



The Tempest

*An Extract from Charles Lamb's
Tales From Shakespeare*

Supplementary

There was an island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, named Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a cave made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic. By virtue of his art, he had released many good spirits from a witch called Sycorax who had them imprisoned in the bodies of large trees. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

Ariel took rather too much pleasure in **tormenting** an ugly monster called Caliban, because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. Caliban was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

With the help of these spirits, Prospero could command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "Oh my dear

father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this **dreadful** storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish."



"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."