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The Verulam

SHAKE-SPEARE



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Ariel and the King's Ship.
ACT I. SCENE I.



“ In Prospero the poet is all his characters and himself too.”—DENTON J. SNIDER.

THE
SHAKE-SPEARE
DRAMA of the TEMPEST.
VERULAM EDITION.

The Restoration of Man's Empire over Nature.

Edited by EDWIN REED, A. M.

Illustrations by F. K. ROGERS.

Men must regain their rights, the gift of God,
over Nature.—NOVUM ORGANUM.

BOSTON:
THE COBURN PRESS,
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1909

Second Edition

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CONTENTS.

	Page
PREFACE	VII
BIOGRAPHY	IX
INTRODUCTION	XXIII
ACT I	I
ACT II	32
ACT III	51
ACT IV	66
ACT V	77
REFERENCES	91
CRITICAL COMMENTS	92
INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED	93

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PREFACE.

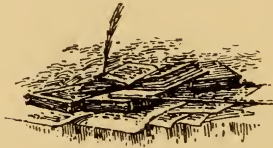
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In presenting this volume to the public it was the author's intention to supply all lovers of the (so-called) Shake-speare plays with an edition of the "Tempest," corrected and annotated from the viewpoint of Francis Bacon as its author. Mr. Reed's knowledge of the classics and his years of deep and exhaustless research into those wells whence the "greatest poet of any day" drew his inspiration are here proven. Had he lived, this eminent Baconian proposed to edit all the plays in a similar manner. His death unhappily devolves this duty upon other shoulders, which, let it be hoped, will bend to the labors speedily and with joy.

So far as Mr. Reed or any fair-minded judge is concerned, all controversy over the authorship of the "Tempest" is already closed. The time-worn belief that Wm. Shakspeare wrote the plays has led commentators and editors into mistakes such as always result from a wrong premise. Unable to account for certain words, they have either changed them to accord with their own sense of the meaning, or pointed out in foot-notes that the author was astray. Whoever compares the later editions of Shake-speare to the first folio can see at once how the commentators wilfully or through ignorance here put us at the mercy of twisted phrases and false derivations. This is still further illustrated in Mr. Reed's edition of "Julius Cæsar" (yet unpublished.) That any careful poet or compiler—and the folio shows a rigid care for details—should allow not one but a score of errors to go down to posterity, is absurd. That subsequent editors let these stand without a question is incredible! However,

PREFACE.

the truth will out. Starting with the correct belief that "though this be madness, yet there is method in 't," Mr. Reed has unearthed the gold and displaced the accumulated dross. The value of the "Tempest" thus restored will be obvious to the reader. Nor could there be a more fitting climax to the life-work of a great scholar.



BIOGRAPHY.

Francis Bacon, the son of Lord Chancellor Bacon, was born on the 22d day of Jan. 1561 at York Place in London, his mother being one of the famous daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, the birth-place being twice mentioned in the play of "Henry the Eighth." His father was born in Chiselhurst, County of Kent, the localities of which are frequently referred to in "King Lear" and "Henry VI."

At the age of twelve he entered Cambridge, but his dislike of the system of philosophy taught there induced him to leave before the course was finished, claiming that they taught him nothing but "words."

He then spent three years on the continent, chiefly in France, visiting particular places mentioned in the early plays.

In the spring of 1579 he returned to England on account of the death of his father, and resided for a year or more at St. Alban's, where so many of the scenes of the historical plays are laid, as they contain between twenty and twenty-five references to the town and its neighborhood.

In 1581, then 20 years old, he begins to "keep terms" at Gray's Inn, and the following year he is called to the bar. For the three following years, we know but little of what he is doing, but in 1585 he writes a sketch of his philosophy, which he calls the "Greatest Birth of Time," which it is supposed was afterwards broadened out into the "Advancement of Learning"

In 1585 the "Contention between the two houses of York and Lancaster" appeared, and in 1586 he is made a bencher. During this year, while he is leading a somewhat secluded life, according to Malone,

BIOGRAPHY.

the "Taming of the Shrew," "Love's Labor Lost," and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," appear, probably in imperfect form.

In 1586 the earlier form of "Hamlet" is mentioned, and in 1587 he assists in getting up a play for the Gray's Inn Revels, known as the "Misfortunes of Arthur." He also assists in some masks to be played before the Queen, and in 1588 he became a member of parliament.

In 1591 the Queen visits him at his brother Anthony's at Twickenham, and he writes a sonnet in her honor. According to Mrs. Pott., to this year is attributed "Henry VI.," the scene being laid in the Provinces of France visited by Bacon, also the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," which reflects his brother's visit to Italy. Hence the Shakespeare comedies exhibit the combined influence of Anthony's letters from abroad, and Francis' studies at Gray's Inn.

In 1592 Francis is in trouble and is thrown in prison by a London Jew named Simpson on account of a debt, his brother Anthony coming to his relief and pledging his estates as surety, followed appropriately enough by the "Merchant of Venice."

In 1593 Bacon composes for some festive occasion a device or mask called the "Conference of Pleasure," and the "Venus and Adonis" also appears with a dedication from Wm. Shakespeare to the Earl of Southampton, Bacon's fellow in Gray's Inn. It is mentioned in the "Polimanteia" an anonymous work published in 1595 as having been written by a Cambridge undergraduate who afterwards entered Gray's Inn. When the fortunes of Bacon and Southampton separate, because of Southampton's connection with the Essex treason, it is republished without the dedication.

In 1594 Lady Anne Bacon appears to be distressed about her son's devotion to plays and play-houses,

BIOGRAPHY.

begging him in her letters not to "mum nor mask nor sinfully revel." In this year he also begins his "Promus of Formularies and Elegancies," so ably edited by Mrs. Pott of London, which fairly bristles with thoughts, expressions and quotations found in the Shake-speare plays.

In the same year the "Comedy of Errors" appears for the first time at Gray's Inn, also the Poem of "Lucrece," and a masque which Essex presents to her Majesty, called the "Device of an Indian Prince." In 1597 the first edition of the famous essays, ten in number, is published, being much enlarged in subsequent editions.

About 1601, seems to be noticed what is known as the dark period in Bacon's life, evidently caused by the Essex trouble, which is also alleged to have hastened the death of his brother Anthony, and the insanity of his mother, and which appears to be reflected in the "Sonnets" and "Hamlet," published about this time.

In 1605 the "Advancement of Learning" appears, and also, on account of his great familiarity with the Bible, which is shown in the plays and various other works, he is selected to direct the revision of the King James version.

In 1607 Bacon became Solicitor General, Attorney General in 1613, Privy Councillor in 1616, followed by Lord High Chancellor in 1618, and Viscount St. Albans in 1620. During this period few literary productions appeared, but after his downfall in 1621, until his death, with the assistance of Ben Jonson, who resided with him at Gorhambnry, all of the plays and many other works were revised and published, fourteen plays never before printed, being added to the First Folio of 1623.

To the question so often asked as to why Bacon did not openly admit his authorship of the plays, the answer is that he described his philosophy as

BIOGRAPHY.

The Interpretation of Nature. What he meant by nature in this connection he tells us in the "*Novum Organum*, thus: "It may be asked whether I speak of natural philosophy alone, or whether I mean that the other sciences, logic, ethics, and politics, should also be carried on by this method. Now I certainly mean what I have said to be understood of them all; and as the common logic, which governs by the syllogism, extends not only to natural, but also to all sciences, so does mine, which, proceeding by induction, embraces everything. For I form a history and tables of discovery for anger, fear, shame and the like; for matters political; and again for the mental operations of memory, composition, division, judgment and the rest, not less than for heat and cold, or light, or vegetation." (CXXVII.) He says further, elsewhere and with more particularity, that he will treat of the "characters and dispositions of men as they are affected by sex, by age, by religion, by health, and illness, by beauty and deformity; and also of those which are caused by fortune, as sovereignty, nobility, obscure birth, riches, want, magistracy, prosperity and adversity."

Bacon's philosophy, therefore, as he conceived it, embraced our whole being, the mind and its traits as well as the physical powers by which we are governed. . It had no other limitation than that of our life and its interests here on the earth.

Among the personal qualifications of such an interpreter, as laid down by Bacon, is one to which thus far little attention has been given, viz.: "*Let him manage his personal affairs under a mask, but with due regard to the circumstances in which he is placed.*"* This is probably as clear a statement on the point as Bacon deemed it prudent to make, but

*The original Latin is as follows: *Privata negotia personatus administret rerum tamen provisus subveniens.*

BIOGRAPHY.

the following inference from it is unmistakable; any person who would undertake Bacon's work as a philosopher and carry it on as he did must wear a mask. Therefore it follows that Bacon himself wore one. That is, he wrote under a pseudonym.

The author of the Plays also wore a mask, for the name he assumed—Shake-speare—could not possibly have been his true one. No such patronymic was ever known in the history of the world. It seems to have been derived from Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, and who was represented in the statuary art of the Greeks with an immense spear in her right hand. She was known indeed as the Spear-shaker or Shake-speare of the Grecian civilization.

This name, with a hyphen between the syllables, appears fifteen times in the Shake-spearean Plays.

In Liddell and Scott's Greek-English lexicon the name of Pallas is etymologically given as *The Brandisher of the Spear*.

CONTEMPORANEOUS ALLUSIONS TO THE SHAKE-SPEARE PLAYS.

"After such sports, a Comedy of Errors (like to Plautus his Menechmus) was played by the players; so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors, whereupon it was ever afterwards called The Night of Errors."—Gesta Grayorum, p. 22, ed. 1688.

"I have been told by some ancient conversant with the stage, that Titus Andronicus was not originally the actor Shakspeare's but brought up by a private author to be acted."—Sir Edw. Ravenscroft. 1678.

"The author of 'Hamlet' was one of the 'trade of Noverint in which he was born.'"—Thomas Nash in the preface to Green's Menaphone.

BIOGRAPHY.

Lord Campbell explains: "The trade of Noverint is the profession of Law, etc."

P. S. "The most prodigious wit that I ever knew of my nation, and of this side of the sea, is of your Lordship's name, though he be known by another."—Letter from Sir Tobie Matthews.

"I knew one that when he wrote a letter would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a bye matter."—Essay of Cunning.

"Tragedies and comedies are made of one alphabet."—Prom. 516.

"Those works of the alphabet are of less use to you where your are now, than at Paris."—Letter to Sir Tobie Matthew (1609).

"It's time to put the alphabet in a frame."—Letter to Matthew, 1622.

"I shall not promise to return you weight for weight, but *measure* for *measure*."—Matthew to Bacon, 1602.

"As it is used in some *comedies of errors*."—Adv. of Learning.

"Come now, *all is well*."—Apophthegms.

"*All is well that ends well*."—Promus No. 949.

"I'm putting it to misunderstanding, fear, passion, or *what you will*."—Essays.

"Prophecies, dreams, and predictions ought to serve but for *Winter's talke* (Contes d'hiver)."—Essays.

"By Mr. Francis William Shakespeare—Richard the Second. Bacon—Richard the Third."—Northumberland Manuscripts.

FRANCIS BACON'S ALLUSIONS TO THE DRAMA.

"The division of poesy which is aptest in the propriety thereof is into poesy narrative, representative, and allusive. *Representation* is as a visible

BIOGRAPHY.

history, and is an image of actions, as if they were present."

"But he *played* it merely as if he had been upon the *stage*."

"But men must know that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on."—Adv. of Learning.

"The people being in *theatres* at *plays*."—Nat. Hist.

"And accordingly to frame him and instruct him in the part he was to play

"And none could hold the book so well to prompt and instruct this *stage play* as she could."

"He thought good (after the manner of scenes in stage plays and masks) to show it far off."

"Fortune commonly doth not bring in a *comedy* or *farce* after a *tragedy*."

"Perkin, *acting* the *part* of a prince handsomely."

"The *stage* where a base counterfeit should *play* the *part* of a king."

"Therefore now like the end of a *play*, a great number came upon the *stage at once*."—Hist. of Henry VII.

"The *stage* is more beholden to love than the life of man. For as to the *stage* love is ever a matter of *comedies* and now and then of *tragedies*."

"I have given a rule where a man cannot fitly *play* his own *part* if he have not a friend, he may quit the *stage*."—Essays.

"If the lookers on be affected with pleasure in the representation of a feigned *tragedy*."

"Your life is nothing but a continual *acting* upon a *stage*."—The Devices.

"I have no desire to *stage* myself."—Private Papers.

"This being the platform of their enterprise, the second *act* of this *tragedy*."

BIOGRAPHY.

"That the afternoon before the rebellion, Merick with a great company of others that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them, the *play* of deposing King Richard the 2nd."—The Essex Trial.

"But (my lords) where I speak of a *stage*. I doubt I hold you upon the *stage* too long."

"Then was the time to execute the last *act* of this *tragedy*."—Speeches.

"This entrance upon the *stage*."

"I liked well that Allen *playeth* this last *act* of his life well."—Letters to Buckingham.

"I mean that those writings, on anger, fear, shame and the like, are to be actual types and models, by which the entire process of the mind and the whole fabric and order of invention on certain subjects, and those various and remarkable may be, *from beginning to end*, set, as it were, before the eyes."—Francis Bacon.

This is a small part of Bacon's allusions to the stage, many more of which can be found in "Francis Bacon's Cryptic Rhymes," by Edwin Bormann.

COMMENTS.

"The most exquisitely constructed intellect that has ever been bestowed on any of the children of men."—Macaulay.

"The great glory of literature in this island, during the reign of James was my Lord Bacon."—Hume.

"Lord Bacon was the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced."—Pope.

"One of the most colossal of the sons of men."—G. L. Craik.

"Crown of all modern authors."—George Sandys.

"He possessed at once all those extraordinary

BIOGRAPHY.

talents which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings, the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.”—Addison.

“Next to Shakespeare, the greatest of the Elizabethan age is that of Bacon. Undoubtedly, one of the broadest, richest, and most imperial of human intellects.”—E. P. Whipple.

“If we compare what may be found in the sixth, seventh, and eighth books of the ‘De Augmentis’ in the ‘Essays,’ the ‘History of Henry VII.,’ and the various short treatises contained in his works on moral and political wisdom, and on human nature, with the rhetoric, ethics, and politics of Aristotle, or with the historians most celebrated for their deep insight into civil society and human character,—with Thucydides, Tacitus, Phillippe de Comines, Machiavel, Davila, Hume,—we shall, I think, find that one man may almost be compared with all of these together.”—Hallam.

“The wisest, greatest of mankind.”—Ibid.

“Columbus, Luther, and Bacon are, perhaps, in modern times the men of whom it may be said with the greatest probability that, if they had not existed, the whole course of human affairs would have been varied.”—Edinburgh Review.

“When one considers the sound and enlarged views of this great man, the multitude of objects to which his mind was turned, and the boldness of his style which unites the most sublime images with the most rigorous precision, one is disposed to regard him as the greatest, the most universal, and the most eloquent of philosophers.”—D’Alembert.

“His imagination was fruitful and vivid; a tem-

BIOGRAPHY.

perament of the most delicate sensibility, so excitable as to be affected by the slightest alterations of the atmosphere."—Montagu.

"He belongs to the realm of the imagination, of eloquence, of jurisprudence, or ethics, of metaphysics; his writings have the gravity of prose, with the fervour and vividness of poetry."—Prof. Welsh.

"Who is there that, hearing the name of Bacon, does not instantly recognize everything of genius the most profound, of literature the most extensive, of discovery the most penetrating, of observation of human life the most distinguishing and refined?"—Edmund Burke.

"Shakespeare and the seers do not contain more expressive or vigorous condensations, more resembling inspiration; in Bacon, they are to be found everywhere."—Taine.

"No other author can be compared with him, unless it be Shakespeare."—Prof. Fowler.

"To be preferred to insolent Greece or haughty Rome."—Ben Jonson.

"A man so rare in knowledge, of so many several kinds, indued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant, and yet so choice and ravishing a way of words, of metaphors and allusions, as perhaps the world has not seen, since it was a world."—Sir Tobie Matthew.

"We have only to open 'The Advancement of Learning' to see how the Attic bees clustered above the cradle of the new philosophy. Poetry pervaded the thoughts, it inspired the similes, it hymned in the majestic sentences of the wisest of mankind."—E. Bulwer Lytton.

"It is his imagination which gives such splendor and attractiveness to his writings, clothing his thoughts in purple and gold, and making them

BIOGRAPHY.

move in majestic cadences.”—Whipple’s *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, p. 301.

“His superb rhetoric is the poetry of physical science. The humblest laborer in that field feels, in reading Bacon, that he himself is one of a band of heroes, wielding weapons mightier than those of Achilles or Agamemnon, engaged in a siege nobler than that of Troy.”—*Ibid.*, p. 323.

The death of Francis Bacon and his interment in St. Michael’s Church, St. Albans, and of which there does not seem to be any very reliable account, occurred in April, 1626, and it would seem appropriate to append several of a much larger number of eulogies published at the time of his decease.

“The Literary Works of Bacon are called to the Pyre. *Instauratio Magna*; subtle sayings; a two-fold increase of the sciences, written both in thy country’s speech and then in Latin with multifold enlargement; profound history of life and death, annotated as it were, or rather bathed, with stream of nectar or with Attic honey! Nor must the seventh Henry fail of mention, or if aught there be of more cultured loves, aught that I unwitting have passed over of the works which the vigor of great Bacon hath produced—a Muse more choice than the nine Muses. Ascend ye (Muses) all, the funeral flames and give to your parent liquid light. The ages are not worthy to enjoy you, when alas, (oh, monstrous shame!) your Lord is taken away.”
S. Collins, R. C. P.

(Rector of King’s College, Cambridge.)

Threnody on the Death of the Most Illustrious and Most Eminent Hero, Sir Francis Bacon,
Baron Verulam.

“Pour now ye Muses your perennial founts into a song of woe, and let Apollo shed in tears whatever even the stream of Castaly contains. For no humble

BIOGRAPHY.

dirge would befit so great a death, nor moderate drops crown this stupendous tomb. The Sinews of Wit, the Marrow of Persuasion, the Tagus of Eloquence, the Precious Gem of Recondite Letters, has fallen by the Fates (ah me, the three sisters' cruel threads!)—The noble Bacon, Ah how can I extol thee, greatest Bacon, in my lay! or how those glorious monuments of all ages, chiselled by thy genius, by Minerva. How full thy *Instauratio Magna* of matter learned, elegant, profound! With what light hath it dispelled the gloomy moths of ancient sages, creating new Wisdom out of Chaos! So God Himself with potent hand will restore the body consigned to the tomb. Thus Bacon, thou shalt not die; for from death, from the shades, from the tomb, thy *Great Instauratio* shall deliver thee."

R. C. T. C.

(i. e. of Trinity College.)

On the Death of the Most Cultured, and too, Most Noble Man, Francis, Lord Verulam,
Viscount St. Alban.

"The Day star of the Muses hath fallen ere his time! Fallen ah me, is the very care and sorrow of the Clarian god, thy darling, Nature, and the world's—Bacon: aye—passing strange—the grief of very Death. What privilege did not the cruel Destiny claim, Death would fain spare, and yet she would it not. Melpomene, chiding, would not suffer it, and spake these words to the stern goddesses: 'Never was Atropos truly heartless before now; keep thou all the world, only give my Phœbus back.' Ah me, alas! nor Heaven nor Death nor the Muse, oh Bacon, nor my prayers could bar the fates."

ANON.

On the Death of the Same, etc.

"If only the worthy, Bacon, shall lament thy fate,

BIOGRAPHY.

ah none will do it, there'll be none, believe me, there'll be none.

Weep ye now, truly, Clio, and Clio's sisters. Ah, fallen is the tenth Muse, the glory of the choir. Ah never really was Apollo himself unhappy before! When shall he ever gain another so to love him? Ah me! the full number he shall have no more: now must Apollo be content with nine Muses."

ANON.

F. K. R.

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INTRODUCTION.

The keynote to this drama is in the following words:—

Miranda. "How beauteous mankind is! O brave
new world
That has such people in't." —V., 1, 215.
Ferdinand. "Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wise
Make this place PARADISE." —IV., 1, 136.

"The "Tempest" is a dramatization of "Paradise Regained." It might justly be called *Instauratio Magna*, that is, the Great Restoration to that state of happiness which mankind, as once believed, originally possessed and lost. Its method is precisely the one laid down at the same time and for the same purpose in Francis Bacon's system of philosophy; in other words, the regeneration of the world through such a knowledge of arts and sciences as that philosophy, when full developed, was expected by its author to reveal. And the effect of the play is entirely in harmony with this view of it. In our enraptured vision we seem to catch, as it were, through the opening skies, a momentary glimpse of what the future has in store for us.

As Macaulay says:

"In Bacon's magnificent day-dreams there was nothing wild, nothing but what sober reason sanctioned. He knew that all the secrets feigned by poets to have been written in the books of enchanters are worthless when compared with the mighty secrets which are really written in the book of nature, and which, with time and patience, will be read there. He knew that all the wonders wrought by all the talismans in fables were trifles when compared with the wonders which might reasonably be expected from the 'philosophy of fruit,' and that, if his words sank deep into the minds of men,

INTRODUCTION.

they would produce effects such as superstition had never ascribed to the incantations of Merlin and Michael Scot. It was here that he loved to let his imagination loose. He loved to picture to himself the world as it would be when his philosophy should, in his own noble phrase, 'have enlarged the bounds of human empire.'"

www.fbtool.com *Essay on Lord Bacon.*

Also from Sir Richard Garnett:

"Here (in the drama of the *Tempest*), more than anywhere else, we seem to see the world as, if it had depended upon him, Shakespeare would have made it."

Prospero is the new man. Oblivious of all worldly interests under the old regime, he is wholly absorbed in secret studies. Even when cast adrift on the open sea he is accompanied by his books; books, he takes pains to inform us, from his own library, such as he loved, and such as would enable him to go on with his investigations. Caliban knows full well the source of Prospero's magical powers, for in his injunctions to the conspirators he is continually crying—

"Seize his books,"

"Burn his books,"

"Possess his books,

for without them

he's but a sot."

And when the curtain is about to fall on the scene, the actors to melt into air, into thin air, and the insubstantial pageant to fade, the wonderful magician exclaims,

"I'll break my staff, ,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,

And deeper than did ever plummet sound,

I'll drown my book."

Man's empire over nature, as illustrated in the play, is complete. The ocean obeys him. The spirits of the air, the nymphs of the sea, the brute creation, all yield to his will. But this subjection comes not without resistance. Fetters are fetters still,

INTRODUCTION.

though made of gold. Ariel and Caliban alike require the threat of force. Even Ferdinand, who may be supposed to have some of the old turbulent spirit left temporarily within him, finds himself unable to draw his sword. Order, which is Heaven's first law, is at last supreme.

It was, of course, a necessary part of the author's device that every form of wickedness in the world, as the world now is, should be met and overcome. Accordingly we have certain crimes, serving as types, portrayed to this end. Ariel is cruelly imprisoned by Sycorax in a cloven pine and left there, uttering groans—

“as fast as mill-wheels strike——”

without hope of release; an example of that spirit of enmity that lies at the root of all animal creation, and that has provided every creature either with weapons of attack upon others, or with special means of escape from them. Caliban attempts the seduction of Miranda. Antonio and Sebastian conspire to murder Alonzo and Gonzalo while they sleep, under pretence of watching over them, although Alonzo is Sebastian's brother, Gonzalo a wise counsellor, and both, as far as we know, loving friends of the conspirators. At the instance of Caliban, Stephano and his drunken companion creep stealthily toward Prospero's cell with intent to kill him, Falsehood, treachery, selfishness abound, and yet nothing of the kind succeeds. The ends of justice are always preserved. Forgiveness, based on penitence, crowns all.

The most extraordinary event recorded in the play, however, is the betrothal of Ferdinand and Miranda. All the world loves a lover, but we have here something more even than the apotheosis of love. It is a story like that of our first parents, told in great wealth of detail, and with a charm that keeps us spell-bound from beginning to end. Milton

INTRODUCTION.

studied it when he wrote his "Hymn to the Nativity of Christ," for then also "a brave (beautiful) new world" was about to be ushered in. Nature herself bursts forth into song. The sea holds its breath. Virtue and Innocence join hands, and under the blessings of the Queen of Heaven plight their faith; while the goddess of the rainbow, arching the sky, proclaims her promise for the future of humanity.

The play was probably written in 1613; it was not printed until ten years later, in the great Shakespearean folio of 1623. Intended to be the author's last, it afforded him the opportunity to illustrate, on a scene of action remote from the inhabited world, and thus specially adapted to the purpose, that command over Nature which the philosophy of the period was expected eventually to confer.

EDWIN REED.

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THE TEMPEST.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONZO, King of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } Lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a Drunken Butler.

Master of a ship, Boatswain and Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

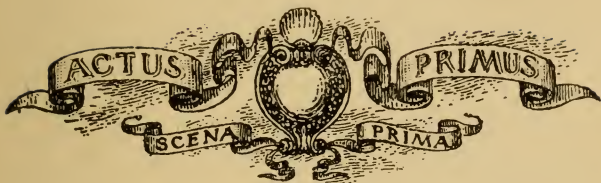
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.

IRIS, }
CERES, }
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

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THE TEMPEST.

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On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter A SHIP-MASTER and A BOATSWAIN.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely. or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. (*Exit.*)

Enter MARINERS.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

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

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

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

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

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

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

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

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging*; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

(Exit.

**This word is here used in its old philosophical sense of temperament as determined, according to the ancients, by the combination (complexio) in every man of the four elementary humors: cholera, melancholy, phlegm and blood.*

An allusion to the old proverb, "He that's born to be hanged needs fear no drowning."

Cf. Bacon: "He may go by water, for he is sure to be well landed."—Promus, 1594.

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

Boats. Down with the topmast!* yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course.* (A cry within.) A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

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

**The ship is on a lee shore and in great danger; but the above instructions have been universally recognized*

by experienced mariners as those best adapted to save her. The courses are the large lower sails.

Cf. Bacon's "In very heavy storms they first lower the yards, and then take in the topsails and, if necessary, all the others, even cutting down the masts themselves. A ship can make headway against the wind (lay her off) with six points of the compass only in her favor. The upper tiers of sails are chiefly used when the wind is light."—*Historia Ventorum*.

The *Historia Ventorum* is an elaborate treatise (88 pp.) on winds, and the effect of winds on the sail of a ship, including occasions when a ship must lie close up, "with topmast struck and main course set," in order to escape "running aground."

"A very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge, in a professional science the most difficult to attain without the help of experience."—Lord Mulgrave.

Take up your Shakespeare and read the opening scene of "The Tempest." A ship is off an unknown lee-shore, laboring heavily; a storm is raging; lightning is flashing; thunder is bellowing; waves are madly roaring; 'men's' hearts are failing them for fear; confusion and terror are holding a carnival on board. We appeal to intelligent readers, and especially to seamen, to answer whether they think probable that Shakespeare could have intuitively penned that scene if he had spent his life entirely on shore? The thing is incredible. . . . Every epithet in the scene is exactly proper and in admirable keeping; every sea-phrase is correct; every order of the boatswain's is seamanlike and precisely adapted to the end in view."

"Of all negative facts in regard to his (William Shaksperc of Stratford's) life, none perhaps is surer than that he never was at sea."—Richard Grant White.

A strictly nautical phrase, in use in Shakespeare's time, meaning to bring the ship's head as close to the wind as possible. Her position was then said to be "at try." The special sails, provided for this purpose, are stilled called try-sails (try-sls).

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

* From Lat. *in, not, caritas*, kind; severe, harsh.

The modern English prefix *un* is a regrettable deviation from the Latin root.

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noisemaker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold!* set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.†

*That is, keep her close to the wind, hold her to it.

†Both courses, foresail as well as mainsail, are now set.

Enter MARINERS *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:

This wide-chapp'd rascal—would thou mightest lie drowning

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.

(*A confused noise within: 'Mercy on us!'—*

'We split, we split!'—'Farewell my wife and children!'—

'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!')

Ant. Let's all sink with the king.

Seb. Let's take leave of him.

(*Exeunt Ant. and Seb.*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. (*Exeunt.*



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The island. Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO* and MIRANDA.†

Mir. If by your art,** my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd and
The fraughting souls within her.

*From Lat. *prosperare*, make happy, to bless (mankind).

†From Lat. *mirari*, to admire: one to be admired, or, as the dramatist himself defines the name, the "top of admiration."

Cf. Bacon: "The truth is that in some of these fables, as well in the texture of the story as in the propriety of the very names by which the persons that figure in it are distinguished, I find a significancy that must be clear to everybody. *Metis*, Jupiter's wife, plainly means counsel; *Typhon*, tumult; *Nemesis*, revenge, and so on."—*Wisdom of the Ancients*, 1609.

**That is, by magic art, which had its chief seat in *Babylon*, where it was the recognised religion of the country, with its priests and ceremonial, its purifications, sacrifices and chants, and whence it spread throughout the civilized world.

Plato speaks of it with respect, and Philo with warm praise.

Cf. Bacon: "I must here stipulate that the word magic, which has long been used in a bad sense, be restored to its ancient and honorable meaning. For among the Persians magic was taken for a sublime wisdom, and a knowledge of the universal consents of things; and so the

three kings who came from the east to worship Christ were called by the name of Magi. I understand it, however, as the science which applies the knowledge of hidden forms to the operation of nature."

That is, the powers over nature attributed to Prospero by his daughter and by the dramatist himself in the play are those that once belonged to the Eastern magicians and were said by Bacon to have been "ancient and honorable." Notable instances of their exercise, considered in Shake-speare's time as historical, are narrated in Genesis, in connection with the departure of the Israelites from Egypt.

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

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,*
And thy no greater father.

*Cf. Bacon: "Your beadsman therefore addresseth himself to your Majesty for a cell to retire unto."—*Letter to the King*, 25 March, 1623.

The cell that Bacon derived was the Provostship of Eton. "Full poor" means, poor to the utmost.

Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pros. 'Tis time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
(Lays down his mantle.)
Lie there, my art.* Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art—
So safely ordered that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition† as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

**Cf. Thomas Fuller: "Lord Treasurer Burleigh when he put off his robe of office at night, used to say, 'lie there, Lord Treasurer'."—The Holy State, 1648.*

Burleigh was Bacon's uncle. He became Lord High Treasurer in 1578, when Francis was eleven years old.

†From Lat. perdere, to lose.

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.'

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

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me* that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

**Prospero asks his daughter to give him the image of anything she remembers of that early time, knowing that images cling the most tenaciously to the memory.*

Cf. Bacon: "An object of sense always strikes the memory more forcibly and is more easily impressed upon it than an object of the intellect; insomuch that even brutes have their memory excited by sensible impressions; never by intellectual ones. And therefore you will more easily remember the image of a hunter pursuing a hare, of an apothecary arranging his boxes, of a pedant making a speech, of a boy repeating verses from memory, of a player acting on a stage, than the mere notions of invention, disposition, elocution, memory and action."—De Augmentis, 1623.

Mir. T'is far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how
is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year
since,

Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are you not my father?

Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.

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

**Cf. Bacon: "Othe."*—*Promus, No. 1404.*

It is fair to assume that entries in Bacon's memorandum book, which are commonplace now, were not so, when they were made, more than 300 years ago. If used both by Shakespeare and by Bacon in public works, they naturally passed into familiar speech.

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

**The old preterit of the serf, to help.*

Mir. O my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen* that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.

**Sorrow.*

Pr. My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state! as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first*
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother

And to my state grew stranger: † being transported
 And rapt in secret studies. ** Thy false uncle—
 Dost thou attend me?

* *Milan claimed at that time to be the first duchy in Europe.*

† *Cf. Bacon: "Men, eminent in virtue, often abandon their fortunes willingly, that they may have leisure for higher pursuits."—Advancement of Learning.*

** *Cf. Bacon: "In these studies I am wholly a pioneer, following in no man's footsteps and communicating my thoughts or discoveries to no one."—Novum Organum, 1620.*

Cf. James Russell Lowell: "In Prospero shall we not recognize the artist himself?"

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them, who to advance and who
 To trash for over-topping,* new created
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
 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. ** Th u : ttend'st
 not.

* *Cf. Bacon: "To grant all suits were to undo yourself or your people; to deny all suits were to see never a contented face."—Letter to the King.*

† *Believe me, Sir, next to the obtaining of the suit, a speedy and gentle denial is the most acceptable to suitors."—Letters to Villiers.*

Cf. Bacon: "There is use also of ambitious men in pulling down the greatness of (that is, to trash) any subject that overtops."—Essay of Ambition.

The metaphor is derived from the science of gardening.

‡ *This change in the disposition of the Duke's subjects is called a new creation.*

Cf. Bacon: "On a given body to generate and superinduce a new nature or new natures is the work and aim of human power."—Novum Organum.

The dramatist was very fond of comparing the parts played by different classes of citizens in a state to chords in music, e. g.:

*"For government, though high, and low, and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congreering in a full and natural close,
 Like music."—King Henry V., I., 2.*

Cf. Bacon: "Nero could touch and tune the harp well; but in government, sometimes he used to wind the pins too high, sometimes to let them down too low."—Essay of Empire.

***Cf. Bacon: "It was ordained that this winding ivy of a Plantagenet should kill the tree itself."—History of King Henry VII., submitted to the King Oct. 8. 1681. Vid. Spedding's Letters and Life of Francis Bacon (London, 1868); Vol. VII., p. 302.*

Mir. O, good sir, I do.

Pros.

I pray thee, mark me.

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

**Cf. Bacon: "You cannot find any man of rare felicity but either he died childless—or else he was unfortunate in his children.—Praise of Queen Elizabeth, 1608.*

Also: "They that are fortunate in other things are commonly unfortunate in children, lest men should come too near the condition of Gods."—De Augmentis.

†Cf. Bacon: "It was generally believed that he was indeed Duke Richard. Nay, himself, with long and continual counterfeiting and with oft telling a lie, was turned by habit almost into the thing he seemed to be; and from a liar into a believer."—History of Henry VII.

This sentiment is found in Tacitus, but not the condition precedent that the lie must be told oft before it can become a belief.

"Telling oft."—Shakespeare.

"Oft telling."—Bacon.

"He was indeed the Duke."—Shake-speare.

"He was indeed Duke Richard."—Bacon.

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.*

**Cf. Bacon: "To cure deafness is difficult."*—Promus.

Also: *"Nothing is so hard to cure as the ear."*—*De Augmentis.*

Pros. To have no screen* between this part he
play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable†; confederates—
So dry he was for sway—wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbow'd—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

**Cf. Bacon: "There is great use in ambitious men in being screens to princes in matters of danger and envy."*
—*Essay of Ambition.*

In the case described in the text the usurper made the Duke himself a screen until his own power became established.

†*A strictly Latin and legal sense of the word incapable, from in, privative, and capere, to hold, or administer. Without necessary qualifications.*

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event; then tell
me

If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin

To think but nobly of my grandmother:

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pros. Now the condition.

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

A treacherous army levied, one midnight
 Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
 The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
 The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
 Me and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
 I, not remembering how I cried out then,
 Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
 That wrings mine eyes to 't.

Pros. Hear a little further
 And then I will bring thee to the present business
 Which now's upon 's; without the which this story
 Were most impertinent.*

**From in, not, and pertinere, to obtain; that is, not pertinent.*

Mir. Wherefore did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pros. Well demanded, wench:*
 My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
 not,

So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
 A mark so bloody on the business, but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
 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.

**A young woman, a word used in Shakespeare's time in a good sense.*

†*Cf. Bacon: "It is the wisdom of rats that will be sure to leave a house before it fall."—Essay of Wisdom.*

Mir. Alack, what trouble
 Was I then to you!

Pros. O, a cherubin*
 Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
 When I have deck'd† the sea with drops full salt,

Under my burthen groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

**A corrupt form of the word cherub.*

Cf. Bacon: "It would have appeared to him in the likeness of a fair, beautiful cherubim."—New Atlantis.

†Probably a form of the old word degg, to sprinkle.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pros. By providence divine.

Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity,* being than appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steadied much; so, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library† with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

**From Lat. caritas, brother love; love all other human beings as children of a common parentage.*

"And the greatest of these is charity."

Cf. Bacon: "It is a good rule in translation, never to confound that in one word in the translation which is precisely distinguished in two words in the original. For an example of this kind, I did ever allow the discretion and tenderness of the Rhenish translation in this point; that, finding in the original the word ἀγάπη and never ἔπας, do ever translate charity and never love, because of the indifference and equivocation of the latter word."

†No evidence exists to show that William Shakspeare of Stratford owned a library. Several of the Shake-speare plays had already been printed at the date of his retirement to Stratford, where he passed the remaining twelve years of his life, but neither he himself nor his family seems to have possessed a copy of any one of them. He made an elaborate will, specifying various kinds of property, but mentioning no book.

"In Prospero Shakespeare typified himself."—Thomas Campbell.

"In Prospero the poet is all his characters and himself too."—Denton J. Snider.

"In Prospero shall we not recognize the Artist himself?"—James Russell Lowell.

Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise: (*Resumes his mantle.*
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arrived; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit*
 Than other princesses can† that have more time
 For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.

**Cf. Bacon: "Princes also are brought up in the reigning house with assured expectation of succeeding to the throne; are commonly spoiled by the indulgence and license of their education."*—*In felicem memoriam Elizabethae. Probably 1608. Vid. Spedding's Letters and Life of Francis Bacon (London, 1868); vol. IV., p. 107.*

†*Used in a sense now obsolete, meaning to have power; not as an auxiliary verb, modifying another understood.*

Cf. Bacon: "In evil the best condition is, not to will; the second, not to can."—*Essay of Great Place.*

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?

Pros. Know thus far forth.
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore; 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.** Here cease more questions:
 Thou art inclined to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
 And give it way; I know thou canst not choose.

(*Miranda sleeps.*†)

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

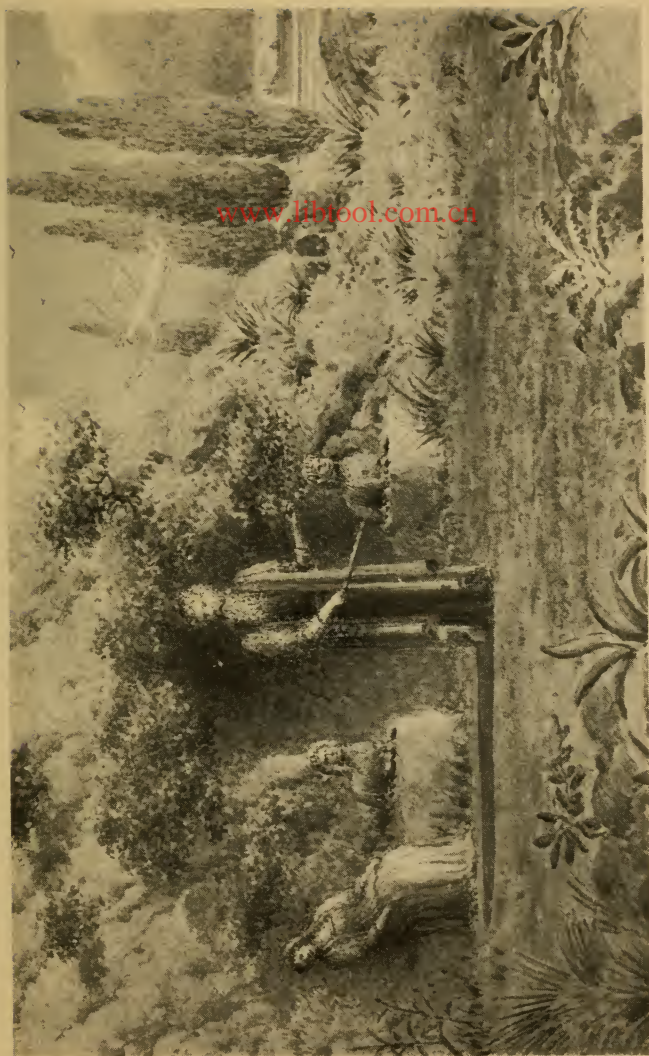
**From Lat. influere, to flow into. The stars were supposed to affect the earth and its inhabitants by an actual emission of some kind through space.*

Cf. Bacon: "I hold it for certain that the celestial bodies have in them other influences besides heat and light."—*De Augmentis,*

***Cf. "Julius Caesar":*

"We must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures."—*IV., 3*

Also, *Bacon: "They have their periods of time, within which, if they be not taken, they vanish."*—*Charge against Owen.*



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Prospero's Cell.
ACT I.—SCENE II.

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†She is put to sleep by her father's art, exercised upon her without the intermediation of the senses.

Cf. Bacon: "Fascination is the power and act of the imagination intensive upon the body of another, exalted by Paracelsus and by the disciples of natural magic as to be one with the power of miracle-working faith. Others, that draw nearer to probability, looking with a clearer eye at the secret working and impressions of things, the irradiations of the senses, the passages of contagion from body to body, the conveyance of magnetic virtues, have concluded it to be a power communicated from spirit to spirit, after the manner of mastering spirit, of men unlucky and ill-omened, of the glances of love, envy, and the like."—De Augmentis.

Students of this play will constantly observe that Prospero is endowed with powers seemingly supernatural, but that these powers are regarded by Bacon as within the province of art as legitimately to be developed.

Enter ARIEL.

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

Pros. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point* the tempest that I bade thee?

**From the French a point, in every particular.*

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist; the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement:* sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and the bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

**Cf. Bacon: "The ball of fire, called Castor by the ancients, that appears at sea, if it be single, prognosticates a severe storm (seeing it is Castor, the dead brother),*

which will be much more severe if the ball does not adhere to the mast, but rolls and dances about. But if there be two of them (that is, if Pollux, the living brother, be present) and that, too, when the storm has increased, it is reckoned a good sign. But if there are three of them (that is, if Helen, the general scourge, arrive), the storm will become more fearful. The fact seems to be, that one by itself appears to indicate that the tempestuous matter is crude; that it is prepared and ripened; three or more, that so great a quantity is collected as can hardly be dispersed."—*History of the Winds.*

Ariel flames about the ship after the manner of St. Elmo's fire, described by Bacon; that is, as a luminous meteor or meteors, to which in ancient times sailors applied the names of Castor, Pollux and Helena. According to Pliny, who gives an account of it, one of these meteors, appearing singly on the masts or rigging of a vessel, presages a storm; if two appear, they presage fair weather. So far, Bacon agrees with Pliny; but he adds, perhaps as his own contribution to the myth, that if three or more make their appearance and dance about, the storm will rage with greater violence still, and threaten the destruction of the ship.

It will be noticed that the dramatist follows Bacon rather than Pliny. Ariel's mission was to destroy the ship in a tempest, and he accomplished the task, reporting to Prospero that he "burned in many places," simultaneously mentioning three,—

"on the topmast,

The yards and bowsprit."

It will be noticed, also, that in the play, seemingly in compliance with another one of Bacon's special prognostications, the balls of fire "roll and dance about :"

"Now on the beak,

Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin."

Pros.

My brave spirit!

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari

Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pros.

Why, that's my spirit!

But was not this nigh shore?

Ari.

Close by, my master.

Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch the dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,* there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,†
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

*Always vert.

The Spanish name of the Bermudas.

"The Spaniards dislike thin letters and change them immediately into those of a middle tone."—*De Augmentis.*

This accounts for the softening sound of the letter d in the name of the islands to that of th. Evidently the dramatist had some acquaintance with the principles of the Spanish language, as Bacon had.

The terms of this reference plainly show that the author did not intend to locate the scene of "The Tempest" here. He did not intend to locate it anywhere. It is wholly a work of imagination.

†Wave, from French flot.

Cf. Bacon:—

"Your rock claims kindred of the polar star,
Because it draws the needle to the North;
Yet even that star gives place to Cynthia's rays,
Whose drawing virtues govern and direct
The flots and re-flots of the ocean."

—*Gray's Inn Masque.*

Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd: but there's more work.
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pros. At least two glasses.* The time 'twixt six
and now www.libtool.com.cn

Must by us both be spent most preciously.

**In the nautical usage of Shake-speare's time, as well as of our own, the "glass" measured a half hour. but Shake-speare, to the distress of his commentators, used it for one hour. He conformed to the requirements of popular speech. The drama is not science.*

Cf. Bacon: "I was now somewhat ancient; one and thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass."—Letter to Burleigh, 1591.

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

Pros. How now? moody?
What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pros. Before the time be out? no more!

Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise

To bate me a full year.

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

Ari. No.

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

**Among the physicists of Shake-speare's day, down to 1603, belief in the existence of a mass of molten matter at the centre of the earth seems to have been in England universal. The phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes and*

geysers were evidences too powerful apparently to be resisted. But in 1603 two persons took the opposite view. One of these was Shake-speare. In that year the first edition of "Hamlet" came from the press, and with it the author's adhesion to the old theory regarding the interior of the earth. In the second edition, published one year later, the doctrine was eliminated from the play. The two statements were as follows:—

1603. "Doubt that in earth is fire,
Doubt that the stars do move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But do not doubt I love. —II., 2, 116.
1604. "Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love."

It will thus be seen that the doctrine in question lost its place in the author's list of scientific certainties sometime in 1603-4. Nine years later, when "The Tempest" was written, the change in the author's mind on this subject had become complete, for we there read, as above, that the veins of the earth are "baked with frost."

The other person referred to was Francis Bacon. And, what is remarkable, the dissent in his case from the popular view dates from the same precise time as in that of Shake-speare; that is to say, from the latter part of 1603 or the early part of 1604: we find it in a philosophical treatise written, probably, before September, 1604. In another respect, also, Bacon's experience resembles Shake-speare's for his conviction grew stronger as the years went by. Indeed, he finally declared that in his judgment the interior of the earth is the origin and only source of cold in the entire universe. He said:—

"The heaven, from its perfect and absolute heat and the extreme expansion of matter, is most hot, lucid, rarefied, and moveable; whereas the earth, on the contrary, from its absolute and unrefracted cold, and the extreme contraction of matter, is most cold, dark, and dense, completely immovable. The rigors of cold, which in winter time and in the coldest countries are exhaled into the air from the surface of the earth, are merely tepid airs and baths, compared with the nature of the primal cold shut up in the bowels thereof."—*De Principiis atque Originibus.*

The phrase "baked with frost" illustrates the well-known saying that extremes meet.

Cf. "Hamlet": "Frost itself as actively doth burn."—III., 4.

Also, Bacon: "Frost burns."—*Promus.*

Ari.

I do not, sir.

Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot

The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born?
Speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pros. 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,*
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

**An old form of the name Algiers.*

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
child

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
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.

Pros. 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 arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

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

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

Pros. 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?

Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be
subject

To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!

(Exit Ariel.)

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

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

Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

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

Pros. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (Within) There's wood enough within.

Pros. Come forth, I say! there's other business
for thee:

Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL like a water-nymph.
Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,

Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. (*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

*Enter CALIBAN.**

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

**Equivalent, by metathesis, to cannibal. This indicates the depths to which, in view of the dramatist, mankind had fallen, in some places at least, and substantially everywhere, before the New Philosophy came to restore to it its lost powers. Caliban represents the inhabitants of the earth as they were previous to the era of Prospero.*

†*Cf. "Coriolanus":—*

*"All the contagion of the south wind light on you,
You shames of Rome! You herd of —— boils and
plagues*

*Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile."—I., 4, 30..*

Also "Cymbeline":—

"The south-bog rot him!"—II., 3, 133.

Also "Troilus and Cressida":—

"The rotten diseases of the south."—V., 1, 21.

Also Bacon: "In the south-wind the breath of man is more offensive, the appetite of animals is more depressed, pestilential diseases are more frequent, catarrhs common, and men are more dull and heavy."—History of the Winds.

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest
first,

Thou strokedst me and madest much of me, wouldst
give me

Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,*
 That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fer-
 tile:

Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
 For I am all the subjects that you have,
 Which first was mine own king: and here you sty
 me
 In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
 The rest o' the island.

**Cf. Genesis: "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."—I, 16.*

It's a new world which this drama introduces.

Pros. Thou most lying slave,
 Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used
 thee,
 Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
 In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
 The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
 Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
 This isle with Calibans.

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

Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

**Cf. Bacon: "The face towards reason has the print of truth, and the face towards action has the print of goodness."*—*Advancement of Learning.*

†*This is a very philosophical conception of the powers of the mind, viz. that thoughts require speech for their development. It is a fact, indeed, of almost daily experience with us that we cannot be sure of the possession of any knowledge requiring ratiocination until we have either reduced it to writing or explained it verbally to another.*

Cf. Bacon: "In thought alone the mind is folded up or confused; it is unfolded or made open and clear in words (implicit in thought, explicit in words)."—*Promus.*

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

Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt 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.

**Formerly (as here) a dissyllable, pronounced like the plural of h. John Kemble tried one hundred years ago to revive the old pronunciation on the stage in London, but failed. The audiences hissed every time he uttered the word. The whole town became excited over it.*

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

**A god or devil of the Patagonians, mentioned by Eden (1577) in his account of Magellan's voyage toward the south pole.*

Pros. So slave; hence! (*Exit Caliban.*
Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following.

ARIEL'S song.
Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have and kiss'd

The wild waves whist,*
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Burthen (dispersedly). Hark, hark!

Bow-wow.
The watchdogs bark:

Bow-wow.

**Cf. Milton:—*

*“The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss’d.”*

—Hymn on the Nativity.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

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 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

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

Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.*

**Ariel is sent to still the waters in preparation for the meeting and betrothal of Ferdinand. This he accomplishes in a most charming manner by means of a song, in which he summons the nymphs of the sea (being himself at the time in the likeness of one) to a dance on the sands. The nymphs appear, join hands, courtesy to partners, and kiss. They then raise their voices in chorus to Ariel's song, the melody seeming to come from every quarter of*

earth, sky and sea. The dance begins. Instantly the waves subside, and but for the sweet airs which Ferdinand hears and at which he wonders, all nature is hushed. It is under these conditions, and to the strains of this mysterious music, with its prophecies of domestic life, that Ferdinand is led to Miranda.

Milton prepares the earth for the coming of Christ in the same way as Shake-speare prepares his magical island for the union of Ferdinand and Miranda. In either case it is the birth of a new world of righteousness that is heralded.

During the middle ages it was a wide-spread opinion throughout continental Europe that storms and tempests are the work of evil spirits, and that they can be dispersed by the ringing of consecrated bells. For this purpose church bells were solemnly baptized, often with water brought from the river Jordan, and also duly tagged at their tongues with scriptural texts. Fortunately the practice never gained a foothold in England, at least in the time of Bacon and Shake-speare, and yet these two authors became in some measure both of them victims to the superstition. We quote from Bacon:

"It is thought that the sound of bells will dispel lightnings and thunder.

—*Sylva Sylvarum*, II, 127, 622-5.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.*

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.

**Cf.* Bacon: "I understand it, that the song be in quire, placed aloft, and accompanied with some broken music; and the ditty fitted to the device."—*Essay of Masques and Triumphs*.

The ditty in the text corresponds with Bacon's description:—

1. The music is "in quire," for a chorus of sea-nymphs repeats the sound of the bell under the sea.

2. It "sounds aloft"; Ferdinand says, "I hear it now above me."

3. It is accompanied "with some broken music," for Ariel enters, "playing and singing."

4. The ditty fits the device, for it is a dirge over the body of Ferdinand's father.

At the same time it is something more than a dirge; it marks the highest flight of imagination within our knowledge. In the new world which Prospero is preparing for mankind death is to be stripped of its terrors, and among them that repugnance to the body after the soul is supposed to have left it, which is now universal. We find this strange repugnance stated in *Cymbeline*. Lucius perceives the headless corpse of Cloten, and also, lying partly upon it in sleep, using it indeed as a pillow, the

living Imogen. He expresses surprise at the sight, saying:—

“Nature doth abhor to make his bed

With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.”—IV., 2..

Bacon utters the same sentiment, but with a broader generalization:—

“The carcass of a man is most infectious and odious to man,”—*Natural History*, 1627. www.libt27.com.cn

Prospero, however, purposes to develop our bodies at death into forms delightful to the senses, thus in some measure alleviating, or at least not increasing the distress of surviving friends.

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

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 't is a spirit.

Pros. 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 mightst
call him

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.

Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pros. (*Aside*) It goes on, I see,
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 't is spoken.

Pros. 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, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
Milan

And his brave* son being twain.

**Noble, beautiful.*

*Cf. Bacon: "Iron is a brave commodity where wood
aboundeth."*

*Aso, Pepys: "It being a brave morning, I walked to
Whitehall."—Diary.*

Pros. (*Aside*) The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do it. At the first sight
They have changed eyes.* Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this. (*To Fer.*) A word, good
sir;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

**That is, they have loved at first sight, and expressed
their love through the eyes.*

Cf. Sonnet XXIII. :—

"To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit."

*This is a Greek idiom, the sense of sight being often
taken as inclusive of all the senses.*

*"I will rivet thee to this uninhabited rock, where
neither the voice nor the form of any mortal shalt thou
see."—Aeschylus.*

*Cf. Bacon: "The affections no doubt do make the
spirits more powerful and active; especially those which
draw the spirits into the eyes, which are two: love and
envy. . . . The aspects that procure love are not gaz-
ings, but sudden glances and dartings of the eye. . . .
We see the opinion of fascination for procuring love is
ancient; and fascination erer by the eye."—Natural His-
tory.*

Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? 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 inclined my way!

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

Pros. Soft sir! one word more.
(*Aside*) They are both in either's powers; but this
swift business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. (*To Fer.*) One word more; I
charge thee

That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest* not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.

**An old form of the verb own.*

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.

Pros. Follow me.

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

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.

(*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*)

Mir. O dear father,

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle and not fearful.

Pros. What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,

For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. Beseech you, father.

Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety. www.libtool.com.cn

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

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

Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves* are in their infancy again
And have no vigour in them.

**Sinews.* Used in the strictly Latin sense, nervous, sineu.

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, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pros. (*Aside*) It works. (*To Fer.*) Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! (*To Fer.*) Follow
me.

(*To Ariel*) Hark what thou else shalt do me.

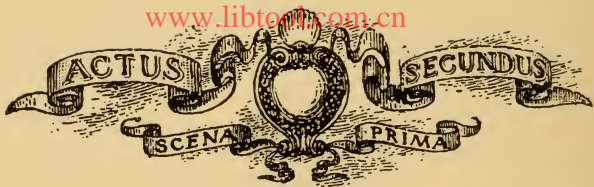
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.

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

Ari. To the syllable.

Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. (*Exeunt.*





Another part of the island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

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

**It is fellowship in suffering to which Gonzalo calls attention.*

Cf. Bacon: "Amongst consolations it is not the least to represent to a mans self like examples of calamity in others. For examples give a quicker impression than arguments; and besides, they certify to us that which the Scripture also tendereth for satisfaction, that no new thing is happened unto us. This they do the better, by how much the examples are liker in circumstances to our own case; and more especially if they fall upon persons that are greater and worthier than ourselves. . . . If our betters have sustained the like events, we have the less cause to be grieved."—Letter to Bishop Andrews.

It may be interesting to compare the statements of these two authors upon this subject in some detail, as follows:—

*"When we our betters see bearing our woes
We scarcely think our miseries our foes."*

—Shake-spere.

*"If our betters have sustained the like events,
We have the less cause to be grieved."*—Bacon.
*"The mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates and bearing fellowship."*

—Shake-speare.

*"Amongst consolations it is not the least to represent
to a man's self like examples of calamity in others."*—
Bacon.

*"How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which make me bend makes the King
bow."*

—Shake-speare.

*"More especially if they fall upon persons that are
greater and worthier than ourselves."*—Bacon.

Alon.

Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

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

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

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

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

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

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

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

Alon. I prithee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet,—

Seb. He will be talking.

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

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockerel.

Seb. Done. The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match!

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you're paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,—

Adr. Yet,—

Ant. He could not miss 't.

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

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.

Ant. Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

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

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

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

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

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

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

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

Seb. What if he had said 'widower Aeneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

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

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp;* he hath raised the wall and houses too.

**An allusion probably to the harp with which Amphion is said to have raised the wall of Thebes, the stone-blocks moving of their own accord as he played upon it. But Gonzalo had done more than this, for, as Mr. Philpotts explains the passage, he converted two cities into one. In the case of Pentheus, the story is reversed.*

Cf. Bacon: "Pentheus, having climbed a tree for the purpose of seeing the mysteries of Bacchus, was struck with madness; and the form of his madness was this: he thought everything he saw was double; he saw two Thebes."—Wisdom of the Ancients.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

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

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

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against

The stomach of my sense. Would I had never

Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
 My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
 Who is so far from Italy removed
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
 Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran.

Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
 And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
 The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
 As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
 He came alive to land.

Alon.

No, no, he's gone.

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

Alon.

Prithee, peace.

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

Alon.

So is the dear'st* o' the loss.

**Greatest.*

*Cf. "Merchant of Venice": "Dearest friend."—III., 2,
 294.*

Also "Hamlet": "Dearest foe."—I., 2, 182

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

Seb. www.libtool.com Very well.

And. And most chirurgeonly.*

*From Gr. χεῖρ, hand, and ἔργειν, to work; one also operates with his hands. Now contracted into surgeon.

In ancient times physicians deemed it disgraceful to engage in any kind of surgery. Hippocrates declared that though the knife should frequently be used and in accordance with his own directions, nothing could induce him to use it himself.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation* of this isle, my lord,—

*From Lat. planta, sole of the foot; colonizing.

Cf. Bacon: "Let not the government of the plantation (colony) depend upon too many counsellors and undertakers in the country that planteth."—*Essay of Plantations.*

Ant. He'd sow 't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks or mallows.

Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit;* no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty;—

*Cf. Bacon: "We maintain a trade, not for gold, silver, or jewels; nor for silks, nor for spices, nor any other commodity of matter; but only for God's first creature, which was Light; to have Light (I say) of the growth of all parts of the world."—*New Atlantis.*

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonweath forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat ~~vor vendavor! treason~~ felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison: all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

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

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. God save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And,—do you mark me, sir?

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

*A translation of the common Greek saying, λέγειν οὐδέν, to say what is nothing, or nothing to the point.

"That is just nothing."—*Promus No. 323.*

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

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

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

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.

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

*The auxiliaries, would, could, should, shall and will were often used indiscriminately in Shakespeare's time.

†A term applied to a popular method of catching birds at night, by means of lanterns and nets.

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

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

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

(All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.)

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

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

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

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
(Alonzo sleeps. Exit Ariel.)

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

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

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might?—No more:—
And yet me thinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee,
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.*

**Cf. Bacon: "Your lordship's discourses had need content my ears very well, to make them entreat mine eyes to keep open. But yet, if you will give me leave to awake you, when I think your discourses do but sleep, I will keep watch. . . . It falleth out well to shake off your drowsiness."*—*An Advertisement Touching on Holy War. 1622.*

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Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.*

**That is, water without motion between ebb and flow; may move either way.*

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord* of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion,† only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

**Francisco, who has expressed the opinion that Ferdinand was alive.*

†*Bacon wrote an elaborate treatise on the Art of Persuasion, under the caption of "Colors of Good and Evil."*

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there.* Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

**That is, ambition sees nothing beyond royalty at Naples, and doubts whether anything greater will ever be discovered.*

Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life;* she that from Na-
ples
Can have no note† unless the sun were post—
The man i' the moon's too slow—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom?
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.

**Beyond the limits of human existence on the globe.*

†*Knowledge.*

Cf. Bacon: "If intelligence of the matter could not otherwise have been had but by him, advantage be not taken of the note."—Essay of Suitors.

Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is the heir of Naples! 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake.' Say, this were death

That now hath seized them; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily. *umcc-librarily.com.cn*
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of* as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

**Jackdaw, a noisy gabbler.*

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience?

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

**An ulcer on one's heel.*

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

Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. *(They talk apart.*
Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the dan-
ger

That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth—
For else his project dies—to keep them living.

(Sings in Gonzalo's ear.

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed conspiracy

His time doth take.

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king. *(They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

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

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I hear a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
 For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
 For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
 So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. (*Exeunt.*)



Another part of the island.
Enter CALIBAN with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.

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

Enter TRINCULO.

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.

**Inch-parts.*

†*Ignis fatuus.*

***Makes faces.*

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of not of the newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish,* but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. (*Thunder.*) Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

**Cf. Bacon: "Fish are said to be cold-blooded."—Historia Vitae et Mortis.*

Enter STEPHANO, singing: a bottle in his hand.

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

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

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
 Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch:
 Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!
 This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

(Drinks.)

*What Stephano calls his comfort had affected his speech.

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not scaped drowning to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at 's nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh!

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

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

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

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

*This was formerly thought to indicate the presence of a devil in one's body.

Cf. "Comedy of Errors":—

"Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession."

—IV., 4, 54.

In like manner sneezing was thought to be an effort of the body to expel a devil.

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

**An allusion to the old proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat speak."*

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

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

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.*

**An allusion to another proverb, "He who sups with the devil has need of a long spoon."*

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me; for I am Trinculo—be not afraid—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?* can he vent Trinculos?

**A monster, in the shaping of which at birth the moon was supposed to have an agency.*

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

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

Cal. (*Aside*) These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor. I will kneel to him.

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

**From Lat. siccus (O. Eng. Sec), dry; a Spanish wine of the dry kind.*

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

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

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

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

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

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

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

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

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

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

**Truth. The word soothsayer formerly meant truth-teller.*

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

**Cf.* "Julius Caesar":—

"And this man

Is now become a god?"—1, 2.

Also "Cymbeline":—

"We scarce are men and you are gods."—V., 2.

Also *Bacon*: "Let a man only consider what a difference there is between the life of men in the most civilized provinces of Europe and in the wildest and most barbarous districts of New India; he will feel it to be great enough to justify the saying that 'man is a god to man.'"—*Novum Organum*.

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

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

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

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!*

*A wonder is anything the cause or nature of which is unknown and assumed to be unknowable; as, for instance, divinity.

Cf. *Bacon*: "Contemplation hath for ever knowledge, but as to the nature of God no knowledge, but wonder; which is nothing else but contemplation broken off, of losing itself."—*On the Interpretation of Nature*.

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
 To clustering filberts and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with
 me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more
 talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company
 else being drowned, we will inherit here; here; bear
 my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by
 again.

Cal. (*Sings drunkenly*)

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring;

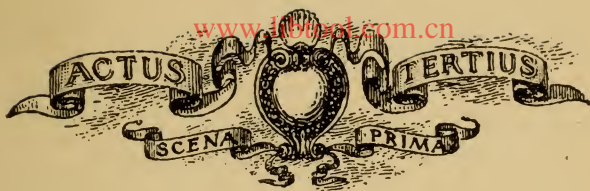
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:

'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban

Has a new master: get a new man.

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

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. (*Exeunt.*)



Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful,* and their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead
And make my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my la-
bours,

Most busy lest, when I do it.†

**Requiring one to take pains.*

†That is, most busy when I do it least. A like senti-
ment is in "Romeo and Juliet":—

"Most are busied when they're most alone."

—I., 1, 134.

*Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance,
unseen.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
 Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
 Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
 Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
 He's safe for these three hours.

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

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, break my back,
 Than you should such dishonour undergo,
 While I sit lazy by.

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

Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
 This visitation shows it.

Mir. 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 broken your hest to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda!
 Indeed the top of admiration!* worth
 What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
 I have eyed with best regard and many a time
 The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
 Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
 Have I liked several women; never any
 With so full soul, but some defect in her
 Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed

And put it to the foil:† but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!***

*Cf. Bacon:—

The following similar expressions are found elsewhere in these plays:—

The top of judgment.

The top of honor.

The spire and top of praises.

The top of question.

Top of sovereignty.

Top of my compass.

Top of my bent.

Top of all design.

Tops of all their pride.

The top of happy hours.

In top of rage.

Cf. Bacon: "Pindar in praising Hiero, says most elegantly (as is his wont) that he 'culled the tops of all virtues.' And certainly I think it would contribute much to magnanimity and the honor of humanity, if a collection were made of what the schoolmen call the ultimities, and Pindar the tops and summits of human nature, especially from true history; showing what is the ultimate and highest point which human nature has of itself attained in the several gifts of body and mind."

—*De Augmentis.*

†From *O. Fr. afole*, to frustrate, or make of no effect.

**Cf. Bacon: "A man cannot tell whether Apelles (*Ζεύχις*) or Albert Durer were the more trifler; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions, the other by taking the best parts out of divers faces, to make one excellent."—*Essay of Beauty.*

Also, Catullus: "She is the most beautiful of all, having stolen all graces from all others."—*Latin Epigram*, 87.

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

Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

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

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 am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace*
On that which breeds between 'em!

**"The grace of God is worth a faire."*—*Promus No.*
96.

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

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

**The writings of Catullus had not been translated into
English in Shake-speare's time.*

*Cf. "Catullus": "If our marriage had not been agree-
able to you, you could have taken me to your home,
where, as your maid, I would cheerfully have served you."*

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

Mir. My husband, then?*

**Miranda, not Ferdinand, asks the momentous question.*

“*Troilus and Cressida*”—

“*Cressida (to Troilus). Though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;*

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first.” —III., 2, 125.

Also *Bacon*: “*Let me put a feigned case (and yet antiquity makes it doubtful whether it were fiction or history) where the whole government, public and private, yea the militia itself, was in the hands of women. . . . I speak not of the reign of women (for that is supplied by counsel and subordinate magistrates, masculine), but where the regiment of state, justice, families, is all managed by women.*”—*An Advertisement Touching on Holy War.*

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: and now
farewell

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!*

*“*Speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love.*”—*Essay of Love.*

(*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*)

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining. (*Exit.*)



Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.

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

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

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

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

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

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's not standard.

Ste. We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

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

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

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.

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

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

Trin. 'Lord' quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

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

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

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



Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban.

ACT III.—SCENE II.

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

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

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

Ari. Thou liest.

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

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

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. 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 darest, But this thing dare not,—

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

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

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny's* this! Thou scurvy patch!

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes are.

**An allusion to the motley in which professional fools were always arrayed, with pointed caps on their heads and mock sceptres in their hands.*

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

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do ~~you~~ ~~also~~ ~~like~~ ~~thou~~ ~~that~~ ~~?~~ (*Beats Trin.*) As you like this, give me the lie another time.

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

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough. after a little time I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him, I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand* with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,† as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.†

*Wind pipe.

†From the French *sot*, blockhead.

*†“From the greatest even to the least.”—*Promus*
No. 129.

Ste.

Is it so brave a lass?

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

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thy self shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

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

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

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:

Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch*
You taught me but while-ere?

**To sing the parts of a song in succession, the singers catching up one another's sentences.*

Ste. At thy request, monster,* I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. (*Sings.*

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

**I have been always at his request."—Promus No. 1387.*

Cal. That's not the tune.

(*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

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

**The reference here is to a well-known print, in which a man's head was represented as resting on two legs without a body. Ariel, it must be remembered, was invisible.*

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

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee.
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. 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 sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

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

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the
story.

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

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could
see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano.

(Exeunt.)



Another part of the island.

Enter ALONZO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GON-
ZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin,* I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders!† By your pa-
tience,
I needs must rest me.

**An abbreviation of ladykin, our lady.*

†*Gonzalo means that the path they were treading was an intricate one, now straight and now winding.*

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. (Aside to Seb.) I am right glad that he's so
out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. (Aside to Ant.) The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. (Aside to Seb.) Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

Seb. (Aside to Ant.) I say, to-night: no more.
(Solemn and strange music.)

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

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc., to eat, they depart.

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

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

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

Gon.

If in Naples

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

Pros. (Aside) Honest lord,
 Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
 Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
 Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, express-
 ing,
 Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
 Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. (Aside) Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
 They have left their viands behind; for we have
 stomachs.

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
 were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers
 Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging
 at 'em

Wallets of flesh?* or that there were such men
 Whose heads stood in their breasts?† which now
 we find

Each putterout of five for one** will bring us
 Good warrant of.

**Cf. Bacon: "The people that dwell at the foot of snow mountains, or otherwise upon the ascent, especially the women, by drinking snow water, have great bags hanging under their throats."—Natural History.*

†*Cf. Pliny: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breast."—Natural History.*

***An allusion to a peculiar method of life insurance once in vogue in England. A person, going abroad, would put out a sum of money which was to be refunded to*

him with a large premium at his return. If he should not return, the money advanced was to be forfeited to the insurer. The premium varied according to the supposed risk, often amounting to five times the principal.

Alon.

I will stand to and feed,
 Although my last: no matter, since I feel
 The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
 Stand to and do as we.

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

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

(Alon., Seb., etc., draw their swords.)

You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
 One dowle that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
 And will not be uplifted. But remember—
 For that's my business to you—that you three
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
 Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
 Lingering perdition, worse than any death

Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
 from—

Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads—is nothing but heart-sorrow
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter
 the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and
 mows, and carrying out the table.*

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
 In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done. My high charms
 work

And these mine enemies are all knit up
 In their distractions; they now are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
 Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd,
 And his and mine loved darling. *(Exit above.)*

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

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

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

Ant. I'll be thy second.

(Exeunt Seb. and Ant.)

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great
 guilt,
 Like poison given to work a great time after,

Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr.

www.FollowUp.com Follow, I pray you. (*Exeunt.*)





Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and
MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion* shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,†
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*From Lat. *aspergere*, to besprinkle, as with reports, good or bad.

†Cf. *Genesis*: "And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree in the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it."—II., 16-17.

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Fer.

As I hope

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

Pros.

Fairly spoke.

Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity* of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

**Illusion.*

Ari.

Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say 'come' and go,
And breathe twice and cry 'so, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

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

Ari.

Well, I conceive, (*Exit.*

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

*"Amour de femme feu d'essoupe."—*Promus* No. 1521.

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

**Cf.* "Love's Labor Lost":—

"This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity."

—IV., 3.

Also "The Merry Wives of Windsor":—

"Ford (referring to Falstaff). Love my wife!

With liver burning hot."

—II., 1.

Bacon: "Plato's opinion, who located sensuality in the liver, is not to be despised."—*Advancement of Learning*.

Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,*
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. (*Soft music.*)

**From Lat. corolla, a small wreath, used to indicate an overplus, or more than sufficient.*

Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pinioned and twilled brims,*
Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
broom-groves
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:

Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

**Aquatic plants found in the margins of streams.*

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops,* refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

**The dramatist calls Iris, as Homer does, the personification of the rainbow. He also gives expression to a belief of the ancients, that where the ends of the rainbow touch the earth, they sweeten it.*

Cf. Bacon: "It hath been observed by the ancients that where a rainbow seemeth to hang over or to touch, there breathed forth a sweet smell . . . and the like do soft showers, for they also make the ground sweet. But none are so delicate as the dew of the rainbow, where it falleth."—Natural History.

"Showers and the earth's 'rich scarf' diffuse honey-drops."—Shakespeare.

"Showers and the rainbow make the ground sweet."—Bacon.

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

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,*
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

**Cf. Bacon: "Prosperina, daughter of Ceres, a fair virgin, was gathering flowers of Narcissus in the Sicilian meadows, when Pluto rushed suddenly upon her and carried her off in his chariot to the subterranean regions. Great reverence was paid to her there, so much that she was even called the Queen of Dis."—Wisdom of the Ancients.*

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity .

Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more but play with spar-
rows

And be a boy right out.

Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honour'd in their issue. *(They sing:*

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

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garner's never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

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

Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father and a wife
Makes this place Paradise.

*(Juno and Ceres whisper, and send
Iris on employment.*



The Dance of the Reapers.
ACT IV.—SCENE I.

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Pros. Sweet, now, silence!

Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the windring
brooks,

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

Enter certain NYMPHS.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footin.

**Winding or indented channels.*

*Enter certain REAPERS, properly habited: they
join with the NYMPHS in a graceful dance;
towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts sud-
denly, and speaks; after which, to a strange hol-
low, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. (Aside) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. (*To the Spirits.*) Well done!
avoid;* no more!

**Be gone.*

*Cf. Bacon: "I remember well that when I went to the
echo at Pont-Chaventon there was an old Priscian who
took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits. For
(said he) call Satan and the echo will not deliver back
the devil's name, but will say, va t'en, which is as much
in French as apage or avoid."*—*Natural History.*

Fer. This is strange:* your father's in some pas-
sion
That works him strongly.

**"I find that strange."*—*Promus No. 302.*

Prom., Note 303, 1594.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
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-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,* shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack† behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

*From *Lat. inherere, to cling or belong to.*

†*Cf. Bacon: "The clouds above which we call the rack."—Natural History.*

The word is unfortunately changed to "wreck" in the inscription on Shakspeare's monument in Westminster Abbey, erected in 1740.

Fer. Mir. We wish you peace. (*Exeunt.*)
Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel:
come.

Enter ARIEL.

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

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

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

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these
varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears
That calf-like they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and
thorns,

Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

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

Ari. I go, I go. (*Exit.*)

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

Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glistering apparel, etc.

Come, hang them on this line.†

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter

CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all
wet.

**Cf. Lucretius:*

Also, Bacon: "Old age, if it could be seen, deforms the mind more than the body."—*De Augmentis.*

Also, *ibid*: "I remember, when I was a young man at Poitiers in France, that I was very intimate with a young Frenchman of great wit, but somewhat talkative, who afterwards turned out a very eminent man. He used to inveigh against the manners of old men, and say that

if their minds could be seen as well as their bodies, they would appear no less deformed; and further indulging his fancy, he argued that the defects of their minds had some parallel and correspondence with those of the body."
—*History of Life and Death.*

†*That is, on this line (or line) tree.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not

Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.*

**Deceived us.*

Cf. "Romeo and Juliet":—

"An 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks."—*II., 4.*

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

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

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still.

Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to

Shall hoodwink the mischance: therefore speak softly.

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

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

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

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

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

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. 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.

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

Trin. O king Stephano!* O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

**Cf.* "Othello":—

*King Stephano was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear
With that he calle'd the tailor—low'n.
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree;
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."*

—II., 3. 88.

This popular ballad was written in ridicule of King Stephano's parsimony.

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

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

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

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean

To dote thus on such luggage? Let's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

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

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

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

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

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

**A species of goose, once thought to be developed out of shell fish that bore into ships' bottoms, in salt*

water. Hence the name.. Max Muller asserts that in Ireland priests were formerly accustomed to eat them during Lent, under the impression that they were not birds, but fish.

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

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pros. Hey. Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark! (*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*)

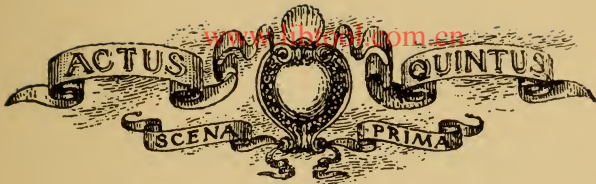
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them

Than pard or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar!

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





Before PROSPERO'S cell.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

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

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

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

Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gon-
zalo;'

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.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

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

**Cf. Bacon: "In taking revenge, a man is but even
 with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior."*
 —*Essay of Revenge.*

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. (*Exit.*)
Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks,* standing lakes
 and groves,
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
 When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
 By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,†
 Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms*‡ that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew** by whose aid,
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
 Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
 Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
 With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
 Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic
 I here abjure, and, when I have required
 Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
 To work mine end upon their senses that

This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound
 I'll drown my book. (Solemn music.)

*Some words and phrases of this speech are taken from Golding's translation of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, published in 1567.. It is perfectly certain, however, that in other passages derived from Ovid the dramatist went directly to the original. In *Macbeth*, for instance, he mentions one of Actaeon's dogs, not by the English name into which it is converted by Golding, but by the one that Ovid himself used in Latin. Prof. Baynes gives another illustration to the same effect, thus—

"The important point to be noted is, that Shakespeare clearly derived it (name of Titania) from his study of Ovid in the original. It must have struck him in reading the text of the "*Metamorphoses*," as it is not to be found in the only translation which existed in his day. Golding, instead of transferring the term of Titania, always translates it in the case of Diana, by the phrase "*Titan's Daughter*;" and in the case of Circe by the line, "*Of Circe, who by long descent of Titian's stock*." Shakespeare could not therefore have been indebted to Golding for the happy selection. On the other hand, in the next translation of The "*Metamorphoses*" by Sandys, first published ten years after Shakespeare's death, Titania is freely used. . . . It is clear, therefore, I think, that Shakespeare not only studied the "*Metamorphoses*" in the original, but that he read the different stories (in Latin) with a quick and open eye for any names, incident or allusion that might be available for use in his own dramatic labors."—*Shakespeare Studies*, p. 212.

‡Ringlets of grass, supposed to be made by fairies, dancing in circles.

‡*That is, mushrooms, once regarded as the special product of fairies in their night work.

Cf. Bacon: "Mushrooms have two strange properties: the one, that they yield so delicious a meat; the other, that they come up so hastily, as in a night, without being sown."—*Natural History*.

**From the French words *couvrir*, to cover, and *feu*, fire.

The bell rung at night-fall, here mentioned as a signal for the fairies to begin their revels. The custom of ringing a curfew was instituted in the time of William the Conqueror. It is still in practice in many places.

Re-enter ARIEL before: then ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, at-

tended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks:

A solemn air and the best comforter
 To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,*
 Now useless, boiled within thy skull!† There stand,
 For you are spell-stopp'd.
 Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
 Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
 Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
 And as the morning steals upon the night,
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir
 To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
 Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a further in the act.
 Thou art pinch'd for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
 blood,
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
 Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
 That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
 I will discase me, and myself present
 As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL sings and helps to attire him.

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.

*Cf. "*King Richard II.*"
 "This music mads me; let it sound no more;
 For it have help madmen to their wits,
 In me it seems it will make wise men sad."

V. 5, 61.

Also Prof. Elze: "Shakespeare must have had an opportunity of observing (a person or) persons afflicted in mind. Prof. Neuman very justly remarks concerning Ophelia's case: "When could Shakespeare have known that persons thus afflicted decorate themselves with flowers, offer them to other people, and sing away to themselves; I myself cannot conceive where. Dr. Bucknill even maintains that watching persons mentally afflicted must have been a favorite study of Shakespeare. *Life of William Shakespeare.*"

"Shakespeare knew, however he acquired the knowledge, the phenomena of insanity as few have known them."—Goethe.

Bacon wrote to Queen Elizabeth in the spring of 1600 that his mother was "much worn"; soon afterward, perhaps at the death of her son Anthony in 1601, she became violently insane, and continued so under the sole, unremitting care of her only surviving son Francis until her death in 1610. It was during this period that "*King Lear*" and the revised version of "*Hamlet*" were written. The author's portrayal of insanity in these plays is still regarded by specialists as a psychological marvel.

†Cf. "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*":

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains."
 V. 1.

Also "*Twelfth Night*":

"If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy."
 II. 5.

'Also, Bacon: "The vital spirit resides in the ventricles of the brain, and, being compounded of flame and air, has in it a degree of inflammation. . . . It is the emission of the spirit thence that contracts the body; the detention there that melts it."

Historia Densi et Rari.

Pros. Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;

But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain

Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. *(Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amaze-
ment

Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

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

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

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
(Aside to Seb. and Ant.) But you, my brace of
lords, were I so minded,

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. *(Aside)* The devil speaks in him.

Pros.

No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
 Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
 Thou must restore.

Alon.

If thou be'st Prospero,
 Give us particulars of thy preservation;
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
 Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
 My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros.

I am woe for 't, sir.*

**Sorry.*

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
 Says it is past her cure.

Pros.

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

Alon.

You the like loss!

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

Alon.

A daughter?

O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
 The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
 Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
 Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter.

Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
 At this encounter do so much admire*
 That they devour their reason and scarce think
 Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
 Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
 Been justled from your senses, know for certain
 That I am Prospero and that very duke
 Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most
 strangely

Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
 landed,
 To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
 This cell's my court: here have I a few attendants
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again,
 I will requite you with as good a thing;
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye
 As much as me my dukedom.

**From Lat. admirare, to wonder.*

*Here PROSPERO discovers FERDINAND and
 MIRANDA playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear'st love,
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
 wrangle,

And I would call it fair play.

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

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
 I have cursed them without cause. *(Kneels.*

Alon. Now all the blessings
 Of a glad father compass thee about!
 Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mir. O, wonder!*
 How many goodly creatures are there here!
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
 That has such people in 't!

**"Upon wondering, men began to philosophise."—
 Prometheus No. 227.*

Pros. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast
 at play?



Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

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Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddest that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she is mortal ;
But by immortal Providence she's mine :
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Received a second life ; and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pros. There, sir, stop :
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

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

**Cf. Bacon: "To mark (one's way) with chalk."*
Promus, No. 710.

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

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

Alon. (To Fer. and Mir.) Give me your hands :
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon.

Be it so! Amen!

Re-enter ARIEL, with the MASTER and BOAT-SWAIN amazedly following.

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

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

Ari. (*Aside to Pros.*) Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pros. (*Aside to Ari.*) My tricky spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they
strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapp'd under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Or roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. (*Aside to Pros.*) Was 't well done?

Pros. (*Aside to Ari.*) Bravely, my diligence.

Thou shalt be free.

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

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business;* at pick'd leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. (*Aside to Ari.*) Come
hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. (*Exit Ariel.*) How fares my gra-
cious sir?

There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

*"*Par trop se debattre, la verite se perd.*"—*Promus*
No. 1462.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STE-
PHANO and TRINCULO, in their stolen ap-
parel.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Aon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?

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

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

(*Pointing to Caliban.*)

Pros. He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

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

Pros. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

(*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*)

Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn

I'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
 Where I have hope to see the nuptial
 Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
 And thence retire me to my Milan, where
 Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon.

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

Pros.

I'll deliver all;
 And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
 And sail so expeditious that shall catch
 Your royal fleet far off. (*Aside to Ari.*) My Ariel,
 chick,

That is thy charge: then to the elements
 Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
 (*Exeunt.*)

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by PROSPERO.

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

“Shakespeare closed the wonderful series of his dramatic writings by exhibiting the noblest elevation of character, the most admirable attainment of heart, of intellect, of will, which our present life admits, in the person of Prospero.

Dowden's Shak. Mind & Art, P. 76.

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CRITICAL COMMENTS.

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“Shakespeare and Bacon, the Prince of Poets and the Prince of Philosophers, brought out their mighty works side by side, and nearly at the same time, though without any express recognition of each other. And why may we not regard Prospero as prognosticating in a poetic form those vast triumphs of man’s rational spirit which the philosopher foresaw and prepared?”

HENRY N. HUDSON, 1872.

“We contend with Tieck that the play was written for representation on occasion of the marriage of James the First’s daughter, Princess Elizabeth, to Frederick, Elector Palatine; and that the chief human personages represent James himself and the princely bride and bridegroom. . . The little foibles which Shakespeare has allowed to mingle with Prospero’s portrait . . . are, because the purpose of the play compelled him partly to keep an eye on James the First.”

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE, 1890

INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

	PAGE		PAGE
abstemious,	68	doubt discovery,	41
aches,	24	drowned father,	26
apes,	44	every creature's best,	53
a point,	15	falsehood,	10
Argier,	20	fast asleep,	40
aspersion,	66	five for one,	62
ardor of my liver,	68	flote,	17
a thousand thousand,	55	fortunes droop,	14
at thy request,	59	full poor cell,	6
baked with frost,	18	great'st does least,	58
barnacles,	75	heavens rain grace,	54
bat-fowling,	38	here's my comfort,	45
be my god,	49	honey-drops,	69
Bermoothes,	17	how the less,	23
blessedly hope,	8	I flamed amazent,	15
blister you all o'er,	22	image tell me, me	7
brains,	80-8	impertinent,	12
breasts,	62	incharitable dog,	3
brave son,	28	incapable,	11
by thy trembling,	46	indeed the duke,	10
by your art,	5	influence,	14
by'r lakin,	60	in good sooth,	48
Caliban,	22	inch-meal,	44
chalked the way,	85	inherit,	72
charity,	13	instinctively had quit it,	12
changed eyes,	28	in the dark,	44
cherub,	12	it was the first,	8
chirurgconly,	37	kibe,	42
chough,	42	Lay her ahold,	4
commonwealth,	37	lay her off,	4
complexion,	2	library,	13
corollary,	68	Lie there, my art,	6
crisp channels,	71	long spoon,	47
curfew,	78	made them known,	23
cure deafness,	11	man's life,	41
dear'est o' the loss,	36		
deck'd,	12		
Ding, dong bell,	25-26		
Dis my daughter,	69		

94 INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

	PAGE		PAGE
main-course,	2	skull,	80
meanders,	60	sot,	58
Miranda,	5	spirit of persuasion,	40
" sleeps,	14	standing water,	40
miraculous harp,	35	state grew stranger,	9
mind cankers,	73	Stephano,	75
moon-calf,	47		
much admire,	83	take heed,	66
mush-rooms,	78	talk nothing to me,	38
my husband then,	55	teen,	8
		theme of woe,	32
Nobody,	59	this is no fish,	45
nothing to me,	38	" business,	87
note,	41	" is strange,	71
		" lord,	40
on this line,	73	to his hanging,	2
O the,	8	to the foil,	53
of this business,	87	top of admiration,	52
other princess' can,	14	trash for over-topping,	9
owest,	29	troll the catch,	59
O wonder,	84	twilled brim,	68
		two glasses,	18
painful,	51		
perdition,	6	vanity,	67
pied-ninny,	57	vengeance,	76
plantation,	37	verdure out on't,	9
played the Jack,	74		
pleased his ear,	9	wallets of flesh,	62
poor drunkard,	50	well done! avoid,	71
profit,	14	we would,	39
Prospero,	5	weazand,	58
		wench,	12
rack,	72	when I do it,	51
remorse,	80	wild waves, whist,	25
ringlets,	78	wilt not take,	24
		will or no,	54
sack,	48	woe for 't, sir,	83
secret studies,	9	wonder,	49-83
Setebos,	23	would I admit,	37
screen,	11		

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