COURSE OUTLINE

ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM THE BAROQUE TO ROMANTICISM

Estonian: Inglise kirjandus barokist romantismini
Code: FLGR 01.162
Semester:
When/where:
Lecturer: Pilvi Rajamäe
Office hours:
Format: lecture
Credits: 3 EAP
Aim: it is a core course of English literature designed to give an overview of the main trends in English literature from the age of the baroque to romanticism.

Exam: written, 2 hours, 4 questions, 2 of them general (i.e. on textbook material). 2 with text analysis (i.e. your analysis of the texts we have been discussing in class, based on the material in the textbook, your notes from the lectures/seminars and your own reading of the texts; the author's name, the title and the full texts concerned will be provided at the exam together with the questions which will specify the angle from which I would like you to consider the texts)

Required reading/ the textbooks:
Roy Strong. *The Spirit of Britain. A Narrative History of the Arts.* Pimlico, 2000. ISBN 0-7126-6495-9:

Chapter 25. Babylon.
Chapter 26. The Grand Tour and After.
Chapter 27. Forging a Culture.
Chapter 28. Sensibility.

NB! While the texts above are included in the present coursebook, your basic textbook continues to be the one below. If you, for some reason, have not acquired it already, it is high time to do it now, by ordering it at the University Bookshop in Tartu or Allecto in Tallinn. It will continue to be your basic textbook in the follow-up courses on English literature
FLGR 01.186 English literature from romanticism to modernism
FLGR 01.187 English literature in the 20th century
FLGR 01.188 English literature today

Andrew Sanders. *The Short Oxford History of English Literature.* Oxford University Press, 1996, ISBN 0-19-871157-3 (paperback):

Chapter 4: Revolution and Restoration.
Chapter 5: Eighteenth-Century Literature.

Note concerning required/obligatory reading
At our University to get 3 EAPs for a course a student is required to participate in 16 90-minute seminars/lectures, which makes a total of 24 hours, and spend the same amount of time (i.e. 24 hours) on independent work. The regulations laid down by the Faculty of Philosophy decree that the amount of scientific literature for a student to be studied independently is 10 pages per 60 minutes, the amount for fiction being 40 pages per 1 hour.

Your required (i.e. obligatory) reading (see above) will amount to 24 hours of textbook material (including all the extracts from Roy Strong's book in this course book).

NB! The books below **YOU DON'T HAVE TO READ**, but if you have a deeper interest in the subject, you might find them rewarding.

Anthologies you might want to consult:

The Norton Anthology of English Literature. Fifth Edition. The Major Authors. Norton, 1987.

The Oxford Anthology of English Literature. Volume I. Ed. by Frank Kermode, John Hollander, Harold Bloom, Martin Price, J.B. Trapp, Lionel Trilling. Oxford University Press, 1973.

Literature of the Western World. Volume I: The Ancient World Through the Renaissance. Second Edition. Ed. by Brian Wilkie, James Hurt. Macmillan, 1988.

Macmillan Anthologies of English Literature:

The Restoration and the Eighteenth Century. Ed. by Ian McCowan, 1989.

Other textbooks you might want to look at:

Longman Literature in English Series:

English Poetry:

George Parfitt. *English Poetry of the Seventeenth Century.*

English Drama:

Richard W. Bevis. *English Drama: Restoration and Eighteenth Century, 1660-1789.*

English Fiction:

Clive T. Probyn. *English Fiction of the Eighteenth Century, 1700-1789.*

English Prose:

Roger Pooley. *English Prose of the Seventeenth Century, 1590-1700.*

The Intellectual and Cultural Context:

Graham Parry. *The Seventeenth Century, 1603-1700.*

James Sambrook. *The Eighteenth Century. 1700-1789.*

The Penguin History of Literature:

English Poetry and Prose 1540-1674.

English Drama to 1710.

Dryden to Johnson.

Texts discussed in class (most of them are extracts):

Donne: *The First Anniversary. An Anatomy of the World*

The Flea

Love's Alchemy

Elegy 19. To His Mistress Going to Bed

Holy Sonnets 9, 10, 14

Hymn to God My Go, in My Sickness

Jonson: *Song: To Celia*

To Penshurst

Hymn to Cynthia

Herrick: *The Argument of His Book*

Delight in Disorder

Lovelace: *To Althea, from Prison: Song*

The Grasshopper: To My Noble Friend, Mr Charles Cotton: Ode
Suckling: *The Constant Lover*
Herbert: *The Dawning*
The Altar
The Collar
The Pilgrimage
Quarles: *Canticle*
Crashaw: *To the Noblest and Best of Ladyes, the Countesse of Denbigh*
Vaughan: *The World*
Marvell: *The Definition of Love*
To His Coy Mistress
The Garden
A Poem Upon the Death of His Late Highness the Lord Protector
Milton: *L'Allegro*
Il Penseroso
Paradise Lost
Rochester: *To a Lady in a Letter*
Absent From Thee I Languish Still
Love a Woman Y'are An Ass
Wild: *Iter Boreale*
Sackville: *The Advice*
From the Latin
Sedley: *Song*
Darby: *Bacchanalia*
Southerne: *Song from 'Sir Antony Love'*
Brome: *A Wife*
Pope: *An Essay on Criticism*
An Essay on Man
Ode to Solitude
Windsor Forest
To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington
Epilogue to the Satires
Thomson: *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*
Dyer: *The Fleece*
Grongar Hill
Blackmore: *The Digestive System*
Denham: *Cooper's Hill*
Hughes: *A Thought in a Garden*
Winchilsea: *A Petition for an Absolute Retreat*
A Nocturnal Reverie
Pomfret: *The Choice*
Gray: *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*
Dryden: *Mac Flecknoe*
Swift: *A Description of a City Shower*
Johnson: *London*
The Vanity of Human Wishes

ENGLISH LITERATURE FROM THE BAROQUE TO ROMANTICISM
Revision questions

1. The Jacobean masque.
2. The Caroline masque.
3. 17th-century 'metaphysical' poetry (Donne, Quarles, Herbert, Crashaw, Vaughan, Marvell).
4. The arrival of classicism in England. The impact of the art collections of the Earl of Arundel and Charles I.
5. The Caroline court culture and Cavalier poetry (Carew, Suckling, Lovelace, Waller, Cowley, Herrick).
6. The Caroline "beauty of holiness".
7. 17th-century philosophical writing (Burton, Browne, Hobbes).
8. The political prose of the Civil War period.
9. Milton. *Paradise Lost.*
10. 17th-century autobiographical writing (Pepys, Evelyn).
11. 17th-century religious prose (Donne, Andrewes, Bunyan).
12. The baroque style as the embodiment of the Restoration ethos.
13. Restoration poetry (Rochester, Sackville, Sedley, Dryden).
14. Restoration drama (Dryden, Etheridge, Wycherley, Congreve).
15. The impact of Newton and the principles of natural philosophy on 17th- and 18th-century poetry and prose.
16. The emergence of the polite society.
17. Burlington, Palladianism and the new morality.
18. The Augustan publishing explosion and expansion of literacy.
19. The general principles of Neoclassicism in literature. Pope's *Essay on Criticism.*
20. The Grand Tour and its impact on British culture.
21. Augustan journalism (Addison, Steele).
22. Augustan satire (Dryden, Swift, Pope, Johnson).
23. Augustan reflective and nature poetry (Winchilsea, Thomson, Denham, Dyer, Akenside, Pomfret, Pope).
24. Augustan literary criticism (Dennis, Swift, Pope, Johnson).
25. Evolution of the novel in the 18th century (Defoe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith).
26. Augustan patriotism and a drive to forge an authentic English national culture.
27. The Augustan cult of Shakespeare.
28. The Augustan attempts at canon formation.
29. The English landscape garden and the Augustan reappraisal of Nature.
30. The mid-18th-century culture of sensibility.
31. The poetry of 'sensibility' (Young, Gray, Blair, Collins).
32. The 'Comedy of Manners' (Goldsmith, Sheridan).

THE STUART MASQUE

The new reign quickly accelerated the change which had already been in the air in the 1590s. In the first place England was becoming an increasingly urbanised and cosmopolitan society whose focus was an ever-expanding London with a population of a quarter of a million. Successive Stuart governments were to struggle to put a stop to endless suburban sprawl. London became a cultural capital in every sense. Not only was the court at hand but the city itself also provided a permanent round of pleasure with its theatres and other entertainments, and its luxury trades, booksellers and portrait painters, tomb-makers and silversmiths, tailors and instrument makers. In short we see the gradual emergence of fashionable life and of a leisured class apart from the court.

The new king's role as peace-maker – he cast himself as the British Solomon – meant that after the treaty with Spain in 1604 the roads were open right across the continental mainland. Even that city of the Protestants' Antichrist, Rome, could be visited. In this way travellers were not only able to see but also to import everything that had happened, and was indeed currently happening abroad back to Britain. The long isolation since the 1530s was at an end. The full impact of that was not to be felt until a new generation came to maturity in the 1630s but during the preceding decades the new became ever more intrusive. But for a time old and new were to live side by side.

A high price was to be paid, however, for the eventual triumph of the new. The Elizabethan age had produced a one nation culture, held together by the external threat of Spain and the forces of the Catholic Counter-Reformation and bound in loyalty to a Virgin Queen, a monarch whose delight lay in her people. If James I and his successor Charles I had inherited that delight in the populace and dedication to the Protestant cause the incipient cultural polarisation between the new court culture and the rest of the country might have been averted. As it was, both kings contracted out of public appearances, opting for a court which epitomised cultural isolation. In the case of James this was exacerbated by scandal and by pursuing Catholic marriages for his sons. In the case of Charles I, a Catholic queen and a return of ritual and images to the Church of England were to contribute to alienation from the population. But the full consequences of this did not begin to bite deep until after about 1615, when the new thinking enters into the ascendant. In 1603 to all intents and purposes it was business as usual, although the warning signs were to come early.

What Stuart courtly culture did signal was the exaltation of the esoteric. That was already manifest in the king's state entry into London in 1604, when seven elaborate triumphal arches stood as visual incantations to regal mystery, piled high with images which called for extreme erudition: 'And for the multitude,' wrote Ben Jonson, 'no doubt but their grounded judgements did gaze, said it was fine, and were satisfied.' Jonson was to be the ideal poet for this new closed courtly civilisation. Thoroughly imbued in the Renaissance hermetic tradition of secret ancient wisdom, transmitted over the millennia by means of arcane images (the common language of man before the Babel of tongues), he was to write the masques for the court. Jonson was an embodiment of the belief that the role of poets and artists was to make manifest not the reality of kingship but its idea as it dwelt in the Platonic realm. Thus king and courtiers were made to approximate to universally recognised ideal types and not the monuments to time-serving, sycophancy and scandals that they actually

were. Writing about his masque for 1605 Jonson states that it was not only a manifestation of the old Tudor princely virtue of magnificence but also about something else. Its aim, he says, was educative, to purvey to the onlookers 'the most high and hearty inventions to furnish the inward parts . . . which, though their voice be taught to sound to present occasions their sense doth or should always lay hold of more removed mysteries.' That was what was innovative about *The Masque of Blackness.* It was a regal mystery for pondering by the few.

But what was innovative about his collaborator, Inigo Jones, in that first masque? This was the earliest appearance of what was to develop into the picture-frame stage with the scenery concentrated at one end of a space and arranged according to the rules of Renaissance scientific perspective. Add to this moving stage machinery and a manipulation of artificial light, all things which were in use at advanced Italian courts at the close of the previous century but were totally unknown in England. This was a revolution in visual perception, replacing medieval polycentricity (a way of organising space in which things could be looked at from more than one angle at the same time) by a concept of space, reached by the application of the laws of mathematics and geometry, in which man was placed at the centre of a unified and harmonic cosmos. In particular, it cast the monarch at the focal point because in his eyes all the lines of perspective of the stage set met. It was to take time for the audience to grasp this. Even in the 1630s someone was to describe a perspective stage set as though he was looking at bookcases jutting out in a library. Like Jonson, Jones also regarded the masque as an educative vehicle, and by the 1630s perspective had invaded painting, architecture, town planning, interior decoration and gardening. The new perspective and the tide towards absolute monarchy went in tandem.

Jones's masque sets over the years were also to educate his audiences towards a taste for classical antiquity and classical architecture. At first he was to mingle the new Renaissance style with the old Elizabethan neo-medievalism but gradually that was to disappear. Jones is a key figure, more so than Jonson, for what happened to early Stuart civilisation can almost be written in terms of this astounding man who was already thirty-five in 1605 and was not to design his first complete building until ten years later. Architect, mechanic, mathematician, artist, designer, antiquary and connoisseur, he was for years virtually alone in Britain in his knowledge of the modern arts of design. As a consequence his influence was to be unparalleled. Jones had been to Italy at the close of the 1590s and was recommended to the service of the new queen by her brother, Christian IV of Denmark. What set him apart is that he was the first Englishman to lay claim to being an architect as conceived in the writings of the first century Roman, Vitruvius, and as revived by the great architects of the Italian Renaissance from Alberti onwards. In this scheme of things architecture was the queen of all the arts, whose task, by means of a series of mathematical ratios, was to reflect the proportioned cosmic harmony of the spheres in their heavenly placing, and also to be a microcosmic echo of those in the dimensions of the ideal man. Such a stance depended on the Pythagorean belief that the universe was mathematically constructed according to certain key ratios that were also the source of musical harmony. Through art, Jones brought the music of the spheres down to earth. For such a task, the architect needed also to have knowledge of mathematics, astronomy, music, geometry and philosophy (of a Platonic kind) as well as mastery of the practicalities of building. It was to take time and further study in Italy by Jones himself for the full consequences of this concept to strike root. For the most part, architecture was to

remain as it had been in the Elizabethan age, an expression of the patron realised in consultation with master craftsmen and surveyors. Jones, however, had one skill which he was again the first to turn to advantage. He could draw, and thus present to his patrons his ideas on paper.

Jonson, together with Jones, gave the Stuart court its seminal art form, the masque, an entertainment which linked poetry and moral philosophy to art. Each masque used music, dance, poetry and lavish illusionistic scenic display to translate the doctrines of divine kingship into a seductive educational experience, engaging both the senses and the emotions. They were virtually always staged at Epiphanytide or to mark a great event like a dynastic marriage. The audience was presented with a series of mechanical scenic marvels culminating in the queen or one of the princes, attended by a group of aristocratic personages, being revealed in glory as gods, seemingly let down from heaven to earth. The scenery was the action, a series of visual emblems and allegories which dissolved before the spectator's eyes like a succession of baroque altarpieces, each transformation precipitated by the power of the royal presence which could bring, for example, spring in winter or the return of the Golden Age. Within the limitations of the age the impact on the audiences must have been quite awe-inspiring as these celestial tableaux, mysteriously masked and gorgeously attired, suddenly sprang to life, processing downstage into the auditorium, attended by musicians and torchbearers, to dance.

These were secular liturgies with Jonson and Jones as the high priests. Over the years Jonson perfected and elaborated the format, introducing what was called an anti-masque, a grotesque opening scene which satirized the enemies of king and court, figures like witches, furies or troublemakers, serving to heighten the splendour

The most important early patron of the new arts was that lost figure in British history, Henry, Prince of Wales. He came of age in 1610 and was to die of typhoid fever on 6 November 1612. If he had lived to succeed, British civilisation might have been far different. Henry was a youth of quite exceptional preciosity, one who, unlike his father, not only had a political programme but a cultural one aligned to it. He revivified the mythology of the Elizabethan era, casting himself as a prince whose aspirations lay in vanquishing Rome, adopting in the tournaments and masques roles such as Meliadus, a descendant of Spenser's Red Cross Knight, or Oberon, the Fairy Prince, heir to the Faerie Queene. At the same time he embarked on an ambitious artistic programme which embraced everything from collecting old master paintings to building in the new classical style. So the prince is in a sense Janus-faced, he simultaneously revives the old while at the same time taking up the mantle of the new.

His cultural policy is conveniently summed up in one spectacle, the *Barriers* of 1610, in which he made his first public appearance before the court. Here, amidst the ruins of the House Chivalry, seen as classical, Merlin conjures the prince up as heir to King Arthur and the knight who will revive Lady Chivalry. He appears to do just that in a scene which marries Elizabethan neo-medievalism with specific ancient Roman buildings:

> More truth of architecture there was blazed
> Than lived in all the ignorant Goths have razed.

For three years the prince was to preside over a court in which old and new were brought into synthesis, both seen to be serving a united and aggressive Protestant cause.

(For further details, see, if you wish, R. Strong. The Spirit of Britain.) 7

POETRY OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE 17th CENTURY

JOHN DONNE (1572-1631)

Donne's poetry is remarkable for its **fusion of passionate feeling and logical argument**. He gave to the short lyric something of the flexibility, the urgent and profound expressiveness that came to be developed in dramatic blank verse. The play of intellect tended to become for him an emotional experience. Some of D's dialectical acuteness may have derived from his Catholic upbringing and his study of scholastic philosophy, his employment of its concepts led later to the use of the term **'metaphysical'** to define his wit and his particular type of conceit, and to its extension by Dr Johnson to describe his followers and imitators.

Conceits and **wit** were a recognized part of Elizabethan rhetorical apparatus for amplifying a theme, but D's characteristic use of them involves such an extraordinary range of ideas and experiences with such startling connections between them, the whole process seems to work at a so much higher pressure, that in comparison the general Elizabethan use of conceits appears merely superficial and ingenious. When it fails, the metaphysical conceit answers to Dr Johnson's account: "the most heterogenous ideas are yoked by violence together". When it succeeds one thinks rather of Coleridge's remark that imagination shows itself in "the balance or reconciliation of opposites or discordant qualitites".

D's style was the natural expression of his sensibility, and its originality is reflected in his choice and treatment of subject. As he rejects the melodious fluency of Spenser's verse or the decorative use of classical mythology, so he turns from the Petrarchan conventions to analyse the experience of love in a variety of moods ranging from cynical sensuality to a profound sense of union, but always with the same realistic force and eager play of mind. When he turns to religious poetry later in life there is no change of style or method: the same variety and range of experience are drawn on, and the same dramatic power expresses his mental conflicts.

BEN JONSON (1572-1637)

The other great formative influence in seventeenth-century poetry was J. It is not so much that, as some older histories of literature used to assert, there was a 'school of Donne' and a 'school of Jonson'; rather that almost any seventeenth-century poet will show signs of having learnt from both, though the proportions and the nature of the blend may differ widely.

J's non-dramatic verse does not show such an obvious originality or such a decisive breach with contemporary fashion as Donne's; yet his different modification of the Elizabethan manner is almost equally significant. His lyrics have **a greater neatness and point**, they are **more economical in method**, and the best of them achieve **a striking sureness of movement** which is different from the limpid Elizabethan flow of verse.

Apart from lyrics, including numerous songs from his plays and masques, J wrote chiefly occasional verse - epigrams, epitaphs, odes and epistles. He rejected equally the Petrarchan convention, the Spenserian fluency and 'sweetness long-drawn out', and with rare exceptions the sonnet form. For his models he turned from the French and Italian to the Latin lyric poems and epigrammatists, especially Catullus, Horace and Martial. From these he learned a **detached coolness of style** which can unite with genuine feeling to give it **restraint , stability** and **permanence**. When he fails, J can be laboured and pedantic, but his characteristic successes achieve **an urbane elegance**. Without attempting the obvious dramatic effect of Donne's broken rhythm, his detachment and **epigrammatic conciseness** combine to produce an effect of wit, though it is not of the metaphysical kind and does not

employ Donne's type of conceit. In *Discoveries*, his commonplace-book of critical notes, J remarked that 'metaphors far-fet hinder to be understood' and the kind of strength he sought for was not to be achieved through obscurity or metaphorical complexity.

THE 'METAPHYSICAL' POETS

The remarkable development of religious poetry in the seventeenth century forms a striking contrast with the previous age which has little poetry of this kind. An exception must be made for the poetry of the jesuit martyr **Robert Southwell** (c. 1561-96), which shows an odd mingling of the earlier, more naive Elizabethan rhetoric and the Counter-Reformation ardour, sensousness and love of paradox.

Much religious poetry of this period was affected by the vogue of books of **'emblems'**, sets of allegorical pictures each accompanied by verses expounding its moral. The first emblem book in English appeared in 1586, but the most significant examples of religious verse in this form were the collections of Emblems by **Francis Quarles** (1592-1644). The indirect influence of the emblem may be seen in the imagery of such poets as Herbert and Crashaw.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

The use of the metaphysical style in religious poetry by H owes much to Donne, with whom he had early contacts, his mother being one of Donne's friends and patronesses. There are obvious contrasts: H shows neither Donne's passionate and tortured arguments nor his aggressive unconventionality of style. His **courtly urbanity of language, his varied and musical verse forms**, and **a certain neatness and point**, suggest the further influence of Ben Jonson. But it is from Donne that H derives his wit and his conceits. Drawing upon ordinary experience and practical affairs rather than scholastic or scientific learning, H's wit is often distinguished as **'homely'**, sometimes as 'quaint', and it does at times suggest simply the **play of an ingenious fancy**. In his best work it has imaginative intensity and the effect of surprise. Sometimes the conceit lies in a title suggesting the emblem (*The Collar, The Pulley*), or it may be extended into a short allegorical narrative, foreshadowing Bunyan (*Redemption, The Pilgrimage*). The realistic strength underlying H's grace of style is related to the maturity of his emotional and religious life. The serenity of his faith was not achieved without suffering and conflict which are finally resolved in faith and acceptance. At its most characteristic, this acceptance is not mere resignation but suggests mature choice. H's best work embodies the religious temper of the seventeenth century at its finest and most humane.

RICHARD CRASHAW (1612-49)

In his use of conceits C has neither Donne's intellectual range nor Herbert's homely realism. He **combines a fondness for paradox with sensuous warmth** in the manner of the Italian poets of the Counter-Reformation, especially Marino and the jesuit writers of Latin epigrams. Both influences lead towards a use of the conceit as **isolated ornament** rather than as an integral part of a poem's total meaning. Even before his conversion to Rome about 1645, C was writing in a vein of **voluptous mysticism** which suggest Italian and Spanish **baroque** art. He carries to extremes the traditional use of erotic metaphor to convey the ecstasies of adoration and his uncontrolled lyric fervour sometimes collapses into an exclamatory verbal haze, yet there are passages of eloquent and passionate conviction. Where there is an obvious emblematic quality, or a close relation to liturgy, or both, as in some of the later poems, the conceits and paradoxes often take on a quality of formal ritual, which lessens their general poetic force. In various ways, therefore, C's poetry moves away from the tradition of Donne and Herbert, but at times (as notably in the lines to the Countess of Denbigh) an

approximation to metaphysical wit adds strength and substance to his ecstatic lyricism.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-95)

Like Crashaw, V wrote some secular verse in fashionable modes, but he is chiefly remembered for the religious poetry of his collection *Silex Scintillans* (1655). Herbert's influence is marked in his work by many obvious echoes and borrowings. Where it is strongest, V usually suffers by the comparison; the effect is thinner and less concentrated. He is most memorable for his **striking opening lines** like "I saw the eternity the other night..." or "They are all gone into the world of light...". V's poetry is less social, more removed from the world of action than that of Donne or Herbert; he has neither Herbert's attachment to the Anglican Church nor Crashaw's concern with Catholic ritual and dogma. His religious intuitions belong to a wider and vaguer tradition of neoplatonic mysticism, of **solitary contemplation** which turns to images from nature - sun and stars, winds and streams, the plant and the seed - to express the soul's aspiration to God. In his best work he can still use the metaphysical conceit effectively.

The **middle years of the century** show metaphysical poetry undergoing various changes. With some poets the manner declines into eccentricity and extravagance; with others, wit takes on a different character in response to changes in contemporary sensibility. At the same time the tradition shapes its last great poet

ANDREW MARVELL (1621-78)

M's work has a central significance, **gathering together many strands of seventeenth-century thought, feeling and style.** His special blend of wit includes the imaginative surprise of Donne and the civilized grace of Jonson, the gallantry of Carew and the grave delicacy of Herbert. His temperament has both Puritan sobriety and a classical sophistication more flexible than Milton's. In no poet are levity and seriousness more subtly mingled, though something of the same quality appears in Pope. His **wit is the result of his wide-ranging play of mind which is continually making imaginative connections between different levels of experience.** The classical quality in M appears in his **smooth polished verse**, his **precision and economy of phrase**, and his balanced sense of human limitations.

Occasional examples of conceits running to fantastic extravagance can be found in almost all the metaphysical poets from Donne onwards, but they tend to multiply in the forties and fifties. Crashaw's faults in this kind are well known; the wit of Marvell himself sometimes becomes excessively self-conscious in its ingenuity. But the real decadence of the style is seen when ingenuity is pursued for its own sake, with no informing imaginative pressure, as in most of the verse of **John Cleveland**, for whom wit is a game,and much of that of

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-67)

C had an immense contemporary reputation, which he has never regained. His work is extraordinarily **representative of the changing taste of his age**; it shows the wit of Donne turning into the wit of Dryden. He has all the analytical and logical skill of the earlier Metaphysicals, the same striking openings, the same elaborately extended comparisons, but he lacks any profound imaginative synthesis of experience; his intellect is employed in decorating a number of fairly simple ideas and sentiments. Wit, for C, was **a matter of rational comparison**, with a common-sense basis to its ingenuity. He had no use for the 'Cobwebs of the Schoolmen's trade' which had furnished so many of Donne's conceits. He was interested in the new science and wrote odes *To Mr Hobs* and *To the Royal Society*.

These indications of Cowley's rational temper acquire an additional importance when we consider Hobbes' explicit pronouncements on current taste and the nature of poetry. In *Leviathan* Hobbes equates Imagination and Fancy as 'decaying sense'; in his *Answer* to Davenant's *Discourse* he attacks "the ambitious obscurity of expressing more than is perfectly conceived, or perfect conception in fewer words that it requires". The function of fancy is simply ornamental: "Time and Education begets experience; Experience begets memory; Memory begets Judgement and Fancy; Judgement begets the strength and structure, and Fancy begets the ornaments of a Poem." The new insistence was on directness and clarity and on poetry as a social activity. All this was part of the general movement of thought, the swing toward mathematical demonstration and scientific logic. At the same time the new society emerging from the Civil War was increasingly to encourage the public voice in poetry, whether as easy, direct statement or as lofty formal decorum, together with subject-matter of social and political interest. C was more than a decadent metaphysical: he **established the neo-classic vogue of the 'Pindaric' ode** in which lofty magniloquence is allowed a certain licence of verse form, strictly limited by convention, and in the Davideis he made the first attempt at an epic poem on classical principles.

JOHN MILTON (1608-74) ***Paradise Lost***

No English writer, except Shakespeare, has been so continuously admired. No teacher, except Bunyan has been revered by so many generations. Yet his work is today perceived as controversial for several reasons:

1) M built lengthy works out of **religious convictions which are widely despised or discarded today**. Yet without a fair understanding of these convictions and a certain amount of (at least temporary) sympathy towards them, we are likely to misread him.

2) M's **greatness** and **the nature of his topics** invite **comparisons with Shakespeare and Dante**, yet he **suffers from such comparison**, lacking Dante's vivid intimacy and Shakespeare's profound psychological insight, or even the startling phrase and packed emotion of Donne.

3) **The very nature of his themes and the great purpose he had in mind remove his poetry to a much greater extent than that of others**, even the biblical poets, **from the ordinary concerns and common experience of men.** For his material he chose the fall of man, the restoration of the human race in Christ, the destruction of God's enemies. Nobody, nor Dante nor even the great bulk of medieval religious poetry, attempts to cover the whole story **from the heavenly point of view** (for Dante, Langland etc. keep constantly in touch with the world we know). M deliberately set out to write about *"things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme"*.

4) M was convinced that **his poetry must teach**, not only instruct the mind but **purify and elevate the heart.** He also presupposes a thorough knowledge of the Bible, to an extent which is uncommon in modern man.

5) M's great purpose was to

assert Eternal Providence
and justify the ways of God to men.

Yet **his God remains mysterious and inscrutable, His light in inaccessible to men**. M's idea was not to explain what God's purpose was but rather to show that in order to comprehend his message men must purify and open their hearts.

6) *Paradise Lost* is, among other things, **a prayer addressed to God from all mankind**, though M realized that few people would understand and join him in this. He attempts to **prepare the hearts of men for the coming of the Spirit** who will then take over the job of leading men to the truth about God and themselves.

7) The estimate of the quality of his poetry is inseparable from his teachings and doctrine. The effect *Paradise Lost* can have on the reader depends very largely on **the extent the reader grasps and shares M's doctrine** but this doctrine cannot unfortunately be fully understood through the poems alone (though parts of them can be enjoyed without knowing the underlying scheme).

JOHN DONNE

The First Anniversary.
An Anatomy of the World.

When that rich soule which to her Heaven is gone, *The entrie into the worke.*
Whom all they celebrate, who know they have one,
(For who is sure he hath a soule, unlesse
It see, and Judge, and follow worthinesse,
And by Deedes praise it? He who doth not this,
May lodge an In-mate soule, but tis not his.)
When that Queene ended here her progresse time,
And, as t'her standing house, to heaven did clymbe,
Where, loth to make the Saints attend her long,
Shee's now a part both of the Quire, and Song,

The First Anniversary.
2. *celebrate*: praise; also commemorate (§585). *one*: i.e. soul.
6. *In-mate*: guest, temporary lodger.
7. *that Queene*: Elizabeth Drury's soul.
progresse: royal journey.
8. *standing house*: permanent residence.
9. *attend*: wait for.

This world, in that great earth-quake languished;
For in a common Bath of teares it bled,
Which drew the strongest vitall spirits out:
But succour'd then with a perplexed doubt,
Whether the world did loose or gaine in this,
(Because since now no other way there is
But goodnes, to see her, whom all would see,
All must endevour to be good as shee,)
This great consumption to a fever turn'd,
And so the world had fits; it joy'd, it mourn'd.
And, as men thinke, that Agues physicke are,
And th'Ague being spent, give over care,
So thou, sicke world, mistak'st thy selfe to bee
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Letargee.

11. *earth-quake*: the poem's numerous hyperboles are beginning to surface, here as elsewhere dependent on the analogy between the microcosm of man and the macrocosm of the world.
12–13. To bleed into a warm bath – here a bath of tears induced by our grief – is imperceptibly to be deprived of one's *vitall spirits*, the elements in the blood that were said to link body and soul.
21. *Agues physicke are*: fevers were said to be curative.
24. *in a Letargee*: at the point of death (§170).

Her death did wound, and tame thee than, and than
Thou mightst have better spar'd the Sunne, or Man;
That wound was deepe, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory.
T'was heavy then to heare thy voyce of mone,
But this is worse, that thou are speechlesse growne.
Thou hast forgot thy name, thou hadst; thou wast
Nothing but she, and her thou hast o'rpast.
For as a child kept from the Font, untill
A Prince, expected long, come to fulfill

25. *than . . . than*: then . . . then.
29. *heavy*: mournful.
mone: moan.
31–32. On the paradox of nothing, see also ll. 145–46, 156–57, 171, etc. (§590).
32. *o'erpast*: outlived.
33. *the Font*: i.e. of baptism.

The Ceremonies, thou unnam'd hadst laid,
Had not her comming, thee her Palace made:
Her name defin'd thee, gave thee forme and frame,
And thou forgetst to celebrate thy name.
Some moneths she hath beene dead (but being dead,
Measures of times are all determined)
But long shee'ath beene away, long, long, yet none
Offers to tell us who it is that's gone.
But as in states doubtfull of future heyres,
When sickenes without remedy, empayres
The present Prince, they're loth it should be said,
The Prince doth languish, or the Prince is dead:
So mankind feeling now a generall thaw,
A strong example gone equall to law,
The Cyment which did faithfully compact
And glue all vertues, now resolv'd, and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to say sh'was dead;
Or that our weakenes was discovered
In that confession; therefore spoke no more
Then tongues, the soule being gone, the losse deplore.

35. *unnam'd*: without proper identity.
40. *determined*: ceased.
48. *gone equall to law*: tantamount to a law.
49. *compact*: hold together.
50. *resolv'd*: dissolved.
52 (also 64). *discovered*: displayed.
54. *Then*: than.

But though it be too late to succour thee,
Sicke world, yea dead, yea putrified, since shee
Thy'ntrinsique Balme, and thy preservative,
Can never be renew'd, thou never live,
I (since no man can make thee live) will trie,
What we may gaine by thy Anatomy.
Her death hath taught us dearely, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy purest part.
Let no man say, the world it selfe being dead,
'Tis labour lost to have discovered
The worlds infirmities, since there is none
Alive to study this dissectione;
For there's a kind of world remaining still, *What life the world hath still.*
Though shee which did inanimate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this last long night,
Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a glimmering light,
A faint weake love of vertue and of good
Reflects from her, on them which understood
Her worth; And though she have shut in all day,
The twi-light of her memory doth stay;
Which, from the carcasse of the old world, free,
Creates a new world; and new creatures be
Produc'd: The matter and the stuffe of this,
Her vertue, and the forme our practice is.
And though to be thus Elemented, arme
These Creatures, from hom-borne intrinsique harme,
(For all assum'd unto this Dignitee,
So many weedlesse Paradises bee,
Which of themselves produce no venemous sinne,
Except some forraine Serpent bring it in)
Yet, because outward stormes the strongest breake,
And strength it selfe by confidence growes weake,

57. *Balme*: the vital essence assumed by Paracelsian medicine to exist in all created things and to operate as a preservative (§164).
59. *trie*: test.
60. *Anatomy*: dissection (cf. l. 66).
73. *shut in all day*: enclosed within herself all light, thereby denying it to the world (§166).
75–77. The sun was thought to have the power to breed new life out of carcasses and mud (§170).
79. *Elemented*: constituted (cf. p. 115, note on 9–10).
81. *assum'd*: elevated.

This new world may be safer, being told
The dangers and diseases of the old: *The sicknesses of the world.*
For with due temper men do then forgoe,
Or covet things, when they their true worth know.
There is no health; Physitians say that we *Impossibility of health.*
At best, enjoy, but a neutralitee.
And can there be worse sicknesse, then to know
That we are never well, nor can be so?
We are borne ruinous: poore mothers crie,
That children come not right, nor orderly,
Except they headlong come, and fall upon
An ominous precipitation.
How witty's ruine? how importunate
Upon mankinde? It labour'd to frustrate
Even Gods purpose; and made woman, sent
For mans reliefe, cause of his languishment.
They were to good ends, and they are so still,
But accessory, and principall in ill.
For that first mariage was our funerall:
One woman at one blow, then kill'd us all,
And singly, one by one, they kill us now.
We doe delightfully our selves allow
To that consumption; and profusely blinde,
We kill our selves, to propagate our kinde.
And yet we doe not that; we are not men:
There is not now that mankinde, which was then
When as the Sunne, and man, did seeme to strive,
(Joynt tenants of the world) who should survive. *Shortnesse of life.*
When Stag, and Raven, and the long-liv'd tree,
Compar'd with man, dy'de in minoritee.

93. *then*: than.
95. *borne ruinous*: born with an inclination toward ruin; corruptible.
105. *that first marriage*: Adam and Eve's.
106. *kill'd*: also in the sexual sense; see above, p. 48, note on 16.
109. *profusely*: wastefully.
110. The act of coition was thought to diminish one's life (see above, p. 122, ll. 24–25).
112 ff. The lines voice the widespread belief that men were once far longer lived and taller.
115. The legend of the 'oldest animals' and the equally old oak- or yew-tree was widely credited (§561).
116. *minoritee*: youth.

When, if a slow-pac'd starre had stolne away
From the observers marking, he might stay
Two or three hundred yeares to see't againe,
And then make up his observation plaine;
When, as the age was long, the sise was great:
Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat:
So spacious and large, that every soule
Did a faire Kingdome, and large Realme controule:
And when the very stature thus erect,
Did that soule a good way towards Heaven direct.
Where is this mankind now? who lives to age,
Fit to be made *Methusalem* his page?
Alas, we scarse live long enough to trie
Whether a new made clocke runne right, or lie.
Old Grandsires talke of yesterday with sorrow,
And for our children we reserve to morrow.
So short is life, that every peasant strives,
In a torne house, or field, to have three lives.
And as in lasting, so in length is man
Contracted to an inch, who was a span.
Smalenesse of stature.
For had a man at first, in Forrests stray'd,
Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one would have laid
A wager that an Elephant or Whale
That met him, would not hastily assaile
A thing so equall to him: now alas,
The Fayries, and the Pigmies well may passe
As credible; mankind decayes so soone,
We're scarse our Fathers shadowes cast at noone.
Onely death addes t'our length: nor are we growne
In stature to be men, till we are none.

122. *meat*: food, its superior quality in the past *confess'd* (attested) by men's growth.
125–26. According to a commonplace also voiced by Donne, while animals grovel, man is 'of an erect, of an upright form, naturally built, and disposed to the contemplation of Heaven' (§108).
128. Methuselah lived 969 years (Genesis 5.27).
134. *three lives*: the conventional length of a lease was ninety-nine years (§164).
136. *span*: nine inches.
144–45. *death addes t'our length*: stretched out when *none* (dead), we are in effect taller.

But this were light, did our lesse volume hold
All the old Text; or had we chang'd to gold
Their silver; or dispos'd into lesse glas,
Spirits of vertue, which then scattred was.
But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd, but dampt;
And as our bodies, so our mindes are cramp't:
'Tis shrinking, not close-weaving, that hath thus,
In minde and body both bedwarfed us.
We seeme ambitious, Gods whole worke t'undoe;
Of nothing he made us, and we strive too,
To bring our selves to nothing backe; and we
Do what we can, to do't so soone as hee.
With new diseases on our selves we warre,
And with new phisicke, a worse Engin farre.
Thus man, this worlds Vice-Emperor, in whom
All faculties, all graces are at home;
And if in other Creatures they appeare,
They're but mans ministers, and Legats there,
To worke on their rebellions, and reduce
Them to Civility, and to mans use.
This man, whom God did wooe, and loth t'attend
Till man came up, did downe to man descend,
This man, so great, that all that is, is his,
Oh what a trifle, and poore thing he is!
If man were any thing, he's nothing now:
Helpe, or at least some time to wast, allow
T'his other wants, yet when he did depart
With her, whom we lament, he lost his hart.

147. *light*: of slight consequence.
148–50. An alchemical image.
151. *retir'd*: shrunk; *dampt*: extinguished.
159. *new diseases*: primarily syphilis, which first devastated Europe in the fifteenth century.
160. *new phisicke*: the new mineral drugs of the Paracelsians (§158). *Engin*: instrument.
161. *Vice-Emperor*: God's deputy on earth (Genesis 1.26 ff.).
164. *Legats*: delegates.
173–74. *depart* / *With her*: part with her.

She, of whom th'Auncients seem'd to prophesie,
When they call'd vertues by the name of shee;
She in whom vertue was so much refin'd,
That for Allay unto so pure a minde
Shee tooke the weaker Sex, she that could drive
The poysonous tincture, and the stayne of *Eve*,
Out of her thoughts, and deeds; and purifie
All, by a true religious Alchimy;
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowest this,
Thou knowest how poore a trifling thing man is.
And learn'st thus much by our Anatomee,
The heart being perish'd, no part can be free.
And that except thou feed (not banquet) on
The supernaturall food, Religion,
Thy better Grouth growes withered, and scant;
Be more then man, or thou'rt lesse then an Ant.
Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds whole frame
Quite out of joynt, almost created lame:
For, before God had made up all the rest,
Corruption entred, and deprav'd the best:
It seis'd the Angels, and then first of all
The world did in her Cradle take a fall,
And turn'd her braines, and tooke a generall maime
Wronging each joynt of th'universall frame.
The noblest part, man, felt it first; and than
Both beasts and plants, curst in the curse of man.
So did the world from the first houre decay,
The evening was beginning of the day,

Decay of nature in other parts.

176. In Greek and Latin the names of virtues are feminine (§170).
177–82. The alchemical imagery is extended below, l. 415.
178. *Allay*: alloy.
180. *poysonous tincture*: see above, p. 271, note on 20.
187. *banquet*: feed lightly (usually on a dessert).
190. *then*: than.
195. *It seis'd the Angels*: corruption first entered Heaven through the rebellion of Lucifer/Satan.
199. *than*: then.
200. *curst in the curse of man*: the Fall of Man directly affected the rest of the natural order (cf. Genesis 3.17–18).

And now the Springs and Sommers which we see,
Like sonnes of women after fifty bee.
And new Philosophy cals all in doubt,
The Element of fire is quite put out;
The Sun is lost, and th'earth, and no mans wit
Can well direct him, where to looke for it.
And freely men confesse, that this world's spent,
When in the Planets, and the Firmament
They seeke so many new; they see that this
Is crumbled out againe to his Atomis.
'Tis all in pieces, all cohærence gone;
All just supply, and all Relation:
Prince, Subject, Father, Sonne, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinkes he hath got
To be a Phœnix, and that there can bee
None of that kinde, of which he is, but hee.
This is the worlds condition now, and now
She that should all parts to reunion bow,
She that had all Magnetique force alone,
To draw, and fasten sundred parts in one;
She whom wise nature had invented then
When she observ'd that every sort of men

205. ff. *Philosophy*: i.e. natural philosophy (science), especially Copernicus's increasingly accepted theory that the universe is heliocentric (1543), here said to subvert everything (*all*) by displacing the *Sun* as much as by questioning the traditional order of the elements (*fire*, air water, earth). See also above, p. 274, ll. 37–38 and note.
210. *Firmament*: see above, p. 65, note on 24.
211. *many new*: i.e. planets and stars, as Galileo recently observed through a telescope (1610); but the allusion may also be to the much-debated possibility that there is a plurality of worlds.
212. *Atomis*: atoms, smallest particles (cf. above, p. 311, note on 16).
213. *cohærence*: cohesiveness, connectedness, order.
214. *just supply*: mutual support between the parts, fair distribution of goods; *Relation*; right relationship (§166).
217. The legendary *Phœnix* was deemed unique because only one was thought to exist at any one time.
220. *bow*: incline.
221. *Magnetique force*: one of the earliest allusions in poetry to William Gilbert's *De magnete* of 1600 (§209).

Did in their voyage in this worlds Sea stray,
And needed a new compasse for their way;
Shee that was best, and first originall
Of all faire copies; and the generall
Steward to Fate; shee whose rich eyes, and brest,
Guilt the West Indies, and perfum'd the East;
Whose having breath'd in this world, did bestow
Spice on those Isles, and bad them still smell so,
And that rich Indie which doth gold interre,
Is but as single money, coyn'd from her:
She to whom this world must it selfe refer,
As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of her,
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how lame a cripple this world is.
And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,
That this worlds generall sickenesse doth not lie
In any humour, or one certaine part;
But, as thou sawest it rotten at the hart,
Thou seest a Hectique fever hath got hold
Of the whole substance, not to be contrould,
And that thou hast but one way, not t'admit
The worlds infection, to be none of it.
For the worlds subtilst immateriall parts
Feele this consuming wound, and ages darts.

227–28. See above, p. 325.
229. *Fate*: the Divine Will.
230. *the West Indies* are *Guilt* (gilded) because a source of precious metals; the *East* Indies are *perfum'd* because a source of aromatic herbs and spices (see also above, p. 54, note on 17).
232. *those Isles*: the East Indies.
234. *single money*: small change.
235–36. *this world* [*is*] *the Microcosme of her*: an inversion of the common notion that man is the microcosm of the universe (§261).
241. *any humour*: any of the four 'humours' (blood, phlegm, black bile, yellow bile) which, according to the old physiology, determined one's health and disposition.
243. *Hectique*: consumptive.
247. *subtilst*: most attenuated.
248. *ages darts*: the darts of aging.

For the worlds beauty is decayd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour, and proportion. *Disformity of parts.*
We thinke the heavens enjoy their Spherical
Their round proportion embracing all.
But yet their various and perplexed course,
Observ'd in divers ages doth enforce
Men to finde out so many Eccentrique parts,
Such divers downe-right lines, such overthwarts,
As disproportion that pure forme. It teares
The Firmament in eight and fortie sheeres,
And in those constellations there arise
New starres, and old do vanish from our eyes:
As though heav'n suffred earth-quakes, peace or war,
When new Townes rise, and olde demolish'd are.
They have empayld within a Zodiake
The free-borne Sunne, and keepe twelve signes awake
To watch his steps; the Goat and Crabbe controule,
And fright him backe, who els to eyther Pole,
(Did not these Tropiques fetter him) might runne:
For his course is not round; nor can the Sunne

251–57. The heavenly spheres' *course* (motions) and *pure forme* were traditionally said to be *Spherical*, *round*; yet deviations (*Eccentrique parts*) had been postulated by ancient astronomers, and elliptical movements were to be posited by more recent astronomers like Kepler. The *disproportion* is attested even by charts of the celestial regions where *downe-right* (vertical) *lines* criss-cross *overthwarts* (horizontal) lines.
255. *finde out*: invent (§81).
258. *eight and fortie sheeres* (shares or perhaps shires, i.e. constellations): the division of the celestial regions according to the old astronomy (§209).
259–60. The 'new' stars included the impressive one observed by the Danish astronomer Tycho Brahe in the constellation of Cassiopeia (1572); many stars were also observed to disappear (§§209, 266). See also above, p. 275, note on 68.
263. *empayld*: enclosed.
Zodiake: 'An imaginarie winding circle in the heavens, under which the planets are still moved, and in which the twelve signes are placed' (Bullokar).
264–67. *twelve signs*: the divisions of the zodiac, inclusive of *the Goat and Crabbe* (i.e. Capricorn and Cancer) which the sun traverses at the winter and summer solstices respectively. As *Tropiques* or solstitial points, these two signs check the sun's movement toward the poles.

Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his way
One inche direct; but where he rose to day
He comes no more, but with a cousening line,
Steales by that point, and so is Serpentine:
And seeming weary with his reeling thus,
He meanes to sleepe, being now falne nearer us.
So, of the stares which boast that they do runne
In Circle still, none ends where he begunne.
All their proportion's lame, it sinks, it swels.
For of Meridians, and Parallels,
Man hath weav'd out a net, and this net throwne
Upon the Heavens, and now they are his owne.
Loth to goe up the hill, or labor thus
To goe to heaven, we make heaven come to us.
We spur, we raine the stars, and in their race
They're diversly content t'obey our pace.
But keepes the earth her round proportion still?
Doth not a Tenarif, or higher Hill
Rise so high like a Rocke, that one might thinke
The floating Moone would shipwracke there, and sink?
Seas are so deepe, that Whales being strooke to day,
Perchance to morrow, scarse at middle way
Of their wish'd journeys end, the bottom, dye.
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly thinke, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th'Antipodies:
If under all, a Vault infernall be,
(Which sure is spacious, except that we

269. *Perfit*: perfect.
274. *falne nearer us*: a frequently asserted theory.
271. *cousening*: cozening, deceiving.
275. *stares*: stars.
278. *Meridians, and Parallels*: the celestial longitude and latitude (cf. l. 256).
283. *raine*: rein, control.
286. *Tenarif*: the volcanic peak on Tenerife of the Canary Islands.
289. *strooke*: fatally harpooned (§163).
294. *Antipodies*: 'People under us that goe with their feete toward ours' (Bullokar).
295. *Vault infernall*: Hell, traditionally thought to be located at the earth's centre.
296. *except that*: unless.

Invent another torment, that there must
Millions into a strait hote roome be thrust)
Then solidnes, and roundnes have no place.
Are these but warts, and pock-holes in the face
Of th'earth? Thinke so: But yet confesse, in this
The worlds proportion disfigured is,
That those two legges whereon it doth relie, *Disorder in the world.*
Reward and punishment are bent awrie.
And, Oh, it can no more be questioned,
That beauties best, proportion, is dead,
Since even griefe it selfe, which now alone
Is left us, is without proportion.
Shee by whose lines proportion should bee
Examin'd, measure of all Symmetree,
Whom had that Ancient seen, who thought soules made
Of Harmony, he would at next have said
That Harmony was shee, and thence infer,
That soules were but Resultances from her,
And did from her into our bodies go,
As to our eyes, the formes from objects flow:
Shee, who if those great Doctors truely said
That th'Arke to mans proportions was made,
Had beene a type for that, as that might be
A type of her in this, that contrary
Both Elements, and Passions liv'd at peace
In her, who caus'd all Civill warre to cease.
Shee, after whom, what forme soe're we see,
Is discord, and rude incongruitee,
Shee, shee is dead, she's dead; when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how ugly a monster this world is:
And learnst thus much by our Anatomee,
That here is nothing to enamor thee:

298. *strait*: narrow.
310. *Examin'd*: verified.
311. *that Ancient*: possibly Pythagoras.
312. *at next*: immediately.
314. *Resultances*: emanations.
317–18. A commonplace notion about Noah's Ark, endorsed by numerous *Doctors* or authorities (§4).

And that, not onely faults in inward parts,
Corruptions in our braines, or in our harts,
Poysoning the fountaines, whence our actions spring,
Endanger us: but that if every thing
Be not done fitly'and in proportion,
To satisfie wise, and good lookers on,
(Since most men be such as most thinke they bee)
They're lothsome too, by this Deformitee.
For good, and well, must in our actions meete:
Wicked is not much worse then indiscreet.
But beauties other second Element,
Colour, and lustre now, is as neere spent.
And had the world his just proportion,
Were it a ring still, yet the stone is gone.
As a compassionate Turcoyse which doth tell
By looking pale, the wearer is not well,
As gold fals sicke being stung with Mercury,
All the worlds parts of such complexion bee.
When nature was most busie, the first weeke,
Swadling the new-borne earth, God seemd to like,
That she should sport herselfe sometimes, and play,
To mingle and vary colours every day.
And then, as though she could not make inow,
Himselfe his various Rainbow did allow.

335. Cf. Donne in a sermon: 'for the most part, most men are such, as most men take them to be' (§167).
337. *well*: i.e. *fitly* (l. 333).
338. *then*: than.
343–44. Popularly believed of the turquoise.
345. Wrought or stamped gold is covered with a ghostly luminosity if *stung* (rubbed) with quicksilver (§218).
346. *complexion*: temperament.
347. *the first weeke*: i.e. of history, when the world was created (Genesis 1).
347–50. A commonplace notion, averred by the German astronomer Kepler among others: 'as the Creator played, so he also taught nature, as his image, to play; and to play the very same game that he played for her first' (*Tertius interveniens*, 1610).
351. *inow*: enough.
352. *various*: multicoloured; *Rainbow*: symbolic of God's new covenant with Noah (Genesis 9.11 ff.).

Sight is the noblest sense of any one,
Yet sight hath onely color to feed on,
And color is decayd: summers robe growes
Duskie, and like an oft dyed garment showes.
Our blushing redde, which us'd in cheekes to spred,
Is inward sunke, and onely our soules are redde.
Perchance the world might have recovered,
If she whom we lament had not beene dead:
But shee, in whom all white, and redde, and blue
(Beauties ingredients) voluntary grew,
As in an unvext Paradise; from whom
Did all things verdure, and their lustre come,
Whose composition was miraculous,
Being all colour, all Diaphanous,
(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke grosse bodies were,
And liveliest stones but drowsie, and pale to her,)
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead: when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how wan a Ghost this our world is:
And learnst thus much by our Anatomee,
That it should more affright, then pleasure thee.
And that, since all faire colour then did sinke,
Tis now but wicked vanity to thinke,
To color vitious deeds with good pretence,
Or with bought colors to illude mens sense.
Nor in ought more this worlds decay appeares,
Then that her influence the heav'n forbeares,
Or that the Elements doe not feele this,
The father, or the mother barren is.

Weaknesse in the want of correspondence of heaven and earth.

353. Of the senses, *sight* was ranked highest, and touch lowest.
357–58. The *blushing redde* intimates innocence; but the *redde* within our soules, guilt or sin.
363. *unvext*: devoid of distress.
364. *verdure*: the flesh green of new vegetation (§167).
365–66. *miraculous*: because at once *all color* and transparent.
372. *then*: than.
376. *with bought colors to illude*: with cosmetics to deceive (*ALC*).
378. *Then*: than.
influence: i.e. of the celestial bodies on the earth.
380. *father*: the aggregate of celestial bodies; *mother*: the earth (§158).

The clouds conceive not raine, or doe not powre
In the due birth-time, downe the balmy showre.
Th'Ayre doth not motherly sit on the earth,
To hatch her seasons, and give all things birth.
Spring-times were common cradles, but are toombes;
And false-conceptions fill the general wombs.
Th'Ayre showes such Meteors, as none can see,
Not onely what they meane, but what they bee.
Earth such new wormes, as would have troubled much,
Th'Egyptian Mages to have made more such.
What Artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those starres may bee
Imprisond in an Herbe, or Charme, or Tree,
And doe by touch, all which those starres could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too.
For heaven gives little, and the earth takes lesse,
And man least knowes their trade, and purposes.
If this commerce twixt heaven and earth were not
Embarr'd, and all this trafique quite forgot,
Shee, for whose losse we have lamented thus,
Would worke more fully'and pow'rfully on us.
Since herbes, and roots, by dying, lose not all,
But they, yea Ashes too, are medicinall,

387. *Meteors*: atmospheric phenomena in general, and comets in particular, were alike thought to portend disaster.
389. *wormes*: serpents.
390. *Mages*: the Egyptian magicians who transformed their rods into serpents (Exodus 7.10–12).
391. *Artist*: astrologer.
392. *constellate*: use the power of a favourable constellation for (§170).
393–94. See above, p. 71, ll. 33–36.
396. *correspondence*: the close link – not simply analogical – between heaven and earth; cf. *commerce* (399), *trafique* (400).
400. *Embarr'd*: stopped.
402. On the symbol ', see above, p. 5.
404. Medical writers often prescribed the ashes of certain herbs for specific diseases (§192).

Death could not quench her vertue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd) wondred at:
And all the world would be one dying Swan,
To sing her funerall prayse, and vanish than.
But as some Serpents poyson hurteth not,
Except it be from the live Serpent shot,
So doth her vertue need her here, to fit
That unto us; she working more then it.
But she, in whom, to such maturity,
Vertue was growne, past growth, that it must die,
She from whose influence all Impressions came,
But, by Receivers impotencies, lame,
Who, though she could not transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet guilded every state,
So that some Princes have some temperance;
Some Counsaylors some purpose to advance
The common profite; and some people have
Some stay, no more then Kings should give, to crave;
Some women have some taciturnity;
Some Nunneries, some graines of chastity.
She that did thus much, and much more could doe,
But that our age was Iron, and rusty too,
Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead; when thou knowst this,
Thou knowst how drie a Cinder this world is.

407–8. Swans were believed to sing but once, just before their death.
408. *than*: then.
409–12. According to Numbers 21.8–9 and Renaissance medical lore, the serpent's poison also possessed healing properties; by extension, as Donne said in one of his sermons (X, 189), 'the groveling Serpent' or Satan is matched by 'the crucified Serpent' or Christ (§571).
412. *then*: than.
415. *influence*: i.e. as an elixir, purifying all other elements (§218).
417–18. *transubstantiate*: change the substance into *gold*, not merely have it *guilded* (i.e. gilded).
420. *Counsaylors*: lawyers.
422. *stay*: restraint.
then: than.
426. The last of the legendary four ages of history – Gold, Silver, Bronze, and *Iron* – is here and elsewhere used as symbolic of history's degeneration.

And learnst thus much by our Anatomy,
That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mollifie
It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or Bloud: no thing
Is worth our travaile, griefe, or perishing,
But those rich joyes, which did possesse her hart,
Of which shee's now partaker, and a part.
But as in cutting up a man that's dead, *Conclusion.*
The body will not last out to have read
On every part, and therefore men direct
Their speech to parts, that are of most effect;
So the worlds carcasse would not last, if I
Were punctuall in this Anatomy.
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one tell
Them their disease, who faine would think they're wel.
Here therefore be the end: And, blessed maid,
Of whom is meant what ever hath beene said,
Or shall be spoken well by any tongue,
Whose name refines course lines, and makes prose song,
Accept this tribute, and his first yeares rent,
Who till his darke short tapers end be spent,
As oft as thy feast sees this widow'd earth,
Will yearely celebrate thy second birth,
That is, thy death. For though the soule of man
Be got when man is made, 'tis borne but than
When man doth die. Our body's as the wombe,
And as a mid-wife death directs it home.
And you her creatures, whom she workes upon

432. *travaile*: labour.
435–37. Anatomists dissected first those parts of cadavers likely to more immediate 'putrefactions or rottynges' (§192).
436. *read*: yielded instruction.
440. *punctuall*: detailed.
446. *course*: coarse.
447. *rent*: in a sermon Donne defined 'rents' as 'spiritual duties and Services' (§167).
448. *taper*: candle.
449. *feast*: saint's day.
450. *birth*: resurrection into Heaven.
452. *than*: then.

And have your last, and best concoction
From her example, and her vertue, if you
In reverence to her, doe thinke it due,
That no one should her prayses thus reherse,
As matter fit for Chronicle, not verse,
Vouchsafe to call to minde, that God did make
A last, and lasting peece, a song. He spake
To *Moses* to deliver unto all,
That song: because hee knew they would let fall
The Law, the Prophets, and the History,
But keepe the song still in their memory.
Such an opinion (in due measure) made
Me this great Office boldly to invade.
Nor could incomprehensiblenesse deterre
Me, from thus trying to emprison her.
Which when I saw that a strict grave could do,
I saw not why verse might not doe so too.
Verse hath a middle nature: heaven keepes soules,
The grave keeps bodies, verse the fame enroules.

456. *concoction*: purification (in alchemy).
460. Cf. above, p. 58, ll. 31–32.
461–64. For the celebrated Song of Moses, see Deuteronomy 32.1–43.
465. The Books of *the Law*, notably Leviticus and Deuteronomy; of *the Prophets* such as Isaiah and Ezekiel; and of *the History*, i.e. all 'historical' Books that chronicle events in the Near East.
467. *in due measure*: with proper reverence; also, in verse (§170).

DONNE

THE FLEA

Mark but this flea, and mark in this,
How little that which thou deny'st me is;
It suck'd me first, and now sucks thee,
And in this flea, our two bloods mingled be;[1]
Thou know'st that this cannot be said
A sin, nor shame, nor loss of maidenhead,
Yet this enjoys before it woo,
And pamper'd swells with one blood made of two,
And this, alas, is more than we would do.

Oh stay, three lives in one flea spare,
Where we almost, yea more than married are.
This flea is you and I, and this
Our marriage bed, and marriage temple is;
Though parents grudge, and you, we're met,
And cloistered in these living walls of jet.
Though use make you apt to kill me,
Let not to that, self murder added be,
And sacrilege,[2] three sins in killing three.

Cruel and sudden, hast thou since
Purpled thy nail, in blood of innocence?
Wherein could this flea guilty be,
Except in that drop which it suck'd from thee?
Yet thou triumph'st, and say'st that thou
Find'st not thyself, nor me the weaker now;
'Tis true, then learn how false, fears be;
Just so much honour, when thou yield'st to me,
Will waste, as this flea's death took life from thee.

Love's Alchemy

Some that have deeper digged love's mine than I,
Say where his centric happiness doth lie:
I have loved, and got, and told,
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;
O, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chemic yet the elixir got,[1]
But glorifies his pregnant pot[2]
If by the way to him befall
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal;
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night.[3]

Our ease, our thrift, our honor, and our day,
Shall we for this vain bubble's shadow pay?
Ends love in this, that my man
Can be as happy as I can, if he can
Endure the short scorn of a bridegroom's play?
That loving wretch that swears
'Tis not the bodies marry, but the minds,
Which he in her angelic finds,
Would swear as justly that he hears,
In that day's rude hoarse minstrelsy, the spheres.[4]
Hope not for mind in women; at their best
Sweetness and wit they are but mummy possessed.[5]

DONNE

ELEGY XIX
TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED

Come, Madam, come, all rest my powers defy,
Until I labour, I in labour lie.[1]
The foe oft-times having the foe in sight,
Is tired with standing though he never fight.[2]
Off with that girdle, like heaven's Zone glistering,
But a far fairer world encompassing.
Unpin that spangled breastplate which you wear,
That th' eyes of busy fools may be stopt there.
Unlace yourself, for that harmonious chime
Tells me from you, that now it is bed time.
Off with that happy busk,[3] which I envy,
That still can be, and still can stand so nigh.
Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,
As when from flowry meads th' hill's shadow steals.
Off with that wiry Coronet and show
The hairy Diadem which on you doth grow:
Now off with those shoes, and then safely tread
In this love's hallow'd temple, this soft bed.
In such white robes, heaven's Angels used to be
Receiv'd by men; thou Angel bring'st with thee
A heaven like Mahomet's Paradise;[4] and though
Ill spirits walk in white, we easily know,
By this these Angels from an evil sprite,
Those set our hairs, but these our flesh upright.
  Licence my roving hands, and let them go,
Before, behind, between, above, below.
O my America! my new-found-land,
My kingdom, safeliest when with one man mann'd,
My Mine of precious stones, My Empery,
How blest am I in this discovering thee!
To enter in these bonds, is to be free;
Then where my hand is set, my seal[5] shall be.
  Full nakedness! All joys are due to thee,
As souls unbodied, bodies uncloth'd must be,
To taste whole joys. Gems which you women use
Are like Atlanta's balls,[6] cast in men's views,
That when a fool's eye lighteth on a Gem,
His earthly soul may covet theirs, not them.
Like pictures, or like books' gay coverings made
For lay-men, are all women thus array'd;
Themselves are mystic books, which only we
(Whom their imputed grace will dignify)
Must see reveal'd. Then since that I may know,[7]
As liberally,[8] as to a Midwife, show
Thyself: cast all, yea, this white linen hence,
There is no penance due to innocence.
  To teach thee, I am naked first; why then
What needst thou have more covering than a man.

[1] Until I get to work at sexual intercourse, I lie in agony waiting.
[2] Note sexual double meanings. [3] Corset.
[4] The paradise of Islam was supposed to be full of fleshly pleasure.
[5] Both "impression" and "sign of ownership."
[6] Atalanta (usually so spelled) lost a race to Hippomenes because she paused three times to pick up three golden apples which Venus had given him and which he threw in her path.

[7] Both "have knowledge" and "have intercourse."

DONNE

HOLY SONNETS

9

If poisonous minerals, and if that tree
Whose fruit threw death on else-immortal us,
If lecherous goats, if serpents envious
Cannot be damned, alas! why should I be?
Why should intent or reason, born in me,
Make sins, else equal, in me more heinous?
And, mercy being easy and glorious
To God, in his stern wrath why threatens he?
But who am I that dare dispute with thee
O God? Oh,[1] of thine only worthy blood
And my tears, make a heavenly Lethean[2] flood,
And drown in it my sin's black memory.
That thou remember them some claim as debt;
I think it mercy if thou wilt forget.

X

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

XIV

Batter my heart, three-person'd God; for, you
As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow me, and bend
Your force, to break, blow, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurp'd town, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in me, me should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weak or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved fain,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce me, untie, or break that knot again,
Take me to you, imprison me, for I
Except you enthral me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

DONNE

Hymn to God My God, in My Sickness[1]

Since I am coming to that holy room
  Where, with thy choir of saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy music; as I come
  I tune the instrument here at the door,
  And what I must do then, think now before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are grown
  Cosmographers, and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be shown
  That this is my southwest discovery[2]
  Per fretum febris,[3] by these straits to die,

I joy, that in these straits, I see my West;[4]
  For, though their currents yield return to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
  In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
  So death doth touch the resurrection.

Is the Pacific Sea my home? Or are
  The Eastern riches? Is Jerusalem?
Anyan,[5] and Magellan, and Gibraltar,
  All straits, and none but straits, are ways to them,
  Whether where Japhet dwelt, or Cham, or Shem.[6]

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
  Christ's cross and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
Look, Lord and find both Adams[7] met in me;
  As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my face,
  May the last Adam's blood my soul embrace.

So, in his purple wrapped,[8] receive me, Lord;
  By these his thorns give me his other crown;
And, as to others' souls I preached thy word,
  Be this my text, my sermon to mine own:
  Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

4. From loving elsewhere. The idea is, "To give me true love, you must take away my freedom to love anyone else."

1. Though Izaak Walton, Donne's pious biographer, assigns this poem to the last days of his life, it was probably written in December 1623.

2. The Strait of Magellan, or something spiritual that is analogous to it.

3. I.e., through the strait of fever.

4. Where the sun sets, hence where life ends.

5. The Bering Strait. Behind these anxious questions lie many ancient speculations about the location of Paradise—which is analogous to Heaven, as the various straits are to death.

6. Japhet, Cham (Ham), and Shem were the three sons of Noah by whom the world was repopulated after the Flood (Genesis 10). The descendants of Japhet were thought to inhabit Europe, those of Ham Africa, and those of Shem Asia.

7. I.e., Adam and Christ.

8. The purple of Christ is his blood.

CLASSICISM

Henry was also the first member of the royal family to perceive the need for an artist of a kind which had become the norm at all late sixteenth century European courts, one whose prime task was to mastermind the spectacle of monarchy, someone who was an architect and interior decorator, designer of court festivals and triumphs, painter and deviser of gardens, and whose key role was to present royalty as Platonic ideals made visible. As we have seen, Inigo Jones was to play that role later for his brother, but Henry was to recruit just such a person, Constantino de' Servi, from that mecca of the arts of the Renaissance, the Medici court. Nothing of de' Servi's work in England has survived but we know from his letters that he was active in all of those areas: designing a new palace, scenery and costumes for masques and tourneys, painting portraits and devising grottoes for gardens. Also active in the prince's employ was another artist in a similar mould, Salomon de Caus, a Huguenot hydraulic engineer who began setting about transforming the gardens of Richmond Palace into the equivalent of the Villa d'Este. This was to have been a garden in the late Renaissance mould in which art imitated nature with mysterious grottoes, islands in the form of giant river gods, and extraordinary water effects and automata, demonstrating man's harnessing of the irrational forces of untamed nature by making water spurt or figures move. De Caus was to dedicate the first book in England on perspective to the prince.

We have to add to this a huge list of other activities. Henry was the first person to systematically form an art collection, one which included pictures by Holbein and Tintoretto as well as fabulous bronzes by Giambologna, all of which were housed in a special gallery in St. James's Palace. There, too, was his collection of antique coins and medals as well as his huge library. Then there were his painters, including the miniaturist Isaac Oliver, who had mastered the arts of perspective and *chiaroscuro* and whose work had been affected by a visit to Italy, showing the influence of Leonardo.

This was a court which was committed as equally to every endeavour in the field of the sciences. Edward Wright, who set the seal on the supremacy of the English in the theory and practice of navigation, was amongst a roll-call of men in the sciences who were members of the household. The prince even maintained a friendship with that polymath Sir Walter Raleigh, in the Tower for conspiring against Henry's father, who wrote his *History of the World* for him. To Raleigh we can add other writers – George Chapman and Michael Drayton among them – and musicians – John Bull, Alfonso Ferrabosco and Angelo Notari, a Florentine who worked in the manner of Monteverdi. If Henry had not died, the cultural divide which was to emerge during the reign of his brother might have been averted.

The brilliance of that cosmopolitan court must have had a profound effect on Inigo Jones who, although the prince's surveyor, was relatively low down in the aesthetic pecking order. It was therefore hardly surprising that he left England in the aftermath of the prince's death and travelled again to Italy in the train of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel (to whom we shall come shortly). The purpose of the journey was an in-depth study of ancient and modern architecture, starting in Venice where he saw the works of Palladio, Scamozzi and Sansovino. In September 1613 he arrived in Vicenza, the shrine of Palladianism, passing on to Florence and thence to Rome, where he measured the ruins, down to Naples and Trevi and back again to Vicenza and Venice. The fruits of this journey were to have a profound impact on

British civilisation for over a century and a half. Inigo Jones's role model was Palladio, whose buildings were the one last expression of Renaissance humanism, an architecture based on the study of Roman models and of Vitruvius emphasising the supreme importance of symmetry and harmony of proportion. Jones's buildings were also to represent in stone the cosmic harmonies of the universe related to the human frame. On his return from Italy he again took up the post of surveyor-general to the Office of Works and began to give physical reality to all that he had learnt.

This was the turning point for all his buildings henceforth have no compromise, no neo-medieval lingerings. They represent a clean break with the past.

The prospect of a bride from one of the great Catholic courts hastened the aesthetic impulse around 1620 leading to the establishment of a tapestry works at Mortlake and to the recruitment of painters in the vanguard of the new style of the baroque, with its dramatic use of light and shade and swirl of incipient movement. The first of these was Paul van Somer followed shortly after by Daniel Mytens, both from the Low Countries. Their work heralded the death knell of the icons of Elizabethan portrait painting. For the first time the picture-frame became a proscenium arch through which the eye travelled into a world defined by linear perspective and the use of shadow to give the illusion of depth and movement. In 1621 the young Anthony Van Dyck came as prospective painter to the Crown and then promptly left to finish his training in Italy, not returning until a decade later.

These were dramatic pointers to a new era. As the 1620s progressed neo-medievalism declined so much that Jonson could dismiss it:

> Of errant Knighthood, with the Dames, and Dwarfs,
> The charmed boats, and the enchanted wharfs,
> The Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins and Peers,
> And the mad Rolands, and sweet Oliveers.

Everywhere a new cultural scene was settling into position, one which looked back to the early Roman Empire and held up as ideals a sense of order and dynasty. A Latin aristocratic culture was rediscovered, a new ideal which Jonson set constantly before the court, one which stemmed from the Socratic dictum that virtue depends on knowledge not only of the world but of oneself. The courtier was now cast as a role model of virtue, with an image and aspirations far different from those looked to in 1600. Then the adoption of neo-medieval pageantry had established rank through conspicuous display; to be a monarch or a peer one had to be seen at a glance to be rich. Now this criterion was abandoned for a new and far more subtle and sophisticated language which expressed superiority and power through gravity of demeanour and austerity and restraint of appearance, together with a self-conscious elegance both in person and lifestyle. The shift in fashion within those years reflects this exactly. Surface glitter and display vanished in favour of wearing plain yet sumptuous fabrics and soft lace collars. Embroidery and massive displays of jewellery were dropped. At the same time the countryside began to embody an ideal as poets transmuted the English landscape into an anglicised version of the kind of rural life found in Virgil's *Georgics* or the *Odes* of Horace.

Earl of Arundel's Collection

Edward Hyde, later Earl of Clarendon, who wrote the classic account of what he designated as the 'great rebellion', paints a memorable portrait of a seminal figure in the nation's cultural history. That person was one of ancient aristocratic lineage, Thomas Howard, 2nd Earl of Arundel:

> '. . . he was generally thought to be a proud man, who always lived within himself, and to himself, conversing with any who were in common conversation; so that he seemed to live as it were in another Nation . . . it cannot be denied that he had in his person, in his aspect and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gate, and motion. He wore and affected a Habit very different from that at the time, such as men only beheld in Pictures of the most considerable Men; all of which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many towards him, as the Image, and Representative of the Primitive Nobility, and Native Gravity of the Nobles, when they had been most Venerable.'

This is a portrait of an unlovable man, one whose *hauteur* most found insufferable although he could be not only passionately loyal but also loving to those few whom he cherished. In spite of so many off-putting characteristics this tall, gaunt man with his hooked nose and black eyes, was to set before his contemporaries a new ideal for the life of a gentleman. That side of him we catch in a far more favourable glimpse of the man afforded by his one-time secretary, Sir Edward Walker:

> 'He was the greatest Favourer of Arts, especially Painting, Sculpture, Designs [i.e. drawings], Carving, Building and the like, that this Age hath produced; his Collection of Designs being more than any Person living, and his Statues equal in Number, Value and Antiquity to those in the Houses of most Princes ... And he had the Honour to be the first Person of Quality that set a Value on them in our Nation.'

Thanks to Arundel, by the middle of the century the aristocratic and gentry classes were to seek a new ideal of civilised life.

The earl shares with his friend Inigo Jones the distinction of being the most influential person in the evolution of British civilisation during the decades which led to the outbreak of civil war in 1642. Although their origins could hardly have been more discrepant they shared certain characteristics. Both were touchy and difficult, both were isolated arrogant figures in their own particular way, traits only heightened by what many would have viewed as their promotion of an alien foreign Catholic culture, that of Renaissance Italy along with its ancestor, the world of classical antiquity. Both were to dedicate their lives to the spread of what those cultures represented, and both were to end their days clouded by defeat and tragedy.

Arundel was drawn to the circle of Henry, Prince of Wales, and it was there that he came into contact with his soul-mate, Inigo Jones. It was a friendship which lasted, more or less, both their lifetimes. By then Arundel had already acquired an eye for pictures and, indeed, had sat for the young Rubens, prime exponent of the new

flamboyant baroque style in the north, when he had visited Antwerp in 1612. Arundel was in many ways the true inheritor of the ideals of that nascent Renaissance court. Shortly after the prince's death both he and the countess were assigned the task of escorting the king's daughter Elizabeth to Germany, after her marriage to the Elector Palatine. From there, accompanied by Inigo Jones, they went to Italy for the tour which has been recognised ever since as a cultural landmark.

Great aristocrats had travelled to Italy before. Arundel's father-in-law, Shrewsbury, had been there and his houses betray knowledge of Italian villa planning. So also had, for example, Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, whose great house at Wimbledon, which bore the date 1588 over the porch, had an approach modelled on the Palazzo Farnese at Caprarola. But what was to set Arundel's voyage apart was a quest which was far broader than stylistic trends and detail. It was one for the components of the civilised life, in Italian summed up in the word *virtù*, with its connotation of civility, grace, elegant manners and interest in learning. Arundel returned to England speaking Italian and adopting the living style of that country even down to its table manners. His secretary, Sir Edward Walker, realised that the earl had come back from his journey with a vision which he was to attempt to instil into the sensibilities of the educated Englishman. This was one which recognised the arts as the fullest expression of nobility of spirit. By the close of the century what he first practised was universally shared by the aristocracy and gentry, profoundly affecting how they spent their time.

Arundel and his party began their Italian tour in Venice, always welcoming to the English, where they saw the finest buildings by Palladio, Sansovino and Scamozzi and the greatest masterpieces by Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese. From there they moved on to make a private visit to Vicenza to study the architecture of Palladio in depth and where the earl purchased drawings by both Palladio and Scamozzi. They wintered in Siena in a monastery, spending their time mastering the Italian language before arriving at their cultural mecca, Rome. There they were looked after by the Marchese Giustiniani, the most discerning patron of his day. Arundel was not only given a permit to excavate but also to ship the things he found to England. (These, it transpires, were deliberately planted antiques which were more than easily unearthed.) At the same time he purchased books and commissioned four more statues in the antique manner from a Roman sculptor. There was an excursion to Naples and Trevi and then the journey back via Florence, Genoa and France.

The impact of the arrival in England of these antiquities in 1615 cannot be overestimated. Just as earlier relics from the Holy Land had made the Christian story a reality, so classical antiquities made tangible ancient Rome and her civilisation. They were to signal a decade of aesthetic change and the onset of collecting mania. Arundel was not without precursors as a collector in the broadest sense of the term. His great-uncle, John, Lord Lumley, had the greatest collection of pictures in England, over two hundred and fifty of them, including Holbein's *Christina of Denmark*. But the impulse behind it was iconographical and genealogical, the faces of ancestors and great contemporaries. By the 1590s collecting on an aesthetic basis had

One of the imitation antique statues commissioned by Arundel while he was in Rome in 1614 from the sculptor Egidio Moretti.

begun to take off and Anne of Denmark, Prince Henry, and the king's favourite the Earl of Somerset, all accumulated pictures, both Flemish and Venetian. In the case of books again Lord Lumley had the second largest library and Arundel's relative, Lord William Howard of Naworth, had formed another huge library in the north of England. What was different about Arundel's collection was not only its size and its scope but, above all, its intention. Although Charles I's collections were to surpass Arundel's in certain areas it was the earl's which was to set the pattern for future British art collections, inaugurating a tradition which was to last for three centuries until the Heirlooms Act and the introduction of death duties at the close of the nineteenth century began their dissolution.

Arundel's collections were almost entirely displayed at Arundel House which was situated between the Strand and the Thames next to the queen's residence, Somerset House. On his return from Italy, the rambling medieval residence was given an Italianate overlay of doors and windows and chimneypieces in the classical manner. A new two-storeyed gallery was built, designed by Inigo Jones and running down to the river. The gallery at ground level displayed the picture collection, that above, the sculpture. To mark this, in 1618, the earl and countess had their portraits painted by an artist who heralded the new baroque manner, Daniel Mytens, who inserted into the backgrounds idealised views of these two galleries. The classical statues can be seen standing in an elegant restrained room in the early Renaissance manner leading to a balcony overlooking the river. Every attempt during these years was made to give the impression that somehow an Italian palazzo had sprung up beside the Thames.

Arundel was a manic collector, never letting up in his pursuit of certain works even if he had to wait for years before he finally landed them. Right up until the bulk of the collection was shipped to Antwerp in 1643 it continued to grow. The full extent of it remains even today unknown; including the drawings and prints it must have run not into hundreds but thousands. An inventory drawn up in 1655, when it had passed its zenith and Arundel had already been forced to sell, lists some six hundred paintings including portraits, mythological and religious scenes by Italian, German and Flemish masters. The collection was dominated by the work of Italians and by that of Holbein: thirty-six by Titian, nineteen by Tintoretto, seventeen by Veronese, sixteen attributed to Giorgione and a dozen or so Raphaels. Arundel was open in admitting his 'foolish curiosity in enquiring for the pieces of Holbein.' He accumulated over forty of them. That inventory took no account of the huge collection of antiquities which remained in England nor did it cover the thousands of old master drawings and prints, books and manuscripts. His secretary, Walker, indicated that his passion for drawings (those sketches which recorded the creative processes of artists) was unique at the time. His passion was such that he had a special room built in which to house them. Those who came to its inaugural party in 1637 were astounded to see two hundred volumes full of drawings by Michelangelo, Leonardo, Raphael and other great masters. These were not only preparatory works for pictures but actual designs for the decorative arts in which the earl took the keenest interest. By then he had appointed a German, Hendrik van der Borcht, as keeper of this collection.

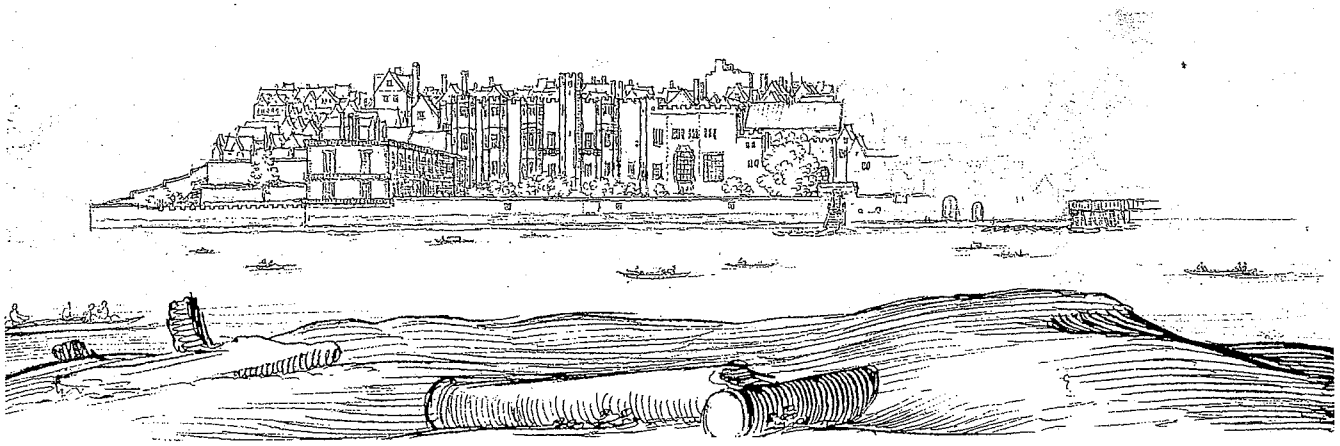
Arundel was aggressively predatory. When his enemy Buckingham was assassinated he did not hesitate to step in and secure a ship loaded with Greek codexes and two hundred antique coins as well as a huge number of statues sent by Sir Thomas Roe. There were also the opportunities presented by his ambassadorial trips. On the 1636 embassy to Vienna he purchased the library of Willibald Pirckheimer, the wealthy Renaissance humanist and friend of Dürer, which included priceless books and *incunabula*, some illustrated by the great German artist.

But the true fame of the Arundel collection was to reside in its classical antiquities. Henry Peacham, who was tutor to the earl's children, wrote in the 1634 edition of his influential handbook *The Compleat Gentleman*:

> 'To [his] liberal charges and magnificence, this angle of the world oweth its first sight of Greek and Roman Statues, with whose admired presence he began to honour the Gardens and Galleries of Arundel House about twentie yeares agoe, and hath ever since continued to transplant old Greece into England . . .'

The effect must have been startling, for no one before had created what was in effect a museum garden in the Italian Renaissance manner. Its impact on the scholar and essayist Francis Bacon is recorded thus: 'Coming into the Earl of Arundel's Garden, where there were a great number of Ancient Statues of naked Men and Women, made a stand, and as astonish'd, cryed out: "The Resurrection."'

The influence on contemporary sculpture was immediate, as evidenced in the work of Nicholas Stone. But Arundel's interest was not merely aesthetic for the great scholar, Sir Robert Cotton, had led Arundel to appreciate the significance of the antiquities as evidence of a lost civilisation. When the large consignment from Petty came in 1627 Cotton was so excited that, in spite of the fact that it was the middle of the night, he sent for John Selden, the antiquary. Selden, together with two other scholars, was to produce a year later *Marmora Arundelliana*, the first direct study of classical archaeological material by an Englishman, a book which made the collection celebrated throughout Europe.



Arundel House from across the Thames, a drawing by Wenceslaus Hollar. The flat roofed classical building to the left running down to the river contained the picture and sculpture gallery.

By 1630 it included thirty-seven statues, a hundred and twenty-eight busts, two hundred and fifty inscriptions, besides a large number of sarcophagi, altars and fragments. Together they symbolised in Roe's words Arundel's love of 'the lights and reliques of ancient learning or noble sciences.'

But what was the purpose of such a collection? To answer that question we have to turn to Francis Junius who was Arundel's librarian. Realising the criticisms which could be levelled at such an ostentatious accumulation of art treasures in the midst of Puritan London he was to write *The Painting of the Ancients* (1637). This was not only a major compendium of all that could be found in the classical writers on the visual arts but a polemic as to their status within society. Their role depended, he wrote, on their power to inspire noble and virtuous deeds. His argument was based on their moral efficacy.

In the end Arundel's collections were to fall victim to his own insolvency, divisions within his family and the tragedy of the Civil War. The pictures and drawings are scattered today among the great museums and galleries of the world. The collection of antiquities suffered appalling depredations. Nonetheless a small corpus of it survives in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. But it was less the reality of the collections than what they and their owner represented which was to be so important. With Arundel we see an expansion and extension of the previous century's definition of the orbit of the gentleman. To his existing sphere of activities he now had to add the role of dilettante or *virtuoso* in the arts and sciences, to be a person who was interested in, and probably take part in, experiments and inventions, was able to identify classical imagery and delight in assembling a cabinet of rarities or judge a work of art. Henry Peacham's *The Compleat Gentleman* (1622 and 1634) embodied the new educational programme for the upper classes. It includes a chapter *Of the dignitie and necessitie of Learning in Princes and Nobilitie*:

> 'Since learning then is an essential part of Nobility, as unto which we are beholden, for whatsoever dependeth on the culture of the mind; it followeth, that who is nobly born, and a Scholar withal, deserveth Double Honour being both . . .'

So a dramatic change in attitude to studies and learning has taken place. They are now billed as attributes conducive to fame and worthy of admiration. The word *virtuoso* indeed makes its debut in Peacham's work. That new concept, allied to the Horatian ideal of the quiet country life, brought about what amounted to a secularised version of the ancient ideal of the contemplative life for a Protestant society. It was to be one which would see the defeated royalist gentry through the gloomy years of the Protectorate when, cut off from either political or military activity, their energies could be absorbed in the cult of rural meditation and of the attributes of the *virtuoso*. That they owed to Arundel, designated over a century later by another great arbiter of taste, Horace Walpole, as 'the father of *virtu* in England.'

(For further details, see, if you wish, R. Strong. The Spirit of Britain.)

IX: Song: To Celia

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sentst it back to me:
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

(1616)

1. These famous lines are a patchwork of five separate passages in the *Epistles* of Philostratus, a Greek sophist of the 3rd century A.D. Jonson very carefully reworded the phrases (there are several early MS. versions of the poem) into this classic lyric.

from *The Forest*

II: To Penshurst

THOU art not, Penshurst, built to envious show,
Of touch or marble, nor canst boast a row
Of polished pillars, or a roof of gold;
Thou hast no lantern whereof tales are told,
Or stair, or courts; but standst an ancient pile,
And these grudged at, art reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport:
Thy Mount, to which the dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set
At his great birth, where all the Muses met.

There, in the writhèd bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan, taken with his flames;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns to reach thy lady's oak.

159 *Penshurst*] (home of Sir Robert Sidney, Viscount Lisle, near Tonbridge, Kent) touch] touchstone; any black stone lantern] glazed structure on the top of a building (then fashionable) marks] features Pan] Greek god of the country and fertility Bacchus] Roman god of wine and vegetation

Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine and calves do feed;
The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops,
Fertile of wood, Ashour and Sidney's copse,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant with the speckled side;
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And for thy mess is willing to be killed.
And if the high-swoll'n Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish:
Fat, agéd carps, that run into thy net;
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loth the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously, at first, themselves betray;
Bright eels, that emulate them, and leap on land
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air and new as are the Hours:
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape and quince, each in his time doth come;
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down,
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make
The better cheeses, bring them; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves, in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above

The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow,
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat;
Where the same beer and bread and self-same wine
That is his lordship's shall be also mine;
And I not fain to sit (as some, this day,
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups, nor, standing by,
A waiter, doth my gluttony envy,
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;
He knows below he shall find plenty of meat,
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day.
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire or lights or livery: all is there,
As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here;
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.

That found King James, when, hunting late this way
With his brave son, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them; or the country came
With all their zeal to warm their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer
Didst thou then make them! And what praise was heaped
On thy good lady then! who therein reaped
The just reward of her high huswifery:
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far; and not a room but dressed
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal;
His children thy great lord may call his own,
A fortune in this age but rarely known.
They are and have been taught religion; thence
Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
Each morn and even they are taught to pray
With the whole household, and may every day
Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts
The mysteries of manners, arms and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud, ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

(1616)

[*Hymn to Cynthia*]

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
  Hesperus entreats thy light,
  Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close:
  Bless us then with wishèd sight,
  Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
  Thou that mak'st a day of night,
  Goddess excellently bright.

(1601)

Notes to Ben Jonson. *II: To Penshurst* (1612)

Penshurst (hall dating back to mid C14) came to the Sidneys in 1552. The poet Sir Philip Sidney was born there but died in Holland in 1586 before he could inherit it. In 1612 it belonged to his younger brother Sir Robert Sidney who had married Barbara Gamage, a Welsh heiress.

In the poem Penshurst is contrasted to **Hatfield House** (though it is not named) owned by Sir Robert Cecil. Sir Robert was the second son of William Cecil, Lord Burghley, who had been Elizabeth I's chief minister. The Cecils had been instrumental in the smooth succession of the Stuarts to the English throne. Sir Robert served James I first as chief secretary and from 1608 as lord treasurer. The Cecils' main seat was **Theobalds** where Lord Burghley had entertained Elizabeth I. James I fell in love with the house and asked to have it for himself. In return he gave Sir Robert a grant of land where he built Hatfield House on a grand scale to entertain the royal couple according to the latest requirements of fashion. It was a sumptuous showcase of a place in the building of which no expense was spared. Marble was brought from Italy, trees and plants imported from the continent. The house glittered with colour inside and out, all the main domes and turrets were finished off with gold leaf, so that the whole house flashed and glittered from the distance.

Jonson wrote his poem after he had dined with Sir Robert Cecil at Theobalds and thought he had been insulted there. The poem works at two levels. First, it is **realistic poetry of place**, describing the house and estate of Penshurst. Second, Penshurst for him is **an idealized location of virtue**. He offers praise to the Sidney family as embodying the kind of virtue which was being eroded under the Stuart reign. The ostentation of the Jacobean court is contrasted with the lost virtue of the Elizabethan era. The cult of the Sidneys (Sir Philip as the embodiment of every chivalric virtue of the Elizabethan age; Sir Robert as a poet in his own right and the virtuous owner of Penshurst, their sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, who at Wilton enshrined her elder brother's memory by editing his works) fed on the nostalgia for the spirit of the Elizabethan age and served as an escape from the degenerate present.

touch – a soft black marble quarried near Tournai and used chiefly for monuments

an ancient pile – an old house which has grown organically over centuries, as opposed to the new symmetrical palazzo-style palaces

marks – features

Mount – Mount Olympus, the dwelling-place of gods

Dryads – wood nymphs

Pan – the Greek god of flocks and shepherds

Bacchus – (the Greek Dionysus) the Roman god of wine and vegetation

that taller tree – an oak planted on the day of Sir Philip Sidney's birth, still shown as 'Sidney's oak'

Muses – divinities presiding over different arts and sciences

sylvan – woodsman, Sylvanus – the Roman god of woods

flames – inspiration

satyrs, fauns – forest gods, demigods, attendants of Bacchus

lady's oak – Lady Leicester's oak, named after a lady of the house who once entered into labour under it

the copse named of Gamage – a grove near the entrance of the park named after Sir Robert Cecil's wife Lady Barbara Gamage

Ashour and Sidney's copse – little woods on the estate

open table – ancient hospitality
pheasant – faasan
partridge – põldpüü
mess – table

high-swollen Medway – the local river, flooded

carp – karpkala
pike – haug
loth – reluctant
draught – püügivõrk, heide
officiously – eager to serve
eel – angerjas

Hours – Horæ (Latin: hours, seasons) – 3 sisters who presided over spring (Eunomia = good order), summer (Dice = justice), winter (Irene = peace)

fig – viigimari
quince – küdoonia
peach – virsik
farmer - a tenant farmer (rentnik)
clown – a simple agricultural labourer (põllutööline, maamats)
suit – business
capon – kohikukk, nuumkukk

ripe daughters – 'fruit of their loins', cf. all the fruits of the earth named previously

emblem of themselves – a plum was an emblem of inaccessibility, pear the emblem of accessibility (i.e. whether they were betrothed/married or still available on the marriage market)

thy free provisions – generous hospitality to all comers, then going out of fashion for reasons of greater economy

liberal board – a generous table

lord's own food – the same food as the lord of the manor eats at the high table, not left-overs from the previous day's feast

fain – willing
dine away – in a pub/inn in the village
tells – counts
gluttony – õgardlus

below – in the kitchen on the ground floor (guests dine now in the Great Chamber which is on the first floor)

lodging – room
livery – liveried servant of the house
thou – you, Penshurst

King James – James I

the prince – Henry, Prince of Wales

Penates – household gods/guardian spirits

linen, plate, all things nigh when she was far – when moving from residence to residence, great men took their furniture, hangings, tapestries and household utensils with them (nobody was so rich as to keep all his houses fully furnished and equipped at all times). Plate – silver or gold ornamental plates and cups displayed on the sideboard when the dinner was served in the hall or later in the Great Chamber.

chaste – virtuous
morn - morning
even – evening
parts – example
proportion – compare

their lords have built, but thy lord dwells – others build for show but their greatness is empty, while the lord of Penshurst is the living embodiment of greatness without the need for outward ostentation

THE CAROLINE COURT OF LOVE

The Caroline masque

In 1629 the great baroque painter Peter Paul Rubens came to England on a diplomatic mission to mediate a peace which was to inaugurate the eleven years of the personal rule of Charles I without Parliament. The artist, honoured by the king with a knighthood, wrote of what he found here:

> 'This island . . . seems to me to be a spectacle worthy of the interest of every gentleman . . . not only for the splendour of the outward culture, which seems to be extreme, as of a people rich and happy in the lap of peace, but also for the incredible quality of excellent pictures, statues and ancient inscriptions which are to be found in this court . . .'

Rubens was a man of the utmost aesthetic sophistication, someone familiar with the riches of Italian Renaissance culture besides being a courtier at one of the most advanced courts in Western Europe, that of the Habsburg archdukes in Brussels. His judgement was one which could not have been passed fifteen or twenty years earlier, a huge indication of the cultural shift which had been achieved by 1630.

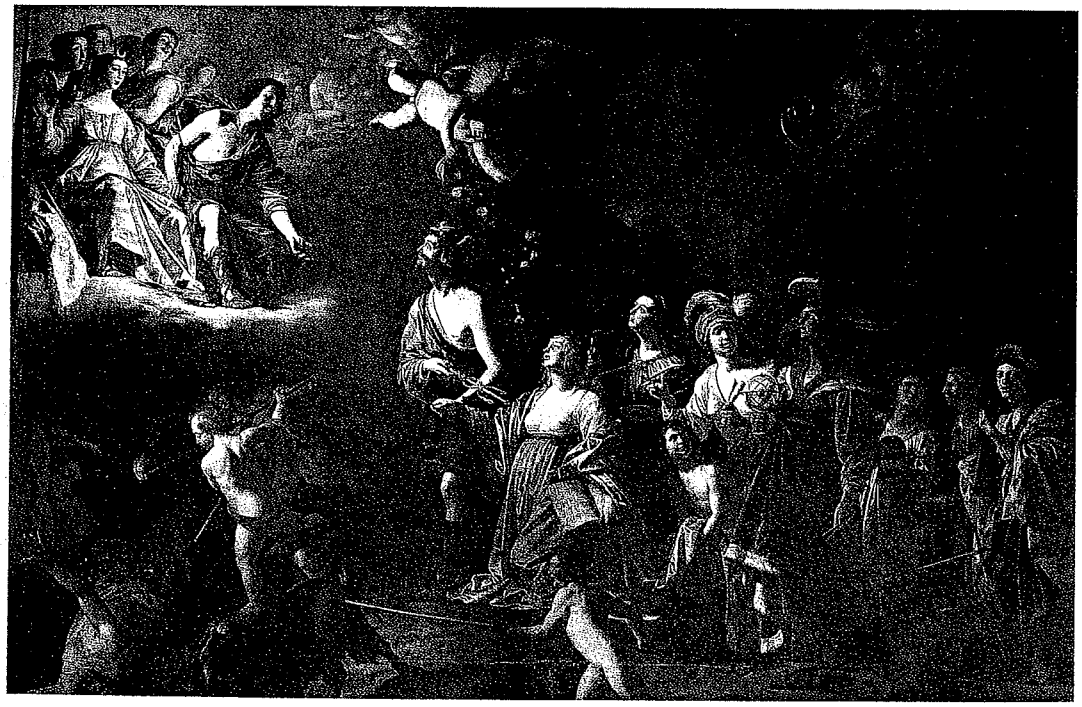
That shift had already been accelerated by the change of ruler in 1625. Throughout the seventeenth century politics and religion were affected by a king's character, so too was taste as refracted through his court, thus conditioning the main lines of expression not only in literature but also the visual arts. Both were to remain inextricably linked to royal apotheosis. Literature's role was to create adulatory myths to glorify the ruling dynasty as much as the task of the visual arts was to set forth its triumphs in things seen. The difference in the content and in the context whereby these aims were to be achieved between the Jacobean and Caroline courts was to be highly significant, however. The cultural ethos of the old Jacobean court was still based, as Elizabeth I's had been, squarely on contact with the real world which lay beyond the confines of Whitehall Palace. James I had been viewed as a cross between an Old Testament king and a Roman emperor. Both roles were robust and, although he could be, and indeed was, sleazy, there was in fact nothing effete about him. In the same way the tone of his court could sink into moral turpitude but it retained its intellectual vigour, thanks not only to the monarch himself but to the presence of people of the distinction of the writer and philosopher Francis Bacon. And, although James had sought Catholic brides for his sons, which was hugely unpopular with his subjects, he remained stoutly Protestant, a monarch whose learning enabled him to take part in the theological debate which raged against the Antichrist of Rome.

One of Van Dyck's most famous portraits of the king. The painter's brush transmutes the diminutive sovereign into a commanding figure, emperor of Great Britain and knightly hero rolled into one.

Now all of that was to change. Charles I was a cold and remote ruler, an aesthete whose idea of a court had been affected by his encounter with the stiff grandeur of that of the Spanish Habsburgs which he had visited in 1623. He was a virtuoso king who, although he could speak with knowledge on theology, philosophy, music and antiquities, remained first and foremost a connoisseur and collector of pictures. He liked artists and indeed was at ease visiting their studios. Even more he was preoccupied with theatre, suggesting plots for comedies and reading the texts of plays and, in the case of the court masques, not only contributing to their subject matter but acting and dancing in them.

Caroline 2

What is more, whereas the arts under his father had paid tribute to the regal divinity of Stuart rule, their role was never a sharply defined one. Now the Muses were openly cast by the Crown as an arm of government, as promoters and sustainers of the magic of monarchy. That statement was made very early in the new reign in a painting by the Dutch artist Honthorst executed short-



The arts in the service of the Crown. The king's favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, presents the Muses to Charles I and Henrietta Maria in an allegory by Gerrit van Honthorst.

ly before the Duke of Buckingham's assassination in 1628. In it the duke appears as Mercury presenting the Liberal Arts to Charles and his French Catholic queen, Henrietta Maria, who, as Apollo and Diana, sun and moon, burst as radiances upon a night sky of ignorance. Figures representing satire and distraction are vanquished by this royal apparition in which the pair are presented as patrons of the arts and the focal point of the kingdom's intellectual activity. Time and again this interdependence of the arts and the Crown was to be reiterated through the 1630s, above all in the masques. These were inaugurated in 1631 in a new series covering the years of Charles's personal rule without summoning Parliament, annual rituals in which king and queen presented one to each other as an act of state. Both these opening spectacles were by Ben Jonson, and were to be the last he wrote, for his relationship with Inigo Jones finally broke down, ending with bitter recriminations by the poet against the architect. The arts figured in both. *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, the king's, included a tableau in which a rock arose from the sea bearing the Muses, while the queen's, *Chloridia*, culminated with a springtime landscape encompassed by a rainbow, the emblem of peace:

> 'Here, out of the Earth, ariseth a Hill, and on the top of it, a globe, on which Fame is seene standing, with her trumpet in her hand; and on the Hill, are seated four Persons, presenting Poesie, History, Architecture, and Sculpture: who together with the Nymphs, Floods, and Mountaynes, make a full Quire; at which Fame begins to mount, and moving her wings, flyeth, singing up to Heaven.'

The court was thus staking a claim to everlasting fame through its patronage of the arts. By 1638 a masque could even take for its plot the Muses fleeing Greece to find refuge in Britain thanks 'to the divine minds of this incomparable pair.' In this way the decade and a half before the outbreak of civil war in 1642 witnessed an enmeshing of culture and political ideology on an unprecedented scale. The role of the arts in the eyes of the king was to set before his subjects noble ideals so as to strengthen the practice of virtue and direct human energy to praiseworthy ends. He and his queen, needless to say, were billed as living incarnations of these ideals.

Charles I, far more than his father, was to set the visual style of his reign as being classical, Roman imperial, appearing attired as Augustus *redivivus* in the masques, having himself depicted in his portraits as an emperor riding beneath a classical triumphal arch and even daydreaming of constructing a vast new palace in the classical style. Nothing better summed up this association of art with what was to prove to be a fatal political philosophy than Thomas Carew's masque *Coelum Britannicum* (1634). In it the court witnessed on stage a progression across time from the ruins of Romano-British classicism through the barbarism of the intervening centuries closing with a final revelation of the present age epitomised in a scene of a Renaissance villa surrounded by an elegant garden. Such were seen to be the fruits of the king's policy of peace.

And indeed peace was to be a recurring *leitmotif* animating every courtly celebration. The old themes, which had held a country together under Gloriana, ones which were fiercely patriotic, militaristic and apocalyptic, fell into abeyance while painters, poets and playwrights united to hymn the blessings of the Stuart *pax*:

> Tournies, masques, Theaters better become
> Our Halcyon Days: what though the German Drum
> Bellow for freedom and revenge, the noise
> Concerns not us, nor shall divert our joys;
> Nor ought the thunder of their Carabins
> Drown the sweet Airs of our tun'd Violins;
> Believe me friend, if their prevailing powers
> Gain them a calm security like ours,
> They'll hang their arms upon the Olive Bough
> And dance, and revel then, as we do now.

Thus Carew again, this time drawing a comparison between the seemingly halcyon days of Charles I and Henrietta Maria and a continent rent by a bloody war which was waged on a scale not to be seen again before 1914. Four years before, in 1629, Rubens had encapsulated this mythology in paint in his great canvas *A Landscape with Saint George and the Dragon*. The saint is of course Charles I, a shimmering knight rescuing the princess, his queen. What we see is an allegory of his rule, a victory of regal reason and virtue over the passions and evil humours of his realm pictured in the vanquished monster. A golden sun breaks through the clouds and touches a view of the lush and verdant English countryside from which grateful people look on in wonder and admiration.

But, alas, art can only be successful as propaganda if it at least bears some semblance to a political reality. Little in the culture fostered by the exclusive Caroline court

Caroline 4

ever did. The truth was that the kingdom was at peace for over a decade because the king could not afford war, nor did he wish to summon Parliament, which any conflict would certainly precipitate. The only means he had whereby to raise taxes was by the exertion of the royal prerogative which, in the form of the hated Ship Money, became ever more a source of popular grievance. But none of this was seen to impede what was from the outside one long royal triumph. Everything was to proclaim the benefits showered on the island by the union of this divine couple. And this emphasis on both king and queen again set Charles's reign apart from that of his father. His mother, Anne of Denmark, had been a covert Catholic, a patron of innovation in the arts, but she and James largely went their separate ways. In the case of Charles and Henrietta Maria they were as one, a union of the son of the peace-loving James I with the daughter of the warrior Henri IV of France. Thus Heroic Virtue was fused with Love and Beauty together making a force whose power was presented as irresistible in the State. Or so they believed.

Charles I in the guise of an heroic prototype, the Emperor Albanactus, in the masque Albion's Triumph *(1632). Costume design by Inigo Jones.*

As in the previous reign the masques were at the heart of the court's cultural life. Together in these annual epiphanies king and queen were seen to reform not only humanity but nature itself, even in one the heavens, so potent was their magic. To the inherited Jacobean cult of regal divinity was now added a new element, the role of the queen as a Platonic love goddess. Henrietta Maria introduced from the French court the manners and highly artificial language of adoration and service which was the height of fashion in the closed world of that court, in which women were deified as living abstractions of beauty and goodness. Such idealised love, above all that of the king for the queen, was seen also to be a cleansing action wiping away any stains left by the debauchery of the previous reign. Britain was now ruled by a monarch whose soul was a compound of the virtues and who aspired to philosophic enlightenment and the ascent of the soul to the divine mind. In this quest the queen played a role as his chaste assistant, a living embodiment of love and beauty. Through their amorous harmony Charles was able to make his heavenly ascent and thus bring untold benefits pouring down upon his obedient and admiring subjects.

The belief in the efficacy of spectacles such as the masques was profound. They were a form of white magic. The importance attached to their effect can be gauged by their cost, for each one would have equipped a small army. Add to that the prodigious amount of time given over to rehearsing them, even when political tensions were at their height. They remain monuments to an intense belief that to see is to believe, and that art has the power to draw down the benign influences of the heavens on the monarchy in the same way as an astrological talisman. After 1631 the masques were written by a succession of tame poets, but their concept remained firmly in the hands of Inigo Jones. The most eloquent was Thomas Carew's *Coelum Britannicum* (1634) which was staged when regal confidence was at its height. In this heaven itself

was remodelled on the Caroline court. Only in the last of the masques do chinks appear in this endless self-congratulatory saga. *Salmacida Spolia* was staged in 1640 with a nation restless over what many regarded as arbitrary taxation, unhappy too over aspects of the royal religious policy, with Scotland in rebellion and a new parliament imminent. This time the secret wisdom of the divinely appointed Stuart king was seen as being unappreciated by an ungrateful people. Charles I, cast in the role of Philogenes or Lover of his People, takes on long-suffering, Christ-like attributes. The masque opened with storms and furies raging, symbols of the ingrates over which the king ruled. Then followed a landscape such as Rubens painted for the king as Saint George, a prospect 'as might express a country in peace, rich and fruitful.' To this descended the Genius of Great Britain and Concord, bewailing the ingratitude of the populace and inciting them to pass their time not in opposing royal policies but in 'honest pleasures and recreations.' The king and his companions were indeed revealed triumphant beneath victors' palm trees and with bound captives at their feet, but their setting was the remote fastness of a mountainside. The queen came down in a cloud to join her husband in their time-honoured celebration of Love and Virtue, one to be mirrored in a final tableau, a city in the new classical style. On to this the heavens descend with a tableau of deities in what was a final royal incantation to avert disaster.

This is the defensive manifestation of a court turned in on itself, caught up in the fatal belief that what could be conjured up in the pasteboard world of the masque need only be staged to be true, when it patently was not. War lay only two years away and within nine the king's head was to fall on a scaffold erected outside the very palace in which the masques had been staged. Part of that breakdown can be attributed to the fact not that two opposing cultures had come to blows but rather that the one pursued by the king and his court had drifted dramatically away from having even the remotest roots in mass popular appeal. The king was seen overtly to have abdicated his role as the leader of Protestant Europe, so much so that by 1630 the bells in churches began to peal on Accession Day of Elizabeth I once more. For the unsophisticated average Protestant every aspect of court culture smacked of Rome. The king promoted a form of Anglicanism which restored ritual and images. He filled his palaces with works of art whose subject matter could not be construed in any other way than as being Catholic. He was even to accept gifts of works of art from that Antichrist, the pope. Worse, his queen was openly Catholic and her circle attracted fashionable converts. All of this created unease and an apprehension that the cultural road taken by the king led to Rome. And nothing was done to make anyone think otherwise.

Caroline art

Charles I's art collection was to outshine in terms of sheer scale and connoisseurship any other in the rest of Europe. His aesthetic sensibilities, inherited from his mother, were sharpened by his glimpse of the Habsburg imperial collections. Art collections were now a recognised index of regal grandeur. He was to return to England from Spain with Titian's *Venus del Pardo*, a Correggio as well as Giambologna's *Cain and Abel*. The same year he purchased the Raphael Cartoons which were used by

Caroline 6

The acquisition of the Raphael cartoons for the royal collection led to their use for the manufacture of tapestries in the workshop which was established at Mortlake late in the reign of James I.

the royal tapestry workshops at Mortlake. But his greatest *coup* came in 1627 when he acquired one of the finest of all Renaissance princely collections, that of the Gonzaga, dukes of Mantua. This included splendid works by Mantegna, Perugino, Leonardo, Giorgione, Caravaggio and Giulio Romano. Two great series seemed especially apt in the context of Stuart imperial aspirations, Mantegna's *Triumphs of Caesar* and Titian's *Emperors*. Daniel Nys, the agent who clinched the deal, wrote: 'In short, so wonderful and glorious a collection that the like will never again be met with . . .' He was to go on and add to it the Mantuan collection of classical antiquities. This one *coup* at a stroke established the status of the Caroline court as the equal of any other in Europe. The king's agents, however, never ceased to seek further acquisitions. Those who sought royal favour also knew that a gift of a great work of art was one way whereby to achieve it. Within a few years there emerged a circle of informed connoisseurs, aristocrats like the Earls of Danby and Pembroke or gentlemen such as Endymion Porter or Sir Kenelm Digby.

At last, too, the king was able to secure the services of an artist who, if not the equal of Rubens, was certainly a great master, one whose vision and virtuosity with the brush was to make his pictures the supreme apology for the reign. Anthony Van Dyck, Rubens's prime pupil, settled in England in 1633, establishing a studio which was to produce a long series of royal and aristocratic portraits which were to provide models for imitation and emulation by every generation of artists down to the reign of Queen Victoria. Van Dyck was able to put into paint the transient ideas of the masques, transforming the unprepossessing physical realities of the king and his consort by means of a series of dazzling canvases which show them as a union of true minds, elegant and gracious. Henrietta Maria is always the radiant love goddess whose presence virtually irradiates the picture space. Charles is the *imperator*, both

hero and gentleman, riding through a classical triumphal arch or staying his horse beneath a mighty oak or lingering in a woodland glade, pensive with noble thoughts. No other painter has excelled in waving a wand over reality and lifting his sitters into another world so completely. The men and women of the court are depicted as assured yet relaxed, their aristocratic dignity borne with an air of casual ease and gentle restraint.

They are softly lit, posed often against massive pillars and a distant landscape. The skies above them are overcast with the light only filtering fitfully through to suggest complexity of psychological mood. Their exquisite sense of feeling and emotion is caught in their elongated hands, the fingers of which caress the silken fabrics, rest on sculpture or clasp a flower. Van Dyck's gentle baroque rhythms transmute his sitters into being a race apart, made up of superior persons invested with an aura of refinement which is almost spiritual. Nothing in these portraits could be more remote from the Elizabethan icons which had preceded them. For those who moved in the arcadia of the court, status is now seen to be inbred, natural and effortless, and no longer to be crudely asserted by overt opulence, hauteur or prowess. The change was total.

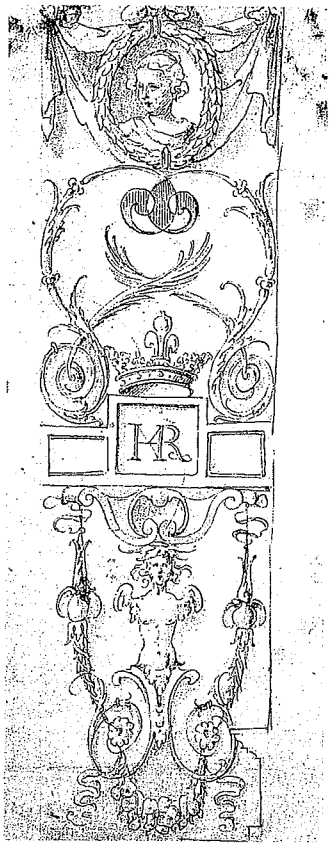
This sense of unreality was sustained by a court cult of rural simplicity. Henrietta Maria even acted in pastoral plays (much to the disgust of the Puritans) and courtiers could assume the guise of shepherds in their portraits. The nostalgia for what was left of the old pre-Reformation traditional culture was to reach its peak during these years, heightened by the steady erosion of it by Puritan Sabbatarianism. Increasingly in the royal eyes such things as May dances, midsummer watches and decking churches with greenery were viewed as innocent revelry and custom needful to the maintenance of a hierarchical, orderly church and state. English country life became its own version of classical arcady. The Caroline poets such as Thomas Carew and Richard Lovelace all celebrated such pastimes, but their supreme exponent was Robert Herrick. His poems, the *Hesperides*, were published in 1649 and opened with a verse which would have been read at the time as one defiant to those who had executed the king that year:

> I sing of *Brookes*, of *Blossoms*, *Birds* and *Bowers*:
> Of *April*, *May*, or *June* and *July-Flowers*.
> I sing of *May-poles*, *Hock-carts*, *Wassails*, *Wakes*.
> Of *Bride-grooms*, *Brides* and their *Bridal-cakes*.
> I write of *Youth*, of *Love* and have Access
> By these to write of cleanly-*Wantonness*.

Increasingly the rural country estate began to take on the role of a man-made paradise in which the owner sought within his own domain to recapture a primordial paradise. The survival and indeed preservation of these age-old rituals was now seen as part of the arcadia of the royalist cause in which a beneficent lord of the manor was to play his part by maintaining ancient hospitality.

Inigo Jones's lavish interiors in the French style for Henrietta Maria at Somerset House during the 1630s established new criteria for elegance in interior decoration. This design for a vertical panel includes her cipher.

Poetry was one of the arts which made up the tableau at the close of the queen's masque of *Chloridia*. That too was to be subservient to the all-pervading diktat of the court. Poets indeed received posts in the royal entourage and then there were courtiers who turned poet. Suckling, Lovelace, Carew, Waller and Davenant, the Cavalier poets, all speak with one voice celebrating the king and queen as an heroic couple, demi-gods indeed, fit subjects for a poetry of vision and miracle. Both are written of almost in terms of religious veneration. Edmund Waller's poems are dedicated to Henrietta Maria as 'Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love.' The elevated and hyperbolic purity attributed to her spills over and embraces a whole line of other poets' heroines including, for example, Waller's Sacharissa, subject of the poem 'Go, lovely rose.' Like Van Dyck's portraits this poetry is elegant and smooth but it can at the same time be artificial and devoid of depth. Drawing on the legacy of Jonson and Donne none yet manages to eclipse them. Significantly the only innovative poet of the age, John Milton, worked away from the court.



Caroline "beauty of holiness"

That courtliness which neutered the drama and rendered so much of Caroline poetry stilted was not so inimical towards what was a golden age of sermons and religious verse. Sermons matched theatre in terms of being a public draw. This was an age of witty preaching and its chief adornments were Lancelot Andrewes and John Donne. But it was in the poetry of George Herbert that Caroline piety was to find its most profound and lasting expression. Sensitive and decorous, his verse is a monument to 'the beauty of holiness', that practice of the liturgy with good order and ritual which was the essence of the king's religious policy and the object of loathing by his Puritan opponents. Herbert began his life in the orbit of the court but turned his back on it and was ordained in 1630. His poetry was published posthumously three years later: *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. They are the finest expression of seventeenth century high Anglican piety. Herbert celebrates all those things the Puritans wished to sweep away. He speaks of the beauty and significance of ritual, of the mystery of the sacraments offering praise to the angels, to the saints and the Virgin Mary. In them we move in a heaven which could only ever be Anglican, filled with a deep inner piety which spoke of the anguish of the heart in its search for God.

Poetry of this kind was evidence of a physical reality taking place as church buildings were put in order all over the country. By the 1620s churches had fallen into disrepair. Often they had become bowling alleys, chicken runs, places in which to loiter, even ale-houses. In the Puritan scheme of things there was no such thing as a holy place. But the Church of England with the advent of a new generation was giving expression to the ideals set forth in the work of its great apologist, Richard Hooker, in *The Laws of Ecclesiastical Politie* published at the close of Elizabeth's reign:

'The house of prayer is a Court beautified with the presence of celestial prayer; that there we stand, we pray, we sound forth hymns to God, having his Angels intermingled as our associates . . .' The saintly Bishop Andrewes set the pattern in his own chapel in which the liturgy was performed with due respect and dignity and the preservation of an atmosphere of holy reverence. In the 1620s and 1630s this new movement to observe 'the beauty of holiness' was adopted by the king and his Archbishop of Canterbury, William Laud. Order of a kind associated with Catholicism returned. The holy table was removed from the nave and set where the altar had been in the chancel, and covered with an embroidered carpet. On it stood two candlesticks, even a crucifix, and it was railed off from the rest of the church. Sacred vessels, the use of incense and copes and, in time, images and stained glass made their appearance. The church resumed its status as a holy place again, leading to a huge restoration and beautification programme in which painting and sculpture returned as aids to the liturgy. Alas, though to those who took this view these were things conducive to holiness, to the Puritans they were signs that England was drifting Romewards. The Puritans rejected the arts. Such a phenomenon as the new porch at St. Mary's, Oxford, with its twisted baroque pillars and statue of the Virgin holding the Christ Child, was anathema, the work of Antichrist.

All over England the Laudian clerics were reordering churches much to the abhorrence of the Puritans in their congregation. When the Long Parliament met in 1640 all was to be as dust. By then the civilisation which the court had created was under siege, its visions increasingly seen as pasteboard delusions which should be swept away. Both sides of the divide had viewed the monarchy as divinely appointed, but the approach to that divinity was very different. For the opposition, that was valid in the terms of the Crown occupying the position of Elizabeth I, an eschatological one of the kings of England as rulers of the Last Days preparing the way for Christ's Second Coming and the vanquishing of the Antichrist of Rome. For the king and his archbishop that divinity stemmed from an analogy of the monarchy to the cosmos, the king and queen as sun and moon raining down their blessings upon their subjects in terms of peace, justice and moral example. Both sides claimed that an imbalance had occurred. The royal view was that political order was the product of the king's power and Charles as an heroic ruler had brought order and civilisation to his people but now his power was threatened by erosion from the populace. The parliamentary view was that certain laws and liberties were derived from immemorial tradition as old and fundamental as the monarchy itself. Any king, they claimed, who attempted to violate them was dissolving the very foundations of society.

There was indeed a cultural dimension which contributed to the outbreak of civil war. It was not so much a polarity of two opposing cultures as that king and court had retreated into a self-perpetuating arcadia of their own. They beheld themselves as it were in an enchanted looking-glass. They ignored any warnings as to their isolation. There were, however, those who dared to hint at the bitter truth of things. D'Avenant's play *The Platonick Lovers* (1635) can be read as a critical burlesque on the court's Platonic love cult. So too can Richard Brome's *The Love-Sick Court* (1633-34) which opened with a warning of the impending rift:

Th'unquiet Commons fill his head and breast
With their impertinent discontents and strife.
The peace that his good love has kept them in
For many years, still feeding them with plenty,
Hath, like o'er pampered steeds that throw their Masters,
Set them at war with him. O misery of kings!

In the coming upheaval a civilisation was swept away which was to leave a legend. Van Dyck was to die in 1641 but Inigo Jones lived on to 1652, everything he had stood for seemingly gone. No one could put the clock back to regal divinity again, nor its projection through the magic of the arts. But as the war bit deeper and the gloom of first the Republic and then the Protectorate spread its chill austerity through the land, the age of Charles I began to assume a retrospective golden glow. Writing in the 1650s Andrew Marvell, in his poem 'Upon Appleton House', frames a lament for a world that had gone:

O thou, that dear and happy isle,
The garden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas,
Which heaven planted us to please,
But to exclude the world did guard
With watery if not flaming sword –
What luckless apple did we taste,
To make us mortal, and thee waste?

Cavaliers and the Civil War

Sometime during the late 1640s a Welsh gentleman called Henry Vaughan put pen to paper in a poem entitled 'The Dawning'.

Ah! what time wilt thou come?
The Bridegroome's coming! fill the sky?
Shall it in the Evening run
When our words and work are done?
Or will thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight?
When either sleep, or some dark pleasure
Possesseth mad man without measure;
Or shall those early, fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?
And with thy blush of light descry
Thy locks crown'd with eternitie . . .

The coming of which he writes with such passion is the Second Coming when Christ will descend in glory, the great judgement follow, and then the thousand year reign of the saints begin in a reborn earthly paradise. Such were the musings of a defeated royalist as he looked around at the landscape of his native Breconshire conscious that his king had gone, executed by regicides, and so also had his church. In Vaughan's poems we walk in a visionary world where the divine is always imminent. And in his dwelling in and on transcendence he was not to be alone.

Caroline (11)

What sets the 1640s and 1650s apart is this all-pervading sense that mankind was living in the last age of the world. The apocalyptic atmosphere which was unleashed by the Civil War in 1642 cut right across society and was to ebb and flow in intensity for two decades according to the turn of events and then, in 1660, with the return of the monarchy, plunge underground. There was nothing novel in the ideas themselves, but what was new was that men and women actually believed that they were living out the prophecies of Daniel and Isaiah in the Old Testament, and also those of St John in the Book of Revelation. John Foxe's influential book *Actes and Monuments* had for decades instilled into the populace the idea that the English were God's chosen people, the successors to the Israelites, that here on this island God's truth had first been restored in the reformed Protestant faith, and that here too would take place the final battle between Christ and Antichrist. Moreover, God had chosen the English for a special role in this struggle. Antichrist was, of course, identified with Rome, Catholicism and Anglicanism of the kind promoted by Archbishop Laud. Chronologists had long since predicted that the fall of Antichrist would occur in the seventeenth century; as the Civil War progressed and the king and established church were swept away divines naturally saw these events as portents of the Second Coming. Everywhere one looks during these two tumultuous decades one is aware of a keen expectancy, that something cosmic could happen at any time. As a consequence, everything was cast into apocalyptic terms as the forces of light fought against those of darkness and the protagonists witnessed what they believed to be God's providence unfold.

Cupid arms the cavalier. Henry Mordaunt, 2nd Earl of Peterborough, in a portrait dated 1642 by William Dobson captures the spirit of chivalrous romance, typical of the Caroline court poets, which was lived out in the Civil War.

On 10 February 1642 Charles I and his family left Whitehall and headed for Oxford. Ten days earlier the painter Van Dyck had died, a symbol of an era gone. For four years a court of sorts was maintained in the colleges of Oxford, one bravely recorded in the canvases of William Dobson. Here are the handsome heroic Cavaliers of romance, caught with all their bravado in buff jerkin or shimmering breastplate. In the distance rises the smoke of the field of battle curling up towards a turbulent sky while in the foreground usually stands an attribute recalling earlier days, symbolic classical sculpture of a kind which one would have seen in the gardens at Arundel House. These are figures from a masque not of the king's peace but of his war.

That sense that the past would never return is captured also in the onrush of publications by the Cavalier poets. The collapse of censorship in 1640 led them to print what they had written earlier, realising that they ought to get it into book form while they could. The poems of Thomas Carew, Edmund Waller, Sir John Suckling, James Shirley, Robert Herrick and Richard Lovelace were all printed in the 1640s. Poems from the past many indeed were, but by no means all. Lovelace catches the lovelorn Cavalier at war, still celebrating the beauties of his graceful heroine but against a very different background, caught in titles like 'To Lucasta, going to the Wars' or 'To Althea from Prison'.

(For further details, see, if you wish, R. Strong. The Spirit of Britain.)

ROBERT HERRICK
1591–1674

from *Hesperides* (302–342)

The Argument of His Book

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers:
Of April, May, of June, and July-flowers.
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of youth, of love, and have access
By these to sing of cleanly-wantonness.
I sing of dews, of rains, and piece by piece
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and amber-Greece.
I sing of time's trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white.
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the fairy king.
I write of hell; I sing (and ever shall)
Of heaven, and hope to have it after all.

(1648)

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

[*The Constant Lover*]

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more,
If it hold fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But pox upon 't, no praise
There is due at all to me:
Love with me had made no stay,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
And that very very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

(1659)

RICHARD LOVELACE

To Althea, from Prison: Song

WHEN love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

ROBERT HERRICK

Delight in Disorder

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wontonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusèdly;
A winning wave (deserving note)
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoestring, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

(1648)

LOVELACE

The Grasshopper: To My Noble Friend, Mr Charles Cotton: Ode

O THOU that swingst upon the waving hair
Of some well-fillèd oaten beard,
Drunk every night with a delicious tear
Dropped thee from heaven, where now th'art reared,
The joys of earth and air are thine entire,
That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works thou dost retire
To thy carved acron bed to lie.

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then,
Sportst in the gilt plats of his beams,
And all these merry days mak'st merry men,
Thyself, and melancholy streams.

But ah, the sickle! Golden ears are cropped;
Ceres and Bacchus bid good night;
Sharp frosty fingers all your flowers have topped,
And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite.

Poor verdant fool! And now green ice! Thy joys,
Large and as lasting as thy perch of grass,
Bid us lay in 'gainst winter rain, and poise
Their floods with an o'erflowing glass.

Thou best of men and friends! We will create
A genuine summer in each other's breast;
And spite of this cold time and frozen fate
Thaw us a warm seat to our rest.

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
As Vestal flames: the north wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve and fly
This Etna in epitome.

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
Bewail the usurping of his reign;
But when in showers of old Greek we begin,
Shall cry he hath his crown again.

Night as clear Hesper shall our tapers whip
From the light casements where we play,
And the dark hag from her black mantle strip,
And stick there everlasting day.

Thus richer than untempted kings are we,
That asking nothing, nothing need:
Though lord of all what seas embrace, yet he
That wants himself is poor indeed.

(1649)

Plate 10: (above) The flying heart, Harvey, *The School of the Heart* (1st edn 1647, 1676), p. 150. Copperplate engraving by Michel van Lochem.

Plate 11: (right) Frontispiece to *Ashrea* (1665). Copperplate engraving.

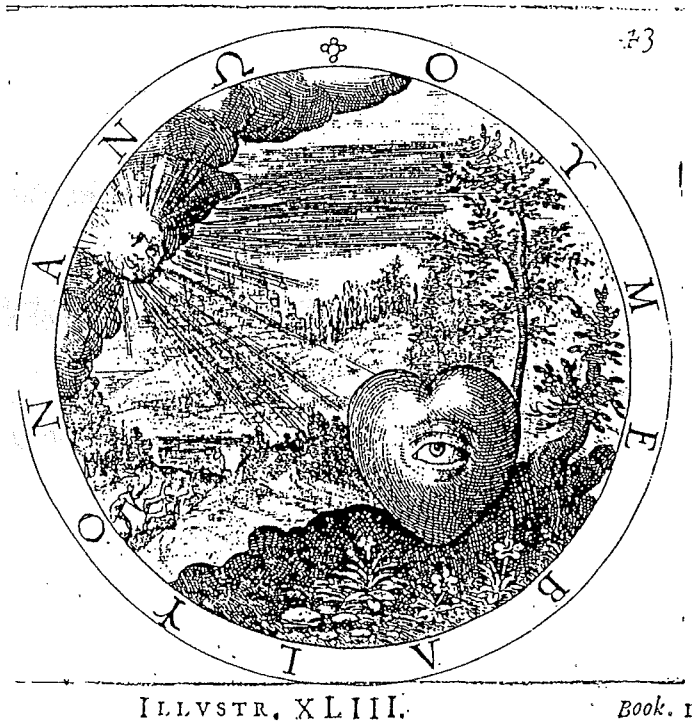


Plate 8: The meditative eye of the mind, Wither, *Emblemes* (1635), p. 43. Copperplate engraving by de Passe.

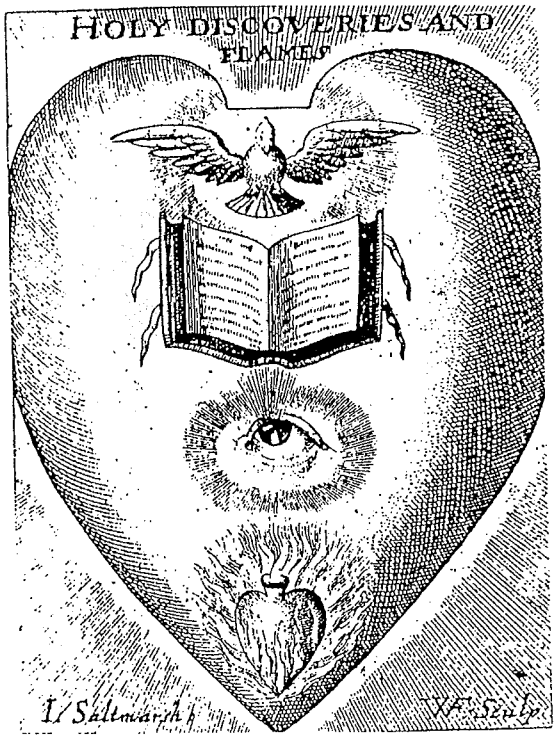


Plate 9: John Saltmarsh, *Holy Discoveries and Flames* (1640), title page. Copperplate engraving.

The soul of the Christian pilgrim is guided by the word of God:

"O that my paths may be guided/ to keep Thy laws (Psalm 118, 5)/ In the tangled maze/ With all its twists and turns/ I walk and will without fear await/ The help promised by Thy Word./ From far away I see that here and there some will fall/ Who are otherwise cautious enough and probably the boldest:/ I go blindly onwards and my arts are all in my devotion to Thee my friend!/ (...) This life is a maze;/ That the journey may be safe/ Thou must without guile wait in blind faith for God/ In pure love without artifice."

Hermann Hugo, Gottselige Begierde, Augsburg, 1622

ROTATION: Pilgrim

The Dawning

AWAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns;
Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth;
Unfold thy forehead gathered into frowns:
Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth:
Awake, awake;
And with a thankful heart his comforts take.
But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry;
And feel his death, but not his victory.

Arise sad heart; if thou do not withstand,
Christ's resurrection thine may be:
Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
Which as it riseth, raiseth thee:
Arise, arise;
And with his burial-linen dry thine eyes:
Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears, or blood, not want a handkerchief.

(1633)

The Altar

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cémented with tears:
Whose parts are as thy hand did frame;
No workman's tool hath touched the same.
A HEART alone
Is such a stone
As nothing but
Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame,
To praise thy name:
That, if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise thee may not cease.
O let thy blessed SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be thine.

(1633)

The Collar

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more.
I will abroad.
What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it; there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit, and not. Forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away; take heed,
I will abroad,

Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.
But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Me thoughts I heard one calling, *Child!*
And I replied, *My Lord.*

(1633)

405 *Collar*] (1) clerical collar; (2) means of restraint (emblem of discipline); (3) part of rigging; (4) choler, fit of anger board] table; communion table lines] (1) courses, routes; (2) verses road] riding; highway; roadstead store] plenty still] always suit] attendance cordial] restorative corn] grain bays] laurels blasted] withered blown] (1) out of breath; (2) tainted rope of sands] impossibility; frail abstraction (proverb) wink] close the eyes

The Pilgrimage

I TRAVELLED on, seeing the hill, where lay
My expectation.
A long it was and weary way.
The gloomy cave of desperation
I left on th' one, and on the other side
The rock of pride.

And so I came to fancy's meadow strowed
With many a flower:
Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of passion, which
Some call the wold:
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold,
Save one good angel, which a friend had tied
Close to my side.

At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
Where lay my hope,
Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
When I had gained the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell, and cried, Alas my King!
Can both the way and end be tears?
Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived:

My hill was further: so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry,
Just as I went, 'None goes that way
And lives': If that be all, said I,
After so foul a journey death is fair,
And but a chair.

(1633)

CANTICLE

'My beloved is mine, and I am his; He feedeth among the Lillies'

Ev'n like two little bank-dividing brookes,
That wash the pebles with their wanton streames,
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nookes,
Meet both at length, in silver-brested *Thames*;
Where, in a greater Current they conjoyne:
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,
Ev'n so we joyn'd; we both became entire;
No need for either to renew a Suit,
For I was Flax, and he was Flames of fire:
Our firm united soules did more than twine;
So I my Best-Beloveds am; so He is mine.

If all those glittring Monarchs that command
The servile Quarters of this earthly Ball,
Should tender, in Exchange, their shares of land,
I would not change my Fortunes for them all:
Their wealth is but a Counter to my Coyne;
The world's but theirs; but my Beloved's mine.

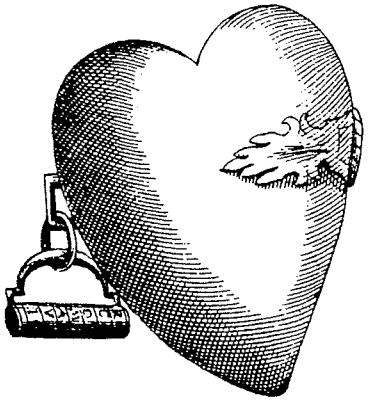
Nay, more; If the faire Thespian Ladies, all
Should heap together their diviner treasure:
That Treasure should be deem'd a price too small
To buy a minuts Lease of half my Pleasure;
'Tis not the sacred wealth of all the Nine
Can buy my heart from Him; or His, from being mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow
My least desires unto the least remove;
Hee's firmely mine by Oath; I, His, by Vow;
Hee's mine by Faith; and I am His, by Love;
Hee's mine by Water; I am His, by Wine;
Thus I my Best-Beloveds am; Thus He is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;
I am his Guest; and he, my living Food;
I'm his, by Poenitence; He, mine by Grace;
I'm his, by Purchase; He is mine, by Blood;
Hee's my supporting Elme; and I, his Vine:
Thus I my Best-Beloveds am; Thus He is mine.

He gives me wealth: I give him all my Vowes:
I give Him songs; He gives me length of dayes;
With wrethes of Grace he crownes my conq'ring browes:
And I, his Temples, with a Crowne of Praise,
Which he accepts as an everlasting signe,
That I my Best-Beloveds am; that He is mine.

Richard Crashaw



Non Vi.[1]

'Tis not the work of force but skill
To find the way into man's will.
'Tis loue alone can hearts unlock.
Who knowes the WORD, *he needs not knock.*

To the Noblest & best of Ladyes, the Countesse of Denbigh.

Perswading her to Resolution in Religion. & to render her selfe without further delay into the Communion of the Catholick Church.[2]

What heaven-entreated heart is this,
Stands trembling at the gate of bliss,
Holds fast the door, yet dares not venture
Fairly to open it, and enter?
Whose definition is a doubt
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt in and out.
Say, lingering fair! why comes the birth

1. Not by force. The emblem, which expresses a moral question and answer through a picture and appended poem, was popular throughout Europe in the late Renaissance. The heart here has a hinge on the right to show that it can be opened, but it is sealed on the left with a scroll or phylactery inscribed with certain Biblical phrases, standing for the Word or the Law. Only knowledge of the Word enables one to open the heart.

2. Lords and ladies with religious doubts and scruples were the object of tremendous attention during the 17th century. Anxious conferences were held, with priests of all faiths eager to put their views before a possible influential convert; accounts of these conferences were published, disputed, analyzed, and presented to the perplexed for their guidance. Susan, Countess of Denbigh, had been widowed in 1643, when her husband was killed fighting for the king; she had gone with the queen to Paris in 1644, and there, in a thoroughly Catholic environment, had begun contemplating conversion. The queen was a lifelong Catholic, Crashaw, though simply another member of the court in exile, was a new convert; pressure on the lady was therefore very strong to abiure her Anglicanism. As is his wont, Crasnaw uses all the imagery of erotic persuasion in urging the Countess to "yield the fort and let life in."

CRASHAW (cont.)

Of your brave soul so slowly forth?
Plead your pretenses (O you strong
In weakness!) why you choose so long
In labor of your self to lie,
Not daring quite to live nor die.
Ah, linger not, loved soul! a slow
And late consent was a long no;
Who grants at last, long time tried,
And did his best to have denied.
What magic bolts, what mystic bars,
Maintain the will in these strange wars!
What fatal yet fantastic bands
Keep the free heart from its own hands!
So when the year takes cold, we see
Poor waters their own prisoners be.
Fettered and locked up fast they lie
In a sad self-captivity.
Th' astonished nymphs their flood's strange fate deplore,
To see themselves their own severer shore.
  Thou that alone canst thaw this cold,
And fetch the heart from its stronghold,
Almighty Love! end this long war,
And of a meteor make a star.
O fix this fair Indefinite;
And 'mongst thy shafts of sovereign light
Choose out that sure decisive dart
Which has the key of this close heart,
Knows all the corners of 't, and can control
The self-shut cabinet of an unsearched soul.
O let it be at last love's hour!
Raise this tall trophy of thy power;
Come once the conquering way, not to confute,
But kill this rebel-word, *irresolute*,
That so, in spite of all this peevish strength
Of weakness, she may write, *resolved at length*.
  Unfold at length, unfold, fair flower,
And use the season of love's shower.
Meet his well-meaning wounds, wise heart,
And haste to drink the wholesome dart,
That healing shaft which heaven till now
Hath in love's quiver hid for you.
O dart of love! arrow of light!
O happy you, if it hit right;
It must not fall in vain, it must
Not mark the dry, regardless dust.
Fair one, it is your fate, and brings
Eternal worlds upon its wings.
Meet it with wide-spread arms, and see
Its seat your soul's just center be.
Disband dull fears; give faith the day.
To save your life, kill your delay.

It is love's siege, and sure to be
Your triumph, though his victory.
'Tis cowardice that keeps this field,
And want of courage not to yield.
Yield, then, O yield, that love may win
The fort at last, and let life in.
Yield quickly, lest perhaps you prove
Death's prey before the prize of love.
This fort of your fair self, if 't be not won,
He is repulsed indeed; but you are undone.

The World (I)

I SAW eternity the other night
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright,
And round beneath it, time in hours, days, years
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled:
The doting lover in his quaintest strain
Did there complain,
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,
Wit's sour delights,
With gloves and knots, the silly snares of pleasure;
Yet his dear treasure
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour
Upon a flower.
The darksome statesman hung with weights and woe
Like a thick midnight-fog moved there so slow
He did nor stay, nor go;
Condemning thoughts (like sad eclipses) scowl
Upon his soul,
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout.
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey (but one did see
That policy):
Churches and altars fed him, perjuries
Were gnats and flies,
It rained about him blood and tears; but he
Drank them as free.
The fearful miser on a heap of rust
Sat pining all his life there, did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust;
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives
In fear of thieves.
Thousands there were as frantic as himself
And hugged each one his pelf;
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense
And scorned pretence,
While others slipped into a wide excess
Said little less;
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave
Who think them brave;
And poor, despisèd truth sat counting by
Their victory.
Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the ring,
But most would use no wing.

VAUGHAN (cont.)

O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night
Before true light,
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he.
But as I did their madness so discuss
One whispered thus,
'This ring the bride-groom did for none provide
But for his bride.'

John ii 16–17
All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the father but is of the world.
And the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof, but he that doth the will of God abideth for ever.

(1650)

ANDREW MARVELL
1621–1678

The Definition of Love

My love is of a birth as rare
As 'tis for object strange and high:
It was begotten by despair
Upon impossibility.

Magnanimous despair alone
Could show me so divine a thing,
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive
Where my extended soul is fixed;
But fate does iron wedges drive,
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For fate with jealous eye does see
Two perfect loves, nor lets them close:
Their union would her ruin be,
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel
Us as the distant poles have placed,
(Though love's whole world on us doth wheel)
Not by themselves to be embraced,
Unless the giddy heaven fall,
And Earth some new convulsion tear;
And, us to join, the world should all
Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines so loves oblique may well
Themselves in every angle greet:
But ours so truly parallel,
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind
But fate so enviously debars
Is the conjunction of the mind
And opposition of the stars.

(1681)

ANDREW MARVELL

To His Coy Mistress

HAD we but world enough, and time,
This coyness, Lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.

Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood:
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze.
Two hundred to adore each breast;
But thirty thousand to the rest.
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart:
For, Lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate.
  But at my back I always hear
Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near;

And yonder all before us lie
Deserts of vast eternity.
Thy beauty shall no more be found;
Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound
My echoing song: then worms shall try
That long-preserved virginity:
And your quaint honour turn to dust;
And into ashes all my lust.
The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.
  Now, therefore, while the youthful glue
Sits on thy skin like morning dew,
And while thy willing soul transpires
At every pore with instant fires,
Now let us sport us while we may;
And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our time devour,
Than languish in his slow-chapped power.
Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron grates of life.

Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

(1681)

The Garden

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid,
While all flow'rs and all trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
And innocence thy sister dear!
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.

Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know, or heed,
How far these beauties hers exceed!
Fair trees! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow:
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasures less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate:
After a place so pure, and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises 'twere in one
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new;
Where from above the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run;
And, as it works, the industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers!

(1681)

JOHN MILTON

L'Allegro

HENCE, loathèd melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings:
There under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosynë,
And by men, heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before,
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows grey
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agèd oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tanned haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail.
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat:
How Faëry Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinched and pulled she said,
And by the friar's lantern led
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,

L'allegro (cont.)

With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry:
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare fancy's child
Warble his native wood-notes wild,
And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony,
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydicë.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee I mean to live.

(1645)

Il Penseroso

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
The brood of folly without father bred;
How little you bestead,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys:
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue:
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain).
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm peace, and quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retirèd leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The cherub contemplation;
And the mute silence hist along,

'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustomed oak:
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee chauntress oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy evensong;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-waterèd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;

Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.

Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musaeus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced as she was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me goddess bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep;
And let some strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy stream,
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars' massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

(1645)

Notes to John Milton. *L'Allegro* ('The Joyful Man') (1630-31)

Cerberus – the three-headed dog that guards the entrance of Hades
Stygian cave – Styx is the principal river of the netherworld, also the name of the nymph who dwelt at the entrance to Hades in a big grotto with silver columns

horrid – rough
night-raven – either owl or heron, both melancholy birds
ebon – black (from ebony, a hard, heavy wood most prized when black)

Cimmerian – Cimmerians/Kimmerians were a mythical people whose land Homer described as shrouded in perpetual mist and darkness

yclept – called

Euphrosyne – Mirth (one of the three Graces, the other two were Aglaia and Thalia)
Venus – (Greek Aphrodite) the Roman goddess of love
Bacchus – the Roman god of wine
Zephyr – the west wind
Aurora – the Roman goddess of dawn

a-Maying – when celebrating May Day, the festival of spring
buxom – compliant
blithe – light-hearted, merry
debonair – gentle
quips – witticisms
cranks – wordplays
wanton wiles – tricks
becks – come-ons

Hebe – the Roman goddess of youth

on the light fantastic toe – making extravagant moves/dance steps
unreproved – not disapproved of
lark – lõoke
dappled –many-coloured
bid good morrow – say good morning
sweet-briar/eglantine – kibuvits
din – noise
stack – heinakuhi
barn – küün
stoutly – bravely
strut – walk self-importantly
hounds and horn – i.e. the hunters
slumbering – sleepy
hoar – frosty
dight – dressed
furrowed – ploughed
mower whets his scythe – niitja luiskab/teritab vikatit
hawthorne – viirpuu

straight – at once
russet – yellowish brown
fallow – kesa
flocks – lambakarjad
barren – unproductive
pied – strewn with
tufted trees –in tree tops
cynosure – centre of attention

Corydon, Thyrsis, Phillis, Thestylis – traditional pastoral names

messes – foods
bower – bedroom
haycock – heinasaad
mead – meadow
hamlet – a small village
jocund – jolly
rebeck – fiddle

Faery Mab – Mab, queen of the fairies

junket – a dish of milk and sugar
friar – kerjusmunk
goblin – härjapõlvlane
ere – before
flail – koot
thresh the corn – vilja peksma
lubber fiend – rasket tööd teinud paharet
and crop-full out of doors he flings – lahkub koos saagiga
ere - before
matin – hommikupalvus
commend – praise

Hymen – the god of marriage

anon – at once
sock – the soft shoe worn by actors in comedy
Lydian – relaxing, from Lydia, kingdom in Asia Minor

Orpheus – a mythical poet before Homer's time. Presented with a lyre by Apollo and taught to use it by the Muses, he produced enchanting music.

Elysian (fields) – a garden of retirement and ease at the end of the world

Pluto – the god of the netherworld

Eurydice – Orpheus's wife

Il Penseroso ('The Pensive Man') (1630-31)

Robert Burton *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621)

bestead – help

Morpheus – the Roman god of sleep

visage – face
hit – fit

Prince Memnon – an ancient king of Ethiopia
That starred Ethiop queen that strove/to set her beauty's praise above/the sea-nymphs, and their powers offended – Cassiopeia, now a constellation. Cassiopeia extolled the beauty of her daughter Andromeda above that of Nereids (the sea-nymphs). This angered Poseidon, their father, who sent a sea monster to destroy the land, which could only be placated by the sacrifice of Andromeda. She was saved by Perseus who married her.

Saturn – the Roman god of time and winter, the first god of all (Greek Cronus)
Vesta – the Roman goddess of the home fires, Saturn's daughter with whom she had sexual relations and in whose reign incest was not a sin ('such mixture was not held a sin')
Ida – a mountain in Crete where Saturn's and Rhea's son Zeus (Roman Jupiter/Jove) was brought up. He later usurped Saturn's throne.

stole of cypress lawn – shoulder scarf of dark cotton
wonted state – accustomed stateliness
commercing – communing
spare fast – meagre food
him that yon soars … - inspired by the Biblical vision of Ezekiel
hist – hissed

Philomel's saddest plight – Philomela was raped by her brother-in-law Tereus, her sister Procne's husband. He cut out her tongue but Philomela wove her story into a garment and sent it to Procne who realized what had happened and in revenge killed her son by Tereus, cooked it and fed it to her husband. Learning about the contents of his meal, Tereus pursued the sisters with an axe and they asked the gods to be turned into birds. Philomela became a nightingale, Procne a swallow and Tereus a hawk.

Cynthia checks her dragon yoke (ohjab oma draakonirakendit) – Cynthia, the moon goddess, drives a pair of sleepless dragons across the night sky

chauntress – enchantress
evensong – õhtupalve
plat – plot
curfew – õhtukell, tulede kustutamise aeg
counterfeit – imitate
cricket – kilk
bellman's drowsy charm – the night watchman calls the hours
outwatch the Bear – the constellation Ursa Maior, the Great Bear (Suur vanker), which never sets, so it is impossible to outwatch it

thrice great Hermes – Hermes Trismegistus, the Greek name for the Egyptian god of wisdom, Thoth, identified with the Greek Hermes. The Neoplatonists attributed hermetic books, i.e. books on magic and alchemy, to him, as they were thought to contain the occult wisdom of ancient Egypt. He is the patron of alchemists.

sceptered pall – võimukas sünges aurüüs (pall = surnukirstu katteriie, aga ka piiskopimantel)

Thebes's line – Sophocles' tragedies about Oedipus, king of Thebes
Pelop's line – Aeschylus' *Oresteia* trilogy, about Orestes, king of Mycenae in Peloponnesus
tale of Troy – Euripides' tragedies about Troy

buskin – cothurnus, a platform shoe worn by tragic actors

Musaeus – a mythical poet-priest, pupil of Orpheus

what love did seek – Orpheus visited Hades in search of his dead wife Eurydice whom he nearly got back but as he could not refrain from looking back at her, lost her again

the story of Cambuscan bold, of Camball and of Algarsife... – the Squire's tale in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*

aught – anything
career – journey

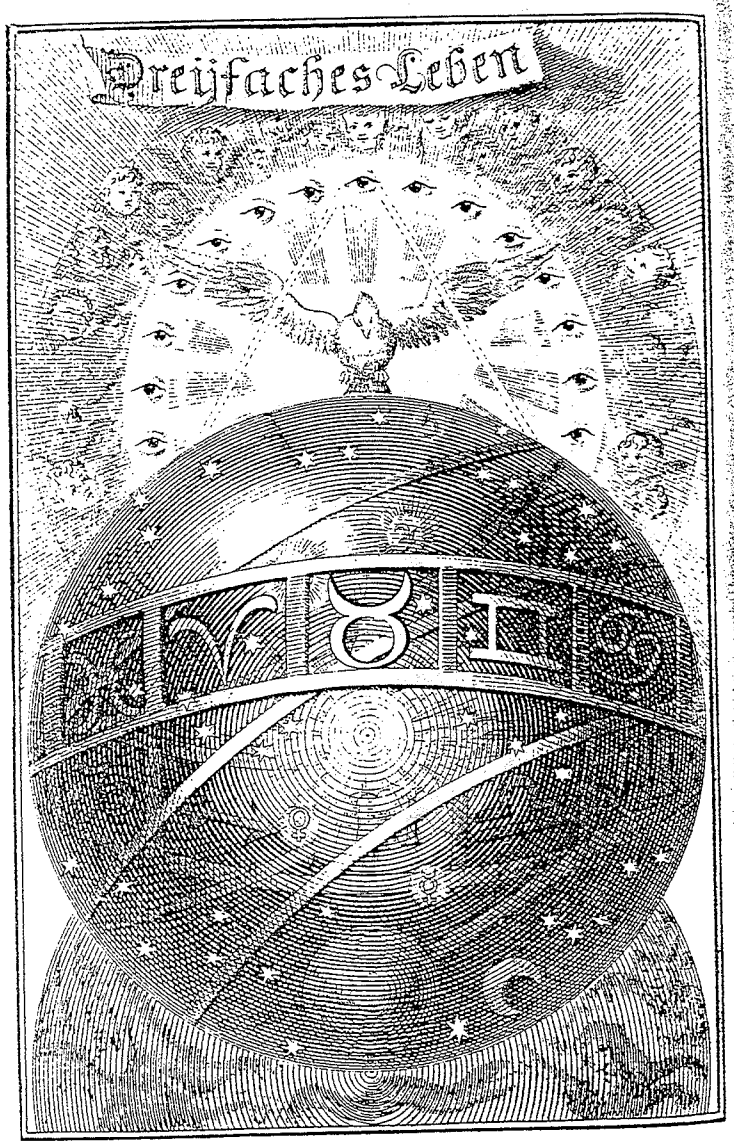
civil-suited morn – soberly dressed Aurora, the goddess of dawn
tricked – adorned
frounced – curled hair
as she was wont with the Attic boy to hunt – as was her habit when she hunted with Cephalus, the grandson of Aeolus, the wind god. She was in love with him.

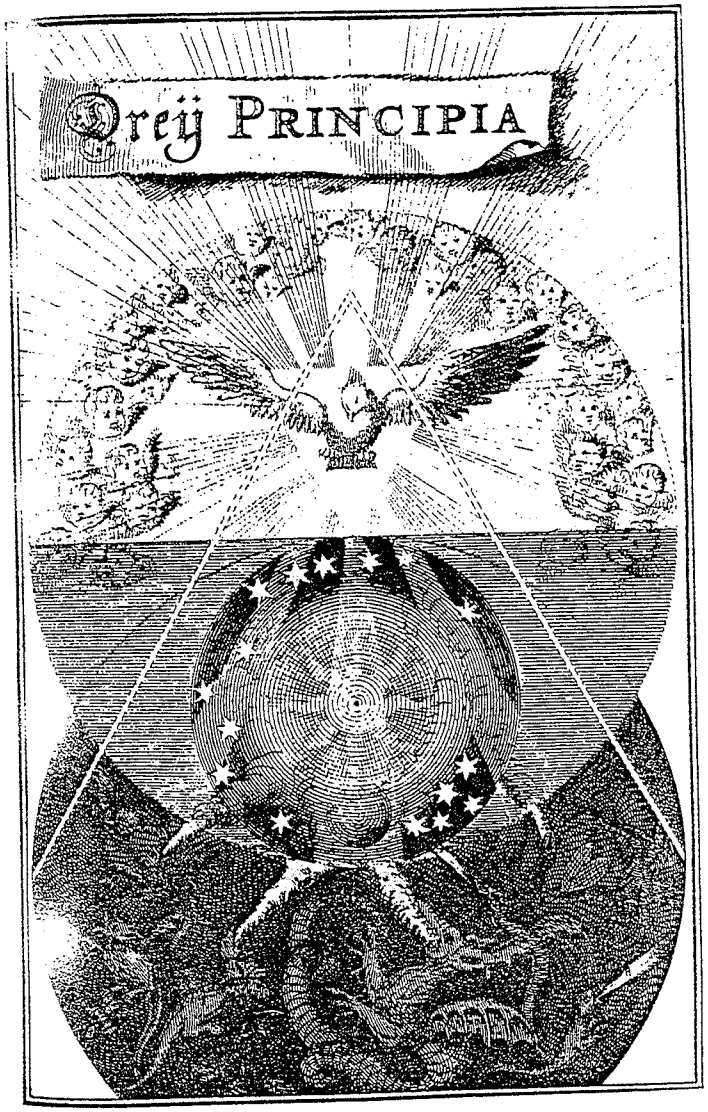
Sylvan – Sylvanus, the Roman god of woodland

covert – tihnik
profaner – irreverent
garish – bright
consort – choir
genius of the wood – metsavaim
due – dutiful
cloister – ristikäik
embowed – vaulted
massy – massive
proof – impenetrability
storied windows richly dight – richly decorated stained glass windows telling Biblical stories
blow – play
service – mass, with singing
hermitage – hermit's cell
hairy gown – monk's dress
spell – study

"This world stands in the confused life of time between light and darkness as an effective reflection of both." It is the third principle, and its form "has been in God's nature for ever, but invisible and immaterial". It was uttered by the spirit of God into the matrix of his wisdom (Sophia), where it can now be discerned in the light of God as his creation. And as this world is threefold and was enfolded in the divine trinity, "the human spirit (...) also has all three principia, as The Realm of God, the Realm of Hell and this Realm of the World within itself".

J. Böhme, Dreyfaches Leben, Amsterdam, 1682





The visible world of the elements, the third principle, is a monstrous product of the world of darkness as the manifestation of the raging God-the-Father and the world of light as the principle of the Son "who is his Father's Heart and Love".

We must imagine these two worlds as the interaction of two wheels, each of them consisting of the three qualities of salt, sulphur and mercury. These are expressed in the dark root principle as the astringent, the bitter and the fire of fear. Friction produces a flash of fire from them, the "firecrack". When it comes into its mother, "astringency", it becomes the source of the second principle of light, "impenetrable love".

J. Böhme, Drey Principia, Amsterdam, 1682

MILTON

From PARADISE LOST

Book 1

The Argument[1]

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall, the serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action passed over, the poem hastes into the midst of things;[2] presenting Satan, with his angels, now fallen into Hell—described here not in the center (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan with his angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech; comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient fathers.[3] To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine[4] thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the deep: the infernal peers there sit in council.

1. *Paradise Lost* appeared originally without any sort of prose aid to the reader; but, since many readers found the poem hard going, the printer asked Milton for some prose "Arguments" or summary explanations of the action in the various books, and prefixed them to later issues of the poem. We reprint those for the first two books and the ninth.
2. Adapted from Horace's prescription that the epic poet should start "*in medias res.*"
3. I.e., Church Fathers, the Christian writers of the first few centuries of the church.
4. I.e., what action to take upon their information.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit[5]
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal[6] taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man[7]
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, Heavenly Muse,[8] that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill[9]
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast[1] by the oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian mount,[2] while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit,[3] that dost prefer
Before all temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; thou from the first
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
Dovelike sat'st brooding[4] on the vast abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine; what is low, raise and support;
That to the height of this great argument[5]

5. Eve's apple, of course; but also all the consequences of eating it.
6. Deadly; but also "to mortals" (i.e., human beings).
7. Christ, the second Adam.
8. In Greek mythology, Urania, Muse of astronomy; but here identified, by references to Oreb and Sinai, with the Holy Spirit of the Bible, which inspired Moses ("that shepherd") to write Genesis and the other four books of the Pentateuch for the instruction of the Jews ("the chosen seed").
9. The hill of Sion and the brook of Siloa are two features of the landscape around Jerusalem likely to appeal to a Muse whose natural haunts are springs and mountains (see *Lycidas*, line 15). Milton's aim is to show that poetry is everywhere recognized as an inspiration close to that of religion.
1. Close.
2. Helicon, home of the classical Muses; Milton is deliberately courting comparison with Homer and Virgil. In the very line ("Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme") where he vaunts his originality, Milton is translating a line in the invocation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*—thus acknowledging, and challenging, another of his predecessors.
3. The Spirit is an impulse or voice of God, by which the Hebrew prophets were directly inspired.
4. A composite of phrases and ideas from Genesis 1.2 ("And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters"); Matthew 3.16 ("and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him"); and Luke 3.22 ("and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him"). Milton's mind as he wrote was impregnated with expressions from the King James Bible, only a few of which can be indicated in the notes.
5. Theme.

Paradise Lost (cont.)

I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
  Say first (for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell), say first what cause
Moved our grand[6] parents, in that happy state,
Favored of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For[7] one restraint, lords of the world besides?[8]
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
  Th' infernal serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind, what time[9] his pride
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,[1]
He trusted to have equaled the Most High,
If he opposed; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.
  Nine times the space that measures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf
Confounded though immortal. But his doom
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him; round he throws his baleful[2] eyes,
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
Mixed with obdùrate pride and steadfast hate.
At once, as far as angels ken,[3] he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light,[4] but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

6. First in importance; by implication, in time also.
7. Because of.
8. In every other respect.
9. I.e., at the time when.
1. His equals. The sentence mimics Satan's action, piling clause loosely upon clause, and building ever higher, till "with vain attempt" (line 44) brings the whole structure crashing down. It is a dramatic entry into "the midst of things," where epics begin. Book 6 will recount more largely the war in Heaven, in the full narrative form which Aeneas used to tell Dido of the last days of Troy (*Aeneid* 2).
2. Malignant, as well as suffering.
3. As far as angels can see.
4. Omitting the verb conveys abruptly the paradox: fire-without-light.

And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all,[5] but torture without end
Still urges,[6] and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordained
In utter[7] darkness and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of Heaven
As from the center[8] thrice to th' utmost pole.

5. The phrase echoes an expression in Dante ("All hope abandon, ye who enter here"), but Milton expresses it as a logical absurdity. Hope comes to "all" but not to Helldwellers; they are not included in "all."
6. Afflicts.
7. "Complete" but also "outer."
8. The earth. Milton makes use in *Paradise Lost* of two images of the cosmos: (1) the earth is the center of the *created* (Ptolemaic) cosmos of ten concentric spheres; but (2) the earth and the whole created cosmos are a mere appendage, hanging from Heaven by a golden chain, in the larger, aboriginal, and less shapely cosmos.

Paradise Lost (cont. 2)

O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Palestine, and named
Beëlzebub.[9] To whom th' arch-enemy,
And thence in Heaven called Satan,[1] with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began:
"If thou beëst he—but O how fallen! how changed
From him who in the happy realms of light
Clothed with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads, though bright! if he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest[2]
From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved
He with his thunder:[3] and till then who knew
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
Though changed in outward luster, that fixed mind
And high disdain, from sense of injured merit,
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of spirits armed,
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,

His utmost power with adverse power opposed
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
All is not lost: the unconquerable will,
And study[4] of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield:
And what is else not to be overcome?[5]
That glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deify his power[6]
Who from the terror of this arm so late
Doubted[7] his empire—that were low indeed;
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of gods[8]
And this empyreal substance cannot fail;
Since, through experience of this great event,
In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal war,
Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
Who now triùmphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the tyranny[9] of Heaven."
So spake th' apostate angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair:

the distance (in the created universe) from the center (earth) to the outermost sphere.
9. A Phoenician deity, or Baal (the name means "Lord of flies"); traditionally, a prince of devils and enemy of Jehovah. The Phoenician Baal, a sun god, had many aspects and so many names; most Baals were nature deities. But in the poem's time scheme all this lies in the future; Beelzebub's angelic name, whatever it was, has been erased from the Book of Life, and as he has not yet got another one, he must be called by the name he will have later on.
1. In Hebrew, the name means "Adversary."
2. Satan's syntax, like that of a man recovering from a stunning blow, is not of the clearest.
3. God [illegible]
4. Pursuit.
5. I.e., what else does it mean not to be beaten? "That glory" is the glory of hearing Satan confess himself overcome.
6. I.e., deify the power of him who. Milton sometimes writes English as if it were an inflected language.
7. Feared for. In the next line, "ignominy" is pronounced "ignomy."
8. The essence of Satan's fault is his claim to the position of a god, subject to fate but to nothing else. His substance is "empyreal" (heavenly, from the empyrean), and cannot be destroyed; but, as ruption and self-contradictions. "Fail": cease to exist.
9. The accusation is bold, but one of the aims of the poem is to show that Satan is a tyrant and God is not.

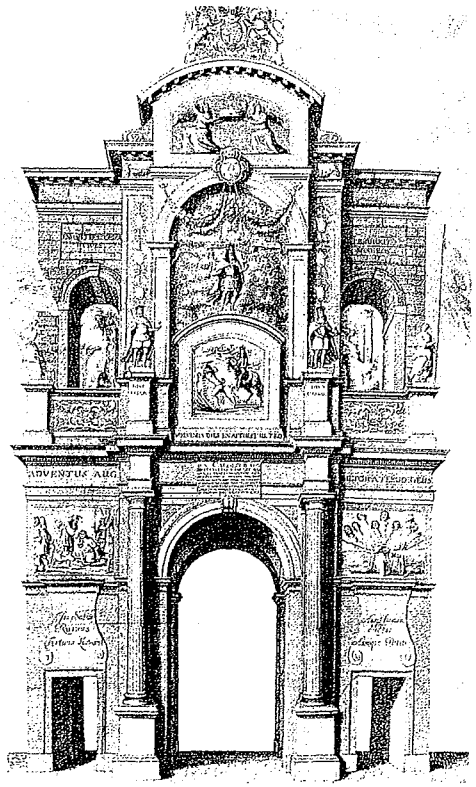
THE BAROQUE

On 22 April, 1661, John Evelyn, diarist and virtuoso, recorded the state entry into London of Charles II almost a year on from his Restoration. The splendour of it quite overwhelmed him:

> 'This magnificent Traine on horseback, as rich as *Embroidery, velvet, Cloth of Gold & Silk* & Jewels could make them & their pransing horses, proceeded through the streets strew'd with flowers, houses hung with rich *Tapistry*, Windos & *Balconies* full of Ladies, The London Militia lining the ways, & the severall Companies with their Barriers & Loud musique ranked in their orders: The Fountaines runing wine, bells ringing, with Speeches made at the severall Triumphal Arches . . .'

There had been no spectacle filling the London streets on this scale since the entry of the king's grandfather, James I, nearly sixty years before. By casting the city as Rome, the Thames as the Tiber and the king as the Emperor Augustus the pageantry took up themes perennial in Stuart eulogy, those of empire, taking the story up as it were from where it had left off in 1642. The streets were punctuated by four gigantic arches. Up to a hundred feet in height they were covered with painted decoration, each housing also a dramatic interlude which involved costumed actors, singers and musicians. As Charles approached, the first of these arches, 'Britain's Monarchy', put to flight Rebellion and Confusion. A scene on the structure depicted Charles on horseback banishing into an awaiting hell-mouth two harpies and a hydra, one of whose heads was 'like CROMWELL'S.' In this way the arts of architecture, painting, music and drama combined to present to the onlooking crowd the new king as conqueror, saviour and peace-maker. Love and Truth burst into song:

> Comes not here the King of Peace,
> Who, the Stars so long fore-told,
>
> From all Woes should us release,
> Turning Iron-times to Gold!



Here the theme of apocalypse, so potent through the previous decades, was turned to hail a royal epiphany endowing the young monarch with the attributes of Christ entering Jerusalem.

In sharp contrast to the closed world of the Caroline court masque, the arts were now to be deployed publicly to restore the mystery and magnificence of the Crown. Their style was to be epitomised in one word: baroque. That manifestation of the late Renaissance had only so far been glimpsed in England in Rubens's mighty canvases on the ceiling of the Whitehall Banqueting House, and in the stage pictures of Inigo Jones. Now, after almost twenty years of stylistic stagnation, the baroque was to burst across the scene, framing the visual presentation of the court to the populace.

The first of the four great triumphal arches erected for Charles II's state entry into London in 1661 prior to his coronation in which Monarchy was again triumphant and the regicides vanquished.

Ironically, the baroque was to prove to be the ideal style to reflect what was a deeply fissured society, one which was to remain in political and religious turbulence until the second decade of the eighteenth century. The baroque always portrayed precisely such a scenario, forces in conflict, opposites and extremes confronting each other, but at the same time, contrary to surface appearances, seen to be manifestations of an ordered whole. Its key role was to purvey to the viewer the incorruptible truths of the sphere of heaven, ones which were fixed, immovable and permanent. That was the role assigned to the arts:

> '. . .the celestial beauties above the moon being incorruptible, and not subject to change, remained for ever fair and in perpetual order. On the contrary, all things which are sublunary are subject to change, to deformity, and to decay . . . For which reason the artful painter and the sculptor, imitating the Divine Maker, form themselves, as well as they are able, a model of the superior beauties . . .'

Thus the Poet Laureate, John Dryden, in his translation of the Italian art theorist Bellori.

So it is that the art of the baroque is concerned with flux and paradox, illusion and seeming, searching through a shifting and spiralling phantasmagoria of imagery to catch a vision of the eternal truths. The baroque was always all-embracing, drawing in every art. Its most natural forms were the palace and its surrounding domain, or whole cities, or a dramatic form such as opera or ballet which called for contributions across the aesthetic spectrum. The baroque began as the vehicle for the new and intensely emotional piety of Counter-Reformation Catholicism and moved on from there to be adopted as the ideal vehicle to express absolute monarchy. Its principal exponent was the ruler Charles II most admired, Louis XIV, whose palace at Versailles summed up everything to which the English king aspired.

The Civil War and then the Interregnum had delayed the arrival of the baroque and that in itself presented problems, for craftsmen accustomed to working in this new idiom had to be recruited from abroad, men like the illusionist painters Antonio Verrio and Louis Laguerre, or the 'stuccatori' Giuseppe Artari and Giovanni Bagutti. Only in the field of wood carving did a native exponent emerge in the figure of Grinling Gibbons, whose naturalistic garlands and trophies defy the medium and still amaze, but he was born and trained abroad. In architecture it was not to be until the 1690s that England was to produce its own outstanding baroque architects in Nicholas Hawksmoor, William Talman and Sir John Vanbrugh. Baroque was also a hugely expensive style and although its role was to bestow an aura of divinity and autocracy on Charles II, nothing could conceal the fact that he was maintained in power by the will of Parliament and an unwritten constitution. Money therefore had to be voted by Parliament and although what the king was able to spend steadily rose through his reign, not one of his major projects was ever finished.

And, as in the case of earlier waves from the Continent, the criterion of selectivity was maintained. Indeed the king was to recognise that fact in his greatest baroque creation, the state rooms at Windsor Castle, astonishing essays in illusion in which every ceiling opened to a sky from which descended benevolent deities, but the whole solidly encased within the ancient walls of a Plantagenet fourteenth century castle. Windsor also typified two other insular characteristics, the liking for restraint without and richness within, and a continuing reverence for the monuments of times past.

The Eclipse of the Crown

The 1690s were to form the years of the great cultural divide even if it was not fully realised at the time. After 1688 the Crown was firmly under the rule of law and more and more the monarchy and the State became two separate entities, the State in the long term being the more significant in terms of cultural initiatives. That was increased by the new king's involvement of England in the war against France, an event which led to the rapid expansion of government and the civil service. In order to finance the war the Crown was forced to make more concessions to Parliament, although its powers of patronage were to remain considerable until the reign of Victoria. The war against France, which was to ebb and flow for over a century until the final defeat of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo in 1815, also engendered an increasingly anti-French cultural bias and an emphasis on those things which set the island apart from Europe, rather than those which linked it.

That slippage by the Crown was not immediately apparent for the aristocracy subscribed to the monarchy as the apex of their hierarchy. On the surface there was indeed a sudden resurgence of royal activity, for William III, who suffered from asthma, could not abide the air pollution of London. As a consequence the court refocused first around a new palace, modest in scale, at Kensington and more particularly at Hampton Court, which Wren was entrusted to transform into an English Versailles with all speed. A block arose around the Fountain Court with its south front facing on to a new privy garden while the east front looked over a vast parterre with no less than thirteen fountains, which was designed by the French Huguenot, Daniel Marot, who was responsible also for much of the interior decoration. William and his queen, Mary II, both shared a passion for gardening which was to trigger the laying-out of vast formal schemes of this kind all over the country. Dutch influences percolated too, leading to the construction of canals and a fashion for huge displays of the blue and white china known as delftware. But in reality both palaces represented a retreat, for to be the hub of civilisation the monarchy needed to be in the metropolis. Much that was central to English culture had occurred within one building for a century and a half. That was Whitehall Palace and in 1698 it was burnt to the ground. Although elaborate schemes were drawn up for its rebuilding, that never happened. At one blow the Crown lost its cultural mecca and was reduced to the modest confines of St. James's Palace.

After 1688 the energy was to lie with the aristocracy which reached the summit of its authority, which was to last until the wider extension of the franchise at the close of the nineteenth century. The French wars were in fact to make the members of that aristocracy far richer, for they benefited from the other revolution of the era, the Commercial Revolution, in which the country's business potential was unleashed, overtaking on the seas the supremacy of the Dutch, and allowing London to emerge as the nation's financial heartland. The great aristocrats gained not only from this but from the perks of office-holding and rents from urban property. It was the old Tory squires who began to go under, crippled and often ruined by the punitive Land Tax which paid for the war. As a consequence their estates came on to the market and were purchased by the grandees whose domains became ever larger, a fact reflected in the creation of no less than nine dukedoms between 1688 and 1714.

Chatsworth set off an aristocratic building boom. What is so ironic is that the style of these buildings erected for a nobility which had displaced a monarch was precisely that promoted by the Stuarts after 1660 as an expression of their bid for absolute

power. Indeed the aristocracy was to employ most of the people who had worked on the royal palaces, including the illusionistic painters Antonio Verrio and Louis Laguerre, and the woodcarver Grinling Gibbons. The architects they employed were even more responsive to the baroque style, as for the most part they had been trained in the Royal Works under Wren. The presiding architectural genius was Nicholas Hawksmoor who from 1699 had an official partnership with the soldier, playwright and self-taught architect, Sir John Vanbrugh. If Vanbrugh provided the at times wayward imagination which is the essence of these extraordinary buildings, their reality in terms of draughtsmanship, practicality and administration fell to Hawksmoor.

A steady series of lavish and large country houses began to arise whose main purpose was show, externally to impress, internally to overwhelm. Comfort or convenience are words utterly foreign to these amazing piles which were conceived as monuments upon the landscape. The two greatest were Blenheim Palace and Castle Howard.

What both houses and gardens reflected was a change in attitude to the countryside itself. If the Civil War had cast it into the role of a place to retire to in time of political turbulence, after 1688 it was increasingly to be viewed as somewhere actually to live. Such houses were, of course, demonstrations of power but this desire to live in the country signalled a new attitude to Nature, which was no longer studied in search of mysterious cabalistic signs or as a means of mystic communion with God but as an aspect of the glorious machine of the universe of His making. At the same time poetry also began to join the chorus hymning Nature as evidence of God's bounty and intelligence in ordering such plenitude for the benefit of man. As the principles of the mechanistic universe took root within the educated mind, the themes of power, hedonism and pleasure which had been such a feature of Restoration verse gave way to ones which sought to locate man within God's dispensation. These celebrated an innate fellow-feeling common to all humanity, were an index of a new morality, and also dwelt on patriotic glories reflecting a new feeling of nationhood in response to the war.

Decline of the baroque

By the turn of the century the ideas upon which English baroque civilisation depended were under attack. Baroque sensibility was at its best in its ability to create an acceptable heaven through the exercise of the human imagination, to make manifest to ordinary mortals the seemingly incomprehensible. The new mechanistic view of the universe was completely at variance with the system upon which this was based, an ancient hierarchical one of correspondences. The incoming philosophy no longer stressed hidden mysteries but the existence in Nature of order and rationality, the universe being viewed as governed by the rules of a rational God. As the role of art was to imitate Nature therefore its role in this new scheme of things was to stress the order and symmetry of God's creation. Art was no longer a vehicle whereby man expressed his emotional needs and in this way was able to unite himself with the eternal, immutable truths. Instead its role was to be far more mundane, being to enable him to lead a rational life.

The new rational Christianity of the Cambridge Platonists, a group of philosophic-religious thinkers, had no time either for any form of religious devotion which was based on the senses, or on sensual impressions activating the imagination. Such inner revelations could be revealed, in their view, in the symmetry and proportion of man, the universe and Nature, and the means of discovering that was no longer by exercising the imagination but through Reason.

The baroque's central pivot had been the resolution it offered to conflict and tension. When that was achieved in the cult of Reason, it removed at one blow the *raison d'être* for baroque. This is caught vividly in the writings of Anthony Ashley Cooper, 3rd Earl of Shaftesbury. His main work, *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times* (1711), was to set the agenda for the opening decades of the eighteenth century. As one of the few major commentators on the aesthetics of the age he viewed art as a product of economical, social, climatic and political forces. Each nation, he believed, had its own distinctive culture, or 'Genius' or 'Spirit' as he called it. Shaftesbury had a passionate belief in the 'English Spirit of Liberty', viewing the country in its post-revolutionary phase as the reincarnation of the virtues of republican Rome. As a consequence he abhorred the baroque as a style which glorified naked power and hence led to tyranny. Any society whose moving spirit was a search for liberty and truth was one in which good government, true religion and good morals and taste would be found. He wrote: 'Nothing is so improving, nothing so natural, so congenial to the Liberal Arts, as that reigning Liberty and high spirit of a People, which from the Habit of judging in the highest Matters for themselves, makes them freely judge other Subjects, and enter thoroughly into the Characters as well as *Men* and *Manners*, as of the *Products* or *Works* of Man, in Art and Science.'

The baroque was cast into being an emblem of Stuart autocracy and the arts were seen henceforth to flower when walking hand-in-hand not with the ruler but with Liberty. To achieve this renaissance there was an urgent need for new patrons to rescue and revive native English culture: 'Well it would be indeed, and much to the Honour of our *Nobles* and *Princes* would they freely help in this Affair and by judicious Application of their bounty, facilitate this happy Birth.' And this is precisely what they were to do.

All kinds of currents converged in the second decade of the new century to render baroque culture obsolete. Baroque by then was considered Tory and, by inference, Jacobite, with hidden loyalties to the exiled Stuart dynasty. Then its prodigality and ostentation bred a sharply contrary reaction in favour of restraint and economy. Two events in the year 1715 embody what is the crossing of a divide into a new era, the Palladian. The first was the publication of the Scottish architect Colen Campbell's *Vitruvius Britannicus*. This collection of engravings of British architecture presented a mixture of styles but stressed above all the importance not of the continent but of an insular tradition which stretched back via Inigo Jones to Andrea Palladio. The great Italian baroque masters like Bernini, Fontana and Borromini were lambasted as being 'affected and licentious'. The very title of the book announces that it was published in the aftermath of the union with Scotland in 1707 and was evidence of a quest for a new national style. That style, the Palladian, was to become a test of Whig political orthodoxy and, in 1715, one year into the reign of the new Hanoverian dynasty, the Whigs came to political dominance. With the arrival of George I we enter the long decades of Whig rule, years which effectively ensured the victory of the Palladian movement. That was embodied in the curt dismissal in 1717 of the elderly Sir Christopher Wren as Surveyor of the Royal Works to be replaced by Colen Campbell. In the same way that William III's actions precipitated the end of the great court musical tradition, so the arrival of Campbell neutered the Royal Works and rendered it mediocre. The baroque lingered on into the fourth decade in the work of Thomas Archer, but even he was forced to make compromises. A great age had reached its end. The coming one was to be very different, dominated not only by the rule of the goddess Reason but also by a totally new phenomenon, the consumer.

(For further details see, if you wish, R. Strong. The Spirit of Br.)

RESTORATION (1)

From *A Poem upon the Death of His late Highnesse the Lord Protector*

I saw him dead, a leaden slumber lyes
And mortall sleep over those wakefull eys:
Those gentle Rayes under the lidds were fled
Which through his lookes that piercing sweetnesse shed:
That port which so Majestique was and strong,
Loose and depriv'd of vigour stretch'd along:
All wither'd, all discolour'd, pale and wan,
How much another thing, no more that man?
Oh human glory vaine, Oh death, Oh wings,
Oh worthlesse world, Oh transitory things!
Yet dwelt that greatnesse in his shape decay'd
That still though dead greater than death he layd.
And in his alter'd face you something faigne
That threatens death he yet will live againe.
Not much unlike the sacred Oake which shoots
To heav'n its branches and through earth its roots:
Whose spacious boughs are hung with Trophees round
And honour'd wreaths have oft the Victour crown'd.
When angry Jove darts lightning through the Aire
At mortalls' sins, nor his own plant will spare
(It groanes and bruses all below that stood
So many yeares the shelter of the wood)
The tree ere while foreshorten'd to our view
When faln shews taller yet than as it grew.
So shall his praise to after times increase
When truth shall be allow'd and faction cease,
And his own shadows with him fall. The Eye
Detracts from objects than it selfe more high:
But when death takes them from that envy'd seate
Seing how little we confesse how greate.
Thee many ages hence in martiall verse
Shall th'English souldier ere he charge rehearse:
Singing of thee inflame themselvs to fight
And with the name of Cromwell armyes fright.
As long as rivers to the seas shall runne,
As long as Cynthia shall relieve the sunne,
While staggs shall fly unto the forests thick,
While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
As long as future time succeeds the past,
Always thy honour, praise and name shall last.

Andrew Marvell

Song

Drink about till the Day find us,
These are Pleasures that will last;
Let no foolish Passion blind us,
Joys of Love they fly too fast.

Maids are long e're we can win'um,
And our Passions waste the while,
In a Beer-glass we'll begin'um,
Let some Beau take th'other Toil.

Yet we will have store of good Wenches,
Though we venture fluxing for't,
Upon Couches, Chairs, and Benches,
To out-do them at the Sport.

Joyning thus both Mirth and Beauty,
To make up our full Delight:
In Wine and Love we pay our Duty
To each friendly coming Night.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

From *Iter Boreale*

I, he, who whilom sate and sung in Cage,
My King's and Country's Ruines, by the rage
Of a rebellious Rout: Who weeping saw
Three goodly Kingdoms (drunk with fury) draw
And sheath their Swords (like three enraged Brothers)
In one another's sides, ripping their Mother's
Belly, and tearing out her bleeding heart;
Then jealous that their Father fain would part
Their bloody Fray, and let them fight no more,
Fell foul on him, and slew him at his dore.
I that have only dar'd to whisper Verses,
And drop a tear (by stealth) on loyal Herses,
I that enraged at the *Times* and *Rump*,
Had gnaw'd my Goose-quill to the very stump,
And flung that in the fire, no more to write
But to sit down poor *Britain*'s *Heraclyte*;*
Now sing the tryumphs of the Men of War,
The glorious rayes of the bright Northern Star,
Created for the nonce by Heaven, to bring
The Wisemen of three Nations to their King:
MONCK! the great *Monck*!† That syllable out-shines
Plantagenet's bright name, or *Constantine*'s.
'Twas at his Rising that *Our Day* begun,
Be He the *Morning Star* to *Charles* our *Sun*:
He took Rebellion rampant, by the Throat,
And made the Canting *Quaker* change his Note;
His Hand it was that wrote (we saw no more)
Exit Tyrannus over *Lambert*'s‡ dore:
Like to some subtile Lightning, so his words
Dissolved in their Scabbards Rebels' swords:
He with success the soveraign skill hath found,
To dress the Weapon, and so heal the Wound.
George, and his Boyes (as Spirits do, they say)
Only by Walking scare our Foes away.

ROBERT WILD

*I.e. Heraclitus, the weeping philosopher of antiquity.

†George Monck (1608–70), commander of the army of Scotland and subsequently first Duke of Albermarle, was the most important single agent in bringing about the Restoration. His forces reached London in February 1660.

‡Major-General John Lambert (1619–83) had unsuccessfully tried to oppose Monck's march on London.

From *Bacchanalia: Or a Description of a Drunken Club*

But by this time Tongues 'gan to rest;
The Talking game was at the best.
A sleepy Scene beginneth to appear.
Bright Reason's ray,
By damp of Wine, within this Hemisphere,
Was quench'd before: and now dim sense, to stay
Must not expect, long after Her;
So when, Night's fairest Lanthorn, *Cynthia* bright
Is set; each little mist, or thin-spread Cloud
Sufficient is to shroud
The pink-ey'd Stars, and make a pitchy Night.
Old *Morpheus* comes, with Leaden Key,
His drowsie Office to perform:
Though some there are, that do affirm,
'Twas *Bacchus* did it; and that He
Had Legal Right, to lock up each man's Brain:
Since every Room
His own Goods did contain,
And was his proper Wine-Cellar become.

Some down into their Seats do shrink,
As snuffs in Sockets sink;
Some throw themselves upon the Bed,
Some at Feet, and some at Head,
Some Cross, some Slope-wise, as they can;
Like Hogs in straw, or Herrings in a pan.
Some on the Floor do make their humble Bed,
(Proper effect of Wine!)
So over-laden Vine,
Prop failing, bowes its bunchy Head,
To kiss the Ground, from whence 'twas nourished.
One, stouter than the rest, maintain'd the Field,
And scorn'd to yield.
A *Roman* Emperour, standing vow'd to die,
And so, quoth he, will I;
Till nodding, as he stood, the Churlish Wall
Repuls'd his Head, and made him, reeling fall;
So with a jot,
Embrac'd the common lot,
The last, but yet the greatest, Trophy, of them all.

So slept they sound; but whilst they slept,
Nature, which all this while, had kept
Her last reserve of strength,
In Stomach's mouth, where *Helmont** saith,
The Soul its chiefest Mansion hath,
Began at length
To kick, and frisk, and stoutly strove
To throw the Liquid Rider off.
For now her Case, like Marriners, was grown,
In leaky Ship, she must or pump, or drown.
Or whether that the Wine, which, till this time,
Was wont to dwell in Cellar's cooler Clime,
Now put in Stomach's boiling-pot,
Found its new Habitation too hot?
What e're it was, the Floods gusht out
From ev'ry spout,
With such a force; they made a fulsome fray.
One who athwart his Neighbour lay,
Did right into his Pocket disembogue;
For which the other would have call'd him Rogue,
But that his forestall'd mouth (brawls to prevent)
Replenisht was with the same Element.
I'th' next Man's face Another spues,
Who doth, with nimble Repartee, retort
His own, and His Assailant's juice,
And so returns him double for't.
One with a Horizontal mouth,
Discharges up into the Air,
Which falls again in Perpendicular:
Much like those Clouds, in Sea that's South,
Which in a Lump, descend, and quite
O're-whelm the Ship, on which they chance to light:
The Floor with such a Deluge was o'reflown,
As would infallibly have ran
Quite through, and to its native Cellar gone,
As Rivers Circulate to th'Ocean:
Had it not been incrassate with a scum,
Which did, for company, from Stomach come.

*Johann Baptist van Helmont (1577–1644), Belgian chemist and medical writer.

Nor was this all: The surly Element,
With Orall Channels not content,
Reverberates; and downward finds a Vent.
Which my Nice Muse to tell forebears,
And begs, for what is past, the pardon of your Ears.

CHARLES DARBY

The Advice

Wou'd you in Love succeed, be Brisk, be Gay,
Cast all dull Thoughts and serious Looks away;
Think not with down cast Eyes, and mournful Air,
To move to pity, the Relentless Fair,
Or draw from her bright Eyes a Christal Tear.
This Method Foreign is to your Affair,
Too formal for the Frolick you prepare:
Thus, when you think she yields to Love's advance,
You'll find 'tis no Consent, but Complaisance.
Whilst he who boldly rifles all her Charms,
Kisses and Ravishes her in his Arms,
Seizes the favour, stays not for a Grant,
Alarms her Blood, and makes her sigh and pant;
Gives her no time to speak, or think't a Crime,
Enjoys his Wish, and well imploys his time.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

To a Lady in a Letter

Such perfect Bliss, fair *Cloris*, we
In our Enjoyment prove:
'Tis pity restless Jealousie
Should mingle with our Love.

Let us, since Wit has taught us how,
Raise Pleasure to the Top:
You Rival Bottle must allow,
I'le suffer Rival Fop.

Think not in this that I design
A Treason 'gainst Love's Charms,
When following the God of Wine
I leave my *Cloris'* Arms.

Since you have that, for all your haste,
At which I'le ne're repine,
Will take its Liquor off as fast,
As I can take off mine.

There's not a brisk insipid Spark,
That flutters in the Town:
But with your wanton Eyes you mark
Him out to be your own.

Nor do you think it worth your care
How empty, and how dull,
The heads of your Admirers are,
So that their Cods be full.

All this you freely may confess,
Yet we ne're disagree:
For did you love your Pleasure less,
You were no Match for me.

Whilst I, my Pleasure to pursue,
Whole nights am taking in
The lusty Juice of Grapes, take you
The Juice of lusty Men.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

RESTORATION (3)

Song from *Sir Antony Love, or the Rambling Lady* (1690)

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry
The distant Shore, and long to prove
(Still richer in Variety)
The Treasures of the Land of Love.

We Women, like weak *Indians*, stand
Inviting, from our Golden Coast,
The wandring Rovers to our Land:
But she, who Trades with 'em, is lost.

With humble Vows they first begin,
Stealing, unseen, into the Heart;
But by Possession setled in,
They quickly act another part.

For Beads and Baubles, we resign,
In Ignorance, our shining Store,
Discover Nature's richest Mine,
And yet the Tyrants will have more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
How he can Court, or you be Won:
For Love is but Discovery,
When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE

From the Latin

Enflam'd with Love and led by blind desires,
The man persues, the blushfull Maid retires.
He hopes for pleasures, but shee feares the Paine,
His Love but Ignorance is, her feares more vaine.
When e're he tast's those Joys so pris'd before
He'l love no longer and she'le feare no more.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET

Song

Love a Woman! y'are an Ass,
'Tis a most insipid Passion,
To choose out for your happiness
The silliest part of God's Creation.

Let the Porter, and the Groome,
Things design'd for dirty Slaves,
Drudge in fair *Aurelia*'s Womb,
To get supplies for Age and Graves.

Farewel Woman, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry Night to sit,
With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking, to engender Wit.

Then give me Health, Wealth, Mirth, and Wine,
And if busie Love intrenches,
There's a sweet soft Page of mine,
Does the trick worth Forty Wenches.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER

A Wife

Since thou'rt condemn'd to wed a thing,
And that same thing must be a she;
And that same she to thee must cling
For term of life of her and thee;
I'll tell thee what this thing shall bee.

I would not have her virtuous,
For such a wife I ne'er did see;
And 'tis a madness to suppose
What never was, nor e're shall bee;
To seem so is enough to thee.

Do not desire she should be wise,
Yet let her have a waggish wit;
No circumventing subtilties,
But pretty slights to please and hit,
And make us laugh at her, or it.

Nor must thou have one very just,
Lest she repay thee in thy kind;
And yet she must be true to trust;
Or if to sport she has a mind,
Let her be sure to keep thee blind.

One part of valour let her have;
Not to return but suffer ill,
To her own passion be no slave
But to thy laws obedient still,
And unto thine submit her will.

Be thou content she have a tongue,
That's active so it be not lowd;
And so she be straight-limb'd and young,
Though not with beauty much endow'd,
No matter, so she be but proud.

Tir'd she should be, not satisfi'd,
But alwaies tempting thee for more,
So cunningly she been't espy'd.
Let her act all parts like a whore,
So she been't one, I'ld ask no more.

But above all things, let her be
Short liv'd and rich, no strong-dock'd *Jone*,
That dares to live till 53,
Find this wife, if thou must have one;
But there's no wife so good as none.

ALEXANDER BROME

A SONG

Absent from thee I languish still,
Then ask me not, when I return?
The straying Fool 'twill plainly kill,
To wish all Day, all Night to Mourn.

Dear; from thine Arms then let me flie,
That my Fantastick mind may prove,
The Torments it deserves to try,
That tears my fixt Heart from my Love.

When wearied with a world of Woe,
To thy safe Bosom I retire
Where Love and Peace and Truth does flow,
May I contented there expire.

Lest once more wandring from that Heav'n
I fall on some base heart unblest;
Faithless to thee, False, unforgiv'n,
And lose my Everlasting rest.

Rochester

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE IN THE C17 and C18

The scientific milieu

FRANCIS BACON called for a general advancement of learning in an age which was alive with new discoveries: astronomical observations of Kepler, Brahe, Galileo; voyages of exploration to new worlds overseas; experiments by Paracelsus which moved chemistry away from alchemy and magic; Vesalius and the Italian anatomies were opening up the human body, Harley described the circulation of blood.
1605 ***Advancement of Learning*** called for a co-ordinated movement of investigation across the entire frontier of knowledge. B. argued that Adam had enjoyed a Godlike completeness of understanding (God had allowed him to name the creatures). This instinctive wisdom ("natural knowledge") he had forfeited when he disobeyed God and committed the Original Sin. Learning needed to be restored to a state as near as possible to that first perfection.
Bacon's method: INDUCTIVE REASONING (INDUCTION) based on OBSERVATION and EXPERIMENT. The schoolmen had used *a priori* arguments (propositions of generalities) from which deductions about particulars were made. Bacon's experimental method gave primacy to ascertainable facts of the physical world, in accordance with the new evolving materialist view of the universe. Instead of deducing knowledge of particular phenomena from general *a priori* assumptions about whole systems, natural philosophers and other thinkers after them followed the practice of ascending gradually from observation and experiment, by way of analysis, towards general theories. This process was unending as all general principles thus found were subject to revision in the light of new discoveries.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY was the term used for the new kind of philosophy which was directed to the **understanding of Nature**. Without rejecting the Christian faith or the refinements of classical culture, the natural philosophers broke with the authority of Aristotle and medieval scholasticism, **subjecting all beliefs and all knowledge to a rational examination based on the evidence of fact as supported by the senses**. The only real truth was that discoverable by inductive and mathematical methods. When viewed like this, the **universe** appeared as **a great machine** and the natural laws, the principles on which it worked, were taken as a demonstration of the ultimate rationality of creation. They were evidence of **God's beneficence**. The natural laws were not just statements about verifiable phenomena (such as that bodies fall at specific speeds, that heavenly globes move by predictable courses etc.) but also proof that a benevolent God directs his universe towards the best results. Thus the new philosophy seemed to confirm the assertions of the old that **an omniscient, infinitely wise and divine presence superintended the world**. The contemporaries drew a deep **moral assurance** from the fact that now the old belief in the well-ordered world taken care of by the well-meaning Providence could be **satisfactorily proved as based on demonstrable fact**. This seemed to do away with medieval superstition. The earlier world picture was felt to have been based on myths elaborated to provide life with purpose. Natural philosophy, on the other hand, seemed to provide clarification and rational conviction based on fact. The methods of Aristotelian science or of medieval theology or of pre-Restoration pseudo-science had left so much obscure. Life had remained, despite all arguments of divine wisdom, so extraordinarily mysterious and incomprehensible that irrationality and superstition could flourish in the absence of criteria by which they could be refuted. The new

intellectual technique of inquiry (science), and the discoveries it led to, the new worlds which were opened up by the telescope and the microscope, seemed to prove the universe so intelligent in cause and effect as to be admirable and reassuring because God's laws, now verifiable, were shown as directing each thing according to its nature and divine order. Because now the proof of experiment substituted scholastic logic, it was felt that **a dawn of enlightenment** was breaking on the darkness of superstition.
Faith seemed progressively to be a matter less of taking the universe on trust than of understanding it. God's wisdom and goodness seemed confirmed by such evidence, macroscopic and microscopic, as no man with eyes could fail to see and accept. Scientists like Newton revealed a limitless but systematic universe where **God in Nature** appeared as **the greatest of artists**.

ISAAC NEWTON (1642-1727) was the great intellectual hero of the age, "the Miracle of the present Age" as Addison called him in *Spectator*, No. 543. The modern scientific revolution did not start with him. He synthesized the researches of his fellow countrymen Boyle, Barrow, Hooke, Flamsteed and Wallis and such Continental natural philosophers as Descartes, Galileo, Kepler and others, but for the eighteenth-century Englishmen scientific advance was to a remarkable extent associated with his name. The triumph of his mind was so awe-inspiring, elemental and universal that it seemed comparable with Nature itself. For Pope and many others Newton personified enlightenment:

> Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night,
> God said Let Newton be! and all was Light.

Newton's achievement was based on his coupling of **empirical observation with mathematical method**. In his great book *Philosophiae Naturalis Principia Mathematica* (1686) his method is to deduce mathematical formulae from the observed motions of bodies in the heavens and on earth and then from these formulae to deduce other motions which could be checked against further observation. Thus he applied his principles of motion to account for many hitherto unexplained natural phenomena, such as the perturbations in the moon's orbit, the rise and fall of tides, and the behaviour of light. He was also able to show by his calculations, for instance, that comets are not mysterious, haphazard, or new-created phenomena, but subject to the same law of gravitation as the planets; thus enabling Edmund Halley to plot, in 1682, the orbit of the comet that bears his name, and to prophesy its return in 1758.
Newton's greatest achievement was the formulation of the **principle of gravitation**, that every body attracts every other body with a force proportional to its mass and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them. Now a single formula could account at once for the fall of a pebble and the movement of the stars. This mathematical proof of the old concept of unity in variety in the God-created world powerfully seized the imagination of enlightenment men, especially when investigations of astronomers, physicists and mathematicians in England and Europe throughout the eighteenth century all bore witness to the applicability of Newton's theory.
His second great success was the development of the **calculus method,** which was of great value to the evolution of mathematics and therefore to science in general.
His third great achievement was his **theory of light**, formulated in *Optics* (1704). "Newton with his prism", demonstrating the many-coloured nature of light through its refraction in the prism, caught the imagination of Englishmen for generations and infused the world for them with miraculous colours.

Having demonstrated the mechanical clockwork nature of the world, Newton nevertheless remained a deeply religious man, like his contemporaries whose feelings of religious awe and devotion he had satisfied by offering rational grounds for a belief in God. For him and others, the First Cause was not mechanical :

> The most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets, could only proceed from the counsel and domination of an intelligent and powerful Being ... Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. ... He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially*; for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other: God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere*.

Newton's vision of a universe in which every act of human perception and every motion of countless suns and planets is a vibration in the ether, his revelation of a maze of colour hidden within the light of common day, and his heroic binding of the suns and planets to their orbits created wonder and excitement among his non-scientific reader, his forbidding mathematics notwithstanding.

Age of Enlightenment

The advances of science lifted a great burden of fear and superstition off the minds of men. They now had more confidence in their own unaided and restrained intellect and with increased understanding of the ways of Nature felt better able to control and dominate their environment. Science gave new freedom and new hope, and the sudden and huge growth of ordered and apparently certain knowledge seemed greatly to enlarge the possibilities of intellectual, moral and practical improvements. A belief that life in all its aspects could be improved by the use of intelligence, and the resultant belief in human progress, coloured the whole 18th century. As science continued to shed light on more and more natural phenomena, improvements were undertaken in other fields as well. Methods of commerce were improved by the provision of better quays, docks and warehouses. Manufacture could be improved by new techniques such as the application of steam power and the subdivision of labour in manufactories. Transport could be improved by the building of canals, bridges and the making of turnpike trusts. Agriculture could be improved by enclosing the land and better methods of farming. Towns could be improved by paving, lighting, straightening and widening of streets, the laying out of new districts and demolishing medieval town walls, the erection of magnificent public buildings and laying out of public walks. Country houses could be improved by being rebuilt or remodelled in a more purely Classical taste and given a new setting in a newly landscaped park. The arts could be improved by enlightened patronage and founding of academies (i.e. the Royal Society of London for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge, 1662). The condition of the poor could be improved by the profusion of schools, hospitals and better prisons. Etc.

The Polite Society

The C17 had been torn apart by religious and political strife. The society was both formal and violent. Social barriers were very high, the lords and ladies were very conscious that they were different from other people. Enmities were passionate, different social groups were at war with each other both literally (the Great Civil War)

and metaphorically afterwards. Different religious denominations passionately hated each other, members of different political parties did not talk to each other, quarrels were solved by drawing the sword.
The C18, tired of such passionate enmities and looking for social stability after a century of turmoil, reacted against what 18th-century people perceived as "zeal", i.e. undue enthusiasm, whether in politics or religion. Many people felt that the traumas of the previous century were to be avoided at all costs. Civilization for these people meant that men of learning had to learn to act together in society.
The new **polite man** was essentially **social**, and as such could distinguish himself from arrogant lords, illiterate squires and fanatical puritans. The latter, because of their "zeal" could be viewed as angular, while the polite man was polished. The ruling character of fanatics of all sorts, but especially the religious ones, was enthusiasm, which was diametrically opposed to the new desired quality of politeness and intensely disliked by polite people. It was also threatening because enthusiasm involved belief in personal inspiration and readiness to follow it, and if necessary, break up the society in the process. Polite society formed a group within society as a whole. The polite person needed sufficient property to give him the means to education, and a stake in society. It was always a minority, but a large and growing one.
Polite people needed places where to meet and a common code of behaviour by which to recognize each other. Much care and energy went into providing the proper facilities for social interaction for "people of quality". The main meeting places were assembly rooms, public walks, theatres, clubs and coffee houses. The common language included more than the spoken language, it was also the language of dress, behaviour, movement, art, architecture and decoration as well. Habitués of walks and assembly rooms learned the accepted ways of making conversation, dancing and greeting acquaintances. In the theatre provincial audiences learned about polite dress and manners from companies on tour from London. Dancing masters, teachers of elocution and finishing schools provided the proper training. Handbooks taught polite behaviour. Polite gentlemen and ladies learnt how to understand the language of classical architecture, to use it correctly, and to appreciate how it could be modulated in order to express a mood or underline importance. Resorts and spas became important means of producing polite society. Politeness was to do with breaking down social barriers. By their nature, spas attracted people to come from different backgrounds to one place in pursuit of health; and once away from their everyday context such people found it easier to shed prejudicies, mix together and (if they were not too ill) enjoy themselves in doing so. Entry to polite society was not for everyone, especially for people of the "common sort". On the other hand, entry was available to anyone who wore the right sort of clothes and could afford the money for subscription to assembly rooms and balls. The theory of polite society was evolved and especially propagated by Joseph Addison in his journal *Spectator*.

The new language
The upholders of the new learning developed a distrust of imagination which seemed too close to enthusiasm and zeal. Besides, they worked now in the plain daylight world of fact and reason, and anything lurking in the shadows, too insubstantial to be snared by observation and dragged into the light of rational processes, was derided and dismissed as fanciful. Conceptual thought found an apparently solid base in physical reality, the natural world seemed to provide an objective touchstone for speculation and hypothetical thought. It was a climate unfavourable for religion and

poetry, but very good for **prose**, the instrument of the promoters of new learning. What they required was a clear and unequivocal instrument of expression. Vernacular prose, which had hitherto been rather flamboyant and cumbersome, was now trimmed down and given a new importance in intellectual commerce by the decision of the Royal Society which declared that its members should record their experiments and conclusions in English, rather than Latin, the language of international learning so far. In this new prose no flourish was permitted to obscure reason and plain sense. The Society was most rigorous in rejecting all amplifications, digressions and swellings of style, language was to be returned to its primitive purity and shortness. All members were to adopt a close, naked, natural way of speaking, use positive expressions and bring all things as near mathematical plainness as they could. The language of artisans, countrymen and merchants was to be preferred to that of wits and scholars. The ideal new prose, as written by Dryden, sounded like the distinguished and easy talk of a clear, independent and inquisitive mind, sensitive to the tastes and prejudices of his audience. Clear statements and settled sentence forms, with a simple vocabulary became the norm. A plain, direct and workaday prose which came into being as a result could not only be employed by masters of the new style but also by anybody who wanted to write clearly and correctly without aiming at literary distinction. Also, verbal communication was everywhere improved and extended.

Poetry suffered. Strangeness, mystery, "metaphysical" exuberance were dropped, and the poets fell in line with the prose writer as a sensible instructor who, though perhaps less reliable, could temper his instruction with pleasing adornments. A new, and often rigid distinction between intellect and feeling, reason and imagination, fact and fiction prevailed throughout the century. As poetry seemed to provide no assistance in scientific enquiries but, on the contrary, dealt in deceitful fables meant for primitive people, it was to be banished with the fairies and other superstitions. Poetry was to cease its correspondence with the slavish passions and take Reason as its guide and Science as the provider of proper subject matter.

Challenge to the new science

During the early years of the C18 a sharp and scornful challenge to the new science came from some men of letters who found much of the work of the Royal Society intellectually contemptible and culturally subversive. As scientific enquiry grew more specific and came to require specialist knowledge, amateur scientific activity shifted to the delightful observation of birds and flowers and insects. The amateur gentlemen scientists first came to be derided for triviality, pedantry and lack of practical usefulness in their studies. Their self-regarding seriousness seemed grossly disproportionate to the mean and vulgar objects of some of their inquiries. As such, they came to be derided by Pope in his *Dunciad* as gullible triflers and enemies of true learning. These men of letters, moreover, were perturbed by the way many scientists were misusing the English language. In attempting a factual plainness and conciseness, many writers had avoided the old sin of eloquence only to fall victim to the opposite errors of stilted bareness, a conventional phraseology and a low poverty of expression. Men educated in the older tradition of learning were genuinely repelled by what they saw as the aberration of intellect and the pedantry of the times ("dullness" was their comprehensive term for it).

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is whist, whose treat a toast in sack;
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—"No words!"
Or with his hounds comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse.
In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,
See coronations rise on every green:
Before you pass the imaginary sights
Of lords and earls and dukes and gartered knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt,[7] and all the vision flies.
Thus vanish scepters, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!
So when your slave,[8] at some dear idle time
(Not plagued with headaches or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you;
Just when his fancy points[9] your sprightly eyes,
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia[1] rise,
Gay[2] pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite;
Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight;
Vexed to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a tune—as you may now.

1717

An Essay on Man Pope's philosophical poem, *An Essay on Man*, is a fragment of an ambitious but never completed scheme for what the poet referred to as his "ethic work," which was to have been a large survey of human nature, society, and morals. The work is dedicated to Henry St. John (pronounced *Sin-jun*), Viscount Bolingbroke (1678–1751), the brilliant, though erratic, secretary of state in the Tory ministry of 1710–14, whom Pope had come to know through Swift. After the accession of George I he fled to France, attainted of treason, but was pardoned and allowed to return in 1723. He settled near Pope at Dawley farm and a close friendship developed between the two men. In their conversations Bolingbroke, who fancied himself a philosopher, helped Pope to formulate the optimistic system that is expounded in this poem. Yet it is clear that the poem would have been pretty much what it is had the two men never met, for it expresses doctrines widely circulated and generally accepted at the time by enlightened minds throughout Europe. The *Essay* gives memorable expression to ideas about

7. I.e., opens and closes her fan with a jerk.
8. I.e., Pope.
9. Notices.

1. Martha Blount.
2. John Gay, the poet.

the nature of the universe and man's place in it, ideas upon which eighteenth-century optimism rested.

Pope's purpose is to "vindicate the ways of God to man," a phrase that consciously echoes *Paradise Lost* 1.26. Like Milton, Pope faces the problem of the existence of evil in a world presumed to be the creation of a good God. *Paradise Lost* is Biblical in content, Christian in doctrine; the *Essay on Man* avoids all specifically Christian doctrines, not because Pope disbelieved them, but because "man," the subject of the poem, includes millions who never heard of Christianity, and Pope is concerned with the universal. Milton tells a mythological story. Pope writes in abstract terms.

The *Essay* is divided into four epistles. In the first Pope asserts the essential order and goodness of the universe and the rightness of our place in it. The other Epistles deal with how man may emulate in his nature and in society the cosmic harmony revealed in the first Epistle. The second seeks to show how he may attain a psychological harmony which can become the basis of a virtuous life through the co-operation of self-love and the passions (both necessary to our complete humanity) with reason, the controller and director. The third is concerned with man in society, which, it teaches, was created through the co-operation of self-love (the egoistic drives that motivate us) and social love (our dependence on others, our inborn benevolence). The fourth is concerned with happiness, which lies within the reach of all, for it is dependent upon virtue, which becomes possible when—though only when—self-love is transmuted into love of others and love of God. Such, in brief summary, are Pope's main ideas, expressed in many phrases so memorable that they have detached themselves from the poem and become a part of our daily speech.

From An Essay on Man

TO HENRY ST. JOHN, LORD BOLINGBROKE

Epistle 1. Of the Nature and State of Man, With Respect to the Universe

Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us and to die)
Expatiate free[1] o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;

1. Range freely.

Laugh where we must, be candid[2] where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.[3]

1. Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings, and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

2. Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less!
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites[4] are less than Jove?
Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has placed him wrong?
Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though labored on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;

2. Kindly.
3. Pope deliberately echoes *Paradise Lost* 1.26.
4. In his *Dictionary* Johnson notes and condemns Pope's giving his word four syllables, as in Latin.

'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.
When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains:
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dullness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;
Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,[5]
What matter, soon or late, or here or there?
The blest today is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

3. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed today,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
O blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems[6] into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore!
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,

5. I.e., in one's "state and place."
6. Solar systems.

Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold!
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

4. Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,[7]
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his justice, be the God of God!
In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

5. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No," 'tis replied, "the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;
The exceptions few; some change since all began,
And what created perfect?"—Why then man?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can man do less?

7. "Sense of tasting" (Johnson's *Dictionary*).

As much that end a constant course requires
Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men forever temperate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?[8]
Who knows but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon[9] loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
Account for moral, as for natural things:
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discomposed the mind:
But ALL subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general ORDER, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in man.

6. What would this man? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assigned;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own;
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not blessed with all?
The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye?

8. The Renaissance Italian family of the Borgias were notorious for their crimes: ruthless lust for power, cruelty, rapaciousness, treachery, and murder (especially by poisoning); Cesare Borgia (1476–1507), son of Pope Alexander VI, is here referred to. Lucius Sergius Catiline (ca. 108–62 B.C.), an ambitious, greedy, and cruel conspirator against the Roman state, was denounced in Cicero's famous orations before the senate and in the Forum.
9. Alexander the Great.

For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at every pore?
Or quick effluvia[1] darting through the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thundered in his opening ears,
And stunned him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

7. Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual,[2] mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:[3]
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious[4] on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood:
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice[5] bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How instinct varies in the groveling swine,
Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,[6]
Forever separate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide:
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?

8. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

1. According to the philosophy of Epicurus (adopted by Robert Boyle, the chemist, and other 17th-century scientists), the senses are stirred to perception by being bombarded through the pores by steady streams of "effluvia," incredibly thin and tiny—but material—images of the objects which surround us.
2. Sensory.
3. One of several early theories of vision held that the eye casts a beam of light which makes objects visible.
4. Quick of scent.
5. Exact, accurate.
6. Pronounced *ba-réer*.

Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast Chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach! from Infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the Whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky,
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurled,
Being on being wrecked, and world on world,
Heaven's whole foundations to their center nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God:
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh, madness, pride, impiety!

9. What if the foot, ordained the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspired to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repined
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?[7]
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in the ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

10. Cease then, nor ORDER imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.

7. Cf. 1 Corinthians 12.14–26.

Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: Whatever IS, is RIGHT.

From *Epistle 2. Of the Nature and State of Man With Respect to Himself, as an Individual*[8]

1. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the skeptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

* * *

1733

Epistle 2. To a Lady[1]

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."

8. For the author's revisions while composing these lines, see "Poems in Process," below.

1. This is one of four poems that Pope grouped together under the title *Epistles to Several Persons*, but that have usually been known by the less appropriate title *Moral Essays*. They were conceived as parts of Pope's ambitious "ethic work," of which only the first part, the *Essay on Man*, was completed. *Epistle* 1 treats the characters of men, *Epistle* 2 the characters of women. The other two epistles are concerned with the use of riches, a subject that engaged Pope's attention during the 1730s, since he distrusted the influence on private morals and public life of the rapidly growing wealth of England under the first Hanoverians.

Epistle 2 contains a series of brilliantly executed portraits (the metaphor of portrait painting dominates the poem) which among them illustrate the thesis that women are consistent only in being inconsistent. As we move from portrait to portrait, we not only observe ladies who are changeable and fickle in their own nature, but we also meet a variety of female characters—the affected, the slatternly, the soft-natured, the silly, the lewd, for instance—who remind us that ladies are as variegated as tulips (line 41).

Are the portraits imaginary or do they represent women whom Pope knew and whom his readers could recognize? This question exercised the gossips of Pope's own time and after; and it has occupied the attention of Pope's editors and commentators ever since his death. Many of the portraits indubitably allude to actual women (Sappho); some doubtless are composite (Atossa); others are mere types. Questions of identity, however, pertain rather to Pope's biography and character than to his art. It should matter little if at all to the reader first approaching Pope's satire whether in fact Atossa is Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, or, as is much more likely, Katherine, duchess of Buckinghamshire, or, most likely of all, Katherine combined with a few traits of Sarah. Occasionally, perhaps, a lady's name might have hinted to some of Pope's contemporaries that a real person was intended. Today the reader who is not a specialist will do well to neglect particular applications of Pope's satire and to concern himself with the generally, the permanently human, which is always the center of Pope's works.

The "lady" of the title is Martha Blount (1690–1763), Pope's best-loved female friend, to whom he left the bulk of his property.

2. Ladies of the 17th and 18th centuries liked to have themselves painted in the costumes and attitudes of fanciful, mythological, or historical characters.

3. Leda was seduced by Zeus, who approached her in the form of a swan.

4. St. Mary Magdalen was often painted during the 17th century in the attitude described in line 12. St. Cecilia, the reputed inventor of the organ, was traditionally painted in the manner which Pope satirically glances at here.

5. Extravagant.

6. The first coatings of paint on the canvas before the figures in the picture are sketched in.

7. One of the names of Diana, goddess of the moon, a notoriously changeable heavenly body.

8. John Locke, author of *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (1690).

9. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though beautiful as a young woman, became notorious for her slatternly appearance and personal uncleanliness. Both Sappho and Lady Mary were female poets. "Flyblow": deposit their eggs.

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.
How many pictures[2] of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess, here, in ermined pride,
Is, there, Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.[3]
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dressed in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,[4]
With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic,[5] I must paint it.
Come then, the colors and the ground[6] prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia[7] of this minute.
Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,[8]
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,[9]
With Sappho fragrant at an evening masque:
So morning insects that in muck begun,

from *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*

ALL intellectual eye, our solar round
First gazing through, he, by the blended power
Of gravitation and projection, saw
The whole in silent harmony revolve.
From unassisted vision hid, the moons,
To cheer remoter planets numerous poured,
By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
He also fixed the wandering Queen of Night,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, he
Adjusted to the mutual main, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of waters swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind.
  Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Through the blue infinite; and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyss,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blazed into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system: all combined,
And ruled unerring by that single power
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.
  O unprofuse magnificence divine!
O wisdom truly perfect! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things,
Effects so various, beautiful and great,
An universe complete! And O beloved
Of heaven! whose well-purged penetrative eye,
The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scanned
The rising, moving, wide-established frame.
  He, first of men, with awful wing pursued
The comet through the long elliptic curve,
As round innumerous worlds he wound his way,
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky
Returned, the blazing wonder glares anew,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
  The heavens are all his own, from the wild rule
Of whirling vortices and circling spheres
To their first great simplicity restored.
The schools astonished stood; but found it vain
To keep at odds with demonstration strong,
And, unawakened, dream beneath the blaze
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
With the gay shadows of the morning mixed,
When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.
  Th' aerial flow of sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
Till the touched organ takes the meaning in.
Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit and measuring eye.
Even light itself, which everything displays,
Shone undiscovered, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguished blaze,
Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charmed eye educed the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal played; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deepened indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain—infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!
  Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse brook?
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends?
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the refractive law.
  The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemmed alone; and, to the source (involved
Deep in primeval gloom) ascending, raised
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian wildered on his darksome way.
  But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing? When but a few
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought,
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?
  What wonder thence that his devotion swelled
Responsive to his knowledge? For could he,

Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finished university of things
In all its order, magnitude and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Power
Who fills, sustains and actuates the whole?

(1727)

from *The Fleece*, Book III

[*The Happy Workhouse and the Good Effects of Industry*]

O WHEN, through ev'ry province, shall be raised
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
For those who now delight in fruitless sports
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearned; who stroll abroad
From house to house with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppressed,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compelled
To happiness: the long-wished daylight dawns,
When charitable rigour shall detain
Your step-bruised feet. Ev'n now the sons of trade,
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion:[1] here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel;
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure bev'rage; here your viands are prepared;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.
Behold, in Calder's[2] vale, where wide around
Unnumbered villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-raised, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder and with silent joy
The sprightly scene, where many a busy hand,
Where spools, cards, wheels and looms, with motion quick
And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employed,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer flake;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together as a choir of larks:
Such joy arises in the mind employed.
Another scene displays the more robust,
Rasping or grinding rough Brazilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web;
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown

The Fleece (cont.)

A circular machine[1] of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible beneath the floor,
To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapped around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out in long extent an even twine.
From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile:
And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-paced steeds.

As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumbered, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life.
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn;
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads;
The neat-dressed housewives, for the festal board
Crowned with full baskets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; th' echoing hills repeat
The stroke of axe and hammer; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First viewed her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose redd'ning fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
Whisp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The speedy compact; and well-pleased transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent or tyrant's hoard.

(1757)

From *Creation*

The Digestive System

See, how the human animal is fed,
How nourishment is wrought, and how conveyed:
The mouth, with proper faculties endued,
First entertains, and then divides, the food;
Two adverse rows of teeth the meat prepare,
On which the glands fermenting juice confer;
Nature has various tender muscles placed,
By which the artful gullet is embraced;
Some the long funnel's curious mouth extend,
Through which ingested meats with ease descend;
Other confederate pairs for Nature's use
Contract the fibres, and the twitch produce,
Which gently pushes on the grateful food
To the wide stomach, by its hollow road;

That this long road may unobstructed go,
As it descends, it bores the midriff through;
The large receiver for concoction made
Behold amidst the warmest bowels laid;
The spleen to this, and to the adverse side
The glowing liver's comfort is applied;
Beneath, the pancreas has its proper seat,
To cheer its neighbour, and augment its heat;
More to assist it for its destined use,
This ample bag is stored with active juice,
Which can with ease subdue, with ease unbind,
Admitted meats of every different kind;
This powerful ferment, mingling with the parts,
The leavened mass to milky chyle converts;
The stomach's fibres this concocted food,
By their contraction's gentle force, exclude,
Which by the mouth on the right side descends
Through the wide pass, which from that mouth depends;
In its progression soon the laboured chyle
Receives the confluent rills of bitter bile,
Which by the liver severed from the blood,
And striving through the gall-pipe, here unload
Their yellow streams, more to refine the flood;
The complicated glands, in various ranks
Disposed along the neighbouring channel's banks,
By constant weeping mix their watery store
With the chyle's current, and dilute it more;
Th'intestine roads, inflected and inclined,
In various convolutions turn and wind,
That these meanders may the progress stay,
And the descending chyle, by this delay,
May through the milky vessels find its way,
Whose little mouths in the large channel's side
Suck in the flood, and drink the cheering tide.