

Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; *I charge thee* [*To Ariel.*  
*That thou attend me:* thou dost here usurp  
 The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself  
 Upon this island, as a spy, to win it  
 From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I'm a man.

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

*Pro.* Follow me.

Speak you not for him: he's a traitor. Come,  
 I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;  
 Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
 The fresh-brook 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, and is charmed from moving.*

*Mira.* O dear father,  
 Make not too rash a tryal of him; for  
 He's gentle, though not fearful.

*Pro.* What, I say,  
 My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,  
 Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy conscience  
 Is all possesst with guilt: come from thy ward,  
 For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
 And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father.

*Pro.* Hence: hang not on my garment.

*Mira.* Sir, have pity;  
 I'll be his surety.

*Pro.* Silence: one word more  
 Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,  
 An advocate for an impostor? hush!  
 Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,

Having