to taste fresh air,

And then fall down again—

Ari. Pardon, dread lord!

Pro. No more of pardon than just heaven intends

thee,

Shalt thou e'er find from me.—Hence; fly with speed;

Unbind the charm which holds this murderer's father,

And bring him with his followers straight before me.

[Exit Ariel, r.h.

Fer. O, heavens! what words were those I heard,
THE TEMPEST.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A grove behind the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda, r.h.

Pro. You beg in vain; I cannot pardon him;
He has offended heaven.
Mir. Then let heaven punish him.
Pro. It will, by me.
Mir. Grant him at least some respite, for my sake.
Pro. I, by deferring justice, should incense
The deity against myself and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you say, the powers above
Are slow in punishing,—and should not you
Resemble them?—
And can you be his judge and executioner?
Pro. 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 straight shall fetch him.

Enter Ariel, l.h.

Ari. My potent lord, before thou call'st, I come
To serve thy will.
Pro. Then, spirit, fetch me hither
My savage slave.
Ari. My lord, it does not need.
Pro. Art thou then prone to mischief? Wilt thou be
Thyself the executioner?
Ari. Think better of thy airy minister,
Who, for thy sake, unbidden, this night hath flown
O'er almost all the habitable world.
Pro. But to what purpose was thy diligence?
Ari. Having been chidden by my mighty lord
For my neglect of young Hippolyto,
I search'd his wound with care, and found that life
THE TEMPEST.

Was but retir'd, not sally'd out: I gather'd
The best of simples underneath the moon,
The best of balms, and to the hurt apply'd
The healing juice of vulnerary herbs:
His only danger was his loss of blood.
Just at this hour he will awake, my lord,
And find, at once, his wish'd-for cure complete.

Pro. Miranda, seek your sister: let her know
This bless'd recovery of Hippolyto,
While I go visit your dear Ferdinand.

Mir. I do obey you with a double duty;
For now, sir, you have given me life twice over.

[Crosses and Exit, L. H.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage; (1) at this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.
Tell me, my spirit, how fares Prince Ferdinand,
The king, and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge:
Your brother, and the king, abide distracted;
And young Prince Ferdinand mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly,
Him that you term'd The good old lord Gonzalo,—
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em,

That, if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions? And shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?

(1) i. e. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faul-
tering under his burthen.
THE TEMPEST.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Will I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Follow, gentle Ariel.

[Exeunt, r.h.]

SCENE II.—The inside of the Cave of Hippolyto.

Enter Miranda, Hippolyto, and Dorinda, l.h.

Hip. Look, look,—what goodly creatures are there here!
Mir. How beauteous mankind is!
Dor. O brave new world,
That has such wonders in’t!

Enter Ferdinand, Ariel, Prospero, Alonso,
Gonzalo, Antonio, and Ariel, r.h.

Alon. I do entreat, it may 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.
Pro. Sir, I rejoice
Kind heaven decreed it otherwise.—My spirit,

Enter Ariel, r.h.

Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell; enforce them to this place,
And presently.

Ari. I drink the air before me. [Exit, r.h.

Pro. (To Fer.) If I have too austerity punish’d you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Do give you here a third of my own life:
I tender her to thy hand, and afore heaven
THE TEMPEST.

Do ratify this my rich gift: O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice!
But,—O,—how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you heavens,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Pro. I say, amen to that. (Crosses to Gon.)
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
My true preserver, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.

Ant. (Crosses to Pro.—Kneels.) My brother, and my liege, though penitence,
Forc'd by necessity, be of little worth,
Yet let me hope my blood may somewhat plead
For mercy in your bosom:—I resign
Dominion, which, 'tis true, I could not keep;
But heaven knows too, I would not.

Pro. All past griefs
I bury in the joy of this bless'd day.

(Embraces him.)

Alon. There is yet an act of justice due from me:
To you, young prince, I render back your own,
And as the Duke of Mantua, thus salute you.

Hip. What is it that you render back? Methinks,
You give me nothing.

Pro. (Crosses to centre.) You are to be lord
Of a great people, and o'er towns and cities.
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**THE TEMPEST.**

_Hip._ And shall these people all be men and women?
_Pro._ They shall, Hippolyto; and call you lord:
And, that your happiness may be complete,
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?
_Pro._ By saying holy words, you shall be join'd
In marriage to each other.
_Dor._ O, I'll tell you;
I warrant you, these holy words are charms:
My father means to conjure us together.

*(Goes up the stage with Hip. and Fer.)*

**STEPHANO, TRINCULO, and CALIBAN, without, R.H.S.E.**

_Cal._ O! O! O!
_Step._ Most villainous monster!
_Trin._ Most monstrous monster!
_Gon._ O, look, sir; here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
That fellow could not drown.

*(Pro. goes up the stage.)*

_Enter ARIEL, r.h. waving STEPHANO, TRINCULO, and CALIBAN, after him.*

_Step._ *(Entering.*) Every man shift for all the rest,
and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.
_Ant._ Is not this Stephano, our drunken master?
_Trin._ *(Entering with Caliban.*) Oh! a plague
o' your monsters!
_Alon._ And Trinculo, our jester?
_Gon._ Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land?
_Cal._ O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
_Gon._ How came you in this pickle, Trinculo?
THE TEMPEST.

Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,
That, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
Shall not fear fly-blowing. (1)

Gon. Why, how now, Stephano?
Step. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp. (2)

Pro. (Advances.) You would be king of the isle,
sirrah?

Step. I should have been a sore one then.
Cal. My master!—O, I shall be pinch'd to death.
Alon. This is as strange a sight as e'er I look'd on.
Pro. This misshapen thing,—

His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—

These three have robb'd me; and have plotted too
To take my life. Hence, malice, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

[Exit r.h.

Step. I would I had now our gallant ship again,
and were her master! I would willingly give all my
island for her.

Trin. She and our bottle are past praying for.

Pro. Follow that slave: be of good heart; your
ship,

Which but some few hours since, you gave out split,
Is tight and yare; and bravely rigg'd, as when
You first put out to sea.

(1) Alluding to their plunge into the stinking pool—pickling preserves meat from fly-blowing.
(2) Prospero had ordered Ariel to shorten up their sinews to aged cramps. Touch me not alludes to the soreness occasioned by them.
THE TEMPEST.

Step. Trinculo, if this news be true, I resign my kingdom.

Trin. And I my vice-royship over you.

Pro. You'll find it verity:—away, begone.

Step. Huzza, Trinculo!

Trin. Huzza, Stephano!

Step. and Trin. Huzza! Huzza!

[Exeunt, Trin. and Step. r.h.]

Ari. Was this well done?

Pro. Bravely, my Ariel.—I shall miss thee much;
Yet take thy liberty, my chick;—and now,
Away, and to the elements be free;—
Farewell!

Ari. My ever gracious master, thanks.

SONG.—ARIEL.

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

[Exit r.h.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
This night; and learn the story of my life,
Since I came to this isle:—soon in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples:—
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these, our dear beloved, solemniz'd:—
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

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

Pro. I'll deliver all:
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
With sail so expeditious, that shall catch
THE TEMPEST.

Your royal fleet far off.—And when I have
Requir’d one airy vision of my spirits,—
Which even now I do, (to prove my power
To act what I have promis’d you, and give
These young ones a delight), I’ll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I’ll drown my book.—

(Prospero waves his wand—the scene vanishes,
and discovers a view of a calm sea, and the
king’s ship riding at anchor.)

Where art thou, Ariel? Come;
For thou hast princes now to entertain,
And virgin beauties, with fresh youthful lovers:
For the last time obey.

Ari. (From the sky.) Hail, Prospero, hail!

Pro. Approach, descend; be visible to all.

ARIEL and other SPIRITS descend in bright clouds.

Ari. I come, best master;
And, for the freedom I enjoy in air,
I will be still your Ariel, and wait
On all the accidents that work for fate:
Whatever may your happiness concern,
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

QUARTETTO and CHORUS.—ARIEL and SPIRITS.

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

(Ariel and the Spirits re-ascend into the sky.)

Pro. Farewell, my much-lov’d Ariel: thou shalt
find
I will retain thee ever in my mind.—
You look in mov’d sort, (To Alonso.)
As if you were dismay’d: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack (1) behind.—My cell awaits you.—
Henceforth this land to the afflicted be
A place of refuge, as it was to me:
On my retreat let heaven and nature smile,
And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle.

(1) Nothing can be more absurd than the attempt of several distinguished commentators to torture this phrase to wreck, i.e. wrecch. The ruins of a world impress the imagination with a stupendous idea of magnitude; whereas, Prospero evidently means that the great globe shall dissolve; and, like the insubstantial pageant which has just faded from their sight, leave not even a rack behind;—not so much as may be compared to the last fleeting vestage of a scattered cloud, shall survive this terrible dissolution.

It has been suggested to read track for rack, which may be countenanced by the following passage in the first scene of Timon of Athens: "But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on, "Leaving no track behind."

But the meddling spirit of emendation, whose officiousness has rooted up too many flowers with the weeds of Shakespeare, will do well to reject so profitless a change.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.

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FINIS.

From the Press of W. Oxberry,
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