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JOSHUA SYLVESTER'S TRANSLATION OF DU BARTAS' LES SEMAINES
AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH POETIC DICTION

John Louis Lepage

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Department of English

University of Glasgow

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SUMMARY

This dissertation first sets out to place Du Bartas' *Les Semaines* in its religious and epic setting, and argues that the poem's mission is to exist as poetry and as religious instruction at the same time. From this and its philosophical backdrop emerges a poetry that emphasises equation, or fusion, over comparison. Antique-type similes are therefore summarily examined and connected with the "primary" sensibilities of Homer.

The proper fusive style and language of Sylvester's translation are then considered. Its style is found to be conscious to a degree, relying especially on repetitional devices of catechistic value, such as anaphora and symploce; on devices of oxymoronic and paradoxical metamorphosis, such as agnominatio; and on devices of epigrammatic summary, such as chiasmus.

The language of Sylvester's Du Bartas is then examined closely in two domains, those of its scientific and natural description. The two are not wholly separable. It is found that Sylvester's language, as Du Bartas', must be interpreted at more than its literal level; that three levels of interpretation along the lines of three levels of allegory are implicit. This is so in respect the italicised language so prominent in *Divine Weeks*, discussed in Chapter 5, and in respect of the adjectival and verbal language discussed in Chapter 7. One way of designating the organising principle lying behind these language hieroglyphs is as emblem book turned purely into words. This is insensitive to the poetic third level of operation, which seeks to do more than teach, which seeks to inspire.

This dissertation relates Sylvester's language to two traditions of English poetry, as different one from the other as noun is from adjective: the metaphysical school and the Augustan period. It argues that metaphysical poetry is enthralled with Du Bartas' conceits in Sylvester's translation, is influenced by them, and takes them up. These conceits are nonetheless often one-word, substantive, and hieroglyphic. Augustan poetry on the other hand takes up a
Sylvestrian diction, often unaware of its implications, because it deems this language the true language of poetry. The rather dramatic place given to Divine Weeks in the development of English poetic diction is dealt with at a statistical level in an excursus on Sylvester's word and language formulations.
The wicked world, so false and full of crime,
Did alwaies move Heraclitus to weep.
The fading joys, and follies of that time,
Democritus did drive to laughter deep.
Thus heinous sin, and folly did procure
Thee fameus men, such passions to endure.

What if they liide, and shoule behoulde this age
Which overflows, with swelling seas of sinne:
Where fools, by swarmes, doe presse vpon the stage,
With hellishe Impes, that like haue neuer binne:
I thinke this sighte, shoulde liaften their decaye
Then helpe vs God, and Sathans furie haile.

Damnosa quid non inminuit dies?
Aetas parentum prior suis subject
Nos nequeorens, mox daturos
Prognicem virosiorum.

From Whitney, Emblemes (1586)
CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Poets, from the time of its publication, hailed Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (1593-96) as a model long narrative poem. Such as William Webbe had found in the *Shepheardes Calendar* (1579) one of the first modern vernacular poems since Chaucer to lay siege to commonly held notions about the supremacy of the ancients. William Browne, the Fletchers, Drayton, it is claimed, followed Spenser devotedly, disciples to a new kind of poetry.\(^1\) Jonson respected him;\(^2\) Milton was most influenced by him.\(^3\) His reputation remained unimpaired after Dryden;\(^4\) after Pope, and after Johnson. The early nineteenth century returned to him time and time again.\(^5\) Returned?

Indeed. For all the proximity of period and for all the swelling claims of debt, the differences in style between Spenser and even his most immediate of disciples, Drayton, Browne, the Fletchers, is marked. Joan Grundy admits this, releasing the escape valve of a poet's separate identity.\(^6\) As the seventeenth century unfolds Drayton and Browne are closer to one another than either poet is to Spenser. Even Phineas Fletcher, whose *Purple Island* has a great deal of the *Faerie Queene* in it and features a similar stanzaic form, is only an oblique shadow of the gnomen Spenser.

Studies of poetic language have enthused about Shakespeare — a poet of almost another medium — about Spenser, and about the stylistic child of Spenser, Milton. Sir Walter Raleigh believed that Milton was the originator of poetic diction. And no less a figure than Owen Barfield concurred.\(^7\) To Johnson poetic diction before Dryden lay "in a heap of confusion, and every man took for every purpose what chance might offer him".\(^8\) That the work of Milton and Dryden bore closer resemblance to William Browne's or to Drummond of Hawthornden's (or in some respect to Donne's), than to Spenser's did not seem to matter. The master's pen had shared the ink-pot.
There have been too few practical studies of the poetic diction — in Geoffrey Tillotson's sense of the expression which I shall unreservedly employ — of the critical 1590's and the early 1600's to put into balance critical judgements of the affinity of poetic styles because of affinity in taste or because of personal admiration. Josephine Miles' work has been a positive if unsettling step in the direction of a more informed assessment. Miles observes that differences in poetic style are partly reflected in "clausal" and "phrasal" — in which language is more epithetical than verbal — biases of the poetry of a period. Her unsettling conclusion is that poetic style moves in cycles, poetry, then, ebbing and flowing with phrasal and clausal line. The exceptions — often styles which belong to neither category — loom large. Miles' work does not moreover account for the kind of phrasal and clausal language used by poets, though she has conducted statistical research on the relative frequencies of a number of common substantives.

Almost concurrently, John Arthos began examining what he no doubt took to be the predominantly phrasal language of English "neo-classic" poetry. He stressed epithet (which I take throughout this work to mean noun phrase) in his work on seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry. From the shadows of Edwardian criticism he seized upon Thomas Quayle's Poetic Diction, A Study of Eighteenth Century Verse, whose conclusions were well-informed impressions mostly about "stock diction". Arthos looked into Quayle's observations and from this emerged his 1937 Harvard thesis, "Studies in The Diction of Neo-classic Poetry", and the subsequent book The Language of Natural Description.

I regard John Arthos' 1937 Harvard thesis as lying fundamentally behind my own. For in it, Arthos has perceived a relationship between the language of poetry and the language of science. This leads Arthos backwards from Augustan poetry to mid-seventeenth century science, which he further traces until he discovers a work which is about science but written in verse — one of many, to be sure — striking because of its enormous popularity, in its time,
in its French original; and because of its even more successful English translation. Arthos notes the distinctive aspects of the language of both poet and translator: their use of compounds, of periphrasis and of two word formulations (epithets) that include a number of characteristic kinds of adjective. Most important to Arthos are a number of words in these works that he regards as significant both to contemporary science and to poetry. He then takes his results to Milton, looking for similarities; which he finds.

In *The Language of Natural Description* Arthos takes the matter further, examining more closely the language of antique and sixteenth century continental poets as well as that of seventeenth and eighteenth century poets. He concludes vaguely that this French work of natural science and poetry, Guillaume de Salluste Sieur du Bartas' Christian hexamaeral epic, *Les Semaines* (1578-1603), was important as an early transmitter of language kinds found in Homer and Virgil, and in antique science itself. But Du Bartas' English translator, Joshua Sylvester, he claims, is even more important as an early transmitter of classical language types to English poetry.¹³

Arthos leaves the matter, concluding: "For the great source of English poetic diction in the description of nature is Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, and Du Bartas' poems were the culmination of a revival of interest in the early hexamaeral literature."¹⁴ This not inaccurate conclusion recalls a throwaway remark by George Saintsbury:

> The man of pure science may regret that generations should have busied themselves about anything so unscientific; but with that point of view we are unconcerned. The important thing is that the generations in question learnt from Sylvester to take a poetical interest in the natural world.¹⁵

Douglas Bush and C.S. Lewis offer statements of similar generalisation. Lewis' is long, but it assesses the strange puzzle of non-enquiry into Sylvester's Du Bartas:
Du Bartas had a strange fate. In his own age he was a serious rival to Ronsard. In England his influence was profound. He was doubtless "Sunday reading" in many Protestant homes and we need not wonder that those who read in childhood surrendered to him completely. More attractive food for young imagination and young scientific curiosity could hardly be found. All the Metaphysicallcs sound as if they had been brought up on him, or on Sylvester's translation. But Milton no less. We feel du Bartas in all the quainter parts of Paradise Lost, where the universe is circumscribed with a pair of compasses, or where the emergent beasts almost seem to have come from a film by Mr. Walt Disney. We should object less (or, at least, make a less bewildered objection) to "no fear lest dinner cool" if we remembered that Milton was also a Bartasian. Then came the beginning of the Augustan age. Dryden, who confessed that he had admired Sylvester's du Bartas in his youth, dropped him, as he dropped Cowley, as all the Metaphysicals were dropped. But the curious thing is that when Donne and the rest were revived in modern times, and humanist standards of criticism abandoned, there was no reconsideration of du Bartas. It is long overdue.

But while Lewis observes a metaphysical sensibility, Bush links Sylvester firmly with Augustan poetry:

Sylvester, both through his own popularity and through his great influence on the poets of the main line, from Drayton and Browne onward, had an enormous effect upon the language of poetry. While his inventive boldness, good or bad, went beyond his original and fostered the taste for what Florio calls 'high-swelling and heaven-disimbowelling words', it was he if anyone who started the process which was to culminate, though not to end, in Pope's Iliad, namely, the creating of 'poetic diction'.

Geoffrey Tillotson attributes much of the language and type-formulations of poetry to Sylvester in general terms, and his discussion of poetic diction is greatly allied in its conclusions to my own. So with J.B. Leishman, whose The Art of Marvell's Poetry, it seems to me, is a model for would-be source-hunters. Leishman's textual approach has had a formidable effect on my own. But, apart from Leishman's few gatherings, little of a direct nature has been written about Sylvester's Du Bartas, its language and style, and C.S. Lewis is right, it is long overdue. Even John Arthos offers little more
than lists of kinds of formulations in Sylvester, and a number of incomplete lists of periphrases. For such a detailed book, it is surprisingly bald.

Tillotson observes that what is wanting in Arthos' excellent *Language of Natural Description* is interpretation: "The weakness of the book is that Mr. Arthos is not enough a critic either of language or of the use made of it by poets." 19 It is not enough that the seventeenth century had possibly learned to use participial adjectives or -y ending adjectives formally in poetry from Joshua Sylvester. It is not enough that they had possibly learned to formulate compounds and periphrases as a conscious component of style from him.

What Arthos and Tillotson can only suggest, I have here to demonstrate: that Sylvester's language, in spirit fully Bartasian, has one contiguous *stamp* in the choice of kinds of word and phrase, in the structuring of line, and in what these words and this structure mean, lying as an ideal form behind all of these, a reason or "etre"; and that this *stamp* was perceived and imitated by seventeenth century poetry, until poets naturally considered its language and style as only poetic, and perhaps forgot that the ideal form had ever existed.

Lewis calls Du Bartas' an "animistic conception of nature", but rightly observes that Du Bartas does not believe that the stars, for instance, are living (see IV, 89ff). His conclusion, that this imagery might "still colour the sensibility" is suspect. For Du Bartas the skies may not live but they have the breath of God's inspiration in them. 20 Science, natural history, and, in this case, Christian didacticism are its components. We should conclude not that science is the proper subject of all poetry that employs natural description — what Arthos calls poetic diction — but that all scientific observation, especially of natural science, imitates or re-enacts a great poetic achievement, a fusion in musical harmony of chaos; in short, creation. The principle has definite affinities with alchemy, which tries to recreate God's creative design; and alchemy had its disciples among practical scientists. No doubt Spenser perceived this elaborate design in Du Bartas, but he did not take it to its conclusions in language possibly because he recognised the dangerous game in
the sixteenth century of playing Adam with sound and sense. Sylvester, as translator, was not discouraged by such consciousness. Sylvester's contribution to the language of seventeenth century poetry is more than one of words and kinds of words, but one of ideas. His language and style are a statement of ideas, if only at times because they imitate the definition, sounds and shapes of ideas. The contiguousness of this may in part explain his widespread popularity, even among the great poets of his age: "Even a poet so tremendous and so 'original' as Shakespeare could be inspired to one of his finest utterances by a very humble and pedestrian translation of Du Bartas,..." Long after the teleological science had ended the ideas stood firm as a metaphor for what poetry was deemed to be about, universalism. Sylvester's language — to answer Arthos' question — stood obliquely, still, for poetry itself. My endeavour shall be to take Divine Weeks and the tradition of poetic diction as seriously as they were taken by seventeenth century "Makers" of poetry.

* * * *

In 1641 when the last of the early folio editions of Sylvester's Divine Weeks was published it was probably yet one of the most popular works of the half century, in Lewis' words, "Sunday reading". Jonson's reservations about Sylvester, in the light of his own use of Sylvester in his poetry (and in the light of his dedicatory poem to Divine Weeks), should probably be regarded as typical of Jonson's critical manner rather than of peer response. Dryden's much later criticisms reflect a critical shift away from Sylvester's translation, but appear more stringently directed at the tiresome fashion of Sylvester imitation, indulged in among others by Edward Benlowes. But by Pope's generation Sylvester is virtually ignored, and no editions of his work appear in the eighteenth century.

Then, in the middle of the eighteenth century, William Lauder took it upon himself to right wrongs he perceived in critical opinion. Milton, he came to argue, was little more than a fraud, plagiarising from a sometime
famous Sylvester. Lauder's wild presumptuousness and the reaction it prompted probably ensured that *Divine Weeks* would not be given its critical due for some time. If measured by critical editions, some time turned out to be close to one hundred and fifty years in the first instance, and then another one hundred years. In 1800, Charles Dunster attempted feebly to place Lauder's allegations in perspective; but aside from one or two entries in the *Gentleman's Magazine* through the century, "the rest is silence". It is surprising; for Wordsworth knew of Sylvester, we are told, and read him on his hillside ambles; Coleridge imitated Sylvester consciously and unconsciously; Keats read and was influenced by William Browne (a poet close to Sylvester in style and diction), but probably was familiar with *Divine Weeks* as well. It was only in 1880 that the distinguished revivalist, Alexander Grosart, edited the complete works of Sylvester from the 1641 text, a limited edition of some two hundred copies. Grosart vigourously supported Sylvester's claim to a middle rank among seventeenth century poets, and argued generally his relation to and influence on his peers. The edition was not re-issued in Grosart's lifetime. In America Theron Haight produced an epitome of *Divine Weeks* in 1908 which is too incomplete to call for comment, and whose scholarly attributes are suspect. Harry Ashton had by now examined the translation critically, but in an uninspired way. Apart from G.C. Taylor's transparent essay on Sylvester and Milton, one or two theses, a short number of articles, summaries and conclusions such as those referred to above, Sylvester remained unread by most, unheard-of by many, and virtually unexamined until 1979 when the Oxford University Press published Susan Snyder's edition of *Divine Weeks*. Snyder's edition is problematic, its collation imperfect, its orthography peculiar, and its notes insufficient. But her introduction is thorough, the information useful, and it is just possible the publication will help to revive *Divine Weeks* as, at the least, a source text. Snyder's assessment of the poetry of Sylvester greatly parallels my own:
THE Divine Weeks, Josuah Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's Semaines, was extravagantly admired in its own day and went into almost total eclipse after that day had passed. I offer this edition in the belief that, if the extremes of praise were unwarranted, so were the extremes of neglect.\textsuperscript{32}

Snyder's assessment of Sylvester's place in the tradition of language and style is no departure from the pattern of mainstream generalisation. It is to be hoped that Sylvester's new accessibility will encourage the research that needs to be done. Specifically, research might be undertaken on rhetorical style; more on Sylvester's relation to the Metaphysical poets, especially Donne; and on the subject of topographical poetry. We will no doubt for years to come find in Divine Weeks images and concepts that are expressed similarly throughout seventeenth century poetry, perhaps echoed, as our memories sometimes resound with the rhymes of our childhood. Divine Weeks will remain a feast for source hunters.

One issue that should be settled finally and convincingly is the dating of sections of Sylvester's translation. I am not satisfied with some of Snyder's conclusions. I am convinced in particular that some form of the First Week existed in the mid-1590's; and that the same is true of the Magnificence, and possibly of several other sections. It seems to me unlikely that Sylvester would leave almost until last what was for him the most profound poetry of the whole, the hexampäeron. But I have had to content myself only with passive reflections on the issue.

The dissertation that follows is about three modes of perception: language itself is to be sensed, to be thought about, and thence, with luck, the reader is to be transcended by it. I choose to call the modes of perception anagoge, allegory, and tropology; but I might equally have appropriated Northrop Frye's preferred terms of language, the hieroglyphic, hieretic, and demotic.\textsuperscript{33}

Indeed, Frye's lucid first chapter (in particular) of The Great Code, has been
an instructive thing for me in the days that have followed upon the completion of this work. We think of the *Faerie Queene* as allegory and of *Les Semaines* as, at most, symbolic narrative. And this distinction is accurate as far as it goes. But I shall argue unremittingly that the very "symbolism" that lies in the structure, style, and language of Du Bartas and Sylvester can be regarded as symbolic only where the implied sense has a different significance from the literal sense. This may seem absurd, but for much of *Les Semaines* the level of the narrative and the level of the second, implied, sense are unique: the one is about creation, and the other is about creation; and yet they are about two different kinds of creation that when yoked lead to a higher consideration of God and man. All symbolism is not, and what is erected in its place is an allegorical language. Not a language of allegory, but a language that contains sensual, rational, and mystical values; a language that is at once demotic, hieretic, and hieroglyphic. The tropological level of this allegorical language is something with which literary scholars can have little truck. It is not the literal story, for the story is not a story, but all stories (as Du Bartas would have it; of course, it is unfinished), but an apprehension in the senses of unity in the structure, style, and words (the descriptive sense that somehow "curled" is poetic, and the right word, or that a garden description in its structural setting is somehow appropriate); and the realisation that the poem is an encyclopedia to be referred to for practical information, and for practical lessons. It might also be called the level of experience and memory. Whenever I refer to the "encyclopedia" I have at the back of my mind the art of memory. I don't discuss the hieroglyphics of memory (as soul) except briefly, and in digression, in the fifth chapter. But indeed, at the level of description, experience, history, memory is a practical tool in the progress of the soul. In the *Fifth Day* Du Bartas asks the rhetorical question:

> But Clio, wherefore art thou tedious
> In numbring Neptunes busie Burgers Thus?

409f
The muse of history is invoked, to answer the question, but we, like Sunday-school children, know the answer. The allegorical level is an intellectual thing, that understands why a sound or structure is beautiful, and perceives the information and the practical lessons as part of a greater catechism and design. The anagogical level is a furor built upon the foundation of the other two levels, a joy that is neither sensual nor rational but mystical. Du Bartas could not build this holy last quality into his poem: it is a thing of reader. But what Du Bartas tried to do was to construct throughout levels of sensual and rational meaning that complemented one another. It is indeed amazing to see Sylvester's sensitivity to them. This formidable construction does not make Du Bartas a great poet. _Les Semaines_ is long, and Du Bartas, an infant in the ways of celestial poetry, stumbles more frequently than he stands. But when he succeeds he is more primeval, more Homeric, than any poet of his age. We certainly owe greater respect to Du Bartas, but especially to the mastery of Sylvester's translation.

Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden "That Donne himselfe, for not being understood, would perish." And the prophecy was quickly fulfilled, not only in Donne, but in kindred spirits, as it were, Du Bartas and Sylvester.

After dealing with a number of conventional difficulties concerning the genre of _Les Semaines_, I discuss, in the work that follows, some aspects of style in _Divine Weeks_. Therein I explore an allegorical concern suggested by the style of much of Sylvester's Du Bartas, and by the structure of the whole. I begin in Chapter Five the discussion proper of poetic diction, which I have chosen to divide along allegorical lines. Chapter Five we might regard as anagogical in subject (or hieroglyphic); Chapter Six as allegorical (or hieretic); and Chapter Seven as tropological (or demotic). In Chapter Five I discuss language as hieroglyph, especially with respect to Sylvester and Donne. In Chapter Six I introduce a series of what might best be called metonymies for the earth as container of a soul. These are metonymies of
instruction and revelation, of human experience and animal experience. I use the term "metonymy" in the way that Frye does in connection with hieretic language. But for the most part I shall make my task easier by using the word "metaphor" (which Frye applies rather to the hieroglyphic language). In Chapter Seven I discuss the language of natural description. In this chapter a number of metaphors are treated which refer all experience to the level of the human senses. But I have divided these sensual experiences three ways in three sub-sections: prelapsarian nature, and postlapsarian nature in which the world outside man aspires to the paradisiacal; and a temporal nature in which man palely imitates God's art with artifice; I round the chapter and the discussion off with an equation of human war and cosmic war metaphor, with human heroes and cosmic heroes, leading full circle to the Last Judgement — and indeed, from Augustan poetry to Romantic poetry. Chapter Eight appeared not to fit decently into this structure. I have tagged it on as a kind of appendix, and followed it with a number of excurses.

The structure is in some ways difficult and arbitrary, but it proved a way of organising material that I found difficult from the very start to handle or to understand. I cannot proclaim it as good or reluctantly accept it as poor. It emerged from my research and was useful. In one respect I have worked backwards: if we were to regard, in terms which I discuss in Chapter Four, the anagogical Chapter Five as a kind of sanctum sanctorum, the allegorical Chapter Six as an instructive "Church", and the tropological Chapter Seven as a "Church Porch", I shall have proceeded from the innermost to the front door, and — not liking the glare — have turned back to the innermost. So be it. I hope only that it requires no act of faith to understand what follows.

It may be apparent that my argument returns again and again to the "Elizabethan World Picture" as best expounded by E.M.W. Tillyard, and that this is now a tired subject. I apologise in advance. It is true moreover that I employ battle-worn terms like "macrocosm" and "microcosm" and even
the dangerously inclusive — and exclusive — word, "metaphysical". Again, I apologize. These words occur as language hieroglyphs in Divine Weeks. In one respect I believe that Tillyard's work has been misleading. It has assumed too continuous a passage of concepts from Boethius, to name one, to Renaissance English poetry, and not positively enough indicated the differences that lay in English poetry about the cosmos, say, at the turn of the sixteenth century, and at the end of the sixteenth century. I am rather apt, with C.S. Lewis, to believe that Du Bartas should be numbered among those who lie particularly behind English metaphysical poetry. Tillyard begins by remarking: "I found, further, that the Elizabethans saw this single order under three aspects: a chain, a set of correspondances, and a dance." Of course there are other agents, but in its barest essentials Tillyard's beginning is also my own. In another respect Tillyard ends his book where I begin my study. He concludes by discussing John Davies' Orchestra: A Poem of Dancing, in which he claims to see the world picture presented most typically. I begin with Davies' exact contemporary and good friend, Joshua Sylvester. And I begin also with Davies' model, Du Bartas. I argue below the degree of indebtedness of Orchestra to La Magnificence (1591), in the original and/or in an early version of Sylvester's translation. Though Tillyard's references to Elyot's The Booke of the Governour are useful, they are in danger of deflecting the reader from the more direct transmitters of Renaissance science to the making of English poetry.

TEXTS


Quotations from the First Week will be by section number and line; and those from the Second Week by section name and line.

Though I have left orthography for the most part unchanged, I have chosen to modernise titles of sections (e.g., "Week" for "Weeke"; "Trophies" for "Tropheis"). I have likewise substituted "Joshua" for "Josuah". Snyder's collation is peculiar in that it often opts for an irregular spelling over the modern spellings most often found in the 1641 edition. Alexander Grosart's 1880 edition of the 1641 folio Works reads more fluidly than Snyder's. Snyder too has rendered the line count of text problematic in choosing to discount the arguments that precede each section. This accounts for an eleven line discrepancy between quotations from Grosart and Snyder. Snyder compounds things by titling her edition ill-advisedly. It should not properly be The Divine Weeks and Works but The Divine Weeks. Works refers in the folio editions to Sylvester's other translations and compositions; Snyder's title is misleading. She has added the misery of Du Bartas' full name to the title, a thing wholly unnecessary. In spite of these annoyances, I have chosen Snyder's edition over Grosart's on the simple grounds that it is now the most accessible.

References to Du Bartas will be accompanied by quotations from Sylvester's translation except where comparisons between original and translation are being made.
CHAPTER 2
THE BARTASIAN MIXED GENRE

What is the canon of literary treatment suitable for an epic? Unity of
subject? At our most Aristotelian we may regard this as absent in Les Semaines.
Du Bartas' own defence, that it is the hand of his hero, God, that molds the
unity of the work, may also be regarded as leading to the justification of any
old hotch-potch that the poet may wish to throw before his reader. And we
encounter metaphor and imagery that is not consonant with the models of
antiquity, Homer and Virgil. In defence of these, Du Bartas might correctly
allege — as he does — that Les Semaines is not an epic _per se_, but rather a
work "en partie heroique, en partie panegyrique, en partie prophetique, en
partie didascalique". In short, that it is an hotch-potch. Du Bartas does not
wish to create an homeric epic or a Basilian treatise, but a new genre that
might best be called the Christian or divine epic. For the purposes of this new
genre Du Bartas converts the antique muse of astronomy (in Hesiod), Urania,
into a Christian muse. Historically it had a profound and immediate effect on
its generation of reformed Protestants and counter-reformed Catholics. The
very choice of a classical muse — with its classical name — to represent a
Christian inspiration brought together metonymically the antique pagan epic
and Christian teleology.

Du Bartas' invocations to his muse are representative of his highest
style; and the topos of the invocation is one that owes foremost to Homer.
Homer's muse, however, has no well-marked personality. Du Bartas' is
emphatically the Holy Spirit:
Soft, soft my Muse, launch not into the Deepe,
Sound not this Sea: see that a-loofe thou keepe
From this Charybdis and Capharean Rocke
Where many a Ship hath suffred wofull wrack,
While they have fondly ventred forth too farr,
Following fraile Reason for their onely Starr.
Who on this Gulfe would safely venture faine,
Must not too-boldly hale into the Maine,
But longst the shoare with sailes of Faith must coast,
Their Starre the Bible, Steeres-man th'Holy-Ghost.
I, 97ff

The principal allusion of this passage is to an Homeric hazard. But the image of the ship is itself a kind of metonymy for the Christian ship of providence, which floats with sails of faith. Du Bartas' call for inspiration in his own voyage, sailing dangerous shoals, forever sounding the integrity of the universe, is an amplification of Virgil's invocation for the knowledge of cosmic laws. By way of qualification, Ernst Curtius says of the purposes of embellishment of the topic, "The epic invocation of the muses, which could be repeated before particularly important or particularly 'difficult' passages, serves in Virgil and his followers to decorate the narrative and to emphasise its high points." This may indeed be true of Les Semaines: save that this muse is an inspiration in which Du Bartas has complete faith; and it must be for him analogous to the first inspiration of the earth with life (whence the motion of the spheres about it).

Du Bartas appears to believe in such analogy as a law of universal harmony. His way of defining his muse — the spirit perhaps that governs him — relies on a subtle play of sense, between the descriptive capacity of the verb "to move" to put something in motion — as with the creation of the earth — and its capacity to inspire vorticised feelings — an uplifting of the soul:

Cest Esprit donne-esprit, qui sur l'ondante plaine
Du premier Univers, alme, s'alloit mouvant,
L'embouche tout divin et luy fournit le vent.
Loi, 14ff
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any sort;
My side's too-weake, alas, my breath's too-short:
It is the spirit-inspiring Spirit, which yerst
On th'eldest Waters mildly moved first,
That furnishes and fills with sacred winde
The weake dull Organs of my Muse and minde.

The comparison with the filled bellows of an organ, an instrument of harmony, is, we shall see one of some importance. Vital is the play in Sylvester on "Spirit" and "inspiring". Du Bartas' invocation is a call for the perfect words in the perfect order, in order to match the perfect order of creation. It is neither cabbalism, which believes it can spell out creation anew, nor alchemy, which believes it can discover the creative glue that makes gold and lead akin; though it is familiar with both. It believes in poetry — and for that matter painting and sculpture — as, with music, a high, most harmonious science, consecrated in artifice to God's art. "The Pythagoreans and Platonists, indeed say that the sky is a spirit which rules everything by its movements and tones. All music comes from Apollo ultimately, but Jupiter is a musician insofar as he is cum Apolline concors, and Venus and Mercury when near Apollo (The Sun). The remaining planets have not songs but voices (voces). Jovial harmonies are grave, eager, sweet, and joyful. Venus's are lascivious, soft, voluptuous. Those of the Sun and Mercury are intermediate between these. Our task is to conciliate each of these planets with our songs: to make them respond as one zither does to a note struck on another. Prayers, too, full of feeling and sense and spoken vehemently, work like songs. But this has been spoken of 'a certain natural power of speech' and is not to be understood as the invocation of pagan deities." So remonstrates Ficino. But Ficino is cautious not to allow words "The power to affect images", saying, Sed praestat dimittere cautiones.

And this is so with Du Bartas (with the kind of singing indicated above we might compare the kinds of dancing partaken by the planets at Solomon's marriage ceremony in the Magnificence).
The harmony owes partly to rhetorical style, which we shall examine; to the exactness of phrasing, which is our greater subject. Arthos says: "It is not possible to exaggerate the detailed thoroughness with which Du Bartas devised a concrete language to express conceptions well enough described in more general terms." Nobody had ever exaggerated this thoroughness however, and nobody cared to take up Arthos' challenge and map this thoroughness. And further, few or none cared if or why Sylvester's translation lay behind the only tradition of poetic language in English, whose vestiges can sometimes be seen today.

Du Bartas was by no means the first to invoke the Holy Spirit. The tradition is a long established medieval one, a topic in its own right, beginning probably as a reaction to the pagan muse of antiquity. Old also are the traditions that invoke God or Christ, that Du Bartas continues for instance in the First Day, regarding the whole thing as one three-part hegemony (in profane terms). But it is in the making of what was once a reaction to the pagan muse, metonymically the same as the pagan muse, Urania, that Du Bartas' poem is striking and, in terms of Protestant poetics, trend-setting. Lilly B. Campbell argues that it is Du Bartas who first translates Urania into the Christian muse, in, not surprisingly, La Muse Chretienne (1574?). The precedent is in a sense much older however. The ancient belief in the inspiration of the writers of Scripture had led earlier writers to invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit, of Moses, and of David. Gavin Douglas' translation of Virgil's Aeneid reads:

\[
\text{Thou holy gost, comfort and sanctifye}
\text{My Spret to end, this work to thy glory ...}^{10}
\]

Indeed, other poets came to situate their muses on Sion rather than on Helicon. And since Urania had been associated since antiquity — along with Calliope — with the highest and most heavenly subjects and the highest of Parnassian inspiration, it is little surprise that she was Dante's muse in The Divine
Comedy, though still plainly on Helicon. In the sixteenth century Pontano wrote a large poem on the heavens called *Urania*. But it is in Du Bartas, says Lilly B. Campbell,\(^{12}\) that the Christian muse and the old Hesiodic muse of astronomy are first brought together. Her argument is perhaps weakest when it fails to take proper account of Tasso's parallel use of a Christian muse:

O heavenly muse, that not with fading bays
   Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring,
But sittest, crown'd with stars' immortal rays,
   In heaven, where legions of bright angels sing,
Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts upraise,
   My verse ennoble, and forgive the thing,
If fictions light I mix with truth divine,
And fill these lines with others' praise than thine.

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclined
   Where luring Parnass most his sweet imparts,
And truth convey'd in verse of gentle kind,
   To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts;
So we, if children young diseas'd we find,
   Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts,
To make them taste the potions sharp we give;
They drink deceived; and so deceiv'd they live.
   *Jerusalemme Deliberata*, I, sts. 2-3\(^{13}\)

But Tasso rejects out of hand the muse of Helicon, while Du Bartas happily situates his on the "double-Mount" of Parnassus; and, coincidentally, for Du Bartas, unbothered by the apposition of Christianity and pagan myth, the home of the muses can be Sion:

Sur le mont de Sion, qui haut, qui glorieux
   Nous sert d'un escalier pour parvenir aux cieux,
Nous rend la clef d'Eden a nostre ayeul ravie,
   Et porte bien-heureux le sainct arbre de vie.
   *Peres*, 455ff

And Sylvester can positively equate the two:
O sacred Muse, that on the double Mount,
With withering Bayes bind'st not thy singers front;
But, on Mount Sion, in the Angels Quire
With Crownes of Glorie doost their browes attire,
Tell (for thou know'st) what sacred Misterie
Under this shadow doth in secret lie?

Fathers, 490ff

And from there the Christian muse is transmitted to English Protestant epics;
Milton, for example:

Of trans first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly Muse, 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:...

Paradise Lost, 1, Iff

This adumbrates, it seems to me, a metonymic principle that runs through
Les Semaines and Divine Weeks, and which must influence, and perhaps lie in
the work of his successors up to and including Milton, Marvell, and possibly
Dryden.

Metonymy, synecdoche, and periphrasis — Arthos has convincingly demonstrated this — are among the most foregrounded tropes to be found in Les Semaines. In what they achieve the three devices may be equated, though the way in which they go about achieving this is different and perhaps critical to
the language of the works. As far as metonymy goes, Du Bartas admits his
use of the device as the source of critical discomfort:

Les autres voudroient que ces mots de Flore, Amphitrite,
Mars, Vénus, Vulcan, Jupiter, Pluton etc. fussent bannis
de mon livre. Ils ont de vraï quelque raison, mais je las prie
considérer que je les ay clair-semez; et quand j'en
use c'est par métonymie, ou faisant quelque allusion a
leurs fables, ce qui a esté pratiqué, jusqu'à present, par
Du Bartas's justification is not dissimilar to Arthur Golding's, preparatory to embarking on what may be considered his largest work of metonymy, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, in which all of pagan mythology can be given a Christian referent in which the metamorphoses in Ovid are like the changes in man. Golding begins "The Preface Too the Reader" by attacking pagan mythology:

I would not wish the simple sort offended for too bee,  
When in this booke the heathen names of feyned Godds they see.  
The trewe and everliving God the Paynims did not knowe:  
Which caused them the name of Godds on creatures too bestowe.  
For nature beeing once corrupt and knowledge blynded quyght  
By Adams fall, those little seedes and sparkes of heavenly lyght  
That did as yit remayne in man, endevering foorth to burst  
And wanting grace and powre too growe too that they were at furst,  
Too superstition did decline: and drave the fearefull mynd,  
Strange worshippes of the living God in creatures for too fynd.  
The which by custome taking roote, and growing so too strength,  
Through Sathans help possest the hartes of all the world at length.  
Some worshipt al the hoste of heaven: some deadmens ghostes & bones:  
Wum wicked feends: sum woormes & fowles, herbes, fishes, trees & stones.  
The fyre, the ayre, the sea, the land, and every roonning brooke,  
Eche queachie grove, eche cragged cliffe the name of Godhead tooke.  
The nyght and day, the fleeting howres, the seasons of the yeere,  
And every straunge and monstruous thing, for Godds mistaken weere.  
There was no vertue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mynd  
Or bodye, but some God therto or Goddesse was assignde.  
Of health and sickness, lyfe and death, of needinesse and wealth,  
Of peace and warre, of love and hate, of murder, craft and stealth,  
Of bread and wyne, of slouthfull sleepe, and of theyr solemne games,  
And every other tryfling toy theyr Goddes did beare the names.

But Golding sees Ovid as genuinely instructive. So must have Du Bartas. Both Golding and Du Bartas feel compelled to justify the lesser metonymy in order to re-enforce the greater metonymy, defending, building upon their Christian faith. Reaction to the use of classical names was possibly greater than I have suggested. The classical invocation of the Christian deity Davenant for example regarded as "saucy familiarity with a true God". But the use of classical metonymy burgeoned in the poetry of the early seventeenth century, in Drummond of
Hawthornden, and Jonson, and in the Spenserian poets. Du Bartas — does not employ classical metonymies for God with frequency, but he does not shrink from them. Harry Ashton is especially incorrect in observing a tendency in Sylvester to moderate Du Bartas' metonymies of this kind. In both it is clear that mythical allusions must carry their "theological passports", and so we find expressions in Divine Weeks like "true Apollo" and "true Prometheus", signifying God and Christ. For Du Bartas these mythical stories and allusions would appear to be analogies to the true stories of Scripture and of universal creation. Du Bartas makes use of Ovid. All things are in a way metonyms for the name of the celebration of God.

Yet Du Bartas is capable of the more Homeric or Virgilian invocation. And this is most evident in the latter half of the Second Week — in which Du Bartas replaces his encyclopedia (starting with the Vocation) with the stories of the Hebrew warriors and heroes of Scripture, as, for example, at the beginning of the Schism:

Heer sing I ISAAC's civil Brauls and Broils; Jacob's Revolt; their Cities sack, their Spoils: Their cursed Wrack, their Godded Calves: the rent Of th'Hebrew Tribes from th'Isheans Regiment.

In these final sections Les Semaines falls into the category of the heroic accounts of Bible stories of the late sixteenth century. In English they were such as William Hunnis' The Life and Death of Joseph (1595?) and John Marbecke's The Holie Historie of King David (1579). The heroes themselves become central figures. Apt is Drayton's discussion of the word "Legend":

The word Legend, so called of the Latine Gerund, Legendum, and signifying, ... things specially worthy to be read, was ancintly used in an Ecclesiastical sense, and restrained therein to things written in Prose, touching the Lives of Saints.... To particularize the Lawes of this Poeme, were to teach the making of a Poeme; a Worke for a Volume, not an Epistle. But the principall is, that being
a Species of an Epick or Heroick Poeme, it eminently describeth the act or acts of some one or other eminent Person; not with too much labour, compasse, or extension, but roundly rather, and by way of Briefe, or Compendium. 21

This is not exactly a misinterpretation of Homer or Virgil, but it does emphasize the hero wholly at the expense of the story. This is what in a sense Du Bartas does in the second half of the Second Week. He elaborates at length on the God-like heroism of Scriptural figures over a story that is at best multiplex in its themes and subjects.

For Peter Martyr, "Humane poems doo set forth the renowne of Kings, princes, fields, cities, regions, castels, women, marriages, and sometimes of brute beastes. But divine poems doo onely sing of God ..." 22 For Du Bartas to sing of God is to sing of princes, fields, cities, and the like. To sing an Heroic epic is certainly to sing of many of these. Julius Caesar Scaliger admits that the epic is indeed "sometimes prolix". 23 This may have been what was read into Homeric epic by the late sixteenth century. Dryden makes rather more of the "least and most trivial episodes" of an epic:

The least and most trivial episodes, or under-actions, which are interwoven in it, are parts either necessary or convenient to carry on the main design; either so necessary, that, without them, the poem must be imperfect or so convenient, that no others can be imagined more suitable to the place in which they are. There is nothing to be left void in a firm building; even the cavities ought not to be filled with rubbish, (which is of a perishable kind, destructive to the strength), but with brick or stone, though of less pieces, yet of the same nature, and fitted to the crannies. 24

Dryden is specifically referring to small or "digressive" episodes of the whole, and Dryden has a much more restricted sense of the epic than Du Bartas; but he does conceive of the bricks that make the structure. This image, and the image of the interwoven tapestry are important indicators of how Dryden sees the antique epic as constructed. We will see them operative as metaphors
valuable to the language of Divine Weeks. Dryden demands a high style, "grave, majestical, and sublime". Du Bartas envisions a different sublime, in which graveness applies equally to all subjects of God's creation. The Augustinian literary framework allows for a low, middle and high style. The high style, one which "persuades, the style, one might say, which saves men, is created by the ardor of the thought itself, by the ardent contemplation of truths seen as value, as a motive to the will ... And if the high style exhibits all the ornaments, it can exist equally well without them." The Augustinian rapture — Du Bartas uses the term "ravis", and Sylvester, "ravish'd" and "ravish me" — is more pertinent to Du Bartas. When Donne in the Holy Sonnets says,

Nor chaste except you ravish me

he invokes religious and poetic furor and fervor. There is the genuine sense of a poet inspired to the contemplation of the Platonic figure of the universe. The contemplation is the source of the dignity or high style, and not the ornament, unless it figures in the contemplation.

The metonymic principle of invocation of the muse justifies that of digression. Thus the story of Arion, and that of the maid and the eagle, both near the end of the Fifth Day, are not irrelevant to Du Bartas' purpose. There is in them moreover the aspect of an Homeric digression, in that in them lie an Homeric intimacy of man and nature. They may be regarded, from antique epic, as topical. In the same poetic act, then, are two seemingly hostile elements: one which prefers profitable matter "with inferior technique to vapid matter expressed exquisitely"; which is, to use Eliot, a "mechanism of sensibility which could devour any type of experience"; and there is that which wishes at all costs to be poetic, to embellish in all familiar topics.
Some Topoi

Other, medieval, topoi find their way into Les Semaines. It would be inappropriate to call these Homeric, or to link them necessarily with antique epic style. But they do emerge in the rhetoric of antiquity and become rhetorical topoi in the medieval epics. One of these is the conclusion topos. At the end of the First Week Du Bartas says:

But soft my Muse, what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired Modelet?
If twice or thrice one and the same wee bring,
’Tis tedious, how ever sweet we sing.
There-fore a-shoare: Mates, let our Anchor fall,
Heere blowes no Winde, heere are we Welcome all.
Besides, consider and conceive (I pray)
W’have row’d sufficient for a Sabbath Day.
VII, 735ff

The apostrophe repeats the sentiments expressed at the end of the First Day, when Du Bartas has broken his narrative for the first time:

O sacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Elect, you Pursuivants prepar’d
To execute the Counsailes of the Highest;
You Heav’ny Courtiars, to your King the highest:
Gods glorious Herralds, Heav’ns swift Harbingers,
’Twixt Heav’n and Earth you true Interpreters:
I could be well content, and take delight
To follow farther your Celestial Flight:
But that I feare (heere having ta’en in hand
So long a journey both by Sea and Land)
I feare to faint, if at the first, too faste
I cut away, and make too-hastie haste:
For Travailers, that burne in brave desire
To see strange Countries manners and attire,
Make haste enough, if onely the First Day
From their owne Sill they set but on their way.
I, 819ff

Du Bartas’ excuse in the latter instances — "I fear I faint" — is a medieval commonplace of the topic: "The most natural reason for ending a poem in the Middle Ages was weariness. Writing poetry was such a strenuous thing." But one aspect of both apostrophes owes directly to the classical tradition, that is,
conclusion because of the end of the day. Virgil's first, second, sixth, ninth, and tenth eclogues for example, end with the close of day. Milton ends his "Lycidas" in a similar way, though for obvious reasons the topos is not used in Paradise Lost. The device of the poet restraining his muse from cyclically repeating itself (repeating "The little-World's admired Modelet") is almost unique to Du Bartas. The sea image is, of course, not. In Dryden we are given a literal use of the image which nonetheless indicates — as in Du Bartas — *travails* of another day's poetry:

> Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go;  
> But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more:  
> A constant trade-wind will securely blow,  
> And gently lay us on the Spicy Shore.  
> *Annus Mirabilis*, st. 304

Du Bartas' "calm" befits the rowing metaphor; Dryden's "trade winds" the sailing image.

Another topos employed by Du Bartas is that of the *exordium*. Here, the poet claims — in a kind of advertisement — to offer the reader something he has never read before. It is common in *Les Semaines* in the First Week but especially in the opening lines of each of the first two *Days*. In the Second Day Du Bartas contrasts his effort with those of the authors of love sonnets, etc..., and with those "learned Spirits whose wits" are "applied wrong", then promptly dedicates his work to God — this itself a common topos. So again at the start of the Magnificence. In Du Bartas' case, the weight and counterpoise of opposing trends in poetry makes the *topos* quite specific in its pertinence:

> Thinke yee, St. Augustine would have steyned his graver learning with a booke of Poetry, had he fancied its dearest end to be the variety of Love-Sonnets, and Epithalamions? No, no, he thought with this our Poet, that every foot in a high-borne verse, might help e to measure the soule into that better world, Divine Poetry,...
In the First Day Du Bartas rather emphasises the teaching mission. Sylvester translates:

O Father, graunt I sweetly warble forth
Unto our seed the Worlds renowned Birth:
Graunt (gracious God) that I record in verse
The rarest Beauties of this Universe;
And graunt therein, thy power I may discern,
That teaching others, I my selfe may learne.

This represents yet another topos, with roots in Scripture and in the patristic and Horatian concept that poetry should please and instruct. In the case of the above passage, Sylvester amplifies the topic in the lines that follow with an interpolated use of the topos of the impossibilia. Milton carries the same topoi in Paradise Lost:

Fast by the Oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
Thast with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th'Aonian Mount; while it persues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rime.
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost preferr
Before all Temples th'upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st; Thou from the first
Was present, and with mighty wings outspred
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: What in mee is dark
Illumin, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justifie the wayes of God to men.

The newness of subject, the desire for instruction so that he may in turn instruct, recall Sylvester. In fact part of the passage has an analogue in Sylvester (I, 315ff). 36

In partial opposition to the topos of the exordium is that of affected modesty, a motif present in both First and Second Weeks, in Du Bartas and in Sylvester:
If now no more my sacred rimes distill
With art-les ease from my dis-custom'd quill:
If now the Laurel that but lately shaded
My beating temples, be disleav'd and vaded:
And if now, banish't from the learned fount;
And cast downe head-long from the lofty mounte
Where sweet Urania sitteth to indite,
Mine humbled Muse flag in a lowly flight;
Blame these sad times ingrateful cruelty,
My Houseold cares, my healths infirmity;
My drooping sorrowes for late grievous losses;
My busie sutes, and other bitter crosses.

Thence is't that oft (maugre Apollos grace)
I humme so harsh: and in my Works inchase
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or lesse) the whirling Poles inspire:
And also mingle (Linsie-woolie-wise)
This gold-ground Tissue with too-mean supplies.

Note the effect with which Sylvester can actually make his line crawl when
talking about crawling lines. The structuring of the comment on poetic craft
reminds of Pope's onomatopoeic lines in Essay on Criticism. Elsewhere,
Sylvester refers in typical late sixteenth century fashion to his "rude rhymes";
and the topic — rusticitas — has a longish heritage. 37

Perhaps most important to Du Bartas conception of the universe is the
topic of the impossibilia, which abounds in Les Semaines. It appears throughout
the work, but in one of its most striking poses in a section of the Second Day:

For if of Nothing any thing could spring,
Th'Earth without seed should wheat and barly bring.
Pure Mayden-wombes desired Babes should beare:
All things, at all times, should grow every-where.
The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender;
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lamling tender:
Th'Ocean should yeld the Pine and Cornell Tree,
On Hazels Acorns, Nuts on Oakes should bee:
And breaking Natures set and sacred use,
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves produce.

II, l65ff
The chiasmus of the last line stands out. Its mirror-like opposition is like the mirror-like opposition to nature created by the topos of the impossibilia. Mountains can be thrown down to the ground, made into valleys, and valleys can be thrown up into the sky. Outside of Sylvester, where is this shown better than in Pope's trembling mountains mirrored in a pool of water in Windsor Forest (211ff)? For Pope this is a clever rhetorical ploy. For Sylvester, who is not so clever, this is a verbal anticipation of the final destruction that will lead to the marriage of man with God. This sort of imagery owes at least to Virgil, and indeed goes back farther. But it is given a particularly Judeo-Christian aspect in a prophetic Isaiah, II, and in Revelations, of the Last Judgement, where the impossible becomes only by God's ordination. The Virgilian connection is of note, however, for the way in which it impinges on a work possibly influenced by Sylvester's passage. Curtius says, "The Virgilian adynata were known in the Middle Ages. A shepherd forsaken by his beloved is ready to compound for the reversal of the entire order of nature. 'Now may the wolf of his own free will flee the sheep, the oak bear golden apples, owls compete with swans, the shepherd Tityrus be Orpheus ...' (Ecl., VIII, 53ff)." The suggestion is that love can turn the world upside down. In Du Bartas only the power of God—a greater love—can turn the world upside down, though the parallel is latent. In Donne, the topos and Sylvester's Du Bartas conspire to make the profane point of "The Canonization". A similar statement of "the world turned upside down" occurs at the beginning of the Furies, after the fall of Adam and Eve:

This's not the World: O wither am I brought?  
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vaulte,  
Which d'ies reducing and renewing nights,  
Renewes the grieve of mine afflicted sprihts;  
This sea I saile, this troubled ayre I sip,  
Are not The First-Weekes glorious workmanship:  
This wretched Round is not the goodlie Globe  
Th'Eternall trimmed in so various robe;  
'Tis but a dungeon and a dreadfull Cave,  
Of that first World the miserable grave.

Furies, lff
The very fall of man is the signal for an unnatural state from which salvation is possible only to the power of God. Other examples might be Eden, 491ff, and Sylvester's interpolation, I, l2ff. And the topos passes especially to metaphysical poetry.

Other topoi common in Les Semaines include that of "youthful age" (e.g., Fathers, l7ff, which compares interestingly in structure with Scaliger's "Florido en anos, en prudencia cano"). The topos of the young and old woman is perhaps present in the linking at the beginning of the Second Day of Helen and Hecuba. Metaphorical topoi appear throughout the work, in the theatre metaphors, the book metaphors and indeed in numerous similes. Many of these figure in the discussions that follow.

Milton and all of the Milton influenced eighteenth century dipped into the Sylvestrian well, taking the word/idea that not only constitutes his poetry but defined for him, or re-enacted, the cosmos. They dipped at first because it was definitive, evocative mirror language (ecphrasis), and latterly, when Divine Weeks was only a vague memory of some antiquated teleology, because it was the language of poetry, of Milton and Dryden; and especially because it was the language of Virgil's and Lucretius' didacticism in the Georgics and de Rerum Natura, whose universe was as much a living organism as Du Bartas'. The neoplatonic macrocosm was something they had in common with a tradition beginning with Saint Basil's Hexaemeron, which frequently took on the hexameters of Roman poetry. Du Bartas' debt to Saint Basil has been argued conclusively. His debt to Virgil and to Homer was a self-admitted one, and a Pleiade one. Les Semaines is then a two-fold work: a treatise which leads through an antique natural philosophy and natural science — and through reflections on modern controversies — to a proof that the hand of God has marshalled all things together into a living world, whose soul was to be found in God's spirit itself; and most importantly, it is a poem, dedicated firmly to such a God-devised chain of relationships, and perhaps trying to imitate this creation. Les Semaines is no confession of faith — no satire against a sinful
age, no religious apology, or panegyric — but a poem, containing disparate elements:

Bref, je ne presente point ici une confession de la foi, ains un poeme, que je pare autant qu'il le peut porter des plus exquis joyaux que je butine sur toutes sciences et professions. 43

And this poem was to be modelled on the great long poems of antiquity, on Homer and Virgil, perhaps on Ronsard's Les Hymnes.
CHAPTER 3
SIMILE

Most of Du Bartas' simile is natural. This natural simile, prominent throughout Les Semaines but especially from the Vocation onward, owes notably to Homer, whose Iliad and Odyssey are conscious of nature as a force that produces man, impinges on man and reacts to man (The purpling with blood of the waters of the Xanthus — an image reproduced in Du Bartas in his descriptions of war — in the Iliad is a case in point). Comparisons serve to make particular events typical through nature. Homeric epic is what might be termed primary, as opposed to Virgil's derivative epic, and carries with it a foregrounding to which, so to speak, there is no background. The comparison of Hector descending the walls of Ilium to a stone flying from the top of a rock hardly serves to explain, and not to contrast the natural and man, nor even to fuse, but to observe a perceived unity: "... Homer is extending the immediate action so that it may become typical rather than remain unique. Hector is to be seen as a natural force; and he takes on the recurrence, persistence, and impersonal effectiveness of such force." And so the natural simile is fundamental to Homer, especially in the Iliad; for the Iliad is a description of war, and descriptions of war require comparison to set combative man firmly in nature, but as much for the "moments of tranquility which underline violence by contrast and the sense of shock with which the reader is brought back from them to the narrative ..." We may see the pattern of many Bartasian similes in this marked pause in Iliad, XII, 275ff:

And as the flakes of snow fall thick on a winter's day, when Zeus the Counsellor is minded to send snow, showing to men these flakes which are his arrows, he lulls the winds and sheds the snow unceasingly, until he has covered the crests of the lofty mountaines and the high headlands, and the grassy plains and the rich ploughlands of men; even over the harbours and shores of the grey sea the snow is scattered, though the beating wave fends
it off; but all else is covered from above when Zeus makes
the shower grow heavy; even thus from both sides the
stones flew thick ... and all along the wall the din of
battle grew.

SANGAR runnes at him and he runnes so fierce,
That on his staffe him sixe steps back he beares;
Beares down another with him, and another,
That but with gesture stood directing other:
As, when 'tis darke, when't raines, and blusters rough,
A thund'ring Tempest with a sulphurie puffe
Breakes downe a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each opposite to other:
Smoake, dust, and doore-falls, with storms roaring din,
Dismay the stoutest that Command within;
The common sort (beside their little wits)
Skarr'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets:
But, in their shirts over the Walls they runne,
And so their Towne, yer it be ta'en, is wunne;
The suddaine Storme so inly-deepe dismayes-them,
That feare of Taking, to dispair betray's-them.

Amid their Hoast, then bravely rushes SANGAR....
Captaines, 743ff.

The Captains is filled with this kind of simile. Some deal less with phenomena
proper to nature than with domestic life; as with the comparison of the
pagans' falling ranks to a child's fallen bridge of cards (506ff); or Sylvester's
interpolated comparison of hidden soldiers to the hare hiding from the hounds
on "Lambourn's pleasant Dounes" (373ff). The sense of repose from the
violent act is more easily to be seen in this simile:

The zealous Prophet ....
Thongs through the Camp, and each-where strowes his way
With blood and slaughter, honour and dismay:
As halfe a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerefull eye choosing a plot of Wheat,
Reape it at pleasure, and of Ceres locks
Make hand-fuls sheaves, and of their sheaves make Shocks;
And through the Field from end to end doo runne,
Working a-vie, till all be downe and done:

Law, 1129ff
These are typical of the similes used to describe war or violence in Les Semaines. They point in the poem to a phenomenon that is perhaps vaguely perceived by Susan Snyder (See her Commentary on the Vocation) but not quite understood. The encyclopedic poem in Les Semaines ends at the beginning of the Vocation, and the heroic poems begin. The last half of the work concentrates on the heroic deeds, the wars, sacrifices, of the Old Testament. There is not one hero, but many captains. Metaphor is suddenly and noticeably supplanted by simile. Here we see the antique epic — in its story, and its lofty heroic diction, and its multifarious similes — replacing the encyclopedia — with its metaphors, conceits, purely informative narrative. Even the epic invocation has shifted from the elaborate praises of God, Christ and the Holy Spirit to an invocation in which the muse is thrown temporarily into the background and the hero's praise is sung:

Heer sing I ISAACS civil Brauls and Broils

Schism, 1

And it is in the second half of Les Semaines that Du Bartas takes up the challenge of the Pleiade poets to create a new vernacular epic in the mold of the ancients:

Le poete heroique invente et forge argumens tous nouveaux,
faict entreparler les Dieux aux hommes et les hommes aux Dieux, faict haranguer les Capitaines comme il faut,
descrit les batailles et assauts, factions et entreprises de guerre: se mesle de conjectures les augures, et interpreter les songes, n'oublie les expiations et les sacrifices que l'on doit à la divinite.

In Sylvester's translation even style bears the effects of this metamorphosis: the interrogative — question and answer — approach to the narrative factbook is dropped in favour of story and to some extent epic characterisation. Technical and particular metaphors waver. The linguistic abstractions of the first half are carried into the second where simile and metaphor are also
abstract. The metaphor of the first half of Les Semaines and Divine Weeks appeals broadly to metaphysical poetry, and to the baroque. The metaphor that fuses experience is the vehicle of the baroque, and in baroque poetry, says Warnke, simile largely gives way to metaphor and allegory to symbolic narrative.6

Likewise, the similes of the second half of Les Semaines would appeal broadly to those poets with an epic sensibility. The antipathy of eighteenth century poetics to the kind of simile noted above in Du Bartas, "points of rest amid violence", must stem from a gap in its understanding of Homer. And though in his translation of Homer he was not unusually successful — Du Bartas often is — "that Pope realized something of the effect of unbelievable remoteness in such passages seems probable. He attacks Madame Dacier for finding fault with the 'Circumstances' of the wave simile and 'solving the absurdity' with a far-fetched explanation."7 In terms of heritage, Pope could not read Sylvester's "points of rest" as tainted.

The first half of Les Semaines is most apt in its nature metaphor and in particular in its nature imagery to be symbolic if not hieroglyphic. Unlike the non-referential Homeric epic, God lurks behind the patriarchal world as theatre, book, shop metaphors of the First Day, and the bear-whelp metaphor; the lumpen images of the First and Second Days; and the metaphorical kingdoms of plants and animals that frequent the Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Days. Even the arcadian Eden of the Eden is patterned. It stands for an idea that is scarcely present in the Garden of Alcinous, for instance. The second half of the poem is symbolic in a different, human, typological way.

It is curious, if not a paradox, that Du Bartas' most Homeric similes occur in the most Biblical parts of Les Semaines, in the second half of the work. The paradox is really quite insubstantial, however, as the Old Testament contains the same kind of honour and heroism as Homer. Many of Du Bartas' similes are non-referential. They are in straight imitation of Homeric similes; examples might be the trapped lion simile of Decay, 1093ff; or the
felled copse simile of Vocation, 469ff, which resembles closely Iliad, XI, 119-26. Milton, by contrast, is concerned with "the vehicle of a metaphor whose tenor is the war between good and evil in the human soul. When an epic simile occurs — Satan compared to the spice fleet in Book II [Paradise Lost], or his shield to the moon in Book I — part of the function of the comparison often seems to be to root the symbolic narrative in ordinary life. Satan himself may be an allegory, the simile suggests, but the shape of his shield was not unlike the sort of moonscape visible through Galileo's telescope in Valdarno — right here in Europe, just the other day. Many of Milton's similes are of this (so to speak) inverted type: they domesticate the already marvellous, make literal the already metaphoric, by introducing associations with contemporary life. 8

Herein lies quite a basic difference between the similes of Milton and Du Bartas. In order to be symbolic Du Bartas will most often use metaphor; contemporary, new, similitudes or dissimilitudes — technical or scientific — will usually be expressed in — changed to — metaphors. The idea of shields being like the moon, for instance, may well have been suggested by Sylvester's metaphorical epithet in "the moony standards of proud Ottoman" (II, 458). There are, however, exceptions, like the base metal and gold simile of Captains, 455, or the lodestone simile of Vocation, 127ff, or possibly the balloon simile of Schism, 930.

Milton's use of the negative simile is at one with Sylvester's Du Bartas. Sylvester mostly follows Du Bartas in this; his favourite form of negative simile is "not much unlike ...". But the simile appears in various forms in IV, 414ff, Babylon, 202-3; Captains, 278; Decay, 621ff; Ark, 23ff; Trophies, 793; Handy-Crafts, 617ff; Magnificence, 189ff; Decay 783-4; and elsewhere. In Du Bartas the negative simile is not pointed as it is in Milton. At its least productive it appears designed for show of erudition, or of encyclopaedic knowledge — Du Bartas recognising his other mission, to justify the ways of God in nature to man — or simply of wit:
Their fruitfull Heards that hill and dale do hante,  
Resemble not the breed of th'Elephant,  
Which (slow in coupling, and in calving more,  
Pyning her Maister so long time before  
With lingring hope) brings-forth with painfull groanes,  
But once in twelve yeeres, but one Calfe at once:  

Vocation, 217-222

Contrarily, Milton's similes beginning "Spot more delicious than those gardens feined ..." (Paradise Lost, IX, 439ff) are not proleptic. The three sequential similes take on vital significance. Du Bartas and Milton are possibly aware of Calvin's use of classical illustration as negative allusion: "infinitely more than ..."; "not as in"; "unlike ...". What Du Bartas does with the simile, however is another thing. He does not appear concerned to discredit classical allusion and only rarely uses it in simile (examples are the Clytemnestra simile of Trophies, 425 and the "Delian Princess" simile of Fathers, 312-13; neither is negatively phrased).

In Homer the simile is scarcely amplificatory, mostly literal and imagistic. In the second half of Les Semaines it is also imagistic, pausing on a tortuous, mountainous climb to admire scenery — nature — then returning to the narrative climb and descent.

Again and again, the similes underscore the relations of physical and psychological in this world, as in our own. Lions, oxen, wolves, sheep, swans, eagle, bees — sun, moon, stars, comets, clouds, winds — the fall of a poplar, the rolling of waves, the spinning of wool, the winnowing of chaff: these and a hundred more comparisons bring inner and outer, subject and object, into a single perspective ...

And, indeed most of these similes, in one form or another, may be found in the Second Week of Les Semaines. Some of Du Bartas' and, as well, Sylvester's similes are — against the Homeric grain — particular, notably Sylvester's "Dover Pier" simile (Decay, 989ff). Many of the similes in Les Semaines refer to mechanisms not available to Homer, as the numerous gun
similes. Others, in their recurrence, are recognisable as common topics or comparisons with a specific aptness: mountains, for instance, are images of strength and endurance; to have them crumble, as does Du Bartas, is yet another use of hyperbole. All of the nature similes derive — quite probably directly, in some instances — from Homer. And Du Bartas and Sylvester follow Homer's natural indiscrimination indiscriminately, not changing, as does Pope (Iliad, XVII, 570; Pope, XVII, 642), Homer's housefly into a "vengeful hornet". 12

The Homeric simile is not amplificatory in the way that the similes of derivative epics are. In the Iliad and the Odyssey similes are exited, in terms of narrative line, roughly where they are entered. And so, the Homeric similes in Du Bartas may be identified by their apparent quality of self-indulgence. We have seen this already in the digression quoted above about the gestation period of the elephant. A good example of a simile inserted as much for its own sake as for its elucidative capacity is this thoroughly natural and Homeric one:

And soldiers falling, one another kill
(As with his weight, a hollow Rockie-Hill,
Torn with some Torrent, or Tempestuous windes,
Shivers it self on stones it under-grindes):
Decay, 833ff

Many like similes are ear-marked in Les Semaines by parentheses. This kind of comparison is not far removed from the medieval-type digressions of Les Semaines. The digressions have little point but in themselves, or perhaps in heralding the native heroism of the animals of the encyclopedia. Such digression is most evident in the Fifth Day, in the long classical parables of the woman and the eagle — the effect being not unlike Dryden's Homeric simile of an eagle lamenting her stolen children in Annu Mirabilis, 107-108 — and of Arion being saved by the dolphin. Du Bartas has not merely taken licence for these digressions in Homeric simile and medieval epic, but on the authority of
common taste. Scaliger had remarked *digressio* as a distinction between epic and tragedy and Ronsard had equally recommended the device.13

But Du Bartas also makes use of the Virgilian, derivative, simile, which tends to propel subject matter forward, actually taking part in the narrative. Du Bartas will especially make use of the faculty of Virgilian simile to move the narrative forward in leaps and bounds through compound similes. These frequently occur in descriptions of violence or war, as with the violent reaping comparison (*Law*, 1135ff) quoted above, which is followed by a graphic and enlarging simile of cannon fire:

Or, as so many Canons shot at-once
A-front a Camp; Th'Earth with the Thunder grones,
Here flies a broken arme, and breakes another;
There stands th'one halfe of a halv'd body, th'other
Falls-downe a furlong thence, here flies a shield;
And deepe-wide windowes make they in the field.

*Law*, 1141ff

Here the compound simile, employing Virgilian imagery, is more complex:

Some torne in peeces with the whirling wheeles,
Some troad to death under Horses heeles;
As (in some Countries) when in Season hot,
Under Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)
They use to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corne,
The graine spurts-out, the straw is bruis'd and torne.
Some (not direct before the Horse, nor under)
Were with the Sythes mow'n in the midst a-sunder:
As in a Mead the Grasse yet in the flower,
Falls at the foot of the wide-straddling Mower;
That with a stooping back, and stretched arme,
Cuts-crosse the swaths to Winter-feed his Farme.

*Captains*, 925ff

It is such Virgilian similes that exercise an influence, more pronounced than any save on language, on William Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals*.14 In the following compound simile are two familiar images, one of them expressing a Bartasian paradox:
As when to seek her food abroad doth rove
The Nuncius of peace, the seeley dove,
Two sharp-set hawks do her on each side hem,
And she knows not which way to fly from them:
Or like a ship, that tossed to and fro
With wind and tide; the wind doth sternly blow,
And drives her to the main, the tide comes sore
And hurls her back again towards the shore;
And since her ballast and her sailes do lack,
One brings her out the other beats her back;
Till one of them increasing more his shocks,
Hurls her to shore, and rends her on the rocks.

I, i, 179ff

These clumsy verses build upon the Virgilian similes of indecision to be found frequently in Les Semaines, such as:

The loftie Pine that's shaken to and fro
With Counter-pufs of sundrie winds that blowe,
Now, swaying South-ward teares some Foot in twaine,
Then bending North-ward doth another straine,
Reeles up and downe, tost by two Tirants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell
(Inconstant Neuter, that to both doth yield)
Which of the two is like to winne the Field:
So Abrahani ....

Fathers, 234ff

One effect of forward moving similes, especially compound similes, is to make the vehicle (appear) a part of the narrative. Other compound similes are not at all amplificatory, but purely affective, employed especially to emphasise degree:

As stormy billowes rush against a Rocke:
As boistrous Windes (that hve their prison broake)
Roare on a Forrest: as Heav'ns sulph'rie Flash
Against proud Mountaines surly browes dooth dash.

Captains, 287ff

Most often, however, the epic simile stands alone, offering a forward motion in one single suspenseful postponement of the tenor in favour of the vehicle:
Now, as a sparke, that shepheardes, unespied
Have fai: by chance upon a forest side
Among dry leaves; a-while in secret shrowdes,
Lifting a-loft smal, smoakie-waving clowdes,
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it blushes...
Climbes fragrant Hauthornes, thence the Oake, and than
The Pine, and Firr, that bridge the Ocean,
It still gets ground; and running doth augment,
And never leaves till all neere woods be brent:
So this sweet speech,...

_Babylon, l19ff_

Sometimes the development of the narrative in the simile can be subtle, or
even forcing an unnecessary but not unintelligible re-emphasis of the tenor:

Blind, shame-les, sence-les, quenching often-times
The soule within it selfe: and oft defames
The holiest men with execrable blames.
And as the Muste, beginning to reboyle,
Makes his new vessels wooden bands recoyle,
Lifts-up his lees, and spewes with fuming vent
From his Tubs ground his scummy excrement:
So ruin'st thou thine host, and foolishly
From his harts bottom driv'st all secrecie.

_Ark, 604ff_

It is essential to this simile that "Frenzie" should drive from the "bottom" of
its victim's heart all secrecy; for this is what happens to the lees. The linking
of the cask of wine with the human soul, in apposition, in the passage calls to
mind Dryden's inversion of the simile in _Astraea Redux_:

And as those Lees that trouble it, refine
The agitated Soul of Generous Wine,
So tears of joy for your returning spilt,
Work out and expiate our former guilt.

_272ff 15_

Once again the tenor is brought about by the vehicle. In this instance the
soul-like refinement of wine, and the liquid refinement of the human soul make
a witty and entirely suitable rhetorical circle. Of course, the simile is always
to some degree self-indulgent whether elucidative in design or not; for the
The circling motions of waters, we will see, are important in Du Bartas' and Sylvester's nature description, and in the nature description of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Thomas Parnell, typically seeing the water surface as a broken mirror, writes:

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Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
"The Hermit", 18ff
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In Virgilian simile the vehicle frequently takes on the function of exemplar. Virgilian similes show animals in particular as analogies of human traits. The presence of such comparisons undoubtedly assisted those long-held medieval notions of Virgilian allegory — of Virgil, indeed, as a Christian lamb in a pagan wolf's clothing, so to speak. Virgil's famous comparison in this respect is the bee simile (Georgics, IV), in which bees are linked to industry. The image is derivative: Homer's "waxen works" (Pope) of bees (Odyssey, XIII) becomes
distilled in Virgil, medieval poetry, and in Du Bartas. In Sylvester the industry of bees is characterised in simile by the designation "busie Bees" (Colonies, 243); in the Vocation this industry develops into a parable of good government:

Even as two swarmes of busie Buzzers, mounting Amid the aire, and mutually affronting, Mingle their Troupes; one goes, another comes, Another turns; a cloud of Moatlings hummes Above our heads, who with their cipers wings Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings: Either of which, a hundred times a minute Doth lose a Soulidiar, and as oft re-win-it. 321ff

Not surprising, for in the encyclopedia Du Bartas has already sung "the Bees praise in mine humble rime" (V, 936), extolling the same good government:

For where's the State beneath the Firmament, That doth excell the Bees for Government? No, no, bright Phoebus, whose eternall Race Once every Day about the World doth pace, Sees heere no Citie, that in Rites and Lawes, (For Equitie) neere to their justice drawes: Not that, which flying from the furious Hunne, In the'Adrian-Sea another World begun. Their well-rul'd state my soule so much admires, That, durst I lose the Raines of my desires, I gladly could digress from my designe, To sing a while their sacred Discipline: V, 919ff

This makes a perfect, sharp model for the Miltonian simile. Following Virgil's example it contains a splendid combination of war and order. Du Bartas' fondness for the sound colouring of onomatopoeia partly explains his frequent use of the bee simile and of bee imagery generally. Milton introduces his bee simile with cleverer onomatopoea:
Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air, 
Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees 
In spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides, 
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 
In clusters; they among the fresh dews and flowers 
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed plank, 
The suburb of their straw-built citadel, 
New-rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer 
Their state affairs. So thick the airy crowd 
Swarmed and were straightened:...  
Paradise Lost, I, 767ff

The parallel between the bees' little world with its "citadel" and "suburb", and 
man's larger little world is something which Milton may remember from 
Sylvester's treatment of the similes:

... as in season warne  
The hunnie-makers buissie-buzzing Swarme  
With humming threats thongs from little gates  
Of their round Tower, and with their little hates  
Fiercely assaile, and wound the naked skinns  
Of such as come to rob their curious Innes. 
Captains, 353ff

A bee simile of the same stamp, occurs in Dryden's Annus Mirabilis:

So weary Bees in little Cells repose:  
But if night-robbers lift the well-stored Hive, 
An humming through their waxen City grows,  
And out upon each others wings they drive. 
st. 228

Nor has Dryden forgotten the bees' capacity for social organisation:

All hands employ'd, the Royal work grows warm,  
Like labouring Bees on a long Summers day, 
Some sound the Trumpet for the rest to swarm,  
And some on bells of tasted Lillies play: 
With glewy wax some new foundation lay  
Of Virgin combs, which from the roof are hung:
Some arm'd within doors, upon duty stay,  
Or tend the sick, or educate the young.  
Annus Mirabilis, sts. 144-45
The constant regard for bees as little men, the common periphrases for their hives, or for the bees themselves, in seventeenth century poetry, argue not primarily an awareness of Virgil, but in many cases a keen awareness of the transmitter of the idea, Du Bartas, in Sylvester's translation. The mild didacticism of this kind of simile is further justified by Pope in the Essay on Man:

Learn each small People's genius, policies,
The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And Anarchy without confusion know;
And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.

Nature, differing from man in particular, comes to teach man in general; simile can handily make Du Bartas' encyclopedic point in his epic poem. And so, this Virgilian, derivative simile is vital to Les Semaines. Homer's falcon comparison, having no point but its natural presence, becomes dialectically functional in Les Semaines. We might remember the inability of William Browne's dove to outguess it pursuant falcons ("knows not which way to fly"). Du Bartas' pigeon demonstrates a certain kind of futile cleverness:

Like to a cast of Falcons that pursue
A flight of Pigeons through the welkin blew,
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver
(To save their lives) they hardly can recover.

Dryden takes the same attacking falcon, changes the pigeon to a crow, and the results are different:

Have you not seen when, whistled from the fist,
Some Falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness, the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind,
The dastard Crow, that to the wood made wing,
And sees the Groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud Kaws her Craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers cuff the noble Bird?

Annus Mirabilis, 86-87

(In Pope, the simile loses its exemplary value in favour of comparative force;
Pope, with consummate skill, creates a compound negative simile emphasising
— as we have seen Du Bartas do above — degree:

Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,
When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves;
As from the God she flew with furious Pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the Chase.

Windsor Forest, 185ff

But both Du Bartas and Dryden come to the same conclusion about the
ambush represented in the spider:

Let not thy Lawes be like the Spiders Caul,
Where little Flyes are caught and kild; but great
Passe at their pleasure, and pull-down the Net.

Magnificence, 208-210

So the false Spider, when her Nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels, far off, the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling Fly.

Annus Mirabilis, 180

The circumstances are different, but in both instances the web is thought to
be imperfect. In Dryden's poem the Belgian spider learns a lesson about the
British fly. Du Bartas, like the Belgians, would like to see the big fly get
c caught occasionally.

Exemplary simile is of particular value to Du Bartas in the second half
of Les Semaines, where the encyclopedia has been replaced by the biblical
stories which have little call for animal or other encyclopedic exemplars.
CHAPTER 4

SOME ASPECTS OF STYLE

1.

I have suggested a poetic in Les Semaines and in Sylvester's translation that is rhetorically bound to a greater, natural scheme of things. A consciousness of kinds of device suiting kinds of expression and thus serving meaning distinguishes the rhetoric of Les Semaines from the late habit of repeating sound for its own sake. In spite of a rash of criticisms, earlier in France, then in England, of "rude rithmours", rhetorical schoolboy antics continued into the seventeenth century and lamentably after. The persistance of attacks on pointless repetition is possibly itself evidence of the tenacity of its practitioners. While in his time Sylvester was spared criticism — more so than Du Bartas, whose speedy success was soon matched by his (Phaeton-like) fall from favour — he would later be censured for an excess that his contemporaries failed to recognise in him.

Justus Lawler's rather mystical reading of poetic structuring, connecting it to the sexual/creative processes, is clever and entertainingly excessive in its own right; digested and applied to Sylvester however this kind of reading is not altogether unsatisfactory. In it there is something of Margreta De Grazia's unpublished Princeton thesis. De Grazia, admittedly under the influence — as of an hallucenogenic drug — of D.W. Robertson, argues that the studies of Hebrew, the Cabbala, etymology, of grammar, rhetoric, logic, and the writing of poetry in the Renaissance, regarded language as a means of "restoring man's likeness to God". She applies this reading to George Herbert, for instance, suggesting that Herbert "devotedly seeks God's word in his own poetry, finding faint traces of it in puns, juxtapositions and resemblances among words". Lawler takes this approach in another direction, finding sexual puns, relationships, jokes, etc., where others have not dared to find them. We must take care not to overburden such readings, unless delectare. It is nonetheless true that a religious approach to language, a new,
sacred, almost secret, poet's language structure, emerges in France in the mid sixteenth century, and in England not long thereafter. R.J. Clements draws attention to the difficulty shared by Pleiade poets in keeping "poetic truth away from the narrow precincts of historical truth". And the Pleiade enthusiastically took up the doctrine of natural inspiration, and of sublimity, or "altitude of style". How great the gap was or was perceived to be between the language styles of poets and the Word of God is a matter for others' conjecture, but it is clear that Du Bartas indulged in lofty word games, and of note that Sylvester recognised them and imitated and elaborated on them. For the generation at the end of the sixteenth century the poet was, like God, a "Maker".

Du Bartas' role as Maker was not distinct from his role as encyclopedist, where he concerned himself with copiousness. In Shakespeare's tragedy of rhetorical deception, Richard III — the one, piercing, "moment of truth" comes in the famous dream sequence — Richard makes a mockery of the rhetorical exchange that begins with the instruction, "Be copious in exclaims" (IV, iv, 135). In short, this high style is constituent of rhetorical and linguistic abundance. Richard excels the Duchess of York and Queen Elizabeth at these. For Du Bartas the concept of copiousness was two-edged. At the foot of the sixteenth century lay an Erasmian humanism that welcomed exploration and discovery, rediscovery, information and its collection; and a major part of Du Bartas' mission was the collection in one encyclopedic poem of a cornucopia of human knowledge and spiritual wisdom. Du Bartas' other concern was with the expression of this glorious, multifarious, heaven-sent abundance as a part of the greater, mysterious unity of all universal diversity. In Les Semaines Du Bartas admittedly finds himself apt to be poetically speechless. Conventional language has not the words to explain what he means: he gropes, sometimes as pathetically as the everyman in Prufrock's "That is not what I meant at all". He coins new expressions, finding or inventing alternate names, overstating, wandering, enlarging, heaping, repeating; repeating perhaps as a
shadow adumbrates a more perfect form. This quality in Les Semaines, that may most resemble the schoolboy rhetoric of earlier poetry, is in fact remote from it.

Eric Wimmers is surely correct to point out the almost formulaic wordiness of the First Week of Les Semaines. It is almost formulaic, in that it tries to picture in words and in word arrangement — a kind of ecphrasis — the model of creation. Copiousness in Les Semaines imitates the fecundity of God's own creation.

I am conscious of how easy it is to ignore as unexciting the simple wisdom which regards adornment as adornment and recognises in it a kind of pleasurable affinity with the crossword puzzle:

Poets who took so much trouble to follow Art would not wish this Art to be ignored in the reading and would expect their listeners, and still more their readers to respond with aural and mental agility. The 'schemes' are nothing but the organization of patterning; this patterning contented the ear like rhyme and the identification of the patterns was a delight to the instructed mind. Such a response to poetry was never vague or half awake.

But we should not underestimate Du Bartas' commitment to intimately expressing, and euphoniously, a subject whose own euphony was at one time thought to be the source of all music.

II. Versification and Rhyme

Following precedent Du Bartas' epic was written in rhyming Alexandrines. His translator was faced with the difficulty of finding the English language's best equivalent. While the Alexandrine was the generally accepted heroic line in French poetry of the late sixteenth century, the proper line for heroic narrative verse in English was itself the subject of great debate. William Webbe had recommended the fourteener. In 1589, however, George Puttenham asserted that the ten syllable verse is "very stately and heroical."
Puttenham's judgement may have been a watershed in the development of the English couplet. At any rate, in the 1590's the debate proceeded tamely in the composition of poetry itself. Shorter narrative poems like Marlowe's Hero and Leander — though only ironically (and in syllepsis) heroic — enjoyed pentameter couplets. In 1602 Thomas Campion claimed to have observed that Latin verses of six feet are equivalent to English verses of five feet — a strong justification of the heroic couplet for tragical and heroic poetry.\(^{15}\)

Sylvester may have contributed definitively to the controversy. His translation was the first of an epic to carry a formalised heroic couplet.\(^{16}\) Though James I and VI had earlier paraphrased bits of Du Bartas into ugly pentameters, William L'isle's translations were in iambic hexameters. It was by no means a fixed principle that Du Bartas' French Alexandrines be converted into pentameter verses. In fact, the very twelve syllables of the Alexandrine were an inducement otherwise. At the same time as Sylvester was putting most of the Second Week into English George Chapman was translating Homer. Curiously, Chapman's effort begins in fourteener (the Iliads) and ends, with a decade's hindsight, in pentameter couplets (the Odyssey).

Verses in Divine Weeks are vigourously endstopped so that emphasis falls naturally on the end-rhymes. Sylvester's faithfulness to end-rhyme in particular in his translation, at a time of new experimentation with blank verse, needed no justification; but Du Bartas' rhyme deserved and received, on different grounds, this defense:

Las autres disent que les rimes de asses à exes, de nue à veue, et autres de pareille façon sont licentieuses, et offencant les aureilles vraiment francoises. J'avoue bien qu'elles ne sont pas riches, mais autres qu'elles sont rares, que les plus renommées entre le nostres en ont use, qu'en un si grand ouvrage quelque choses doit estre permise, et que ceux qui sont bien versés en la leçon de mes écrits savent combien ailleurs je suis religieux observateur des cadences, et fraternités des mots qui se rencontrent à la fin des carmes, je promets d'escouter, caché comme un Appelle derrière mon tableau, l'aixs de tous, et me conformer a celuy des plus doctes.\(^{17}\)
The largeness of the undertaking for Sylvester predicated the many irregularities in his end-rhyme. Many of the bad rhymes of Divine Weeks may be accounted for by phonetic changes in the language. But some rhyming combinations are unpalatable for the better reason of their unbalanced syllable count.

From French poetry Sylvester would have inherited the stricture that feminine word be matched with feminine rhyme, masculine with masculine; and that feminine was to be preferred. The meeting of this prerequisite constitutes in Sylvester a breach of Augustan rhyming etiquette. Frequently in Divine Weeks line ending phrases are made artificially into compounds, so as to create a polysyllabic rhyme (e.g., IV, 27f, Ark, 79f; II, 1144f). Yet these attempts at polysyllabic rhyme and at syllable consistency are opposed by such unlikely combinations as "tress/Tindarides" (IV, 287f) and "excess/Hercules" (III, 119f), for example. For the most part however Sylvester rhymes monosyllables and disyllables only. He frequently employs verb postponement to ensure a verb's place at the end of a line. Verb inversions are a formidable part of his style. But the ending of lines with verbs, though a prosodic challenge in eighteenth century poetry, is probably not a conscious part of Sylvester's style. John Arthos suggests that two word formulations correspond to the Latin dactylic compound at the end of an hexameter line, thus perhaps making the English formulation prosodically the "native form proper to the English imitation of classic style". It seems to me unlikely that Sylvester has such a notion firmly imprinted in his mind. But it is true that there is an high incidence of epithets appearing at or near the end of lines in Divine Weeks. Because the adjective is most often polysyllabic and the noun, by character of the language, monosyllabic or disyllabic, we might be justified in arguing that the frequency of monosyllabic rhymes is no accident. But I judge no pattern in Divine Weeks in this respect. (More probable as a feature of Sylvester's verse style however are imitations of the "golden" line of Virgilian poetry, in which two halves of a line are epithetically balanced. An
example might be the couplet

Th'inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glasse
Of silver Brookes in curled streames doth pass,  
Colonies, 699f

Sylvester frequently structures lines in this way.) Though critical opinion, summarised by Puttenham, was against the repetition of a word in end-rhyme, for want of such rhyme or for his "flagging muse", Sylvester finds himself constrained to repeat himself some two hundred times in the work. Further, where a suitable rhyme is wanting Sylvester indulges in neologism, conveniently, it is true, following a Pleiade maxim of novelty (e.g., II, 253f; H-C, 401f; I, 301f). Apart from the inducement to novelty the practice is not influenced by Du Bartas, but by contingency. For similar reasons a number of fixed end-rhyme combinations occur in Divine Weeks. The most familiar of these is the nature juxtaposition "Fields/Hils" (occurring five times in the Third Day alone); if nothing else, the rhyme points to a predilection for recurrent descriptions of nature.

Though as a rule end-stopped, Sylvester's lines make liberal use of enjambement, and the practice only serves to re-enforce the higly structured prosody of the work. This enjambement, we shall see, is not unrelated to repetitional devices. Enjambement acts as a form of subversion to the line-concluding pause, emphasising a larger structure than that of line (or couplet; for instance, clause, sentence, or paragraph). Divine Weeks is not a sentence or paragraph oriented work, however, but a phrasal one, to recall Josephine Miles. Since the phrase is a small cluster, pauses in between lines and within lines are a necessary part of this style. Sylvester's pauses afford in part the shape that makes his couplet an antecedent of the eighteenth century rounded couplet. The line can, most often, be divided in two; or it can disintegrate pointedly into a punctuated rhythm (ASYNDeton). The second half of the line may be yoked to the first half. In this we find a
structuring in which one action is yoked through zeugma to different substantives:

La Guerre vient apres, casse-loix, gaste-moeurs,
Raze-fort, verse-sang, brusle-hostels, aime-pleurs,
Dessous ses pieds d'airain croulle toute la terre;
Sa bouche est un brazier, sa voix est est un tonnerre;
Chaque doigt de sa main est un canon bruyant,
Et chaque sien regard un esclaire flamboyant.

_Furies, 263ff_

Next marcheth WARRE, the mistris of enormity,
Mother of mischiefe, monster of Deformity;
Lawes, Manners, Arts; she breaks, she mars, she chaces;
Blood, teares, bowers, towers; she spils, swils, burnes, and razes:
Her brazen feet shake all the Earth a-sunder
Her mouth's a fire-brand and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, everie glaunce a flash;
Her fingers guns that all to powder pash.

_Furies, 293ff_

Though Sylvester — significantly — breaks up Du Bartas' verb + noun compounds both passages rely on parisons of half lines and of punctuated rhythms (asyndeton). It is interesting that Sylvester should substitute for the almost compact sentences of Du Bartas' compounds a structural device of correspondences that runs 1, 2, 3; 1, 2, 3; 1, 2, 3, 4; 1, 2, 3, 4. Sylvester emphasises structurally a development of thought over a coincidence of thought. But the pattern of alliteration and internal rhyme is more complex, is sophisticated. The internal rhyme of the most punctuated line is especially of note. The two sets of things and actions which need not necessarily be linked with violence, "bowers, Towers", "spills, swils", are set in internal rhyme. Liquid verb is set next to solid noun. The first half of the line with its crossed alliteration also isolates most every facet of Du Bartas' natural experience. Blood associates with war, tears with love, bowers with country scenes, towers with cities. "Warre"destroys all of these. The meaning of the line, in all its complexity depends on the interpretation of its structure. This parallel structuring is a facet of Sylvester's style, more than in _Les Semaines_. It is
often assisted, as in the last few lines of the above passages, by zeugma, in which a familiar verb is usually yoked. The heavily punctuated line is also characteristic of the styles of both poets, a legacy, says Snyder, to seventeenth and eighteenth century poetic style. Surely one attraction for Milton of Sylvester's remarkable line

\begin{center}
Immutable, immortall, infinite
\end{center}

\underline{1, 45}

is that it contains the tripartite nature of God not just in its descriptive adjectives, but in the pauses that define the line. The words themselves are polysyllables, the line polyrhythmic, but the subject is one. And so, from Du Bartas, in \textit{Divine Weeks}, God is also

\begin{center}
Invisible, immortall, infinite.
\end{center}

\underline{1, 34}

\begin{center}
Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light,
\end{center}

\underline{1, 46}

\begin{center}
Invisible, impassive, excellent,
\end{center}

\underline{1, 48}

He is "Pure, wise, just, good"; and the last word, "good", defines the first three, being in paronomasia with the word that immediately follows, "God" (1, 49). The tripartite line is important not just for its polysyllables, then, but for its pauses, and here for its symbolism. But of equal importance throughout \textit{Divine Weeks} is the rhetorical fact that one line may be divided many ways, and that sounds interposed with pauses can make one integral whole. The symbolism may not be transmitted to all of seventeenth century poetry — though surely to Milton — but the structuring itself is. As for the listing that this kind of line organisation facilitates, it is true that other poets favoured listing in the late sixteenth century (Spenser, for one), but it is probably
first Sylvester in English who develops the punctuated rhythm into a formal aspect of style.

The shape of the passage depicting "WARRE" quoted above also owes significantly to internal rhyme, alliteration, and to the other devices of repetition. Sylvester was possibly familiar with remarks like William Webbe's, that rhyme bears better grace in English than in any other language; or with Daniel's pronouncement that rhyme "dooth adde more grace and hath more delight then ever bare numbers howsoever they can be forced to runne in our slow language." These reflections pertain not just to end-rhyme but equally to all figures of repetition. They do not obviate the criticism of "rude rithmours" but account for the English language's perceived inability to achieve the quantity of classical hexameters; and offer as surrogate the language's felicity for consonantial, syllable, and word linking sounds.

Sylvester's motives for repetitional device may be confused; Du Bartas' owe to a Pleiade poetic ethic. "Le style prosaïque est enemi capital de l'eloquence poetique", says Ronsard. In what may be seen as the birth of poetic diction in French, the Pleiade stressed that the structure and language of poetry should be separate from that of prose, and that those who write "sans grace, et sans art" are simply composing rhymed prose. Where do the Pleiade see "grace" and "art"? Ronsard advocates "figures, schemes, tropes, metaphores, phrases, and periphrases". Repetitional devices figure in this recommendation. Following Ronsard's specifications, Du Bartas declares himself against a prosaic style, in favour of a high, marching, dancing style:

La grandeur de mon sujet désire une diction magnifique, une phrase haut-levée, un vers qui marche d'un pas grave et plein de magesté, non erréne, lâche, effeminé, et qui coule lascivement ainsi qu'un vaudeville, ou une chansonette amoureuse. Mais pour me convaincre de l'un ou de l'autre erreur, ils allégent ce carme, Le champ plat, bat etc.
The clause "et qui coule lascivement ainsi qu'un vaudeville ou une chansonette amoureuse" we will have cause to see the importance of in the course of this work. Principally, Du Bartas acknowledges criticism levelled at an excess which he deniers. The criticism and the reaction pinpoint perhaps a major flaw in Du Bartas' style, a periodic blindness to pointless repetition, even if accompanied by a sound "qui coule lascivement". Though the subject of translation is a larger one, and not really the concern of this work, we might grant one translator's on the subject of obligation to the original, Sylvester's contemporary, George Chapman:

The worth of a skillful and worthy translator is to observe the sentences, figures, and formes of speech proposed by the author, his true sence and height, and to adorne them with figures and formes of oration fitted to the original in the same tongue. 30

In this respect Sylvester does not fail; and may probably be regarded as among the most accurate of English translators of the late sixteenth or early seventeenth centuries. Arthos rightly alleges that Sylvester's "translation is not literal, but one might say that his imagination was". 31 Concerning the mindless repetition of syllables, however, Sylvester does try to give the rhyme some meaning, if only feeble; be it in epithets like "Po-poisoned", "Mel-melody", "Arm-arming" — following such as Du Bartas' "flo-flottante" — or in his rendering of Du Bartas' onomatopoeas, as the famous Alouette song, imitated by Shakespeare, difficult to translate with its word and sound play:

La gentile Alouette avec son tire-lire
Tire l'ire a l'ire, et tire'llirant tire
Vers la voute du ciel; puis son vol vers ce leiu
Vire, et desire dire: adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.
V, 615ff
The prettie Larke, climbing the Welkin cleere,
Chaunts with a cheere, heere peere-I neere my Deere;
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (she saith) adiew, Deere, Deere -'Jiew.
V, 661ff

If the results are less than fruitful, Sylvester nonetheless shows concern for using rhyme intelligently (intelligibly?).

Du Bartas' redoubling compounds are difficult and ugly, but he is fond of linking sound and sense in onomatopoea, and in this achieves greater success. Saint-Beuve has an anecdote which may explain analogistically the importance of the device to him. He recalls: "... ce qu'en raconte Gabriel Naude, que Du Bartas s'enfermait quelquefois dans une chambre, se mettait, dit-on, a quatre pattes, et soufflait, gambadoit, galopait, pour etre plus plein de son sujet; en un mot, il ne recitait pas sa description, il la jouait." Du Bartas enjoys in particular the use of words which echo a constructed sense. Sylvester's translations are exacting in their regard for the integrity of the original. His bee onomatopoeas (Eden, 353f; Furies, 585; Columns, 757; Captains, 353; Vocation, 321f; Decay, 797ff) are perhaps not difficult renderings, making easy use of commonplace words like "buzzing" and of the letters u and z. But Sylvester's echo of the sound of firing guns requires a more difficult deployment of words in context (Furies, 252ff). Onomatopoeas of similar difficulty are the hound echo and the wolf alert of Captains (398f; 914ff); the first of these Sylvester translates skilfully indeed. In all there is something cosmic in the sounds struggling to echo sense, as if naturally an utterance had a sense only from its sound; a familiar notion to Du Bartas. Further, the onomatopoea, and the repetition of syllables, is like the set of unplayed, sympathetic strings on the viola d'amore. The analogy is not incidental.

In England the controversy over "rude rithmours" had begun almost independently of French criticism. In 1575 George Gascoigne argued that "it is not enough to roll in pleasant woordes, nor yet to thunder in Rym; Ram, Ruff by letter (quoth my maister Chaucer ...)"). For Gascoigne the
offenders are mostly indiscreetous alliterators:

As many wryters which do not know the use of any other figure then that whiche is expressed in the repeticion of Sundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (being modestly used) lendeth good grace to a verse, but they do so hunte a letter to death that they make it Crambe and Crambo bis positum mors est: Therefor Ne quid nimis. 35

Sylvester's patron, James I and VI, is less preoccupied with the possible excesses of alliteration: "Be Literall I meane that the maist pairt of your lyne shall rynne upon a letter as this tumbling line runnis upon F. 'Fetching Fude for to feid it fast furth of the Faerie'." 36 George Puttenharn refers to alliteration in terms of "symphonie", warning the poet only of general excesses and of the risk of cluttering up verse. Puttenham's guide is a vague notion of decorum. 37 Spenser's correspondent, E.K., scorns "the rakehellye route of our ragged rymers (for so themselves use to hunt the letter) which without learning boste, without judgement jangle ..." 38 So writes Sidney of excesses in all directions:

Now, for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) diction, it is even well worse. So is that honey-flowing matron eloquence appareled, or rather disguised, in a courtesanlike painted affectation: one time with so farfetched words, they may seem monsters, but must seem strangers to any poor Englishman; another time, with coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary; another time with figures and flowers, extremely winter-starved. 39

The distinction must lie between pointless rhyme and a repetition that is pointed. Spenser, for example, makes fairly continuous use of alliteration to heighten the "effect proper to his interlacing rhyme-system". 40 Sylvester makes use of the figure in a rather different way, not having the interlacing rhyme; marred by a propensity to hunt an S, F, or B once too often in one or over several lines. 41 The habit sometimes results in poetry
that is not only offensive to the ear but which combines stridently with other repetitional devices. But such as Sylvester's splendidly over-worked line

To marry mine immortall layes to theirs

were not censured by his contemporaries; were, rather, often given a kind of lip-service, as by Milton, who wrote with greater decorum, "married to immortal verse" ("l'Allegro", 137). Sylvester was periodically aware of his capacity to overwork a line; he invents his own figures, here, in brief self-parody:

Strong counter-baen!  ô sacred plant divine!
What mettall, stone, stalk, fruit, flower, root, or ryne,
Shall I presume in these rude rimes to sute ...

_Eden_, 217ff

Sidney's play on the flowers of poetry and the flowers of spring is one fittingly akin to the word-plays of Du Bartas and Sylvester. Sidney also remarks the deceitful side of eloquence, that which can dress "in a courtesan-like painted affectation". The metaphor is an interesting one. Is it possible that Sidney recalls it from his readings in early editions of _La Semaine_? It is recurrent metaphor in Du Bartas. Whatever, Sidney's criticisms are scarcely directed at Du Bartas, whose _First Week_ he quite possibly translated. 42 And Sylvester was probably not criticised in his time for such offences. Harry Ashton is misguided when he suggests that from about 1580 "les hommes cultivés se plaisent a considerer la poésie, ou mieux la versification, comme un jeu, comme une gymnastique littéraire". 43 His judgement is too narrow; and the association of any such game simply with Sylvester's Du Bartas is folly.
Alliteration is often employed to run lines together. It will have the effect of moving the narrative forward, preventing the isolation of one line or couplet from another. Here for example B alliteration falls into ST alliteration which bridges the two couplets.

In breefe, as those, that in some channell deepe
Begin to build a bridge with arches steepe,
Perceaving once in thousand streames extending,

*Babylon*, 219ff

But the device can and does just as easily bridge separate concepts. Wimmers has noted the use of alliteration to emphasise antithesis.\(^44\) For Du Bartas and for Sylvester anithesis is the principle way of structuring line and of patterning the work as a whole. Wimmers' example is the line

*Raising poor Vertue, razing proudest Vice*

*Colonies*, 849

But there are many others of similar aspect. Wimmers does not observe the important chiasmus of the line, the crossing over of good and evil, the raising of the lowly and the toppling of the proud, signified not so much by the alliteration which does not cross, proceeding 1, 2, 3; 1, 2, 3, but by the device of antanaclasis. But a conscious use of alliteration to enforce chiastic or progressive patterning is essential to *Divine Weeks*. Lawler points to similar chiastic and progressive (serpentina) uses of alliteration in Milton and elsewhere, and gives these the added importance of describing a Euclidean geometrical figure of primal importance.\(^45\) This primal importance for Lawler is inevitably some kind of fusion, a sexual coming together. Lawler's thinking is of some use to our understanding of the rhetorical patterning of Du Bartas and Sylvester; the sexual reading must only be an analogue, in their case, for a greater fusion, that of cosmic creation. One way in which alliteration assists and fusive mission of *Les Semaines* is in its connection with
oxymoron, a trope of fusion which is made all the more potent by alliteration. Wimmers might well have noted the many alliterative oxymorons, usually in compound epithets (e.g., "right-wrong errors" (Eden, 552), "Friezing-frying" (Magnificence, 743), "bashfully-bold" (Babylon, 598), "thin-thickness" (III, 1069), "slowly-swiftly" (I, 123)).

Internal rhyme, similar in principle to alliteration, shared criticisms directed at rhyme in the sixteenth century. Wimmers' conclusions about the relative absence of internal rhyme in Divine Weeks must be disregarded. The device is essential to Du Bartas', but more so to Sylvester's style. It may be said to combine the assonances of Du Bartas' French with the consonances of Sylvester's English. But it is true that most of Sylvester's many internal rhymes are weak, relying on the repetition of a common prefix or suffix. Hence the frequent -ing ending participial rhymes (e.g., Furies, 40ff; Handy-Crafts, 623f), -ed ending participial rhymes (e.g., Trophies, 296; III, 39f), comparative ending rhymes (-er: e.g., VII, 636). Du Bartas' innumerable toponyms afford yet another kind of internal rhyme, in the repetition of standard toponymic endings (such as -ia, -ian, etc. ... : e.g., VI, 38f; Colonies, 95ff), a practice enjoyed more by Sylvester than by Du Bartas. The figure once again assists the structure of line and couplet. Without a strong formal sense of leonine rhyme, Sylvester seldom employs the leonine rhyme of Les Semaines. But he will commonly use rhyme to link separate couplets as if by anadiplosis (e.g., VI, 1022f; Eden, 235f); or he will rhyme successive half-lines (e.g., II, 593f; Fathers, 483f; II, 327f). Such rhyming between lines assists a larger parallel structuring that de-emphasises the couplet in favour of a larger pattern. Finally, and most importantly, internal rhyme can also be fusive, bringing together in sound words that are supposed to express some relationship. Here, for instance, internal rhyme helps make unique the positioning of two things that are distinct, if not oppositional:

To make a Father butcher of his Son?  
Fathers, 357
"Father" and "butcher" are rhetorically equated by rhyme, as they are equated in thought. This fusing effect is critical in importance. Other repetitional devices, we shall see, work unanimously to achieve it.

III. Repetitional Devices

John Hoskyns argued that anaphora "beats upon one thing to cause the quicker feeling in the audience, and to awake a sleepy or dull person". But R.E. McFarland properly remarks that the device (and other structural ones) frequently accompanies antithesis. In Divine Weeks this is especially true not just of anaphora but of symploce as well; both figures are rhetorical commonplaces of the First Week. Anaphora serves — to amplify Hoskyns — to re-enforce one point by enumerating its subclasses, as for example in this support of the gloriousness of God through God's many achievements:

And therefore, Blessed, ever Blessed bee
Our glorious GOD's immortal Majestie;
ENGLAND's Great Watch-man, he that Israel keepes,
Who never slumbers and who never sleepe:es:
Our gracious Father, whose still-firm affection
Defends us still with wings of his Protection:
Our loving Saviour that thus Saves as still
(Us so unworthy, us so prone to Ills)
Our sacred Comforter (the Spirit of Light)
Who steers us still in the FAITH aright:
The TRINITIE, th'Eternall THREE in ONE,
Who by his Power and Providence alone,
Hath from the Furnace of their Fierie Zeale
Preserv'd our PEERES, our PUBLIKE-WEALE.
Captains, 1233ff

Generally anaphora is employed to introduce a progression in the text by showing similarity or dissimilarity (most often symploce) in objects, details, and ideas, or by developing metaphorical relationships, physical, religious, moral, etc ..., (as with the series of assertions with which Du Bartas and Sylvester begin their work — "The World's a School .../ The World's a Stage ... /The World's a Book ..." (I, 154ff)). This allows the poet to linger, even to
luxuriate in his subject. It is also a device of listing, making what is perhaps a poet's difficult task more palatable (see Ovid, *Georgics* II, 89-102). With its point counter-point style *symplece* performs more clearly a function of contrast. But it is, as Thomas Peacham calls it, a device of "The Rhetorical Circle".\(^{49}\)

As far as Du Bartas is concerned, the purpose of the First Week and much of the Second Week of *Les Semaines* is elucidatory. The encyclopedia ends with the beginning of the *Vocation* in the Second Week. In the *Vocation* a formal account of biblical heroes begins; hitherto Du Bartas has recounted his own and others' scientific knowledge, partially through a controversial exposition of scientific alternatives. At one point for example he claims to take an Aristotelian line, then a Platonic:

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Treading the way that Aristotle went,
I doo deprive the Heav'ns of Element,
And mixture too; and thinke, th'omnipotence
Of God did make them of a Quint-essence....
Then sodainly, turn'd studious Platonist,
I hold the Heav'ns of Elements consist.
   II, 1007ff
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The procedure is one of intellection on logical grounds: the exposition is followed by arguments for and against a proposition and finally by a resolution. Often in *Les Semaines* the resolution is tentative, relaxing into generalities about God's inscrutable design. The pattern is repeated over and over again in the First Week, at first concerning God's nature and the creation of the world (in the first two Days), then with respect to astronomy, to the natural history of fishes, birds and animals to the make-up, in the Sixth Day, of man, and of the human soul. What results is an apparent intellectual enquiry into these encompassing subjects. Anaphora serves importantly to enumerate the contrastive questions of enquiry:
May it not be (good Lord) because the Water
To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature;
And toward the bottome of th' bottome bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remaine still round?
Or may't not be, because the surly Banks
Keepe Waters captive in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be buttreste (as it were),
With thousand Rocks dispersed here and there?
(Or rather Lord) is't not Thine onely Power
That bowes it round, about Earths branchie Bower?

III, 431ff

Whether Gods Spirit moving upon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters, which yet covered All,
Thence forc'd the Fire (as when a-mid the Skie
Auster and Boreas jousting furiously
Under hot Cancer, make two Cloudes to clash,
Whence th'aire at mid-night flames with lightning flash):
Whether, when God the mingled Lumpe dispackt,
From Fierie Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vaste Confused Crowd
For twice-sixe howers he spred a shining Cloud
Which after he re-darkned, that in time
The Night as long might wrap-up either Clime.
Whether that God, made then, those goodly beames
Which guild the World, but not as now it seemes
Or whether else some other Lampe he kindled
Upon the Heape (yet all with waters blindled)
Which flying round about, gave light in order
To th'un-plac'd Climates of that deep disorder:

I, 501ff

The latter is one of the commonest formulations of the device in the work
(e.g., II, 1148ff; III, 177ff). Here Anaphora is used to enumerate observations
with an eye to contrastive proof:

The Earth receaves Man when he is first borne,
Th'Earth nurses him, and when he is forlorn
Of th'other Elements, and Nature loathes-him,
Th'Earth in her bosom with kind buriall cloathes-him.
Oft hath the Aire with Tempests set-upon-us,
Oft hath the Water with her Floods undone-us,
Oft hath the Fire (th'upper as well as ours)
With wofull flames consum'd our Townes and Towers:
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,
Unto makind is kind without offence;
Onely the Earth did never jot displace
From the first seate assign'd it by thy grace.

III, 449ff
Here, successive anaphoras distinguish the earth from its three brother elements. A similar formula is the "Sometimes ..." formula, employed frequently by Sylvester (e.g., II, 553ff). The most common formulations of symploce work along similar lines but are probably more absolute. Familiar proposition and counterproposition formulae are "Here/There" and "Th'One/Th'Other". In the Colonies, Du Bartas makes a series of pseudo-scientific judgements about kinds of peoples. He distinguishes the traits of Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, etc ..., beginning with a formulaic opposition of Northern and Southern man:

The Northern-man is faire, the Southern foule;
That's white, this black; that smiles, and this doth scoule:
Th'one's blyth and frolike, th'other dull and froward;
Th'one's full of courage, th'other fearfull coward;
Th'ones haire is harsh, big, curled, th'others slender;
Th'one loveth Labour, th'other Bookes doth tender:
Th'ones hot and moist, th'other hot and dry; etc...

Colonies, 575ff

The device can also effect excitement at an enormous universal variety, delighting in its enumeration:

Heere, in the night appeares a flaming Spire,
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;
Heere a bright Comet, there a burning Beame,
Heere flying Launces, there a Ferie Steame,
Heere seemes a horned Goat environ'd round
With Ferie -akes about the Aire i'o bound.

II, 664ff

Both devices, then, are essential to the instructive and to the listing function of the work. Both allow Du Bartas and Sylvester to pause at a subject of great moment. Their structural role is manifest: they subordinate the line or couplet to the greater immediacy of the enumeration at hand. Like effect may be achieved in parison without even the requirement of phonetic or lexical repetition: a series of questions phrased in a similar way
can resemble anaphora, and a series of questions and answers can resemble symploce (e.g., III, 846ff). James I and VI's poetical exercises include a number of imitations of Du Bartas that broadly anticipate — clumsily — Sylvester's manner of translation. The anaphora of this sonnet is rather typical of the device's ability to convey excitement, at the same time to fuse experience into one pattern of repetition:

The azur'd vaulte, the crystall circles bright,  
The gleaming fyrie torches powdred there,  
The changing round, the shyning beanie light,  
The sad and bearded fyres, the monsters faire:  
The prodigies appearing in the aire,  
The rearding Thunders, and the blustring winds,  
The foules, in hew, in shape, and nature raire,  
The prettie notes that wing'd musicians findes:  
In earth the Sav'rie floures, the mettal'd minds,  
The wholesome hearebes, the hautie pleasant trees,  
The sylver streames, the beasts of Sundrie kinds,  
The bounded roares, and fishes of the Seas:  
All these, for teaching man, the Lord did frame,  
To do his will, whose glorie shines in thane. 50

James' little sonnet might be regarded as a treatment in epitome of the larger subject of Les Semaines.

I prefer to regard the "whether/or" formula as catechistic for the most part, in purpose, serving in a pastor's manner to "awake a sleepy or dull person" to the rather dogmatic principles of the nature of the universe. If Du Bartas introduces Copernicus to his reader — as he does in IV, 135ff — it is to refute him, and so to magnify in the refutation a religious and scientific fact. A pertinent text on catechistic poetry is Stanley Fish's on Herbert, The Living Temple. In it, Fish suggests that critical indecision about whether to read Herbert's poetry as inevitable in manner or full of surprises is in fact an oversight to the presence of both, in a progression of question, mistaken answer, necessary correct answer:
The goal of the strategy is the self-discovery of the respondent, and in the service of that goal the catechist will employ any and all the techniques that make "some dialogues in Plato ... worth the reading": he will pose deliberately naive questions ("even containing in vertue the answer also"); he will take positions, not because he holds them, but in the hope that they will draw a corrective or completing response ("making what he knows serve him in that which he knows not"); he will, in short, do anything to "drive the Answerer" to the mark that has all the while been "in his mind".

For Du Bartas it is a foregone conclusion that the earth does not move around the sun. But he presents the Copernican proposition, even giving it force, with a comparison to reach the imaginations of any parishioner:

And we resemble Land-bred Novices
New brought aboard to venture on the Seas,
Who, at first launching from the shore, suppose
The ship stands still, and that the ground it goes.

IV, 149ff

What follows however is an emphatic scientific catechism in anaphora:

So, twinkling Tapers that Heav'n's Arches fill,
Equally distant should continue still.
So, never should an Arrow Shot upright,
In the same place upon the shooter light:
But would doo (rather) as at Sea, a stone
Aboard a Ship upward uprightly throwne,
Which not within-board falles, but in the Flood
A-stern the Ship, if so the wind be good.
So, should the Foules that take their nimble flight
From Western Marshes toward Mornings Light,
And Zephirus, that in the Summer-time
Delights to visit Eurus in his clime,
And Bullets thund'red from the Canons throat,
(Whose roaring drownes the Heav'nly thunders note)
Should seeme recoyle: sithens the quicke careere,
That our round Earth should daily gallop heere,
Must needs exceed a hundred-fold for swift,
Birds, Bullets, Winds; their wings, their force, their drift.

IV, 153ff

After dangling the Copernican carrot Du Bartas resolves the matter experientially. It can be that Du Bartas will introduce a theological red herring to
indeed show that it is a red herring and that more fundamentally important questions should be answered. When Du Bartas employs this technique he is by no means being anti-catechistic, rather, is reinforcing a vital catechistic point. This controversy is of a kind with those on the number of angels that sit on the head of a pin, until the poet rescues it; what results is a "corrective or completing response":

Whether This Day God made you (Angels bright)  
Under the name of Heav'n, or of the Light:  
Whether you were, after, in th'instant borne  
With those bright Spangles that the Heav'ns adorn:  
Or, whether you derive your high Descent  
Long time before the World and Firmament  
(For I nill stifly argue to and fro  
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;  
Especially, where curious search (perchance)  
Is not so safe as humble Ignorance):  
I am resolv'd that once th'Omnipotent  
Created you, immortall, innocent,  
Good, faire, and free; in briefe, of Essence such  
As from his owne differ'd not very much.

I, 589ff

It were as if Du Bartas, familiar with the raging published controversies of his age, tires of them, in the same way that we see John Donne tire of them in "The Second Anniversary".

Fish makes a useful point, that "the virtues of poetry and catechizing are the same: they do not allow the reader-auditor to be passive; he is 'found', he is 'discovered', he is drawn in, and once in, he is asked to make a sacrifice, that is, to perform both an act of holiness (a communion) and an act of submission". 52 According to Fish a seventeenth century catechism is a sophisticated manipulation of truths so as to keep a student thinking about these truths. And Du Bartas' encyclopedia takes on these manipulations in apparent controversy. Sylvester renders Du Bartas' prayer at the beginning of Divine Weeks:
And graunt therein, thy power I may discerne,
That teaching others, I my selfe may learne.

Poet and catechist are "Makers", constructing similar living temples. Says Lancelot Andrewes:

Hee which is to teach is likened to a builder: the principles of Religion are called a foundation; that must be digged deepe, till wee come to the Rocke, that our building may not be shallow upon the earth without foundation.53

This is a statement of typical patristic stamp. It is scripturally on solid foundations, as it were. Its relation to catechism is not insignificant; for, Les Semaines is plainly not an allegory (except in the loosest sense), and yet it is in part an instructive mechanism.

One helpful answer to the question Fish poses about finding the association automatic between a temple of poetry and a catechism 54 may come in Sylvester's Du Bartas, the Magnificence, 1211-1415: after he has built the instructive Temple (Magnificence, 1185-1210) Solomon proceeds formally to catechise the Queen of Sheba. This very act is the enacting in Solomon of the structural principles of the Temple. Solomon ably rises to the occasion, deflects and destroys the Queen's tests:

This Queen, yer parting, from her fragrant Iles,
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wyles,
T'apose the King; and she resolves she will
With curious Questions sift and sound his Skill.
But lo what Oedipus! The Law-learn'd Sage,
Which at the Bar hath almost spent his age,
Cannot so soon a common Doubt decide,
Where Statutes, Customs, and Book-Cases guide,
As hee dissolves her Gordian-knots, and sees
Through all her nights, and even at pleasure frees
Such Doubts, as doubt-les might have taskt, t'untwist,
The Brachman, Druide, and Gymnosophyst:

Magnificence, 1293ff
Solomon's wisdom is related to the three kinds of wisdom to be found in the structure of the Temple, each itself relating to an Old Testament text:

This Pattern pleas'd thee so, th'hast fram'd by it,
Th'eternall Watch-births of thy sacred Wit:
Thy pithie Book of Proverbs richly-grave,
Unto the PORCH may rich relation have:
For that it gives us Oeconomike Lawes,
Rules Politike, and Private civil Sawes;
And for (the most) those Lessons general
At Humane matters aime the most of all.
Ecclesiastes the mid-TEMPLE seems:
It treadeth down what ever Flesh esteems
Fair, pleasant, precious, glorious, good, or great;
Drawes us from earth, and us in Heaven doth seat;
And, all the World proclaiming Vain of Vains,
Mans happinesse in Gods true Fear maintains.
SANCTUM-SANCTORUM, is thy Song of Songs, Where, in Mysterious Verse (as meet belongs)
Thou Mariest Jacob to Heav'n's glorious King:
Where, thou (devoted) doost divinely sing
CHRIST'S and his CHURCHES Epithalamie:
Where (sweetly rapt in sacred Extasie)
The faith-ful Soule talks with her God immense,
Hears his sweet Voice, her self doth quintessence
In the pure flames of his sweet-pearcing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and Glory lies)
Enjoies her Joy, in her chaste bed doth kisse
His holy lips (the Love of Loves) her Blisse.
Magnificence, ll83ff

This kind of three part enlightenment is what we shall expect to find throughout Les Semaines, catechistic precept as well as instruction in "Humane matters", but transcendence only to the mystically atuned reader. We must not forget that our concern here is with the emphatic devices of anaphora and symploce, ones that assist catechistic precept just as they would in a sermon. Yet we must allow this train of thought to continue, for it will prove important to my argument.

At its catechistic moments Les Semaines offers the precepts of the Church-Porch. But these are more substantial than Fish assumes. They concern "Humane matters", politics, civil life, etc... These "Humane matters" number among them the lessonal nature that we shall discuss later, and the political, civil, and material controversies of the encyclopedia. They are
meant indeed to lead the reader in a thread-like (as Theseus through the Labyrinth) or chainlike manner to higher considerations. The intermediate (Ecclesiastes, the mid-Temple) of the mind over the flesh, of Christian policy, is the living in the human sphere of God's idea, so to speak; and is thus metaphor, the bringing of disparate objects together. Where metaphor, however, transcends thought and is perceived in poetic sounds and resonances, is transcendence. Precept, metaphor, and language and sounds which are innately hieroglyphic would in this scheme make up the perfect poem, as indeed they do in the Bible (this is again Northrop Frye's subject). I refer the reader once more to my notion of an allegorical language, to the notion of language as descriptive, as metaphorical, and ultimately as hieroglyph. The preceptual language appears in Les Semaines wherever we find the preceptual style; metaphorical language is perhaps self-evident; but the hieroglyph shall be a major concern in what follows. And since this last has to do with sounds the use of fusive rhetorical devices can be hieroglyphic.

Fish says: "The point of the catechistical instruction is to prepare the candidate to become one of those 'holy few', and it is important that he understand that the road to be traveled is a long and difficult one." Significantly, Du Bartas equates the Holy of Holies with the Song of Songs, in which the final marriage is given in singing, dancing terms, and the conceit is of sexual fulfilment. This final marriage is the marriage between Christ and his Church in the New Jerusalem.

Du Bartas' analogy between the architectural design and the poetic design of Scripture is of course fundamental to his own text, which is a kind of re-writing of Bible history and interpretation, which can never be finished, for its proper conclusion is the conclusion of all time. The analogy might be borne in mind in connection with the structure of Herbert's The Temple. Fish does not take his catechistic reading of Herbert's life undertaking far enough; or, rather, he doesn't penetrate fully the mid-Temple, and — faithfully — not at all the sanctum sanctorum. Herbert's "Church-Porch"
distinctly resembles the Book of Proverbs in its format and its preceptual style. Critics have been quick to observe this. It is perhaps easy to understand, even to countenance, criticisms of the "Church-Porch" as dull, for it is plainly admonitory, as a preceptual sermon is. The second part of Herbert's *The Temple* refers most strongly to the relation of man and God, drawing man, in Sylvester's terms "from earth, and us in Heaven doth seat". Its concern is the concern of any pastor, and the concern of Ecclesiastes, religious observance, and so takes up the most part of *The Temple*. The last section, "The Church Militant", is the most puzzling of the lot, according to some readings not being an integral part of the work. In Fish's view the only way in which *The Temple* could be complete, were if Herbert had an inscrutable insight into the Day of Last Judgement. This is my view exactly. The *Temple* is an unfinished poem in the same way that *Les Semaines* is an unfinished poem. The "Church Militant" is only a metaphor for the motion of faith on temporal earth. The battle of holiness and sin moves around the world from east to west, as the sun does, until the movement of holiness will complete its circle at the New Jerusalem. Herbert's is a geographical mapping of faith, leading from an opposition of eastern and western motions to an equation of east and west. All will end with the final militant trumpet. Herbert uses a geographical metaphor whose language in Sylvester and in Donne is, we shall see, hieroglyphic. This need not argue a dependence on Sylvester in Herbert's case, but does emphatically argue the same approach to the device of the Temple as a principle of poetic organisation.

As for Du Bartas, the practical instruction of the reader in "Humane matters" and the instruction in holy matters is indefatigable throughout. But he does not divide his work into a temple structure formally, except inasmuch as an history of creation follows such architecture (the world and man being baptised, growing to maturity, and then to contemplative age; indeed, a progress of the soul). Nor is Du Bartas' control of the catechistic technique as complete as Herbert's. But then again, Herbert does not have a
Anadiplosis and climax are also devices of geometrical form. In the case of anadiplosis a completed or partially completed thought is linked to a new thought, through repetition, from the end of the first to the beginning of the second sentence. The device is most frequently deployed between successive lines, but can link sentences within one line. It does not have the same transitional importance as it would, say, in Spenser's Faerie Queene, where stanza must fall into stanza and indeed canto into canto. But anadiplosis has a sophistication of its own in Les Semaines, equally in Divine Weeks. The device is progressive, enables Du Bartas and Sylvester to recast a thought with different emphasis. In the following passage we are at first given the physical reality of a flying sword, then a qualifying statement of its mysterious nature:

Now gan they flie, but all too slow to shunne
A flying Sword that follow'd every one.
A Sword they saw, but could not see the arme
That in one Night had done so dismall harme:
As we perceive a Wind-mills sayles to goe,
But not the Wind that doth transport them so.
1, 807ff

Or anadiplosis enables, as a delaying tactic, the poet to hold back his principal effect, to render it more emphatic:

Jewes (no more Jewes, no more of Abr'ham Sonnes,)
But Turks, Tartarians, Scythians, Lestrigons)
Say what you thought? What thought you, when so long
A flaming sword over your Temple hung:
ll, 844ff
Both are dramatic. The first delays the primary meaning in favour of a secondary one, and the second, having no secondary meaning, merely delays. Milton, accomplished in anadiplosis, employs both kinds in (e.g., Paradise Lost, II, 299ff; IX, 347ff). Generally, of the latter kind, which is purely emphatic — though structurally "you thought" is turned chiastically into "thought you" — little may be said. But the presence of two meanings in the former kind affords contrast or integration. And Sylvester, following Du Bartas, uses the device for such purposes; to pinpoint an antithesis, but more importantly to show an antithetical character in one subject, or, conversely, that two or more characters may have one subject:

Seas Sov'raintesse, sleepe-bringer, Pilgrims guide,
Peace-loving Queene: what shall I say beside?
What shall I say, of thine inconstant brow,
Which makes my brain to waver I wot not how?
IV, 707ff

Here the moon, given several designations, is described as peaceful and sleep-inducing, but also contrarily as mentally disruptive, insipirer of lunacy. In a similar anadiplosis chaos is put into opposition with the "rich Matter and the Matrix" of God's creative pattern. The verb is cleverly inverted and the auxilliary verb is repeated emphatically to describe the immediacy of the change.

I meane that Chaos, that selfe-jarring Masse,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was
Was the rich matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns should issue, and the Elements.
II, 49ff

The enjambement is actually a stutter, the enjambement of the succeeding line held up by a forced pause, from where the sense and the very words issue. The lines are one after another thrown heavily onto their ends, but these are inconclusive until the catalogue of what, when, how is complete and the
the issuing is completed in the zeugma of the last line. The antithesis between chaos and form is fundamental to Les Semaines; Here anadiplosis enforces the distinction between "nothing was" with its postponed auxilliary and the enactive "was" and the change from nothing to creation is as quick as the movement from line's end to line's beginning. The ability of the device to show two sides to one subject is its service to Divine Weeks — sometimes with an oxymoronic result. Within the uniqueness of one word or phrase, in repetition can be contained a multiplicity as unnumbered as the "Ocean sand" (IV, 183). And anadiplosis is, not surprisingly, common in Divine Weeks.

Climax tends to establish relationships of kinship between more than two subjects. Climax describes the chain of relationships essential to the Bartasian world view that anadiplosis implies must exist. Anadiplosis indicates the phenomenon and climax describes the process. The relationship in climax may be as simple as the line,

Give Peace unto my Soule, soule unto my Rimes

where somewhere at the source of Du Bartas' rhymes is an inner peace. The relationship may be more complex, and the climax may serve to explain or justify the equal necessity of all of the parts of the chain:

Enriching shortly with his springing Crop,
The Ground with greene, the Husband-man with hope,
The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,
The reed an eare, the eare another seed:
The seed, to shut the wastfull Sparrow's out
In Harvest, hath a stand of Pikes about...

The development is not only circular here, but of necessary sequence. And the progress is never-ending. Every function and detail in nature, it shows, is essential, because God's design ordains it so. From a small seed comes a long stalk. Large and mighty are not independent of small and powerless.
Each in fact plays his part. A king cannot be a king without a kingdom, or a shepherd without his flock. The antithesis framed by a small fountain and brook and a vast, "illimitable sea" is qualified by the very kinship of the two opposites:

Giving more roome, at length from rockie Mountains
She (night and day) powers forth a thousand Fountaines,
These Fountains make fresh brooks (with murmur'ring corrents)
These murmur'ring Brooks, the swift and violent torrents;
These violent torrents, mighty Rivers; These
These Rivers make the vast, deepe, dreadfull Seas.
III, 137ff

These lines are as evocative of the Bartasian spirit, as "well wrought" as any in Divine Weeks. The chain-like relationship of the parts whose ends are antithetical, expressed by the device, can be easily carried even into the mechanics of man's postlapsarian imitation of God's creative chain; where the stormy wind meets a "readie" mill and from this harshness emerges "flowerie cornes":

Now, as the Winde huffing upon a Hill
With roaring breath against a readie Mill,
Whirles with a whiffeth the sailes of swelling clout,
The sailes doo swing the winged shaft about,
The shaft the wheele, the wheele the trendle turnes,
And that the stone which grinds the flowerie cornes:
IV, 321ff

Sylvester continues the analogy of the mechanical chain by referring to that most typical of machines, a clock, which works, by the counterpoise of opposite weights ("Just counter-poise", IV, 328). According to God's mechanism the opposite ends of the chain converge on one another and the chain forms a circle. Geometrically, the figure is infinite. For the poet, the device of climax is the way of imitating God's mechanism. An excellent example of this imitation of mechanism may be found in Donne's "The Second Anniversary" in which the very theme is the cyclical progress of the world's and man's soul
from the Fall, the dignity of man in the Fall, the Deluge, regeneration in inspired verse until a "Gods great Verite" (line 44):

Yet in this Deluge, grosse and generall,
Thou seest mee strive for life; my Life shalbe,
To bee hereafter prais'd, for praysing thee,
Immortal Mayd, though thou wouldst refuse
The none of Mother, be unto my Muse,
A Father ... 30ff

From a scene of death comes a striving for life; rhetorically, in the repeated "life" is being; from the repeated "bee" comes a redemptory praise, which metamorphoses from the repeated "praisings", into a cycle of verse, perpetuated in its continuous readings by new generations until Armageddon. A still more pointed example of the fusing cyclical capacity of the device is Swifts, in The Battle of the Books:

War begets Poverty,
Poverty peace;
Peace maketh riches flow,
(Fate ne'er doth cease.)
Riches Produceth Pride,
Pride is War's ground,
War begets Poverty, fe:
(The World) goes round.

Of epizeuxis John Hoskyns says, it "is not to be used but in passion".63 By this reckoning Du Bartas and Sylvester must have been passionate writers. Rhetorically, in fact, neither confines the figure to passion. Both are apt to use epizeuxis for purposes of emphasis. This is particularly true in respect of the repeated definite and indefinite articles, so common in Du Bartas' lists. Epizeuxis also has structural capabilities, in that it can act, like climax, to link two halves of a line, sometimes disparate thoughts, suggesting one link of the chain of climax. Ploce does this on a larger scale, weaving a word through a passage as if it were a thread holding that passage together. It is therefore not insignificant that Du Bartas and Sylvester prefer to develop ploces of
quantitative adjectives that are descriptive of the cosmos or of the uniqueness of the cosmos, words like "all" and "one"; or similarly descriptive adverbs such as "ever" or "always".

But all this All did once (of nought) begin.
Once All was made; not by the hand of Fortune
(As fond Democritus did yerst importune)
With jarring Conords making Motes to meete,
Invisible, immortall, infinite.
Th'im mutable devine decree, which shall
Cause the Worlds End, caus'd his originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the same,
But in the instant when Time first became.
I meane a Time, nor yet before the same,
But in the instanty when Time first became.
I meane a Time confused; for the course
Of yeares, of monthes, of weekes, of dayes, of howers,
Of Ages, Times, and Seasons is confin'd
By th'ordred Daunce unto the Starres assign'd.
Before all Time, all Matter, Forme and Place;
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light,
All Majestie, all-selfe-Omnipotent,
Invisible, impassive, excellent,
Pure, wise, just, good, God raign'd alone at rest,
Himselfe alone selfes Pallace, hoast and guest.

Here the ploce on "all" depends — in a Miltonian sense — on the creation of "jarring concords"; as little far-flung nothings — "Motes" — become all, infused with the triple spirit of God. All is a significant completion word. A quick glance at many of the poems quoted in this work will possibly indicate the fashion for plocing the word. We may cite as examples lines from Donne's "The Second Anniversary" (lines 27ff), or the concluding stanza of Thomas Traherne's "News". Compare Herbert's "Trinity Sunday"; Keat's "Ode on a Grecian Urn". Note the "jarring concords" of the passage. Sylvester composes end-rhymes with the syllable "-all" ("shall/original"), and he uses the syllable again in internal rhyme (albeit, weakly, in "in invisible, immortall", "immutable"). Out of nothing comes all; God then introduces Time, and Sylvester ploces this word. Following Du Bartas, he echoes Ovid, dividing time into its component parts, then re-uniting them — importantly — in a primal dance. Then
Sylvester renews the ploce on "all", effecting a chain-link between the contrary notions of time and the tripartite.

Immutable, immortall, infinite.

We have already talked about this formulation, and about the play on "God" in "good". The sequence of ploce, new ploce, and return to original ploce is a chain-link one, but one that folds back on itself; it would become circular had it more than two defined points (in Euclidian geometry). But the fusion of the points on a bending line into one complete circle is just what Sylvester achieves in the passage-ending oxymoronic figure — made unique by the word "selfes", a commonplace word in Divine Weeks. 65

Epanalepsis, in which line begins and ends with the same word, encourages the process of folding back described in the passage above. The device combines with and is akin to chiasmus, a structural, or phonemic crossing over. While epanalepsis is uncommon in Divine Weeks, chiasmus is a familiar Sylvestrian game. It describes structurally a mirror-like inversion that sounds and is visually antithetical, and which is most convenient to Sylvester's fusive mission. Justus Lawler explores chiasmus transcendentally. 66 The figure of course geometrically describes a cross, but Lawler likens this cross to a completed circle, and the game of chiasmus to an evocation of the completed circle of coitus and, more signally for our purposes, of all creation. Creation is itself a moving circle, its defining motion not complete until the Last Judgement, when the unity of the prelapsarian is recomposed, and time fused. This it seems to me is the theme of Les Semaines; and Sylvester is, we have noted, amazingly faithful to this scheme in his every scheme (A play on words he would appreciate). If we may recall Arthos, Sylvester's "translation is not literal, but one might say that his imagination was". 67 The theme is exemplified in the device, for example, by this fusing of the being with the act:
A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not yet.
I, 283f

But the device is not infrequent (e.g., IV, 478; V, 939; Imposture, 4), and its presence makes the poet as much a "Maker", in analogy, as God.

Lawler cites the oxymorons of Faerie Queene, III, 10-60, for instance, and Keat's famous conclusion to "Ode on a Grecian Urn", the conceit of which bears interesting relation to Donne's in "The Canonization". Lawler talks in familiar neo-Platonic and Christian doxological as well as numerological terms of the triad being — through the leap of metaphor — the One. I argue the predominance of metaphor over simile in the encyclopedia on the grounds that metaphor fuses and simile diffuses; Lawler explains the chiastic process in this way:

I turn now, not without some hesitation because it has been the subject of deadly debate, to the last chiastic pattern in this discussion:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Without getting into the welter of glosses, voluminous if not always luminous, this passage has inspired or motivated, I would offer a clarification consonant with the overall thesis being established here. The structure is chiastic, indicative, again, of man's congenital confusion about the relationship of polarities; the structure is also rhopalic after the fashion of the "decrescendo" analyzed in chapter 1. The direction is from three terms to two terms, that is, from some separation of the poles to a closer linkage of them; from the triadic (beauty-is-truth) to the dual (truth-beauty), and then to the singular unity, which is the real goal. But the latter proves to be impossible of attainment. Hence the break: " — ". To merge truth-beauty (one may conceive the latter as a kind of portmanteau term) into perfect oneness requires the leaping of that gap; it requires the greatest of "one's grand flights" beyond the domain of separability, through the medium of "easeful death" (the passing of Arthur, the martyrdom of Charles) into the domain of oneness. ("To overcome dualism would be to rise from the dead", says one of Norman O. Brown's aphorisms.) Thus, in the most exact sense, "all we know on earth" is that we can bring opposites together (on the vital level by what is called copulation, and on the poetic level by what is called metaphor) in a kind of momentary
satisfying conjunction; however, we cannot fuse them into a real and permanent union until we are no longer "on earth" but — to use traditional language — "in heaven".  

In the Keats poem an awful lot of meaning rests on the word "All". We might equally note the endings or beginnings of a good many of Herbert's heavily structured poems (see for e.g., "Clasping of hands"). What is interesting about Lawler's discussion of the device is the relation that he apprehends between copulation and metaphor — and ultimately creation (Logos). For us, the phoenix and the hermaphrodite and watchword terms like "Antipodes" are perfect examples of fusion in all of these categories. The returning, circular principle is only implied in epanalepsis as geometrically epanalepsis has only the base point, a departure to a point other than the base point, and the return, defining two points in all. But when the device makes use of a pun — here, antanaclasis — to achieve fusion the strength can be two-fold, in that not only does the diverging line converge, but two meanings come together in one sound. Sylvester takes an all-too-little understood delight in the game:

But rather, as the thorough-seasoned But
   Eden, 51

But Donne's forestalling in "Love's Infiniteness", "Yet I would not have all yet", because of the word "all" with its suggestion of completion and unity, is stronger, is indicative of something vigourously circular and infinite. Apposite might be the rhyme scheme of "The Canonization", which has each stanza begin and end with the word "love". Love is all, and love is circle (see below). Perhaps one of Donne's greatest debts to Sylvester — and these debts are many (see below) — lies in his heavily structured and symbolic use of rhetorical figures of repetition.

What we may call the repetitional figures of meaning, that is, agnominatio (or polyptoton), paronomasia, antanaclasis, syllepsis, are so because they rely
on word change or substitution and thus on a change in meaning. Agnominatio is one of the commonest devices of repetition in Les Semaines. The figure is made of a fixed root repeated with different prefixes and suffixes and is used most often to adduce opposing qualities of a single subject or meaning: its common prefixes and suffixes are those which either positively re-assert the word — in Sylvester, "re-", "er", "-est" — and those which oxymoronically undo it by negating it, usually counterpoising in the same line — "dis-", "un-", "less". These prefixes and suffixes are characteristic of Sylvester's style, especially the prefix "un-" (see for e.g., I, 278ff). They make of agnominatio a device of oxymoron: (e.g., II, 129f; Ark, 169; VII, 370; Handy-Crafts, 159).

In re-asserting, agnominatio uses present and past participle endings, and adverbal endings, with the effect being to transfer to or away from a past or ongoing occurrence (e.g., VI, 443f). But for the most part the figure emphasises either antithesis or oxymoron, in either instance arguing diffusion and fusion of experience. One related use of the device bears mentioning. This is the use of two agnominatios in chiasmus, in which a line folds back upon itself, and its meaning as well:

Maiime the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezeç:
Captains, 1251

But full of faithfull Zeale and zealous Faith,
Captains, 535

In the first of these the formidable distinction between a king and a kingling is rounded by the adjuration, to maim the one as the other had been maimed. In the second, faithful zeal and zealous faith are equated, so that adjective and noun are fused. Faith comes to equal zeal. Double agnominatios occur
throughout *Divine Weeks*, as a phonetic game, and as a structural equation of the winding, curvilinear, endless motion of Du Bartas' poetry. Other examples are:

That 'twill be seene, before fore-seene of most.

1, 416

(Which, sugred Mel, or melled Sug'rt yield)

Law, 830

This device is not, nor are any of them, gratuitous, but an "untwisting" and the twisting again of the "chains that ty/The hidden soul of harmony" (Milton, "'l'Allegro", 143f), so that, for example, Sylvester's melifluous

sings, and singing seeketh where

V, 653,

which is as structured perhaps as those that Tillotson reads in Augustan poetry, undulates (a chain-link perhaps, but only the hint complete circle here) as a chain that "seeketh" the next and succeeding lines (cp., Milton, "'l'Allegro", 42). Nor is it mere play when John Donne summarises the sad "untwisted" circle of his life:

John Donne, Anne Donne, un-done

Paronomasia and antan-clasis differ only in that the fusion they create is exclusively of meaning. Of the paronomasias some vitally relate to Du Bartas' fusive theme. Tillotson, without identifying the figure, points out Sylvester's
O King of grassie and of glassie Plains.
III, 13,

one imitated by Benlowes for its rhetorical force (Theophila, xii, 109: "Lord of all grassie and all glassie Plains"). Of this Tillotson says: "Sylvester is here the happy theologian and poet, remarking a likeness between English words that matches a likeness between two great items in the creation."\(^73\)

Equally important examples are manifold throughout. A tree need not only have boughs, but these may be given the human ability to bow (Handy-Crafts, 197). In the instance, trees are not like people, but equated with people. The device enables Sylvester to make the perspicuous reader privy to the secret structural organisation of his poem, and to that great plan of the harmony of words. Words, after all, are of primal association with creation; and Du Bartas and Sylvester give the reader a non-caballistic, yet still a mysterious way of reading the creative word or book:

To read this Booke, we needenot understand
Each Strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turkes Caracters, nor Hebrue Points to seeke,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of Greeke,
The wandring Tartars, the Antartikes wilde,
Th'Alarbies fierce, the Scithians fell, the Childe
Scarce seav'n yeare old, the bleared aged eye,
Though void of Arte, read heere indifferently.
But he that weares the spectacles of Faith,
Sees through the Spheres above their highest heigth:
He comprehends the'Arch-moover of all Motions,
And reades (though running) all these needfull Notions.
Therefore, by Faith's pure rayes illumined,
These sacred Pandects I desire to read;
And, God the better to behold, behold
Th'Orbe from his birth, in's Ages manifold.
I, 185ff

The secret is sacred; the very formulation is Sylvester's most common paronomasia in Divine Weeks, occurring some one dozen times (by my count) (e.g., Colonies, 495; Magnificence, 375), arguing the inscrutability of the sacred pattern of Creation.
Impossible or seemingly impossible relationships may be made with paronomasia, pointing just to God's inscrutable natural design. The sun, a piercing member of the mechanism, the chain of relationships, can be made to "shun" and to weep at an event of such diabolical proportions as the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre (ILL, 617f). An unsavoury but necessary part of nature can be seen analogistically, and can be linked with a native sweetness: for instance, the perfume of the civit induces the expression "sweat-sweet civit". Donne, no doubt remembering Sylvester — perhaps humourously — refers to "sweet sweat".

When paronomasia reveals a sun that shuns, it is being in part — metaphorically, that is — oxymoronic. At once in our sensibilities a thing can inspire dual boldness and temerity. The consequences of a disposition, good or bad, are also shown in the figure, as if automatically determined — form in creation, with the copulative verb, all of a sudden being. Confused hope is pointless:

With addle hope, and idle Confidence
Decay, 555

And, along with the paronomasia, the line is so structured as to counterpoise (down, up, down, up) and to resemble the Virgilian "golden" line. The second half of the line literally and figuratively depends (again in the Miltonic sense, though equally in a modern sense) on the first half. Similarly, in battle the distinction between mere praise and the prize of victory is huge, and a simple freak dis-arming can mean a disappointment that does not justify the praise of war:

While Nergal speeds his Victory too-fast,
His hooks dis-pointed dis-appoint his haste;
Prevent him, not of praise, but of the Prize
Which (out of doubt) he did his owne surmise.
Decay, 893ff
The passage represents an immediate fusion of opposing sensibilities, so that the sacred and the secret are to be read in the pages of one book, that of knowledge-inspiring Faith. It may be read finally in the chiastic paronomasias discussed above:

Raysing poor Vertue, razing proudest Vice
Colonies, 849

And this line also is exquisitely divided and "golden".

The difference between paronomasia and antanaclasis is that antanaclasis relies on a fairly arbitrary set of homonyms and cannot rise to a thematic occasion as often or with such secret/sacred force as paronomasia. Well-deployed, its ability to fuse is no less pointed. What often appears to be no more than a rhetorician's cleverness is in fact a structured imitation of the dancing unity of the work. In the line,

Fair rose this Rose with Truth a new-springing r-ades
III, 634

The verb "rose" leads to the substantive "Rose" which is said to be the source of "Truth", another substantive, itself verbally "new-springing". The turning from verb to noun to noun to verb — a chiasmus — is also a turning from action to state and from state to action. Both verbs express a similar action. Action is phonetically equal to state at first (rose/Rose), and through a weak paronomasias state is equal to state (Rose/raies). What reads geometrically as a circle, through chiasmus, begins to look more like a wave, or radiating circle.

The pun, syllepsis, is restricted in the same way as antanaclasis. But syllepsis does have the capacity to present a secret which must be decoded to be understood. "Idol" can suggest to the attuned, "idle" (e.g., VII, 103, 107; Decay, 491). "Pearls" and all earthly trinkets are actually "perils"
(Magnificence, 110). Christ, in ancient tradition, is metonymically both a Son and a Sun (VII, 534). And so on. For Sylvester, a personal reflection: Essex is not to be "ESSEX told" for his virtues than for his achievements (V, 957).

We may conclude from this that though Du Bartas and Sylvester are disposed towards repetitional devices for their own sake, these have a prominent role to play in the formal structuring of line and of thought in Les Semaines and Divine Weeks. Not only are Sylvester's couplets roughly the antecedent of Pope's couplet, but they lie in part behind his Euclidian geometry. Tillotson says: "Their kind of verbal manipulation was improved, until in Pope a couplet will often suggest a figure in Euclid, its vowels and consonants, its sense-oppositions and sense-attractations, fitted together like arcs and lines." Where is the difference? Why do we enjoy Pope and sometimes rebel — if we have bothered to read him — against Sylvester? The difference may lie as Tillotson points out, in an awareness of kind, and as well in an attempt to overstep the mud made of poetic diction by the burlesque. Nor would I suggest that the late Augustans owed directly to Sylvester. Quite likely style was something re-transmitted to poetry by the devoted readers of Virgil and Lucretius; though it knew Sylvester's descendant, Milton, as well. Moreover, the geometry that served a teleological purpose in which Sylvester sincerely believed, was not the same as the geometry that served a rule of poetic diction and its structuring. Tillotson refers metaphorically to the arcs in Pope to describe poetic style. Du Bartas and Sylvester use this poetic style to describe creation and the style creative principle as they believed in it.

Donne and the metaphysicals shared to some degree Sylvester's teleology; and Donne and Herbert in particular, it seems to me, enjoyed the fusing capacity of the repetitional devices we have discussed. Whereas late Augustan poetry preferred the device of epizeuxis which divided line and did not work between couplets, Donne had no lasting commitment to the couplet, and made use of device multifariously. McFarland observes, "no poet in the
age uses antanaclasis and other figures of repetition contiguously and as often and with such force as does Donne. I think I have disputed the generalisation without disturbing the thrust of the statement. Milton too, having no inordinate fondness for the couplet, and no devotion to end-rhyme, made use of the larger figures as well as the smaller. The relation of these figures to weighted and antithetical phrasing is something that Milton possibly learned from Sylvester; but Milton was much more careful, and, something Sylvester never really learned to be, subtle.
CHAPTER 5

HIEROGLYPHIC LANGUAGE AND IMAGERY (THE METAPHYSICAL WIT)

1. Antithesis: Unity in Opposition

In Du Bartas' development of line and narrative often rely on the spur of opposition:

Tempeste sans tempeste, et pour nous abismer,
Vomissent enronflant une mer dans la mer.
V, 853f

The opposition is more forceful in Sylvester's translation:

Or whatever other Monster haunts
In stormlesse seas, raising a storm about.
V, 907f

From Homer and Virgil, the raising of a storm can be regarded as an inversion of the natural order of things. Virgil, for instance creates an image, in the Aeneid, of waves being so disproportionate as to lash the stars, defying gravity (III, 423). The storm and the calm complement one another; at their extremes they are equally unnatural, and either can act as a foil for a natural state. In the above two lines from Divine Weeks the word "stormlesse", with its negative suffix, is a rhetorical precondition for the raising of a "storm", and thus for the figuring in agnominatio. The figure is a connotative example of what Cleanth Brooks suggests is the modifying capacity of words in poetry:

The tendency of science is necessarily to stabilize terms, to freeze them into strict denotations; the poet's tendency is by contrast disruptive. The terms are continually modifying each other, and thus violating their dictionary meanings.
Brooks is perhaps mistaken about the nature of scientific enquiry — which may, at the pure level, be disruptive — but his judgement of poetry is valid, and true especially of Sylvester's Du Bartas. Northrop Frye gives this power of words a religious capacity to confirm a doubt in what he calls "creative doubt", applying the term to a Bible which he feels is dedicated — like all poetry — to expanding consciousness.\(^3\) Sylvester's calm seas are present in the first instance to put into relief the storms that can be artificially made by sea monsters. A monster's artifice can "raise" a storm from nothing; its artifice is modelled on God's art, which also raises storms. The agnominatio in Sylvester's lines magnifies the creative act. An heaven-spurred storm in Vaughan's "The Storm" is rhetorically promoted in much the same way, but with negative prefixes:

Thus the enlarged, enraged air
uncalms these to a flood

Vaughan's lines begin with a forced emphasis on the prefix "en", which is then modified in the second line to "un-", creating an unusual verb, "uncalms". The curiousness of the verb foregrounds it, making the storm a creation. Donne uses the same procedure as Vaughan in The Progress of the Soul (st. 32).\(^4\) The rhetoric of agnominatio involves itself intimately with the preconditioning quality of antithesis.

The one word for which Du Bartas pointedly apologises in Les Semaines is "Antiperistasis"; the defence is a kind of loose antithesis in its own right, an awareness of its possible impropriety and a justification of it on the very grounds of propriety. The word explains the foil-like capacity of antithesis:

'Tis (doubtlesse) this Antiperistasis,
(Bear with the Word, I hold it not Amisse
T'adopt sometimes such strangers for our use,
When Reason and Necessitie induce:
As namelie where our Native Phrase doth want
A word so forcefull and significant)

II, 464ff
The word is brashly new (an OED first citation). It means, says Goulart, "contrary circumstances"; this is true, but scarcely helpful. It explains scientifically the effects of extreme opposition in nature. Hot is made hotter when juxtaposed with cold. But it also determines an extreme opposition in which sensibilities are inverted, cold producing heat, heat cold. Bacon talks about the quality in *Novum Organum*—"... instances in proximity where the nature of heat is absent" — and again in II, xxvii. Poetically this antithesis has a long lineage; it may be found in Virgil, for instance: *ne ... Boreae penetrabile frigus adurat* ("That the north wind's piercing cold may not scorch them", *Georgics*, I, 921).

Aristotle's rhetorical analysis of antithesis is certainly correct within its own terms:

... Contraries are easily understood and even more so when placed side by side, and also because antithesis resembles a syllogism, for it is by putting opposing conclusions side by side that you refute one of them.

Aristotle's understanding of antithesis refers to its display in a shaped line of poetry, certainly to shaped oratory; and the emergence of the alexandrine couplet in France in the sixteenth century may have encouraged a like formal, useful, antithesis. Aristotle's line is apparently to find dissimilitude out of the similitude of comparison. And this is a logical step of applied science, to test. But poetry is different. Even Aristotle prefers to regard poetic meaning as the finding of similitude in dissimilitude. If antithesis is used in poetry dissimilitude comes to mean opposition. The metaphorical result is a creation of one entity out of an explosion — in Koestlerian terms — out of opposition. And this is where antiperistatic science becomes serviceable to poetry. In Du Bartas, because cold makes hot seem hotter, it may be said to define hot in a way that the mean cannot and may thus be seen as a metonymy for it. Geometrically, the continuum of hot and cold would have to be represented
as a circle in which cold begins by being strikingly different from hot, but as it becomes extreme it resembles extreme heat. The adjective extreme itself defines the unity and is opposed only relativistically to the non-opposite mean.

The preconditioning quality of antithesis in *Les Semaines* can be likened to a mother giving birth to a child, but instead of from female to male or female the birth-giving is as from positive to negative, or negative to positive. The frequency of the devices of agnominatio, anaphora, and symploce in the work is some indication of the antithetical, birth-giving character of Du Bartas' — and Sylvester's — approach to metaphor and narrative line. The large number of "less" and "-full" ending adjectives, and of "un-" and "dis-" beginning adjectives in *Divine Weeks*, seems also to indicate the rounding of opposition. Such qualifying adjectives are the rhetorical mothers of their opposites. But these are added flesh and it is in the generative images and concepts and their opposite offspring that *Les Semaines* and *Divine Weeks* most anticipate the metaphysical strain in English poetry. Not the least of antithetical relations seized upon by Du Bartas is that of the soul and the body, the two mutually hostile components of man:

... a Seraphin, that bore
A waving sword, whose bodie shined bright,
Like flaming comet in the midst of night,
A bodie meerely Metaphysical,
Which (differing little from the ONE unicall,
Th'Act-simple-pure, the onlie-beeing BEEING,)
Approcheth matter, n'etheslesse, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is so made
So meerely spirit, that, not the murdering blade,
His joyned quantitie can part in two,
For pure it cannot Suffer ought, but Doe.  

*Imposture*, 636ff

This extract explores the gulf that lies between body and soul, a metaphysical gulf. The angel can mysteriously approach matter, but is unmixed of it. It has none of the solid and fluid of "matter mixt"; rather, is immaterial, spirit. For Du Bartas, all things in nature are material lodgings for a soul. It is in
seeing the souls of all things — even of the world — as "kindred spirits"
(analogistically) that metaphysical poets are "metaphysical". Physical dispropor-
tions in Du Bartas and in the metaphysical baroque, or dissimilitudes — or even
opposites — may be over-leapt because of a spiritual likeness that spreads neo-
Platonically from the world as a whole to all of its members, including man.
Perhaps it would be of value here to remember Dr. Johnson on the passionate
concern of the metaphysical poets with a progressive unity in opposition:

A suggestive word in Johnson's not incorrect attack is the adjective "occult",
which implies a wit shared by these poets and not by Dr. Johnson. But, surely,
after the initial shock of an image — a desired effect — the wit is not entirely
inscrutable; and expresses the faith of the mystic.

One difference between Du Bartas and Sylvester, and the rest of the meta-
physical pack is in genre. Du Bartas' epic forces upon him an almost Virgilian
concern with narrative line. Donne, on the other hand often suffers only the
exigencies of his conceit. This difference in kind (superstructure) has probably
tended to obscure the similarities that do exist between Sylvester and Donne
and subsequent metaphysical poetry. We have seen at the beginning of this
section Sylvester translate a storm that uprises only out of exact calm, as a
rhetorical necessity. Donne is fixated on a notion like Ignatius Loyola's, that
"no storm is so insidius as a perfect calm", as a matter of antiperistatic defi-
nition: for Donne a calm is almost always like a storm. In two poems to
Christopher Brooke, "The Storm" and "The Calme", the first lines of the latter
effect a synthesis of the two poems:
Our storme is past, and that storms tyrannous rage,
A stupid calme, but nothing it, doth swage;
The fable is inverted, and farre more
A blocke afflicts, now, then a storke before.

Donne tells us pointedly that "The fable is inverted"; indeed, our expectations are inverted, thrown upside-down. It were surely as if "The Storme" had been designed as a disturbing foil for this far stormier calm. The antithesis of the opening lines of "The Calme" may differ in fact from those of Du Bartas and Sylvester quoted above, but they illustrate a predominating philosophical aspect of Les Semaines, that may have been transmitted as a poetic concern to Donne by Sylvester.

The proverbial "calm before a storm" is inverted in Donne's two poems, but the sense of the generation of opposites lying in the proverb and figured in agnominatio in Sylvester becomes the very subject of "The Calme":

We can nor lost friends, nor sought foes recover,
But meteorlike, save that we move not, hover.
Onely the calenture together draws
Dear friends, which meet dead in great fishes jaws:
And on the hatches as on altar lies
Each one, his owne priest, and owne sacrifice.

Friends beget foes; the metaphor of motion, in the compound "meteorlike", begets motionlessness. The rhetorical antithesis verges on oxymoron, but its meaning is so intense as to produce something near paradox. "Meteorlike" conjures not merely motion, but shooting motion, save of course "that we move not"; but it is also an intellectual conjuring in Donne, completed by the oppositional, line-ending word, standing aloof, "hover". We, like meteors, are a thing of space. Similarly, Sylvester's angel is metaphysical, like a "flaming Comet" caught motionless "in the midst of night". The struggle between motion and fixed stability in Donne is perhaps further glossed by this antithetical passage from Crashaw's "To the Noblest and Best of Ladies":

2ff
Almighty love! end this long war,  
And of a meteor make a star.  
Oh, fix this faire indefinite...

29-319

Crashaw's prayer to love is almost a thing of futility, since to "fix this faire indefinite" were to destroy it. For his part, Donne recognises a "fair indefinite" not only in a fixed hovering, but in an animating heat which prefigures the coldness of death. The play on the hot fever of love and the hot calentures of men caught motionless in a rank, stagnant sea, is brought together with the chill of death. Thomas Carew takes up the word-play in his poem "Upon the Sickness of E.S.":

Under whose shadow let her rest secure  
From chilling cold or burning calenture:  
Unless she freeze with ice of chaste desires.

Love is the culprit; as with Crashaw above, there are two kinds of love, a warm indefinite, and a cold almighty one. The near oxymoron "chaste desires" suggests the incompatability of the two. From Petrarchan poetry love is a warm desire — feverish — which culminates in the figurative death of sexual intercourse. The likening of lovemaking, which is regenerative, to death is itself antiperistatic. From the Christian tradition a chaste love leads to freedom from death only in death.

Donne's final image —

"Each one, his owne Priest, and owne sacrifice"

— owes directly neither to the Christian nor the Petrarchan tradition; rather, I believe, to a number of oxymorons in Divine Weeks which point analogisti-cally to heavenly love and afterlife. These explore the paradox of one person being both sacrificer and sacrifice. It is a paradox that pervades the Fathers,
for instance, in which Abraham is at first an "inconstant neuter" (240) enduring the "counter-puffs" of the artificially opposed love of his son and the love of his God. Abraham comments at one point on the paradox of his son carrying the fagot for his own sacrifice: "Both Priest and Beast of one same Sacrifice" (301). The line reads startlingly like Donne's. We shall examine this formula more closely. For the moment it is important to appreciate the synthesis of antithesis in Sylvester's Du Bartas and parallelly in Donne; geometrically, the convergence that arises from divergence, something approaching the device of synoeciosis. If I may employ a Renaissance commonplace, the foil of antithesis gives definition to the stone of the narrative tenor; but at its farthest extreme, through a metonymic principle, the foil can reflect, actually equal or outshine the stone.  

In Elegy IX Donne says, "I hate extrems", but the "creative doubt" renders this a too honest baring of the soul to be believed: for, later in the same poem Donne refers yet again to the cradle and the tomb. In fact, Donne enjoys extremes, however be they, in terms of oxymoronic imagery or in terms of scientific description. Yoked extremes particularly of birth and death, are something that we shall argue owes generally in Donne to Divine Weeks.

II. Androgyny: Sexual and Celestial Fusion

Alluma pour guider son nud Leandre a bord
Au lieu du feu d'amour la torche de la mort
V, 917ff

Whear love-blind Heros haplesse diligence,
In steed of Loves lampe, lighted Deaths cold brand,
To waft Leanders naked limbes to land:
V, 978ff
Du Bartas emphasises rhetorically the synthesis of love (a life-giving thing) and death in a way that Sylvester cannot. For he flings together these flames with a unifying paronomasia ("d'amour/dela mort") that cannot be equalled in the English language. But Sylvester's divided line matches the rhetorical antithesis of the original alexandrines, and the unity-out-of-opposition of subject by retaining the apposite "lampe" and "brand". Love is replaced by death; the warmth — the heat — of love is countered by an oxymoronic "cold brand". Du Bartas' vehicle — contextually in an epic digression on chaste love — is the classical story of Hero and Leander. Both original and translation hint at the eroticism of the story — "Leanders naked limbes" — and its consumptive consummation — "Heros hap-less diligence". Marlowe's treatment of the story, in Hero and Leander, betrays a love which on one side is only cold infatuation with beauty. The image is of equally cold eroticism, if that is possible. In Les Semaines the digression only stands to serve a greater digression, contrastingly about chaste love. The digression proper is introduced in reference to a story of opposite theme. It is about the mutual love of an eagle and a woman, concluding finally in a surrogate climax of death. Du Bartas apostrophises on the immortality that they will achieve in his verse; which Sylvester renders thus:

O happie Payer upon your sable Toombe,  
May Mel and Manna ever showring come;  
May sweetest Mirtles ever shade your Herse,  
And evermore live you within my Verse.  
V, 1083ff

The immortality suggested in the lines is one expression of the oxymoron "dead-live" (e.g., V, 943). Simon Goulart defends Du Bartas' short narrative of love, and its last, self-indulgent line, by referring vaguely to an earlier precedent in Virgil — Fortunati ambo? si quid mea earmina possunt, Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ovo. II At any rate, the self-indulgence is topical. But I believe Du Bartas has something to say about a paradox of love and
death, and assuredly about a contrast between faithful love, and lust.

Marlowe's is a rhetorically complex treatment of lust:

So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and removed,
Burns where it cherished, murders where it loved.

Beauty itself, "loves lampe", finally generates a false light:

A kind of twilight break, which through the hair
As from an orient cloud, glimpse here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.

The last paradox is brilliant, a "witty expatiation" such as the metaphysical poets were later fond of; the line would have suited Du Bartas. And the structure and phraseology remind us of Sylvester at his best. Marlowe's inversion of the natural order of things is not a comment, however, on this natural order of things so much as the suggestion of an unnatural transfiguration. The distinction it seems to me is important. The juxtaposition in the former passage of "burns" with "cherished" is metaphorically a repetition of ideas rather than an antithesis, following in parison that of "separated" and "removed". The link between "murders" and "loved" is not of opposition, but of sequence. Marlowe presents a lie rather than an opposition. And the final dawning in Hero is a moment of recognition that gives the lie. But the chiasmus of the last line describes a circle that imitates this false creation of daylight.

From the Hero and Leander aside in Divine Weeks we are propelled to the digression proper, the tale of a fair, noble, rich maid:

There dwelt a Maid, as noble and as rich,
As fair as Hero, but more chaste by much:

V, 98ff
The lines here make use of the repeated adverb "as", in a progression not unlike the device of climax. The development is not chiastic, having only three main components, but it does parabolically diverge and then converge. Here for the first time we can make sense of the smuggled allusion to Hero and Leander. Du Bartas' chaste maiden is introduced in Sylvester's translation as a maid whose "steel brest" blunts the blades of "Paphos' Archer"; she is an heroic battle figure in the war of love.

Spenser's female warrior, Britomart, literally, in her armour, bears such a steel breast, but there appears periodically in her a kind of wistfulness for some Heroic, passionate love, as for instance at the end of Faerie Queene, Book III. The sensual, Marlovian tenor of these lines, their almost ingrown hostility to chastity, make interesting their exclusion from the 1596 edition of Faerie Queene, and from thenceforth:

Had ye them seene, ye would have surely thought,
That they had been that faire Hermaphrodite,
Which that rich Romane of white marble wrought,
And in his costly bath causd to be site:
So seemed those two, as growne together quite,
That Britomart half envying their blesse,
Was much empassioned in her gentle spright,
And to herself oft wisht like happiness,
In vaine she wisht that fate n'ould let her possess

III, xii, 46a

The metaphor and approach to these lines bears some resemblance to a series of lines in Du Bartas; and the Christian fervor of Du Bartas' metaphor anticipates to some extent the blytheness with which Spenser couples the metaphor and the accomplishment of Britomart:

Source de tout bon heur, amoureux Androgyne,
Jamais je ne discour sur ta saincte origine,
Que, ravi, je n'admire en quelle sorte alors
D'un corps Dieu fit deux corps, puis de deux corps un corps

VI, 987ff
The emphasis on unity in diversity goes on and on. The story is of the creation of Eve, and of the immediate union in love of Adam and Eve. Eve has been torn from Adam's side, in division, and has returned in love and in unity of soul unto him, making the couple an androgynous one. The diction of the two passages is notable: first, Du Bartas' choice of the word "Androgyne" where Spenser has elected for the comparable "Hermaphrodite". As if by way of explanation of Spenser's word choice, Holland's Pliny says: "Children of both sexes, whom we call Hermaphrodites. In old time they were known by the name Androgyni."12 The term "Hermaphrodite" is more common in the sixteenth century than its extremely rare cousin, "Androgyne".13 Whichever word, the metaphor is at first difficult, if not strained poetically. Gascoigne had earlier written "I am in dede a Dame, or at the least, a right Hermaphrodite" (The Steele Glas a Satyre (1576), 50), as if in game, playing with the pleasant internal rhyme. But the use is not pointed, not, to use Lawler's designation for the unifying trope, part of an "heuristic myth".14 Sylvester curiously uses neither word, settling instead for a more disturbing compound epithet:

Source of all joyes! sweet Hee-Shee-Coupled-One
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two againe.
VI, 105ff

Elsewhere, however, Sylvester appears to be interested in the subject of androgyny: in the Vocation he translates "camp effemine" (297) into "Women-Men" (333); similarly, in the Handy-Crafts he creates the oxymoron "guirle-boy" (305) out of the antithesis "ceste femmelette en homme desguisee" (273).

Sylvester's exclusion of the metaphor of androgyny is curious for still other reasons: the metaphor is evocative of the fusive strain so prevalent elsewhere in Les Semaines and Divine Weeks. The metaphor is in fact a Renaissance emblem for several kinds of unity in diversity and especially an emblem of self-regeneration.15 That it should be included in the 1593
publication of *Faerie Queene* but thereafter excluded is of passing interest.

In a cyclical "heuristic myth" the repeated cycle only ends at the conclusion of time and motion; in short, in the Christian scheme, at the day of Last Judgement. The hermaphrodite in Christian emblems and equally in alchemy would be an image of extempore creation and temporal regeneration, but not of conclusion. Spenser's hermaphroditic image may have been a pointer to regeneration in three then unpublished books of *Faerie Queene* that would not be necessary in subsequent complete editions of the text. The "Mutabilitie Cantoes" themselves debate the question of the change of a temporal world and the final changelessness after the Last Judgement. In such a reading, the androgyny becomes a reflection on change and the self-regenerating cycles of change.

In Du Bartas' treatment of the androgynous Adam there is a witty syllepsis in the word "ravis". Here, and equally in Sylvester, it has the over-tones of a re-enactment, of a re-creation, of the androgynous impregnation of Adam with Eve (though caused, in fact, by God). Du Bartas, like Britomart, is a chaste spectator of this scene, who in spirit, for a moment, loses his chastity (without his innocence). The creation of Eve from Adam is a representation in miniature of the creation of the world, one of a chain of analogous events in *Les Semaines*. By default it brings attention to a process begun with first creation, that is recurrent and cyclical. Properly, we should remark the chiasmus in both Du Bartas and Sylvester: two are made of one and then one of two again. The device maps a returning that describes a circle. Behind this phenomenal birth of woman from man is the Sophoclean hint of a birth of mankind from man; and behind this lies the suggestion of a universe created by a God who thereupon constitutes the universe.

If the birth of woman from man, and the resultant unity, is androgynous what are we to make of the birth of one's self from one's self? On this may hinge beliefs of creation *ex nihilo* and *extraduce*. For Donne, as for Du Bartas and Sylvester, the difference between the two kinds of birth is scant:
We're Tapers too, and at our owne cost die,
And we in us finde the Eagle and the Dove.
The Phoenix riddle hath more wit
By us, we two being one, are it.
So to one neutral thing both sexes fit,
We die and rise the same, and prove
Mysterious by this love.

"The Canonization", 21ff

But we might equally compare Donne's treatment of the "Phoenix riddle" in his Epithalamion "On the Lady Elizabeth and Count Palatine" (sections II, III, IV, etc...). In "The Canonization" Donne gives human love a claim to sanctity that Spenser has for the moment dropped and which Du Bartas attributes to God. "We two being one" is a statement of being, different yet related to the love of Adam and Eve in Divine Weeks. \[16\] Donne here, as Sylvester, does not use the word "Androgyne", though he means it —

So to one neutral thing both sexes fit.

He means it also in one of his more Sylvestrian works, The Progress of the Soul, though he alludes to it in rather savage terms:

Some have their wives, their sisters some begot,
But in the lives of emperors you shall not
Read of a lust which may equal this;
This wolf begot himself, and finished
What he began alive when he was dead.

st. 44

Here the androgyny expresses impossibility. Donne makes use of the topos of the impossibilia, so characteristic of Divine Weeks. We shall come to this shortly. He does not use the word "Hermaphrodite" in "The Canonization" or The Progress of the Soul though he does indeed mean it. Donne does use the term, however, in the Epithalamion, "given at Lincoln's Inne". Both the language and the content are reminiscent of Sylvester's Du Bartas:
And you frolic patricians,
Sons of these senators, wealth's deep oceans,
Ye painted courtiers, barrels of others' wits,
Ye country men, who but your beasts love none,
Yee of those fellowships whereof he's one,
Of study and play made strange hermaphrodites,
Here shine; this Bridegroom to the Temple bring.

There are two proximate passages from Divine Weeks at Donne's disposal. Sylvester presents the mystery of androgynous love, with its incumbent sexuality, as we have seen, in the passages referred to above. But his androgyny is directed solely at the greater referent of God; Donne's is in its own terms non-referential alternation; Crashaw's love is "mystical" and "High" —

Thou art Love's victim, and must die
A death more mystical and High;
Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still surviving funeral.
"Hymne to St. Teresa", 75ff

Crashaw's is antithetical, phoenix-like, but not demonstrively androgynous; it recalls the Sylvester formula of the linked cradle and tomb in the words "still surviving funeral". Carew's love is like Donne's a paradoxical, consuming oneness, but offers to its lovers instead of sanctity, idolatry. 18

There is strong suggestion of androgynous love throughout Sylvester's translation, that, it seems to me, must have caught the notice and the fancy of his contemporaries — including Donne — who came to be so taken with the image of the phoenix and with consuming love. The most familiar passage in Divine Weeks is the following:

The Heav'nly Phoenix, first began to frame
The Earthly Phoenix, and adorn'd the same
With such a plume, that Phoebus, circuiting
From Fez to Cairo, sees no fairer thing:

He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheere,
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her here
Her life againe, which never shall expire
Until (as she) the World consume in \:ire.
For, having passed under divers \:imes,
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes,
Worne-out with yeeres, wishing her end-less end,
To shining flames she doth her life commend:
Dies to revive, and goes into her Grave
To rise-againe more beautifull and brave.

By breake of Day she builds (in narrow roome)
Her Urne, her nest, her Cradle, and her Toombe:
Where, while she sits all gladly-sad, expecting
Some flame (against her fragrant head reflecting)
To burne her sacred bones to seed-full Cinders

.... (re-ingendr ed of it's selfly seed)
By nobly dying a new Date begins,
And where she loseth, there her life she winnes:
End-les by'r End, eternall by her Toombe;
While by a prosperous Death, she doth become,
Among the Cinders of her sacred Fire,
Her owne selfes Heire, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, and Sire:
V, 587-642

The breadth of this account of the phoenix is impressive. The theme of the
passage might be called paradox itself; and in this respect original and transla-
tion are about equal. The account of the phoenix calls to mind Petrarch.
Sylvester has possibly read Spenser's Visions of Petrarch (V):

I saw a Phoenix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and crest of golden hue;....
Spying the tree destroy'd, the water dried,
Himself smote with his beake as in disdaine,
And so forth with great despight he dide.

The image is emblematic. The iconography of the bird sucking from its breast
with its beak its life's blood is a figure for Christ, though the bird is most
often a pelican. Spenser's lines are simply iconographic, and there is no or
little interest in antithesis or paradox. The description, next to Sylvester's
above, is bare.

In fact, the phoenix mythology, with its strong millennial overtones,
perfectly suits any connection with Christ. In 1601 Robert Chester's Love's
Martyr or Rosalin's Complaint was published. The work consists of a loving
verse description of the Phoenix coupled with a dialogue between the phoenix and the turtle-dove. It antedates Sylvester's *First Week*, but seems to have been greatly influenced by Du Bartas, in the original, and, by my guess, in the 1598 translation. Prefatory poems by Chester contain Sylvestrian compounds with stylistic implications, like "wit-enchanting verse"; in the poem itself there is an enlargement of Du Bartas' phoenix description:

Under this mirrour, are her princely eyes:
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperial lights;
That ore the day and night do Soveraignize,
And their dimme Tapers to their rest she frights:
Her eyes excell the Moone and and glorious Sonne
And when she riseth all their force is donne.

st. 9

Stanzaic superstructure and rhyme aside, the diction is markedly Sylvestrian: the adverbial adjective "princely"; the jewelled eyes of "carbuncles" (compare Shakespeare's "eyes like carbuncles", *Hamlet* II, ii); the periphrasis "imperiall lights"; and the "-ize" formulation are all standard components of Sylvester's language. But Chester's eye description is vast and elaborate when compared with Sylvester's "two sparkling eyes". Joined with Chester's poem are a number of short laudatory poems on the phoenix and the turtle-dove, including Shakespeare's,¹⁹ and several loosely related poems by Jonson, and some anonymous poems, and poems by Chapman and Marston among others. Few of these poems carry any of the *discordia concors* — more aptly, the "jarring concord" — so integral to Sylvester's phoenix. One poem, however, which does anticipate metaphysical attitudes, includes the following lines:

... Light my weaker eye:
Raise my invention on swift Phantasie,
That whilst of this some Metaphysicall
God, Man, nor woman, but elixd of all.
My labouring thoughts, with strained ardors sing,
My muse may mount with an uncommon wing.
The ardor of these lines — by Donne? — is manifest. The desire for "Metaphysicall" and "uncommon" verse, follows fairly closely on Sylvester's poetic iteration of the word "Metaphysicall" (Imposture, 639), and his own Bartasian desire for uncommon verse. "Swift Phantasie" is an illusive phrase; given the paradoxical figure of the phoenix, what is curiously lacking in the poems of the collection is the "uncommon" verse or "swift Phantasie" of antithesis, and of paradox. Still, Chester's Cantoes do have a sense of contrast. But there is certainly little relation of the phoenix myth in the collection to the Christian framework, or to God.

Donne treats of the phoenix, in "The First Anniversary", as a reflection of the destruction of an old world of Paradise, and the rising out of these ashes of a new world:

'Tis all in pieces, all coherence gone;
All just supply, and all relation:
Prince, subject, father, son, are things forgot,
For every man alone thinks he hath got
To be a phoenix, and that then can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he.

213-18

The passage is to some degree apocalyptic.

In Sylvester's account of the phoenix the story relates purely to an aspect of God. The periphrasis "The Heav'nly Phoenix" ("Celeste phenixe") is an unusual one in poetry; it designates a savior who will die, rise from the dead and return to rule over the millennium. In him is the utmost regenerative principle. In the passage, the phoenix's love is her fate; yet again, death is cold, like a "cold Brand", but — tied up with a metaphor of love — warmly kisses the phoenix. The oxymorons of the text (e.g., "End-less End", "gladly-sad", "seedfull Cinders", "prosperous Death") adumbrate the same regenerative fusion, the cycle of death and renewed life. Finally we make better sense of Sylvester's cradle/tomb formula, which is repeated in the passage:
Her Urne, her nest, her Cradle and her Toombe:

The line is the impossible equal of Donne's

Her own self's heir, nurse, nurseling, dam, and sire:

Or indeed of its cognate in "The First Anniversary" ("For that first marriage was our funeral", 105). The use of the possessive pronoun "own", the structural oxymoron and the paradox are familiar to Divine Weeks. The notion and condition of life being generated out of ashes is a fanciful one. But it has a long and genuine heritage in an antique cyclical view of nature, and in scriptural remonstrance: "Amen, Amen I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit." (John 12. 24-25) And the proof of this remark lies typically in Christ. In Du Bartas the fusion is not a clever oxymoron, but a vital paradox. It occurs again in Divine Weeks in III, 67; Colonies, 754; Vocation, 1416; and elsewhere. And so, it passes into the poetic thought and idiom of the seventeenth century. Drummond of Hawthornden recalls Sylvester when he describes the phoenix:

So from a blacke Eclipse out-peeres the Sunne:  
Such (when a huge of Dayes have on her runne  
In a farre forest in the Pearly East,  
And shee herselfe hath burnt and spicie Nest)  
The Lonelie Bird with youthfull pennes and Combe,  
Doth soar from out her Cradle and her Tombe,  
Hymne 2, 35ff

John Ford has a Sophoclean paradox in mind, nurtured surely by metaphysical commonplace:

She's dead; alas, good soul; the hapless fruit  
That in her womb received its life from me,  
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed,  
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.  
'Tis Pity She's a Whore, V, v, 94ff

In Milton, however, it is more pointed, describing a universal historical process. The "wild abyss" of chaos is "The womb of nature and perhaps her grave" (Paradise Lost, II, 911). The line makes history seem inconsequential, fuses all creation into one chaos. Edward Young bleakly extemporises on birth as a motion that leads only and inevitably to death:

And Cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.  
Night Thoughts, V, 718

From the fixed womb of birth comes the restless motion of life, a relentless and exhausting thing observed by poet and poet again; for instance, in Whitman's "Out of the cradle, endlessly rocking". The form of the paradox of equated life and death, or sacrifice and sacrificer for that matter, is preserved in some Augustan poetry, so that Pope can wittily write,

At once the Chaser and at once the Prey.  
Windsor Forest, 83

A similar formula, bizarre, but less paradoxical, is Pope's line in the Essay on Man,

Of half that live the Butcher and the Tomb.  
III, 162

In Donne the phoenix/hermaphrodite paradox is a clever turn of phrase, but more, it is a first and last hope for regeneration, an expectation, and a device of creation:
I hate extremes; yet I had rather stay
With toombs, then Cradles to wear out a day.
Since such love a natural lotion is, may still
My love descend, and journey down the hill,
Not panting after growing beauties, so,
I shall ebb out with them, who homeward go.
Elegy IX, 45ff

The hill indicates a valley with yet another hill, and so the motion is geometrically wave-like, with innumerable epicycles. Growth is replaced by the "ebb" of a yet contrary "homeward" motion. The words "cradle" and "tomb" bespeak the antiperistatic extremes that make life a sensation; Donne's is a "panting" yearning for these opposites, for in them he can apprehend the shape — definition — of his and all nature. Only from "The Autumnal" (the name of this elegy) can a new spring arise.

Here, Donne's phoenix/hermaphrodite does not stand emblematically for anything except perhaps in travesty. And this is true of the image in Songs and Sonnets and to some extent in The Anniversarys. We see a pronounced difference in emphasis in the divine poetry however. Donne describes Tilman, upon his taking orders, as some kind of miracle, a begetter of things heavenly and earthly, an hermaphrodite akin to Christ:

How brave are those, who with their engines, can
Bring man to heaven, and heaven again to man?
These are thy titles and pre-eminences,
In whom must meet God's graces, men's offences,
And so the heavens which beget all things here,
And the earth our mother, which these things doth bear,
Both these in thee, are in thy calling knit,
And make thee now a blessed hermaphrodite.
"To Mr. Tilman", 47ff

The paradoxical androgyny of the virgin conception is figured in the remark in "Upon the Annunciation and Passion", "She sees a cedar plant itself" (8). The religious mystery (the creation of matter from nothing; Adam as type of Christ; Eve springing from Adam; Christ born of a virgin; the death and resurrection of Christ; indeed, the prefigurement of this in the entombment of
Jonah in the belly of the whale, and his seemingly impossible renewal) is the focal point of the metaphysical interest in paradox. The story of the phoenix is one steeped in a mystery attractive as symbol, and as a figure for the poetry of Divine Weeks. Not only does the story afford the ornamentation of rhetorical device, but it stands hieroglyphically for the subject of process itself, and of form. If copulation, metaphor, Logos are equal in form, as Lawler and a host of others suggest, the phoenix with its incumbent two-sexedness, and the hermaphrodite have to be regarded as indicators of the unity that Du Bartas explores. They are signs to be read, hieroglyphs.

Equal with the capacity of these sign-posting metaphors to penetrate instructively the minds and spirits of readers is that of travesty, which Donne indulges to the full, and to which Du Bartas in characteristic fashion would have given the lie. The duality of the metaphor is not to be ignored: one can read up from man to God; or one can read down from God to man, to appetite and copulation. Sylvester expresses the flexibility of such metaphors in a juxtaposition of Helen and Hecuba, Faustina and Lucretia, in the Second Day (each of the names rhyming and almost homonymic), and then finally in the agnominatio on "Godling" and "Gods":

Those learned Spirits whose wits applied wrong,
With wanton Charmes of their inchanting song,
Make of an old, foule, frantike Hecuba,
A wondrous, fresh, faire, wittie Helena:
Of lewd Faustina, that loose Emperesse,
A chaste Lucretia, loathing wantonnesse:
Of a blind Bowe-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Bastard,
No pettie Godling, but the Gods great Maister.

These opening lines, themselves the product of a conscious "maker" of poetry, satirising an almost alchemical species of poet, indulge in a rather public joke. Refusing even to put the word "God" next to the profane, Cupid-like "Godling", Sylvester substitutes an euphemistic periphrasis. The word-play is parodic, for the Godling is indeed what these craftsmen devise. The fusing of Hecuba
and Helen, Faustina and Lucretia, must have fascinated Renaissance sensibilities (as well as their ears). Bacon, in the *Advancement of Learning* takes up the metaphor to the same purpose: "But above all the rest, the grosse and palpable flatterie, whereunto many (not unlearned) have abased and abused their wits and pens, turning (as Du Bartas saith,) Hecuba into Helena, and Faustina into Lucretia hath most diminished the price and estimation of learning." The metaphorical relationship between the motivating force of love and that of lust is one that can easily abase and abuse. Du Bartas warns us that poetic artifice is a toy. And this need not be at the literal level of subject but may be at the level of hieroglyph as well. There is a genuine grain of validity in Du Bartas' warning, for we find that metaphysical poetry begins the seventeenth century by travestying the creative *Logos* as coitus, even if its motives are only the magnification of the latter and not the diminishment of the former. Sylvester cunningly demonstrates the effects of the perversion of the dignity of poetry:

The'inchanting force of their sweet Eloquence  
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,  
II, 25f

The moralisation may not meet with our approval; nor is it just a clever use of antithesis. Du Bartas' admission of the flexibility of poetry, particularly of the dual readings of certain emblems (Hecuba and Helen are emblems that can be read two ways: Helen is beautiful to Hecuba's ugly but she is inconstant to Hecuba's constance) will be of use to us in our consideration of the creation myth.
III. Creation: Geography and Geometry

Of the geometric terms that we have adopted in the course of this work, the circle and its kin, the wave or spiral, have commanded the foremost rank. Du Bartas is especially fond of circular terms; Sylvester calls the earth a globe, round, circle, orb, and so on. Celestial and terrestrial globes were important devices in the age of exploration and discovery; the ships that went out on the trade routes were those that proved the earth round, that defined the circle. The representation of these ships, and of their mechanics of navigation, in Les Semaines, Divine Weeks, and seventeenth century English poetry constitutes, I maintain, hieroglyphics as fundamental as the phoenix and the hermaphrodite.

About the popular discovery of the world's roundness, and a related antique conception not given much concrete thought but a great deal of speculation in the middle ages, Peter Martyr says:

Some few authors, whose theories the Portuguese have shown by experience to be correct, dissented from this view [of the existence of the Antipodes]. Each year the Portuguese arrive at the antartic antipodes, and carry on commerce with those people. I say the antipodes; yet I am not ignorant that there are learned men, most illustrious for their genius and their science, amongst them there are some saints who deny the existence of the Antipodes. 24

The distinction between the known European hemisphere, another hemisphere — opposite, paradisiacal, but also physically under Europe on the round of the earth — and another world parallel to this fallen one is fine and indeed subtle. The floating terra Australis was commonly perceived to be of another order to the known world, and to all purposes other worldly. 25 Sylvester uses the term "Antipodes" twice in Divine Weeks; he suggests it frequently in his language and imagery. In both cases Sylvester changes Du Bartas' word, once, slightly, the sense of the original:
Anon, to see the whirling Spheares to roule
In rest-less Danses about either Pole;
Whereby, their Cressets caried diverse wayes,
Now visite us, anon th'Antipodes.
It glads him now, to note how th'Orbe of Flame
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the frame:

VII, 73ff

All Climates then should not be serv'd a-right
With equal Counterpoize of day and night:
The Horizons il-level'd circle wide,
Would sag too-much on th'one or th'other side;
Th'Antipodes or wee, at once should take
View of more Signes then halfe the Zodiake:
The Moones Eclipses would not then be certaine,
And settled Seasons would be then uncertaine.

III, 403ff

The first quotation translates Du Bartas' "or' sus or' sous les eaux" (VII, 71), in which the word-play unavoidably joins the bottom with the top; the second possibly misreads — perhaps deliberately — Du Bartas' "Antichthons".

Goulart casually remarks, "Some confound the word Antichthons, with that of Antipodes." 26 Antichthons refers to the other, parallel world, Antipodes to the opposite end of this world. Du Bartas and Sylvester may be unaware of the distinction, but I rather think that Sylvester likes the ambivalence and finds it useful. Holland's Pliny uses Antichthons to designate a people on the other side of the earth; 27 and this may be close to what Du Bartas has in mind in the Third Day. In both instances above the expression has the effect of impressing upon the reader that reality is not just a matter of visual apprehension from horizon to horizon, but of a great imperceptible integrity that actually unites our opposites with us. The very word Antipodes advertises the most demonstrable of cycles, that of day and night, more fundamentally suggesting the spherical nature of the universe, perhaps even the unearthly dancing of the "whirling" spheres. And the word and concept become a poetic as well as a scientific commonplace of the seventeenth century.

The word appears cunningly in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice:
Auxilio divino.

To Richard Drake Esquier, in praise of Sir Francis Drake Knight.

Through scouring heat, through cold, in storms, and tempests force,
By ragged rocks, by shelves, & sands; this Knight did keep his course,
By gaping gulfes he pass'd, by monsters of the flood,
By pirates, thieves, and cruel foes, that long'd to spill his blood.
That wonder great to escape: but, God was on his side,
And through them all, in spite of all, his shaken shippe did guide.
And, to require his pines: by helpe of power divine.

His happe, at length did am sure hope, to finde the goolden-mine.
Let Grecia then forbeare, to praise her Jason's boudet
Who through the watchfull dragons pass'd, to win the fleece of goold.
Since by Medeas helpes, they were inhaunted all,
And Jason without perillles, pass'd: the conquest therefore small?
But, hee, of whom I write, this noble minded Drake,
Did bringe away his goolden fleece, when thousand eies did wake.
Wherefore, yee woorthie wightes, that seek for forraine landes:
Yf that you can, come alwaies home, by Ganges goolden fandes.
And you, that live at home, and can not brooke the flood,
Give praise to them, that passe the waues, to doe their countrey good.
Before which sorte, as chiefe: in tempest, and in calme,
Sir Francis Drake, by due delite, may weare the goolden palme.

From Whitney, Emblemes (1586)
Portia:
This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.
Bassanio:
We should hold day with the Antipodes
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
V, i, 124ff

Bassanio’s words are the stuff of baroque hyperbole. The word appears more strikingly as a concept in Donne’s "The First Anniversary":

Seas are so deep, that whales being struck today,
Perchance tomorrow, scarce at the middle way
Of their wished journey’s end, the bottom die.
And men, to sound depths, so much line untie,
As one might justly think, that there would rise
At end thereof, one of th’Antipodes;
289ff

One difference between this and Sylvester’s use of the concept is that Donne’s is rather more like Du Bartas’ "sous les eaux" than the hemispheric opposition of Divine Weeks. Donne’s Antipodes differ also in suggesting a solid island or country floating on a liquid sphere. But this difference in fact argues a similarity. Donne is concerned with an almost unimaginable physics here, a spherical, liquid globe without a solid core. With respect to the liquid orb of "The First Anniversary", we must ask ourselves how indeed such a sphere could retain its shape. This question is one of the most important ones of natural philosophy addressed by Du Bartas. Donne casts immediate doubt on conventional science by rendering his metaphor conditional — "One might justly think". Du Bartas, who has thought of the problem theologically, who well knows of such phenomena as floating islands, considers it in sensible terms. For him, almost in Homeric fashion, but for perhaps better reasons, the sea is a belt winding itself around the earth (and in so doing, defining a circle). This belt is a circumference infinite in all directions:
Most wisely did th'eternall All-Creator
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water:
For sith th'one could not without drinke subsist,
Nor th'other without stay, bottome and list,
God intermixt them so, that th'Earth her brest
Op'ning to th'Ocean, th'Ocean winding prest
About the Earth, a-thwart, and under it,
For the World's Center, both together fit.
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Just the just midst of the Worlds Axeltree,
All Climates then should not be serv'd a-right
With equall Counterpoize of day and night:
The Horizons il-levell'd circle wide,
Would sag too-much on th'one or th'other side:
Th'Antipodes or wee, at once should take
View of more Signes then halfe the Zodiak:

Water is held onto the solid core in motion, as by some invisible magnetic glue.
This is a concept not too far removed from more modern theories of magnetism.
The shape of the world and its admixture of solid and liquid are contiguous.
Without proper degree it would lose its circular balance and the very cycles of
nature — the movements of stars, planets, day and night, the seasons —
would be altered. For Du Bartas and for Donne the term Antipodes is an
expression definitive of the elemental design not only of the earth centre, but
of the cosmos. In the Shakespeare, and in Beaumont (Salmacis and
Hermaphrodite, 844) — where the sun weeps at the impossible naked beauty
of Hermaphrodite (839f) — the term suggests a force that runs counter to
the order of the universe, that equals it, in man. Neither Shakespeare nor
Beaumont is interested in the process so much as the hyperbole itself. But in
the ensuing poetry of the seventeenth century it is just such a term of balance
and shape in motion as it is in Divine Weeks; at the conclusion of Marvell's
Upon Appleton House, for instance, or in Traherne's "Shadows in the Water"
(in which impossible imaginings are found in a pool of water). The word
Antipodes and its incumbent notion of counterpoise in opposition, may of
course stand for God's cyclical process (as in the Seventh Day above) or it
may stand for an imbalance that can only be rectified upon the completion of
the circle of creation, the Last Judgement. Again, it is a dual emblem.
Richard Brome entitles a play about unbalanced society The Antipodes. Its prologue presents the major conceit of conflicting motions, showing a strong rhetorical awareness of process:

... count all slight that's under us, or nigh,
And only those for worthy subjects deem,
Fetch'd or reach'd (at least) from far or high,
When low or homebred subjects have their use
As well as those fetch'd from high or far. 29

The juxtaposition of high and low, in effect of court and country, we will have cause to examine later. The passage is marked by its antithesis. Towards the end of the century Henry Sackville uses "Antipodes" as a synonym for antithesis:

Thou damned Antipodes to Common Sense,
"To Mr. Edward Howard on his Plays", 1

That it should so soon come to this indicates perhaps the exhaustion of the word's Sylvestrian meanings.

The image of the "Worlds Axeltree" is apt to the geometry suggested by the Sylvester passage. This fulcrum of universal counterpoise is especially fitting in that Christ's death on a tree is taken to be the axis of all regeneration. John Davies takes up the same wagon-wheel image in Orchestra, in which all spheres are propelled by the "First Mover":

"Thus when at first Love had them marshalled,
As erst he did the shapeless mass of things,
He taught them rounds and winding hays to tread,
And about trees to cast themselves in rings;
As the two Bears, whom the First Mover flings
With a short turn about heaven's axeltree,
In a round dance for ever wheeling be.

st. 64

And the Scottish poet William Alexander also likes the image; he refers to "the axel-trees on which heavens round doth move". 30 Davies' passage is
conscious of a winding language, and contains a sense of form-giving to a lumpen state. How does this dancing picture of creation compare with Vaughan's typology in "Regeneration", in which round pebbles dance around ill-shaped ones nailed to a fixed centre?

The first, pray mark, as quick as light
Danced through the flood,
But the last, more heavy than the night,
Nailed to the center stood;
I wondered much, but tired
At last with thought,
My restless eye that still desired
As strange an object brought.

The "Worlds Center" is a figure for the perfect motion of creation in one or two singular terms.

The image of the universe as a wagon-wheel whose spokes connect the base, unturning, hub and the turning sphere of the outer rim is one of Du Bartas' favourites:

As in a Wheele, which with a long deep rut,
His turning passage in the dust doth cut,
The distant spoakes neerer and neerer gather,
And in the Nave unite their points together.

A similar image may be found in IV, 131ff. To this conception may relate terms like "studded" and "spangled" as they occur in Divine Weeks. The issues are more complex, however, and are taken up in Chapter 7.

Sylvester's passage from the Third Day appears to transmit a major conceit to one of Donne's Divine Poems. The subject is "counterpoize" and unbalance, the breaking up of the celestial order from the earthly point of view, the establishment of an impossible alternative to God's plan. The antithesis of the Sylvester is as between the "certain" and the "uncertaine", the fluidity of time and the seasons and the impossibility of influidity (until the Last
Judgement). The basis of the counterpoise is the interrelation of earth and water, the "mixt Globe". Donne begins "Riding Westward" with an almost mathematical proposition: "Let man's soul be a sphere". This sphere is quickly related to the nine cosmic spheres. Donne then represents the phoenix-like death and life resurrection of God in relation to the human soul-sphere which is now "whirled" by God:

Pleasure or business, so, our souls admit
For their first mover, and are whirled by it.
Hence is't, that I am carried towards the West
This day, when my soul's form bends toward the East.
There I should see a sun, by rising set,
And by that setting endless day beget;
But that Christ on his Crosse, did rise and fall,
Sin had eternally benighted all.
Yet dare I almost be glad, I do not see
That spectacle of too much weight for me.
Who sees God's face, that is self life, must die;
What a death were it then to see God die?
It made his own Lieutenant Nature shrink,
It made his footstool crack, and the sun wink.
Could I behold those hands which span the poles,
And turn all spheres at once, pierced with these holes?
Zenith to us, and our Antipodes,
Humbled below us? 7ff

The paradox of life from death is of course the central doxology of Christian faith. And here the very axis of the principle of regeneration is the death and resurrection of Christ. It is Christ's hands that turn the cosmic spheres after the presage of Last Judgement, his own death, when the earth cracked and the sun winked (as it does, we may recall in Divine Weeks at the impossible violence of the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre). The "endless height which is/Zenith to us" will unbalance, at the end of time, the counterpoise of the earth, and the earth will crack.31 Donne actually makes of the Antipodes a spur to salvation. The earth becomes a footstool and is an enemy in its baseness to the soul. "The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou at my right hand,
until I make thine enemies thy footstool", begins Psalm 110, a psalm about Last Judgement. Closer is Sylvester's juxtaposition of the high and the low,
the holy and the profane, heaven and earth:

Where shall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne,
The Earth his footstool,...

Fathers, 408f

So Pope later writes:

My footstool the earth, my canopy the skies.
Essay on Man, I, 140

And this is the relationship of the soul to the body. Donne's poet's soul is "whirled" by God, set in motion, but also through word-play made into a world. The motion and the creation are equated in the designation for God, "first mover", which occurs pointedly in Divine Weeks (e.g., VII, 470ff), and, we have seen, in Davies' Orchestra. And the motion in Donne? It brings together East and West, defining geographically and hemispherically the word. Donne's "Riding Westward" is in this not dissimilar to Herbert's "Church Militant", in which church militancy rises and dies, moving slowly westward — now to America, Herbert suggests — until it will "bend", to use Donne's word, upon itself and reappear in the East upon the final militancy of the Last Judgement, indeed, at the New Jerusalem.

I am suggesting the intrinsic relation of world geography and geographical exploration to the creative principle in all of this, especially in the poetic art of map-making. The sending out of ships to bring spices from the East and gold from the West is definitive also in that it gives to each part of the world a functionality, that of bringing products that make the composite European man and society whole and independent. For Sylvester and the English tradition the axis of the usefulness of East and West is mostly England, London, and the Thames (as, for Du Bartas, it is France, Paris, and the Seine). In this respect Sylvester's Du Bartas plays a vital role in
English poetry, which we shall map, as it were, later. It includes frequent allusions, in divided lines, to East and West, North and South, asserting again through antithesis the hemispheric shape and motion of the world; for example:

This lasts not long, because the heat and cold
Equall in force and Fortune, equall bold
In these assaults; to end this sodaine brall,
Th'one stops their mounting, th'other staies their fall.
So that this Vapour, ever resting stound,
Stands never still, but makes his motion round,
Posteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amaine
From Spaine to India, and from Inde to Spaine.

Or more obviously:

This also serveth for probation sound,
That th'Earths and Waters mingled Masse is Round,
Round as a ball, seeing on every side
The Day and Night successively to slide.
Yea, though Vespucio (famous Florentine)
Marke Pole, and Columb, brave Italian Trine:
Our (Spaynes-Dread) Drake, Candish, and Cumberland
Most valiant Earle, most worthy High Command:
And thousand gallant moderne Typheis else,
Had never brought the North-Poles Paralels
Under the South; and sayling still about,
So many New-Worlds under us found out.
Nay, never could they th'Artike Pole have lost,
Nor found th'Antartike; if in every Coast
Seas liquid Glasse round-bow'd not every-where,
With sister Earth to make a perfect Spheare.

Again we see the idea of a world discovered underneath the world of Europe.

For the joining of the opposite ends of the earth in a map, the perfect example is Donne's Divine Poem, "Hymn to God my God, in my Sickness".

This poem too leads us to Herbert's "Church Militant":

Is the Pacific Sea my home? or are
The eastern riches? Is Jerusalem?
The last question is the last question of the poem. Is it rhetorical? Is it a
dying hope? In the next stanza Donne reminds us that Christ on the cross is
the axis of the sphere of regeneration, in short, of all cycles. This is assisted
by the typology of Adam:

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross, and Adam's tree, stood in one place;
2lf

The end of the second line has two meanings: one, that Adam's fall and Christ's
death are cyclically equal; two, and most importantly, that these moments
stand immovable as the axes of all time and motion. Elsewhere Donne alludes
to the parts that make one spherical whole. This has to do with commerce,
certainly, but also with "discovery" and map-making:

She, in whose body (if we dare prefer
This low world, to so high a mark, as she,)
The western treasure, eastern spicery,
Europe, and Afrique, and the unknown rest
Were easily found, or what in them was best;
And when, w'have made this large discovery,
Of all in her some one part there will be
Twenty such parts, whose plenty and riches is
Enough to make twenty such worlds as this:
"The Second Anniversary", 226ff

What may follow from this discussion of the circle of form-giving geo-
graphy is that it is not only such as the word "Antipodes" that stand as
indicators of the creative (and cyclical) principles found in metaphysical poetry,
but other geographical and navigational terms as well, such as "Horizon" —

The Horizons il-levell'd circle wide,

— "Hemisphere" (e.g., IV, 812), "Pole" (throughout the text); and the zones of
the earth, "Artike", "Antartike", "Hydroptike", "Equinocitiall" (e.g., III, 986),
"Ecliptike" (e.g., IV, 758). Though the list becomes dangerously inclusive we might say the same for the winds, which are intrinsically related to geography (Zephyr from the West, Auster from the South, and so on). Likewise such terms as "Zenith" (e.g., IV, 658) and "nadir". Related hieroglyphs might be the image of an eclipse, a full or a waning moon (e.g., IV, 769ff). The technical language near the end of the Columns is neither accidental nor indeed incidental. Du Bartas' exploration of navigational science is meant to be as emblematic as his discovery of the other arts and sciences in the Columns. A sphere made flat suggests to us the two figures of creation, the chain, string, thread, and the circle. The antitheses are designed to describe line and circle:

Then takes he th'Astrelabe, where-in the Spheare
Is flat reduced: he discovers there
The Card of Heights, the Almycantharats,
With th'Azimynths and the Almadarats
(Pardon me Muse, if ruder phrase defile
This fairest Table, and deface my stile
With Barbarisme: For in this Argument,
To speake Barbarian, is most eloquent).

On th'other side, under a veering Sight,
A Table veers; which, of each wading Light
Showes the swift course; and certaine Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Monthes, and skale of Altitudes.
Removing th'Alhidade, he spends some leasure
To show the manner how a Wall to measure,
A Fountaines depth, the distance of a place,
A Countries compass by Heav'n's ample face:
In what bright starrie Signe, th'Almighty dread,
Dayes Princely Planet daily billeted:
In which his Nadir is: and how with-all
To find his Elevation and his Fall.
How long a time an entire Signe must weare
While it ascendeth on our Hemi-speare:
Poles elevation: The Meridian line:
And divers Hours of Day and Night to finde.

Columns, 615ff

Indeed, "To speake Barbarian, is most eloquent". The Arabic terms describe arcs which relate in various planes to the horizon. The effect of these arcs in the astrolabe is to measure linear distance, indeed, between the high and the low. The terms suggest analogistically the circles of creation and yet the glue, the magnetism, that holds disparate things together, things high and low;
the glue that holds man and God fast together, or, further still, the Holy Spirit that binds God the Father and the Son.

IV. The Magnetic Pole

Sylvester, I have found, writes constantly and no doubt necessarily in terms of a "Zenith" and a "nadir". These terms relate to the positions of all heavenly bodies, but especially to the sun, whose relative height in the sky determines the length of day and night. Here again is counterpoise, as the sun moves between the mean and the extreme, from equinox to solstice and back again.

Awareness

Of yeares, of monthes, of weekes, of dayes, of howers,
Of Ages, Times, and Seasons ... 1, 40f,

to recall Sylvester's Ovidian list, is essential to the hexaemeral format of Les Semaines, in which the Second Week comes to stand for all temporal existence from the Fall to the Last Judgement — incomplete of course, as is, signally, Spenser's Faerie Queene. The counterpoise of time is fundamentally akin to its mechanical counterpart, the clock, whose weights oppose one another, are counterbalanced. The relation between nature and machine is one that can be justified along universal hierarchical lines. If the clock's motion is stopped, its division of time stops. So, on a more devastating level, with universal motion and time. If motion and time were to stop — as when in the Old Testament God permits Joshua to stop time — the universe should lose its definition, nature should shrink, the earth perhaps should cease to be one, but now should be two, cracked, split. Indeed the very sun should wink into an ecliptic darkness. All human and other existence as understood should cease. All life should be no more, unless the stoppage were by God's design, who alone can yoke the impossible. Such is the case with Joshua's invocation, and
the result is not destruction, but nonetheless, a fission of the world into forces of light and darkness:

Those that then liv'd under the other Pole,
Seeing the Lampe which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide so long his lovely face away,
Though never more to have re-seen the Day:
The wealthie Indians and the men of Spayne,
Never to see Sunne Rise, or Set againe.
In the same place Shadowes stood still, (as stone)
And in twelve houres the Dials show'd but one.
IV, 843ff

This impossible scene differs emphatically from the Day of Last Judgement in that, for Joshua, the sun does not wink. Of the final contradiction of the Coming Sylvester remarks:

The sunne shall seaze the blacke Coach of the Moone
And make it midnight when it should be noone:
I, 389f

Above, in Donne's "Riding Westward", Christ's death is the prefigurement of the Last Judgement. Christ, the phoenix, will rise from his decline like the rising sun. And, in a long heritage of such word-play, Christ, for Sylvester, is "The Sonne of Righteousness". The cycle will be complete when Christ destroys time. "So", proclaims Donne, "death doth touch the resurrection" ("Hymn to God my God, in my Sickness", I5). Temporal Antipodes, of beginning and end, finally meet and are wiped out. The circle is complete.

The fusion of the Coming is also in part antichthonal in that it has implicit in it the fusion in marriage of two metaphysical planets, Christ and his Church. The geographical terms that we have seen do help to explain this. For Du Bartas and Sylvester a metaphysical problem with the spherical earth is that of what holds the liquid in this spherical shape, a problem we have encountered before. After teasing us intellectually Sylvester establishes catechistically the only possible conclusion:
But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,  
Props, stayes, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long  
This hanging, th'g, sad, slipperie Water-ball  
From falling out, and over-whelming all?...  

Or must not be, because the surly Banks  
Keepe Waters captive in their hollow flanks?  
Or that our Seas be buttreste (as it were),  
With thousand Rocks dispersed here and there?  
(Or rather Lord) is't not Thine onely Power  
That bowes it round, about Earth's branchie Bower?  

This last question is — like Donne's "Jerusalem?" — the last question, and indeed for Du Bartas the answer. What holds the world together is God's "onely Power", a kind of glue, or — better — a magnetism.

When we consider Christ as axis (the pole that runs through the earth) and consider the subject of magnetism, it dawns that the North Pole in particular has appealed to the consciousness of all navigators, as the source of magnetism and the invisible director of the mariner's compass (the word "compass" itself is a practical hieroglyph). Christ is the magnetic axis that draws the waters towards him, and that draws man towards him. A favourite idea in Les Semaines is that of a hidden power that can draw two unconnected objects together. I suggest that in such a magnetism God (in Christ) is the larger planet (sphere) to which man's soul is a smaller attracted planet (sphere). The same relationship might be said to exist between heaven and earth. Clearly the clinging together of the nine heavenly spheres (as if chained) is analogous to the clinging of man to God; the analogy is enhanced in the image of annulet's holding fast to one another when touched by a loadstone:

Who can conceave, or censure in what sort  
One Load stone-touched Ann'let doth transport  
Another Iron Ring, and that another,  
Till four or five hang dangling one in other?  
Greatest Apollo might he be (me thinks)  
Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:  
Sith Reason-scanners have resolved all,  
That heavie things hang'd in the Aire, must fall.  

III, 427ff

III, 953ff
Mens immota manet.

To Sir Robert Termyn Knight.

By vertue hidde, behoulde, the Iron harde,
The loadstone drawes, to prynte vnto the starr:
Whereby, wee knowe the Seaman keepe vse cardes,
And righthe shapes, his course to countreys farre:
   And on the pole, dothe ever keepe his cie,
   And with the same, his compasse makes agree.

Which shewes to vs, our inward vertues shoulde,
Still drawe our harte, although the iron weares:
The hauenlie starr, at all times to behoulde,
   To shape our course, so right while wee bee heares
   That Scylla, and Charybdis, wee maie mistre,
   And winne at lengthe, the port of endlesse blisse.

Concisa mens rei fimale mendacia ridet.

Sufficit & longum probitas perdurat in eum,
Perdite annos hinc bene pendet amor.

From Whitney, Emblemes (1586)
The twice use of the important word "hang'd" ("hanging") may suggest in part its vitality for seventeenth century poetry; as that which should by rights fall, but which does not yet fall. And thus the word is so apt to the atemporal "Garden" motif, in which fruit literally falls with fruition, but cannot fall. In consequence it hangs. Goldsmith's essay, *Poetry as Distinguished from Other Writing* remarks Virgil's poeticisation of many sentences with the word *pendere*; and Own Barfield, acknowledging Goldsmith, proceeds to use the method. It is my fixed belief that there are such things as poetic words in this sense, but further, that in Sylvester they have quite a specific reason.

The chain-like binding in the passage is philosophically analogous to the Elizabethan chain of being, and assists our appreciation of the interaction of chain and cycle as philosophical structures. The role of gravitation as a force analogous to the glue of creation is also good for Sylvestrian wittiness on the raging of elements against this glue:

```
Divine device!  O admirable Frame!
Wher by through th'Ocean in the darkest night,
Our hugest Caraques are conducted right:
Whereby w'are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide and Lamp
To search allcorners of the waterie Camp:
Neere in one Night into another World,
Knowes where she is; and in the Carde discries
What degrees thence the Equinoctial lies.
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The storm throws the ship about as if out of this chaos the ship were — in mid air — another world. The ship is, like Donne's soul, "whurld" about, in obvious word-play, and the very motion redefines it. But the ship nonetheless retains its bearings, which rely on a real force. In like manner, I shall argue, the Christian soul in its progress to a marriage with God has the equipment to withstand the blowings of evil. The magnetism conceit is commonly approached in terms of love and marriage, and importantly conceived in terms of hidden "Crooks" and "Hooks", and "sacred secret charmes", with a curling, circling language:
But shall I baulke th'admired Adamant,
Whose dead-lyve power, my reasons power doth dant,
Renowned Load stone, which on Iron acts,
And by the touch the same a-loofe attracts;
Attracts it strangely, with unclasping Crooks,
With unknowne Cords, with unconceaved Hooks,
With unsee by hands, with undiscerned armes,
With hidden Force, with sacred secret Charmes,
Where-with he wooes his Iron Misterisse
And never leaves her till he get a kisse,
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull bosome,
Never to part (except we (love-lesse) loose-em)
With so firme zeale and fast affection
The Stone doth love the Steele, the Steele the Stone.
III, 933ff

Du Bartas conceives in the same way of God's "hand" determining fate, indeed
the shape of destiny. If this treatment of love and marriage, with its oxymorons
and chiastic last line, were to be carried to a higher plane, to the level of
the love of good and its marriage with God, we should find a moral and
ethical magnetism in which God, the loadstone of good, attracts man, the base
iron or steel. Such is in fact what Du Bartas and Sylvester give us:

What learned Chalde (skill'd in Fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your [the fish] fit Time doth show?
What Herralds Trumpet summons you to goe?
What Guide conducteth Day and Night your Legions
Through path-lesspathes in unacquainted Regions?
What Captaine stout? What Loadstone, Steele, and Starre
Measures your course in your Adventures farre?
Surely, the same that made you first of Nought,
Who in your Nature some Ideas wrought
Of Good and Evill; to the end that wee
Following the Good, might from the Evill flee.
V, 184ff

After a rather emphatic stockpiling of rhetorical questions — as if to vanquish
doubt in the matter — Sylvester frames his conclusion about a magnetic
attraction to God (the homonym for good). The conclusion itself points to a
final marriage of the two at the "fit Time" and "Herralds Trumpet" of the
Last Judgement. These fish are for Du Bartas exemplars to man. Sylvester
renders the magnetism conceit again in the Vocation:
The Sacred Faith of Abraham languisht not
In Idleness, but alwaies waakt and wrought,
And ever lively, brought-forth Patience,
Humilitie, Hope, Boastie, Innocence,
Love, fervent Zeale, Repentance, Temperance,
Sinceritie, and true Perseverance,
Fruites that (like Loadstones) have a vertue given
(Through Faith) to draw their Father-Tree to heav'n,
And guide the soules to God (the spring of life)
Of's kins-man Lot, and Sara his deere Wife;...

O sacred ground of Vertu's sole perfection!
O shield of Martyrs! Prophets sure direction!
Soule's Remedie! O contrite heart's Restorer!
Tearers-wiping tame-grief! Hopes-guide, hunting-horror,
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortalitie!
O lively FAITH! through thy admired qualitie,
How manie wonders doost thou worke at once,
When from sinn's slumbers thou hast waakt us once:
And made us inlie in our spirits conceave
Bewties that never outward eyes perceave?

The "Bewties that never outward eyes perceave" are now the tentacles of faith.

This is the virtuous attraction alluded to by Dryden, purportedly in quotation
(paraphrase?) — of whom I cannot say — in The Hind and the Panther:

'Twas well alluded by a son of mine,
(I hope to quote him is not to purloin.)
Two magnets, heav'n and earth, allure to bliss,
The larger loadstone that, the nearer this:
The weak attraction of the greater fails,
We nodd a-while, but neighbourhood prevails:
But when the greater proves the nearer too,
I wonder more your converts come so slow.
Methink in those who firm with me remain,
It shows a nobler principle than gain.

What is the nobler principle? Perhaps John Davies' patently Bartasian lines
will illustrate:

"What makes the vine about the elm to dance
With turnings, windings, and embracements round?
What makes the lodestone to the north advance
His subtle point, as if from thence he found
His chief attractive virtue to redound?
Kind nature first doth cause all things to love;
Love makes them dance, and in just order move.

Orchestra, st. 56
"Love makes them dance", says Davies. The idea is firmly declared in Sylvester's Du Bartas. One practical value of the metaphor of attraction is its emphasis on movement toward an object. Motion and movement are not idle parts of Du Bartas’ creative principle. From the first motion of creation, and the Fall, there appears a movement towards the spirit of the first motion. Even if something comes between the magnetism of kindred spirits,

And while they cannot meet, to breake their mindes,
With mutuall skips they shew their love by signes:
III, 949f

The language of motion is of specific importance to the theme of Les Semaines and Divine Weeks. Nature, like the paradigmatic celestial spheres, is "turning" (e.g., II, 364, 368), "tralucing" (II, 370), "rushing" (II, 348); has "quicke agitations" (II, 354) and "swift careeres" (II, 347). But most signally, it is "whirling" (II, 348) and, we have seen, "whirld".

V. The Whirling of Creation: Discordia Concors, or Giving Shape to the Lump

In the beginning was the Word. The Word is a cosmic breath, an inspiration.35 This breath imparts the swoosh of creation from nothing, or insofar as it is something, from chaos. Creation is thus given form. This is not simply an expansion of the Judeo-Christian conception of genesis, but one devised to emphasise creation as a thing of motion; and to assert a particular motion's resultant form from the formlessness of another kind of motion. The perfect form has a perfect motion, and the imperfect imperfect. This is a salient quality of the creative language of Divine Weeks. In our own minds, if we are traditional, we associate curvilinear shapes with a more beautiful form than linear or angular ones.36 Curvilinear language is given primacy over straight or angular language in the direction of the subject of Les Semaines to God. In Sylvester polysyllable qualifiers (definers) are given
primacy over monosyllable adjectives, but Sylvester is aware of the barbaric ugliness of a word of too many syllables, just as he is aware of the barrenness of the monosyllable.

Du Bartas tells us throughout that first matter is unfinished (chaos), a formless object drawn from nothing, which itself must be refined by God's art:

That first World (yet) was a most formeless Forme,
A confus'd Heape, a Chaos most diforne,
A Gulphe of Gulphes, a Body ill compact,
An ugly medly, where all difference lackt:
Where th'Elements lay jumbled all together,
Where hot and colde were jarring each with either;
The blunt with sharpe; the danke against the drie,
The hard with soft, the base against the high;
Bitter with sweet: and while this brawle did laste,
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plaste:
I, 247ff

The pattern of oxymorons indicates a single mass that is somehow disunite, that is angular and has yet to be rounded off:

Briefly, suppose an Earth, poore, naked, vaine,
All void of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,
A Heav'n un-hang'd, un-turning, un-transparant,
Un-garnish'd, un-guilt with Starres apparant,
So maist thou guess what Heav'n and Earth was that,
I, 277ff

This "unhang'd" heaven suggests a creation that has no sense of plump fruition to the point of decay, and to fruition again. It has not been given inspiration. What is this creation but an "ugly medly", a "confus'd Heape", a "body ill compact", a "Gulph of Gulphes"? It is "jumbled", "jarring", and a "brawle". How are we to square this ugliness with the fact of creation as a supernal and beautiful birth? The creation metaphor is often precisely that of mother producing offspring:
This was not then the World, 'twas but the matter,
The Nurcerie whence it should issue after:
Or rather th'Embryon that within a Weeke
Was to be borne: for that huge lumpe was like
The shape-les burthen in the Mothers wombe,
Which yet in Time doth into fashion come:
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feete,
And every member in proportion meete;
Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thrives
And (Little-World) into the World ar-ives.
But that becomes (by Natures set direction)
From foule and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
But this dull Heape of undigested stuffe,
Had doubtless never come to shape or prove,
Had not th'Almighty with his quick'ning breath
Blowne life and Spirit into this Lump of death.
I, 285ff

The answer to my question is somewhat explicit in the lines. The last line of
the quotation, and a good number of others, presents a real difficulty for us
in the language it employs. What are we to do with such a barren word as
"Lumpe", or for that matter "Heape", or an expression like "undigested stuffe"?
The answer is that Sylvester contrasts this flat language with the fulsome
language of the harmony of a "Blowne life and spirit".

Du Bartas makes good use of the birth metaphor; he suggests that this new
birth would fall fatally apart were it not for

Some secret Mastike of his sacred Power,
To glew together and to governe faire
The Heav'n and Earth, the Ocean and the Aire,
I, 310ff,

poured secretly and sacredly into the "Pile" of creation. And this glue is
nothing other than the Holy Spirit, which Du Bartas considers almost as a kind
of thought device, a brooding in both its senses, of thought and incubation.
The Holy Spirit is metaphorically a hen, brooding over the egg of creation,
just as it is represented in commonplace alchemical emblems as a dove:
As a good wit, that on th'immortall Shrine
Of Memorle, ingraves a Worke Devine,
Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for ever uses
To mind his Theame, and on his Booke still muses:
So did Gods Spirit delight it selfe a space
To move it selfe upon the floating Masse:
No other care th'Almightie's mind possesst
(If care can enter in his sacred brest).
Or, as a Henne that faine would hatch a brood,
(Some of her owne, some of adoptive blood)
Sits close thereon, and with her lively heat,
Of yellow-white balls, doth lyve birds beget:
Even in such sort seemed the Spirit Eternall
To brood upon this Gulph: with care paternall
Quickning the Parts, inspiring power in each,
From so foule Lees, so faire a World to fetch.
For't's nought but all, in't selfe including All:
An un-beginning mid-lesse, end-lesse Ball;
'Tis nothing but a World, whose superfice
Leaves nothing out, but what meere nothing is.

Sylvester's is not merely a "Heape", "Pile", "stuffle", and "lumpe"; it is a
"floating Masse", as if on some "illimitable ocean" of chaos. I refer to
Milton (Paradise Lost, II, 892) deliberately, for this "illimitable ocean" is the
same as that which Satan and the Satanic crew see in Night and Chaos; they
see more vividly what Spenser's Du Bellay calls "Great Chaos wombe" (The
Ruins of Rome, XXV):

... where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to dide with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter winds.

Paradise Lost, II, 894ff

Milton repeats Sylvester's fresh new word "embryon" (see OED) in his depiction
of the battling elements. These "four champions fierce" may also be modeled
on the elements of Divine Weeks. The sense of an as yet unincubated conception appears to lie in the phrase "embryon atoms". Elsewhere Milton makes himself clearer with regard to unrefined creation:

The earth was formed, but in the womb as yet
Of waters, embryon immature involved,
Appeared not.

Paradise Lost, VII, 276ff

In the same book of Paradise Lost Milton describes God as having "brooding wings" (VII, 235). George Coffin Taylor is probably correct to link these with Sylvester's brooding hen. His argument would be more felicitous however were it to note the beginning of Paradise Lost, where Milton addresses the Holy Spirit:

... thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vaste Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumine, and what is low raise and support;
I, 19ff

That this recalls Divine Weeks there appears little doubt; but it would be presumptuous to make much of what was already a familiar alchemical conceit. It is important in Les Semaines and in Paradise Lost that the created egg or lump requires nursing. This nursing is the six day creation, during which the world-lump is given form, and the embryo develops members and unfolds.

A few words might be said about the reference in Sylvester's passage, above, to "th'immortall Shrine/Of Memorie". This is yet another hieroglyph of the creative thread, or chain, that joins two spheres. The lower sphere of the past is joined with the higher sphere of the future (destiny) through the present linking activity of memory. The importance of the art of memory to Du Bartas' neoplatonist philosophy should not be underestimated. Memory, a solace of age, turns history into precept, by which the future can be mapped
(if only "as in a glass darkly"). Memory signifies the growth of man from the words, thoughts, understanding of a child (I am thinking again of St. Paul, I Corinthians 13:11-12) to those of adulthood, leading to the contemplation of Christian Providence. We are confronted again with the Church-Porch, Church, and sanctum sanctorum of Du Bartas' catechistic method. Du Bartas' most complete treatment of the subject of memory comes in the Sixth Day. Here it is given almost the same creativity as art, music and literature. Memory is the invisible thread that leads man out of the labyrinth of chaotic, temporal existence. Du Bartas gives memory a place next to the soul, for the memory is the soul's material representative:

For whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)  
Be all in all, or all in every part:  
Whether the Braine or Heart doo lodge the Soule,  
O Seneca, where, where could'st thou enroule  
Those many hundred words (in Prose or Verse)  
Which at first hearing thou could'st back-reherse?  
Where could great Cyrus that great Table shut  
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put  
Of all the Souldiers, that by thousands wander'd,  
After the Fortunes of his famous Standard?  
In what deepe vessell did th'Embassader  
Of Pyrrus (whom the Delphian Oracler  
Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)  
Into what Cesternes did he poure those treasures  
Of learned store, which after for his use  
In time and place, he could so f it produce?  
The Memorie, is th'Eyes true Register,  
The Peasants Booke, Times wealthy Treasurer,  
Keeping Records of Acts and accidents  
Whatsoever, subject unto humane sence,  
Since first the Lord, the Worlds foundations laid;  
Or Phoebus first his golden locks displaid,  
And his pale Sister, from his beaming light  
Borrow'd her splendor to adorne the Night.  
So that our Reason, searching curiouslie  
Through all the Rowles of a good memorie,  
And fast'ning closely with a Gordion knot  
To Past events, what Present Times alot,  
Fore-sees the Future, and becomes more sage,  
More happily to leade our later age.

VI, 80iff

Du Bartas' celebrates in Seneca Rhetor, Cyrus, and Cineas, minds that have a sense of form inscrutable to other men. But memory is more than the
ability to enumerate. It is a purifier. Les Semaines as a book of memory is a purification.

Sylvester's designations for the lump of creation are worth considering. This lumpen, "undigested stuffe", pile, heap, medly may owe to the first two books of Lucretius' de Rerum Natura, but more specifically to Ovid's Metamorphoses (I, 5-20). Here Ovid refers to the new-formed world as "rudis indigestaque moles" and a pondus iners. George Sandys, Ovid's exceptional translator, renders the two epithets simply "undigested Lump". The source of Sylvester's "undigested stuffe" is apparent in the Ovid, and one need not allege Sylvestrian influence on Sandys in this respect. Sandys does use Sylvester's favourite noun of the lot of such terms, "Lump". Golding had used the same word — "heavie lump" (Metamorphosis, I, 7). Dryden re-divides the expressions fused by Sandys, into "undigested mass" and "lifeless lump". But "lump" is by no means the only way of rendering pondus, perhaps not even the most exact. A lump can be a thing extracted, often involved with a change of state from liquid or gas to solid. Wax can be lumpen; molten lead (for bullets); dough. All of these have in common the fact that they are worked upon; a lump is something to be worked upon, to be refined. Pondus suggests in fact an unworkable vastness. For Sylvester the words "lump", "heap", and "pile" indicate especially a collection that must be worked upon. A compost heap, for instance, is refined by the forces of time and nature into the rich soil from which springs new life. When Edward Taylor grotesquely maintains that,

In this sad state, Gods Tender Bowells run
Out streams of Grace: and he to end all strife
The Purest Wheate in Heaven, his deare-dear Son
Grinds, and kneads up into this Bread of Life.

8. Meditation. Joh. 6.51. I am
the Living Bread, 1911,

he is plainly suggesting the process of excremental refinement. The refinement is akin to the leavening of bread, and of course to the sacrifice of Jesus.
I have been employing words like extracted and refined deliberately, for they are alchemical words, referring to an human act of form-giving to the formless. The alchemist seeks to turn the lump of lead into gold by refinement. He wishes to extract the quintessential from a lump; in short, to imitate God's creative process. The linking of such alchemical terms with God is an important side of Du Bartas' imagery. In the following catechistic passage Sylvester begins by translating a God who appears to preside over an immense chemical reaction, dis-pacting and extracting:

Whether Gods Spirit moving upon the Ball  
Of bubbling Waters, which yet covered All,  
Thence forc'd the Fire (as when a-mid the Skie  
Auster and Boreas jousting furiously  
Under hot Cancer, make two Cloudes to clash,  
Whence th'aire at mid-night flames with lightning flash):  
Whether, when God the mingled Lumpe dispackt,  
From Fierie Element did Light extract:  
Whether about the vaste Confused Crowd  
For twice-sixehowers he spred a shining Cloud  
Which after he re-darkned, that in time  
The Night as long might wrap-up either Clime.  
Whether that God, made then, those goodly beames  
Which guild the World, but not as now it seemes  
Or whether else some other Lampe he kindled  
Upon the Heape (yet all with waters brindled)  
Which flying round about, gave light in order  
To th'un-placed Climates of that deepe disorder:  
1, 501-18

He concludes in a sense by discrediting the whole nature of this enquiry into the extraction of light. It is not an act, as it is in alchemical experiments, but a Word:

No sooner said he, Be there Light, but lo  
The forme-lesse Lumpe to perfect Forme gan grow;  
And all illustred with Lights radiant shine,  
Doft mourning weedes, and deckt it passing fine.  
1, 521ff

The embryon earth is given life by the nursing light that rolls around it, like a tongue over candy, as it were. But the description of God's spirit "moving
upon the Ball" suggests the motions of the baker who rolls the dough, kneads it to induce its invisible rising, indeed to give it form. The dough metaphor has familiar Scriptural referents. In the first place, Adam is generated from a lump of clay, similarly worked upon by God. Lost in the desert after their exodus, the Israelites are given manna from heaven. Christ in John 6.51 is the spiritual form of that bread: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." Christ is the leavening of renewal. During the Last Supper Christ turns bread into his body. Du Bartas never pointedly uses the metaphor as hieroglyph. We have seen it occur in Taylor; and it may be found in some relevant lines from Marvell's "The Mower against Gardens":

He first enclos'd within the Gardens square  
A dead and standing pool of Air:  
And a more luscious Earth for them did knead,  
Which stupifi'd them while it fed.  

This is Marvell's account of man imitating God in the design of his gardens. Marvell nicely renders Ovid's *pondus iners* — "standing pool" — to indicate his microcosmic chaos. He has man "knead" the earth, from which springs the life which is paradoxically "stupifi'd" while it is fed. As I say, Du Bartas does not appear to use the emblem, but he does give a rather lengthy account of the Bread of Life, in which manna is equated with the soul that God kneads into the earth:

Each comes but forth his Tent, and at his dore  
Findes his Bread readie (without seeking more)  
A pleasant bread, which from his plenteous Cloud,  
Like little Haile, Heav'n's wakefull Steward strow'd.  
The yellow sands of Elim's ample Plaine  
Were heaped all with a white sugred graine,  
Sweet Corianders, Junkets, not to feede  
This Hoast alone, but even a World (for neede).
Each hath his parte, and every one is fed
With the sweet morcels of an un-bought Bread.
It never raines for a whole yeare at-once,
But daily for a daye's provisions:
To th'end, so great an Hoast, so curbed streight,
Still on the Lord's wide-open hand should waite,
And every Dawning have due cause to call
On him their Founder and the Fount of all:
Each, for his portion hath an Omer-full,
The sur-plus rots; mould, knead it how they will.
The Holy-One (just Arbiter of Wrong)
Allowes no lesse unto the weake then strong:
On Sabaoth's Eve, hee lets sufficient fall
To serve for that Day and the next with-all,
That on his Rest, the sacred Folke may gather
Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall Manna rather.
Thou that from Heav'n thy daily White bread hast,
Thou, for whom Harvest all the Yeare dooth last,
That in poore Desarts, rich abundance heapest,
That sweat-les eat'st, and without sowing reapest,
That hast the Aier for Farme and Heav'n for Field
(Which, sugred Mel, or melled Suger yield)
That, for taste-changing doo'st not change thy Cheere,
God's Pensioner, and Angell's Table-peere:
O IZRAEL, see in this Table pure,
In this faire Glasse, thy Saviour's portraiture,
The Son of God, MESSIAS promised,
The sacred Seed, to bruise the Serpents head,
The glorious Prince whose Scepter ever shines,
Whose Kingdome's scope the Heav'n of heavens confines
And when He shall (to light thy Sin-ful load)
Put Manhood on, dis-know him not for God.
This Graine is small, but full of substance though:
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in show.
Manna is sweet: Christ as the Hunnie-Combe.
Manna from high: and CHRIST from Heaven dooth come.
With that, there falls a pleasant pearly Deaw:
CHRIST comming-donne doth all the earth be-strew
With spirituall Guifts, That, unto great and small
Tastes to their Tastes: and CHRIST is all to all.
(Food to the hungry, to the needie Wealth,
Joy to th'afflicted, to the sickly health,
Pardon to those Repent, prop to the bow'd,
Life's savour to the Meeke, Death's to the Proud).
That's common good: and Christ communicate.
That's purely-white: and Christ immaculate.
That gluts the wanton Hebrues (at the last):
Christ and his Word the World dooth soone dis-taste.
Of That, they eate no lesse that have one measure,
Then who have hundred: and in Christ his Treasure
Of Devine Grace, the faith-full Proselite
Hath no lesse part then Doctors (deepe of sight).
That's round: Christ simple, and sincerelie-round.
That in the Arke: Christ in his Church is found.
That dooth (with certaine) stinking Wormes become:
Christ (th'Ever-Word) is scandall unto some.
That raineth not but on the sacred Race:
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.
That's broken every graine: Christ (Lamb of God) 
Upon his Crosse-Presse is so torne and trod, 
That of his Blood the pretious Flood hath purl'd 
Downe from Mount Sion over all the World, 
Law, 801ff

This long passage summarises the typological process that culminates with the sacrifice of Christ. One practicality of the image is in the way in which the loaf rises untouched, indeed, like an impregnated womb; the process is as invisible as the breath of the Holy Spirit.

I should hasten to say here that my simile of a tongue enwrapping candy was not original. I took it from Du Bartas' more promising image of the bear mother licking her mis-shapen bear-whelp into shape, extracting the parts of its anatomy:

Th'eternall Spring of Power and Providence, 
In Forming of this All-circumference, 
Did not unlike the Beare, which bringeth forth 
In th' end of thirty dayes a shapelesse birth, 
But after, licking, it in shape she drawes, 
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes, 
The head, and necke, and finally doth bring 
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing:
For when his Word in the Vast Voyd had brought 
A confused heape of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot, 
In time the high World from the low he parted, 
And by it selfe hot unto hot he sorted; 
Hard unto hard, cold unto cold he sent, 
Moist unto moist, as was expedient. 
And so in Six Dayes form'd ingeniously 
All things contain'd in th'UNIVERSITIE. 
1, 445ff

The licking activity is that which separates the dross from the pure metal, in metallurgic terms; in another metaphor it is that which skims the cream from the milk, or the whey from the cheese. Once again, the licking tongue has resonances in Scripture, where all creation begins with the Logos, an utterance made by its tongue, the Holy Spirit. On the Pentecost the Holy Spirit descends upon the apostles in tongues of flame. Thomas Traherne writes a straightforward account of the whelping process of creation by
beginning with a tongue filling an abyss, in "The Salutation":

These little limbs,
These eyes and hands which her I find,
These rosy cheeks wherewith my life begins,
      Where have ye been? behind
What curtain were ye from me his so long?
Where was, in what abyss, my speaking tongue?

      When silent I
      So many thousand, thousand years
      Beneath the dust did in a chaos lie,
      How could I smiles or tears,
Or lips or hands or eyes or ears perceive?
Welcome ye treasures which I now receive.

So the lump is given form. One of the best exponents of this shape-giving is Edward Taylor, in his Preface to God's Determinations, where he asks:

Upon what Base was fixt the Lath, wherein
He turn'd this Globe, and rigalled it so trim?
Who blew the Bellows of his Furnace Vast?

John Donne must have found this kind of distillatory image appealing, for he employs it frequently in his poetry. In Elegy XI the bear-whelp metaphor is just one of several metaphors directed satirically at continental Roman Catholic powers where, Donne intimates, chaos still reigns.

Were they but crowns of France, I cared not,
For, most of these, their natural country rot
I think possesseth, they come here to us,
So pale, so lame, so lean, so ruinous.
And howso'er French kings most Christian be,
Their crowns are circumcised most Jewishly.
Or were they Spanish stamps, still travelling,
That are become as Catholic as their king,
Those unlicked bear-whelps, unfiled pistolets
That, more than cannon shot, avails or lets,
Which, negligently left unrounded, look
Like many-angled figures in the book
Of some great conjurer, that would enforce
Nature, as these do justice, from her course;
In this poem Donne laments the loss of his mistress' sevenfold chain (surely a creative chain, after the seven days of the creative week). It is likely that his mistress desires a linking marriage but that the lost links of the chain (lines 51) suggest the failure of her mission and his lack of understanding of her mission. In the second verse paragraph of the poem Donne wonders if he can make reparation. The demand of twelve new Angels — coins — undamaged and unrepaired with solder, to repay the debt is in fact a demand for greater permanence, for twelve months rather than seven days, or over the whole diatonic range rather than just one octave. The stipulation that the coins should not be leavened with solder indicates on the one hand a desire for purity, but also that any base lead will be separated from the gold in the process of melting the coins down for a new bracelet. In this conception the coins will receive their leavening when the last chain-link of the bracelet is complete; once again, the dough metaphor. This one conceit of a new creation to follow the old becomes the predominant concern in the lines that follow (those quoted above). Donne alleges that the twelve new coins are in themselves no better than old worn coins. Both fall to the forge, both are chaos to the artifice and refinement of the forger. The suggestion of chaos in the French and Spanish coins is a political one however, in Donne's word-play. The chaos is alleged in the "unlicked bear-whelp", which in Les Semaines and Divine Weeks is a metaphor for chaos; in the circumcision metaphor (a paradoxical one); the "unfiled pistolets", a pun on the Spanish coin pistole and on the lead that is refined into bullets from a lumpen state; in the unrounded cannonball; and especially in the image of a stamped coin itself, whose impression has been worn away and whose definition has been lost. Donne refers to the cabbalist who has got his geometric figures of creation wrong, his "many-angled figures" being likewise unrounded. These are each metaphors of creation unstarted, unfulfilled, or fallen. Each alludes to the pointlessness of the artifice in itself. Each new minted creation will soon be worn paradoxically into an emblem of chaos. The circumcision that gives form is equal to the
circumcision that takes it away, but opposite. Artifice is, at worst, diabolic when put next to the real art of love, says Donne, but in his argument conveniently defending the money that feeds him. Donne (or, more properly, his speaker) uses rhetoric to achieve the greater goal of love, like Marvell's speaker in "To His Coy Mistress". We might well infer from the opening lines of Elegy XI that he is only interested in sexual fulfillment.

The point of this excursion into Donne's Elegy XI may already be evident. The metaphors that we have uncovered might equally be called emblems or, as I call them, hieroglyphs. They recall Sylvester's Du Bartas. Perhaps we should examine Donne further.

In Elegy XVIII Donne points directly to the "true end of love", sexual unification. To subordinate this, he argues, is to subordinate nature, indeed, to invite the idolatry of the worship of golden calves. Such is Donne's inversion of divine love and profane love. Love, which has no shape itself, can easily be turned into the monstrosity of such idolatry, maintains Donne. The only form it should be given is the simple perfection of coitus; not the complicated forms of idolatry from a lesser object to a greater. Hence, coitus is a universe of its own. The calf, and the command, "prefer/One woman first" (91), are manifest allusions to the receiving of the Ten Commandments by Moses. In Divine Weeks we might recall Sylvester's epigrammatic, "JACOB, to wed a Calfe, dooth God divorce" (Law, 1124). But once more it is the bear-whelp metaphor that seems to determine the meaning of Elegy XVIII:

Whoever loves, if he do not propose
The right true end of love, he's one that goes
To sea for nothing but to make him sick.
And love's a bear-whelp born, if we o'er-lick
Our love, and force it new strange shapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monster make.
Were not a calf a monster that were grown
Faced like a man, though better than his own?
Perfection is in unity: prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductileness, the application,
The wholesomeness, the ingenuity,
From rust, from soil, from fire ever free,
But if I love it, 'tis because 'tis made
By our new nature, use, the soul of trade.

Donne's "The Second Anniversary" has as its theme the progress of the soul, a fond subject, for he treats of it also in the long poem The Progress of the Soul. Of course, Du Bartas' theme is the progress of the world's soul and its analogous souls in man and nature. Throughout "The Second Anniversary" Donne refers to the monstrosity that remains of the world since the death of Elizabeth Drury and the consequent flight of her soul, which Donne lets stand for the world's soul. The world is now a "carcass" in which worms are bred:

The world is but a carcass; thou art fed
By it, but as a worm, that carcass bred;
And why shouldst thou, poor worme, consider more,
When this world will grow better than before,
Then those thy fellow-wormes do think upon
That carcass's last resurrection.

Elizabeth is here converted into a worm, generated by a lump of flesh, a carcass, but generated invisibly. This is fully analogous to the first creation in the world's soul of form out of the lump of chaos. Nor is the worm image negative or contradictory. We might find explanation in Du Bartas' analysis of the Bread of Life:

That's round: Christ simple, and sincerelie-round.
That in the Arke: Christ in his Church is found.
That dooth (with certaine) stinking wormes become:
Christ (th'Ever-Word) is scandall unto some.
That raineth not but on the Sacred Race:
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.

And so on. The regenerative worm in the carcass is Christ and the soul. A commonplace in emblem books (and as an alchemical device) is the figure of
the serpent swallowing its tail, for Christ. While the undigested lump is a metaphor for unformed creation, the carcass might be regarded as a metaphor for fallen creation, and then for regeneration. The artificial generation of craft shows the same imagery, in a language that may at first appear strained or innocuous. In Divine Weeks metal products are hatched from the forge, or emerge in the form of worms, also shaped, indented:

For now the way to thousand works reveald
Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld:
In two square creases of unequall sises
To turne two yron streamlings he devises,
Cold, takes them thence: then off the dross he rakes,
And this a hammer, that an anvill makes,
And adding tongs to these two instruments,
He stores his house with yron implements:
As forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coultars, staples
Bolts, hindges, hooks, nails, whities, spokes, and graples;
And grown more cunning, hollow things he formeth,
He hatchett files, and winding Vices wormeth,
He shapeth sheares, and then a saw indents,
Then beates a blade, and then a lock invents;
Handy-Crafts, 501ff

The worm of a winding thread of metal is also the worm of regeneration. It is signal that in this fallen world man's artifice beats upon the blade of war and invents the lock of private property.

Donne is certainly aware of the fallen state of man. He proceeds in "The Second Anniversary" to reflect on "What fragmentary rubbish this world is" (82). This description comes close in ugliness to the lumpen language of description we find in Divine Weeks. The reflection is germane to Donne's broad conceit, for Elizabeth Drury has fled the earth, leaving it void of meaning or value, lifeless and soulless; that is, until Donne gives the reader new senses of cycle, for instance:

Think further on thy self, my soul, and think;
How thou at first was made but in a sink;
Think that it argued some infirmity,
That those two souls, which then thou found'st in me,
Thou fed'st upon, and drew'st into thee, both
My second soul of sense, and first of growth.
Think but how poor thou wast, how obnoxious;
Whom a small lump of flesh could poison thus.
This curded milk, this poor unlittered whelp
My body, could beyond escape or help,
Infect thee with original sin, and thou
Couldst neither then refuse, nor leave it now.
Think that no stubborn sullen anchorite,
Which fixed to a pillar, or a grave doth sit
Bedded, and bathed in all his ordures, dwells
So fouly as our souls in their first-built cells.

Frank Manley's commentary on these lines, suggesting a debate between creation *ex traduce* and *ex nihilo*, is somewhat inaccurate in its emphasis, it seems to me, though I am quite happy to admit the poem controversial in aspect. The two views of creation are so easily brought together in the Renaissance, that a gulf and a lump may handily be read as equals. Ovid describes the cosmos as both together — *rudis indigestaque moles* and *pondus iners* — and George Sandys, we recall, had no qualms about fusing the two. For Du Bartas and Sylvester pre-formal creation is both gulf and lump. But creation is plainly *ex traduce* if we choose to regard the principal *Logos* as a soul, and as equal with form. This is theologically difficult. That Du Bartas has the Holy Spirit descend upon the lump of chaos to give it form and soul we have already seen. But in the "old nothing" God, who defied dimension — was neither form nor formlessness — is *Logos*. Du Bartas is deliberately vague about what this old nothing is (II, 157ff), but appears unable to side with *ex nihilo* creation. That there was an old nothing suggests that there is subsequently a new nothing, all of which goes to support the *ex traduce* theory; at least to prefer the "illimitable ocean" to the lump. Poetically, the distinction indicates a paradox hardly worth sounding, and I don't believe Donne is sounding it at all.

Donne's remark about an argued "infirmity" is a pun on pre-creation, and an extemporisation on what for poetical purposes is a suitable paradox. It has other, less paradoxical implications. The word "sink" need not solely be referred to the Ovidian *pondus*. It is another word for the stomach, which is,
to quote Manley, "full of excrement". Excrement is just as lumpish as Sylvester's bear-whelp in its womb, or for that matter, as creation. The sink or gulf can be and is taken in poetry metonymically for its contents. In this witty controversy Donne exposes a non-controversy, or at best a silly one. It is a question, again, of the angels and the head of the pin. I myself have often used the words creation and cosmos almost interchangeably. Du Bartas uses the image of the stomach as sink (II, 63f) to show that the elements are not compounded but compounded of in all things, even in the "mingled" lump that lies within the stomach. The concave breath of first creation is given an analogy in the stomach's concavity, from which springs, Du Bartas claims, the human breath (VI, 755ff). The analogy precedes the treatment of the human soul in the Sixth Day. And the correspondance —

Inspired by that Breath; this breath, desire
I to describe:

VI, 769f

— is not just an example of pretty wit, but of universal synthesis in Les Semaines. Elsewhere, Sylvester refers to creation as being folded out of "foule Lees" (I, 330), which could even suggest a liquid container that comes before a precipitation. But Sylvester makes it quite clear how little he values such distinctions, by referring to God as a hen which is found "to brood upon this Gulph", an impossible thing for mere mortals to conceive.

Donne immediately follows up the image of the sink with "a small lump of flesh"; then in quick succession with two images of preformed creation, the "curded milk" and the "poor unlittered whelpe". We are familiar with the bear-whelp image but the "curded milk" image should be explained, partly because it is somewhat different from the former. While the bear is opened up, given shape by its mother's tongue, the milk is made pure by the process of skimming. But milk can be read in a different way as hieroglyph, as does Thomas Traherne in "News"; in which the richness of its top layer of cream
makes it like a polished gem-stone. The defining spirit is the cream:

But little did the Infant dream
That all the Treasures of the World were by,
And that himself was so the Cream
And crown of all which round about did ly.
Yet thus it was! the Gem,
The Diadem,
The Ring enclosing all
That stood upon the Earthen Ball;
The heav'nly Ey,
Much wider than the sky,
Wherein they All included were;
The Lov, the Soul, that was the King
Made to possess them, did appear
A very little thing. 

43ff

Du Bartas and Sylvester use neither metaphor, though an almost unremarkable resonance may be found in a whey and cheese simile in the Captains (86ff), in which the whey is linked with the brains separated from a soldier whose head has been crushed.

But the idea expressed in Donne's metaphor helps to throw some light on a metaphor in Elegy XI that I hurriedly skimmed over. I refer to the circumcision metaphor, also one of purification:

And howso'er French kings most Christian be,
Their crowns are circumcised most Jewishly.

28f

Donne tells us that French coins have the rot, like decaying carcasses. They are literally at the end of their generation. There is a three level pun in the French coinage, referring at one level to sexual decay (syphilis), at another to civil decay (the Crown of France), and literally to the decay of old minted coins. For us these can be associated with the three levels of understanding implicit in this thesis — if, that is, the sexual decay can be let to stand for a sexual transcendence perversely argued for by the speaker that must equal the divine transcendence of anagoge. The imagery becomes a dynamic parody of
the speaker. Donne appeals to all levels of consciousness, erects a supreme sexual idolatry. The creative motion that has given France spirit and definition has now ceased and France is but a political, social and religious lump that must be regenerated. This is why Donne calls wealthy Spain "still travelling" (29). The Spanish universe still has form and spirit (content); it is still active (a useful word might be "militant") politically, socially, and religiously.

Scotland on the other hand "knew no state" (41), and was thus never anything but a lump. In three countries we find three states of the creative cycle: in Scotland chaos; in Spain form, though on the edge of rot; and in France lapsarian chaos. Belgium is like the over-licked bear-whelp of Elegy XVIII, a monster. In Elegy XI the relationship between geography and the creation myth and process is integral.

At this level Helen Gardner's remarks, about France's return from its religious wars, aimed futilely at dating the poem, would appear to be irrelevant. At another level, we have argued that Spain, the unlicked whelp, is also a thing chaotic. What may be suggested is that because France is in decay it can spring forth with the worm of regeneration; and that because Spain is "still travelling" it can only stop, die, and decay. Scotland is irrelevant and Belgium has broken the ring of the regenerative circle into an unnatural, angular division. This pattern of relationships may itself be three tiered, along the lines of religion/sex, politics, and at the literal level of coinage. France is on the religious/sexual and political upswing and will soon have to mint new coins to cope with its prosperity; Spain will become religiously/sexually degenerate, and politically and commercially upside down with a coinage unworn by use or movement except in the stealth of European seditions (and with nuggets fresh from the Americas not yet turned into coin); Scotland is irrelevant; and Belgium is torn every way religiously/sexually, politically, and even in its coinage. A telltale metaphor of the lot is the circumcision one, which makes of the French a Jewish nation, that is a decayed faith, compared with the Spanish living Catholics (a pun on the universal Church,
the universal Spanish civil control, in America and in the East, and the glut of Spanish coinage). The poem is as conscious of the political movement of faith as Herbert's "The Church Militant". The circumcision metaphor is oppositional to the bear-whelp and pistolet metaphors; not oppositional in its kind, for it too is an obvious reference to universal creation; rather, oppositional in its deployment. Donne probably remembers it in its rather dramatic appearance in Sylvester's Du Bartas. Sylvester's description of the as yet un-whelped world waxes exclamatory: "Uncircumcised! O hard hearts! (II, 1175; cp. Du Bartas' "incirconcis", II, 1055). Sylvester's slight change in emphasis from the original recalls the psalmists adjurations, "Harden not your hearts", against the freezing of emotions and in favour of a laying bare of the heart. The line may relate more specifically to St. Paul's concept of the "circumcision of the heart" (Romans 2.25-29). In the Donne poem above, that the French crown is circumcised may suggest at one level an operation to remove venereal infection, at another level the stripping away of the wealth of state by excess; but it is also a distinct reference to the creation of form from formlessness, to a primal generation. The new France of the future. It seems little wonder to me that Ben Jonson should praise Donne as the "first poet in the world in some things".44

One of the most important conceits of the Donne poems we have examined is that of the coin stamped with its value, in the king's face. The metaphor does not appear in Les Semaines or its translation. But Du Bartas is greatly aware of the chain of relationships that exist between God and king (one stamping the world with definition, the other civil authority and commerce), and dilates on this in the metaphor of the analogous seal, the lump of wax given its authority by the king's signet ring. In Les Semaines the image of the seal insists upon the dialectic of a formless void and a form and content:
Who so hath seen, how one warme lump of waxe
(Without increasing, or decreasing) takes
A hundred figures; well may judge of all
Th'incessant Changes of this neather Ball:
The World's own Matter, is the waxen Lumpe,
Which, un-selfe-changing, takes all kind of stampe,
The Forme's the Seale; Heav'n's gracious Emperour,
(The Living God)'s the great Lord Chauncelour,
Who at his pleasure setting day and night
His Great Broad Seales, and Privie Signets right
Upon the Masse so vast and variable,
Makes the same Lumpe, now base, now honourable.

This stamp of authority is not unlike the stamp that circumcision gave the
Jews, or indeed baptism the Christian. George Herbert says in "The Church
Militant":

Nilus for monsters brought forth Isrealites.
Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce
For things misshapen, things of highest use.

The first of these lines alludes to a favourite of Du Bartas' preoccupations,
the strength of the sun to generate serpents, etc..., out of the dead muds of
the Nile. Again, an invisible generation. But antipathetic to Donne's over-
licked bear-whelp which creates a monster of idolatry, Herbert's monsters
are the Isrealites, no monsters at all, but the new Church Militant, the new,
conquering, inspiring religion. The baptism of the Nile, and that of God's
elect, gives the Isrealites form and makes other religions chaotic. A close
examination of Herbert's poem reveals cyclical complexities in language and
style to vie with any but Donne. For this poem is about the progress of the
soul of mankind, while Donne's poems use the progress of the world's soul as
a conceit. Du Bartas' great design —

God then, not onely framed Nature one,
But also set it limitation
Of Forme and Time: exempting ever solely
From quantity his owne selfe's Essence holy.
How can we call the Heav'ns unmeasured,
Sith measur'd Time their Course hath measured?
How can we count this Universe immortall,
Sith many wayes the parts prove howerly mortall:
Sith his Commencement proves his Consummation,
And all things aye decline to alteration?

I, 363ff

— is conceit in Donne — that is, in the profane poems — but in Herbert the metaphors of the great design are aimed at the great design. Herbert's lump metaphor describes simply the man whose form has been lost through sin, who now requires the regeneration of a Savior:

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
A ring, whose posie was, My Pleasure:
He was a garden in a Paradise:
Glorie and grace
Did crown his heart and face.

But sinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
To raise him to the glimpse of blisse:
A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing;
Nay, his own shelf:
My God, I mean my self.
"Miserie", 67ff

And the metaphor of creation is far from destroyed by the time of Augustan poetry. Pope uses it to describe authors as the stylistic children of earlier authors:

So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear.

Dunciad, I, 99f

The first two Days in particular of Divine Weeks are vitally concerned with a metamorphic and a metaphorical language of creation. This is signaled throughout by hieroglyphs of the refined lump. In "News" Thomas Traherne refers in special to the gem, the "Diadem". He might as well have mentioned
the perfect distillation of the pearl (as he does in "The Salutation", 20) which is given unique form within the commonplace shell of an oyster. The word itself is a perfect poetic distillation, common in Sylvester's Du Bartas — for instance in the epithet of heaven's "pearly gates" (Decay, 1219) — often in description of things that undergo change of phase, the drop of dew, or of rain, or of congealed water. In like manner in the seventeenth century snow can become such an exquisite purifying substance as cream. In Sylvester, and in the subsequent tradition such one word metaphors and the repeated names of gem-stones, for instance, may be hieroglyphs for a polished or purifying creation. The language is not so much espoused by Donne as the idea; but the language is absorbed by a tradition of natural description that we shall come to examine.

VI. Musical Sympathy: Stringing Creation and Conclusion

We have seen the soul that reforms the lump. Adjacent the world's soul of "motion and of sense" — that is the one of form — is one of "vegetation and of growth". This is the chain-link that binds man to God and upon which man climbs to salvation. Between man and God, and between world and heaven, is a chain or thread of sympathy fully analogous to musical sympathy. John Donne begins "The Second Anniversary" with a number of metaphors signifying the death of the world with the death of its soul, Elizabeth Drury. They seek to convey a winding down in which remaining life is not borrowed but bought. The images are of a ship's stored energy, the movement of a beheaded body, the crackling of ice, and a lute ringing sympathetically to moist weather. When the sources of these energies cease the containers of energy will cease their motions.

The metaphor of musical sympathy in particular is a familiar Renaissance one. John Hollander's The Untuning of the Sky (Princeton, 1961) illustrates the degree to which music and poetry overlap in Renaissance imagery and
metaphor. But many of the resonances of music that we will find in seventeenth century poetry are so manifest and so basic as to not require literary commentary. Many are as basic as the medieval notions of universal harmony and musical harmony. Still, musical sympathy as found in Les Semaines may assist our understanding of other hieroglyphs of invisible sympathy in the work. It would be presumptuous to call Divine Weeks the source of Donne's sympathetic lute, but it would be folly to discount a work of such popularity and of such poetic self-consciousness as a major influence on the incidence and kind if not on the fact of such imagery.

At any rate, the contrapuntal shape of Donne's imagery in "The Second Anniversary" is greatly like Sylvester's beautiful rhetorical patterning in the following fugal treatment of musical sympathy:

Th' accorded Discords that are sweetly sent
From th'Ivorie ribs of some rare Instrument,
Cannot be seen: but he may well be said
Of Flesh, and Eares, and Nose entirely void,
Who doth not feel, nor heare, nor smell (the powers);
The shock, sound, sent; of stormes, of strings, of flowers.

VI, 789ff

These lines occur in the context of the attachment of the human soul to the body and to God. In a rhetorical device that becomes common in the seventeenth century, "Flesh" inspires "feele", "Eares" "heare", "Nose" "smel"; "shock" inspires "stormes", "sound" "strings", "sent" "flowers". The links are lexically invisible; so is the soul insensible to the body. The attraction of noun to verb and of effect to cause is as linear as the human soul of growth. In Donne the quavering lute is the prelude to an involved series of contractions and expansions on the universal soul (see Excursus I). In Du Bartas the structure — because of the epic genre — is not nearly so refined. But the lute image and all images of music are integral to the subject of the creative cycle which begins cosmically with the music of the spheres and ends with the blaring trumpet of the Last Judgement. For Du Bartas, heæaemeraly, all of
creation is six sweet notes, varied, equal with or greater than the musically varied organisation of language — poetry. The musical scale is an ape of the creative week and thence of the moving spheres:

Sith then the knot of sacred Mariage,
Which joynes the Elements, from age to age
Brings-forth the Worlds Babes: sith their Enmities
With fell divorce, kill whatsoever dies:
And sith but changing their degree and place;
They frame the various Formes, wherewith the face
Of this faire World is so imbellished:
As sixe sweet Notes, curiously varied
In skilfull Musike, make a hundred kindes
Of Heavenly sounds, that ravish hardest minds,
And with Division of a choice device,
The Hearer soules out at their eares intice:
Or, as of twice twelve Letters, thus transposed,
This World of Words is variously composed;
And of these Words, in divers order sowne,
This sacred Volume that you read is growne
(Through gracious succour of th'Eternall Deitie)
Rich in discourse, with infinite Varietie:
It was not cause-lesse, that so carefully
God did devide their common Signorie;
Assigning each a fit-confined Sitting
Their quantity and quality befitting.

For Du Bartas then this cosmic music is quite patently the voiced soul.

From Boethius, for a millennium music came to be regarded as tripartite, musica mundana, musica humana, and musica instrumentalis. The one pertained to the music of the spheres and of the great universal order of change. The second united mind with body, stringing together high sounds and low sounds. Finally came the music that we play and hear ourselves. The first of these demands an appreciation of faith, the second of intellect, the last of sense. The second is an intermediary between two points. These three parts correspond to the tripartite system of allegory that I have used in this work, as well as to the tripartite church. These three kinds of music are coexistently operative through all of temporal creation, linked by a chain of harmony. The seven kinds of sounds of the spheres (though inaudible to man), thought Cicero, are equall in proportion to the seven notes of the scale which are
configured in twelve houses, tones, equal with the astrological houses:
"Therefore this uppermost sphere of heaven, which bears the stars, as it
revolves more rapidly, produces a high, shrill tone, whereas the lowest revol-
vving sphere, that of the moon, gives forth the lowest tone ..." 50 Allegorically,
we know, this system of parallels exists in man, who understands sensually,
intellectually, and in faith; man is able to react in sense to the things of the
world, in reason to ethics and morality, and to other-worldly things, and in
faith to his salvation.

If, in Du Bartas' conception, the turning of the spheres voices the world's
soul, equally, the human voice utters the human soul:

O mouth! by thee, the rudest wits have learned
The noble Artes, which but the wise discerned.
By thee, we kindle in the coldest Spirits
Heroike flames affecting glorious merits.
By thee, we wipe the teares of wofull Eyes,
By thee, wee stop the stubborne mutinies
Of our rebellious Flesh, whose restles Treason
Strives to dis-Throne and to dis-Scepter Reason;
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n have conversation,
By thee, wee calme th'Almighties indignation.
When faithfull sighes from our soules Center flie
About the bright Throne of his Majestie:
By thee, we warble to the King of Kings;
Our Tong's the Bow, our Teeth the trembling strings,
Our hollow Nostrils with their double vent,
The hollow bellie of the Instrument;
Our Soule's the sweet Musition, that plaies
So devine lessons, and so Heav'nly layes,
Joves forked lightnings from his fingers steale.

VI, 597ff

Here the figuring in anaphora divides the mouth's singing into three kinds,
which sensually "kindle in the coldest Spirits/Heroike flames" and teach the
"rudest wits" "noble Artes"; intellectually "stop the stubborne mutinies/Of our
rebellious Flesh"; and faithfully "with Heav'n have conversation". A similar
use of repetitional device to effect such a shift in nuance may be found in
Donne's "The Second Anniversary" (see Excursus I). The juxtaposition of the
intervening, chain-like soul between the sensual soul and the intellectual soul
is important in *Les Semaines* and in "The Second Anniversary". In the *Sixth Day* Du Bartas describes two generative parts of the body, the brain, which (with its waving, folding matter) corresponds to the intellect, and the stomach, which corresponds to sensual appetite. Both are notable emblems. But Du Bartas intervenes with a description of two connective organs, the heart and the lungs:

Shall I the Harts un-equall sides explaine,
    Which equall poize doth equally sustaine?
Whereof, th'one's fill'd with bloud, in th'other bides
The vitall Spirit which through the bodie slides:
    Whose rest-les panting, by the constant Pulse,
Doth witnesse health; or if that take repulse,
And shift the dance and wonted pace it went,
It shewes that Nature's wrong'd by Accident.
    Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light,
Our inward heat doo temper day and night:
    Like Summer gales waving with gentle puffses,
The smiling Medowes green and gaudy tuffes
Light, spungie Fannes, that ever take and give
Th'aetheriall Aire, whereby wee breath and live:
    Bellowes, whose blast (breathing by certaine pawses,)
A pleasant sound through our speech-Organs causes?
    Or, shall I rip the Stomaches hollownes.

The heart consists of two attached chambers, the organ's equivalents perhaps to earth and heaven; and the lungs and the "speech-Organs" are linked by a column of air. The last bit of descriptive imagery is not only an analogy between the lungs and the bellows of an organ, but a statement of the very sympathy of life and the soul. The lungs define with the voice-box and the invisible air a triad equivalent to that of the three souls, indeed, to the three part God. So with the larger design of the body: the heart intervenes between brain and stomach, between reason and appetite. These are old, medieval, allegorical beliefs, implicitly indicated in *Les Semaines*. Du Bartas employs the music metaphor to make a statement which he cannot make in any other way than analogy. The musical analogy is somewhat imperfect, in that the sounds of the human mouth are associable with the human soul while those of an organ are once removed from the soul. This is an Aristotelian conception.
Yet as metaphor for the chain-like soul the musical sympathy of instruments is vital to *Les Semaines*.

John Hollander reminds us that the period in English poetry beginning around the time of Sylvester's translation was probably the most fruitful one for poetic treatment of the subject of music. And he reminds us also of the great poet-musicians of antique myth, and of their fabled capacity to inspire life sympathetically, and to freeze it Joshua-like:

That perfect state had always been known to the post-Classical world through the great musical fables of Orpheus and his ability to animate lifeless and motionless objects; of Amphion and the power of his lyre playing which caused the walls of Thebes to form themselves of strewn and scattered stones, flying through the air into place at the irresistible bidding of his music; of Arion and his power to charm a wild dolphin into carrying him to safety on his back; of the beautiful and dangerous song of the Sirens, and many more. The fact that Orpheus and the others were also considered to be poets in Classical literature added to the newly discovered musical and poetic discussions of Plato, Aristotle, pseudo-Plutarch, and other writers, created for the Renaissance an Olympian image of a musico-poetic golden age.

The last of the stories, that of Arion, figures prominently midway through the Fifth Day, as a metaphor of harmony. In these lines Arion's "trembling" instrument makes the very dolphin transporting him to tremble; the dolphin magnificently slides and slopes as if it were a tuning sphere:

But, among all the Fishes that did throng To daunce the Measures of his mournfull song, There was a Dolphin did the best accord His nimble Motions to the trembling Cord: Who, gently sliding neere the Pinnasse side, Seem'd to invite him on his backe to ride. By this time, twice the Saylours had essayd To heave him Wre, yet twice himselfe he stayd, And now the third time strove they him to cast, Yet by the shrowdes the third time held he fast: But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorce, And him too-feeble to withstand their force, The trembling Dolphins shoulders he bestrid; Who on the Oceans azure surges slid
So, that farre-off (his charge so cheared him)
One would have thought him rather flie, then swim:
Yet feares he every shelfe and every surge,
(Not for himselfe, but for his tender charge)
And, sloaping swiftly overthwart those Seas,
(Not for his owne but for his Riders ease)
Makes double hast to finde some happie strand
Where his sweet Phoebus he may safely land.
Meane while, Arion with his Musike rare,
Payes his deere Pylot his delightfull fare;
And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pittie)
To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Dittie:
O thou Almightye! who mankind to wrack,
Of thousand Seas, did'st whilome one Sea make,
And yet didst save from th'universall Doome,
One sacred Houshold, that in time to come
From Age to Age should sing thy glorious praise:
Looke downe (O Lord) from thy supernall rayes;
Looke, looke, (alas) upon a wretched man,
Halfe Toomb'd alreadie in the Ocean:
O be my Steeres-man, and vouchsafe to guide
The stern-lesse Boat, and bit-lesse Horse I ride,
So that escaping Windes and Waters wrath,
I once againe may tread my native path:

V, 509ff

Arion, entombed in the ocean, has been, Jonah-like, regenerated as it were,
has emerged alive from the belly and the jaws of death.

The untuning of the string, or for that matter the ceasing of the bellows' breath, results in harmony falling away into nothing. Hollander explores this sort of thing at some length. For us the most interesting work of musical sympathy in connection with the workings of the universe is a poem most often attributed to John Davies, "Hymne in Prayse of Musicke" (1602). The first lines of the poem are significantly tripartite:

Prayes, Pleasure, Profit, is that three-fold band,
Which ties mens minds more fast that Gardians knot.

The Gordian knot that we have seen in Du Bartas' consideration of memory begins Davies' conception of music. The poem rather crudely sets out the three-fold benefit of music, which Hollander rather consonantly calls a "leavening force
on 'rude passions'". But the tight three part structure of this poem it seems to me owes more to Divine Weeks than to any ancient or modern source. We shall explore Davies' Orchestra in other, related contexts. The Gordian knot of music is apparent in the complex madrigals of the late sixteenth century and early seventeenth century, in which seeming dissonances become consonances in the scope of the whole. Musical instruments with untouched, sympathetic strings were plainly associated with the cosmic sympathy of Love.

Witness, for instance, the names of some, for example the viola d'amore. A subject that requires some research is that of a language of song particularly associate to the quantitative contractions and expansions of sound. I suggest that this motivates Du Bartas and Sylvester in the same way that it seems to have motivated Thomas Morley, the author of The First Booke of Aires (1600?), who stipulates that words like "wanton" and "drooping" befit musical harmonics.

The vibrations of the cosmic spheres trickle down to man, who is mostly insensible to them as he is to his soul; and the stringed instrument is a commonplace in poems of love. In Les Semaines the significance of the musical instrument is carried farther. The lute replaces David's harp as the divine instrument and comes to signify universal love, the world's soul. In the Trophies Du Bartas classically refers to the "tunefull Lyre" of David (405); in the re-tuned regime of the new David, James VI of Scotland, the lute and the lyre become a harp (Trophies, 1040). In the Columns Heber and his son, Phalec, uncover the hidden pillars of Seth, which are secretly engraved within with the mysteries of mathematics, among other sciences. The unveiling of the secret is as entry into the tabernacle of the Lord. The two open a wicket in the marble and perceive

A Pure Lamp burning with immortall light.  
Columns, 64
The secrets are like four perfectly distilled rain-drops (72f); they are the four foundation arts of mathematics — in which Du Bartas discovers to us the secrets of numerology — geometry, with its concomitant round and angular figures (137ff — Du Bartas discusses the perfect circle (191ff) and the paradox of

The Circles Squareness, and the Cubes re-doubling

— astronomy with its own mathematics and geometry, and its own houses and spheres, its service to navigation; finally, music. The description re-affirms the seriousness with which Du Bartas endeavours to take the subject. That the four sciences are integrally related is indicated by their status as sisters. The discussion begins with mathematics and ends with music. Geometry owes to mathematics, astronomy to both; music contains all three:

Observe (my dearest Sonne);
Those cloud-lees brows, those cheekees vermillion
Those pleasing Looke, those eyes so smiling-sweet,
That grace-full posture and those pretie feet
Which seeme still Dauncing: all those Harps and Lutes,
Shawmes, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,
Place't round about her; prove in every part
This is the noble, sweet, Voice-ord'ring Art,
Breaths Measurer, the Guide of suppliest fingars
On (lyving-dumbe, dead-speaking) Sinnew-singars:
Th'Accord of Discords: sacred Harmonie,
And numbrie Law, which did accompanie
Th'Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to Rest, and Heav'n to Daunce.
For (as they say) for super-Intendent there,
The supreme Voice placed in every Spheare
A Syrene sweet; that from Heav'ns Harmonie
Inferiour things might learne best Melodie:
And their rare Quier with th'Angels Quier accord
To sing aloud the praises of the Lord,
In's Royall Chappell, richly beautifide
With glistring Tapers, and all sacred Pride.
Where, as (by Art) one selfly blast breath'd out
From panting bellowes, passeth all-about
Winde-Instruments; enters by th'under-Clavers
Which with the Keyes the Organ-Maister quavers,
Fills all the Bulke, and severally the same
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reviving lofty Cymballs voice
Flutes sweetest aire, and Regalls shrillest noise:
Even so th'all-quickning spirit of God above
The heav'ns harmonious whirling wheeles doth move,
So that, re-treading their eternall trace,
Th'one beares the Treble, th'other beares the Base.

But, brimmer farre then in the Heav'ns, heere
All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we heare:
For Melancholie, Winter, Earth below
Beare aye the Base; deepe, hollow, sad, and slow:
Pale Phlegme, moist Autumnne, Water moistly-cold,
The Plommet-like-smooth-sliding Tennor hold;
Hot-humide Blood, the Spring, transparant Aire,
The Maze-like Meane, that turns and wends so faire:
Churl Choler, Sommer, and hot-thirsty Fire,
Th'high-warbling Treble, loudest in the Quire.

And that's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st things
Are stoopt by Musike; as reteyning springs
Of Nomber in them: and, they feebly live
But by that Spirit which the Heav'ns dance doth drive.

Sweet Musike, makes the sternest men-at-Armes,
Let-fall at once their anger and their Armes:
It cheers sae soules, and charmes the frantike fits
Of Lunatikes that are bereft their wits:
It kills the flame, and curbes the fond desire
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire
(Whose soule seduced by his erring eyes,
Doth some proud Dame devoutly Idolize):
It cureth Serpents bane-full bit, whose anguish
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:
The Swan is rapt, the Hind deceav'd with-all,
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th'Harp leads the Dolphin, and the buzzing swarme
Of busie Bees the tinkling Brasse doth charme.

Columns, 697ff

The imagery is both of melody and of dance. The organ metaphor is the
centre-piece; its music is regal, likened to the "whirling wheels" of the spheres,
which move constantly about the surface of the unmoving earth, responsible
for the seasons. Winter is base (but also bass); and so the other seasons have
natural and musical degree. Autumn is tenor, spring the meandering alto, and
summer the high treble. Then an account of the sympathetic effects of music.
Base is linked with high in the same way that earth is linked with heaven,
man with God. Just such a triad of two extremes and the mean is the instru-
ment of the universe. The mean is the "mastike" like the Love, the Holy
Spirit, between the man-Christ and God. The musical sympathetic vibration
is equal with the other hieroglyphs of sympathy, memory for instance, and
magnetic attraction (and the static electrical attraction of amber when rubbed); that of gold being drawn from base metal; and other images of symbiosis:

Yer that our Sire (o too-too-proudly-base)
Turn'd taile to God, and to the fiend his face,
This mightie World did seeme an Instrument
Trew-strung, well-tunde, and handled excellent,
Whose symphonie resounded sweetly-shrill,
Th'Almightydes praise, who plaid upon it still.
While man serv'd God the worlde serv'd him, the lyve
To nurse this league, and loving zealously
These two deere Heads, embraced mutually,
In sweet accord, the base with high rejoist,
The hot with cold, the solid with the moist,
And innocent Astraea did combine
All with the mastick of a Love devine.

For th'hidden love that nowe adaiies doth hold
The steele and Load-stone, Hydragire and Gold,
Th'Amber and straw; that lodgeth in one shell
Pearle-fish and Sharpling: and unites so well
Sargons and Goates, the Sperage and the Rush,
Th'Elme and the Vine, th'Olive and Mirtle-bush,
Is but a spark or shadow of that Love
Which at the first in every thing did move,
When as th'Earthes Muses with harmonious sound
To Heavens sweet Musike humblie did resound.

But Adam, beeing cheefe of all the stringes
Of this large Lute, ore-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melodie
Of warbling Charmes, it yels so hideously,
That it affrights fell Enyon, who turmoiles
To raise againe th'old Chaos antike broiles.

Adam, fallen man, is untuned. The once harmony of diverse notes is now anarchy. To fallen man the greater harmony is only visible in faith; known by nature in the dance of nature to the music of rising birds:

Teaching the fragrant Forests, day by day,
The Diapason of their Heav'nly Lay.

The word "Diapason" is by no means new to poetry. But it does not seem to appear before the seventeenth century as an emblem for the completion
of all time, when the highest and lowest notes of the universal scale are
joined. It is a word, like so many others we have seen, that describes the
fusion of opposites in harmony. From a heap of notes arises a creative musi-
cal form which moves in counterpoint until the perfect musical circle is
complete. That day is augured in David, the world's musician, a type of
Christ:

David's the next, who with the melodie
Of voice-matcht fingers, drawes Spheares harmonie
To his heaven-tuned harpe: which shall resound
While the bright day-star rides his glorious round:
Yea happilie, when both the whirling Poles
Shall cease their galliard, th'ever blessed soules
Of Christ his champions, cheerd with his sweet songs
Shall daunce to th' honor of the Strong of strongs:
And all the Angels glorie-winged hoastes,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy God of Hoastes.

Babylon, 563ff

The Last Judgement is commonly figured by the musical instrument whose
strings are broken; for the linear link of string, thread, or chain is no longer
relevant, and heaven and earth have become one. The lute is a perfect
representation of the dimensions of the creative cycle in its own shape, and
can imitate the effects of the end of the world by joining gentleness (suaviter)
with the lion (fortiter), retro-grading heaven, and making the hills dance:

It chaunc't that passing by a Pond, he found
An open Tortoise lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing else remained
Save three drie sinewes on the shell stiffe-strained,
This empty house Jubal doth gladlie beare,
Stikes on those strings, and lends attentive eare.
And by this mould, frames the melodious Lute
That makes woods harken, and the winds be mute;
The hils to daunce, the heav'nsto retro-grade,
Lyons be tame, and tempests quickly vade.

His Art still waxing, sweetly marrieth
His quav'ring fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's(charme care Lute he brings,
More instruments he makes: no eccho rings
Mid rocky concaves of the babling vales,
And bubling rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wiery Cymbals, Rebecks sinewes twind,  
Sweet Virginals, and Cornets curled wind.  
**Handy-Crafts, 539ff**

The instrument contains the two souls of heaven and earth as well as the chain, thread, string that links them. It is somehow appropriate that Jubal should make his lute out of an "open Tortoise", for this again adumbrates the chain of being; here the likeness of the design of the world, of man, and of animals. And the tortoise shell is a good container for a soul.

The metaphor of the "Diapasons" of the singing birds in *Divine Weeks*, with their profound effects on nature, is symbolic of a greater music. To St. Augustine the singing of birds was a natural music, a music which knows itself instinctively and not reasonably. The diapason in Milton's "At a Solemn Musick" is more literally connected with the marriage of God and man:

That we on Earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
In perfet Diapason, whilst they stood  
In first obedience, and their state of good.  
O may we soon again renw that Song,  
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long  
To his celestial consort is unite,  
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.  

The difference between Milton's, and Drayton's use of the metaphor, in *Idea* (Sonnet 9) (1599), for instance, is as the difference between a poem that looks to its conceit and a poem that looks through its conceit. For Drayton love in all its manifestations achieves "true diapason in distincted sound". For Milton, love is music. "Diapason" becomes not just a clever metaphor, but an hieroglyph for salvation. In no earlier work of English poetry are such hieroglyphs so generally "expans'd" as in Sylvester's Du Bartas. 64
Dryden takes up the term "Diapason" in "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687". Marked by a rhetorical repetition that reflects a melodious returning in the creation of man (from "heavenly Harmony" to earthly harmony), the poem begins with a description of the hexaëmeron of creation. The "universal Frame" rises from a "heap". From "jarring Atoms" the four elements are placed in their disordered order, obeying the music of the "tunefull Voice" of the Logos:

From Harmony, from heav'ny Harmony
This universal Frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring Atomes lay,
And cou'd not heave her Head,
The tunefull Voice was heard from high,
Arise ye more than dead.
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And MUSICK'S pow'r obey.

The process is strongly reminiscent of Divine Weeks, in which the First Week is consecrated by the creation of man. The division of the "heap" into four "stations" recalls a similar division in Sylvester (I, 453ff). Du Bartas devotes the entire Second Day to the jarring concord of the four elements. In the second strophe Dryden turns to Jubal, marvelling,

Less than a God they thought there cou'd not dwell
Within the hollow of that Shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What Passion cannot Musick raise and quell!

In Sylvester's account all nature is inverted — as if to the diapasons of the birds — at the sounding of Jubal's music. Jubal's is the supreme handy-craft of fallen man. This is also the case in Dryden's song, as if made evident in the last strophes, undulating from the loud trumpet of war to the languorous flute of love, to the sharp violins of passion (which is brother to war) and
finally to the inspired tones of "holy Love". In cycle, national war unfolds into human love, human love into human passion, human passion into divine love. The progression differs somewhat in Divine Weeks: from the chaotic sound of cymbals to the harsh rebecks (a kind of violin) to the "sweet Virginals" (in which there is but one string to one note) and the trumpet-like cornet, Jubal creates all kinds of music from the low (cymbals) to the high (cornet; also suggesting the pipes of an organ), with its "curled wind":

More little tongues to's charme care Lute he brings,
More instruments he makes: no eccho rings
Mid rocky concaves of the bab'ling vales,
And babling rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wiery Cymbals, Rebecks sinewes twind,
Sweet Virginals, and Cornets curled wind.

Handy-Crafts, 551ff

But the sense of progress is similar in Sylvester and Dryden. Similarity ends in the seventh strophe, where Dryden ends his poem by wittily bringing heaven and earth together in anticipation of the "Grand CHORUS" of the Last Judgement. Du Bartas has of course only yet begun his study of the temporal music of human existence. Dryden's kinds of music suggest the kinds of human subject that are familiar to all poetry, war, love, passion, furor (transcendence); and these categories relate to the kinds of language and imagery that I discuss elsewhere in this work, imagery directed at once to different levels of consciousness.

In "Alexander's Feast" Dryden makes use of a similar cycle. The setting is pre-Christian and the kinds of instrument pre-date the organ, says Dryden —

Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow

— and the kinds of music are affective. In the second strophe of this poem Alexander the Great is introduced with God-like music; he is metaphorically
rendered "A present Deity" (35). In the emblematics surrounding Jove there is something of time —

Then, round her slender waste he curl'd

— and the familiar metaphor of coinage in a familiar context —

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World

A possible reading of the strophe is that it is laced with irony about Jove and his "mighty Love", as a primitive love next to divine Love; that Jove is of a temporal myth, and a political and mercenary one, at least in his commonest representations. To this a mighty king like Alexander can aspire. Though the second strophe is lofty in tone, the loftiness is bound by the "vaulted Roofs" of Heaven. The third strophe is earthly, celebrating drunken celebration after victory ("drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure", 57). The fourth strophe presents an opposite view of life, the dishonour of defeat:

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high Estate

In its concern with the turning wheel of fortune it brings to mind Richard II's terrible fall, in Shakespeare's play of that name ("Down, Down I come, like glist'ring Phaeton", III, iii, 178). The fifth strophe turns to the love at hand, love which encapsulates victory and defeat —

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.
— made more astringent by Alexander's very mightiness. The defeat itself calls, in the cycle, for revenge, which kind of music is sung by Timotheus in the sixth strophe. Here we discover that the relationship of Alexander to Jove is as that of the Persian king and his people to their "Hostile Gods" (144). The supreme god of the Greeks ordains for the Greek world ethics of victory and celebration, defeat and shame, love and loss, revenge. These are fundamentally opposed to the ethics of the succeeding "heaving Bellows" (156) of Christian faith. Both Greek and Judeo-Christian traditions are inventors of music, one of affective music, the other of affective devotional music. By the end of the poem Greek civilization has been supplanted by Christian civilization, which has made use of Greek affective music. Cecilia wins the prize (Dryden uses the image as a reflection on the Greekish conception of earthly reward for earthly victory), or shares it with Timotheus (sharing being a more Christian ethic). Cecilia, Christian music, has taken the narrow precincts of Timotheus' affection and widened them to a spiritual, Christian sphere, thus both building upon the classical foundation and supplanting it. This is once more the working out of the subject of the Church Militant. In both of Dryden's poems is the same cycle of war (victory and defeat), love, passion, and transcendence. In both, it seems to me, Du Bartas' representation of the music of fallen man may lie.

To illustrate my point let me choose one more passage about music from Divine Weeks. In the Trophies, in a moment of ecstatic praise after the defeat of Goliath, David exclaims:

And let me, Lord (said David) ever chuse Thee sole; for Subject of my sacred Muse.

David's muse is a musical one, and enables David to cure, as a kind of doctor, the diseases that preoccupy the souls of his people:
In Court he cures the Melancholy Trance
That toyles his soule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,
Expels th'ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.
For, with her sheath, the soule commerce frequents,
And acts her office by his instruments;
After his pipe she dances: and againe
The body shares her pleasure and her paine;
And by exchange, reciprocallly borrowes
Some measure of her solace and her sorrowes.
Th' Eare (door of knowledge) with sweete warbles pleas'd
Sends them eftsoones unto the Soule diseas'd,
With darke blacke rage, our spirits pacifies,
And calmely cooles our inward flame that fries.

Trophies, 404ff

Then David is compared with three classical figures, Tyrteus, who assisted
Sparta in the second Messenian War; Timotheus, who inspires Alexander in
Dryden's "Alexander Feast", who could inspire strength or gentleness according
to the Phrygian or Dorian modes (so in Dryden); and the "chaste Violon" of
Argos, which restrains Clytemnestra from adultery (unsuccessfully, if we are
to follow Aeschylus):

So, O Tyrteus, changing Harmonie,
Thy Rowt thou changest into Victorie.
So, O thrice-famous, Princely Pellean,
Holding thy hart's raines in his Tune-full hand,
Thy Timothie with his Melodius skill
Armes and dis-armes thy Worlds-dread arme (at will),
And with his Phrygian Musicke, makes the same
As Lion fierce; with Dorik, milde as Lambe.
So, while in Argos the chaste Violon
For's absent Soveraigne doth grave-sweetly groan,
Queen Clytemnestra doth resist th'alarmes
Of lewd Aegysthus, and his Lust-ful Charmes.

Trophies, 417ff

The examples demonstrate music in war, in peace, and in love. But they do
not demonstrate the divine music that raps the soul with the love of God.

This is to be found only in David's music:

So, at the sound of the sweet-warbling brasse,
The Prophet rapt ung his soule's soule a space,
Refines him selfe, and in his fantasie
Graves deepe the seale of sacred Prophesie.
For, if our Soule bee Number (some so thought)
It must with Number be refreshed oft;
Or, made by Number (so I yeeld to sing)
We must the same with some sweet Numbers bring
To some good Tune: even as a voyce (sometime)
That in its Part sings out of tune and time,
Is by another voice (whose measur'd straine
Custome and Arte confirmes) brought in againe.
It may be too, that DAVIDS sacred Ditty
Quickned with Holy-Writ, and couched witty,
Exorcist-like, chac't Natures cruel Fo,
Who the Kings soule did tosse and torture so.

_Trophies, 429ff_

The martial ethics of the classical world, able to rapt a soul in worldly ways, meet those ethics whose martiality belongs to a kingdom beyond this world. David is the appropriate figure to compare — rather, contrast, for Sylvester's build-up of so's in anaphora point to contrast — with these musicians of classical antiquity. He is not a warrior so much as a shepherd, who nonetheless vanquishes in war. His great good is his love of God; and yet his failing is his sexual appetite. And this is also appropriate, for as, in Greece, the shame of a great warrior is to be enslaved to woman, in Judeo-Christianity the shame of a lover of God is to sink to lust. David's music parallels but is of a higher order than Tyrteus', Timotheus', or of the "chaste" violin's. It seems likely that this is precisely what Dryden has in mind in having Timotheus at first yield, then, ironically, share the prize with Cecilia, the Christian David. They share the prize only insofar as they share the same kind of function. One is for a king at war, in diversion, and in love; and the other is a lyric to God appealing to appetite, to mind and to soul.

VII. Celestial and Sexual Fusion: Profane Love and the Impossibilia

The creative Fiat, in _Les Semaines_, distills the universe into component parts juxtaposed in a chain of relationships. In the Second Day, where the principal subject is the elemental composition of the world, the four elements of fire, air, earth, and water are seen as jarring brothers, opponents in a duel.
(possibly) and in a game of tennis, spokes on a wagon-wheel, a holy chain, musical notes, letters of the alphabet. These metaphors have in common their preoccupation with form. The subject of the elements is a subject of form in sometimes apparent chaos. For the elements are mutually hostile; but this hostility is always yoked into the order of an umpired struggle. A principal image is that of troublesome brothers:

Now the chiefe Motive of these Accidents
Is the dire discord of our Elements:
Truce-hating Twinnes, where brother eateth Brother
By turnses, and turned them one into another:
II, 239ff

Now this may owe to Ovid's account of the antithetical winds (about which Ovid concludes, Metamorphoses I, 60, tanta est discordia fratrum). These brothers are spawned all too naturally by the Ovidian earth-mother. Du Bartas' description of the created earth standing still amid the breath of wind and storm in the airy regions is still more evidence of his working knowledge and use of Ovid (Metamorphoses, I, 54ff):

Th'Aire, host of Mistes the bounding Tennis-ball,
That stormie Tempests tosses and play with-all,
Of winged Clouds the wide inconstant House,
Th'unsetled Kindgome of swift Aeolus,
Great Ware-house of the Winds, whose traffike gives
Motion of life to every thing that lives,
Is not through-out all one: our elder Sages
Have fitly parted it into three Stages:
II, 411ff

Sylvester disturbs the image of the original by introducing his own tennis metaphor. Earlier Du Bartas had used an umpire metaphor —

But least the Fire, which all the rest embraces,
Beeing too-neere, should burne the Earth to ashes:
As chosen Umpi-eres, the great All-Creator
Betweene these Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For one suffiz'd not their sterne strife to end:
When Fire, and Aire, and Earthe, and Water, all were one
Before that worke divine was wroughte, which now we see
Looke vppon.

There was no forme of thinges, but a confused masse:
A lump, which Chaos men did call: wherein no order was,
The Colde, and Heate, did strike: the Heauie thinges, and Lighte:
The Harde, and Softe, the Wette, and Drye: for none had shape or righte.
But when they were dispownd, each one into his roome: they bloome.
The Fire, had Heate: the Aire, had Lighte: the Earthe, with fruities did.
The Sea, had his increase: which thinges, to passe thus broughte:
Behoulde, of this vnperfecte masse, the goodly worlde was wroughte.

Then all things did abounde, that feru'd the use of man.
The Rivers grew, with wyne, and oyle, and milke, and honie, came.
The Trees did yield their fruities: thoughte planting then unknowne.
And Ceres still was in her pompe, thoughte seede were nether sowne.
The season, Summer was: the Grapes were always greene,
And every banke, did beare the badge, of fragrant Flora Queene.

From Whitney, Emblemes (1586)
Water, as Cozen, did the Earth be-friend,
Aire, for his Kins-man Fire, as firmely deales:
But both, uniting their devided zeales,
Tooke-up the Matter, and appeas'd the brall
Which doubt-lesse else had dis-Created All.
   II, 299ff

— which no doubt gave Sylvester the license to go it alone, as it were. The
tennis metaphor becomes a commonplace in the seventeenth century for the
delicate balance — or imbalance — of society; throughout Shakespeare (e.g.,
2 Henry IV, II, ii; Hamlet, II, i) for example. The metaphor is suitable to
antithesis, indeed, can approximate the inscrutable ways of God. The Scottish
religious divine, Zachariah Boyd, in his The Historie of Jonah, illustrates God's
will in the matter:

   ... as with tennice Balls,/
   Some I fell down, and some I raise that falls.65

But it is the figure of the umpire that interests us, for it attaches two oppo-
sites much as the sympathetic soul attaches earth with heaven, man with God.
Milton makes use of Du Bartas' imagery diabolically, referring to the "embryon
atoms" that exist in chaos before the Word descends upon the lump. Chaos —
no umpire — takes the role of umpire. Chance takes the role of governor:

The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
Illimitable ocean without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment; Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns: next him high arbiter
Chance governs all.

Paradise Lost, II, 89ff

The confusion is pre-elemental, between the four qualities of the elements —

For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce

— in the same way as in Divine Weeks (" A confused heape of wet-dry-cold-and-hot", I, 454; or "It hot and cold, moist and dry doth bring", II, 94). But in creation the opposite elements are plainly ordered in the make-up of all things. John Davies reflects Du Bartas' point of view:

Dauncing (bright Lady) then began to be,
When the first seed whereof the world did spring,
The Fire, Ayre, Earth, and Water — did agree,
By Lovers perswaison — Nature's mighty King —
To leave their first disordered combating;
And in a daunce such mesure to observe,
As all the world their motion should preserve.

st. 17

Not the least of the ordered things of nature is the human body:

Even such a Warre our Bodies peace maintaines:
For, in our Flesh, our Bodies Earth remaines:
Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possesse:
And last, our Water — in our humours rests.
Nay, there's no part in all this Bulke of ours,
Where each of these not inter-mixe their powers,
Though't be apparant (and I needs must graunt)
That aye some one is most Predominant.
The pure red part amid the Masse of Blood,
The Sanguine Aire commaunds; the clotted mud
Sunke downe in Lees, Earths Melancholie showes:
The pale thinne humour that on th'out-side flowes,
Is waterie Flegme; and the light froathie scum
Bubbling above, hath Fierie Cholers roome.

Not, that at all times, one same Element
In one same Body hath the Regiment;
But in his turn each raigning, his subjects drawes
After his Lore: for still New Lords new Laws.
As sans respect how rich or Noble-borne,
Each Citizen Rules and Obayes by turne
In Chart'red Townes; which seeme in little space,
Changing their Ruler, even to change their face.

II, 69ff

One element is always given predominance in an organ, but a body need not be ruled by the same element. In this regulation lies the medical science of the humours, whose bodily composition can have as many configurations as the stars of astrology. Air controls the sanguine humour, earth the melancholic; water controls flegm, and fire choler. In elemental composition the universe is held together in the same way, by the same chain of correspondences that unite souls. The humours relate not only to the health but to the general disposition, as their names suggest: choleric with passion, phlegmatic with the epileptic, melancholic with despair (often love-despair), and sanguine with hopeful-ness (often love-hope). The predominances, contrary to the equipoise of pre-lapsarian existence, must finally lead to bodily death and decay.

For Du Bartas the four elements and humours serve to bring the cosmic physical structure under one umbrella with the human physical structure. Du Bartas does not exactly equate them; rather, they are an hierarchic chain of correspondences. For much of metaphysical poetry equation of links on the hierarchic chain amounts to a formidable conceit of degree. Since in God is Love, the highest degree of a poet's appreciation of the beloved woman is her equation with God. This has old roots, and the godliness of women is distinctly Petrarchan.

For John Donne this conceit is important, but in a number of his poems the conceit is bolder and may in part owe to the multifariousness of Du Bartas' creation myth in Sylvester's translation. We have already encountered generation hieroglyphs used in rather inverted ways in two of the elegies, and for encomiastic purposes in "The Second Anniversary". Nowhere is the implication as profound and daunting as in "The Canonization". Here, no lover is perceived as God-like, but two lovers alchemically, in coitus, recreate creation, supplanting
Du Bartas is clear that he does not accept the notion of alternate creation. After concluding his analysis of the affinities of elements/humours with human and indeed national dispositions, and asserting again and again in one repeated refrain the mortality of man —

\[
\text{Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones} \\
\text{Be raked-up in a cold Heape of stones}
\]

— Du Bartas expounds the principles of the conservation of matter. Because his defence relies on the presumption that "nothing turns to nothing" (II, 161), Du Bartas finds immediate reason to expatiate on the equivalent presumption that "Nought's made of nought" (II, 161). What ensues is an argument against all universal designs alternative to the Judeo-Christian one he has explained:

\[
\text{For if of Nothing any thing could spring,} \\
\text{Th'Earth without seed should wheat and barley bring.} \\
\text{Pure Mayden-wombes desired Babes should beare:} \\
\text{All things, at all times, should grow every-where.} \\
\text{The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender;} \\
\text{The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lamling tender:} \\
\text{Th'Ocean should yeld the Pine and Cornell Tree,} \\
\text{On Hazels Acorns, Nuts on Oakes should bee:} \\
\text{And breaking Natureset and sacred use,} \\
\text{The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves produce.} \\
\text{If of themselves Things tooke their thriving, then} \\
\text{Slow-growing Babes should instantly be men:} \\
\text{Then in the Forrests should huge boughes be scene} \\
\text{Borne with the bodies of un-planted Treen;} \\
\text{Then should the sucking Elephant support} \\
\text{Upon his shoulders a well-manned Fort,} \\
\text{And the new-faoled Colt, couragious,} \\
\text{Should naigh for Battaile, like Bucephalus.} \\
\text{II, 163ff}
\]

The argument is based on experience of nature. Donne takes up Sylvester's very phrasing of the argument to demonstrate just such an alternative creation, in the pattern of the impossibilia of the third stanza of "The Canonization". Sylvester translates Du Bartas,
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves produce.

Donne appropriates:

And we in us find the eagle and the dove.

We are, says this line, the very impossible creation that Du Bartas denies. The reference to Divine Weeks may be even more pointed; for in Divine Weeks are a number of allusions to impossible sounding creations of nature, deriving, Du Bartas claims, from no act of coitus:

   God, not contented, to each Kind to give
   And to infuse the Vertue Generative:
   Made (by his wisedome) many Creatures breed
   Of live-lesse bodies, without Venus deed.
   So, the cold humour breeds the Salamander,
   Who (in effect) like to her births-Commaunder,
   With-Childe with hundred Winters, with her touch
   Quencheth the Fire though glowing ne'r so much.
   So, of the Fire in burning furnace, springs
   The Flie Pyrausta with the flaming wings;
   Without the Fire, it dies; within it, joyes;
   Living in that, which each thing else destroyes,
   So, slow Bootes underneath him sees
   In th'ycie Iles, those Goslings hatcht of Trees,
   Whose fruitfull leaves falling into the Water,
   Are turn'd (they say) to living Fowles soone after.
   So, rotten sides of broken Shipps doo change
   To Barnacles; O Transformation strange!
   'Twas first a greene Tree, then a gallant Hull,
   Lately a Mushroom, now a flying Gull.
   VI, 107ff

These are lines of an Ovidian character, but they are scarcely fiction to Du Bartas. The structure of these ungenerated creations is according to the elements: the salamander is bred by the air; fire produces the Pyrausta; earth goslings, and water barnacle geese. The context is of God's ordination, from the time of the coupling of Adam and Eve, that like should beget like (VI, 1079ff). The peculiar generations above seem to contradict Du Bartas' purpose;
yet he makes little of the puzzle. Donne, it appears, does. He juxtaposes the enemy elements of Satire 3, using "Salamander" (23) as a metonymy for air, rhetorically asking for a four way distemper — an impossible distemper — fusing in one the four creatures constituent in Les Semaines of only one element each. In "The Canonization" Donne may well be referring to Sylvester's "Pyrausta" in the equation of an unsexed fly and a taper:

\[
\text{Call her one, me another fly, } \\
\text{We are tapers too, and at our own cost die,}
\]

20f

Du Bartas appositely concludes, in the Second Day, that the ague of the distemper of too much drought is a condition,

(Much like a Candle fed with it owne humour, 
By little and little it owne selfes consumer)

II, 133f

Du Bartas' phoenix metaphor is of like impossibility, and this too is suggested in Donne's third stanza.

The lovers' is an act of pure sexual flame that oxymoronically, to quote Marvell, "tears our pleasures with rough strife". For Donne the lovers' act must be strifeful in terms of the real, elemental world, but in their own terms it is an act of harmony and necessary gentleness, Sylvester writes:

\[
\text{The faintest hearts, God turnes to lions fierce } \\
\text{To Eagles Doves, Vanquisht to vanquishers.}
\]

Trophies, 177f

The last paradox is akin to that of Christ's victory taken from the defeat of the crucifixion. In the idolatry of "The Canonization" the man conquering the woman becomes conquered of the woman. The fusion is equal with the cosmic unity of Marvell's
Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
"To His Coy Mistress", 41f,
in which the unifying word "all" seems to encourage pause — for thought? — before it sends the reader to the next line. We can easily imagine the all-powerful figure of a god being associated with the eagle. But the fusion of this power with gentleness is a more difficult, theological point. George Sandys makes the two figures plainly equivalent to God's authority on earth:

Chaste nymph, you who extracted are
From that swift thunderbolt of War;
Whose innocence and meekness prove
An eagle may beget a dove; 68

At a greater level, strength and gentleness come together in one hermaphroditic God.

There are serious considerations: that the third stanza is not only arguing an alternative creation — ex nihilo because the lovers make it and "are made" — but that the lovers are at once God and creation. The phoenix is a figure for God. Chambers has pointed out the regenerative image of the old eagle which rises to the sun to melt the wax sealing its eyes, then plunges, renewed, into a stream. 69 But the eagle and the dove are of greater interest treated together. Donne assists us in one of his Sermons: "I shall see God as a Dove with an Olive Branch (peace to my soul) or as an Eagle, a Vulture to prey." 70

This resembles a short passage in Divine Weeks:

His Spirit; his Love, which visiteth earthly Climes
In plumie Shape: for, this bright-winged Signe,
In head and neck, and starrie back (in fine)
No lesse resembles the milde simple Dove,
Then crooke-bill'd Eagle that commaundeth above.

Columns, 504ff

The eagle and the dove, also figure in alchemical emblems. Robert Fludd,
for instance, regards cosmic creation — the great FIAT — iconographically, as an elemental, spherical creation defined by the circular motion of the dove of the Holy Spirit. A writer on alchemy no less transcendental than Emile Grillot de Givry describes the belief in this way:

The famous Oxford doctor considers God as the Principle of Light beyond which there is only nothingness — represented by Darkness. The Breath of Gods draws a luminous circular furrow in this Darkness, agreeably to the theory accepted by Plato, Cicero, and the Alexandrians, who pronounced that spirits must move in circles. In the circle so traced a portion of Darkness is ensphered and surrounded by Light. 71

We shall have more to say about the breath of God and creation.

The joining of strength and gentleness is akin to the joining of suaviter and fortiter in God. 72 If strength can be associated with man and gentleness with woman there is an appropriateness in Donne's lovers as a coital God. Geometrically, the dove may be regarded as a (female) circular chain link which admits the straight line of the forward moving (male) chain of the eagle. We need not elaborate the sexual aspect of this. Grillot de Givry displays an interesting miniature taken from a seventeenth century work, La Clef de la Grande Science sur l'ouvrage philosophique inconnu jusqu'a present, of the hermetic Androgyne and the chief Alchemical symbols:

Finally, a third illumination (Fig. 334) shows the hermetic androgyne with two faces, half man, half woman, between the tree of the sun and the tree of the Moon. Below are the Mount of Mercury, the Mount of the Sun, the Mount of the Moon, the dragon with two heads, and running water — all images familiar to alchemists. 73

Birds figure prominently in these alchemical representations, including the eagle, which can symbolise celestial influence. The sun and the moon are male and female, are fortiter and suaviter. The alchemical image of the
hermaphrodite is fundamental. Sol and Luna come together so that Luna may be impregnated with the philosopher's stone. The product of the marriage of the two is an hermaphrodite, containing the parts of both and is represented in alchemical imagery as a blackened, putrifying corpse in a tomb; because for the alchemist conception and generation are parallel to death and resurrection — Christ being the perfect example of the hermaphrodite. The idea has representation in the imagery of John 12:24-25 and 1Cor. 15:36-38. We might here remember the circle of regeneration described in rhetorical climax — fittingly like sexual climax — discussed above:

Enriching shortly with his springing Crop,  
The Ground with greene, the Husband-man with hope,  
The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,  
The reed an eare, the eare another seed:  
The seed, to shut the wastefull Sparrows out  
In Harvest, hath a stand of Pikes about,...  
III, 827ff

Self-regeneration from putrefaction is the alchemical image of the hermaphrodite. In Donne's "The Canonization" androgyny is implicit in the image of eagle/dove phoenix, which rises out of its own ashes. Out of the consummation of sexual climax comes another rising (literally and figuratively), and this continual, regenerative sexual intercourse, defines the same motion as all temporal creation.

It is tempting to seize upon Sylvester's use of "his Love" as a designation, and Donne's sanctification of a profane love. Both Donne and Du Bartas insist upon a twofold one, thus on a triad. Donne's sexual eagle and dove, fortiter and suaviter, male and female, compare at first with Phineas Fletcher's heraldic device; but Fletcher's dove and eagle are of different orders, the one celestial, the other terrestrial:
Upon his shield was drawn a glorious Dove,  
'Gainst whom the proudest Eagle dares not move;  
Glit'ring in beams: his word conqu'ring by peace and love.  

*Purple Island, IX, st. 7*

There are other reasons why we might argue a distempered, alternate creation in "The Canonization". The first stanzas of the poem might be read as dividing the world into its component elements and humours, as well as into the three estates of man, and then rejecting these as not associate with the world of the lovers. The poem ends by calling three estates ("Countries, towns, courts" (44)) to the temple of the lovers as alternate God. And so on.

It will be apparent that the hieroglyphic language of science that I have discussed in *Divine Weeks* consists of most of the words that Sylvester and his publishers have taken care to italicise in the text. The equivalent words are not italicised in the early editions of Du Bartas that I have seen. Regardless, the endeavour shows a keen understanding by Sylvester of the nature of Du Bartas' undertaking. It is difficult for me to imagine sensitive readers of Sylvester's time insensible to the allegorical language of his italicised text.

We have examined a language that defines the shape of the universe in Sylvester's Du Bartas. We have laid the ground-work for but not yet dealt with this universe as a container. The container of a soul is as essential as a "well-wrought urn" to ashes. The container of the spirit of poetry is indeed a celestially well-wrought urn. If the first containers of the following chapter suggest one thing, it is that corporal life should be instructive, as a play is, or a book. Adjacent the instruction of nature is a greater phenomenon, revelation.
CHAPTER 6

METAPHORS OF INSTRUCTION AND REVELATION

I. The Universal Container

The First Day of Les Semaines pours forth with a river of metaphors which do not amplify their source metaphor other than to say that the world is — is not likened to — each and all of the pictures described in the metaphors; in fact, that the world may be one thing and something radically different at the same time. The First Day pinpoints an important difference in the natures of simile and metaphor, and seems to suggest that metaphor is the more appropriate to the metaphysical fusion of the encyclopedia. Du Bartas takes a number of medieval commonplaces about the world and hammers them together rhetorically, indeed, to form a conceit:

The World's a Schoole, where (in a generall Storie)
God alwaies reades dumbe Lectures of his Glorie:
A paire of Staires, whereby our mounting Soule
Ascends the steps above the Arched Pole:
A sumptuous Hall, where God on every side,
His wealthy Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we amy passe o're at ease
Of sacred Secrets the broad bound-lesse Seas.
The World's a Cloud, through which there shineth cleere,
Not faire Latona's quiv'red Darling deere,
But the true Phoebus, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vaile of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,
His Justice, Knowledge, Love, and Providence,
Doo act their parts; contending in their kindes,
Above the Heav'ns to ravish dullest minds.
The World's a Booke in Folio, printed all
With God's great Workes in Letters Capitall:
Each Creature, is a Page, and each effect,
A faire Caracter, void of all defect.

1, 157ff

None of these metaphors is new. But the theatre metaphor in particular is well known for its appearance in Ronsard and in Shakespeare. Curtius shows us the extent of its use from antiquity onwards. It is not unreasonable to
suggest however that in Du Bartas comes some of the fullest memorable treatment of the metaphor in post-medieval literature. The metaphor is ubiquitous in Les Semaines, standing out as well in several periphrases of the earth (four times in the Second Day alone). Among the commonest of these designations is "round Theater" (e.g., II, 1230; III, 444). This is of course the "Worlds Amphitheater" that Drummond of Hawthornden speaks of in Song 1.² The designation appears not unfrequently in early seventeenth century poetry. On the one hand the word is indicative of shape. But more importantly it describes the shape of the mirror of nature in which man sees (albeit, "as in a glass darkly") and learns — paradoxically, in which the audience (players) enjoys the spectacle of the audience (players). Donne says: "An Ampitheatre consists of two theatres. Our text hath two parts in which all men may sit and see themselves acted."³

The theatre metaphor abounds in Shakespeare, for the good reason that Shakespeare is reflective upon his craft. But it surfaces in a slightly different context after Divine Weeks, as a metaphor of metaphysical fusion. Wits Theater of the little World, an encyclopedic work of religious and natural exegesis was published in 1599. The author of this writes: "The auncient Phylosophers (courteous Reader) have written of two worlds, the great and the lesser ... the little world is man."⁴ The title and method of this book go some way to pointing to Sylvester's periphrasis of man, "Little World" (e.g., VII, 736), as an important philosophical label. Labels in Wits Theater are important indicators. The author begins his epitome by listing the titles of the Christian God, according to "name, essence, power, and omnipotence". He recalls that Aristotle had called heaven (the sky) "The most excellent booke of nature".⁵ This book of nature metaphor is yet another old topic of poetry, emerging in a full and familiar form in Du Bartas.

The apposition of theatre and book is not incidental. In fact, the sequence of metaphors in Les Semaines is one of correspondences between the smaller — microcosmic — things of nature, especially of the world of
man, and creation as a whole. Shakespeare echoes Du Bartas' metaphor sequence in "The Rape of Lucrece":

For princes are the glass, the school, the book  
Where subjects eyes do learn, do read, do look.  
615f

And the rhetorical parison is also familiar. People, or their faces, as books are one thing —

The virtue of her lively looks  
Excels the precious stone.  
I wish to have non other books  
To read or look upon.6

— and nature as a book is another. Duke Senior in As You Like It sees "books in running brooks,/Sermons in stones" (II, i, 16-17). This chiastic vision is closer to Du Bartas' book metaphor. Curtius traces the book metaphor from antiquity in great detail.7 His presentation of the Renaissance book metaphor culminates with a quotation from Quarles' Emblemes (1635): unbeknownst to Curtius, Quarles has excerpted his metaphor from Divine Weeks quoted above.8 Indeed, Sylvester's approach to the topos appears to have made quite an impression on seventeenth century poetry. Drummond of Hawthornden, in his sonnet "Booke of the World", echoes Sylvester's moralising of the First Day:

But, as young Trewants, toying in the School,  
In stead of Learning, learn to play the fool;  
We gaze but on the Babes and the Cover,  
The gawdly Flowers, and Edges guid'd-over;  
177ff

But silly we (like foolish Children) rest  
Well pleas'd with colour'd velome, leaves of Gold,9

Milton uses the metaphor in Paradise Lost, Book III.
..., and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works to me expunged and razed,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

The words "fair" and "nature's works" remind us of the Sylvester. Even more familiar is this metaphor from *Paradise Lost*, Book VIII:

To ask or search I blame thee not, for heaven
Is as the book of God before the set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years:

Or Henry King's "The Exequy":

On thee, on thee; thou art the book,
The library whereon I look,
Though almost blind.

Sylvester's repeated "where" becomes "wherein" in Milton, and "whereon" in King. Milton uses the verb "to read" (cp. Sylvester, "To read this booke ...", making a distinction between reading and gazing); King doesn't suggest a reading, but, after Sylvester's satirical simile with its conclusions of religious blindness —

And never farther for our lesson look
Within the Volume of this various Booke

— the equivocal "look". We shall see that Du Bartas' nature is indeed a picture book of the kind King extolls. Du Bartas reminds that poetry is as a picture book: "la poesie est une parlante peinture".10

The extent of the book metaphor's application in the seventeenth century should not be underestimated. Sylvester in particular assists — one might say, promulgates — its metaphysical application:
O sacred Dialect! in thee, the names
Of men, Townes, Countries, register their fames
In briefe abridgements: and the names of birdes,
Of water guests, and forest-haunting heards,
Are open bookes, where every man might read
Their natures story: till the heaven-shaker dread
In his just wrath, the flaming sword had set,
The passage into Paradice to let.

Babylon, 415ff

The choice of the epithet "briege abridgement" is both fortuituous and necessary. It is made necessary by the context of a dialectic of the microcosm/macrocosm. The expression doubtless lies behind Donne's "abridgement" in Divine Meditations, XVI (13), and in "Upon the Annunciation and Passion" (20). The book metaphor is a favourite metaphysical one, not surprisingly, and appears in Vaughan, Herbert, Crashaw, and in Donne frequently. Du Bartas' notion of the book of nature as a once open book, now — after the fall — locked away in a sacred, almost cabbalistic "Dialect" is of the neo-Platonic mysticism we have already indicated. It parallels, notably, Galileo's conception of the great book of the universe: "It is written in a mathematical language, and the characters are triangles, circles, and other geometrical figures." Such are not the alchemical figures of Donne's Elegy XI.

Though a magical set of correspondences is apparent in the first half of Les Semaines, we should wish to emphasise simply that every bit of creation is a page that teaches us — if we have eyes to see — volumes. It is this sentiment that lies continually under the surface of the first half of Les Semaines. Divine Weeks is a model for metaphorical correspondences among English metaphysical poets, and in the American colonies in Anne Bradstreet and Edward Taylor. Milton and Dryden make abundant use of this kind of metaphor before it lapses with its science, in critical popularity. Thomas Browne best describes the universal metaphor of instruction:
Indeed, what Reason may not go to School to the wisdom of Bees, Ants, and Spiders? What wise hand teacheth them to do what Reason cannot teach us? Ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of Nature, Whales, Elephants, Dromidaries and Camels; these, I confess, are the Colossus and majestick pieces of her hand; but in these narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematicks; and the civility of these little Citizens more neatly sets forth the Wisdom of their Maker ... I could never content my contemplation with those general pieces of wonder, the Flux and Reflux of the Sea, the increase of Nile, the conversion of the Needle to the North; and have studied to match and parallel those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of Nature, which without further travel I can do in the Cosmography of myself. We carry with us the wonders we seek without us: there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of Nature, which he that studies wisely learns in a compendium what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume.

Thus there are two Books from whence I collect my Divinity; besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature, that universall and publick Manuscript, that lies expans'd unto the eyes of all: those that never saw him in the one, have discover'd Him in the other ... 14

One implication of this, one that we have suggested throughout, is that all things are microcosms of creation in all respects, "Little Worlds".

The poetic conceit of an epitome of the world in "countries, Townes, Courts" (Donne, "The Canonization", 44) has been well documented in literary criticism; so with the likening of the world, countries, or courts to the human body. 15 Equally, the human body may be seen as a country, court, or castle. We might call the principal topos of this kind of analogy the "Castle of the Body". 16 C.L. Powell has dated the metaphor in England to the thirteenth century Anglo-Norman poet, Robert Grosseteste. But Grosseteste's use of it should be seen as one landmark in a tradition that begins with Plato (Timaeus, 70a), but which is also suggested in part in the Bible (Isaiah, 2: 5-8); and in Cicero (De Natura Deorum, II, 140), Pliny (Naturalis Historia, XI, 134), the medieval epics, some early sixteenth century works and latterly in Du Bartas (especially in the Sixth Day); and, probably following Du Bartas, in Spenser (Faerie Queene, II, ix, 44-58; II, ix, 2). 17 The metaphor makes of the human body an entirely self-contained castle. Other, subsidiary topoi may
metonymically identify the castle with a nation, an island — in the case of Britain — or with the world itself. In Sylvester's Du Bartas, not surprisingly, and in Spenser, Donne, Drummond of Hawthornden, William Browne, John Davies, Francis Quarles, Phineas Fletcher, among others, the world is also frequently designated a mansion or palace. Du Bartas' treatment of the castle metaphor is elaborate:

Also thou planted'st th'Intellectuall Power
In th'highest stage of all this stately Bower,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-off rebell
Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there
Keeping continuall Garrison (as't were)
Might Avarice, Envie, and Pride subdue,...
Th'Eyes (Bodies guides) are set for Sentinell
In noblest place of all this Cittadell,
To spie farre-offe, that no misse-hap befall
At unawares the sacred Animal ....
These Lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks livelie turning,
With sodaine glaunce set coldest hearts a-burning,
These windowes of the Soule, these starrie Twinnes,
These Cupids quivers, have so tender skinnes
Through which (as through a paire of shining glasses)
Their radiant point of piercing splendor passes,
That they would soone be quenched and put oute,
But that the Lord hath Bulwark't them about; ...
Vl, 517ff

And so on. Spenser's treatment of the castle of the body metaphor follows Du Bartas' quite closely in spirit, and in metonymic language:

Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
To vew her castles other wondrous frame.
Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought ....

The roofe hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
Therein gave light, and flam'd continually:
For they of living fire most subtilly
Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
Cover'd with lids devis'd of substance sly,
That readily they shut and open might.
O who can tell the praises of that makers might!
Faerie Queene, II, ix, 44, 46
In Sylvester,

The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling haires
Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous feares.

VI, 553-54

And so, much of Canto IX of the Faerie Queene, Book II, vociferously echoes Du Bartas. Du Bartas describes the mouth, the teeth ("Two equall rankes of Orient Pearles"), the tongue, and the outer and inner organs. So does Spenser. Compare, moreover, Spenser's metaphor for the stomach with Du Bartas:

Or, shall I rip the Stomaches hollownes,
That readie Cooke, concocting everie Messe,
Which in short time it cunningly converts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then, the same doth faithfully deliver
Into the Port-Vaine passing to the Liver,
Who turnes it soone to Blood, and thence againe
Through branching pipes of the great Hollow vaine,
Through all the members doth it duly scatter:

VI, 701ff

About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld
They did about their business sweat, and sorely toyld.

The maister Cooke was calld Concoction,
A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
The kitchin Clerke, that hight Digestion,
Did order all th'Achates in seemely wise,
And set them forth, as well he could devise.
The rest had several offices assind,
Some to remove the scum, as it did rise;
Others to beare the same away did mind;
And others it to use according to his kind.

But all the liquor, which was fowle and wast,
Not good nor serviceable else for ought,
They in another great round vessell plast,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
Was close convaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was Port Esquiline, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

II, ix, 30-32
The idea is reproduced and expanded in Spenser. However, the conceit as a whole, the cooking metaphor, and the periphrases in Du Bartas and in Sylvester's translation differ significantly from Spenser's. Spenser creates a literal castle and a literal kitchen with an allegorical point. In Du Bartas there is an outright analogy. Du Bartas is fully conscious of the "wit" of the analogy. And it seems to me that this conceit is the model for a whole cross-section of metaphysical "wit". Sylvester's word "Messe", applies, in the words of the OED (Sense 2) to a "made dish". Sylvester is interested in establishing process, as we have seen in the last chapter. Sylvester describes the stomach as both cook and cooker (the two are poetically fused). For Spenser, however, this is a difficult metaphor. The stomach becomes rather a kitchen with a prominent cooking vessel within it. Though Spenser is more explicit (turning process into an allegorical figure), implicit in Divine Weeks is the same cauldron-like container. Sylvester's curious introductory line above begs to explore the "stomaches hollowness". The stomach is a form made precisely for content.

The principal conceit of Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island is the analogy between man and an island. In the first canto Fletcher adumbrates the body's veins as rivers, then singling out well known English rivers. Fletcher enlarges upon an idea already expressed in Les Semaines. In the Sixth Day Du Bartas occasionally briefly dissembles the castle of the body metaphor, developing an island nation analogy, and comparing the food-distributing veins to brooks:

Much like a fountaine, whose devided Water
It self dispersing into hundred Brooks,
Bathes some faire Garden with her winding Crooks.
For, as these Brooks thus branching round about
Make heere the Pincke, there th'Aconite to sprout,
Heere the sweet Plumb-tree, the sharpe Mulbery there,
Heere the low Vine, and thear the loftie Peare,
Heere the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,
Heere bitter Wormwood, there sweet-smelling Spike:
Even so, the Blood (bred of good nourishment)
By divers pipes to all the Body sent,
Turns heere to Bones, thear changes into Nerves,
Heere is made Marow, thear for Muscles serves,
Heer Skin becomes, thear crooking Vaines, thear Flesh,
To make our Limbes more forcefull and more fresh.
VI, 710ff
The particularisation of the comparison into European rivers (in the case of Donne) or English rivers is more complex, and relates to the conception of England as a paradisiacal Garden State. This conception is discussed in Chapter Eight. But for the moment we might observe that Du Bartas, explaining the mazy windings of the ear compares it to rivers of France:

Tout ainsi que le Gers, qui coule, tourtueux,
Par le riche Armaignac, n'est tant impetueux
Que le Dou, qui sautant de montagne en montagne,
Fend d'un cours presque droit do Tarbe la campagne.
VI, 619ff

This simile Sylvester turns into a richer, local, English scene, paradigmatic to English topographical poetry:

As th'Ouse, that crooking in and out, doth runne
From Stonie-Stratford towards Huntington,
By Royall Amptill; rusheth not so swift,
As our neere Kennet, whose Trowt-famous Drift
From Marleborow, by Hungerford doth hasten
Through Newberie, and Prince-grac't Aldermarston,
Her Silver Nymphs (almost) directly leading,
To meet her Mistress (the great Thames) at Reading.
VI, 639ff

This scene, believe it or not, is like the human ear. Donne understands the metaphysical proportions of the conceit: Nature, we have seen, can be a book; men write books; men can thus write another nature — this is the alchemist's or the cabbalist's aim; and man therefore contains Nature within himself, and can be a map of experience — even, or especially, geographical experience.

And this is precisely how Donne explores the conceit:

Those unlickt beare-whelps, unfil'd pistolets
That (more than Canon shot) availes or lets;
Which negligently left unrounded, looke
Like many angled figures, in the booke
Of some great Conjurer that would enforce
Nature, as these doe justice, from her course;
Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart,
As streams, like veins, run through the earth’s every part,
Visit all Countries, and have slily made
Gorgeous France, ruin’d, ragged and decayed;
Scotland, which knew no State, proud in one day:
And mangled seventeen-headed Belgia.

Elegy XI, 31ff

This is a Garden—or shall we say a river—of State gone wrong conceit.
The parallel between State/justice and soul is important. In Du Bartas the soul
is both inhabitant and psychic governor of the castle of the body. By way of
profane illustration we might note the contrast between the king’s justice and
court and the lovers’ love-soul in Donne’s “The Canonization.” “No man is an
island entire of itself”, says Donne. But Donne elsewhere extrapolates from
veins/rivers to body/island/word, and creates in a beloved woman a Fortunate
Isle strongly reminiscent of Divine Weeks. With respect to profane love, Du
Bartas has already particularised rivers as metonymies for human beings.
Here, the Nile stands for Pharonida and the Jordan for Solomon:

The sumptuous pride of massie Piramides
Presents her eyes with Towers of Jebusides;
In Niles cleer Crystal shee doth Jordan see,
In Memphis, Salem; ...

Magnificence, 753ff

In Donne a woman’s body is an erotic geographical exploration:

The hair a forest is of ambushes,
Of springes, snares, fetters and manacles:
The brow becalms us when ’tis smooth and plain,
And when ’tis wrinkled, shipwrecks us again,
Smooth, ’tis a paradise, where we would have
Immortal stay, wrinkled ’tis our grave.
The nose (like to the first meridian) runs
Not ’twixt an east and west, but ’twixt two suns;
It leaves a cheek, a rosy hemisphere
On either side, and then directs us where
Upon the Islands Fortunate we fall,
(Not faint Canary, but ambrosial)
Her swelling; to which when wee are come,
We anchor there, and think our selves at home,
For they seem all: there sirens songs, and there
Wise Delphic oracles do fill the ear;
There in a creek where chosen pearls do swell,
The remora, her cleaving tongue doth dwell.
These, and the glorious promontory, her chin
O'er past; ...

Elegy, 18, 41ff

Man is indeed a little world, as Donne not infrequently avers. In Sylvester, man is also an "Epitome/Or Little Map" (VI, 425). He contains within him (or as above, she within her) all of the exoticness of geographically removed nature, of the spice-rich Indies, for instance. In his geography of man Donne evokes Du Bartas precisely:

But (Reader) wee resemble one that windes
From Saba, Bandan, and the wealthie Indes
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To seeke farre-off for Incense, Spice, and Gold.
Sith wee, not loosing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happie life doth stand;
And our owne Bodies self-contayned motions,
Give the most grose a hundred goodly Notions ....
Nor can I see, where underneath the Skie,
A man may finde a juster Policie,
Or truer Image of a calme Estate,
Exempt from Faction, Discord, and Debate,
Then in th'harmonious Order that maintaines
Our Bodies life, through Members mutuall pains:
Where, one no sooner feeles the least offence,
But all the rest have of the same a sence.
The Foote strives not to smell, the Nose to walke,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talke.
But, without troubling of their Common-weale
With mutinies, they (voluntarie) deale
Each in his Office, and Heav'n-pointed Place,
Bee't vile or honest, honored or base.
But soft my Muse, what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired Modelet?

VII, 677ff

The concept of the government of the body, important enough for Du Bartas to explore at length in the Sixth Day and to epitomise in the Seventh Day, is prominent in all metaphysical poetry. It hardly survives the turn of the eighteenth century, though curiously Pope makes the continuum of nature to man the organising principle of his Essay on Man. Even Pope is not above
recalling Sylvester:

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in theis general frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

All are but parts of some stupendous whole,
Whose body, Nature is, and God the soul;
I, 259ff

The body of nature and the body of man house souls. This is important; for one quality of the castle of the body conceit is that the body is a lodging. In Spenser, Alma — the soul — is the allegorical lodger. In Du Bartas the description of the castle of the body leads to a description of the resident, its soul, and then to an elaborate contrasting of man's artificial creative capacity with God's creation. In Fletcher's Purple Island the body is called a "happy lodge". (I, 33) And the thought is obviously taken seriously, for in his commendatory verses to the Purple Island Francis Quarles develops an extensive analogy between man and a house — "Mans bodies like a House". Sylvester, of course uses the mansion or house metonymy some twenty times to designate the world, man, heaven, ships, and such like. And Donne, in "The Second Anniversary" calls the body a cell (172) and a "poore Inne" (175). The body then becomes a leaping place, a footstool perhaps, for the soul. Chapman translates Homer in an apposite fashion:

But when the white guard of your teeth no longer can contain
Our humane soule, away if flies; and, once gone, never more
To her fraile mansion any man can her lost powres restore.
Iliad, IX, 393-95

So Pope writes, in the Odyssey, "But when thy soul from her sweet mansion fled". Donne cleverly inverts the idea, figuratively compelling Elizabeth
Drury's soul to

... but up into the watch-tower get,
And see all things despoiled of fallacies:
Thou shalt not peep through lattices of eyes,
Nore hear through labyrinths of ears, nor learn
By circuit, or collections to discern.
In heaven thou straight know'st all, concerning it.
"The Second Anniversary", 295ff

This surely alludes to the notion, expressed in Du Bartas, that the soul cannot see (conceive) itself while lodged within the body. We will do well to remember here that in Divine Weeks the eyes are called "watch-towres" (Colonies) as well as a "Sentinell" (Sixth Day, above) and, notably, "windowes of the soule" (Sixth Day, above) (cp. also Fletcher, Purple Island, V, 20); and that Sylvester describes the ears in mazy terms, using the designation "laberinth" — "th'Eares round-winding double laberinth" (VI, 618).

There is no stumbling block to regarding the container of man's soul — house or castle — as likewise a church (or one part of a temple) of man. As Quarles' house applies to a lodging place for individuals, and as the castle and island metaphors refer to a commonwealth — an important word for Sylvester — of people lodged in court and state, the church is the house of God, and refers man to God. We have in this one kind of metaphor man alone, man with men, and man with God, three levels as worldly consonantial as three levels of language or three levels of allegory. For Du Bartas man is as equally a "stately Bower" (VI, 518) as a castle or an island. Each container is a kind of defence from chaos: the bower in its circle of shrubbery, the castle in its walls, the island in its seas. But the bower is most akin to the church, whose walls do not and are not to keep people out. We shall look at this bower in the next chapter.

Du Bartas does not precisely use the church metaphor with respect to the vessel of man. But the metaphor does figure importantly in Les Semaines. Following quickly upon the marriage and feast (with dancing) of Solomon and
Pharonida (Magnificence, 815-1088), comes from the building of the temple, elaborately described by Du Bartas (Magnificence, 1089-1210). Now this marriage is a marriage between people, between nations, between, as we noted above, the Nile and the Jordan. Du Bartas also describes the coming together celestially, as

(Like Sun and Moon, when at ful view they meet
In the mid-month) Magnificence, 818f

The sun and the moon are traditional and alchemical emblems (for a binding force scientifically, alchemists thought, at one with that of the Trinity, or that finally of Christ and his Church; indeed, creation). The marriage is to be regarded as a type of all harmony. 20 It is symbolic of all commonwealth. Moreover, in the figure of Solomon, Du Bartas sees the commonwealth of body: for Solomon, on the model of the temple, Du Bartas comes to tell us, is impressive in stature, wise, and holy. Solomon himself prays for the design of the temple to transfigure him:

When he had finisht and had furnisht full
The House of God, so rich, so bewtiful:
O God (sayd Salomon) great Only-Trine!
Which of this Mystike sacred House of Thine
Hast made mee Builder; build Mee in the same
A living Stone. Magnificence, 1211ff

The church metaphor comes from Scripture. Saint Paul says, "ye are the Temple of God" (I Cor. 2.16); and the association of Peter (Petra) with rock, and hence with the foundation of the Church, furthers the comparison. 21

In this domain of thought, Northrop Frye provides an interesting gloss on Matthew 3.9, where John the Baptist describes God as able to raise children from stones. In the Aramaic, Frye tells us, stones ("ebhanim") are in pun with children ("banim"). 22 In Aramaic word play, from
out of the lump of a stone can come a church. In Hesiodic myth Deucalion and Pyrrha throw stones ("laas") behind them; these turn into people ("laos"). This squeezing of blood from a stone, as it were, brings to mind other myths, conceptually, Amphion's music, which raises the walls of Thebes; or indeed Cadmus' sown dragon's teeth, at Thebes, which generate warriors. Here are more grounds for Du Bartas to turn to classical mythology, where perfect Christian hieroglyphs can be found.

What do the world, a theatre, a book, a house, castle, church, or for that matter a bag (q.v. George Herbert), an urn, man, or even an elephant or a whale have in common? Of course, they are all containers. But they contain in more than one way. A theatrical performance and a book are descriptive, they can challenge thought; or they can transcend. When Sylvester refers to school children gazing "On the Babies and the Cover" (I, 179) he is not rendering mere Bartasian prettiness but referring to a level of perception that in the human sphere corresponds with childhood or childishness. With age may come the maturity of religion. Pope describes the theatrics thus:

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tis'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er!

*Essay on Man, II, 279ff*

On the Church-Porch of lessons, lessons of society and practicality, religion, and revelation, is the study of natural history.
II. Containing Animals, And Contained: The Character of High and Low

The editors of Du Bartas say:

It is true that the poet has not progressed far beyond the bestiary method in his presentation of ethical precepts. He confesses that we need look no farther than the animals and birds around us for our models of behaviour. Lack of books, he says, is no excuse for a lack of morality; the Nichomachean Ethics of Aristotle can be dispensed with. The sparrow-hawk is our best criterion for gratitude; the eagle teaches parental care for one's children. If we would avoid adultery and lasciviousness, let us observe the exquisite chastity of the turtle-dove. The ants cause deep shame in the lazy observer; the spider is an example of the perfect domestic economy, and the hedge-hog instructs in industry.24

These observations are accurate enough in themselves. But Du Bartas makes clear in the Seventh Day that he is pointing farther than to the animal kingdom for lessons: that animals are in fact analogies of man. They are little people; and the lessons they have to offer us contain a "livelier touch":

But lessons taken from the things that live,
A livelier touch unto all sorts doo give.
    VII, 576f

Animal metaphors and imagery in Les Semaines carry a distinct metaphysical wit. If the stories are fabulous, from the bestiary tradition, so much the better. They glory less in their validity than in the validity of their wit. The witiness can derive from such a thing as size, inestimable "huginess", or "heaps of littleness" (I choose Pope's expression). The wit can be found in the encomium of a fly or a flea, the model being found for instance in a mistaken attribution to Virgil.

One such witty image of size is that of the whale. It is common in Du Bartas, and always an image of great size. It expresses the paradox of an animal so large as to be able to contain living animals within it. That fish may swim
in a whale's belly is not in itself a paradox, but that this belly will be the fishes' tomb is. The whale can be made to represent a living tomb and the fish a living death. To be alive in the whale's belly is to be no better than dead. And the fish that swims out from the whale's mouth has escaped from a prospect of certain death. So ominous was this picture of the whale in the middle ages, that Hell-mouth in morality plays was often represented as the gaping jaws of the orca. The significance is also scriptural as we shall see.

To escape from the whale is to be like its off-spring, to be part of a revelatory cycle. And for Du Bartas the cycle of womb and tomb is as explicit in the whale as it is for instance in the church, which carries its young in its pouch when it fears danger:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{I feare the Beast, bred in the Bloodie Coast} \\
\text{Of Cannibals, which thousand times (almost)} \\
\text{Re-whelpes her whelpes, and in her tender womb,} \\
\text{She doth as oft her living brood re-toomb.} \\
\text{\textit{IV, 305ff}}
\end{align*}
\]

The importance is not so much in the fact that "womb" and "tomb" rhyme, though this does indeed represent a beautiful fusion, but in the fact that they rhyme in a context which equates them. The paradox — as well as the rhetorical, visual oxymoron — must be paramount, and the whale image and metaphor must be seen within the pattern of this wit:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Heer, one by swimming thinks himselfe to save,} \\
\text{But with his skarfe tangled about a Nave,} \\
\text{He's strangled straight; and to the bottomesinking,} \\
\text{Dies, not of too-much drink, but for not drinking:} \\
\text{While that (in vaine) another with loud lashes} \\
\text{Scoures his proud Courser through the scarlet Washes,} \\
\text{The streames (where-on more Deaths then Waves do swim) } \\
\text{Burie his Chariot, and his Chariot him:} \\
\text{Another, swallowed in a Whirle-Whales wombe,} \\
\text{Is layd a-live within a living Tombe:} \\
\text{\textit{Law, 713ff}}
\end{align*}
\]
The story of Jonah and the whale illustrates this paradox perfectly, and Du Bartas does not resist the temptation but, in fact, heightens the conceit of size by including a simile of diminution:

Then God (who ever heares his childrens wish) Provided straight a great and mighty Fish, That swilling swallowed Jonas in her wombe, A living Corps laid in a living Toombe. Like as a Roach, or Ruffe, or Gudgeon, borne By some swift streame into a weer (forlorn) Frisks too and fro, aloft and under dyves, Fed with false hope to free their captive lyves: The Prophet so (amazed) walkes about This wondrous Fish to finde an issue out, This mighty Fish, of Whale-like huginesse, Or, bigger-bellied, though in body lesse. Where am I, Lord? (alas) within what vaults? In what new Hell doost thou correct my faults? Strange punishment! my body thou bereav'st, Of mother earth, which to the dead thou leav'st: Whether thy wrath drives me I doo not know, I am depriv'd of aire, yet breath and blow: My sight is good, yet can I see no skie: Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-shore am I: Resting, I runne; for moving is my Cave: And quick, I couch within a living grave.  

Schism, 995ff

The stockpiling of paradoxes in the extract is impressive. The frequent colons towards the end of the passage are an indication of the apposition of epigrammatic sententiae. The whale is "great and mighty" and like a cave; except that it moves. Again, Jonah is entombed. The whale is female, and Jonah is contained within her wombe, as if one of her offspring. And yet this womb is actually a tomb. Milton's conjecture about chaos,

The Womb of nature and perhaps her grave,  
Paradise Lost, II, 911

is ominous in the way in which it indicates the end of the world. It is almost as if Milton has consciously avoided the word "Tomb", for the internal rhyme would be too conclusive and mitigate the unsure "perhaps". In the simile the
roach, ruffe and gudgeon are "borne" by the stream and nurtured with false hopes. Jonah perceives himself neither at sea nor on land. He feels his container moving (such is his sense of motive definition) and yet he himself moves not. This paradox is reminiscent of Sylvester's interpolated Wafting to Brabant simile:

Like as my selfe, in my lost Marchant-yeares
(A losse alas that in these lines appears)
Wafting to Brabant, Englands golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Jason brought to Greece)
While toward the Sea, our (then-Swan-poorer) Thames
Bore downe my Barke upon her ebbing streames:
Upon the hatches, from the Prow to Poupe
Walking, in compasse of that narrow Coope,
Maugre the most that Wind and Tyde could doo,
Have gon at once towards LEE and LONDON too.

Sylvester's interpolation reflects the sad, treadmill quality of his merchant years. In contrast, Jonah's treadmill/whale will bring him to salvation. And that Jonah is as a small ruffe or gudgeon in this huge monster demonstrates a further paradox, that the good and weak can use the strong and evil as a footstool to triumph.

The "liveliness" of the whale as container metaphor, in this instance, is its other-worldliness. Life appears to continue, but there is no air, no sky, sea or land. The whale becomes the image of an unnatural moving world, or island. It is a moving world of course when it contains things within it; a moving island when it is seen in a less fabulous light, as an huge object in the water, spouting water. The two are fused in the Fifth Day of Les Semaines; first we are given a tortoise that is a boat or a house, then the whale, which is a world containing its own seas, but also an object in the real seas:
The Tirian Marchant or the Portuguez
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:
But of one Tortoise, when he list to floate,
Th'Arabian Fisher-man can make a Boate,
And one such Shell, him in the steed doth stand
Of Hulke at Sea, and of a House on land.
Shall I omit the monstrous Whirle-about
Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,
Where-with huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)
Are over-whelm'd and sunken suddenlie?
V, 81ff

But to the naked eye, at any rate, the whale is like a fabulous floating island:

When on the Surges I perceave from farre,
Th'Ork, Whirle-poole, Whale, or huffing Physeter,
Me thinks I see the wandring He againe
(Ortigian Delos) floating on the Maine.
And when in Combat these fell monsters crosse,
Me seems some Tempest at the Sea doth tosse.
Our feare-lesse Saylers, in farre Voyages
(More led by Gaine's hope then their Compasses)
On th'Indian shoare, have sometime noted some
Whose bodies covered two broad Acres roome:
And in the South-Seas they have also seene
Some like high-topped and huge-armed Treen,
And other-some whose monstrous backs did beare
Two mighty wheeles with whirling spokes, that weare
Much like the winged and wide spreading sayles
Of any Wind-mill turn'd with merry gales.
V, 97ff

This passage, and the other whale images in Divine Weeks, are imitated in Donne's long poem, The Progress of the Soul.

The Progress of the Soul models itself on the principles of nature argued throughout the First Week of Les Semaines and discussed above. Donne's purpose appears to be to censure European societies for their soullessness through the exempla of soul-animated animals. Thus the world's soul is paralleled with the animals' souls. Donne states his case in thoroughly Bartasian terms, not only in brazenly claiming to outperform Seth's pillars, but in his initial elaboration of the animals as little people conceit:
That swimming college, and free hospital
Of all mankind, that cage and vivary
Of fowls, and beasts, in whose womb, Destiny
Us, and our latest nephews did install
(From thence are all derived, that fill this all),
Didst thou in that great stewardship embark
So diverse shapes into that floating park,
   As we have been moved, and informed by this heavenly spark.

Great Destiny the commissary of God,
That hast marked out a path and period
For every thing; who, where we offspring took,
Our ways and ends seest at one instant; thou
Knot of all causes, thou whose changeless brow
Ne'er smiles nor frowns, O vouch thou safe to look
And show my story, in thy eternal book;
That (if my pryer be fit) I may understand
So much myself, as to know with what hand,
   How scant, or liberal this my life's race is spanned.
   sts. 3-4

Animals are an analogy of the book of nature, and a fair analogy of all creation. Pope admired this work by Donne; and the animal imagery of the Essay on Man appears familiar with Donne's and perhaps with Sylvester's. For Donne, in the poem, as the world contains a soul, and man a soul, so animals contain souls. An animal as lodging metaphor surfaces and resurfaces. In stanza 19, for instance, the sparrow is called "this soul's moving inn". The analogy with the world's soul, made in the second stanza, above, is accomplished by the particularisation of countries as rivers: "wilt anon in thy loose-reined career/At Tagus, Po, Seine, Thames, and Danow dine". In an interpolation right in the midst of the listing of and expostulating on fish, Sylvester refers to their wanderings as

   Like English Gallants, that in Youth do goe
To visit Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arne, and Po; ...
   V, 141f

Donne suggests that the sun has not seen more nations than the fleeing soul that he describes (which of course has travelled the world in a fish's body), but then proceeds to describe the animals as vessels of souls which will rise.
Donne's awareness of animals as containers is especially noticeable in his depiction of the whale:

Into an embryon fish, our soul is thrown,
And in due time thrown out again, and grown
To such vastness as, if unmanacled
From Greece, Morea were, and that by some
Earthquake unrooted, loose Morea swum,
Or seas from Afric's body had severed
And torn the hopeful promontory's head,
This fish would seem these, and, when all hopes fail,
A great ship overset, or without sail
   Hulling, might (when this was a whelp) be like this whale.

At every stroke his brazen fins to take,
More circles in the broken sea they make
Than cannons' voices, when the air they tear:
His ribs are pillars, and his high arched roof
Of bark that blunts best steel, is thunder-proof:
Swim in him swallowed dolphins, without fear,
And feel no sides, as if his vast womb were
Some inland sea, and ever as he went
He spouted rivers up, as if he meant
   To join our seas, with seas above the firmament.

sts. 31-32

The parallels between this and the Du Bartas are so marked as to require elaboration. Both whales are floating — classical Mediterranean — islands; both are unmeasurably huge; Sylvester's is like "huge-armed Treen", and Donne's is covered with a "bark that blunts best steel". Donne's whale's fins make "circles in the broken sea", and Sylvester's whale bears "Two mighty wheeles with whirling spokes". Elsewhere in the poem, Donne repeats Sylvester's windmill metaphor in connection with a fish so small that it can swim through nets:

The net through-swum, she keeps the liquid path,
And whether she leap up sometimes to breathe
And suck in aire, or find it underneath,
Or working parts like mills, or limbecks hath
To make the water thin and aircike, faith
Cares not,...

st. 27
This soul is as careless of its surroundings as Elizabeth Drury's in "The Second Anniversary" (l9lff); in The Progress of the Soul, a thematic companion of "The Second Anniversary", Donne gently brings attention to the same catechistic approach to natural history.

The notion of the whale as a different world or an inland sea is also present in both Donne and Du Bartas; so with the spouted rivers and seas. One difference is that Donne refers to his whale as a "great ship overset, or without sail". We need not look far for a similar image and expression in Du Bartas, however, and find it in a double simile in which size plays an integral role:

As a great Carrake, cumbred and opprest  
With her selfes-burthen, wends not East and West;  
Starr-boord and Larr-boord, with so quicke Careers,  
As a small Fregate, or swift Pinnasse steeres: ...  
So the huge Whale hath not so nimble motion,  
As smaller Fishes that frequent the Ocean,  
But sometimes rudely 'gainst a Rock he brushes,  
Or in som roaring Straight he blindely rushes,  
And scarce could live a Twelve-month to an end  
But for the little Musculus (his friend)  
V, 33lff

The paradox of a weak thing leading the strong is important, as we shall see. Sylvester's blindly whale, brushing against rocks and rushing into straights or coves, is the same as Waller's in "Battle for The Summer Islands": finally a feeble, stranded thing. In Waller, "The bigger whale like some huge Carrack lay".

In Milton the whale is not a ship, but a firm-seeming island:

... or that sea-beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim the ocean stream:  
Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam  
The pilot of some small night-founered skiff,  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lea, while night  
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays:  
Paradise Lost, I, 200ff
But it can also be Du Bartas' floating island, and can spout out tempestuously — as a world — "a sea":

... part huge of bulk
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait
Tempest the ocean: there leviathan
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.

Paradise Lost, VII, 410ff

Milton's whale is stretched like Donne's, "like a promontory". Dryden's whale lies behind a promontory (Annus Mirabilis, st. 203). All of the whales are capable of raising the sea into an artificial tempest. Waller's whale makes "a tempest", for example, "though the winds be still". Both Sylvester and Donne designate the whale, "whirle-poole" (V, 98; st. 33). 29

But in Donne and Du Bartas alone among these is the whale a container (which requires a leap in metaphor from whale as ship to ship as vessel, as container). In Donne the vastness of this consuming creature is contrasted by the unrelatedness of the sword-fish and the shark, whose subtle gins nonetheless undo him:

So on his back lies this whale wantoning,
And in his gulf-like throat, sucks every thing
That passeth near. Fish chaseth fish, and all,
Flyer and folower, in this whirlpool fall;
O might not states of more equality
Consist? and is it of necessity
That thousand guiltless smalls, to make one great, must die?

Now drinks he up seas, and he eats up flocks,
He jostles islands, and he shakes firm rocks.
Now in a roomful house this soul doth float,
And like a Prince she sends her faculties
To all her limbs, distant as provinces.
The sun hath twenty times boath crab and goat
Parched, since first launched forth this living boat.
'Tis greatest now, and to destruction
Nearest; there's no pause at perfection.
Greatness a period hath, but hath no station.
Two little fishes whom he never harmed,
Nor fed on their kind, two not thoroughly armed
With hope that they could kill him, nor could do
Good to themselves by his death; they did not eat
His flesh, nor suck those oils, which thence outstreat,
Conspired against him, and it might undo
The plot of all, that the plotters were two,
But that they fishes were, and could not speak.
How shall a tyrant wise strong projects break,
If wretches can on them the common anger wreak?

The flail-finned thresher, and steel-beaked sword-fish
Only attempt to do, what all do wish.
The thresher backs him, and to beat begins;
The sluggard whale yields to oppression,
And to hide himself from shame and danger, down
Begins to sink; the swordfish upward spins,
And gores him with his beak; his staff-like fins,
So well the one, his sword the other plies,
That now a scoff, and prey, this tyrant dies,
And (his own dole) feeds with himself all companies.

sts. 33-36

In Dryden the destroying fish is put in the belly of the beast, and destroys from
within. His achievement is made that much more monumental:

Our little Fleet was now ingag'd so far,
That, like the Sword-fish in the Whale, they fought.
The Combat only seemed a Civil War,
Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

Annus Mirabilis, st. 79

But here the sword-fish escapes from his living tomb almost unscathed, save
that it has been in the belly of the whale and has seen the visible face of
death. It has come by an epiphany, a political revelation analogous to Jonah's
in the whale.

In the succeeding animal story in Donne's The Progress of the Soul,
however, the living entombed becomes the direct cause of his own death, a
paradoxical, unconscious suicide. The story is again one of dimunition over-
coming vastness:
This soul, now free from prison, and passion,
Hath yet a little indignation
That so small hammers should so soon down beat
So great a castle. And having for her house
Got the straight cloister of a wretched mouse
(As basest men that have not what to eat,
Nor enjoy aught, do far more hate the great
Than they, who good reposed estates possess)
This soul, late taught that great things might by less
Be slain, to gallant mischief doth herself address.

The soul, freed from the dead whale, now sets out to salve its "indignation"
by assuming the small shape of a mouse, and attacking a harmless creature,
the elephant. The consequences of such vanity — and the house metaphor once
again makes the analogy clear — are disastrous:

Nature's great masterpiece, an elephant,
The only harmless great thing; the giant
Of beasts; who thought, no more had gone, to make one wise
But to be just, and thankful, loth to offend,
(Yet nature hath given him no knees to bend)
Himself he up-props, on himself relies,
And foe to none, suspects no enemies,
Still sleeping stood; vexed not his fantasy
Black dreams, like an unbent bow, carelessly
His sinewy proboscis did remissly lie:

In which as in a gallery this mouse
Walked, and surveyed the rooms of this vast house,
And to the brain, the soul's bedchamber, went,
And gnawed the life cords there; like a whole town
Clean undermined, the slain beast tumbled down,
With him the murderer dies, whom envy sent
To kill, not 'scape; for, only he that meant
To die, did ever kill a man of better room,
And thus he made his foe, his prey, and tomb:
Who cares not to turn back, may any whither come.

Pope obviously has this wit in mind in Essay on Man, III: "of half that live
the butcher and the tomb" (162). Donne makes a humorous distinction between
the very passive and large, and the very aggressive and small. The likening
of so great a castle to a mouse's house is one of Donne's metaphysical para-
doxes. Rhetorically, it might be approximated by such oxymoronic expressions
as large smallness or small largeness. But a parallel — and more vital —
The paradox is that the mouse is the victim of his own aggression. The paradox of the mouse being the victor and the victim — in a sense, the sacrificer and the sacrifice, the "priest and beast" — is an important commonplace of Donne's poetry, as we have already determined.

The choice of the tiny but aggressive mouse by Donne is curious. Dryden suggests something similar in his story of the whale and the sword-fish, but, here, the English sword-fish escapes with its life. In Du Bartas, the conflict is between the elephant and a dragon. Du Bartas' treatment of the story is marginally less fantastic. The elephant is the model of the exemplary animal, more or less directly from Pliny (Naturalis Historia VIII, 1-12):

Of all the Beasts which thou this day did'st build,  
To haunt the Hills, the Forrest, and the Field,  
I see (as vice-Roy of their brutish Band)  
The Elephant, the Vaunt-guard doth commaund:  
Worthie that Office; whether we regard  
His Tow'red Back, whear many Souldiers ward;  
Or else his Prudence, whearwithall he seemes  
T'obscure the wits of human-kinde sometimes:  
As studious Scholer, he self-rumineth  
His lessons giv'n, his King he honoreth,  
Adores the Moone: mooved with strange desire,  
He feeles the sweet flames of th'Idalian fire,  
And pier'st with glance of a kinde-cruell eye,  
For humane beautie, seemes to sigh and die.  
Yea (if the Graecians doo not miss-recite)  
With's crooked trumpet he doth sometimes write.  
VI, 25ff

The concentration on the elephant's civilized nature seems only to add significance, however, to its towered size. With such size the elephant should have no enemies, no conquerors. Not so, says Du Bartas:

But his huge strength, nor subtitle witt, can not  
Defend him from the sly Rhinocerot:  
Who never, with blinde furie led, doth venter  
Upon his Poe, but yer the Lists he enter,  
Against a Rock he whetteth round about  
The dangerous Pike upon his armed snout;  
Then buckling close, doth not at random, hack
On the hard Cuirasse on his Enemies back
But under's bellie (cunning) findes a skinne,
Whear (and but thear) his sharpned blade will in.

VI, 41ff

Dryden uses the same image to describe the impossible nature of the English battle against the Belgians, and to make English successes seem that much the greater:

On high-rais'd Decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble Fregats go:
Such port the Elephant bears, and so defi'd
By the Rhinocero's her unequal foe.

Annus Mirabilis, st. 59

A great deal rides on Dryden's Sylvestrian adjective "unequal". In Dryden the reader's sympathies are the reverse of those in Divine Weeks and The Progress of the Soul. Sylvester's peaceful elephant becomes, in Annus Mirabilis, like Donne's belligerent whale. Donne's elephant is "a harmless great thing".

Du Bartas' treatment of the battle between the elephant and the dragon goes to illustrate the sacrifice/sacrificer paradox, but also the proneness of the "Carry-Castle" Elephant:

The scalie Dragon, being else too low
For th'Elephant, up a thicke Tree doth goe,
So, closely ambusht almost everia day,
To watch the Carrie-Castell, in his way:
Who once approaching, straight his stand he leaves,
And round about him he so closely cleaves
With's wrything bodie; that his Enemie
(His stinging knots unable to un-tie)
Hasts to some Tree, or to some Rocke, whearon
To rush and rub-off his detested zone,
The fell embraces of whose dismall clasp
Have almost brought him to his latest ghasp:
Then sodainly, the Dragon slips his hold
From th'Elephant, and sliding downe, doth fold
About his fore-legs fetter'd in such order,
That stocked thear, he now can stir no furder:
While th'Elephant (but to no purpose) strives
With's winding Trunck t'undoo his wounded gyves,
Then head and all; and thear-withall doth close
His furious foe, thrusts in his nose, his nose;
Vifforia cruenta.
To Sir William Standley Knight.

The Oliphante with tinge of serpent fell,  
That fell about his legges, with winding cralles:  
Through poison stronge, his bodie did did swell,  
That doune he sinks, and on the serpente falleth:  
Which creature huge, did fall upon his foe.  
That by his death, he also kill'd his foe.

Those sharpe contests, those broiles and battales maine,  
That are atchicude, with spoile on either parte:  
Where streams of blood the hilles, and valleys flaine,  
And what is wonne, the price is death, and smarthe:  
This doth importe: But those are captains good,  
That winne the feldes, with sheddinge leaffe of blood.

From Whitney, Emblemes (1586)
His breathing passage: but his victorie
Hee joyes not long, for his huge Enimie
Falling downe dead, doth with his waightie Fall
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death withall:
VI, 5iff

In spite of the fact that this story was available in Divine Weeks, and that Whitney’s Emblemes (1586) had similarly referred to an all-powerful elephant stung by a serpent — but that "by his death, he also killed his foe" (p. 195) — it seems undisputable that there is something of Sylvester in Donne’s treat-ment of the elephant. Sylvester calls his elephant "Carrie-Castell"; Donne refers to hammers that should "so soon down beat/ So great a Castle". The same paradox informs both. And both have political — even satirical — contexts: in Les Semaines the expatiation is seen to illustrate the undoubtedly more important simile (the story becomes vehicle, and the simile tenor) of "factious French men" destroying themselves. In both, and this is important, can be seen an impossible inversion of the hierarchy expected in natural history. They are fabulous because of the unnatural victory of the so very small over the very large. In this they may be models for the metaphysical imagery of hyperbole or the impossibilia:

The shadows now so long do grow,
That brambles like tall cedars show,
Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous Elephant.

A very little, little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
While the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme. 31

The inversion, disharmony, expressed by the destruction of elephant indicates a fallen world, in the case of Donne, of a soul corrupted. Critics have not noticed the very, unconsummated, emblem of disarray in Milton's Paradise Lost. But it is quite manifest to the reader of Sylvester:
... the unwieldy elephant
To make them mirth used all his might and wreathed
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent sly
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Grave proof unheeded; IV, 345ff

Here in the Garden of Eden all animals live together. But the serpent insinuates, as it were, his destructive aim. The elephant, for its gentleness, and above all for its memory (it is an historian, a scholar among animals), is a kind of type of man. So, we have a vessel of revelation in the whale, and a vessel of ignorant folly in the elephant. Indeed, animals are lessonal if only in some instances that they instruct that there is no learning but by fatal experience. For the most part, however, the lessons are more instructive than this.

In Du Bartas the created animals become a part of the finished work. And he links them quite particularly with the sphere of man; as with the fish of the sea that not only mirror the animals of earth and air, but man:

Seas have (as well as Skies) Sunne, Moone and Starres: (As well as Aire) Swallowes, and Rookes, and Stares: (As well as Earth) Vines, Roses, Nettles, Millions, Pincks, Gilliflowers, Mushromes, and many millions Of other Plants (more rare and strange then these) As very Fishes living in the Seas: And also Rammes, Calves, Horses, Hares, and Hoggs, Wolves, Lyons, Urchins, Elephants, and Doggs, Yea Men and Maydes: and (which I more admire) The Mytred Bishop, and the Cowled Fryer: V, 37ff

The passage can be regarded as supportive of the piscatory poetry that emerges in the early seventeenth century, possibly even an authority for its earliest exponents in English. The analogy of man and fish is not one that Du Bartas wishes to carry too far. Rather, Du Bartas takes pains to see the animal world in composite as mirroring man, and in particular as mirroring individual virtues and vices. The hybrid of conceit and easy lesson is basic to seventeenth century poetry and its animals images are markedly Sylvestrian.
George Coffin Taylor suggests that Milton's epithetical account of the "prudent crane", "Flying, and over lands with mutual wing/Easing their flight", Paradise Lost, VII, 428, derives from Sylvester's translation of tired storks resting on other storks' backs "through the empty Aire when Their own wings do lack" (V, 808). And Milton's "prudent crane" is prudent in the way that Du Bartas' is. Du Bartas' crane is a perfect lesson of war with its phalanx formation, the "forked Y" (V, 860). And so in Davies Orchestra (396ff).

Milton in particular likes Sylvestrian animal description. Sylvester's "crested cock" is "crested cock" in Paradise Lost (VII, 443). The "scaly crocodile" of Divine Weeks (VI, 270) is the "scaly crocodile" of Paradise Lost (VII, 474).

Milton's stag — and Dryden's (Aeneis, I, 261) — has a "branching head" (Paradise Lost, VII, 470) while Sylvester's has a "branched head" (VI, 109). The language of animal description is property to all of the succeeding poetry, not merely to Milton or the metaphysical poets. Milton however best illustrates its general patterns:

Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals
Of fish that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in schools that oft
Bank the mid sea: part single or with mate
Graze the sea weed their pasture, and through groves
Of coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the sun their waved coats dropped with gold,...
Part loosely wing the region, part more wise
In common, ranged in figure wedge their way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Their airy caravan high over seas
Flying, and over lands with mutual wing
Easing their flight; so steers the prudent crane
Her annual voyage, borne on winds; the air
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes:
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings
Till even, nor then the solemn nightingale
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays:
Others on silver lakes and rivers bathed
Their downy breast; the swan with arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit
The dark, and rising on stiff pennons, tower
The mid aerial sky: others on ground
Walked firm; ...
... The earth obeyed, and straight
Opening her fertile womb teemed at a birth
Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,
Limbed and full grown; out of the ground up rose
As from his lair the wild beast where he wins ...
Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked:
The cattle in the fields and meadows green:
Those rare and solitary, these in flocks ...
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or worm; those waved their limber fans
For wings, ...
Now heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled
Her motions, as the great first mover's hand
First wheeled their course; earth in her rich attire
Consumate lovely smiled; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swam, was walked
Frequent ...

Paradise Lost, VII, 399ff

Milton then says, "there wanted yet the master work" (505). Du Bartas says
the same:

All th'admirable Creatures made beforne,
Which Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean doo adorne,
Are but Essaies, compar'd in everie part,
To this devinest Maister-Piece of Art
VI, 463ff

This masterpiece is man, who walks upon the earth. He does not, or need not,
creep. But neither does he glide.

For Milton and for Du Bartas and Sylvester one distinction between ani-
mals has to do with their different kinds of motion:

Of all the Creatures through the welkin gliding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding, ...
VI, 211f

Animals creep or walk; fish, like the waters in Homer, slide or scud, or some-
times glide (V, 522); birds glide, or slope or wing. These are characteristic
expressions in Sylvester's description, and throughout the seventeenth and
eighteenth centuries (see Magnificence, 31ff). Sometimes fish may be said to
sail or to row (see V, 388). But Milton's swan with its "oary feet" resembles more closely Donne's swan which is able to "row/Itself with finny oars", and which glides along the water (The Progress of the Soul, sts. 23-24). But in Divine Weeks they have special significance. They are touchstones to harmonic motion and jarring motion. Though man is the masterpiece his is only one of three kinds of motion representative on earth of the motions of "the great first mover's hand". This is the significance Milton's passage above. It is as much as anything about a motion that explodes from creation. The animals are described in terms of their motive limbs, often metaphorically. God has armed animals, Du Bartas says, with poison, paws, antlers, claws, etc... but he has made man naked. Yet man is the conclusion of all these "Essaies" in that he has "witt" (VI, 218). In motion he cannot glide as a bird or slide as a fish, but he can in sensibility, intellection, and holiness. And so, all animals including man, are a continuum from the lowly to the high. For man alone, the motions of animals contain metaphors for spiritual uplift or fall. They are mental and spiritual motions that man must undergo during the pilgrimage of his life. They are moreover a cycle of upward, lateral and downward motion: Birds are upward, beasts lateral, fish downward. They are the world of creatures whirled. Here is Sylvester's translation of man's gliding, sliding, upward, downward, lateral pilgrimage of life:

Your quick Career is pleasant, short, and eath;
At each Lands-end you sit you down and breathe
On some green bank; or, to refresh you, finde
Some Rosie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But, end-les is my Course: for, now I glyde
On Ice; then (dazled) head-long down I slyde:
Now up I climbe; then through the Woods I craul,
I stray, I stumble, sometimes down I fall.
And, as base Morter serveth to unite
Red, white, gray Marble, Jasper, Galactite:
So, to con-nex my queint Discourse, sometimes
I mix loose, limping, and ill-polisht Rimes.

Magnificence, 31ff
Milton’s excursion into piscatory description in the passage quoted above suggests a concern with the almost pastoral habits of fish. Du Bartas takes a professional interest in the ruminations that fish might have. After detailing the coming of the Flood Du Bartas writes:

Th’Earth shrinks and sinks; now th’Ocean hath no shore:
Now Rivers runne to serve the Sea no more,
Themselves are Sea: the manie sundrie Streames
Of sundrie names (deriv’d from sundrie Realmes)
Make now but one great Sea: the World it selfe
Is nothing now but a great standing Gulph
Whose swelling surges strive to mixe their Water
With th’other waves above this round Theater.
The Sturgeon, coasting over Castles, muses,
Under the Sea, to see so many houses,
The Indian Manat and the Mullet float
O’re Mountain tops, where yerst the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouze, the crooked Dolphin scuds
O’re highest branches of the hugest Woods.

This is much in the nature of the topos of the impossibilia discussed above. It explores a situation that is at least alien — hyperbolic — to human experience, much in the same way that the fabulous stories of the whale and the elephant are. But it is strategically ironic, observing the lowly fish observing the upward earth. It signals the human strife which the Flood was designed to repair. Sylvester’s treatment of this kind of experiential impossibility is an important gift to the poetry of the English baroque period, as we have already seen. The topos Leishman calls particularly Clevelandish. In Upon Appleton House Marvell, talking about the flooding of the meadow, reminisces from Sylvester’s distinctive treatment of the Flood:

Let others tell the Paradox,
How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
How Horses at their Tails do kick,
Turned as they hang to Leeches quick;
How Boats can over Bridges sail,
And Fishes do the stables scale;
How Salmons trespassing are found,
And Pikes are taken in the Pound.

st. 60
The notion of fish as alternate "Burgers" (see Sylvester's "Neptune's busy Burgers", V, 410) by virtue of the inconstant flood is taken up by Marvell in "The Character of Holland":

Yet still his claim the Injur'd Ocean laid,
And oft at Leap-frog o'er their steeples plaid:
As if on purpose it on Land had come
To shew them what's their Mare Liberum.
A daily deluge over them does boyl;
The Fish oft-times the Burger disposset,
And sat not as a Meat but as a Guest.

Here Marvell is poking metaphysical fun at a Sylvestrian genus term for paraphrased fish, "guest"; one cannot help but see the same playfulness in the juxtaposition of the words "Fish" and "Burger". But the playfulness must not — as it must not in Donne — be taken for scorn. Rather, Marvell makes full use of the fusion of man and animal, and of impossibly incompatible size, in his description of the flooded meadow in Upon Appleton House:

And now to the Abyss I pass
Of that unfathomable Grass,
Where Men like Grasshoppers appear,
But Grasshoppers are Gyants there:
They, in their squeking Laugh, contemn
Us as we walk more low than them:
And, from the Precipices tall
Of the green spir's, to us do call.

To see Men through this Meadow Dive,
We wonder how they rise alive.
As, under Water, none does know
Whether he fall through it or go.
But, as the Mariners that sound,
And show upon their lead the ground,
They bring up Flowers so to be Seen,
And prove the've at the Bottom been.

sts. 67-68

Man is definitely "more low than them". The last simile is straight out of Divine Weeks, Sylvester's sand changed to flowers. Cotton in his impossible inversion of nature in Winter, even preserves Sylvester's distinctive
periphrases:

Now fins do serve for wings, and bear
Their scaly squadrons through the air;
Whilst the air's inhabitants do stain
Their gaudy plumage in the rain.

Now stars concealed in clouds do peep
Into the secrets of the deep;
And lobsters spewed up from the brine,
With Cancer's constellations shine.

These lines demonstrate how easily the metaphysical analogy can be made after Sylvester's Divine Weeks.

Sylvester's bringing together of the "bearded Goat" that "Did bound and brouze" — "brouze" becomes a poetic verb, of commonplace, especially in connection with the goat, in seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry — and of the dolphin that "scuds" is a fusion that is especially suitable to the piscatory tradition, beginning with Phineas Fletcher in the English seventeenth century. William Diaper in the eighteenth century has still not lost his fascination with the fusion. On the contrary it assists his themes:

Who (said the Nymph) would sing of bleating Flocks,
Or hanging Goats that browse on craggy Rocks,
When ancient Bards have rifled all the store,
And the drain'd Subject can afford no more?

Dryades, 268ff

Diaper writes piscatory eclogues. He is not above remarking the irony of his own impossible piscatory creations in Sylvestrian impossibia. So truthful is his Glaucus' love that —

N4 first the Waves shall lose their biting Salts,
The winds shall cease to sound in hollow Vaults,
And Wanton fish shall leave their native Seas,
And bask on Earth, or browse on leavy Trees.

Nereides, Eclogue I, 53ff
In Eclogue IV, Muraena, like Aeneas looking down on Elysium, observes "uncommon Scenes" of the "Verdure of yon distant plains" where and animals inhabit, but concludes:

But ah! how wretched are those earth-born slaves, 
Compar'd with us, who cut through shining Waves!

Nereides, Eclogue IV, 5f

The piscatory poem lies conceptually behind Du Bartas, and Sylvester conceptually behind the English piscatory poets. In Diaper's case, the fondness for the fish-as-people conceit is in part argued by his approbation of Sylvester's "Cowled Fryer" and Mytred Bishop. Back in the seventeenth century, Thomas Traherne expresses a not dissimilar impossible concern — "Wee other Worlds shall see" — though closer still to Sylvester. In moving from a discussion of fish to one of birds Du Bartas employs a very pretty image indeed:

While busie, poaring downward in the Deepe, 
I sing of Fishes (that there Quarter keepe) 
See how the Fowles are from my fancie fled; 
And their high praises quight out of my head; 
Their flight out-flies me, and my Muse almost 
The better halfe of this bright Day hath lost. 
But cheere ye Birds, your shadowes (as ye passe) 
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face, 
Make me remember, by their nimble turnes, 
Both what my duty, and your due concernes.

V, 567ff

Traherne goes Sylvester one better. In Shadows in the Water, he describes human shadows playing beneath a surface of water — "Beneath the Water People drowned". The fish periphrasis is characteristic in the analogy. And the exploration of the watery wilderness is obviously of considerable interest to Traherne, for he begins "On Leaping over the Moon" — an impossible thing — with these lines:
I saw new Worlds beneath the Water lie,
  New Peeple; yea, another sky
  And sun, which seen by day
  Might things more clear display.

Traherne is not a poet of the Sylvestrian camp. Nor for the most part is John Taylor, the Water Poet. Taylor, however, likes the idea of natural inversion especially where it concerns water:

  Where mounting porpoises and mountaine whales,
  And regiments of fish with fins and scales,
  Twixt me and heaven did freely glide and slide."

  *Taylor's Penniless Pilgrimage (43)*

Taylor, to achieve an image almost of flight, brings together the verbs of air and water motion, "glide and slide". The agnominatio of "mounting" porpoises and "mountaine" whales makes the picture overwhelming.

In the pattern of animal imagery in the seventeenth century we should surely be remiss if we did not note the voice of dissent. And the voice comes in the curious advocacy of the Christian epic from the profoundly metaphysical poet, Crashaw; at any rate, from "The Author's friend", in a preface to *Steps to the Temple*:

  Oh! when the generall arraignment of Poets shall be, to give an accompt of their higher soules, with what a triumphant brow shall our divine Poet sit above, and looke downe upon poore Homer, Virgil, Horace, Claudian? etc. who had amongst them the ill lucke to talke out a great part of their gallant Genius upon Bees, Dung, froggs, and Gnats, etc. and not as himselfe here upon Scriptures, divine Graces, Martyrs and Angels.39

But the source of the dissent is a new feeling of what is and is not germane to the Christian epic, and animals as allegories, or as analogies, are assuredly not to be disdained, not by Crashaw.
The eighteenth century, if it can not tolerate Du Bartas' Ptolemaic science, agrees with his socio-biology: animals are not necessarily as for Du Bartas, microcosms of the "Little World" of man, but they can be exemplars; and they can be a part of some multifarious natural rule that says that "God gives to Bees and Ants, something to make them live together, which he has not given to wolves or falcons". Animals too have character, but there is an ascendancy in this character:

Superior beings, when of hate they saw
A mortall Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

Pope, Essay on Man, I, 31ff

This is of course not just Pope being clever. The ape is an age-old image of man imitating God. Man is an animal, believes the eighteenth century. But what kind of animal? Because animal periphrasis is as important an issue in scientific description as in poetry in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it is perhaps worth while to recall Plato's description of the animal species, man, and Diogenes' reaction to it. Boswell tells the story:

I told Burke, I had found out a perfect definition of human nature, as distinguished from the animal. An ancient philosopher said, Man was "a two-legged animal without feathers", upon which his rival Sage had a Cock plucked bare, and set him down in the school before all the disciples, as a "Philosophic Man". Dr. Franklin said, Man was a "tool-making animal", which is very well; for no animal but man makes an thing, by means of which he can make another thing. But this applies to very few of the species. My definition of Man is, "a Cooking Animal". The beasts have memory, judgement, and all the faculties and passions of our mind, in a certain degree; but no beast is a cook.  

Boswell's sense of the controversy gives some interest to the often leaden periphrases of birds and fish passed from antiquity — through Du Bartas and
the Pleiade, and through Sylvester — to the likes of Dryden and Pope. Moreover, the awareness of a difficulty in distinguishing between man and other animals only serves to emphasise the degree of similarity. For Pope there is a continuum, and in *Essay on Man* he employs Du Bartas' book and page conceit (the page being the limit of one's perspective) perfectly:

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
Or who could suffer Being here below?

1. 77ff

Utriusque Coeli
Maioris sicut et Minoris Metaphysica, Physica
Atque Technica
Historia
In duo Volumina secundum Cosmi differentiam divisa.
Author Roberto Fluddius de Flue Librario.
In Medicina De Io. Oronice et
Tymus Primus
De Macrocosmi Historia in duos tractatus divisa.

Primus de

Metaphysico Macrocosmi et Chalcedonii Illius auct.
Phyllo Macrocosmi in generationem et complexum præfis.

Arithmetica.
Medicina.
Geometria.
Perpetuam.
Artis Eclatam.
Artem Militarem.
Motos.
Coptam.
Cosmographiam.
Astronomiam.

Quorum

Secundus de Arte Naturae
Sine in Macrocosmo possidat
Tina In maris et in eorum
in malis Lycia stat.

Oppenheim.

Et Johann-Theodori De Re.
Et Hieronymi Galerii

NO. 74 (reduced)
"It is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Ladie Winchelser, and a passage or two in the Windsor Forest of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of the Paradise Lost and the seasons does not contain a single new image of external nature".

Wordsworth, Essay Supplementary to "Preface to Poems" (1815)

I. The Paradisiacal "Garden"

Nature imagery in Les Semaines perforce owes to the Homeric tradition. We have noted that in Renaissance England in particular bucolic is "still regarded as preparatory to epic".¹ In Homer, nature imagery occurs because nature in Homer's world is inextricably combined with man in all of his activities, including war. By the time of Virgil nature is more oppositional than appositional; and in the Georgics it might even be said that nature is a war surrogate. The suggestion of pre-war Ilium as a type of the ideal city, appropriately a seven times enclosed paradise, may have something to do with this; for Virgil follows the wanderings of the founder of the new Ilium in the Aeneid, and the idea of a return to form cannot be far out of his mind.² In the Georgics, at any rate, we are given an idyllic war substitute. Early Renaissance writers in Britain were heavily influenced by the Georgics; in England epic and pastoral tend to merge in the latter half of the century.³ Certainly in Du Bartas there is a line of parallel between the courtly and the lowly. Du Bartas forever refers to the God that "sceptereth Shepheards and uncrowneth Kings" (Fathers, 74). Moreover, in spite of the fact that the second half of Les Semaines is about Hebrew Kings as heroes, it is very conscious especially of such as the meteoric rise of David from shepherd boy to king. The parallel
is of course with Christ, from carpenter to king, vanquished to vanquisher.

There is a certain — perhaps historical — ambivalence in Du Bartas' approach to kingship, in that he recognises its power to do evil, laments this power like a democrat (he criticises "democratie" however; Captains, 1065ff), yet he prays all the same for his king's goodness. Sylvester if anything heightens the shepherd/king parallel, though his pastoral images are few indeed. In one, Sylvester changes Du Bartas' rather general country scene to an enlarged May Day romp (ll, 327ff). Of greater interest is Du Bartas' awareness of the epic possibilities of rural, rather than specifically pastoral, scenery. This as a poetic observation he owes to Virgil. For, to concentrate on the bloodbaths of the Old Testament, as he does to some extent in the Captains, would be to neglect the encyclopedic epic purpose of analogy. Creation is Du Bartas' fascination. War is one manifestation of a world of elements, one which does not assist the analogy of a perfect creation but of a fallen one. From lumpen creation comes the paradisiacal, then the Fall. A large part of Du Bartas' epic concerns itself with the middle state. For Du Bartas the natural and paradisiacal are as much a subject of epic as the heroism, judgement, fervor, piety, etc., of war: "ici j'instrui les hommes en bonnes meurs, la en piete; ici je discours les chose naturelles, et la je loue les bons esprit."4 Perfect nature is the perfect product of his hero, God. And the arrangement of nature replaces the arrangement of soldiers in battle:

In Country Granges did their age confine:
And ord'red there with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corne, as Fields of Combat first;
And Ranks of Trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.
Ill, 1053ff

In the nature of Les Semaines trees, animals, fish, birds, are given like genus terms of war, or at the very least of collectivity — which no doubt subsumes war: thus those terms we familiarly regard as Miltonianisms, Legions, Crew, etc... Trees are quietly animated into "Ranks"; or, in war's opposite (or
mirror), they may kiss one another. But it is an important facet of the imagery of *Les Semaines* that the things of nature are given a human stature. Personification is a fundamental of the epic of natural description. Marvell — though in spirit correct — gets his metaphor wrong; in the perfect nature the gardener should have the commander's place:

The gardener had the soldier's place,
And his more gentle forts did trace.
The nursery of all things green
Was then the only magazine.
The winter quarters were the stoves
Where he the tender plants removes.
But war all this doth overgrow;
We ordnance plant, and power sow.

*Upon Appleton House*, st. 43

The nature imagery of *Les Semaines* is more specific in purpose than Homer's simple but primeval "See!" It shouts rather something like, "See God's majesty in me!" The principal inheritors of this vision are the poets of the seventeenth century, and of the language, the poets of the eighteenth century. Though the artificiality of this natural conception is apparent to Pope — in some instances he might have termed it general or universal — markedly less so to some of the minor nature poets of the century, Du Bartas has less thought of the artificiality of his particular description, and more of the picture as a whole. He might have agreed with this common turn of the eighteenth century sentiment:

Why should I prove on the authority of the greatest Bards that, above all, country scenes smile upon poetry, when the facts themselves make it evident? There is an unpol-luted simplicity to commend moralizing, there is a joyous variety of imagery to adorn philosophical obscurities, there are arts to soften hard labours and hopes of profit not ill-founded. There is a nimble darting about, that is continually reviving the languid mind; timely excursions away from precepts into story-telling; illustrations of Nature's inner secrets by the most charming outward show of things: a sprinkling of wit for the out-of-date; and a constant transference from business to pleasure and back again.
This, at any rate, is an admirable description of what Du Bartas achieves in *Les Semaines*. Apparent in Du Bartas' natural description is the didactic, Virgilian epic, but also Homeric digression for its own (or another's) sake.

Nature imagery is the effective heart of the first half of *Les Semaines*, and may be found throughout the second half. In most every respect the First Week is natural and/or scientific, and nature imagery stands firmly representative of the newly created earth as the pattern of a greater pattern. In this way, apart from its obvious source, the Bible, the First Week owes to Ovid. It is not then surprising to find Du Bartas' description of creation echo *Metamorphoses* I. Nature for Ovid (loosely) and for the Judeo-Christian tradition has two kinds, the idea (pattern) and the imitation, the perfect and the imperfect (this simplifies the relative complexities of Christian neo-platonism). The idea we may see represented in Ovid by the Golden Age, a period succeeded by baser ages that vainly hanker after it. For Du Bartas the idea is a prelapsarian Eden (itself patterned from heaven), and imperfect nature follows from the Fall of Adam and Eve; a seasonal, variously comfortable and painful existence.

Natural description, however, is always idealised (at least abstracted), as far as that goes in *Les Semaines*, into general camps of ease and difficulty. In short, seasonal description is far from "realistic". The idealised extremes are winter and summer. Autumn is processional, as for instance is reflected in Keats' "To Autumn". Spring most closely parallels the prelapsarian world, save that in the Golden Age spring is eternal and plants are selfly fruitful in an autumnal way.

1. Spenser

Let us begin with the ideal, since it is the blue-print for the styling of the varieties of post-lapsarian nature. Here is Sylvester's stylised translation of Du Bartas' depiction of the first-created Garden of Eden:
But also chose him for a happy seat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty Flora paveth sumptuously
With flowrie VER's inammeld tapistrie;
Pomona pranks with fruites, whose tast excels;
And Zephir-fils with muske and Amber smells.
Where God himselfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With trees and corne covers the hils and vallies,
Summons sweet sleepe with noise of hundred brooks
And sunne-proofe arbors makes in sundry nookes:
He plants, he proines, he pares, he trimmeth round
The ever-green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Heer-theare the course of th'holy lakes he leads,
With thousand dies he motleys all the meads.
Ye Pagan Poets, that audaciously
Have sought to darken th'ever-memory
Of Gods great works; from henceforth still be dumb
Your fabled praises of Elisium,
Which by this goodly modell you have wrought
Through deafe tradition, that your fathers taught;
For the Almighty, made his blisfull bowers
Better indeed, than you have fayned yours.
For should I say that still with smiling face,
Th'al-clasping heavens beheld this happy place;
That hunny sweet, from hollow rocks did draine;
That fostering milke flow'd up and downe the plaine;
That sweet as Roses smelt th'il-savory Rew,
That in all soyles, all seasons, all things grew:
That still there dangled on the selfe-same treen
A thousand fruites, nor over-ripe nor green:
That egest fruites, and bittrest hearbs did mock
Madera sugars and the Apricock;
Yielding more homely food then all the masses,
That now tast-curious, wanton, plenty dresses,
Disguising in a thousand costly dishes,
The various store of dainty foules and fishes,
Which far and neere we seeke by land and seas,
More to provoke then hunger to appease.
Or should I say, each morning, on the ground
Not common deaw, but Manna did abound:
That never guttur gorging dutty muds,
Defild the cristall of smooth-sliding flouds,
Whose waters, past in pleasant tast, the drinke
That now in Candia decks Cerathus brincke:
That shady groves of noble Palme-tree sprayes,
Of amorous Mirtles, and immortall Bayes
Never un-leav'd, but evermore their new
Self-arching arms in thousand arbors grew.
Where thousand sorts of birds, both night and day
Do bill and woo, and hop about and play,
And marrying their sweet tunes to the'Angels layes
Sung Adams blisse, and their great makers praise....
If there I say the Sunne (the seasons stinter)
Made not hot Summer, nor no hoary winter,
But lovely VERkept still in lively luster
The fragrant valleys smyling meades and pasture:
That boistrous Adams body did not shrinke
For Northren winds, nor for the Southrenwinck:
But Zephyr did sweet musky sighs afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord
Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
That verdure flowers, those flowers sweet savour yield:
That day did gladly lend his sister night,
For half her moisture, half his shining light:
That never hail did harvest prejudice,
That never frost, nor snow, nor slippery ice
The fields engaged: nor any stormy stower
Dismounted mountaines, nor no violent shower
Poverished the land, which frankly did produce
All fruitful vapours for delight and use:
I think I lie not, rather I confess
My stammering muses poor unlearnednes.
If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise
Say 'twas the type of th'upper Paradise;

Eden, 65ff

The degree of the passage's abstraction may be seen in its numerous abstract personifications: of flowers, seasons, winds, for example — "dainty Flora", "Flowrie Vers", "lovely Ver", "Pomona", "Zephir". The metonymy has the effect of distancing the scene, of rendering it unparticular, making it hazy, a general image. We shall see how this compares with other scenes of Paradise. But to begin with we should be aware of this picture of Eden as one drawn from the pattern of an historical topos: "To poetic topics belongs the beauty of nature in the widest sense — hence the ideal landscape with its typical equipment ... So do dream lands and dream ages: Elysium (with eternal spring without meteorological disturbances), the Earthly Paradise, the Golden Age.\(^8\) Part of Du Bartas' description comes in the form of an address to the poets of antiquity, repudiating their earthly Paradises in favour of the Christian one. This is in itself a literary topos.\(^9\) The topos recurs in seventeenth century earthly Paradises. Milton writes:

Not that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers
Her self a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grave
Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
Of Eden strive;

Paradise Lost IV, 268ff
This garden, "This blessed plot, this earth", this Eden, is special. The topos is fulfilled in the attention paid to the general composition of the garden.

Though the scene is ideal, it is inhabited:

As in Homer, so in all the poetry of Antiquity nature is always inhabited nature. It makes no difference whether the inhabitants are gods or men. Abodes of the Nymphs are also places where man delights to sit and rest. What are the requisites of such a spot? Above all, shade — of great importance to the man of the South. A tree, then, or a group of trees; a spring or brook for refreshment; a grassy bank for a seat. A grotto can serve the purpose too. 10

Nature has her accoutrements; these garments are typical. These garments, as types, and their own shading and colouring, are the subjects of the poetic diction of the paradisiacal, and of its relation in the postlapsarian world, the familiar locus amoenus.

An obvious analogue to Du Bartas' Garden of Eden is Spenser's Garden of Adonis, in Faerie Queene, Book III:

In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
Are fecht: there is the first seminarie
Of all things, that are borne to live and die,
According to their kindes. Long worke it were,
Here to account the endlesse progenie
Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;
But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
And girt in with two walles on either side;
The one of yron, the other of bright gold;
That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten pass;
Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
Old Genius the porter of them was,
Old Genius, the which a double nature has.

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sow,
To plant or prune: for of their owne accord
All things as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mightie word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almightie lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the Clouds to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
And every sort is in a sundry bed
Set by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
Some fit for reasonable soules to'indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endless rancks along enraunged were,
That seem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.

The analogy of this is explained by Nohrnberg. 11 We are concerned rather with
the fruit, the diction. The fruit, like Sylvester's, hangs heavily on the trees so
that they bend under its weight. Spenser's garden is inhabited by a "paramoure"
who "his leman knowes" (and "Each bird his mate"); Sylvester's birds are in fact
anthropromorphic "Lovelings" in the Magnificence (see below), but here they
"bill and woo".

While Spenser and Sylvester are capable of employing the same kind of
images in their gardens, their manner of description, however, differs substan-
tially. Sylvester decorates his verses, following Du Bartas strictly and accu-
rately, sometimes in a Virgilian manner.12 Sylvester obviously does not have
the Latin of Virgil or the genius, but he does like to balance his lines, sometimes
artificially to suspend the verb, to invert it, etc., and to load the line with
adjectives and colourful nouns. Josephine Miles' research has turned this into
a fixture of "participial suspension" in Sylvester, remarking the preponderance
of noun and adjective within the line.13 Though the passage from Divine
Weeks quoted above is particularly verbal in parts (clausal as opposed to
phrasal), Sylvester's adjectives are important: "temperate", "dainty", "flowry",
"inarneld", etc.14 Of the eighty-two adjectives (in seventy-two lines; lines
71-78 and 125-30 are particularly verb oriented), six may be said to be of a
particular nature ("holy", "pagan", "Madera", "Northren", "Southern", "upper").
Though the adjective "Madera" falls into a class that can hardly be said to be
particular, the incidental localisation is made for the effect of its exoticness. Another seven may be said to be vague or undescriptive ("all" (thrice), "each", "common", "great" (twice)), though we recall the hyperbolic and effective qualities of the places of "all" and "each" in *Divine Weeks*. The adjectives "dusty" and "strange" fall into a middle ground. Sixty-three descriptive adjectives remain, most of them characteristic of Sylvester's diction. The adjectives hundred and thousand (four times) are hyperboles, straight out of the Homeric tradition. The compound epithets (of which there are ten, and one unhyphenated one) represent one of Sylvester's most common language devices. Y-ending epithets are another common device: Sylvester employs eleven of these (excluding the four not sprung from existing roots, "sundry", "dainty" (twice) "holy"). There are equally est-ending adjectives, present participle adjectives, and one fully characteristic un-prefix adjective ("unleav'd"; in Du Bartas "s'esferullaient"). Among the adjectives are some of Sylvester's most used ones, general in application: "dainty" (twice), "flowry", "inameld", "sweet" (four times), "fruitfull" (twice), "goodly", "blissfull", "happy", "hollow", "green", "wanton", "costly", "various", "shady", "noble", "amorous", "immortal", "hoary", "lovely", "lively" (often in paronomasia with "lovely"), "fragrant", "smyling", "boistrous", "musky", "slippy", "shining", "stormy". Some are descriptive of ideal nature, a few, it can be seen, of fallen, seasonal nature (as "hoary", "boistrous" — especially with Boreas or Auster — "stormy"). These important adjectives number more than half of the descriptive adjectives in the passage.

Spenser's adjectives, from the above extract, compare interestingly. As a rule they are more pointed. Of the fifty-six adjectives in fifty-four lines, eleven may be said to be of a particular nature ("same", "dame", "first", "two", "either", "double" (twice), "old" (twice, as part of a particular designation), "owne", "Almighty"). Again, seven may be said to be vague or undescriptive ("all" (six times), "every"). Two adjectives fall into a descriptive middle ground ("long", "reasonable"); and I'm not sure how I want to treat "eternall" and "continual". Thirty-four descriptive adjectives remain, of which the following
may be considered characteristic in Spenser's nature description: "goodly" (twice), "bright", "faire", "fresh" (twice), ("sundry"), "comely", "laughing", "wanton", "heavy", "shadie", "sweet" (twice), "happy", "gay". The difference between Spenser and Sylvester is not marginal. Relative to respective line totals Spenser's characteristic adjectives number around 28% and Sylvester's over 45%. Coincidental adjectives of note are "fruitfull", "shady", "sweet", "happy", "goodly". The adjectival differences between the two are readily observable, even on a first reading.

A feature of the Sylvester passage is its employment of unusual, descriptive verbs. These are one of the distinguishing marks of Sylvester's diction of natural description. An examination of the passage shows that it contains an unusual number of verbs for Divine Weeks: sixty-eight, of which four are present participles. Of these verbs, those which are characteristic of Sylvester's natural description, or which are unusual or highly descriptive in some other way are thirty in number. Twenty-three verbs have primarily natural application and are favourites in Divine Weeks; "enag'd" and "dismounted" are of that Sylvestrian species made by the joining of a commonplace verb with a prefix or suffix; "poverisht" come, of the convenience of a dropped syllable. In the Spenser extract there are sixty-six verbs (several yokings as well), of which only one is a present participle. Verb postponement within the line is common (as a rule unlike Sylvester, where it occurs not commonly but not infrequently), and verb inversion (e.g., "enraunged were") occurs. Characteristic verbs are half as many as Sylvester's. The two poets share such important verbs as "decks", "flowes", and the gardening verbs, "plant" and "prune". We may conclude that, in scenes of ideal natural description, at any rate, Spenser is the more verbal poet, the poet who by extension, shapes his lines the more to accommodate his verbs; but that Sylvester uses more descriptive verbs, and more neologised verbs.
In Sylvester's Garden of Eden are contained most of the items — in its nouns — prescribed, in the topos of the ideal landscape, from antiquity. The substantive diction is colourful and warm in its assonances and consonances. The abstractions, "Flora", "Ver", "Pomona", and "Zephyr", in part see to this. Vivid — for the time — single word metaphors like "seat", "tapistrie", and "sighs" (in antiquity a commonplace for Zephyr's winds) are the sweetmeats of seventeenth century natural description. Sylvester's colour nouns are not stinted. Some of these have evocations which are hard to explain. Most are purely items of nature. "Candia" for example has an innate warmth of sound. Some of the names refer to things exotic, from the wealth of Mediterranean poetry — mirtles, bays, palm trees. Such terms, and especially toponyms containing warm sounds, are the stuff of Sylvester's diction of ideal nature. By contrast — and the contrast is ever present — are nouns like "stower" and "shower" (not the verb, which is often metaphorical and warmer), "muds", "snow" and "ice".

Spenser's nouns are equally aware of the contrast. Words like "girloonds", "paramoures", "progenie", "weedes", "bed", "blis", "plentie", "pleasure", "merri-ment", "felicitie", "boughes", and "blossomes", are met with words like "rancor", "gealosie", and such bald words as "yron". But we might note that Spenser's nouns are less indicative of a landscape, and more of a state of mind. The general landscape has scarcely the multifariousness of Sylvester's. Spenser's purpose is allegory, not what I have called allegorical language.

Though the differences are quite manifest in respect of adjective, verb and noun, it may be allowed that the voice of Spenser lies in the ears of Sylvester. Sylvester's "blissfull bowers" is at least a vague reminiscence of the "Bowre of Blisse" of the end of Faerie Queene, Book Two. And there are moments of panoramic description in Spenser that surely cannot encourage the poet-reader's forgetfulness (or perhaps they achieve precisely the opposite):
Right in the middest of that Paradise,
    There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top,
    A gloomy grove of mirtle trees did rise,
    Whose shadie boughes sharpe steele did never lop,
    Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
    But like a girlond compassed the hight,
    And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
    That all the ground with precious deaw bedight,
    Threw forth most dainty odours, and most sweet delight.

III, vi, 43

The adjectives here carry the sound of things to come. And Spenser, it is true, is fodder for poetic diction and image hunters of the seventeenth century.

More closely aligned with Spenser's Garden of Adonis is a passage in Les Semaines which no doubt had an effect on the Garden of Adonis; Du Bartas' Garden of Love in the Magnificence. Sylvester's treatment of the garden is at least as fertile as the garden itself, and, though long, deserves quoting for the almost pastoral place it gives love in the earthly Paradise:

Under the gentle Equinoctiall Line,
Faire amorous Nature waters freshly-fine
A little Grove clad in eternall green,
Where all the year long lustie May is seen,
Suiting the Lawnes in all her pomp and pride
Of lively Colours, lovely varyfied:
There smiles the ground, the starry-Flowers each one
There mount the more, the more th'are trod upon:
There, all growes toil-les; or, if tild it were,
Sweet Zephyrus is th'only Husband there.
There Auster never roars, nor Hail dis4eaves
Th'immortal Grove, nor any Branch bereaves.
There the straight Palm-Tree stoopeth in the Calm
To kisse his Spowse, his loyall Female Palm:
There with soft whispers whistling all the year
The Broad-leav'd Plane-Tree Courts the Plane his Pheer,
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, and the Vine
About the Elme her slender armes doth twine:
Th'ivie about the Oak: there all doth prove,
That there, all springs, all growes, all lives in Love.
Opinion's Porter, and the gate she bars
Gainst Covetize, cold Age and sullen Cares,
Except they leave-off and lay-down before
Their troublous load of Reason at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Bashfull-Boldnes ,
Dumb-speaking Signes, Chill-Heat, and Kindled-Coldnes ,
Smooth soothing Vows, deep Sorrowes soon appeas'd,
Tears sudden dry'd, fel Angers quickly pleas'd,
Smiles, Wyly Guiles, quaint wittie-prettie Toyes,
Soft Idleness, and ground-les, bound-les Joyes,
Sweet Pleasure plunged over head and eares
In sugred Nectar, immaterial Fears,
Hoarse Waaks, late Walks, Pain-pleasing kindly cruell,
Aspiring Hope (Desire's immortall fuell)
Licentious losnesse, Prodigall Expence
Inchanting Songs deep Sighs, and sweet Laments.

These frollike Lovelings fraighted Nests doo make
The balmy Trees o'er-laden Boughs to crack;
Bewty layes, Fancie sits, th'inflamed heat
Of Love dooth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Some are but kindled yet, some quick appear,
Some on their backs carry their cradles deer.
Some downie-clad, some (fledger) take a twig
To pearch-upon, some hop, from sprig to sprig:
One, in the fresh shade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiver, while soft-pantingly
'T exhales hot Vapour: one, against a Sparrow
Tries his stiff Bowe and Giant-stooping Arrow:
Another sly sets line-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouse, Wag-Tail (Cock and Hen):
See, see how some their idle wings forsake,
And (turn'd of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thrush, another on a Parrot rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan bestrides,
That manageth a Phaisant: this doth make
The Ring-Dove turn, that brings the Culver back:
See how a number of this wanton Fry
Doo fondly chase the gawdie Butter-Fly,
Some with their flowerie Hat, some with their hands,
Some with sweet Rose-boughs, som with Mirtle wands:
But, th'horned Bird, with nimble turnes, beguiles
And scapes the snares of all these Loves awhiles.
Leave, Wags (Cryes Venus) leave this wanton Play:
For so, in stead of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Child of Venus strike:
For, some of mine have Horns and all alike.

Both gardens have a porter: Spenser's is "Old Genius" (cp. the Bowre of Blisse); Du Bartas' is "Opinion's Porter". Both are sealed (for an archtypal enclosed garden see Song of Solomon 4.12). Spenser's is double barred by two gates; Du Bartas' is likewise barred, and "Opinion's Porter" waits without. Significantly Du Bartas' garden is seasonally forever spring, its laden boughs loaded with loving birds; all pain is excluded except a Petrarchan love-pain. So with Spenser's Garden of Adonis, where past meets present in the very play of the words "were" and "is":

645ff

18
In Spenser the hint of growth makes Time the "troublor", interfering with the idea of perfection. The scene is personified, the trees are made to laugh — Sylvester's flowers smile — and it is inhabited, like Du Bartas', rather by birds than by people. Spenser's unchanging spring-continually-meeting-autumn carries a different emphasis from the Bowre of Blisse, where the bower's freedom from the assault of harsh seasons is stressed rather than its fruitfulness. The Garden of Adonis fences harshness out. The Bowre of Blisse is designed to fence its "guests" (st. 43) in. Spenser makes clever use of a negative description apparent in Du Bartas' Eden, above, but probably directly imitating Chaucer:

Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender ends or leaves to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate,
T'afflict the creatures which therein did dwell,
But the milde aire with season moderate ...

_Faerie Queene, II, xii, 51_

Th'air of that place was so attempre was
That nevere was there grevaunce of hot ne cold;
There wex every ek holsom spice and geas;

_Parliament of Fowles, 204-06_
Yet it is in Divine Weeks that the florid, abstract and personificatory
diction first takes complete hold in English poetry. One last long example may
make the point; Adam's lonely ramble through Eden:

Thus yet in league with heaven and earth he lives
Enjoying all the goods th'almightie gives:
And yet not treading sinnes false, mazie measures,
Sailes on smooth surges of a sea of pleasures.

Heere, underneath a fragrant hedge reposes,
Full of all kindes of sweete all coloured roses,
Which (one would thinke) the Angels dayly dresse
In true love-knottes, tri-angles, lozenges.

Anon he walketh in a level lane,
On either side beset with shadie Plane,
Whose arched boughes, for Frize and Cornich beare
Thicke groves, to shield from future change of aire:
Then in a path impaeld in pleasant wise
With sharpe-sweet Orange, Lemon, Citron trees,
Whose leavie twigger that intricatlie tangle
Seeme painted walls whereon true fruits doe dangle.

Now in a plenteous Orchard planted rare
With un-graft trees, in checker round, and square:
Whose goodly fruiites so on his will doe waite,
That plucking one, anothers readie straight:
And having tasted all, with due satietie,
Findes all one goodnes, but in taste varietie.

Anon he stalketh with an easie stride
By some cleere river's lillie-paved side,
Whose sandes pure gold, whose pebbles precious gemmes,
And liquid silver all the curling streames:
Whose chiding murmur mazing in and out,
With cristall cesternes moates a mead about:
And th'artiles Bridges over-thwart this torrent
Are rockes self-arched by the eating current:
Or loving Palmes, whose lustie females (willing
Their marrow-boyling loves to be fulfilling;
And reach their husband trees on th'other banckes,) 
Bow their stiffe backes, and serve for passing planckes.

Then in a goodlie garden's alleis smooth,
Where prodigue nature sets abroad her booth
Of richest beawties, where each bed and border
Is like pied posies, divers dies and order.

Now farre from noyse he creepeth covertlie
Into a cave, of kindlie Porphyrie,
Which, rock-fall'n spovars, congeald by colder aire,
Seeme with smoothe antikes to have seeled faire:
There laid at ease, a cubit from the ground,
Upon a Jaspir fring'd with yvie round,
Purfled with vaines, thicke thrumbd with mossie bever
He falls asleepe fast by a silent river:
Whose captive streames through crooked pipes still rushing,
Make sweeter musicke with their gentle gushing,
Then now at Tivoli, th'Hydrantike braule
Of rich Ferrara's stately Cardinall:
Or Ctesibes rare engines, framed there
Where as they made of Ibis, Jupiter.
   Musing, anon through crooked walkes he wanders,
Round-winding ringes, and intricate Meanders,
False-guiding pathes, doubtfull beguiling strayes,
And right-wrong errors of an end-lesse Maze.
Not simplie hedged with a single border
Of Rosemarie cut out with curious order,
   In Satyrs, Centaures, Whales, and halfe-men-Horses,
And thousand other counterfaited corses:
But with true beasts, fast in the ground still sticking,
Feeding on grasse, and th'airie moisture licking:
   Such as those Bonarets in Scythia bred
Of slender seedes, and with greene fodder fed,
Although their bodies, noses, mouthes, and eyes,
Of new-yeand lambes have full the forme and guise,
And should be verie lambes, save that for foote,
Within the ground they fixe a living roote,
Which at their navel growes, and dies that day
That they have brouz'd the neighbour grasse away.

Eden, 497ff

This passage contains in one all of the pleasures of the _locus amoenus_, and all of the perfections of Paradise. It is a splendid composite of the paradisiacal descriptions we will come across. It differs from the Garden of Love in that Adam is manifestly alone, visiting a pathless wonderland where all of the artifice of man's creation is excelled in nature. The difference between this extract from the _Eden_ and that from the _Magnificence_ would seem to indicate a different view of the topos, perhaps a distinction between topos as topos and topos as allegory.

The Garden in France

The garden topos owes indirectly to Homer's Garden of Alcinous ( _Odyssey_, VII), directly, but not in detail to Genesis, and to Ovid's Golden Age
(_Metamorphoses_, 1); Du Bartas himself mentions Virgil's Elysium (in _Aeneid_, VI). It is common throughout the medieval period and is ubiquitous in early Renaissance poetry. Chaucer, we have seen, treats of it in the _Parliament of Fowles_. Ariosto creates such a garden in _Orlando Furioso_ — Spenser's source book — but, perhaps most important in the sixteenth century is Tasso's in _Gerusalemme Liberata_ (XVI, sts. 8ff).
The topic became a favourite of the French Renaissance, both in art and in literature. Ronsard, the spiritual leader of the Pleiade, offers a suitable and early encouragement to Du Bartas and other poets in his *Iles Fortunees*, a treatment of Horace's sixteenth epode:

```
La; nous vivrons sans travail, & sans peine.
La, la, toujours, la terre est pleine
De tout bonheur, & la toujours les cieux
Se montreront fideles a nos yeux:
La, sans navrer, comme ici, notre aieule
Du soc aigu, prodigue, toute seule
Fait herisser en joyeuses forets
Parmy les champs, les presens de Ceres.
```

These are full-bodied lines, the language is general and abstract. In *Epitaphe* de Hugues Soleil Ronsard paints much the same nature:

```
La, sans jamais cesser, jargonnent les oiseaux
Ore dans un bocage, & ore pres des eaus,
Et en toute saison avec Flore y souspire
D'un souspir eternel le gracieus Zephire.
La, comme ici n'a lieu fortune ny destin,
Et le soir comme ici ne court vers le matin,
Le matin vers le soir, & comme ici la rage
D'acquerir des honneurs ne ronge leur courage.
La le boeuf laboureur, d'un col morne et lasse
Ne repote au logis le cotre renverse,
Et la le marinier d'avorons n'importune,
Charge de lingos d'or, l'eschine de Neptune,
Mais oisifz dans les prez toujours boivent du ciel
Le Nectar qui distille, & se paissent de mel.
```

In this polished, ideal description are many of the accoutrements of the ideal landscape and all of the foregrounding of the isolated paradise. Everything is "La", there, as it is in Du Bartas' *Magnificence* (and, we have seen, in Sylvester's). Alliteration brings on the striking, humanising verb "jargonnent". This is pursued by the equally evocative verbs "souspir" (repeated as a noun), "boivent", "distille", "charge". The seemingly requisite abstractions are apparent in "Flore" and "gracieus Zephire", and "Neptune"; and in the mild
personification "le boeuf laboureur". The metaphor of distilling nectar is both scriptural and Ovidian (Metamorphoses I), recalling in particular the Song of Solomon 4.11. With Ronsard's description of Paradise we might easily compare Du Bartas' (a passage already quoted in Sylvester's translation):

Ains pour sejour heureux il luy choisit encore
Un tempere climat que la mignarde Flore
Pave du bel esmaille des printenieres fleurs,
Pomone orne de fruicts, Zephire emplitt d'odeurs,
Ou Dieu tend le cordeau, aligne les alleees,
Couvre d'arbres les monts, de moisson les vallees,
De bruit de cent ruisseaux semond le doux sommeil,
Fait des beaux cabinets a preuve du soleil,
Esquarrit un jardin, plante, emunde, cultive
D'un verger plantureux la beaute toujours-vive,
Depart par-cy par-la le cours des flots sacrez,
Et de mille couleurs peint la face des prez.

Eden, 37ff

Here, as in Ronsard, are Flora and Zephyr, assisted though by Pomona. The assonances are not as smooth as Ronsard's, but the language is at least as rich, if not richer. It is complete with such baubles as "orne", a verb equivalent to Spenser's — and Sylvester's — "deck"; "esmail", "peint", and later with such as "souilloit", "s'esfeuilloient", "voutoient", "s'entrefaisoient", "sauteloient", "voletoient":

Si je dy qu'au matin des champs la face verte
Estoit non rosee, ains de manne couverte,
Qu'un ru traine-gueret, de son cours violant
Des fleuves ne souilloit le crystal doux-coulant,
Fleuves qui surmontoient en bon goust le breuvage
Qui du cretois Cerathe honore le rivage,
Qui les sombres forest des myrtes amoureux,
Des lauriers immortels, des palmiers genereux,
Ne s'esfeuilloient jamais; ains leurs branches nouvelles
Par nature voutoient mille fresches tonnelles
Ou cent sortes d'oiseaus jour et nuict s'esbatoient,
S'entrefaisoient l'amour, sauteloient, voletoient,
Et marians leurs tons aux doux accents des Anges,
Chantoient et l'heur d'Adam et de Dieu les louanges.

Eden 73ff
Certainly Du Bartas' Paradise outperforms Ronsard's in the novelty of its diction. And Du Bartas' nouns and adjectives lie directly behind Sylvester's translation, here as most everywhere: "cordeau", "allees", "vallees", "ruiseaux", "sommeil", "louanges", "plantureux", "fresches", "doux". Though Du Bartas has followed Ronsard's motif and enlarged upon his diction, he is willing to differ from Ronsard in one important respect: Ronsard does not connect his Golden Age with lovers; in the Magnificence, above, Du Bartas creates a kind of icon of love. Solomon's Garden of Love is distinct in this way from Adam's Eden. The tenor of the Magnificence extract is almost baudy, though the eroticism is only in its humanisation of birds. Du Bartas may have in mind the pastoral tradition, which had made inroads in sixteenth century France. Closer to home, however, Baif has already allowed into his Paradise "bourgs peuplez". But the isolation, the relative emptiness that Du Bartas sees in Paradise in the Eden, an intricacy unmarked by man's ability to solve or define it —

Musing, anon through crooked walkes he wanders,
Round-winding ringes, and intricate Meanders,
False-guiding pathes, doubtfull beguiling strayes,
And right-wrong errors of an endlesse Maze —

is something that Sylvester gives to the English poetry of the seventeenth century. Drummond of Hawthornden writes:

When I, in simple Course, free from all Cares,
Farre from the muddie Worlds captivating Snares,
By Oras flowrie Bancks alone did wander,
Ora that sports her like to old Meander,
A flood more worthy Fame and lasting Praise
Than that which Phaetons Fall so high did raise:
Into whose mooving Glasse the Milk-white Lillies
Doe dresse their Tresses and the Daffodillies.
Where Ora with a Wood is crown'd about,
And seemes forget the Way how to come out,...

Poems I, Song 1
And Milton sings of the "smooth enameld green/Where no print of step hath been" ("Arcades") and, in metaphor with music, refers to the intricate harmony of "The melting voice through mazes running" ("Allegro", 142). This is most pertinent to my subject, and I shall return to the labyrinthine Paradise.

Although the emptiness (in human terms) of Eden is in noticeable contrast to the bustling bird societies of the Garden of Love, at the level of diction the passages are equally stylised and ideal. In the Eden extract (497ff) there are ninety adjectives in seventy lines; in the Magnificence, a passage dominated by two highly verbal sections (651-64; 695-702; indeed if we were to remove these sections and their adjectives the ratio would be roughly three adjectives to two lines), there are seventy-seven adjectives in sixty-six lines. Both extracts are as fully descriptive as the passage discussed above. 23 The verbs of the two passages are no less characteristic or distinctive than those discussed above. 24 And the nouns are just as typical, just as exotic, just as descriptive. 25

The overlap in the three descriptive passages I have discussed is not insignificant. It points to the general serviceability of Sylvester's language of natural description, and implies further, that this description lends itself to personification and abstraction.

Ovid

I have suggested that the topos of the Arcadian, ideal landscape owes in detail to Ovid's Metamorphoses I. Both Du Bartas and Spenser are conscious of Ovid. Much of Ovid's imagery is not descriptive of the ideal landscape, but of the contrast between its representative, the Golden Age, and the ages subsequently known to man. The conditions that Ovid initially describes are not those of the Golden Age. But after setting out in twelve lines what the Golden Age is not, Ovid devotes twelve lines to telling us what it is:
In England at the end of the sixteenth century Arthur Golding's translation of *Metamorphoses* (1565; 1567) was most influential. Yet Golding's account of the Golden Age — however attractive to our boyhood ballad sensibilities, or to those sensibilities which dominated Pound's judgement — is more expansive than descriptive. The language of the translation is for the most part neither distinctive nor characteristic. Golding does rise to the occasion — or should we say, to necessity — perhaps, in such epithets as "lofty pine", and "ground untilde"; Zephyr is given a "gentle blast", and the sun is designated "fierie Phoebus": Golding, in short, the odd time gives justice to his original. Verbs in the translation are marginally more descriptive — "crouch or creepe", "hewen", "yeelded", "dropt". But Golding has no language canon specifically adopted to natural description, and characteristic throughout. Golding repeats with a fair sense of melody Ovid's plant names, actually increasing them:

... Did live by Raspis, heppes and Lawes, by Cornelles, plummes and cherries, 
By sloes and apples, nuttes and peares, and lothsome bramble berries, 
And by the acornes dropt on ground, from Joves brode tree in fiele.

But for a twenty-five line description written in forteeners, it is noticeably bald. For all that the fourteener provides in the way of extra room for
epithetical expansion, in Golding's Golden Age there are only slightly more than three adjectives in every four lines. Golding's style is not, to use Miles' terms, phrasal, but clausal. His style is less descriptive than amplificatory.

The next important translator of Ovid — writing after Sylvester — is antipathic in style to Golding. Indeed, George Sandys is a rarity among English translators of Latin poetry: he creates a Metamorphoses so compact that it is often more concise than Ovid's — the conciseness, we might add, of an highly inflected language. Ovid employs twenty-four lines to describe his Golden Age; Sandys twenty-six (Golding's fourteeners, we remember, take up twenty-five lines). Fourteen of Sandys' lines are devoted to the actual description of the Golden Age.

Sandys' pentameter couplets are conscious of Sylvester's early heroic couplets. They are also masterfully epithetical. As if to advertise this epithetical richness Sandys' Ovid adopts the Sylvestrian format of introducing each book of the text with an epithetical "Argument". In the first half of his presentation of the Golden Age Sandys destroys Golding's pithy "brazen tables" in favour of the phrase "lawes in brasse", probably for the sake of clarity (for a marginal note is included on the Greek custom). He takes up Golding's "crouching" (nec supplex turba timebant). But from there Sandys goes mostly his own way. That judge that doesn't rule in the Golden Age is made "angrie" to assist the contrast between prelapsarian and fallen society, and further to help justify the expression that follows, "crouching pris'ners": Prisoners crouch from angry judges. The image of the pine tree, only a metonymy in Ovid, becomes a short double metaphor, personified and metonymised: "wounded Pine". The adjective refers to the trees cut for ships' masts; and the noun, in metonymy for a ship, makes the transition from felled tree to mast immediate. The marginal note points to the metonymic sub-class, synecdoche: "whereof masts are made for ships: a part of the ship here taken for the whole". Sandys' publisher may feel compelled to explain the figure, but it has already been given its passport in English epic poetry, in Sylvester's many ship
periphrases (e.g., "pine-ploughed sea", Colonies, 175; "slice-sea Aldars", III, 553; "wracked plancks", Schism, 360; "adventurous Alders", Babylon, 136). The pine is given a personality by being wounded. The personification suggests that if the Golden Age is not inhabited by people who would buttress it with fortresses, it is inhabited by living plants that are not forced to leave their limited but known surroundings. The analogy between this and Du Bartas' secure and contented plants — unfelled, for the felling simile is a familiar Homeric one employed frequently by Du Bartas — cannot be overlooked. And in the one epithet Sandys has cleverly contrasted the ideal with the fallen.

The ocean is also anthropomorphised, into "faithlesse seas", the adjective again contrasting the Golden Age with all successive ages. Sandys then employs several familiar negative adjectives, typical of Divine Weeks: "uncoupled", "un-ambitious", "un-enforced", "untorn" — negatives, describing freedom from ambition, force, or violence. The compound epithet is a language device especially useful to Sandys' concision of style. But Sandys uses it with discretion, expressing in the epithet "Nature-bounded shore" both the enclosed nature of the Golden Age's paradisiacal landscape, and its distinction from that of subsequent ages, in which walls are erected by men. And the epithets of the passage are constructed in order to further mark this distinction. Sandys contrasts "besieged Townes" and "strifefull Trumpets" (an animated expression), in parison, with "harmlesse ease" and "happy days".

In his depiction of the Golden Age itself Sandys is highly descriptive, and when he sees the right opportunity, or necessity, he will go it alone. Ovid's Arbuteos foetus is translated "Wildings"; Cornels turn "sowre", and the oak, providing the shade necessary to all such places, is "spreading". Sandys' concision is evident in the simple unadorned remark, "'Twas alwaies spring", a statement which Du Bartas takes two lines to make (Magnificence, 585f; Sylvester, 647f). But the half-line is swollen with anticipation, and thus propels Sandys' most ideal description:
'Twas alwaies spring: warme Zephyrus sweetly blew
On smiling flowres, which without setting grew.
Forth-with the Earth corne, unmanured, beares;
And every yeere renewes her golden Eares:
With Milke and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd;
And Hony from greene Holly-okes distill'd.

There are, as in Sylvester, more adjectives than there are lines. They are warm. What are "smyling meads and pastures" in Sylvester are "smiling flowres" in Sandys. One of Du Bartas' favourite periphrases, translated faithfully by Sylvester, is that which sees corn as "the bearded eares" (VII), or "gilded eares" (IV), or "Ceres yellow locks". The periphrasis owes primarily to Virgil's Georgics. Here, Sandys takes the periphrasis and decomposes it somewhat, still retaining the epithet "golden Eares". Dryden's translation on the other hand contains a double periphrasis, in all its abstraction — "the yellow Harvest yield,/The bearded Blade up-sprung from Earth untill'd''. It is Dryden's Golden Age that Pope has in mind in his untouched Paradise:

Then gath'ring Flocks on unknown Mountains fed,
O'er sandy Wilds were yellow Harvests spread,
The Forests wonder'd at th'unusual Grain,
And secret Transport touch'd the conscious Swain.

Windsor Forest, 87ff

Dryden's adjective "untill'd" reminds us that Sandys' adjective, "unmanured", needs explaining. This term, not in the Ovid, possibly stems from Spenser's "unpeopled, unmanured, unproved, unpraysed" (Faerie Queene, II, x, 5) or from one of Sylvester's similar descriptive terms, "manured" (e.g., "Nile's manured shore", VI, 250), meaning rich, fertilised, but with overtones of causality; that is, that in Sylvester the Nile's shore is manured because of an action (the flooding of the river) — through the metaphor of a farmer manuring his field. Sandys, echoing the sense of Divine Weeks, means simply "untill'd". In Paradise Lost the extent of Adam and Eve's labour in Eden is a "scant manuring" (IV, 628) that the fulsome trees mock.
Sandys further develops the last part of Ovid's description, colourfully making an oak a "green holly-oke" — the holly trees leaves "ever-flourishing", says the marginal note — and notably distilling milk, nectar, and honey. The marginal note says: "The Scripture expresseth plenty and felicity by a land overflowing with milk and honey; borrowed from thence by the poets." Sandys has himself translated the Song of Solomon. The action of distilling is apparent in Ovid. Dryden's is a "sweating" oak as well as a distilling one. Both words are common and interchangeable in Divine Weeks. The dewiness of this oak is occasion for us to remark the multiple equivalences of words like "dew(y)", "sweat(ing)", "distill(ing)". Trees may sweat in Divine Weeks or distil, as dew; a human body may distil with dew — "His dying body drops with ycie dew" ("froide sueur"). Not only may trees "sweat" as humans do, but they may weep, and Du Bartas is not above turning this natural function into what seems on the surface a valueless oxymoron — "The weeping woods of Happie Arabie" (Ark, 545). Du Bartas shows us the personificatory value of the single adjectives, "distilling", "sweating", "dewy", etc.:

Love-burning Heav'n many sweet Deawes doth drop  
In his deere Spouses faire and fruitfull lap;  
Which after she restores, straining those showers  
Through th'hidden pores of pleasant Plants and Flowers.  
II, 193ff

There may be something of an anthropromorphich pun in the lines, as heaven, suffering the heats of its love for man, sweats: The dews are both sweet and sweat. As we have said so often, heaven is like a greater man than man. And its sweat is a message of harmony, and takes a "pearly" form. The fact that dew, in particular, develops from out of thin air suggests inscrutable creation. Its shape is a perfect sphere. The weeping sky and weeping trees are analogues to mystery. And, we may recall, a soul is purified (in a way refined) by a body's weeping. All nature refines itself in drops of blood, sweat, and tears. Throughout seventeenth century poetry the weeping and sweating
metaphor is a perfect sign of fruitfulness or fruition. Crashaw likes the metaphor for the very reasons that motivate it in Divine Weeks:

Not the soft Gold which
Steales from the Amber-weeping tree,
Makes sorrow halfe so Rich,
As the drops distil'd from thee.
Sorrowes best lewels lye in these
Caskets, of which Heaven keeps the Keyes ... 

There is no need at all
That the Balsame-sweating bough
So coyly should let fall
His med'cinable Teares; for now
Nature both learn't t'extrait a dew
More soveraigne and sweet from you.

"The Weeper", 31ff, 49ff

This last section alludes to Ovid's Metamorphoses, II, lines which Sandys translates:

From these cleere dropping trees, teares yearely flow:
They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
Which, on the moisture-giving River spent,
To Romane Ladies, as his gift, is sent.

And of course Marvell's famous passage contains the same joy in weeping:

The Tears do come
Sad, slowly dropping like a Gumme.
So weeps the wounded Balsome: so
The holy Frankincence doth flow.
The brotherland Heliades
Meet in such Amber Teares as these.

"The Nymph Complaining", 95ff 3]

The adjective "dropping", a commonplace in Divine Weeks, poetically indicates uplift, fruitfulness, and is therefore definitive of cycle. At God's great word the world, in Divine Weeks, assumes ornament, like a dressing lady, with a "rich, fragrant, flowerie Diadem" (III, 536):
No sooner spoken, but the loftie Pine
Distilling pitch, the Larch-yeel-Turpentine,
Th'ever-green Boxe, and gummie Cedar sprout,
III, 545ff

And then a growth with which Marvell was no doubt familiar when he wrote
"The Nymph Complaining":

There growes (th'Hesperian Plant) the precious Reed
Whence Sugar sirrops in abundance bleed;
There weepes the Balme, and famous Trees from whence
Th'Arabians fetch perfuming Frankincense.
III, 571ff

The passage from which I have twice quoted did not only attract the notice of
Marvell, but of Milton, in his Paradise:

A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit burnished with golden rind
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste: ...
Paradise Lost, IV, 247ff

Ovid, Metamorphoses, IV (637ff) is made metonymically part of Eden, just as
in Du Bartas. Or Shakespeare:

Then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their med'cinable gum.
Othello, V, ii, 342ff
Sandys' other paradisiacal landscape comes in his paraphrase of the Song of Solomon. Sandys' translation of the new-come spring gives it all of the general and abstract description that we would expect to find in Sylvester, for instance:

Lo, the sharp winter now is gone,
The threatening Tempests overblown;
Hark, how the air's musicians sing,
And carol to the flowery spring.
Chaste Turtles, hous'd in shady groves,
Now murmur to their faithful loves.
Green figs on sprouting trees appear
And vines sweet-smelling blossoms bear.  

I have underlined those words not essential to the original. The short passage bears some resemblance to the extract from Sylvester's Magnificence quoted above. The periphrasis for birds, "air's musicians", reflects another commonplace of Divine Weeks. The verb "murmur", a word of soft, quiet contentment, most commonly appears in Divine Weeks in connection with smooth, quietly flowing rivers. In Dryden it later becomes the voicing of slanderous opinions.

But the difference between Sandys and Sylvester is still manifest. The Paradise is there to be sure, and the descriptive adjective. The nouns are somewhat limited by the constraints of his translation. But it is as if Sandys were writing an whole epic in the style of Sylvester's section opening "Arguments"; such is the conciseness. And the verbs that Sylvester makes use of for colour are missing in Sandys. The difference between Sandys and Golding is more striking, however, in spite of the fact that they work with the same text. Has Divine Weeks intervened?

Sandys' translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses is probably the most accurate of the early ones in English. Dryden's depiction of the Golden Age (he shared the work with other translators, but was solely responsible for Metamorphoses, 1) is probably the most discursive and the least worried about details in the original. It is thirty-three lines long, in heroic couplets, very descriptive generally, and rather conventionally than accurately so. The negative
adjective present in Sandys' translation also becomes a positive character of Dryden's description: "unclouded", "unstain'd", "unwritten", "unambitious", "unwounded", "unsown", "untill'd", "unrenew'd". Dryden also makes use of the -less ending adjectives — suitably negative — "Guiltless" (twice) and "fearless". Sandys' personification, with its concomitant effects, surfaces in the description of Dryden's pine as "Guiltless of Wounds"; and, again, Dryden appropriates Sandys' term, "Wildings". Dryden employs many transferred epithets that are straight out of the Homeric tradition, transmitted to English poetry by Sylvester. At first sight, as with Golding and Sandys, the translation offers little natural description. But Dryden gives us the high diction of war, heroes, battle: "steepy bulwarks", "Cities girt", "wreathing Trumpet", "polished Helmet", and "murd'ring Blade". This Homeric diction is odd; little or none of it can be found in the Ovid. In contrast to the war imagery lie at first the epithets — with the adjective, generalised and stylised in Divine Weeks because it locates everything in nature in its place without defining that place — "Native Wood" and "Native Shore". And Dryden is conscious of his choice of "native Shore" over Sandys' "Nature-bounded Shore", for, to begin with, he has repeated unchanged Sandys' "The unambitious Mortals knew no more". To further make his contrast between the Golden Age and subsequent ages Dryden refers to "happy Nations" and "willing soil" (yet another animation); "spontaneous Food", "fragrant berries", bushes of "blushing Store", "ruddy wildings", "ripen'd Acorns", "immortall Spring", "bearded blade", "hoary field", "sweating oak". The personified epithets and the abstraction of "soft Zephyr spread his wing" give the passage an highly stylised character. There are thirty-nine adjectives in thirty-three lines. A further character of the description is its use of participles that lie between verb and adjective. This is an important aspect of Sylvester's phrasal style. A touchstone to the stylised, conventional character of Dryden's idiom is its sometimes superfluous disposition or, sometimes, its near rank meaninglessness. The expression "hoary field" conveys at the very least a certain vagueness. The adjective is especially common in Sylvester's
descriptions of wintry nature, sometimes as an old man, and metaphorically
describing aging man. The context makes it unclear what Dryden's point is in
using the adjective "hoary". Its presence goes further to show that even cold,
snowy (hoary) winter is idealised in the seventeenth and eighteenth century
poetry of natural description. Dryden's Golden Age lies at the centre of an
inheritance of Augustan generality.

Homer

In some ways a more specific analogue to Du Bartas' depiction of the
ideal landscape as we have seen it comes in Homer's *Odyssey*, Book VII. The
Garden of Alcinous has none of the allegorical overtones of Ovid's Golden Age,
and is for that matter quite a particular garden. But it is primeval, and repre-
sents a composite of the best of nature in one. It is not unlike the Garden of
Eden and the Golden World. It is greatly fruitful all year round, and trees are
bent under the weight of its fruitfulness; it is blown by gentle winds; it is
moderate in temperature; and it is to be seen in contrast with the imperfect
outside world — it is in short, a good model for Du Bartas.

George Chapman translates the *Iliad* around the same time as Sylvester
translates Du Bartas. The *Odyssey*, however, is first published in 1614.
Chapman begins his Homer, in the *Iliad*, with verse fourteeners and ends, in
the *Odyssey*, with pentameter couplets. Why? Did Chapman conclude that
the fourteener is too long to be serviceable, that it encourages padding, and
that classical quantitative hexameters are impossibly difficult to render in
English? We can only speculate. Stanyhurst's experiments with Virgil were
never completed. Besides, they were lumbering: the numerous claims on the
behalf of a new quantitative verse in English were never substantiated with
satisfactory evidence. And, about this time, Sylvester had successfully trans-
lated Du Bartas' Alexandrines into heroic couplets. However Chapman may
have been impressed by Sylvester's ability to translate Du Bartas' twelve
syllables into ten, if he was impressed by Sylvester's poetic craft there is
little evidence to show for it in his Homer. Chapman's style would have to be called an eccentric one.33

In his description of the Garden of Alcinous Chapman is neither strictly phrasal nor clausal. The description has well fewer than one adjective per line. But it is a style that is not always strictly syntactic or lexical. Sometimes it menaces with expressions like "a lofty quickset", or "A large-allotted several"; and with such curious uses of verb as "time made never rape", in which making dissembles raping. Still, Chapman can scarcely avoid some of the popular language of natural description — "goodly", "lofty", "broad", "sweet", "ripe", "green", "winding"; and Spenserian verbs like "situate", "flourished", "wither", and "deck'd". A Sylvestrian formula of parallelling superlatives to give them weak internal rhyme is apparent in the positioning of the adjectives "hardest" and "hottest", for instance.

Pope's Garden of Alcinous fits better into the epithetical descriptive mode:

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was the allotted space of ground,
Fenced with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould:
The reddening apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red the full pomegranate glows:
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits, untaught to fail:
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise:
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear,
With all the united labours of the year;
Some to unload the fertile branches run,
Some dry the blackening clusters in the sun,
Others to tread the liquid harvest join:
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flower descried,
Here grapes discolor'd on the sunny side,
And there in autumn's richest purple dyed.

Beds of all various herbs, forever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd: 
This through the garden leads its streams around, 
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground; 
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows, 
And thence its current on the town bestows: 
To various use their various streames they bring, 
The people one, and one supplies the king. 

VII, l42ff

The phrasal force of the passage is manifest. There are forty adjectives in thirty-four lines. Pope is obviously conscious of the development of line and the division of line in a formal way, and this is reflected in the use of a zeugma in which the verb is postponed — "The people one, and one supplies the king" (in Sylvester such a line would normally read, "One supplies the people, t'other the king"). But the language is especially and conventionally general and evocative. Pope's "spacious garden" has much the same spaciousness as Sylvester's "spacious Plain". The tall, "thriving" trees show distinctively a "fruitful mould", akin to the fruitful weeping we have already encountered. The apple is "reddening"; the fig is "blue" and "o'erflows" with "luscious" juice; grapes are "blackening". Colour, we can see, is of vital importance. The pear is "weighty", olives "verdant", branches "fertile"; and the wind blows — rather, breathes — with a "balmy spirit". The fruit is so heavy that it is a "dropping pear". The adjective "equal" in "equal ranks" is familiarly descriptive of those things in Divine Weeks that have a two-fold symmetry, natural, physical, as with the teeth — "two equall ranks of orient Pearl" — or artificial, as with armies. In Homer and in Pope the garden has an orchard and a vineyard, and is cultivated by man. In Du Bartas nature has its intricate order, but is coincidentally ranked, according to the purpose of Du Bartas' metaphysical argument or analogy. But the analogy never points to man's capacity to order nature, but to God's creative, anthropomorphic ordering of nature. Where nature is intricate, the intricacy is to man and the harmony is to God (See the relevant musical line from Milton, "I'Allegro", quoted above). Pope plays with this, and with Homer:
Pope's imagination shows itself in his broad architectural control. He replans, for example, the god-given gardens of Alcinous so that they illustrate not only man's ingenuity but also his capacity to earn what the gods send. First, Homer's orchard is "defended" "from storms ... and inclement skies", then carefully "fenc'd with a green enclosure all around", and this precision accompanies even greater fertility than Homer claims: the "full" pomegranate "glows", the olives "flourish round the year", the figs overflow with "luscious juice", and unlike the Greek pears that "grow old" upon each other, the "branch here bends beneath the weighty pear". Moreover, while Pope translates in its proper place the wind that "blows perpetually, maturing one crop and making another" (in his lines 152-3), he also calls it back for the climax of his paragraph — as if to stress the reciprocity of man and nature, and to hint that only careful planning can evoke a wind that "gives the blooms to blow, The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow". In the orchard, Pope turns man's work into nature's, but their forces have already merged in the vineyard, where plants "appear" in "equal ranks", and "united labours" bring out the magic "floods of wine". Their coalescence is summed up by the rhyme for the cutting-bed — continuous "green" requires man's proportioned "scene" — while twin fountains form their final bond. Here man and nature know each other's ways so well that his design and her wonder are the same; while the fountains "water" and "flow", they also "visit" and "bestow" and "crown". Miracle or irrigation, the blend is perfect; the calculated marvel forms a god-sent public work.  

Pope's playfulness surely recognises the baroque conceit of the artifice of God's naturalness (and perhaps its converse), one in which fields are paved or painted, and nature referred to in human terms.

**Virgil**

Certainly among the most famous parallels to the Judeo-Christian Paradise are those to be found in Virgil's *Georgics* and in the *Aeneid*, Book VI. Virgil enjoyed continued popularity in the middle ages, as one of those poets of antiquity thought to be a Christian prophet-poet disguised in a pagan's laurel.  

Virgil was reproduced and translated frequently; it is Virgil who guides Dante through the underworld of the *Inferno*. In the English Renaissance Virgil was translated — or should we say paraphrased and mangled — by William Caxton; subsequently by Gavin Douglas — who was highly critical of Caxton — by Phaer, and incompletely by Surrey and by Stanyhurst.
Douglas is — or should be considered — a more important figure than is often credited in the development of English poetic diction. He and Dunbar stand apart in some poems as users of a language highly and pointedly descriptive of nature. As such, they in part form the link between Chaucer and the later Renaissance. They follow Chaucer in descriptive presentation of some of the medieval nature topoi, as, for instance, this greatly abstracted one of the dawn:

Quhen paill Aurora, with face lamentabill,
Hir russet mantill bordowrit all with sabill, etc. 36

The poetic adjective "russet" is one word not found in Divine Weeks which appears in the poetry of Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope. It is Dunbar who first — as far as I can determine, though I suspect Chaucer — employs the important painting metaphor (adjective) "ynnamelet" ("The Thistle and the Rose", st. 6). Had George Buchanan, writing later, tackled narrative poetry in English (or left any), his stylised approach to tragedy, his keen awareness of classical literature, might have translated into an early poetic diction. 37 And Buchanan's connections with the Pleiade poets might have ensured this. Nor does the effect of Scottish classicism on the development of English poetry die with Buchanan, but thrives second hand, under the influence of Buchanan's student, Du Bartas' David, James I and VI. This is a subject that might bear further scrutiny.

In the figure of Douglas is one who has tackled heroic poetry, with all of its incumbent styles. Douglas' metaphorical verbs, like "bordowrit" of above, the colour adjectives, the juxtaposition in internal rhyme of superlatives or the parallelling of un-prefix adjectives — for example, "... in myne ondantit youth, /Onfructuus idylnes fleand" — and the Latinisms, have to be placed in a medieval context. For Douglas is half medieval poet. While more descriptive than the Golding of above, than Surrey for that matter, his Eneados is
full of the local sounds of medieval poetry, and is more particular, without a stylized, recurring language of natural description. The *Aeneid* is made a Scottish odyssey, embarked upon by a lowlander. But Douglas' poetry enjoys the phrasal configurations of Virgil, the epithetical pithiness. This preference for the short and clever amid the sometimes long and unstructured is something owed to medieval poetry. Surrey takes this base and structures it, making the poetry verbal, rhetorical, but turning the archipelago — with its luxurious stops on the long sea voyage from end to another — into a long promontory:

What clearly emerges from a study of these translations is the importance in them of the strictly aesthetic element in the arrangements of words: the importance assumed by the phrasal shapes and patterns. Many of these features were already in Douglas; but in him they solicit less attention, partly because there are also other, more Chaucerian, features present, and partly because Douglas writes in couplets. Rhyme, and especially couplet rhyming, is so insistent a feature that it may weaken the reader's sensitivity to subtler and more irregular modes of organization. (This seems true of Douglas at least; Pope is a different matter.) The result is that Douglas's reader is more free to concentrate on narrative, while in Surrey, it has to be allowed, there is an increase in the element of pure verbality: words, phrases, and sentences occupy more attention, they themselves become aesthetic objects. The reader senses a continual striving for balance, parallelism, antithesis, symmetry, and pleasurable asymmetry. Even while his attention is given to the narrative, he is aware of the continual sympathetic enactment of the words so that, compared with his predecessors', Surrey's verse seems to enjoy a more intimate relation between matter and manner. Such writing can be said to produce "verbal beauty" in a way foreign to Chaucer, Lydgate, and Wyatt.

In a way of course, Surrey turns the promontory into the archipelago; but there is never any clustering in Surrey. You cannot leap from spot to spot in the narrative, but must wade through a quagmire of rhetorical depth.

For what he has in the way of epithetical luxuriance, Douglas is probably indebted in large part to Virgil's *Georgics*, surely the one most prominent works of antiquity to carry the stamp of generalised natural description. The metaphorical epithets, the animal periphrases, the abstract images of ideal nature
are all in the Georgics:

Douglas was sensitive to this change in literary taste, and in his admiration for the Georgics anticipated Continental poets, such as Luigi Alamanni and Pierre Ronsard. He was well in advance of English poets, who in this respect at least "followed in the wake of France and even of Scotland". In England the Georgics had their greatest vogue in the eighteenth century. It is striking that several passages that Douglas most admired — if we can judge from echoes and allusions — made a similar appeal to Ronsard, and over two centuries later to James Thomson. These were chiefly splendid set-pieces of description,...

The parallel between Douglas and the Pleiade should not be overlooked. True enough, "'sentence' took priority over 'eloquence'", and "he was a far less deliberate and consistent stylist in the Eneados than he had been in the Palice of Honour". And a good deal of the translation is more Douglas than Virgil. But there is a native exuberance of language — even if his own — for its own sake, or for the sake of the evocations it has within it, that alienates him from the medieval tradition:

If the transference has sometimes more of Douglas than of Virgil about it, it probably is because his enthusiasm for his original speaks with the voice of the dawn. It is because he is not dealing with words only, but with effects. And it promises a day beyond the makeshifts of Boethius, Dares, Dictys, and French hashes of the Trojan story.

Douglas' description of Elysium shows how his poetry is caught between the fourteenth century and the late Renaissance of Sylvester's Du Bartas:

Ontil a plesand grund cumin ar thai,
With battil gers, fresche erbis, and grene suardis,
The lusty orchartis and the hailsum yardis
Of happy saulis and will fortunat,
To blissit wightis the placis preparat.
Their feildis bene largiar, and hevynis brycht
Revestis thaim with purpour schynand lycht:
The sternis, for this place convenient,
Knavis weill thar son and observis his went.
Sum thar, amyd the gresy planis grene,
Into palestrale plais thaim betwene
Thair membris gan exers, and hand for hand
Thai fall to wersling on the goldin sand,
Assaying honest gemmis thaim to schort:
Sum uthir hanting gan ane uthir sport,
As for to dansing, and to leid the ring,
To sing ballattis and go in karaling.

VI.

There are thirteen full sounding epithets in this passage, and there are seventeen adjectives in seventeen lines. The descriptive detail is general: we are given a pleasant ground, fresh herbs, green swards, bright heavens, and golden sand, and green grassy plains. But the place is far from idealised. Rather, Douglas translates it into a vivid Scottish scene, complete with ballads. Elysium is a particular locus amoenus. Notably there is no abstraction and no personification. Other descriptions of enclosed gardens in Douglas bear a similar, almost landscape painting vision, but we cannot help but have the sense that these are particular — if enthusiastic — renderings of Virgil, not to be musically, as it were, varied or repeated:

Thar lay a valle in a crukyt glen
Ganand for slycht tyll enbusch armyt men
Quham wonder narrow upon athir syde
The bewys thik hampirris and doith hyde
With skowgis darn and full obscur perfay
Quharthrow thar strkit a rod or a strait way
Ane narrow peth baith outgang and entre
Full scharp and schrowit passage wonder sle.

XI, cap. 10, 83

What a model this might have been to the English poetry of the seventeenth century were it actually read and the Scotticisms digested or expurgated!
In fact, though he makes abundant use of Douglas' translation, Surrey
does not transmit landscape pictures like those above. His translations in
early blank verse, are too concerned with the contrasts of line and clause to
take much trouble over "gresy planis grene", or a "crukyt glen". Likewise
Richard Stanyhurst. Stanyhurst completed four books of the Aeneid in a
language and style that have been called by Philip Hobsbaum — uncharacter-
istically, we might add — "rugged and unVirgilian, but ... equally suitable for
a heroic subject".Whatever Hobsbaum means, if the language is unVirgilian
it may stem from a most classical and Virgilian of motives, indeed a slavish
concern with quantitative verse.

One of the few interesting results of
Stanyhurst's incomplete experimentations is the loading of polysyllables (for
the dactyls) onto the ends of lines.

Dryden's translation of Elysium shows the extent to which natural descrip-
tion has taken hold in the seventeenth century, relative even to Douglas:

"... In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur through the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and through the blissful meadows go....
Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A separate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through the trees:
And, just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew
In summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.

Aeneas, VI

In Dryden as in Douglas Elysium is a separated, inhabited land. We are told
in Dryden that it is a "separate grove" in a "secret vale", and that it is
filled with "mossy beds", "crystal streams" which "murmur through the meads".
But the stylised definition of the scenery is made complete by the bee simile.
Nature is not one particular bee, but the general "suck" of the "balmy seed"; and the general "whispers" of the wind through the trees. Lethe is personified, and glides as the birds and fish do, leading her flood. The birds are an "airy nation". The language is so familiar, now, and typical, and full of abstractions; rivers and trees have personalities, and birds and bees. This is not the same Paradise as Douglas', but it is reminiscent of Du Bartas'.

**Harington's Ariosto and Fairfax's Tasso**

The ideal landscape is taken up again and again in Renaissance Italian and French poetry. English translations of Italian paradisiacal scenes are perhaps worth examining. Harington's translation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* was published in 1591. Harington's periodically sound but bald version of Ariosto's paradise is clausal rather than phrasal and epithetical, sparser than Spenser's treatment of the same scene (discussed above):

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Soon after he a crystal stream espying,
From foot to head he washed himself therein;
Then up he gets him on his courser flying,
And of the air he more and more doth win,
Affecting Heav'n, all earthly thoughts defying;
As fishes cut the liquid stream with fin,
So cutteth he the air and doth not stop
Till he was come unto that mountain's top.

This hill nigh touched the circle of the moon;
The top was all a fruitful pleasant field
And light at night as ours is here at noon,
The sweetest place that ever man beheld
(There would I dwell if God gave me my boon);
The soil thereof most fragrant flowers did yield
Like rubies, gold, pearls, sapphires, topaz stones,
Chrysolites, diamonds, jacinths for the nones.

The trees that there did grow were ever green;
The fruits that thereon grew were never fading;
The sundry-colored birds did sit between
And sing most sweet, the fruitfull boughs them shading;
The rivers clear as crystal to be seen,
The fragrant smell the sense and soul invading,
With air so temperate and so delightsome
As all the place was clear and lightsome.
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46ff
The one to one correspondence of subject, verb, object in the description is so apparent that single lines tend to ring like sentences. The continuous past is used, sometimes with ugly results — "were never fading". Still, among its epithets are somehow, in the context, empty ones like "crystal stream", "fruitful pleasant field", "fragrant flowers", "fruitfull boughs", and "fragrant smell". As in Spenser, fishes "cut" the "liquid stream with fin"; and later the Duke fishlike "cutteth" the air.

Fairfax's Tasso is more rewarding for the skill of its versification, and shows the difference that ten years can make in terms of language; for the same terms now have a new moment, as if referring to a real order. Written in 1601, three years after the first part-publication of Divine Weeks, the translation of Gerusalemme Liberata shows a lively awareness of Sylvester:

When they had passed all those troubled waies,
The garden sweete spread forth her greene to shew,
The mooving christall from the fountaines plaies,
Fair trees, high plants, strange herbes and flowretts new,
Sunshinie hils, dales hid from Phoebus raies,
Groves, arbours, mossie caves at once they vew,
And that which beautie most, most wonder brought,
No where appeared the arte which all this wrought.

So with the rude the polisht mingled was,
That naturall seemd all, and every part,
Nature would craft in counterfeiting pas,
And imitate her imitator art:
Milde was the aire, the skies were cleere as glas,
The trees no whirlewind felt, nor tempest smart,
But ere their fruit drop off, the blossom comes,
This springs, that fals, that ripeneth, and this blomes.

The leves upon the selfsame bow did hide,
Beside the young the old and ripened figge,
Here fruit was greene, there ripe with vermile side,
The apples new and old grew on one twigge,
The fruitfull vine her armes spred high and wide,
That bended underneath their cluster bigge,
The grapes were tender here, hard, yoong and sowre,
There purple, ripe, and nectar sweete foorth powre.

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,
Sung merrie notes on every branch and bough,
The winde (that in the leaves and waters plaid)
With murmur sweete, now song, and whistled now,
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answere made:
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low;
Thus, were it happe or cunning, chance or art,
The winde in this strange musicke bore his part.

Tasso's Paradise recalls Homer's Garden of Alcinous. The resemblance between Fairfax's translation and Sylvester's passages is sometimes striking, not only in respect of detail of subject matter — for they share this inheritance — but in substantive language as well. Fairfax's includes roughly five adjectives in every four lines, though there are still parts of the extract that are plainly verbal (much of stanzas ten and eleven). We might single out as characteristically Sylvestrian the following epithets: "mooving crystall!" (though a common late sixteenth century epithet), "mossie caves", "counterfeiting pas", "vermile side", and "fruitfull vine". Fairfax does not use participle adjectives as much as Sylvester and thus compensates by employing more verbs; and the fact that he is not writing in couplets means that Fairfax's epithets are more often strung out, and his adjective more frequently unattached — "Milde was the aire, the skies were cleere as glass" instead of "The mild air and glassy skies" — and so the verse itself appears stretched, sometimes distended. But Fairfax is capable of finding verbs with the same animating and colouring power as Sylvester. The asyndeton and repetition of the line —

This springs, that falls, that ripeneth, and this blomes —

is made striking by the chiasmus of the words "this" and "that". And the structural cycle equals the cycle implied by the verbs, "springs", "falls", "ripeneth", "blomes". Compare Sylvester's verbal chiasmus, with the same sense of verbal process:

This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan bestrides,
That manageth a Phaisant: this doth make
The Ring-Dove turn, that brings the Culver back:

Magnificence, 698ff
Sylvester is the clumsier in these instances, but the similarity of approach is clear. So with the device of agnominatio: in Fairfax's Paradise it is given additional point because of the meaning and significance of the repeated word — "And imitate her imitator art". Sylvester uses the noun "Lovelings" to describe his birds in Magnificence; Fairfax uses "lovelaies" — a pun — to describe the birds' songs.

Seventeenth Century Paradises

The paradisiacal setting abounds in English poetry of the seventeenth century, and Divine Weeks lies in part behind its frequency and the manner of its depiction as well. Apart from mentioning it in the sonnets, Drummond of Hawthornden describes the paradisiacal landscape in great length twice, in separate songs. In one Poems I, Song I he likens the landscape to a woman, not an uncommon thing. The description is so involved and lengthy that only a short passage may be quoted:

... the Aire moist Saphires doth bequeath,
Which quake to feel the kissing Zephires breath;
When Birds from shadie Groves their Love forth warble,
And Sea like Heaven, Heaven lookes like smoothest Marble,
When I, in simple Course, free from all Cares,
Farre from the muddie World's captivating Snares,
By Oras flowrie Bancks alone did wander,
Ora that sports her like to old Meander,
A Floud more worthie Fame and lasting Praise
Than that which Phaetons Fall so high did raise;
Into whose mooing Glasse the Milke-white Lillies
Doe dresse their Tresses and the Daffadillies.
Where Ora with a Wood is crown'd about
And seemes forget the way how to come out,
A place there is, where a delicious Fountaine
Springs from the swelling Paps of a proud Mountaine,
Whose falling Streames the quiet Caves do wound,
And make the Ecchoes shrill resound that Sound.
The Laurell there the shining Channell graces,
The Palme her Love with long-stretch'd Armes embraces,
The Poplar spreds her Branches to the Skie,
And hides from sight that azure Cannopie.
The Streames the Trees, the Trees their leaves still nourish,
That place grave Winter finds not without Flourish.
If living Eyes Elysian fields could see
This little Arden might Elysium bee.

5ff
There is little doubt that this recalls the *Divine Weeks*, not just for the spheric "mooving Glasse" (see also Fairfax, above) or the "Azure Cannopie", but for reasons we will pursue shortly. But the influence of Sylvester's translation is if anything more apparent in the following passage from Drummond's other treatment of the ideal landscape:

With greater light Heavens Temples opened shine,
Mornes smiling rise, Evens blushing doe decline,
Cloudes dappled glister, boisterous Windes are calme,
Soft Zephires doe the Fields with sighes embalme,
In amnell blew the Sea hath hushit his Roares,
And with enamour'd Curles doth kisse the Shoares.
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married Queene,
Perfumes the Aire, Her Meades are wrought with Flowres,
In colours various, figures, smelling, powres;
Trees wanton in the Groves with leavie Lockes,
Her Hilles emparnred stand, the Vales, the Rockes
Ring Peales of joy, her Floods her christall Brookes
(The Meadowes tongues) with many maz-like Crookes,
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the Maine,
That Worlds pure Age returned is againe.
The honny People leave their golden Bowres,
And innocently prey on budding Flowres;
In gloomy shades, pearcht on the tender Sprayes,
The painted Singers fill the Aire with Layes:
Seas, Floods, Earth, Aire, all diverslie doe sound,
Yet all their diverse Notes have but one ground,
Re-ecchoed here done from Heavens azure Vaile,
Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

Poems 11, Song 1, 101ff

Here are the language participants of Sylvester's nature diction: the personifications, the epithets and compound epithets, the periphrases, "Honny People" and "painted Singers", and the distinctive verb "re-echoed". The skilled agnominatio of the first song — "make the Ecchoes shrill resound that Sound" — causes the sound to echo the sense. Drummond achieves much the same effect in the latter song by having the verb "re-ecchoed" equalled in the chiasmus of the line "Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile". We could put next to these for comparison any of a dozen analogous passages in *Divine Weeks*. But one, from the Eden, actually personifies "Eccho", and not only makes use of chiasmus, but weaves similar sounds through the verses:
Th'ayres daughter Eccho, haunting woods emong,
A blab that will not (cannot) keepe her tongue,
Who never asks, but only answeres all,
Who lets not any her in vaine to call;
She bore her part, and full of curious skil,
They ceasing sung, they singing ceased still:
There musicke raignd, and ever on the plaine,
A sweet sound raisd the dead-live voice againe.

Here the description of an echo becomes the excuse for some rhetorical counterpoint.

Drummond is an example of a poet closely aligned in style and language to Sylvester. Curiously, though, none of his poetry is of the immensity of scope of Sylvester's translation. One poet who does write poetry of epic scale is Michael Drayton. For all that Drayton is conscious of Divine Weeks in the subjects which he treats, and in his diction, the style of much of his later writing is closer to the 1580's and '90's:

A Paradise on Earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That it Elysium hight.

Where, in delights that never fade,
The Muses lulled be,
And sit at pleasure in the shade
Of many stately tree,

Which no round tempest makes to reel
Nor their straight bodies bows,
Their lofty tops do never feel
The weight of winter's snows.

In groves that evermore are green
No falling leaf is there,
But Philomel (of birds the queen)
In music spends the year.

The merle upon her myrtle perch
There to the mavis sings,
Who from the top of some curled birch
Themselves they scorn to close.

introductory poem to The Muses Elysium, sts. lff
And so on. This is Drayton in 1630. His earlier topographic poem, *Poly Olbion*, bears a much closer resemblance to Sylvester in style.

Milton treats of the paradisiacal in many of the earlier poems, importantly in *"I'Allegro"*, and in *Paradise Lost*. In *Paradise Lost*, Eden is unmistakably inhabited, and in contrast with other ideal situations it is a working place for its inhabitants, Adam and Eve:

To morrow ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:  
These blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrewn unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;  
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us rest.  
IV, 623ff

The charge of Adam and Eve is to dress the garden. And this is precisely what Milton does in his language of description. The arbours and alleys of *Divine Weeks* are repeated intact; trees have "dropping gums"; and Adam and Eve perform the characteristic actions of *lopping* and *treading*, and the living trees "mock" "our scant manuring". And so with the narrative description of the Garden:

Thus talking hand in hand alone they passed  
On to their blissful bower; it was a place  
Chosen by the sovereign planter, when he framed  
All things to man's delightful use; the roof  
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,  
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine  
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay  
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
Of costliest emblem: other creature here  
Beast, bird, insect, or worm durst enter none;
Such was their awe of man. In shady bower
More sacred and sequestered, though bu feigned,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs
Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed,...
IV, 689ff

Eden is decked, and adorned in other artificial (metaphorical) ways. It is
sacred and sequestered — a play of sounds that echoes, it seems to me,
Sylvester's frequent juxtaposition in paronomasia of "sacred" and "secret". Adam
and Eve noticeably do not penetrate Spenser's Bowre of Blisse, but enter into
Sylvester's "blissful bower". The artificial language, we shall argue, owes
directly to the Divine Weeks. But before the coming of Adam and Eve Eden
is ornamented by the earth, herself a kind of inhabitant:

though God had yet not rained
Upon the earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the earth a dewy mist
Went up and watered all the ground, and each
Plant of the field, which ere it was in the earth
God made, and every herb, before it grew
On the green stem; God saw that it was good.
So even and morn recorded the third day.
Paradise Lost, VII, 331ff

The ideal landscape topic appears in a different, new-worldish and
un-Sylvestrian colouring in Waller's "The Battle of the Summer Islands", but
still bearing the imprint of a new language of poetry:

... Who does not know
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And Orange Trees which golden fruit do bear,
Th'Hesperian Garden boasts of none so fair?
Where shining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound
On the rich shore, of Amber-greece is found:
The lofty Cedar which to Heaven aspires,
The Prince of Trees is jewell for their fires;
The smoak by which their loaded spits do turn
For incense, might on sacred altars burn.
There private roofs on od'rous timber borne,
Such as might Pallaces for Kings adorn:
The sweet Palmettas, a new Bacchus yield
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield:
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit carressing, where their liquor grows:
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow...
Canto I, 5ff

It is taken up by Marvell in Upon Appleton House, and in "The Garden":

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 to reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure 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.

The metaphysical content of Marvell's poem is important. In the Eden,
Sylvester's Adam is alone walking through the garden state; in Milton Adam
and Eve proceed together; and here again the wanderer is solitary. But in
Marvell the wandering is a wandering of the mind, sometimes tripping and
intricate as is harmony in Milton's "I'Allegro". The Paradise is an antipodal reality — like Waller's — but, because never seen, it is also a quality of the mind, a "green thought". The ideal landscape is fundamentally an abstraction, and Marvell realises this. From the introduction of the green thought in the poem we are given a green language. Marvell's waters become "sliding"; and his soul, as if aware of the verbal contrast and similarity of water and air (Sylvester's "the liquid air"), "does glide". This is conscious language, aware of a new tradition of diction, of abstraction. So is the "mossy root", and the combing of the "silver wings", and the "various light". The epithets at the end of Milton's Comus are little islands — "crisped shades", "musky wing", "cedar'n alleys", "balmy smell", "humid bow", "mingled hew", and a "purfled" scarf — pointing to a sub-continent in Divine Weeks; and the picture of a scene that is conceptual and can scarcely exist in reality, not though it be exotic and far-off, or translated to England. In landscape painting a brush artificially creates an abstract scene: And so it seems not, for the moment, to matter that much of the scenery of Paradise — and of the locus amoenus — couldn't possibly be located — and herein lies a major difference between Douglas, who changes Italy into Scotland without being concerned about the localisation standing for a universality, and Dryden, for example — in England.

The generality of description appertains no doubt to the didacticism of the Bartasian epic. A particular venue and a unique description — the same thing — as far as ideal nature is concerned is impossible and destroys its analogy completely; and as far as description of life after the fall is concerned, renders it not indicative of general nature but specific, discarding universality. Tickell's "philosophical obscurities" (see above) should be lost in the uniqueness. No universal lesson could be taken from such description because it should not be representative. And the lesson if it still existed should become dogmatic. For Du Bartas, as for Sylvester and the English tradition, such dogmatism must be a compositional worry: nature we have seen is a general analogy of and hence an example to man. There is one other interest in generality in
eighteenth century terms. Particular lessons can be assailed (moving from
example to proof, as the Popperians and post-Popperians — Kuhn! — have
shown can be logically fatal; rather moving from a general hypothesis to a
disproof based on particular grounds puts the onus on the disprovers). Joseph
Warton openly admits that one should instruct in a "concealed indirect
manner, divested of all pretensions to a larger share of reason, and of all dog-
matic stiffness". The force of such an argument is against descriptive
poetry in favour of allusive didactic poetry. The butt is topographical poetry
in general, which singles out particular, local topographies and describes them.
Aubin gives a compendium of the voicings of this idea in the eighteenth
century: "Description", Dr. Johnson says, "is always fallacious, at least
till you have seen realities you cannot know to be true." And Thomas Maude
most sensibly summarises the didactic view of description in a long passage
that nonetheless deserves to be quoted:

The leading objects of inanimate nature, such as woods,
water, rocks, mountains, and plains, are found in part common
to all countries, and few have features so peculiarly striking
and dissimilar, as to mark them for any great length of
description, without falling into a resemblance of thought with
other writers, or running into distinctions without a difference.
It is the arrangement and combination of the preceding
images, with an intermixture of the humbler orders of vegeta-
tion, that constitute the whole of rural scenery; while the
mode and manners of moving life, may be called the business.
Hence it will necessarily follow, that much of what may be
said of Windsor-Forest, of Arno's banks, or of Wensley's Dale,
may be applied to many other places with equal success.
From this consideration, in order to form a diversity, pos-
sibly arose that indulgence ... in favour of digressions ... in
poetry on rural subjects. And if the case be so in respect
to a whole country, how much more cogent must the argument
appear when restricted to the bounds of a province, a vale,
or a farm. All that can be well expected in this matter, is,
the avoiding of servile imitation, insipidity, or disgusting
redundance. The portrait of a flowery mead, however beauti-
ful and elegant, must have its similitude elsewhere. The
sports of the field, and the diversions of the village, carry
with them also a like application. It will therefore, I trust,
be some apology, If I have but drawn my piece sufficiently
characteristical of the spot, without pretending to minute
accuracy, close description, or absolute novelty.
The argument counters those charges levelled at topographic localisation.

For the localisation may be seen as general in its universal terms, being, as it is, a particular manifestation of the general; says the topographical poet:

You mistake me, my good Sir, my subject is not local; it is as pervasive as Nature. Blackheath is the name of my Poem, because Blackheath is the name of the place, where I have most frequently observed the beauties of the creation, and the productions of social ingenuity ... My subject ... is not merely local, but as the place, from which it is named, presents the greatest number of general objects, and possesses the greatest general interest. 55

Sylvester, in translating things French into things English has a practical concern in mind. But the ease of transition from Calais to Dover, Paris to London, Seine to Thames, would suggest that, in practice, Sylvester agreed. Indeed, in Du Bartas and Sylvester the river Thames becomes lessonal metonymy for all like rivers. This generalised localisation, we shall argue feeds a literary kind that owes in English more to Sylvester than to any other poet.

The Bartasian awareness of a general truth of nature that does not seek to number the streaks of the tulip, and its common property, must be aligned with the subsequent awareness of the general aspects of a natural scene. There is perhaps some agreement in respect of the general properties of natural scenes. But, for Du Bartas, these general properties are as much, probably more, Mediterranean than Northern French or European even in spite of the localisations. Homer's and Virgil's groves and caverns become European poetry's. And after Divine Weeks, as not before, this is true of English poetry of natural description; until some critics begin to tire of the mere imitation once believed to be the soul of poetry. Thomas Warton shows us well-tempered discontent well before the revolutionary nineteenth century:

A mixture of British and Grecian ideas may justly be deemed a blemish in the Pastorals of Pope: and propriety is certainly violated, when he couples Pactolus with Thames, and Windsor with Hybla. Complaints of immoderate heat, and wishes to
be conveyed to cooling caverns, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, have a decorum and consistency, which they totally lose in the character of a British shepherd: and Theocritus, during the ardors of a Sirius, must have heard the murmurings of a brook, and the whispers of a pine, with more home-felt pleasure, than Pope could possibly experience upon the same occasion. We can never completely relish, or adequately understand any author, especially any Ancient, except we constantly keep in our eye his climate, his country, and his age. Pope himself informs us in a note, that he judiciously omitted the following verse, 56

And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear

on account of the absurdity, which Spenser overlooked, of introducing wolves into England. But on this principle, which is certainly a just one, may it not be asked, why he should speak, the scene lying in Windsor Forest, of the sultry Sirius, of the grateful clusters of grapes, of a pipe of reeds, the antique fistula, of thanking Ceres for a plentiful harvest, of the sacrifice of lambs, with many other instances that might be adduced to this purpose.

Reading Divine Weeks, where Ceres, Zephyrus, Pomona, Jove, etc..., have been re-located in England, and the seventeenth century poetry that follows, we can in large part answer Warton's remarks, while noting in him the germ of a new sensibility.

2. The Painting Metaphor

That, Enargia, or cleerenes of representation, requird in absolute Poems is not the perspicuous delivery of a lowe invention; but high, and harty invention exprest in most significant, and unaffected phrase; it serve, nnt i, L-iffidl Painters turne, to draw the figure of a face onely to make knowne who it represents; but hee must lymn, give luster, shaddow, and heightening; which though ignorants will esteeme spicId, and too curious, yet such as have the iudiciall perspective, will see it hath, motion, spirit and life .... Obscuritie in affection of words, & indigested concets, is pedanticall and childish; but where it shroudeth it selfe in the hart of his subject, uttered with fitnes of figure, and expressive Epethites; with that darknes wil I still labour to be shaddowed:

Chapman, prefatory letter to Ovids Banquet of Sence (1595)
The earthly paradise is a prominent emblem in the late Renaissance and the pictured costumery of its landscape must in part figure in poetic description. The baldness of Whitney's emblem (Emblemes, 1586) contrasts, however, with the richness of emerging landscape paintings and with the richness of Du Bartas' description. There are of course limitations to what can be achieved with a woodcut, more than those constraints endured by painters and poets. A similar form of visual representation might be found in the heraldic representations of escutcheons; and, indeed, in the landscape painting itself.

It is probably true to say that Du Bartas gives to English poetry its sense of the possibilities of landscape painting in poetic description. At any rate there is a difference between the English descriptive poetry of the late sixteenth century (and the turn of the century) and later English poetry (often regarded as flowing from Milton) in terms of the representation of the paradisiacal and the ideal in nature. J.R. Watson reminds us that "the difference between Denham on the one hand, and Thomson and Dyer on the other,..., is 'the difference between a person slightly used to landscape pictures, and one well used to them'." 57 The truth of the statement is open to question. If "well used" means aware of a distinct form we might well agree. But this particular choice of poets is not really a proper reflection of the development of the parallel in interest of landscape painting and landscape poetry. Du Bartas' locus amoenus and Paradise is well used to landscape painting. 58 Du Bartas — and Sylvester perhaps more vividly — has an acute sense of what painting and poetry share. From the models of late Renaissance (Northern European even) landscapes and from the Pleiade poets and Du Bartas' translator come to English poetry a sense of commonality, "to go beyond the pictorial without violating it. They [landscape painters and poets] both work up an idea of human geography, a view of country life or regional character. Each must use different means. There are no plurals in painting, and the artist generalizes by using ideal composite structures." 59 For Du Bartas the purpose of going "beyond the pictorial" is his Christian didacticism. His is a "witty"
sense of art; but his abstractions are in a way more difficult to paint than
Spenser's descriptions, in as much as general idealised landscapes are difficult
to render in poetry in specific terms. Du Bartas' paradise in particular, but
also the locus amoenus, is like the pictures represented in the margin of the
Book of God's creation, instructive to man. The universe is painted by the
"Perfect Artist" (III, 427), God. For though Du Bartas concentrates on the
Book of creation — the encyclopaedia — with its science and natural history
so attractive to baroque poetry, he also treats of the painting of nature which
man, the artificial artist, stops to observe, thence to imitate, in the most
evocative-of-general-nature way. Sylvester represents Du Bartas' didacticism
this way:

The cunning Painter, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-scape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath set a worke in all and every part,
Invention, Judgement, Nature, Use, and Art;
And hath at length (t'immortalize his name)
With wearie Pencill perfected the same;
Forgets his paines; and inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his Picture gazeth greedilie.

First, in a Mead he marks a frisking Lambe,
Which seems (though dumbe) to bleat unto the Dam:
Then he observes a Wood, seeming to wave:
Then th'hollow bosome of some hideous Cave:
Heere a High-way, and there a narrow Path:
Heere Pines, there Oakes, torne by tempestuous wrath:
Heere, from a craggie Rocks steep-hanging bosse
(Thrumb'd halfe with Ivie, halfe with crisped Mosse)
A silver Brooke in broken streames doth gush,
And head-long downe the horned Cliffe doth rushe;
Then winding thence above and under ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There on his knee, behind a Box-Tree shrinking,
A skilfull Gunner, with his left eye winking,
Levell's directly at an Oake hard by,
Whereon a hundred groaning Culvers crie;
Downe falls the Cock, up from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddie flash that in a moment dies,
Off goes the Gunne, and through the Forrest rings
The thundering bullet borne on fierie wings.
Heere, on a Greene, two Striplings, stripped light,
Runne for a prize with laboursome delight;
A dustie Cloud about their feet doth floe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all doo goe)
They swelt in sweat; and yet the following Rout
Hastens their hast with many a cheerfull shout.
Heere, sene pyed Oxen under painfull yoake
Rip up the folds of Ceres Winter Cloake.
Heere, in the shade, a prettie Sheppardesse
Drives softly home her bleating happinesse;
Still as she goes, she spinnes; and as she spinnes,
A man would thinke some Sonnet she beginnes.
Heere runnes a River, there springs forth a Fountaine,
Heere vailes a Valley, there ascends a Mountaine,
Heere smokes a Castle, there a Citie fumes,
And heere a Shipp upon the Ocean Loomes.
In briefe, so lively, Art hath Nature shap't,
That in his Worke the Workmans selfe is rapt,
Unable to looke off; for looking still,
The more he lookes, the more he findes his skill:

VII, Iff

This scene is panoramic — "Heere .../Heere .../Heere ...": — nature in all its variousness. Nor is it the earthly Paradise, nor even the locus amoenus, but a composite of all pictured, idealised nature, including the locus amoenus. The initial painting language of the passage is important: "Limning", "Picture", "Pencill!", and even the adjectives, "various" — not unconsciously chosen, as diverse as the colours that make up the painting — "rich" and "rare". Lying behind this almost Platonic picture of the painter standing outside creation is a conception of artistic creation that is not of the sixteenth century; rather, ahead of its time. "Invention, Judgement, Nature, Use, and Art" sounds like an early eighteenth century dictum of writing. The landscape is to be depicted with "curious care" but with purely general guidelines, like judgement, nature, use and art. The description itself lives, and in spite of its purely visual conception is strikingly aural in its imagery: the lamb seems to bleat. The picture lives and talks in much the same way that its inanimate objects are made animate and it animate ones personified. Du Bartas tells us as much in the Brief Advertissement, and elucidates the purpose of the effect:

D'avantage, puis qu'il est ainsi que la poésie est une parlante peinture, et que l'office d'un ingénieux esrivyain est de marier le plaisir au proffit, qui trouvera estrange si j'ay rendu le paysage de ce tableau aussi divers que la nature mesme, et si, pour faire mieux avaler les salutaires breuvages que la saincte Parole presente aus
There is of course the painting of things picturesque, and, in a more baroque sensibility, the painting of things grotesque:

As a rare Painter, drawes for pleasure, heere
A sweet Adonis, a foule Satyre there,
Heere a huge Cyclope, there a Pigme Elfe;
Sometimes, no lesse busyng his skilfull selfe,
Upon some ugly Monster (seldom seene)
Then on the Picture of faire Beauties Queene:
Even so the Lord, that in his Workes varietie,
We might more admire his powerfull Deitie.

V, 63ff

The painting of the lumpen and the fabulous we have in some degree seen in our discussion of the encyclopedia. The painting of an idealised nature in all its variety, prelapsarian and fallen is much more frequent and stylised in Divine Weeks. Du Bartas has a lively awareness of his own painting in Les Semaines, and of God's creations as paintings.

The metaphor by no means begins in English with Sylvester's translation. Rather, stemming — platonically? — from an old notion of the "feigned", long an important adjective in poetry by the 1590's, it might be properly traced at least to Dunbar. Dunbar's poem, commonly called "The Thistle and the Rose", is rich with some of the poetic diction that becomes characteristically Sylvestrian. The richness, it seems to me stems from the painting metaphor:

Me thocht fresche May befoir my bed upstude
In weid depaynt of mony divers hew,
Sobir, benyng, and full of mansuetude,
In brycht atteir of flouris forgit new,
Hevinly of color, quhyt, reid, broun and blew,
Balmit in dew, and gilt with Phebus bemys
Quhill all the hous illumynit of hir lemys.
With that this lady sobirly did smyll,
And said, "Uprys and do thy observaunce;
Thow did promyt in Mayis lusty quhyle
For to discrive the Ros of most plesance.
Go se the birdis how they sing and dance,
Illumynit our with orient skyis bricht,
Annamyllit richely with new asur lycht."

The perpour sone with tendir bemys reid
In orient bricht as angell did appeir,
Throw goldin skyis putting up his heid;
Quhois gilt tressis schone so wonder cleir
That all the world tuke comfort, fer and neir,
To luke uponne his fresche and blissfull face
Doing all sable fro the hevynnis chace.

It does not however appear to be transmitted to the poetry of the sixteenth century in England. It contains all of the painting and some of the abstraction of seventeenth and early eighteenth century poetry; but this, somehow, seems incidental. The painting metaphor is verbal, expressed in the verb "depaynt" and in the past participles (notably not adjectives) "Illumynit" and (the important word) "Annamyllit". The stanzas, however, are full of colour adjectives. The adjective "orient' is especially characteristic of late sixteenth century poetry, including Divine Weeks. So with the expression "gilt tressis", making a personification, as it turns out, akin to seventeenth century hair personifications. But the painting metaphor seems not to come to the seventeenth century from Dunbar at all. Spenser suggests the metaphor but carries it no farther than this:

And over him, art striving to compaire
With nature, did on Arber greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Yvie, flouring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglontine did spred
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which daintie odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowries was garnished,
That when myld Zephyrus amongst them blew,
Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors shew.

Faerie Queene, II, v, 29.
Dunbar’s use of the verb "Annamyllit" prefigures Sylvester’s. Sylvester employs the word both as verb and as epithetical adjective. The OED attributes the adjective to Milton, but this is plainly mistaken. And the epithetical metaphor — and no doubt the verb as well — owes singly to Divine Weeks. Sylvester writes:

Th'innammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glasse
Of silver Brookes in curled streames doth passe,
Serve us for Gardens; and their flowerie Fleece
Affoords us Syth-worke, yeerely twice or thrice:
Colonies, 699ff

And in a series of lines we have already seen:

A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty Flora paveth sumptuously
With flowrie VER’s inammeld tapistrie;
Eden, 66ff

The painting epithet serves strongly to emphasise the abstract delight of a pleasance or earthly paradise:

Gold-winged Morpheus, Eastward issuing
By's christall gate (it earlier opening
Then daies bright doore) fantastickc leads the way
Downe to a vale, where moist-coole night, and day,
Still calmes and stormes, keen cold, and soultry smother,
Raine, and faire weather follow not each-other:
But May still raignes, and rose-crownd Zephyrus
With wanton sighes makes the green trees to busse,
Whose whispering boughes, in Ovall forme do fence
This floury field's delightfull excellence.
Just in the midst of this enammeld vale
Rose a huge rocke, cut like a pedestall;
And on the Cornich a Colossus stands
Of during brasse, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thousand chaines, which all the mead along
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound fast by th'eares, but faster by the hart.
Babylon, 525ff
The abstraction goes even further, in that the garden is paralleled with Eloquence, the Colossus. The enamelled vale is like painted eloquence. Du Bartas has already indicated this relationship in an earlier painting metaphor making use of different terms:

... for speech is nothing (sure)
But th'unseen soules resounding purtraiture:
And chiefelie when't is short, sweet, painted-plaine,
As it was all, yer that rough-hunters raigne.  

_Babylon, 349ff_61

Poetry is a kind of eloquence and painting is a kind of eloquence. A major part of the eloquence of painting lies in its capacity to colour multifariously. In nature description colour is integral; in their variousness colour adjectives can be verbs:

And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Divine, one Heav'ny, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowers and Fruits, and Beasts, and Birds the other;
And playd the Painter, when he did so gild
The turning Globes, blew'd Seas, and green'd the field,
Gave precious Stones so many-coloured lustre,
Enameld flowers, made Metals beam and glister;

_Magnificence, 1159ff_

The writer of natural description, as painter, writes "with such sundry ammell/
Painting his phrase, his prose or verse enamell" (Babylon, 493f). And his colour is as multifarious as the rainbow:

Never mine eyes in pleasant Spring behold
The azure Flaxe, the guilden Marigold,
The Violets purple, the sweet Roses stammell,
The Lillies snow, and Panseys various ammell:
But that in them, the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Then fresh Aurora's rosie cheekes display,
When in the East she ushers a faire Day:
Or Iris Bowe, which bended in the Skie
Boades fruitfull deawes when as the Fields be driz.

_Ill, 599ff_
Sometimes the nature painter's spectrum of colours is given a scientific turn:

On the moist Cloud he limnes his lightsome front;
And with a gawdie Pencill paintes upon't
A blew-green-gilt Bow bended over us:
For th'adverse Cloud, which first receiveth thus
Apollo's rayes, the same direct repels
On the next Cloud, and with his gold, it mells
Her various colours: like as when the Sunne
At a bay-window peepeth in upon
A boule of water, his bright beams aspect
With trembling luster it doth farre reflect
Against th'high seeling of the lightsome Hall
With stately Fret-worke over-crusted all:

So we find quite a collection of terms and epithets in these passages: "limn(ing)" (twice), "various" (thrice), "rich", "rare", "pencil" (twice), "picture" (twice), "painter" (thrice), "inammeld" (four times), "tapistrie", "paveth", "alluring Art", "purtraiture" (twice), "painted-plain", "Decking", "blew'd", "green'd", "gild", "ammell" (twice), "enammell", "painting", "guilden", "azure", "purple", "stammell", "attire", "blue-green-gilt", "luster", "fret-worke", "over-crusted". Elsewhere Sylvester talks about the "inammel'd Scorpion" and "painted birds" (e.g., IV, 130) who have "painted wings". Perhaps this last epithet indicates one of Du Bartas' and Sylvester's sources for the painting metaphor. Virgil, for instance, writes pictae volucres (Georgics III, 243). The epithet then is an antique one owing especially to Virgil. Clark Hulse's Metamorphic Verse: the Elizabethan Minor Epic (Princeton, 1981) is revealing on the painting metaphor, especially with respect to Shakespeare. He refers us to Plutarch —

Plutarch, after quoting the aphorism of Simonides that painting is silent poetry and poetry a speaking picture, observes that the two arts differ only in the materials by which they seek the same end.

— and to Pliny (Naturalis Historia, XXXV, 96), where Du Bartas gets the
notion of comparing Apelles' art to poetry — in Pliny's case, to Homer. 64

Leishman is cautious in saying that "it was possibly from Sylvester that Milton, like other seventeenth century poets, learnt to enamel". 65 In fact, Sylvester transmits most of the painting adjectives and verbs of the seventeenth century. Arthos maintains that "of painting Milton says almost nothing. His only reference in the poetry denies that the so-called shading-pencill can reproduce the sparkling portal of Heaven ..." 66 This is a mere amplification of the Platonism of Du Bartas. But Arthos' assessment is not strictly true. In the first place the vitiation of the analogy in Paradise Lost, III, 500ff, goes some way to make the analogy good and strong. Secondly, Milton refers to painting frequently, often epithetically, something Arthos overlooks in his remark. Indeed, a favourite word in Milton is "enamelled":

O're the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been,
"Arcades", 84f

Leishman's judgement is not gratuitous. For that matter, Milton, like Du Bartas, can conceive of God's creation as painted. At the beginning of Paradise Lost, Book V, he pictures Nature painting her colours and in the process actually paints the scene in stylised poetic diction. The book begins:

Now Morn her rosy steps in the eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so customed, for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispersed,....
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citrongrove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.
V, lff
The poetic language fully echoes the sense. Elsewhere, the sun can likewise "paint your fleecie skirts with gold"; and epithetically birds are seen to have once again "painted wings" (Paradise Lost, VII, 434). In such painting colour is important — more important even than the metaphor itself, for it can be substituted by other metaphors indicative of colouring, for instance, embroidery:

... each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Brodered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem:

Paradise Lost, IV, 98ff

Tasso of course hints at the relationship between the variousness of nature and the variousness of colour in painting —

No where appeared the arte which all this wrought.
So with the rude the polisht mingled was,
That naturall seemd all, and every part,
Nature would craft in counterfeiting pas,
And imitate her imitator art:

Fairfax, XVI, sts. 9, 10 —

and a similar emphasis on the counterfeit nature can be found in Spenser's Bowre of Bliss (Faerie Queene, Book II, xii). But the metaphor is not developed. By the time of Milton's Paradise Lost the counterfeited or feigned has already become a landscape:

And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees loaden with fairest fruit,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed:
On which the Sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth: so lovely seemed
That landscape

IV, 146ff
Richard Flecknoe recognises the difference between an artificial Paradise and nature's artifice in a topos of comparison that we have seen in descriptions of Paradise:

The gardens of th'Hesperides,
Semiramis pensil'ones, Alcinous'es,
Lucullus's, nor Seneca's to boot,
Compar'd but unto this, were nothing too't.

From the end of the sixteenth century into the early seventeenth century the argument about truth and the capacity of rhetorical artifice to lie rages. Painting at its worst — and Du Bartas, with Plato, felt that poetry was most often at its worst — is a tool of deception. Prostitutes and aging women are seen to cover their natural decay with make-up. The Bible specifies a "painted Jezebel" (2 Kings 9.30); with its implications of deceit wrapped in make-up. Waller gives the curious ambivalence of the adjective, in its scorn and its splendid natural artifice, a metaphysical turn in the poem, "On the Misreport of Her being Painted":

When lavish Nature, with her best attire
Clothes the gay spring, the season of desire;
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
With the same art wherewith she paints the morn;
With the same art wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted clouds which form Thaumantos bow.

Waller's nature rises above the possibility of the lie. So, without concern, Cowley gives us a "nimble pencil" which "paints this landscape", and a "Rich Dy" which is the paint ("Hymne to Light", st. 18). Marvell is acutely aware of the chiarascuro of nature's painting:
He gave us this eternal Spring,
Which here enamels everything;
He hangs in shades the Orange bright,
Like golden Lamps in a green Night.
And does in the Pomgranates close,
Jewels more rich than Ormus show's.
"Bermudas", l3ff

Sylvester's Du Bartas anticipates it; that is, at least metaphorically, in this remarkable passage on the colour of dreams:

Confusedly about the silent Bed
Fantastike swarres of Dreeames there hovered,
Greene, red, and yellow, tawnie, black, and blew;
Some sacred, some prophane; some false, some true;
Some short, some long; some devilish, some devine;
Some sad, some glad; but monstrous all (in fine):
They make no noise but right resemble may
Th'unnmbred Moats which in the Sunne doo play,
When (at some Crannie) with his piercing eye
He peepeth-in some darker Place to spie.
Vocation, 553ff

It might be worth noting here the structure of the colour list. "Tawnie, black and blew" were perceived to be composite colours of the former three, to be profane to the formers' sacredness, indeed, in chiasmus to be "false" to the formers' "true".

In Pope the portraiture of nature carries finally the same abstraction as in Divine Weeks —

See Pan with Flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th'enamel'd Ground,
Here Ceres' Gifts in waving Prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand,
Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains,
Windsor Forest, 37ff —

but is also the source of a transference from land to water, like that noted above of the birds' shadows on the water, suggestive of the impossible, possibly the oxymoronic:
Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
The watry Landscip of the pendant Woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the Floods;
In the clear azure Gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green.
Thr' the fair Scene rowl slow the lingring Streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Windsor Forest, 212ff

For John Philips not only is the painting of nature a thing of colour —

Nor are the hills unamiable, whose Tops
To Heav'n aspire, affording Prospects sweet
To Human Ken; nor at their feet the Vales
Desceniding gently, where the lowing Herd
Chew verd'rous Pasture: not the yellow Fields
Gaily inter chang'd with rich Variety
Pleasing, as when an Emerald green, enchas'd
In flamy Gold, from the bright Mass acquires
A nobler Hue, more delicate to sight.

Cyder, I, 563ff —

complete with active antithesis, but it is the same active principle as that
which gives plums and grapes their colour:

... Autumn to the fruits
Earth's various Lap produces, Vigour gives
Equal, intenerating milky Grain.
Berries, and Sky-dy'd Plums, and what in Coat
Rough, or soft Rind, or bearded Husk, or Shell;
Fat Olives, and Pistachio's fragrant Nut,
And the Pine's tasteful Apple: Autumn paints
Ausonian Hills with Grapes, whilst English Plains
Blush with pomaceous Harvests, breathing Sweets.
O let me now, when the kind early Dew
Unlocks th'embosomed Odors, walk among
The well rang'd files of Trees, whose full-ag'd store
Diffuse Ambrosial steams, than Myrrh, or Nard
More gratefull, or perfuming flow'ry Beane!
Soft whisp'ring Airs,...

Cyder, II, 46ff 70

Phillips' painted orchard is well and tidily arranged as well as painted, the
catalogue general and epithetical. Arthos discusses the scientific implications
of painting, distinguishing between "color which comes through the reflection
or refraction of Light" and "color which is the result of the operation of a force in nature", in effect between the adjective "painted" and the transitive verb "to paint". Arthos suggests that the one is antique, but that the other is a new scientific theory of light transmitting colour. The logic of the argument is strained (the notion of light transmitting colour and the knowledge of prisms, for instance, being old). Rather, it is the emergence of the painting metaphor, both verbal and epithetical, in poetry, in Sylvester's translation that should be stressed, and its development into seventeenth century commonplace. Du Bartas' image of the mural anticipates the sensibility which sees a blending of individual members of a scene into a unified, general image — as a tapestry viewed from afar, a prospect, does not show its individual threads — as essential. In this kind of depiction there is no room for particularity or new-world individualism: "Je n'ay point encore jeté les fondemens des deux tiers de mon bastiment; vous ne voyés que certaines murailles imparfaictes, et qui monstrent le dehors, et les pierres d'attente pour se lier avec le reste de l'édifice." It is not singly painting that can display colour or splendid artifice. I introduced the possibility of other metaphors when I mentioned emblems and heraldic devices. Indeed, heraldic devices can add, as a metaphor, value to the description of nature in that they can suggest its dimensional existence. When Drayton describes a surface "Embost with well-spread Horse" he means it literally. When Sylvester refers to a scene "imbost" with mountains and valleys his purpose is to indicate the artifice, and also to suggest that the scene is not quite like a painting in that it is three dimensional (like the soul, or allegory). In one passage from Divine Weeks nature is composed of precious stones and enamelled, but it is also the product of a metal-worker, a carver, and a founder. God is every kind of artificer in nature:
If on the out-side I doo cast mine eye,
The Stones are joyn'd so artificially,
That if the Macon had not checkerd fine,
Syre's Alabaster with hard Serpentine,
And hundred Marbles no lesse fair than firm;
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly term.

If I look In, then scorn I all with-out:
Surpassing Riches shineth all about:
Floore, Sides, and Seeling, coverd triple-fold,
Stone lyn'd with Cedar, Cedar limm'd with Gold:
And all the Paraget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowers and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.

I over-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments:
Th'Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th'use.
O perfect Artist, thou for Mould didst chuse
The Worlds Idea: For, as first the same
Was sever'd in a Three-fold divers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowers and Fruits, and Beasts, and Birds the other:
And playd the Painter, when he did so gild
The turning Globes, blew'd Seas, and green'd the field,
Gave precious Stones so many-coloured lustre,
Enameld Flowers, made Mettals beam and glister:
The Carver, when he cut in leaves and stems
Of Plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems:
The Founder, when he cast so many Forms
Of winged Fouls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms:

And, of course, in terms of artifice and colour variegation he might have added the dressmaker:

All haile faire Earth, bearer of Townes and Towers,
Of Men, Gold, Graine, Physike, and Fruites, and Flowers,
Faire, firme, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously cloathed in a Mantle meet,
Of mingled-colour; lac't about with Floods,
And all imbrodered with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Jemmes richly about embost,
Excelling cunning and exceeding cost.

Some reflection of the novelty of this kind of metaphor lies in OED first citations. Though the adjective "embossed" occurs in the middle of the sixteenth century, the verb in this sense is first attributed to Spenser (Shepheardes Calendar, Feb.). The adjective "enameld" in Divine Weeks
predates its first OED citation. The verb "to limn" is traced back only as far as 1592 (Shakespeare, Venus and Adonis, 290). The adjective "embroidered" for its sense is mistakenly attributed to Drayton — "Through delicate imbrodered meadows" (Poly-Olbion). We have seen both the metaphor of heraldic device and the dressing metaphor in Spenser (especially the verb "deck"). And the metaphors appear to be somewhat interchangeable. Spenser's

... fayre grassy ground  
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide  
With all the ornaments of Floraes pride.  
  Faerie Queene, II, xii, 50

may indeed lie behind, as Leishman suggests, Marvell's

I have a grassy Scutcheon spy'd,  
Where Flora blazons all her pride  
"Clorinda and Damon" 73

If so, it is worth noting that the dressing metaphor is converted to one of heraldic device; and moreover Gervase Markham's reminder that noblemen often had their coats of arms designed into their gardens. 74 Certainly those arts which represent nature in relief give a different emphasis to nature description than those which colour or weave. But a relative interchangeability informs such adjectives and verbs as: gild(t), emboss(ed), indent(ed), ingrain(ed), dye(d), embroider(ed), woven, and pave(d), to name only some.

The dressing metaphor is the most practical of the lot from Du Bartas' point of view, as it enables him to "adorn" his personificatory abstractions in nature, such as Pomona or Ceres or Zephyrus. Such adornment is old enough, stemming from the antique poets. Homer especially, in almost every book of the Iliad and Odyssey, refers to Aurora's adornment in dressing terms. This is passed on to medieval literature, even in the vernacular. Douglas' Aurora quoted above —
Quhen Paill Aurora, with face Lamentabill,  
Hir russet mantill bordowrit all with sabill, —

is an example. Dunbar does not dress Aurora at the beginning of "The Thistle and the Rose", but he might just as well have. The two recall Chaucer, who, at the beginning of the third book of *Troilus and Criseyde*, "adorneth al the thridde heven faire". There appears to be a difference between doing because Homer did and doing because of a conceptual (teleological) appropriateness. Moreover, the earlier poetry does not appear to dress the very language of description in connection with the metaphor. Surrey refers to a regenerative sun which "cladd the yerthe in livelye lustynes", but the metaphor is not in the least conceited. Du Bartas is not fond of the image of Aurora dressing in the Paradise. But he will use the hint of it to suggest the procession of spring from winter, as an augury of the heavenly — the paradisiacal spring:

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Arise betimes, while th'Opal-colored Morn,  
In golden pomp doth May-dayes doore adorne:  
Babylon, 199f 75
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To Chapman we may owe the "rosy-fingered morn", but to Sylvester, concurrently, we owe the "Opal-colored Morn". Harold Jenkins hangs his general conclusion about Sylvester on this one fact:

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Sylvester's ornamental phrasing and extravagant images were among the most remarkable influences upon the style of the minor poets of the seventeenth century. Even Milton borrowed from Sylvester. Benlowes echoed him constantly, borrowing many of the most showy conceits for his own verse, to offer them to his friends as familiar jewels appearing in new settings. It was Sylvester who taught Benlowes to make dawns "Opal-colour'd"; to address God as "Lord of all grassie and all glassie Plains"; ... 76
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It was this imitation, of course, that Dryden objected to, more than to
Sylvester's *Divine Weeks* itself.

The dressing metaphor is common in *Divine Weeks*. We find descriptive terms like "dressed", "clad", "suiting" (*Magnificence*, 649), "adorned". Colour coordination and variegation is apparent in costumery as well as in painting. In the ideal landscape are found dressing terms like "chequered", "motleyed", "pyed" and "medly". Nature may be described in terms of human dress, and human dress in terms of nature. Witness this description of a queen's self-adornment:

The Queen had inkling: instantly sheesped  
To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head:  
Th'Onyx, the Saphyr, Garnet, Diamand,  
In various forms, cut by a curious hand,  
Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles:  
Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles  
(In Autumn) on the Tree, when to and fro  
The Boughs are waved with the Winds that blowe.  

The upper Garment of the stately Queen,  
Is rich gold Tissu, on a ground of green;  
Wher th'art-full shuttle rarely did encheck  
The changeant colour of a Mallards neck:  
Tis figur'd o're with sundry Flowrs and Fruits,  
Birds, Beasts, and Insects, creeping Worms, and Neuts,  
Of Gold-Smith's Work: a fringe of Gold about,  
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out,  
Borders her Robe: and every part descries  
Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize.  

*Decay*, 85ff

And so on. This "plain Counterfeit in proof", this "vile Paynting" that spoils a "native hue", is here referred to nature throughout. The words are words we have seen and will see in connection with nature description: "curl", "various", "curious", "nimbly dancing", "spangles", "fresh", "dangles", "waved", "Tissu", "ground of green", "rarely", "encheck", "cangeant", "figur'd o're", "fring'd", "richly-rare", "Border", "cunning", and "cost"; not to mention the named gem-stones (in *Les Semaines* gem-stones are effectively like the paints that go into the make-up and the spangling of nature; Sylvester refers to a moment "when we see Aurora, passing gay,/With Opalls paint the Seeling of Cathay", (II, 295f.). The stylised dress of the dancers in the *Magnificence*
(880-1080) is so grounded in nature imagery that it is easy to forget the purpose of the artifice: to suggest in what I have called language hieroglyphs God's greater art. And in Divine Weeks we are likewise given a nature that resembles woman:

When God, whose words more in a moment can,  
Then in an Age the proudest strength of Man,  
Had severed the Floods, levell'd the Fields,  
Embast the Valleys, and embost the Hills:  
Change, change (quoth he) O faire and firmest Globe,  
Thy mourning weed to a greene gallant Robe;  
Cheere thy sad browes, and stately garnish them  
With a rich, fragrant, flowerie Diadem;  
Lay forth thy lockes, and paint thee (Lady-like)  
With freshest colours on thy sallow cheeke.  
And let from henceforth thine abundant brests  
Not only Nurse thine owne Wombes native guests,  
But frankly furnish with fit nourishments  
The future folke of th'other Elements:  
III, 529ff

The extent of the analogy is manifest. And so, the metaphor goes both ways in poetry after Divine Weeks. In Drummond of Hawthornden, upon the sight of the "naked Beauties" of nymphs (the nymphs of Homer in part lying behind personifications of nature), the river absorbs them as would a mother her babes:

When to the Floud they ran, the Floud in Robes  
Of curling Christall to brests of Ivorie Globes  
Who wrapt them all about, yet seem'd take pleasure  
To show warme snowes throughout her liquid Azure,  
Poems I, Song I, 97ff

We have seen elsewhere the analogy of woman with the world. Donne's metaphor is fully aware Sylvester's diction of natural description, but likes better the "wit" of the analogy. "Wit", Leishman says, "cannot be painted." But indeed wit can be painted, in emblems, in devices, in rhetorical style; there is both fondness for the wit in Du Bartas, and luxuriance in the painting. So in Drummond of Hawthornden. In Drummond's poetry the analogy
can go both ways: Here woman is depicted in terms of nature:

Her Necke seem'd fram'd by curious Phidias Master,
Most smooth, most white, a piece of Alabaster.
Two foaming Billowes flow'd upon her Brest,
Which did their tops with Corall red encrest:
There all about as Brookes them sport at leisure,
With Circling Branches veines did swell in Azure:
Within those Crookes are only found those Isles
Which Fortunate the dreaming old World Stiles.

Poems I, Song I, l27ff

This might and probably should be compared with Donne's suppressed Elegy XVIII, discussed above. The likening of nature to woman is extremely popular by the end of the sixteenth century. Campion writes one of the loveliest of Renaissance lyrics on the well tried subject:

There is a Garden in her Face,
Where Roses and whitelillies grow;
A Heavenly Paradise is that Place ....

Everywhere the lady's teeth — not just in Campion — are as Sylvester's ranks of "orient pearl" (in Drummond they are like "Rowes of Corall"); round rubies and cherries figure everywhere. But what of course interests us is its inversion, the world as woman, the world as dresser, and its concomitant parts personified, and dressing as well. Here Drummond echoes Divine Weeks:

With greater light Heavens Temples opened shine,
Mornes smiling rise, Evens blushing doe decline,
Cloudes dappled glister, boisterous Windes are calme,
Soft Zephires doe the Fields with sighes embalme,
In amnell blew the Sea hath hushed his Roares,
And with enamour'd Curles doth kisse the shoares;
All-bearing Earth, like a new-married Queene,
Her Beatuies hightenes, in a Gowne of Greene
Perfumes the Aire, Her Meades are wrought with Flowres,
In colours various, figures, smelling, powres;
Trees wanton in the Groves with leavie Lockes,
Her Hilles empampred stand, the Vales, the Rockes
Ring Peales of joy, her floods her christall Brookes
(The Meadowes tongues) with many maz-like Crookes,
And whispering murmures, sound unto the Maine,
The Worlds pure Age returned is againe.

Poems II, Song I, 10ff

In **Divine Weeks** the world adorns itself handily "With fragrant skirts of an immortall greene,/Whose smiling beauties farre excell in all,/The famous praise of the Peneian Vale". (III, 336ff). And the earth is regarded as the lover of the sky:

The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
When wanton Zephyre, sighing on the field,
Enammells all; and to delight the Skie,
The Earth puts on her richest Lyvorie:

VI, 785ff

In the **Second Day** the sporting of the elements is seen as the dancing of swains and maidens in the month of May. We will see that nature is forever kissing, bussing, smiling, and sometimes blushing, at least in its prelapsarian state, and in the **locus amoenus**. In postlapsarian seasonal nature the woman-like spring follows upon an aged, man-like winter. Giles Fletcher's dressing metaphor amplifies:

The engladden'd Spring, forgetful now to weep,
Began to eblazon from her leavie bed;
The waking swallow broke her half year's sleep,
And every bush lay deeply purpured
With violets; the wood's late wintry head
Wide flaming primroses set all on fire,
And his bald trees put on their green attire,
Among whose infant leaves the joyous birds conspire.

Christ's Triumph, st. 2

The world is dressed much as a house or mansion is curtained or carpeted. We have discussed the metaphysical ramifications of the house of the world at some length, but we should want to note that the floor of this mansion, the ground, is said to be carpeted (e.g., III, 1095) in **Divine Weeks**, and that the sky is said to be curtained (e.g., I, 462ff; IV, 6ff; Ark, 27ff). And Milton is
"certainly not trying to be funny" when he writes:

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red
Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,

Nativity Ode, st. 26

This not surprisingly assists the metaphor of the sculpted wall: "cornice", "frize". It is not uncommon for this picture to be mingled with the dressing metaphor and the painting metaphor. Chamberlaine, at any rate, has no scruples about the confusion of metaphor in his treatment of nature; and the suggestion seems to be that in each case the metaphor is now secondary to the ascertained poetic value of the epithet or word:

... one place presents the eye
With barren rudeness, whilst a neighbouring field
Sits cloathed in all the bounteous spring could yield;
Here lovely Landskips, where thou mightst behold,
When first the infant Morning did unfold
The Dayes bright Curtains, in a spatious Green,
Which Natures curious art had spread between
Two bushy Thickets, that on either hand
Did like the Fringe of the fair Mantle stand,

Pharonnida

From Spenser's "deck" the dressing metaphor develops in leaps and bounds in the seventeenth century. William Browne takes up Sylvester's "flowery Diadem" (Britannia's Pastorals II, 762); Brathwaite talks about flowers adorning the "cheerefull mede", and refers to "flowry groves with blossoms checker'd" where "each day seems a marriage day" (Ode 6, st. 4). In Divine Weeks Eve makes a "medly coat" (Handy-Crafts, 151) out of embroidered vines for her fallen, naked husband; delighting in her artistry. In Hookes' Amanda, the fig-tree in its shame takes back such artistry:
To hide her nakedness when looked upon,
The maiden fig-tree puts Eves apron on;
The broad-leaved Sycamore, and ev'ry tree
Shakes like the trembling Aspe, and bends to thee,
And each leaf proudly strives with fresher aire,
To fan the curled tresses of thy haire;
Nay, and the bee too, with his wealthie thigh,
Mistakes his hive, and to thy lips doth fly;
Willing to treasure up his honey there,
Where honey-combs so sweet and plenty are:

(1653)

But Milton takes the notion of hiding shame in costumery seriously in

Paradise Lost:

So counselled he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood, there soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day to Indians known
in Malabar or Decan spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother tree, a pillared shade
High overarched, and echoing walks between;
These oft the Indian herdsman shunning heat
Shelters in cool, and tends his proturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade: those leaves
They gathered, broad as Amazonian terge,
And with what skill they had, together sewed,
To gird their waist, vain covering if to hide
Their guilt and dreaded shame; O how unlike
to that first naked glory.

IX, 1099ff

Du Bartas and Milton share the view of an analogous intricate nature and man.
Embroidered man relates to embroidered nature. Waller talks about
"embroidered flowers"; Marvell's mower strews about "Depopulating all the
Ground" of its living, nature-ornamented grass, until with Sylvestrian paradox
(see above), swinging his scythe too casually, he becomes "By his own Sythe,
the Mower mown" ("Damon the Mower", 73ff). Milton carries the analogy to
eminence. In Paradise Lost Adam and Eve, pleasingly tired with their day's
work, "recline/On the soft downie bed damaskt with flowers" (IV, 333-34). In
"l'Allegro" we find a "checker'd shade" (96). The rainbow we have seen
elaborately described in Sylvester is similarly but even more abstractly
delineated in Comus:

Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Then her purfled scarf can shew,...
  992ff

Nymphs play a large part in Miltonian personification and dressing imagery. In
"Arcades" we find "silver-buskind Nymphs" (33) in a living thicket:

To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
  46f

This kind of imagery and language, especially that of the curled grove, descends
from the Divine Weeks. In "Il Penseroso" the Nymphic habit is a model for
later poetry:

He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cipress Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
  28ff

This description compares with Sylvester's treatment of night, though his is
concerned more with a scientific elucidation. Sylvester describes a situation
in which all had "beene wrapt up from all humane sight, /In the obscure Mantle
of eternall Night" (1, 493f), then refers to night wrapping up the world (512),
then again compares the radiance of day with night, when finally the earth
"with Lights radiant shine, /Doft mourning weedes, and deckt it passing fine"
And Milton's "lively portraiture" of "dewy-feather'd sleep" — dreams —("Il Penseroso", l46ff) resembles Sylvester's portrait of painted dreams noted above. His dream sequence describes a mansion-like, church-like forest, dressed with windows, pillars, roof:

But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
"Il Penseroso", l55ff

The embowed roof, the massy pillars, and the "storied Windows" and "dim religious light" suggest the tripartite church that has concerned us, of a physical structure, a "storied" learning of scripture, and a communion with God; in this case a faint glimmer of the world's soul. The Enclosed Garden is its own Church.

Milton's "Song On May Morning" offers a simpler view of the dressing image:

Now the bright morning Star, Dayes harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The Flowry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose.
Hail bounteous May that dost inspire
Mirth and youth, and warm desire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and Dale, doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early Song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

We might likewise refer to the Nativity Ode, stanza 26; or to Sonnet 20, where the lily and the rose are clothed in "fresh attire". In "Lycidas" the river Cam is called a "reverend Sire", is given a "Mantle hairy" and a "bonnet sedge". Later in the poem we find the most idealised depiction of nature's dress yet:
And call the Vales, and bid them hither cast,
Their Bels, and Flourets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use,
Of shades and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes,
That on the green terf such the honie showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet,
The Musk-rose, and the well-attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:

The antithesis of the flowers recalls Du Bartas' ranking of plants in analogy
with the blood's disposition of food to bones, nerves, etc.

For, as these Brooks thus branching round about
Make heere the Pincke, there th'Aconite to sprout,
Heere the sweet Plumb-tree, the sharpe Mulbery there,
Heere the low Vine, and thear the loftie Peare,
Heere the hard Almond, there the tender Fig,
Heere bitter Wormwood, there sweet-smelling Spike:

Every plant is met in the line by its opposite, as in the Milton passage. But
Milton cleverly breaks up the symmetry of divided line by standing alone
"The glowing Violet". The embroidery of threads of opposites forms in "Lycidas"
a "sad" whole. In Paradise Lost this ranked embroidery makes a religious
haven, a house even for Gods, a church. This is the intricate, naturally
fenced, "implicit" locus amoenus, but also the first-created Paradise:

He scarce had said, when the bare earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,
Brought forth the tender grass whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green,
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered
Opening their various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet: and these scarce blown,
Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept
The swelling gourd, up stood the corny reed
Embattled in her field: and the humble shrub,
And bush with frizzled hair implicit: last
Rose as in a dance the stately trees, and spread
Their branches hung with copious fruit; or gemmed
Their blossoms: with high woods the hills were crowned,
With tufts the valleys and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers. That earth now
Seemed like to heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,
Or wonder with delight, and love to haunt
Her sacred shades:

VII, 313ff

This was the Paradise, I dare say, that Keats turned to when he wrote the
fruitful first stanza of "To Autumn". Every little turn of language and image
in the passage contains Sylvestrian hieroglyph.

In 'Anno Aetatis' Milton addresses the English language and asks for
language ornament in the form of wardrobe:

And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest Spirits, and choicest wits desire:

18ff

This invocation recalls Sylvester's juxtaposition at the beginning of the
Second Day — "Those learned Spirits, whose wits applied wrong". The twisting
of the robing metaphor is not far different from Du Bartas' conception of
himself as painter; instead of paints, Milton prescribes dress. The idea is
suggested throughout the Third Day of Divine Weeks. Milton's diction in such
descriptions everywhere reminds us of Sylvester's translation; the wanton winds
and the tufted crow-toes, the fresh attire, the Cypress lawn and the inmost
grove, and the juxtaposition of hill and dale, a poetic legacy of the Divine
Weeks (e.g., III, 762; Law, 665; et frequenter) and common in Milton's poetry.79
The abstraction and the language of the dressing metaphor persists in the
seventeenth and eighteenth centuries despite vigourous attempts to weed out
its more extreme representatives. Pope, using Sylvester's artificial word
"spangles", so decorates Autumn:

The Skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.
"Autumn", 98ff

Elsewhere, Pope depicts a rural scene in which

waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the Day
Windsor Forest, 17f

The examples are too numerous to cite. Broome in his celebration of Pope, joined to the Odyssey, says of him:

Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with every theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.

The dressing metaphor ("sheds the day") is fully linked with the painting and gilding metaphors. Little wonder; for in Divine Weeks, we may remember, there is no rigid distinction between the metaphors of artifice. Colour and shape will be noted in individual adjectives, but each metaphor stands at least for the artifice generally. In listing nature's gems, colour metaphors themselves, Sylvester reminds us of the relative interchangeability of his artificial metaphors:

But th'Earth not onely on her back doth beare
Abundant treasures glistering every where ....
But inwardly she's no lesse fraught with riches,
Nay rather more (which more our soules bewitches):
Within the deepe folds of her fruitfull lap,
So bound-lesse Mines of treasure doth she wrap,
That th'hungry hands of humane Avarice
Cannot exhaust with labour or device ....
Slat, Jet, and Marble shall escape my pen,
I over-passe the Salt-mount Oromene,
I blanch the Brine-Quar Hill in Aragon,
When they poudre their provision.
I'lle onely now embosse my Booke with Brasse,
Dye't with Vermilion, deck't with Coperasse,
With Gold and Silver, Lead and Mercurie,
Tinne, Iron, Orpine, Stibium, Lethargie:
And on my Gold-worke I will onely place
The Christall pure which doth reflect each face;
The precious Rubie, of a Sanguine hew,
The Seale-fit Onyx, and the Saphire blew,
The Cassidonie, full of circles round,
The tender Topaze, and rich Diamond,
The various Opal, and Greene Emerald,
The Agath by a thousand titles call'd,
The skie-like Turquez, purple Amethysts,
And fierie Carbuncle, which flames resist.

Each stone has its adjective, of colour or texture (relief); all cohere equally with the dressing, dying, embossing analogies. Each is moreover polished or refined by nature and by man from the lumpen rock of nature.

Ronsard insists in the Preface to the Franciade that modern vernacular poets should

... enrichissent d'oren et embellissent par le dehors de marbre, Jaspe et Porphise, de guillochis, ovalles, frontispices et pieds-destals, frise et chapiteaux, tapisseries eslevees et bossees d'or et d'argent, et le dedans des tableaux azelez et businez, saboteux et difficile a tenis es moins, a cause de la rude engraveuse des personage qui semblent vivre dedans.

This is how the poet makes a palace (of nature) out of a house. Puttenham recommends that figurative speeches "be the flowers ... that a Poet setteth upon his language by arte, as the embroiderer doth his stone and perle, or passements of gold upon the stuffe of Princely garment".

The dressing metaphor is one that surfaces again and again in Divine Weeks. The sky wears a "watchet Gowne"; fields are decked or motleyed ("motley Medowes", I, 574); the world is "sumptuously cloathed" and wears a "green mantle" or a "flowry Mantle"; and so on. Periphrases of the earth
are indicative. All of nature, moreover, consists of dressing or adornment. Hence my own use of the word "accoutrements" — a Bartasian word — with reference to the ideal landscape. We have seen Du Bartas' and Sylvester's place in the current of writers on the earthly Paradise in terms of subject and diction. But we have scarcely concerned ourselves with how the Paradise is dressed before and after Sylvester's Du Bartas in practical terms. We have seen Paradise. From the Paradise emerges the locus amoenus of temporal existence. We shall consider how this is accoutered; we shall examine nature in all of its fallen — yet still ideally described — dress, as well as the nature topoi of the four seasons.

3. Nature's Dress

Some time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight,
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks and rivers wide.
Towers and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

"l'Allegro", 57ff
The Locus Amoenus: Grove, Trees, Orchard

The grove in *Divine Weeks* is rarely distinct from the pleasance and the orchard. All are of course characterised by the presence of trees. The orchard is a plantation, artificial in nature. The grove as a separate topic is only marked in its infrequent appearances in *Divine Weeks* by the fact that it is inhabited by a variety of formally ranked trees. Once again variegation is important. Ovid's grove (*Metamorphoses*, X, 90-106) has twenty-six species of trees. The value of each of the numerous species is a rhetorical one here, "a richness of decor and an elaborate vocabulary". The names of the trees offer precisely this. They can, furthermore, be stock-piled, and the asyndeton may help to express a feeling of richness. Chaucer employs tree lists in the *Parliament of Fowls* (176ff); so does Spenser, in *Faerie Queene*, I, i, 8. It is possible that Spenser has Du Bartas' grove depiction in mind as well as Chaucer's. Regardless, Du Bartas' is a striking and elaborate list:

No sooner spoken, but the loftie Pine
Distilling pitch, the Larche yeeId-Turpentine,
Th'ever-greene Boxe, and gummie Cedar sprout,
And th'Airie Mountaines mantle round about:
The Mast-full Oake, the use-full Ashe, the Holme,
Coate-changing Corke, white Maple, shadie Elme,
Through Hill and Plaine ranged their plumed Ranks.
The winding Rivers bord'red all their banks
With slice-Sea Alders, and greene Osiars small,
With trembling Poplars, and with Willowes pale,
And many Trees beside, fit to be made
Fewell, or Timber, or to serve for Shade.
The dainty Apricocke (of Plums the Prince)
The velvet Peach, guilt Orange, downie Quince,
All-readie beare grav'n in their tender barks
God's powerfull Providence in open Marks.
The sent-sweet Apple, and astringent Peare,
Red Cherrie, Filbeard, Wall-nut, Meddeier,
The milkie Figge, the Damson blacke and white,
The Date and Olyve, ayding appetite,
Spread every-where a most delightfull Spring
And every-where a very Eden bring.
Heere, the fine Pepper, as in clusters hung,
There Cinamon, and other Spices sprung.
Heere dangled Nutmeggs, that for thriftie paines,
Yearly repay the Bandans wondrous gains;
There growes (th'Hesperian plant) the precious Reed
Whence Sugar sirrops in abundance bleed;
There weepes the Balme, and famous trees from whence
Th'Arabians fetch perfuming Frankincense.

There, th'amorous Vine colls in a thousand sorts
With winding armes her Spouse that her supports:
The Vine, as farre inferiour to the rest
In beauty, as in bounty past the best:
Whose sacred liquor, temperatly taen,
Revives the spirits, purifies the braine,
Cheers the sad heart, increasest kindly heat,
Purgeth grosse blood, and doth the pure beget,
Strengthens the stomacke, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the wit, and doth the ladder cleanse,
Opens obstructions, excrements expells,
And easeth us of many Languors els.

III, 545ff

Here Du Bartas' encyclopedia merges temporarily with the evocative listing learned from Ovid. The importance of the above passage is its way of describing the trees. The many characteristics of trees are generally and particularly brought together at once. Some trees have particularly distinguishing qualities that the seventeenth century writer of nature poetry appreciates. The pine is "loftie", distilling pitch, a quality we have seen elsewhere. We might compare Waller's "jucy Pine" (Battle for the Summer Islands, canto 1).
The "larch" is given a distinctive and not easily repeated compound epithet, "yeeld-Turpentine"; the oak is "Mast-full", with a pun on acorns and a ship's mast (hence Dryden, Georgics, II, 20 "mastful Chestnut"); to make the internal rhyme the ash is baldly "use-full"; the cork is "coat-changing", and the elm "shadie";
Alders and osiers border rivers; the poplar is "trembling" and the willow "pale". Orchard trees are described much more in relation to their fruit: the "Apricock" is "dainty"; the peach "velvet"; the orange "guilt", and so on. Each tree is given an individuality, almost a personality. We will quickly find that it is not only the elm that is shady, or the pine that is lofty; the cedar gummy and the poplar trembling (although it trembles more than the oak). Rather, these are qualities that are general to the grove, giving it its personality, and the description of groves time and time again will defer to this shadiness, loftiness, trembling motion, and this gumminess. The gumminess is characteristic we have seen, not merely because it is true that cedars are
gummy, but because of the word's and its function's suggestion of fulfilment. The trees are in fact far from the individuals we might initially think: they are "ranged" like "plumed Ranks" of soldiers. In *Divine Weeks*, as in Homer, soldiers wear plumed helmets; and here the trees are "plumed". That the trees lie in "Ranks" implies that they should be thought of as a collective, and, indeed, we find throughout *Divine Weeks* that species are given personality only in genus form: armies are ranks or legions; birds and angels are legions, crews (if fallen angels), kinds; animals are droves, and so on. Collective nouns are indispensable to Sylvester's poetic diction. The collective terms of war suggest a well defined order, and the term "Ranks" in this case suggests that an ordering of the grove is at least implicit (I use this word, aware of Milton's use of it.) From the design of the river that winds through the grove we may gather that the ranking is not like the ranking of the teeth noted earlier but an intricate one, harmonious only in a scheme of nature which is inscrutable to man. We are reminded once again of Milton's description of the intricate harmony of music — "The melting voice through mazes running". And Milton sees the components of this primordial creative act as like "armies at the call/ Of trumpet" (*Paradise Lost*, VII, 295f).

Spenser's grove (*Faerie Queene*, I, i, 8) might be put alongside Sylvester's. Of the twenty-odd listed trees in the *Faerie Queene* epithets are constructed only in the following cases: "sayling Pine", "cedar proud", "vine-prop Elme", "builder Oake", "warlike Beech", "fruitfull Olive", "Plantane round", "carver Holme". The "sayling Pine" (see Sandys and Dryden above) comes from Chaucer (*Parliament of Fowls*, 179; "sayling fyr"), and the list as a whole seems indebted to Chaucer. Spenser's list is far less epithetical than Sylvester's, and his descriptive terms seem marginally less general. In Waller's grove, which is more orchard-like, descriptive terms are even more general than in *Divine Weeks*: "candid Plantines", "juicy Pine", "choicest Melons", "sweet Grapes". Milton — as far as I can see — does not indulge in tree listing. In "Lycidas" he lists flowers, and the result is really a composite (collective) picture of a
flower. Keats, by contrast, (Hyperion, I, 19ff) is anxious to describe a particu-
lar grove in the pleasance motif, and does this by stripping the language bare
of epithetical adjectives.

The pleasance, Curtius remarks, is the principal motif of all nature descrip-
tion in the medieval period; concomitant with this is its tendency to become a
showpiece of rhetorical mastery. So in Du Bartas and Sylvester. We have
already seen the locus amoenus described in the extract above from the
beginning of the Seventh Day. It is not much unlike and is often hard to dis-
tinguish from the earthly Paradise. The pleasance is ideally a small, isolated
— fenced off — grassy glade amidst shady trees, next to a winding brook or
river with a mossy bank; sometimes the glade is flowery (sometimes it is a
meadow); a shadowy cave is not far off; often it is the river's source. All of
these are present in Divine Weeks, and each facet of Sylvester's pleasance
is characteristically described.

The trees afford the fruit of the pleasance, which must be ample and
almost as self-sustaining as in the Paradise. Sometimes the pleasance will be
topically compared to a Paradise. But the trees' most vital offering is shade
under which inhabitants may escape from the heat of a transmigrated
Mediterranean sun. In the Eden the "intricately" tangled network of branches
and leaves frames a natural house, complete with "Frize and Corniche":

Anon he walketh in a level lane
On either side beset with shadie Plane,
Whose arched boughes, for Frize and Cornich beare
Thicke groves, to shield from future change of aire:
Then in a path impaeld in pleasant wise
With sharpe-sweet Orange, Lemon, Citron trees,
Whose leavie twigges that intricatelic tangle
Seem painted walls whereon true fruites doe dangle.

Eden, 503ff

Here we have a parted way at which trees lie in equal ranks (Cp., III, 551),
but also an intricate relation of trees. Shade is now made by the plane-tree.
The primary image is of an intricate "impaeld" shade.
We have seen the Church-like aspect of Paradise in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. But we might equally note Marvell's shaded locus amoenus in *Upon Appleton House*:

Dark all without it knits; within
It opens passable and thin;
And in as loose an order grows
As the Corinthian porticoes.
The arching boughs unite between
The columns of the temple green;
And underneath the winged choirs
Echo about their tuned fires.

505ff.

I, in my tripartite sensibility, find myself asking if these "Corinthian porticoes" are not part of a tripartite conception of this natural architecture, if the Corinthian is not a base structure next to the intermediate Ionic (with its intermediary column between an heavenly volute and an earthly volute), and the oldest, strongest, simplest Doric. It is worth remembering three things: one, that Du Bartas' the *Columns* features the principles of universal harmony as exposed by the columns of Seth; two, our discussion of music, particularly of Dryden's odes, in which the three Grecian musical modes figure prominently in an harmonic scheme; lastly, and most importantly, the structure of Du Bartas' most essential piece of architecture, after that of first creation, Solomon's temple. Marvell's "porticoes" are notably of the third age. The enclosed copse or garden is not just a house, but a tripartite step-ladder, a church. Corinthian it is to the higher orders, for it is both the lightest (and perhaps least significant), but most ornate, indeed complex. For the adornment of the Garden let us return to Milton:

... the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured then with stone
Of costliest emblem: ...

Paradise Lost, IV, 692ff

The emphasis laid on artifice and the sheer extravagance remind us of Solomon's temple. The colour variegation may sometimes be caused by the dappling — pointilist brush dotting — effect of what sunlight actually penetrates the hidden shade —

Th'unnumbred Moats which in the Sunne doo play,
When (at some Crannie) with his piercing eye
He peepeth-in some darker place to spie.

Vocation, 560ff —

but elsewhere the shade is so thick that light scarcely enters the bower, and in these cases green can be so dark that it resembles black (Milton recognises a more "sacred and sequestered" shade in Paradise Lost, IV, 705ff).

When the grove is finally denuded — as by Babylonian man — the emphasis is wholly on the lost shade:

Some fall to felling with a thousand stroakes
Adventurous Alders, Ashes, long-liv'd oakes,
Degrading Forrests, that the sunne might view
Fieldes that before his bright rayes never knew.
Ha'ye seene a towne expos'd to spoyle and slaughter,
At victors pleasure, where laments and laughter
Mistlie resound; some carrie, some convaie,
Some lugge, some load; gainst souldiers seeking-pray
No place is sure: and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ransackt towne doth runne:
So in a trice, these carpenters disrobe
Th'Assyrian hills of all their leafie robe,
Strip the steepe mountaines of their gastlie shades,
And powle the broad plaines of their branchie glades:

Babylon, 135ff

Shadiness can be the unusual source of a personificatory simile:
May shee be like a scion, pale and sick
Through th'over-shading of a Sire too thick:
Which being Transplanted, free, sweet ayre doth sup,
To the sweating Clouds her grovie top stands up
And prospers so in the strange soil, that tild,
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.

Magnificence, 799ff

Here the subject is Solomon's espoused Pharonida. The image is of a scrawny seedling being given new life away from its father, and growing to offer her own height and shade.

Although Spenser's Faerie Queene is a world of bright light and covert shade, his is never a complex shade. In the Garden of Adonis, for example, a "gloomy grove" is covered by untouched "shadie boughes". The shade is there, but it is not the ornate, intricate shade of Sylvester and Milton. William Browne is fully aware of the shady grove's resemblance to a covert society, and reflects upon the natural ranking that shades the pleasance from wind and sun:

Upon the edges of a grassy bank
A tuft of trees grew circling in a rank,
As ift they seem'd their sports to gaze upon,
Or stood as guard against the wind and sun.
Britannia's Pastorals I, 3, 387-90.

The pleasance tolerates a little wind and a little sun. Drummond of Hawthornden is probably thinking of Spenser when he writes of the "gloomy Shades" of his Paradise (Poems II, Song I); but in another song woven nature and the trees' active concern with shade predominate:

The Poplar spreds her Branches to the Skie,
And hides from sight that azure Cannopie.

The place is impenetrable to winter.

Elsewhere in the same poem Drummond regards this shade as distinctly house-like:
Where thickest shades me from all Rayes did hide
Into a shut-up-place, some Sylvans Chamber,
Whose Seeling spred was with the Lockes of Amber
Of new-bloom'd Sicomors, Floore wrought with Flowres,
More sweete and rich than those in Princes Bowres.

Poems I, Song I, 50ff

Waller's "At Penshurst" treats familiarly of an impossible pleasance, at the very beck of Sacharissa:

... this sacred shade
Had held on altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which these alleys have;
Embroidered so with flowers where she stood,
That it became a garden of a wood
Her presence has such more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudest place;
And beauty too, and order, can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No less than those of old did Orpheus' lyre;
If she sit down, with Tops all towards her bowed,
They round about her into arbours crowd;
Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
Like some well-marshalled and obsequious band.

Leishman remarks the similarity of Cleveland's "Upon Phillis walking in a morning". But for a contrary intricacy we might easily go to Dryden's version of The Flower and the Leaf (54ff), or to Ambrose Philips who refers in the fourth Pastoral (I) to elms which "unweave their lofty shade"; or to Thomas Parnell ("Health, an Eclogue", 7ff). The canon of poets who describe the locus amoenus as an intricate structure of architecture in its shade is large indeed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

We have seen such a place made analogous to a house; We need not go too far to see in Sylvester's "arched boughes" a kind of church. Sylvester's birds are the "feather'd Singers (Furies) of nature's choir, become in Dryden ("Alexander's Feast") a "tunefull Quire" — akin as they are in physiognomy to the angelic choir. In Divine Weeks the music of the spheres is that of a
"rare Quier" joining with "th'Angels Quier" to sing the praises of God in the "Royall Chappell" of the world (Columns, 715ff). This music is related to the church organ:

Where, as (by Art) one selfy blast breath'd out
From panting bellowes, passeth all-about
Winde-Instruments; enters by th'under-Clavers
Which with the Keyes the Organ-Maister quavers,
Fills all the Bulke, and severally the same
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;
Columns, 719ff

We have talked about the chaotic/harmonic aspects of this and its accompanying metaphors, and noted their important analogues in Dryden's "Ode for St. Cecelia's Day", and "Alexander's Feast". In the Sixth Day of Divine Weeks the organ metaphor crops up with a different emphasis, on the analogy between man's insides and a world fanned by gentle, healthful winds:

Or, shall I cleave the Lungs, whose motions light,
Our inward heat doo temper day and night:
Like Summer gales waving with gentle pusses,
The smiling Medowes green and gaudy tuffes
Light, spungie Fannes, that ever take and give
Th'aetheriall Aire, whereby we breathe and live:
Bellowes, whose blast (breathing by certaine pawses,)
A pleasant sound through our speech-Organs causes?
VI, 693ff

The organ analogy is strongly suggested in the human lungs. The pleasance is fanned by just such winds, and in precisely these terms. Part of Cleveland's "Upon Phyllis walking in a morning" may have been suggested by Divine Weeks:

The sluggish morn as yet undressed,
My Phyllis brake from out her East,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus usher to the sun.
The trees, like yeomen of her guard,
Serving more from pomp than ward,
Ranked on each side, with loyal duty
Weave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopped,
Or age with crutches underpropped,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive and at her general dole
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged choiristers began
To chirp their mattins, and the fan
Of whistling winds like organs played,
Until their voluntaries made
The wakened Earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice.
"Upon Phyllis walking in a morning"

The pleasance has its point, a point, in its oxymoron, which is not un-
Sylvestrian. Here is the dressing metaphor and the personification, here the
trees are "ranked" like a guard; the birds are paraphrased, "winged choiristers";
then the organ metaphor emerges with Sylvester's word, "fan". Here, carcasses
are a force for regeneration and the revived soul introduces the singing of
birds, like sacred organs. In Milton's church of the locus amoenus in "Il
Penseroso" the organ also blows, significantly taking the plaintiff to a third
age of man, away from childishness and reason — "When I was a child, I
spake as a child, I understood as a child: but when I became a man, I put away
childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face:
now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."
I Corinthians 13.11-2 — to a contemplation like that of Donne's anchorite:

There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and anthems cleer,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell,
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain.
16ff
And so the progress of the soul is spelled out.

Cleveland's pastoral hyperbole and Milton's death watch owe to a Sylvestrian motif that we have seen frequently in operation. Benlowes probably had Sylvester in mind in his Latin elegiacs on the temple of the grove —

Hoc Nemus est Templum, patuli Laquearia Rami;
Fit sacrae Truncus quisque Columna Domus.

(This grove is my temple, the spreading branches are the roof; each trunk forms a pillar of the sacred house.) —

and not Cleveland, as Leishman suggests. It would not be the first time Benlowes imitated Sylvester. And it is quite likely that Marvell's temple of the pleasance, so to speak, owes, as we have intimated, to Divine Weeks as well as to Benlowes. Sylvester's "arched boughes" at any rate, become "arching Boughs"; nor would it be the first time for Marvell to echo Sylvester.

Though it is happily a theatre (see Milton, Paradise Lost, IV, 133ff) there is certainly quite a reverend quality to Sylvester's pleasance, wherever it occurs. By the time Dyer is describing ideal landscapes, the reverence has become associated with an old, decayed, ruinous product of man in lieu of nature:

Or some old Building, hid with Grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd Face;
Whose Columns, Friezes, Statues lie,
The Grief, and Wonder of the Eye!
Grongar Hill

In Dryden's "To the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew" the ruins of Rome and Greece are equated with a salvaging power as monumental as the Flood:
The Ruines too of some Majestick Piece,  
Boasting the Pow'r of ancient Rome or Greece,  
Whose statues, Freezes, Columns broken lie,  
And though deface't, the Wonder of the Eie,  
What Nature, Art, bold Fiction e're durst frame,  
Her forming Hand gave Feature to the Name.  
So strange a Concourse ne're was seen before,  
But when the peop! d Ark the whole Creation bore.  
II9ff

Indeed, we might add, the pillars of Seth were a monument that lasted the Flood, the salvage of ancient mysteries. There is something indicative in Dryden's comparison of the fact, perhaps, that by 1686 the trend of poetry was away from the salvage of Christian mystery, leaning rather to classical form.

We began this discussion of the shady temple of the pleasance, by referring to the garden's delight in subtle breezes, with their organ-like harmony —

Like Summer gales waving with gentle puffs,  
The smiling Medowes green and gaudy tuffes  
Light, spungie Fannes, that ever take and give ...

The diction of the gentle breeze is important. In the pleasance of Divine Weeks wind "pants" or "puffs" or "fannes". In "Lycidas", Milton has the music of windy nature cease — "For Lycidas is dead" — "Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy soft layes" (44). Pope's pleasance, on the other hand, is still delightfully feathered by the breeze:

Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade,  
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a Shade,  
"Summer", 73f

In Divine Weeks the blowing grass turns the fields into "smyling Medowes". Trees are "tuffes". Elsewhere (Magnificence, 159, 1096; Decay, 975) the trees in these groves are bare below and only "tufted" above, like the plumes of soldiers' helmets, which are said to be "timbered" or "tufted" (see "I'Allegro", 78). These tufted trees are by necessity tall (V, 108), "lofty", "towering" or
figuratively "topless" (Ark, 150; Decay, 475ff) cedars or pines; or, for the benefit of shade they are "spreading", "leafie" oaks, elms, planes, or such like.

Here is Milton's representation of the "dance" of the trees of Paradise:

```
... last
Rose as in dance the stately trees, and spread
Thir branches hung with copious fruit; or gemmed
Thir blossoms: with high woods the hills were crown'd,
With tufts the vallies and each fountain side,
With borders long the rivers; ... 

Paradise Lost, VII, 324ff
```

The height and tufted quality of the "grovie tops" of trees enables them to move delicately in the wind. They are described as "trembling", usually if the whole tree sways, or waving, especially the poplar, (e.g., Trophies, 512); or, more verbally, they are a "Wood, seeming to wave" (VII, 11). Sometimes the wind "waggs" trees' branches —

```
And with his armes th'Oakes slender twigs entwining
A many branches in one tissue joyning,
Frames a loose Jacquet, whose light nimble quaking
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton shaking
Of golden spangles that in statelie pride
Daunce on the tresses of a noble Bride.

Handy-Crafts, 135ff
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We see once again the intricate costumery of the locus amoenus. Sometimes winds "whiffe" or "wherle"; in the following passage from Divine Weeks are some of the most compact abstractions of the tented shade of the pleasance being fed by the gentle breeze. Notably the description comes in an extem-porising simile:

```
Whether some milder gale with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears disservereth:
As after raine, another raine doth drop
In shade Forests from their shagge top,
When through their greene boughs, whiffing winds do wherle
With wanton puffs their waving locks to curle.

II, 53ff
```
We might remember Donne playing with the verb "whirl", making a world out of it; here in like form the leaves are curled by the whirling. Some trees are made to "nod" by the wind in Divine Weeks, as they are subsequently in Gray (e.g., "The Progress of Poesy", 12; "nodding groves") or in Pope for instance, or as are the fields of grain here:

See Pan with Flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd Ground,
Here Ceres' Gifts in waving Prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand,
Windsor Forest, 37ff

The adjectives "nodding", "waving" are not simply applied to the trees of the pleasance. Grass waves, and corn, we see, (usually paraphrased; e.g., "Ceres' product") — often carrying, like trees, the adjective "tufted". In the Seventh Day Sylvester's fields of grain are made to seem at least as lively as the forests of trees:

And looking on the fields when Autumn sheares,
There let them learne among the bearded Eares,
Which, still the fuller of the flowrie graine,
Bow downe the more their humble heads againe:
And aye, the lighter and the lesse their store,
They lift aloft their Chaffie Crests the more.
515ff

The waving motion is made more stylised than usual, and the waving replaced by a bowing (cp. Waller "At Penshurst", quoted above). Waters can also wave, and commonly do, as for instance in Sylvester's epithet, "waters waving brine" (V, 108). Sometimes trees whisper to one another (e.g., Magnificence, 659), perhaps kissing; kissing because their tufted tops brush against one another (e.g., Magnificence, 657). With this kind of activity in Divine Weeks we might compare Waller's in "Of Her Passing through a crowd of People":

So the amorous tree, while yet the aire is calm,
Just distance keeps from his desired palm;
But when the wind her ravished branches throwes
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs,
Though loath he seems her tender leaves to press,
More loath he is that friendly storm should cease.91

The aggression of Waller's gesture reminds us that where the wind is stronger
the pleasance is not. Trees in such situations kiss the ground in Divine Weeks:

Not much unlike a Burch-tree bare belowe,
Which at the top a thicke Tuffe doth grow,
Waving with everie winde, and made to kisse
Th'Earth, now on that side, and anon on this:

Captains, 267ff

Or if the wind is stronger, nature bleaker:

The loftie Pine that's shaken to and fro
With Counter-pufs of sundry winds that blowe,
Now, swaying Southward tears some Root in twaine,
Then bending Northward doth another straine,

Fathers, 234ff

In harshest nature the wind is destructive, "roaring" and — importantly —
"boistrous"; but by way of extreme contrast Zephyr "sighs" and "fumes", for,
stated or not, of winds it is always Zephyr who inhabits the locus amoenus:

The boistrous Wind that rents with roaring blastes
The loftie Pines, and to the Welkin casts
Millions of Mountaines from the waterie World,
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whorld:
The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
When wanton Zephyre sighing on the Field,
Enammels all; ...

VI, 781ff

There is some expression of the whirling wind undoing the lump-to-shape
process of creation. Is the paronomasia of world/whirled the source of Donne's
pun in "Riding Westward" and elsewhere? It is apparent that Sylvester does not absolutely distinguish between a poetic language with technical or scientific application and one with application to nature. Benificent wind can be of practical value:

Now, as the Winde huffing upon a Hill  
With roaring breath against a readie Mill,  
Whirles with a whiffe the sailes of selling clout,  
The sailes doo swing the winged shaft about,  
The shaft the wheele, the wheele the trendle turnes,  
And that the stone which grinds the flowerie cornes:  
IV, 321ff

Sylvester's whale, we recall, also huffs. This kind of duality — as between the wind and a whale — in Divine Weeks in part explains its ability to run with the metaphysical hare, so to speak, and hunt with the Augustan hound.

But the pleasance will not admit of harsher nature, obviously, unless it be as a visual image to stimulate relative contentment. As long as the pleasance is isolated or fenced in fact from the experience of harshness, such harshness is of no serious account. In Divine Weeks the grove tolerates harsh elements normally when it is found in a vale between two cliffs: the wind can rage above and scrawny trees may flop about in it, "hanging" from "craggy" rocks, but the grassie spot in the shaded vale remains almost untouched:

Heere Pines, there Oakes, torne by tempestuous wrath:  
Heere, from a craggie Rocks steep-hanging bosse  
(Thrumb'd halfe with Ivie, halfe with crisped Mosse)  
A silve Brooke in broken streames doth gush,  
And head-long downe the horned Cliffe doth rush;  
Then winding thence above and under ground,  
A goodly Garden it bemoateth round:  
VII, 15ff

The antithesis of this passage goes to show the multifariousness of nature in Du Bartas' conception, that next to the ideal pleasance is the ideal picture of harsh nature; and moreover, in Virgilian fashion, statically to evoke a rushing
The craggy scene must be seductive to the painter ensconced in the "goodly Garden". It is itself non-paradisiacal. In fallen nature Adam suffers from it until Eve's artifice gives him a "painted Garment" and renders him "Peacock-like" (Handy-Crafts, 167f):

But while that Adam (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbes for mutuall nourishment,
While craggy mountains, Rocks, and thorny plaines,
And bristlie Woods be witness of his paines:
Eve ... makes a medlie Coate so rare
That it resembles Natures mantle faire,
When in the sun, in pompe all glistering,
She seemes with smiles to wooe the gawdie Spring.

Handy-Crafts, 141ff

In his dress Man tries to return to the variegated bliss of continual spring.

But there lurks always a post lapsarian menace in the craggy scene (see Decay, 835ff, a simile which no doubt remembers Homer). Compare Chamberlaine:

We turn to view the stately Hils, that fence
The other side oth'happy Isle, from whence
All that delight or profit could invent
For rural pleasures was for prospect sent.
As Nature strove for something uncouth in
So fair a dress, the struggling streams are seen
With a loud murmur rowling 'mongst the high
And rugged clefts; one place presents the eye
With barren rudeness, whilst a neighbouring field
Sits cloathed in all the bounteous spring could yield;
Here lovely Landskips, where thou mightst behold.
When first the Infant Morning did unfold
The Dayes bright Curtains, in a spatious Green,
Which Nature curious Art had spread between
Two bushy Thickets, that on either hand
Did like the Fringe of the fair Mantle stand,
A timerous herd of grasing Deer, and by
Them in a shady Grove, through which the eye
Could hardly pierce, a wel-built Lodge, from whence
The watchful Keepers careful diligence
Secures their private walks; from hence to look
On a deep Valley, where a silver Brook,
Doth in a soft and busie murmur slide
Betwixt two Hils, whose shadows strove to hide
The liquid wealth they were made fruitful by
From ful discoveries of the distant eye ...
Where the more lofty Rock admits not these
Pharonida

92
4. Woven Nature: The Dance

In the Bartanian shady locus amoenus we have seen that things are woven tightly together. No English pleasance that I know of before Sylvester's is so intricately constructed — not even Spenser's. Sylvester's garden is like a fabric in texture, so various is it; but it is so patterned as to make a unified whole, when not of course viewed through a microscope. All of the objects of the place contribute to its intricacy, the trees, the rivers, the grass. In this phenomenon lies an important kind of language. In the real locus amoenus nothing is straight, but crooked, labyrinthine, literally evoking the story of Theseus and Ariadne (see 1, 107ff), mazy or mazing, and curling or curled. Any part of the scene may be used to exploit the larger concept Du Bartas has in mind, of the apparent intricacy — and hence inscrutability — of God's harmony to man. The pattern may first be seen in the description of vines and ivies that frequent the "unfrequented" grove:

... like a fruit-les, branch-les, sap-lesse Tree,
Or hollow Truncke, which only serves for staies
To crawling Ivie's weake and winding sprayes.
Fathers, 117ff

And it is ivy — appropriately — we might recall, that Adam forms into a "loose Jacquet":

Sometimes the Ivies climing stems they strip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:
And with green lace, in artificiall order
The wrinckled barke of th'Akorne-Tree doth border,
And with his armes th'Oakes slender twigs entwining
A many braunches in one tissue joyning,
Frames a loose Jacquet,...
Handy-Crafts, 131ff

Here the active intersticing agent of nature is comparable to the "artificiall" ordering of things by man. The natural force is the same one as that which
makes the leaves on trees "curl" (e.g., II, 534) or makes them "curled" (for its sense, Sylvester's use of the adjective anticipates the OED first citation by some twenty-eight years); that "winds" them or makes them "winding" (Magnificence, 964); and the same force as that which makes paths wind or rivers weave through a landscape. Milton's Paradise is just such a woven arbour:

Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-woven arborets and flowers
Emboidered on each bank, the hand of Eve:
Paradise Lost, IX, 434ff

Marvell's Upon Appleton House demonstrates just the twining quality of vines and ivy in Divine Weeks:

The oak-leaves me embroider all,
Between which caterpillars crawl;
And ivy, with familiar trails,
Me licks, and clasps, and curls, and hales.

587ff

and:

Bind me ye woodbines in your twines,
Curle me about ye gadding vines,
And, oh, so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place.
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And courteous briars, nail me through.

Here in the morning tie my chain,
Where the two woods have made a lane;
While like a guide on either side,
The trees before their Lord divide;
This like a long equal thread,
Betwixt two labyrinths does lead
609ff
Marvell is not merely remembering Milton's "Lycidas" here, where the "gadding Vine" is "o'regrown", but also Sylvester's Eden. Ambrose Philips explains the pleasure of the intricacy:

This place may seem for Shepherd's leisure made,
So close these Elms inweave their lofty shade;
The twining woodbine, how it climbs! to breath
Refreshing sweets around on all beneath;
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Through which the springing flower up-rears the head:
Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
Medly'd with daisies white and endive blue,
And honeysuckles of a purply dy,
Confusion gay! ...

Fourth Pastoral, Iff

Or we might equally go to Shenstone:

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
   Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
   And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
   Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
   Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
   But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
   But a sweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
   More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
   But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
   To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
   But I hasted and planted it there.
O how sudden the jessamine strove
   With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
   To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
   What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
   From thickets of roses that blow!

A Pastoral Ballad, pt. 2
The woven closeness of the elms and vines initiates and resembles the medly and gay confusion of the colours. The immediacy of Philips' springing flowers calls to mind Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book VII, where the stately trees rise "as in Dance" (324), after the vine:

Forth flourished thick the clustring Vine, forth crept  
The swelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed  
Embattled in her field: add the humble shrub  
And bush with frizl'd hair implicit:  

The lines themselves splendidly overgrow, the metre climbing to the ambiguously conclusive "implicit". The bush has "frizzled hair".

The noun, adjective, verb "curl(ed)" are surely one of Sylvester's important gifts to poetic diction, even though the word is scarcely new to the language or even to poetry. Its application to natural description in *Divine Weeks* would seem to derive from the word's use in descriptions of hair. Spenser for instance uses the adjective in this context in *Faerie Queene*, Book I, iv, 14. The adjective "curled" is not used figuratively until late in the sixteenth century and not with reference to leaves until in *Divine Weeks*. Though *Divine Weeks* need not be associated with Chapman's "breaks the waves in curls" (*Odyssey*, XXIII) — the image is strictly Homeric — in his use of this particular noun in connection with water Chapman is possibly aware of its frequent occurance in a similar context in *Divine Weeks*. One hundred years later Thomas Parnell can write of the waters which in "swift ruffling circles curl on every side" (*The Hermit*). But the word in its poetic, natural use seems to derive from consistent personification of nature's inanimate participants, particularly trees, with their leaves that can be made to resemble curly locks of hair. Sylvester's description of Solomon's bride to be, Pharonida, having her hair combed, uses descriptive language that is fully consistent with the language of natural description:
Pharao's faire daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her Beauties Prime,
Was quentity dressing of her Tress-ful head
Which round about her to the ground did spred:
And, in a rich gold-seelt Cabinet,
Three Noble Mayds attend her in the feat;
One with a peece of double dented Box
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:
Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price,
Th'other with bodkin or with fingers nice,
Frizles and Furls in Curls and Rings a part;
The rest, loose dangling without seeming Art,
Wave to and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence.

Magnificence, 721ff

We might similarly note Trophies, 1068. As if by way of amplification of this kind of poetic language, Donne says almost caustically in "Verse Letter to Mr. I.L."

So may thy woods oft Poll'd yet ever weare
A greene, and when thee list, a golden hair.

An antique and easy personification in nature description is of course that of the sun. Its long association with Apollo can willingly adorn it with golden hair:

Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O're Memphis yet his golden tresse display,

Law, 585f

Or Phoebus first his golden locks displayed

VI, 88293

The picture of curled, golden locks is a picture of ideal beauty. In men it describes something Adonis-like: Du Bartas describes his Hebrew heroes of the Second Week in this way. Warriors can be seen as having most unwarlike hair. But as usual there is a difference between natural God-given artifice and human artifice. Here is one of several condemnations of court foppery:
No (Zeboin) heere are no Looking-Glasses
For Para-Nymphes to gaze their painted faces:
To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print,
Andcurle the Lock (with favours brayed in't):
No (Adamah) we spend not heere the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banqueting and Play:
Nor lastly (Zoar) is it heere the guise
Of silken Mock-Mars (for a Mistresse-Prize)
With Reed-like Launce, and with a blunted Blade,
To Championize under a Tented shade;
Vocation, 339ff

The analogy with para-nymphs is important; so is the "Tented shade", a Homeric thing. This kind of courtier lives in peace from the war that rages under the hot sun, under a tented shade; he is satirically appositional to the nymphs of the wood who live in the peace of the locus amoenus, having only to "gaze their" — significantly — "painted faces". So it is fully consistent with Du Bartas' style to invert the image and accoutre the garden with locks of all kinds. A tree is found to have a "tender-bearded root" (III, 285); grain is "Mustachoed":

Heere, for our food, Milions of flowerie graines,
With long Mustachoes wave upon the Plaines;

In this instance the mustache is accompanied by ornate, princely clothing:

Heere thousand Fleeces, fit for Princes Robes,
In Serean Forrests hang in silken Globes:
III, 799ff

There is that ever-present verb "hang" again, which Barfield connects with Virgil's pendere. The hair metaphor obviously enjoys the company of the dressing metaphor. But Sylvester's translation frequently gives grass or grain hair — as it shaves lawns (see Milton, "Il Penseroso", "smooth-shav'n green") — in part, as far as grain is concerned, because corn is eared. Grain, moreover, has an antique personificatory metonymy, Ceres:
As thick, or thicker then the Welkin poures
His candied drops upon the eares of Corne
Before that CERES yellow locks be shorne:

Law, 672ff

The metonymic personification makes better literal sense of the metaphor, but Sylvester avails himself of every opportunity to note (not number) the "tresses of a tufted plaine" (Decay, 975) in any case. It is both significant and coincidental to Du Bartas' conception of nature that Virgil had earlier referred to corn as "the bearded product" (Georgics, I, 113); Du Bartas' work is well aware of Virgil, but likes personified nature for different reasons as well. It is no good adorning a thing of nature with hair if it doesn't have something resembling hair: Sylvester's "hairy comet" is hairy for good reasons, but the metaphor of a hairy cloud is at first much more tenuous and artificial:

Ther muzled close Cloud-chasing Boreas,
And let loose Auster, and his lowring race,
Who soone set Toward with a dropping wing,
Upon their beard for every hair a spring,
A night of Clouds mufled their brows about,
Their watled Locks gust all in Rivers out,
And both their hands wringing thicke Clouds a-sunder,...

II, 1203ff

Here is the lifting, "dropping wing", like the fruitful "dropping" balms we have seen. From a godly perspective, I suppose, rain-dropping clouds can resemble a hairy being.

The nature word "curl" in Divine Weeks then descends from its application to hair. This is undoubtedly true also of the adjective "crispie" and the verb "crisp"; possibly of the adjective "waving", though the issues are much more complex. There is at any rate a relation between the intricate harmony of golden curly locks and of a curled grove. Petrarch shows us this:

"Erano i capei d'oro a l'aura sparsi
che'n ruille dolci nodi gli avolgea ..."
Her golden hair was loosed to the breeze
which turned it in a thousand sweet knots.

Canzoniere, 90

And these sweet love knots are in principle no different from the knotted grove.
Of like twofold application in Divine Weeks are the splendidly artificial words
"thrumm'd" (VII, 16) — taken up by Drayton in the Muses' Elysium, IV, 82 —
OED sense V2 tc, and "frizadoed" (Handy-Crafts, 580) with its secondary sense
of curled hair. From the connected word "frieze" come seventeenth century
offshoots, including "Frizz", the state of being curled, and the now common
"frizled".

Sylvester employs the words in both contexts. Spenser uses the transferred
epithet "curled head" (Faerie Queene, III, viii, 7); Sylvester's wintry woods (see
below) are "bald-pate" (but hills are easily bald of trees or grass as well;
Schism, 679), and Shakespeare possibly recalls the epithet in the transferred
though not otherwise figurative expression "make curled pate ruffians bald"
(Timon of Athens, IV, iii, 160). Sylvester's figurative use of such words is, I
believe, the first and among the most concentrated in English poetry. In
"whiffing winds do whirl/With wanton puffs their waving locks to curl" the
notion is lifted unchanged from Du Bartas' "leur cheveux ondoyantes".
Leishman points out an instance of the metaphor in French earlier than Du
Bartas', complete with the term "frisoit", subsequently used by Sylvester
and then by Milton:

Zephire seul soufflait de qui la douce haleine,
Frisoit mignardement les cheveus de laplaine.

But the metaphor is possibly antique. After Divine Weeks, Drayton writes of
"curled groves" and the "curled heads" of groves; Milton in "Arcades" also
refers to "curled groves". In Paradise Lost, IV, the hair metaphor is more
distinct:
She as aveil down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay.

304ff

Ben Jonson, following the Sylvestrian motif composes "curled woods and
painted meads" ("To Sir Robert Wroth", i7). William Browne repeats an epi-
thet verbatim in The Inner Temple Masque, "curl'd Tops"; and, in Britannia's
Pastorals, using an important verb we have already noticed, he has trees "nod
their curled heads". Drummond of Hawthornden writes, "The Zephyres curle
the greene Lockes of the Plaine". In Cleveland

And each leaf proudly strives with fresher aire,
To fan the curled tresses of thy hair;

— as if Phyllis' hair were the leaves of some tree. In Lovelace's Aramantha,
Aramantha's hair is an introduction to the description of Elysium:

So like the Provance Rose she walkt,
Flowerd with Blush, with Verdure stalkt;
Th'Officious Wind her loose Hayre Curles,
The Dewe her happy linnen purles,
But wets a Tresse, which instantly
Sol with a Crisping Beame doth dry.

Into the Garden is she come,
Love and Delights Elisiurn;
If ever Earth show'd all her store,
View her discoloured budding Floore;
Here her glad Eye she largely feedes,
And stands 'mongst them, as they 'mong weeds;

We might remember Sylvester's description of Jezebel (Decay, 84ff), quoted
above. Or this stylised description of hair (Mercury's) at Solomon's wedding
feast:
Light Fumitorie, Parsly, Burnets blade
And winding leaf his crispie Locks beshade.
Hee's light and lively, al in Turnz and Tricks;
In his great Round, hee many small doth mixe:
His giddy Course seems wandring in disorder,
And yet there's found in this disorder, order.  

_Magnificence, 963ff_

Indeed. In "Arcades" (46-7) Milton's grove does everything but dance — "curl the grove/With Ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove;" — but we may recall that in *Paradise Lost* the trees of the grove of Paradise appear to dance. They are — as in *Paradise Lost*, Book IV, 140 — ranked, but the ranking appears labyrinthine, like a complex dance.

Music as an analogue to the disordered order of things we have already seen; from it stems dancing, a similar analogue. Elyot, in his *Booke of the Governour*, explains the analogy in one respect:

Now because there is no pastime to be compared to that wherein may be founden both recreation and meditation of virtue, I have among all honest pastimes wherein is exercise of the body noted dancing to be of an excellent utility, comprehending in it wonderful figures, or as the Greeks do call them Ideae, of virtues and noble qualities, and specially of the commodious virtue called prudence, whom Tully defineth to be the knowledge of things which ought to be desired and followed and also of them which ought to be fled from or eschewed.

A perfect sensibility for Du Bartas' lessonal and analogical nature. In 1594? Sylvester's friend and fellow Du Bartas enthusiast, John Davies, wrote a poem about dancing, the universal dancing of God's creation in all its multifariousness: at one point Davies compares dancing to the winding path of Homer's river, Meander:

Of all their ways I love Meander's path,  
Which to the tunes of dying swans doth dance.  
Such winding sleights, such turns and tricks he hath,  
Such creeks, such wrenches, and such dalliance,
That, whether it be hap or heedless chance,
In his indented course and wriggling play
He seems to dance a perfect cunning hay.

Orchestra, st. 53

The winding diction is impressive. Tillyard suggests that Davie’s owes the poem to Elyot; I suggest he owes it directly to Du Bartas. In the Second Day, on the ever-changing nature of the universe, Du Bartas describes the cause of this change in the following terms:

As Country Maydens in the Month of May,
Merrily sporting on a Holy-day,
And lustie dauncing of a lively Round,
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes sound;
Hold hand in hand, so that the first is fast,
By means of those betweene, unto the last.

This is the interplay of the four elements, described in terms of dancing. Of Davies’ winding dance, "What could be fresher", says Tillyard, "than indented course or wriggling play?" Indeed, what? In the Magnificence, after the elaborate meal at Solomon’s wedding feast comes a painstakingly and emblematically described dance. The scene would be worth quoting fully but that it covers some two hundred lines. It begins:

The Tables voyded of their various Cates,
They rise at once; and suiting their Estates,
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they come
Into a stately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and light-some that it (right) they call
The Universall, or The Worlds great Hall.
O what delight, to see so rich a Showe
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a Rowe,
All in a Round reaching so far and wide
O’re all the Hall to foot-it side by side!

Here for the first time is the germ of an explanation — in analogy — of how Sylvester’s grove can be both ranked and labyrinthine, and of how both qualities
are passed on to seventeenth century poetry. The dancing of the "Estates" in this universal hall is akin to the dancing of all the ranked objects of nature. The motion of the dancing partly explains Sylvester's language of the motion of the Spheres, fish, and birds:

'Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth slyding,
All move a-like, after the Musicks guiding:
Their Tun'skilled feet in so true time doo fall,
That one would swear one Spirit doth bear them all:
They poste un-mooving; and though swift they passe
'Tis not perceived: of hundred thousand pase,
One single back they: Round on Round they dance;
And, as they traverse, cast a fruitfull glance.

Then the dancers are described; and they are like pictures of nature in their costumery. They of course signify the planets and the heavenly movements of the heavens. The first is Saturn:

Heer trips an old-man in a Mantle dy'd
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd
With a Snake-girdle byting off her tayl.
Within his Robe's stuff (in a wynding trayl)
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue, and Hellebore;

These are earthly things associated with Saturn; but they are also an image of closely woven nature. The description of dancing Venus is reminiscent of the Garden of Love represented earlier in the Magnificence. But again the embroidery of the costume matches the embroidery of the dance:

Tell us, what art thou, o thou fairest fair,
That trimm'st the Trammels of thy golden hair,
With Mirtle, Thyme, and Roses; and thy Brest
Gird'ft with a rich and odoriferous Cest,
Where all the wanton brood of sweetest Loves
Doo nestle close; on whom the Turtle-Doves,
Pigeons, and Sparrowes day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing, wherso'er thou wend:
Whose Robe's imbrodered with Pomgranet boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryl rowes:
Whose capering foot, about the starrie floor,
The Dance-guide Prince, now followes, now's before?

We have already seen the disordered order of Mercury's dance, in which his hair resembles the course of his dance, winding. Finally Solomon and Pharonida are described as the sun and the moon, she wearing a "Garland braided with the Flowrie folds/Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-golds", etc..., and he bearing a swan with a new song, and the statutory phoenix on his garment, as well as a lion and eagle, and so on, the whole thing resembling Dunbar's elaboration of the Thistle in "The Thistle and the Rose". Then they dance:

These happy Lovers, with a practiz'd pace
For-ward and back-ward and a-side do trace;
They seem to dance the Spanish Pavane right:
And yet their Dance, so quick and lively-light,
Doth never passe the Baldricks bounds (at al)
Which grav'n with Star-Beasts over-thwarts the Hall.

When the brave Bride-groom towards Mount Silo traces,
A thousand Flowers spring in his spright-ful pases:
When towards Mount Olivet he slides, there growses
Under his Feet a thousand Frosty Snowes:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures ever,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.

Sylvester uses once again the verb of motion, "slide"; the world underneath is once again as woven as the dance.

It is this splendid scene that Davies imitates in Orchestra. From Snyder's dating, (though I have my doubts), the likelihood is that Davies follows Du Bartas' original. In Davies everything dances an ordered disorder, the sea, the land, the skies; and, from Du Bartas, the world's inhabitants. Davies reproduces Du Bartas' image of the "ranked" cranes (V, 859ff) in a stanza which expresses the measuring of nature:
'Hark how the birds do sing, and mark then how,  
Jump with the modulation of their lays,  
They lightly leap and skip from bough to bough;  
Yet do the cranes deserve a greater praise,  
Which keep such measure in their airy ways  
As when they all in order ranked are  
They make a perfect form triangular.

st. 57

Earlier in the poem Davies imitates Du Bartas' treatment of creation out of chaos, stating overtly the pun ("world"/"whirled") that is, we recall, in Sylvester; that is apparent indirectly in Du Bartas; and which is taken up by Donne. But the description of the ranking of cranes follows closely upon the allusion to the winding ways of Meander, stressing altogether the maze-like order of the universe. The dancing metaphor seems to be in unequivocal imitation, throughout Orchestra. But the Meander comparison is especially relevant to the poetry of natural description as it has been unfolding in this chapter. Davies' dance, like Meander's motion, is full of "winding sleights", "turns and tricks", "creeks", "wrenches", "indented course", "wriggling play". This conception too owes in poetry to Les Semaines, where nature is seen to dance in a meander-like path, or in a mazy, labyrinthine path. The two become almost equivalent, so that by the eighteenth century John Philips can create a dancing image in which "... hand in hand/They frisk, and bound, and various Mazes weave" (Cyder II, in 408-26). Measured dancing features in Homer as well, but it is only in Pope's translation that we find "To measured Airs the mazy dance" (Odyssey, I, 200).

It is not merely the plants that wind in the pleasances, but the rivers, in an elaborate dance of eloquence. The development of the analogy is important: natural harmony = music and dancing = eloquence = painting and all human artifice. Du Bartas personifies Eloquence twice in Les Semaines. The second and best developed personification occurs in the Trophies, with respect to David; and the developed Eloquence is firmly described in terms of a flowing river. Here is Sylvester's version:
... Now, like a Queen (for Cost)
In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imbost
With Precious Stones: neat, Citty-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or Silke, or Chamlet puts sheen:
Anon, more like some handsome Shepheardesse,
In courser Cloathes shee doth her cleanly dresse:
What e're she wear, WOoll, Silke or Gold, or Gems,
Or Course or Fine; still like herSelf she seems;
FAire, MODEst, CHEerfull, fitting time and place,
IILLustring all even with a HEav'n-like grace.
Like proud lowd Tigris (ever swiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plaines thou powr'st a Flood of gold:
Now, like thy Jordan, (or Meander-like)
Round-wynding nimbly with a manie-Creek,
Thou runn'st to meet thy Self's pure streams behind thee,
Mazing the Meads where thou dost turn and winde-thee,
Anon, like Cedron, through a straighter Quill,
Thou strainest out a little Brooke or Rill;
But yet, so sweet, that it shall ever bee
Th'immortal Nectar to Posteritie:
So clear, that Poesie (whose pleasure is
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Mysteries)
Her chastest feathers in the same shal dip,
And deaw with-all her choicest workmanship:

_Trophies_, 977ff

The connection, I suppose, relies on an old metaphor; Dante and later Gavin
Douglas refer to Virgil as a "flood" of eloquence. With this conception of
poesy it is not surprising to see water figure so importantly in the nature
poetry of the ensuing seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Turner remarks
the importance of water to one line landscape descriptions in _Paradise Lost_.
Talking about Milton's habit of noting water imagery, he reminds us: "in his
marginalia on William Browne, Milton picked out examples of 'the power of
water' ". Davies obviously knew the above passage from _Les Semaines_,
and remembered it in his _Orchestra_. The bold internal rhyme introducing the
river Tigris, suggests power; and the mild Jordan on the other hand, with its
description running in syllables one word into another, its windings almost
paradoxically turning backward on itself — Meander-like — lie behind Davies
dancing metaphor, and the river imagery. In Gray's analysis of poesy a
century and a half later winding rivers bespeak Eloquence in the same way:
Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.
"Progress of Poesy", lff

The language is plainly of a Sylvestrian cast. And throughout Divine Weeks the prelapsarian and the locus amoenus are defined by their seemingly lost circling rivers, while the fallen world is marked by its roaring rivers. Both Sylvester and Davies make use of the word "creek" (= bends, windings) possibly never used before them in connection with Rivers. Shakespeare shows himself aware of the pictorial possibilities, at any rate, of the crooked landscape, in Comedy of Errors, IV, ii: "One that countermands the passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands". A similar word, one employed commonly in river description in Divine Weeks is Douglas', and Phaer's "crook" — "Through lanes and crookes and darkness most we past" (Aeneid, II). Sylvester's word "mazing" is new in the language as a transitive verb. Divine Weeks uses such verbs, turns them into adjectives and nouns, and turns nouns like "crook" into verbs and adjectives like "crooked" and "crooking". Finally of singular importance is the link with Meander, a proper noun transferred in Sylvester into verb and adjective as I have seen no where else before.

Water dominates the pleasance. In the beginning, water was before land according to Genesis, but eventually slid back and defined land, feeding it and separating it, indeed "fencing" the paradisiacal landscape. Sylvester's account of the event is rich in its curvilinear description:
Lo, thus the waightie Water did yer while  
With winding turnes make all this world an Ile.  
For like as moulten Lead being powred forth  
Upon a levell plot of sand or earth,  
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;  
Runnes heere direct, thear crookedly doth goe,  
Heere doth divide it selfe, there meets againe;  
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vaine,  
On the smooth table crawling like a worme,  
Almost (in th'instant) everie forme doth forme:  
God powr'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground  
In sundrie figures; some, in fashion round,  
Some square, som crosse, some long, some lozenge-wise  
Some triangles, some large, some lesser size;  
Amid the Floods, by this faire difference,  
To give the World more wealth and excellence.  
Such is the Germane Sea, such Persian Sine,  
Such th'Indian Gulfe, and such th'Arabian Brine,  
And such our Sea: whose divers-brancht retorsions  
Devide the World in three unequall Portions.  
And though, each of these Armes (how large soever)  
To the great Ocear seemses a little River:  
Each makes a hundred sundrie Seas besides,  
Not sundrie in waters, but in Names and Tides:  
To moisten kindly by their secret Vaines,  
The thirstie thicknes of the neighbour Plaines:  
To bullwarke Nations, and to serve for Fences  
Against th 'invasion of ambitious Princes:  
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:  
To further Trafficke through all earthly climates:  
T'abridge long Journeys; and with aide of Winde  
Within a month to visite eyther Inde.  

III, 71ff

Water's capacity to overwhelm is here given, much as a film negative is to a positive, a defining capacity and a distributive one. And from the moment of definition the river not only circles and bounds kingdoms but distinguishes a "green and pleasant land" from a strifeful one. The political ramifications we will examine later. But Sylvester's treatment of the winding waters of the locus amoenus becomes a model for seventeenth and eighteenth century poetry, even when the moral significance of the winding is lost, even when it becomes just a stylised picture and not the picture of nature's intricate harmony. Here are some of Sylvester's rivers:
See heere the pattern of a silver Brooke
Which in and out on the azure stage doth crooke,
Columns, 421f

There sees he th'Ocean-peoples plenteous broods;
And shifting courses of the Ebbs and Floods,
Which, with inconstant glaunces (night and day)
The lower Planets forked froth doth sway.
Anon, upon the flowerie Plaines he lookes,
Laced about with snaking silver brookes.
VII, 65ff

Then winding thence above and under ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
VII, 19f

Anon he stalketh with an easie stride
By some cleere river's lillie-paved side,
Whose sandes pure gold, whose pebbles precious gernmes,
And liquid silver all the curling streames:
Whose chiding murmur mazing in and out,
With crystall cesternes moates a mead about:
Eden, 519ff

He falls asleep fast by a silent river:
Whose captive streames through crooked pipes still rushing,
Make sweeter musicke ...
 Eden, 542ff

The winding Rivers bordred all their banks
III, 552

Much like a fountaine, whose devided Water
Itselfe dispersing into hundred Brooks,
Bathes some faire Garden with her winding Crooks.
For, as these Brooks thus branching round about
Make here the Pincke, there th'Aconite to sprout,
Heere the sweet Plumb-tree, the sharpe Mulbery there,...
VI, 710ff

Thou makest Rivers the most deadlie-deepe
To lobstarize (back to their source to creep )
Captains, 609-10
Perhaps most notable of the river images is that which comes in the Sixth Day, where the windings of the human ears are compared first to a trumpet and other instruments, then to a winding river. In Divine Weeks the ear is a "double laberinth" (VI, 618); here finally, Sylvester turns their maziness into that of English Rivers in an interpolation from Du Bartas. The passage is:

Snailing their hollow entries so a-sloape,
That while the voice about those windings wanders,
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd Meanders
(As from a Trumpet, Winde hath longer life,
Or, from a Sagbut, then from Flute or Fife:
Or, as a noise extendeth farre and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Rivers; or with broken trouble
Betweene the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double)
And that no sodaine sound, with violence
Piercing direct the Organs of this Sence,
Should stun the Braine, but through these Mazie holes
Conveigh the voice more softly to our Soules:
As th'Ouse, that crooking in and out, doth runne
From Stonie-Stratford towards Huntington,
By Royall Amptill; rusheth not so swift,...

VI, 626ff

Sylvester's translation of Eloquence, Solomon's dance feast, and this series of similes, it seems to me, exert a dramatic influence on the natural description of succeeding poetry. Gorges' translation of Lucan (I, 14) for instance suggests that "Trumpets are Meandry throats". There is William Browne in Book II, Song 2 of Britannia's Pastorals —

the slimy Snayle
Might on the wainscot, (by his many mazes
Winding Meanders and selfe knitting traces)
Be follow'd,...

— and Phineas Fletcher in the Purple Island (V, 38, 39, 44). The use of the word Meander as transferred verb and noun and adjective is immediate and everywhere after Divine Weeks. If the proper noun is not transferred, its
motion is described in strictly Sylvestrian terms, as with Fairfax's Tasso:

As through his chanell crookt Meander glides  
With turnes and twines, and rowles now to now fro,  
Whose streames run foorth there to the salt sea sides,  
Here back returne, and to their springward go:  
Such crooked pathes, such waies this pallace hides;  
Yet all the maze their map described so,  
That through the labyrinth they got in fine,  
As Theseus did by Ariadnes line.  

XVI, 8

Nashe (Lenten Stuffe, 14) and Thomas Browne (Pseudo Ep. VI, viii) use the noun with respect to rivers. Drayton writes: "Rivery veines, Meander-like that glide" (Poly Olbion, X, 94) and "Those armes of sea ... by their meandered creeks indenting of that land" (Poly Olbion, I, 158). And Drayton regards his river as a dancing one:

... this minean Flood of mine  
Next takes into her traine, cleare Wiske, a wanton Gyrle,  
As though her watry path were pav'd with Orient Pearl,  
So wondrous sweet she seemes, in many a winding Gyre,  
As though she Gambolds made, or as she did desire,  
Her Labrynth-like turnes, and mad meandred trace ...

Poly Olbion,

Drummond of Hawthornden turns the noun into a verb in "Tears at the Death of Moeliades", but retains the simile elsewhere, having his river sport as if it were dancing:

When I, in simple Course, free from all Cares,  
Farre from the muddie Worlds captivating Snares,  
By Ora that sports her like to old Meander,  
A Floud more worthie Fame and Lasting Praise  
Than that which Phaetons Fall so high did raise:  
Into whose mooving Glass the Milk-white Lillies ....

Poems I, Song 1, 9ff
In Du Bartas' *locus amoenus* and Paradise, we might note, "never gutter
gorging durty muds,/Defild the cristall of smooth-sliding flouds" (*Eden*, 105f).
Later in the same poem Drummond describes his lady's breasts, and the river
imagery is meandery:

Two foaming Billowes flowed upon her Brest,
Which did their tops with coral red encrest:
There all about as Brookes them sport at leisure,
With Circling Branches veines did swell in Azure:
Within those Crookes are only found those Isles
Which *Fortunate* the dreaming old World Stiles.

Poems 1, Song 1, 129ff

Drummond repeats this kind of diction in still another song about ideal nature:

... her Flouds her christall Brookes
(The Meadowes tongues) with many maz-like Crookes,
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the Maine,
That Worlds pure Age returned is againe.

Poems 11, Song 1, 113ff

The connection of Drummond's brooks with Eloquence suggests a lively aware-
ness of *Divine Weeks*. Years after his own early work, and after Drummond,
Drayton still likes the crooked river image, and still likes the dancing metaphor:

Rills rising out of every bank
In wild meanders strain,
and playing many a wanton prank
Upon the speckled palin,
In Gambols and lascivious gyres
Their time they still bestow,
Nor to the fountaines none retires;
Nor on their course will go

Those brooks with lillies bravely decked,
So proud and wanton made
That they take their courses quite neglect,
And seem as though they stayed

The Description of Elysium,
Muses' Elizium, 49ff
When Richard Corbett decides to flout the canon of winding rivers, praising "streight-even Trent" he nonetheless has the river menaced by the "curld wood":

The ground wee tread is meadow fertile land,
New trimm'd, and leveld by the Mowers hand,
Above it grewe a rooke, rude, steepe and high,
Which claims a kind of Rev'rence from the Eye:
Betwixt them both there slides a lively streame,
Not loud, but swift: Meander was a Theame
Crooked and rough, but had those Poets seen
Streight-even trent, it had unmortall beene;
This side the open plaine admits the Sunne,
To halfe the River which did open runne;
The other halfe ranne clouds, where the curl'd wood
With his exalted head threatened the flood. 108

William Browne has an acute sense of the intricacy of the image, and in this respect follows Sylvester closely:

... as Tavy creeps upon
The western vales of fertile Albion,
Here dashes roughly on an aged rock,
That his intended passage doth up-lock;
There intricately 'mongst the woods doth wander,
Losing himself in many a wry meander:
Here amorously bent, clips some fair mead;
And then dispersed in rills, doth measures tread
Upon her bosom 'mongst her flowry ranks:

[Britannia's Pastorals, I, 2, 715ff]

The personification here, makes the Tavy seem like someone lost in some tightly woven forest with no way out and no path. The notion of such a forest is indeed old. With a similar notion Homer speaks of "pathless seas" (a commonplace); Du Bartas repeats this notion in connection with the sea ("pathless paths", Handy-Crafts, 159), and Sylvester refers mysteriously to the "unknown surges of so vaste a sea" (Colonies, 121). At the end of the Odyssey Homer pictures an "unfrequented bay" (Pope, XXIV, 359); and, most importantly, in Odyssey, IX, 136, "pathless thicket". We might compare Sylvester's good double image, "Through pathless paths in unacquainted regions" (V, 188). In his
translation of the Aeneid, Douglas has a "valle in a crukeyt glen/Ganad for
slycht tyll enbusch armyt men" (XI, 10, 83). The thicket that Aeneas encoun-
ters in Book VI is more apposite, doubtless influenced in Dryden's translation
by the English tradition:

Nor far from thence he graved the wondrous maze,
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways.
VI, 382

The connection of the intricate thicket with the labyrinth is an old topos.
In Chretien de Troyes' Erec and Enide, the garden is a labyrinth in perpetual
spring, waiting to trap questing knights. Trissino's garden is evilly an horrible
knot:

... che siam venuti
Per selve, e spine, e per sentieri amari
A trarvi fuor di questo orribil nodo?
L'Italia Liberata dai Goti, V, 360ff

And this is how Sylvester introduces Du Bartas' labyrinthine Eden to English
poetry:

Musing, anon through crooked walkes he wanders,
Round-winding ringes, and intricate Meanders,
False-guiding pathes, doubtfull beguiling strayes,
And right-wrong errors of an end-lesse Maze.
Not simplie hedged with a single border
Of Rosemarie cut out with curious order,
In Satyrs, Centaures, Whales, and halfe-men-Horses,
And thousand other counterfaited corses:
Eden, 349ff

The parallel is between God's intricate Garden and the labyrinthine gardens
fashionably sculpted by gardeners in the sixteenth century. This is yet
another side of the intricate model that Sylvester provides seventeenth and
eighteenth century poetry. Naturally, Sylvester's Heber later finds himself
walking "Through path-les paths" with "wandring steps" (Columns, 567).
Phineas Fletcher refers, in the Purple Island, to "erring footsteps" (III, 4; X, 18).
William Chamberlaine is conscious of the beasts that inhabit Sylvester's woven Eden but takes the intricacy of the metaphor to a different conclusion:

... that civil Wilderness,
The pathless woods and ravenous beasts within
Whose bulk were but the Metaphors for sin.
Pharonnida

Du Bartas has no scruples about the image, and refers to the "unfrequented Aire" (V, 645). Milton refers to an "unfrequented place" (Samson Agonistes, 17) and, possibly recalling Sylvester, to the "pathless way" of heaven ("Il Penseroso", 70). The idea appeals to Marvell who speaks of the "watry maze" of the ocean ("Bermudas", 6), and whose lovers in "Clorinda and Damon" view an "unfrequented Cave"; and this is like the spacious hall that leads to Astraea in Beaumont's Salmacis and Hermaphrodite — a work indebted to Divine Weeks:

At length, with much ado, he pass'd them all,
And entering straight unto a spacious Hall,
Full of dark angles and of hidden ways,
Crooked meanders; infinite delays.
175ff

And the image does not die in English poetry. Pope's Windsor Forest is a "Pathless Grove" (168). Wordsworth takes it up in one of the Lucy poems, "She dwelt among the untrodden ways"; and Kipling later says, "But there is no way through the Wood".

Du Bartas' image of Adam wandering through a maze-like Eden, living on this wandering almost capriciously, relates I think to the dancing metaphor as indeed does the existence of every animal and plant in the Garden. Adam's toil in Eden is like a dance; the verbs used in the simile are significantly verbs of natural description:
In briefe, it was a plesant exercise,  
A labour like't, a paine much like the guise  
Of cunning dancers, who although they skip,  
Run, caper, vault, traverse, and turne, and trip,  
From morne till even, at night againe full merry,  
Renew their dance, of dancing never weary.  
   Eden, 313ff

Eden is a working paradise, a model for the working Paradise of Milton's  
Paradise Lost, IV, 625ff where everything is "bestrewn". This labyrinthine dance  
parallels but is not a metaphor for the dance of sin (wandering from the "straight  
and narrow"). Adam is not yet "treading sinnes false, mazie measures" (Eden,  
499). Rather the analogue should be with the saving capacity of Ariadne's  
winding thread in the maze and above all with the intricate, inscrutable  
ordering of God's creation, as in the intricate harmony of music and dance. 110  

Marvell conveniently brings the winding river and the winding path — for  
they are really much the same, both dancers — back together:

Here in the morning tie my chain,  
Where the woods have made a lane;  
While, like a guard on either side,  
The trees before their Lord divide;  
This, like a long and equal thread,  
Betwixt two labyrinths does lead.  
But, where the floods did lately drown,  
There at the evening stake me down.

For now the waves are fall'n and dried,  
And now the meadows fresher dyed;  
Whose grass, with moister color dashed,  
Seems as green silks but newly washed.  
No serpent new nor crocodile  
Remains behind our little Nile;  
Unless itself you will mistake,  
Among these meads the only snake.

See in what wanton harmless folds  
It everywhere the meadow holds;  
And yet its muddy back doth lick,  
Till as a crystal mirror slick;  
Where all things gaze themselves, and no doubt  
If they be in it or without.  
   Upon Appleton House, 617ff
And Milton again defines the intricate order of the locus amoenus, vividly remembering Sylvester's comparison of the flowing water to running lead; and Milton situates it in Paradise:

Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Passed underneath engulfed, for God had thrown  
That mountain as his garden mould high rais'd  
Upon the rapid current, which through veins  
of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Watered the garden; thence united fell  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now divided in to four main streams,  
Runs divers, wandering many a famous realme  
And country whereof here needs no account,  
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,  
How from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,  
Rowling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendant shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed  
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art  
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon  
Poured forth profuse on hill and dale and plaine,  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbrowned the noontide bowers: Thus was this place,  
A happy rural seat of various view;  
Paradise Lost, IV, 223ff

Coleridge's "Kublai Khan", a poem in some respects about eloquence, by a poet who knew and liked Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas, dovetails this discussion into the literary revolt of Romanticism. Coleridge writes boldly, "Five miles meandering with a mazy notion" (25).

The picture is complete, and the Eloquence, so that now Meander does musically equal the swans that sing from its waters, as happens in Broome's tribute to Pope's Odyssey:

To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;  
Here rowls a torrent, there Meanders play;  
Sonerous as the storm thy numbers rise,...
There remain just a few points that might be made generally about the pleasance in *Divine Weeks*. One is a tactile quality; one olfactory; one an aural quality; and one a re-emphasis of the pictorial quality of nature description in *Sylvester*. To begin with it should be noted that there is a heaviness about the pleasance, that the garden hangs or dangles with "oerlade", "dropping" fruit. The weight is both verbal and epithetical, and anticipates some of the finest tactile nature imagery in the language in Keats' ode "To Autumn". Countering the weight of fruition is the perfumed lightness of the air. Who can but think that behind Milton's

... now gentle gales  
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense  
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmie spoiles.  

*Paradise Lost*, IV, 156ff

lies *Sylvester's*

... sweet Gardens, and delicious Bowers  
Perfuming heav'n with odoriferous flowers,  

*Ark*, 547ff

In the Garden the river or brook "gushes", "tumbles", "gurgles", "purls", and "murmurs" by a mossy bank. The sound quality of these words is always onomatopoeic. The sounds that accompany the *locus amoenus* are usually soft, offering the ideal place for a visitor to sleep:

To summon timely sleepe, he doth not need  
*Aethyops* cold Rush, nor drowsie *Poppie-seed*;  
Nor keepe in consort (as Mecaenas did)  
Luxurious Villaines (Viols I should have said)  
But on greene Carpets thrum 'd with mossie Bever,  
Frendging the round skirts of his winding River,  
The streames milde murmure, as it gently gushes,  
His healthie limbes in quiet slumber hushes.  

*III*, 1091ff
The metaphorical language is as soft and luxurious as the plush "greene Carpets". Often the luxuriant river springs from a cave, yet another feature of the locus amoenus, as in this remarkable passage on the attentive River Jordan:

Hoar-headed Jordan neatly lodged was
In a large Cave built all of beaten Glasse,
Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The Nymphes (his Daughters) rarely had embosst
With Pearles and Rubies, and in-lay'd the rest
With Nacre checks, and Corall of the best:
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sunne,
With tribute silver to his service runne:
There IRIS, AUSTER, and Clouds blewly-black
Continually their liquor leave and take:
There th'aged Flood lay'd on his mossie bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Upon a Tuffe, where th'eating waves incroach,
Did gladly waite for ISRAELS approach:
Each haire he hath is a quick-flowing streame,
His sweat the gushing of a storme extreame,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:
His weake gray eyes are alwaies seepto weepe,
About his loignes a rush-Belt weares he deepe,
A Willow Wreathe about his wrinkled browes,
His Father NEREUS his complexion showes.

The laborious personification is as those of frequent water personifications of Divine Weeks, often connected with periphrases. We see once more in the lines the capacity for water to curl in itself, as intricate in itself as the fields, the meadows, the pleasance, in fact, a "watery plain"; so that all, like John Gay, may later write that the "watry plain in wrinkles flows" (Rural Sports, 222). Sylvester's cave is like that house formed by the trees and branches in the groves of Divine Weeks; we may recall the cave described in the Garden of Eden, quiet, "fring'd", the source of a silent river (Eden, 535ff). Sylvester's cave of Morpheus, probably from Ovid, Metamorphoses, XI, 590ff, contains some of the finest abstractions in the work —
Then solitary Morpheus gently rockt:
And nastie Sloath self-pyned, and poorly-frockt
Irresolute, unhandsome, comfortlesse,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppie, and dooth presse
The yellow Night-shade, and blew Gladiols juice,
Where-with her sleep-swole heavie lids she glewes.

and paints colours only in dreams, for the cave is full of a "black fume":

Fantastike swarmes of Dreames there hovered,
Greene, red, and yellow, tawnie, black, and blew;

Fountains do not figure prominently in Du Bartas' pleasance, nor in Sylvester's. Du Bartas recognises their recuperative value in the real world (Sylvester, III, 245-300), and indicates that the source of the river of the pleasance is usually a cave or a fountain (e.g., Sylvester, VI, 710ff). The personificatory value of fountains is scarcely realised in Du Bartas; Sylvester will have eyes distilling tears but could hardly be said to be a model for the "her eyes two fountains" motif of Shakespeare for instance or Crashaw, who carryes it to its absurdest conclusion in "The Weeper".

II. Nature Fallen

At length my chariot wheele about the mark hath found the way,
And at their weery races end, my breathlesse horses stay.
The woork is brought too end by which the author did account
(And rightly) with eternall fame above the starres too mount,
For whatsoever hath bene writ of auncient tyme in greeke
By sundry men dispersedly, and in the latin eeke,
Of this same dark Philosophie of turned shapes, the same
Hath Ovid into one whole masse in this booke brought in frame.
Fowre kynd of things in this his worke the Poet dooth conteyne.
That nothing under heaven dooth ay in stedfast state remayne.
And next that nothing perisheth: but that echo substance takes
Another shape than that it had. Of their twoo points he makes
The proof by shewing through his woorke the wonderfull exchaunge
Of Goddes, men, beasts, and elements, too sundry shapes right straunge,
Beginning with creation of the world, and man of slyme,  
And so proceeding with the turnes that happened till his tyme.  
Golding, Epistle dedicatory to Metamorphosis

"Must England still the Scene of Changes be,  
Tost and Tempestuous like our ambient Sea?"  
Dryden, Prologue to The Unhappy Favourite (1682)

"Our Land's an Eden, and the Main's our Fence,  
While we preserve our state of Innocence,"  
Dryden, Prologue to The Unhappy Favourite

1. The Metamorphic Principle

Hulse's work on the metamorphic principle of English Renaissance poetry has put Du Bartas' Les Semaines in a new light for me. For it is concerned with history in contrast to prelapsarian non-history. It is, moreover, concerned with impossible change versus and together with change as part of the vital forces of necessity (see Eden, 619ff). Throughout Les Semaines there is metaphoric emphasis laid on the capacity of a tree to be like a human, as a human is like an island or a river. Metaphor can animate or make static. It should be of no surprise to us to see Du Bartas, and then Sylvester, making the most of a Bible story of metamorphosis. In the transfiguration of Lot's wife we find a medley of physical images; the comparison that is most of note is that of Lot's transformed wife to ice. Ice and water illustrate the metamorphic capacity of nature, elsewhere Sylvester calls water "liquid ice" ( ). Lot's wife congealed and her tears turn into pearls. This terminology argues a complex awareness of three natural states (and the transcendent properties of evaporation and distillation), especially as active in the seasonal changes of nature.
This Ice creepes-up, and ceaseth not to num,
Till even the marrow hard as bones become,
The braine be like the scull, the blood convert
To Alablaster over every part;
Her Pulse doth cease to beat, and in the aire
The Winds no more can wave her scatt'red haire:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quarr
Of Cardonne Rocks, and all her bowells are
Such, as (but Salt) I woat not what to call,
A Salt which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson given,
Not to presume in Devine things to prie,
Which seav'n-times Seal'd, under nine Locks doo lie.
Shee weepes (alas) and as she weepes, her teares
Turne into Pearles from her twinkling haire:
Faine would she speake, but (forced to conceale)
In her cold throat her guilty words congeale;
Her mouth yet open, and her armes a-crosse,
Though dumbe, declare both why and how she was
Thus Metamorphos'd; for Heav'n did not change
Her last sad gestures in her suddaine Change,
But as if to show the power of God's determinacy Du Bartas willingly shows God performing the impossible. Finally, God, and only God, is superior to mutability, says he. The theme of most of the Fourth Day is change, seasonal and monthly change. And we find that the change itself becomes idealised, timeless, and is translated to English poetry as a timeless description—a canon—of nature. This is important. After personifying the four seasons in the Fourth Day into frozen pictures of change—much like the consciously static pictures of Autumn in the second stanza of Keats' "To Autumn"—Du Bartas goes on to explain how God is capable of freezing time himself:

So, from the South to North to make apparend,
That God reveal'd his Serjeant Death's sad warrant
'Gainst Ezechias: and, that he would give
The godly King fifteene yeares more to live:
Transgressing Heav'n's eternall Ordinance;
Thrice in one day, thou through one path did'st prance:
And as desirous of another nap,
In thy Vermillion sweet Aurora's Lap,
Thy Coach turn'd backe, and thy swift, sweating Horse
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Course.
Dials went false, and Forrests gloomie blacke,
Wondred to see their mightie shades goe backe.
IV, 817ff

Immediately following this Du Bartas tells of how Joshua was able to make the sun's "brave Steeds" stand still, "In full Career stooping thy whirling wheele" (§37f).

Du Bartas leaves the matter, but it is obvious that he likes its message, and the topos of the impossibilia: for he brings it up again in the Captains, in connection with Joshua's impossible action. Here Nature, on the behalf of change, reacts with anger to the presumption of Joshua:

Nature, amaz'd; for very anger shakes,
And to th'Allmightie her complain't she makes:
Seemely she marches with a measur'd pace,
Choler puts Cullour in her lovely face,
From either nipple of her boosome-Twinnes
A lively spring of pleasant milk there spinns,
Upon her shoulders (Atlas-like) she bears
The Frame of All, downe by her side she wears
A golden Key, where-with she letteth-forth
And locketh-up the Treasures of the Earth:
A sumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs downe,
Wher-in the Heavens, the Earth and Sea is shown:
The Sea in Silver woven, the Earth in green,
The Heav'ns in azure, with gold threds between:
All-quickning Love, fresh Bewtie, smiling Youth,
And Fruitfulness, each for her favour sewn th.
Grace still attends ready to do her honour,
Riches and Plentie alwaies waite upon her.

The pattern of this wrath in Du Bartas may have suggested Spenser's Mutability in the "Mutabilitie Cantoes" at the end of the Faerie Queene. Mutability needs no impossible incentive to make her rage against the authority of love, but a sense of her own power and the delusion of the finality of this power:

Ne shee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Justice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishlie:
Since when, all living wights have learn'd to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O pittious worke of Mutabilitie!
By which, we all are subject to that curse,
And death in stead of life have sucked from our Nurse.

And now, when all the earth she thus had brought
To her behest, and thralled to her might,
She gan to cast in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt the empire of the heavens hight,
And Jove himselfe to shoulder from his right.

Canto VI, sts. 6, 7

In Du Bartas it is Nature who complains to God; in Spenser, Mutability takes her case to Nature. Spenser's description of Nature differs from Du Bartas' of Nature:

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame Nature,
With goodly port and gracious Majesty;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and Physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry:
For, with a veile that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appeare.

That some doe say was so by skill devis'd,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor throw,
That it the Sunne a thousand times did passe,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glass.
Canto VII, sts. 5, 6

Spenser's Nature is allegorically dressed, and Du Bartas' in Sylvester is dressed
in the language of natural description. Spenser's god is one only as a pantheon,
and Nature is a kind of metonymy for the Christian God. Du Bartas' God on
the other hand is the all-controlling Christian God. Thus Du Bartas' Nature
takes her case obsequiously before the seat of judgement of God:

Accountred thus, and thus accompani'de,
With thousand sighs, thus to the Lord she cryde:
Shall it be said, a Man dooth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
To wrong thine eldest Daughter? ah, shall I
Have the bare olame, and Hee th'Authoritie
To Governe All, and All controule (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?...
569ff

But the "winde" of Joshua's word is a type of the wind of God's Logos.

Spenser's Mutability addresses Nature:

To thee O greatest goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe, I lowley fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat; ...
st. 14

In Les Semaines God rebukes Nature, and in the Faerie Queene Mutability. Du Bartas' point is the affirmation of God's power over Nature's
change. Spenser has a different view of nature in the instance, one in which
Nature takes supremacy over the other persons of the pantheon. But it seems possible if not likely that Spenser has Du Bartas sitting in the back of his mind. Elsewhere in Les Semaines there is a direct appeal to the court of Nature for "The Prerogative" by the Hoost of birds and the legions of beasts. This is the opportunity for a witty medieval digression on the neutered state of the bat, who, when it thinks the decision in favour of the beasts, flies to their side, displaying her "large forehead, her long eares, and teeth". The result of the case?

"The Cause was (after) by Appeal remov'd
To Nature's Court; who by her Doom approv'd
The others Plea: then flyes the shame-les Bat
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-Chit-chat
Shee seems to sing; ..."

Decay, 259ff

One wonders if the ambivalence of Spenser's conclusion in Mutability, doesn't make mutability a bat-like winner in all instances.

In the Fourth Day Du Bartas explores lapsarian nature in idealised terms. The imagery springs from the beginning of Ovid's Metamorphoses, Book II. The personification of the seasons is in straight reminiscence of Ovid. Among these greatly stylised personifications is one that comes partially to generate an Augustan backlash against Sylvester's Du Bartas. This is the famous "periwig" metaphor, describing Winter. Along side of it we may put its sister metaphor from the Handy-Crafts, and one other, unremembered, description of winter:

Instead of Flowers, chill-shiv'ring Winter dresses
With Isicles her (selfe-bald) borrowed tresses:
About her browes a periwig of snow,
Her white Freeze mantle freng'd with Ice below,
A payre of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,
So doth she march Orthyias love to meet,
Who with his bristled, hoarie, bugle-beard,
Coming to kisse her, makes her lips affeard,
Whear-at, he sighes a breath so cold and keene,
That all the Waters Cristallized beeene;
While in a furie, with his boystrous wings
Against the Scythian snowie Rocks heeblings.

IV, 691ff

But when the Winters keener breath began
To christallize the Baltike Ocean,
To glaze the lakes and bridle-up the floods,
And perriwig with wool the bald-pate Woods:
Our Graund-sire shrinking, 'gan to shake and shiver,
His teeth to Chatter, and his beard to quiver;
Spying therefore a flock of muttons comming
(Whose freeze-clad bodies feele not Winters numming) ...

Handy-Crafts, 173ff

Cold Capricorn hath pav'd all Juda twice
With brittle plates of crystal-crusted Ice,
Twice glased Jordan; and the sappy-blood
Of Trees hath twice re-perriwigd the Wood,
Since the first Siege: ...

Decay, 801ff

In the first of these Sylvester reproduces fairly elaborately a balder description
in the original:

L'hiver au lieu de fleurs, se pare de glacons,
L'eau des toits pend en l'air, et l'espoux d'Orithie
D'un souffle brise-roc esvente la Scythie:

IV, 642ff

The image of the "white Freeze Mantle" is wholly absent in Les Semaines. In
the dressing of winter Sylvester is no doubt aware of the burgeoning pastoral
mode of poetry which dresses its shepherdesses similarly:

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold ....

Marlowe, "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love"
(first published in 1599-1600)
Du Bartas' Winter is notably lacking in costumery, even in the passages from Les Artifices and La Decadence. The play on the word "Freeze" however, may have been suggested to Sylvester by the similar pun in the Handy-Crafts inspired by Les Artifices. Here, Du Bartas uses the description of Adam and sheep to supplement in effect the description of Winter:

Mais soudain que l'hiver donne une froide bride
Aux fleuves desbordez, que la face il solide
Du baltique Neptune, qu'il vitre les guerets,
Et que de flocs de laine il orne les forêts,
Nostre ayeul se fait moindre; il fre it, il frissonne,
Il fait craquer ses dents, sa barbe il herissonne;
Et voyant un troupeau de moutons arriver,
Qui, de frise vestus, ne sentent point l'hyver,
Il choisit le plus grand; escarbouille sa teste;

Du Bartas gives the word "Irise" to Sylvester in a perfect context for such word-play (and the word has further connection with "frizado'd", noted above).

Spenser's catalogue of the seasons in the "Mutabilitie Cantoes" of the Faerie Queene surely owes to Du Bartas as well as to Ovid. Spenser also employs a syllepsis on the word "frise" in his presentation of winter:

Lastly, came Winter cloathed all in frize,
    Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
    Whil'st on his hoary beard his breath did freese,
    And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
    As from a limbeck did adown distill.
    In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
    With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
    For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
    That scarce his loosed limbes he hable was to weld.

Spenser's winter is male, old and frail, like Du Bartas' (and Sylvester's) portrayal of Adam. In like fashion, his teeth chatter with the cold. There is some emphasis on the freezing of a distillation of water. Sylvester, though clearly making Winter female in the Fourth Day, may have taken the word-play — or sanction for it — from Spenser; but it is more likely to have been
suggested directly by Les Artifices. The word-play gives the personification of Winter a double edge, an abstraction in the conception of Winter's dress, and a literal awareness of the season in its appropriate terminology. Wherever Sylvester came by the word-play, which is less bold in the Handy-Crafts, it seems likely that Donne collected his from Sylvester:

What delicacy can in fields appear,  
Whilst Flora herself doth a frieze jerkin wear?  
"Epithalamion at the Marriage of the  
Earl of Somerset" (called Eclogue), 7f.

The primary abstraction of the pun appears symptomatic of the literary disease that some Augustans saw in the imagery. It is one of a fully accoutred human being. And yet we have already seen to what extent the dressing metaphor figures in Sylvester and throughout seventeenth century poetry, especially for instance in Milton. Dryden's reaction to the periwig metaphors is coloured by the fact that he gets his quotation wrong:

I thought inimitable Spenser a mean poet, in comparison of Sylvester's Dubartas, and was rapt into an ecstasy when I read these lines:

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began  
To crystallize the Balticke Ocean;  
To glaze the Lakes, to bridle up the Floods,  
And periwig with Snow the bald-pate Woods.

I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian,  
that is, thoughts and words ill-sorted, and without the least relation to each other. 113

Indeed, if Spenser is inimitable to Dryden — not strictly true — then ought we to say that Sylvester is highly imitable? Dryden conflates the two famous periwig metaphors, suggesting, one, that he quoted from memory, and, two, that he knew Divine Weeks intimately. I have no doubt that Dryden meant what he wrote. But I suggest it was a censure of what he took to be the overpopularity of Divine Weeks, and of the frequently quoted periwig metaphors.
Perhaps Dryden thought it fashionable to criticize the originator of so much of his contemporaries' style; and to compound things Divine Weeks, we should remember, was the purveyor of an antiquated science and moral temperament.

The metaphors carry a diction typical of natural description in Divine Weeks. Winter "dresses" her "borrowed tresses". The image is quite clear: in winter trees are devoid of leaves; but after a freezing rain or snow the crystal-lized water of icicles or snow hangs from the branches. In terms of its abstraction the image seems much clearer and more desirable than that, noted above, of the rain-distilling clouds having hair for instance. Since Winter is "self-bald" it is no exaggeration to regard Winter as periwigged with snow. It is in the second metaphor that the image becomes more problematic. The periwigging of the woods with wool is not a mixed metaphor in itself, for periwigs are or can be made of wool. But wool is an object of the natural world (we have seen it referred to by Marlowe above) which is distinct from trees; and here the term is used in a plainly artificial context. Goulart gives the use of "wooll" a more scientific edge, likening snow to "carded wooll". The metaphor might well be seen, in a reading not at all hostile to Arthos', as a kind of experimental scientific description most germane to the encyclopedia and to the novel diction favoured by the Pleiade. But Dryden's reaction was probably not generated by the wool metaphor, as it isn't transcribed in his quotation.

And Dryden was not likely to have been offended by the dressing of Winter itself. He would have been familiar with it in his reading and subsequently in his own translations of Ovid. Shakespeare personifies winter in A Midsummer Night's Dream, with bold antithesis:

And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown  
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds  
Is as in mockry set ...

II, i, 109ff
Shakespeare derives his personification we are told from Golding's translation of Ovid's *et glacialis* *Hiems canos hirsuta capillos* (*Metamorphoses*, II, 30).\textsuperscript{115} Ovid's poetry "revels in antitheses and conceit, plays on sound and sense".\textsuperscript{116} But, save the internal rhyme, this is a fairly tame line. In both Shakespeare and Ovid winter is given an artificial crown; in Ovid it is clearly hair.

Golding's winter lies firmly behind the Shakespeare; but it is also a good analogue for Sylvester's winter, carrying in itself none of the pointed Shakesperian antithesis, rather shivering and hung with icicles:

And lastly quaking for the cold, stood Winter all forlorne,  
With rugged head as white as dove, and garments all to torne,  
Forladen with Isycles that dangled up and downe  
Upon his gray and hoarie bearde and snowie frozen crowne,  
\textsuperscript{11,36ff}

Both Golding and Sylvester use the word "Isycles". This stands out. But Golding's is a much more static image than Sylvester's abstraction. Sylvester's is a more delicate creature — to begin with, female — described with softer sounds, than the "rugged", "quaking" winter of Golding's translation. By contrast, Sandys' Ovid offers only a "hoary-headed Winter", which, with a more Sylvestrian adjective, "quivering stood" (II, 32).

The association of snow or frost with human hair is too common to comment upon though the synthesis is important. Spenser refers to the "snowy locks" of contemplation:

\begin{quote}
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed, 
As hoarle frost with spangles doth attire.  
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.  
\textit{Faerie Queene}, I, x, 48
\end{quote}

And the very synthesis may have a scriptural analogue in the Apollo-like figure of the savior\textsuperscript{8} in Revelation 1.14: "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire;". The idealised
description of Revelation and of poetry are akin. Here Spenser makes use of
the topic of relating human physiognomy to nature (and hence Nature to
physiognomy). In "Mutabilitie", Canto VII, the Mole River

\[
\text{Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,} \\
\text{And his high head, that seemeth always hore} \\
\text{With hardned frosts of former winters ire,} \\
\text{He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,} \\
\text{As if the love of some new Nymphe late seene,} \\
\text{Had made change his gay attire to greene.} \\
\text{st. II}
\]

This is quite distinct from Du Bartas' image of love. Moreover, Spenser's use
of the adjective, noun and verb "snow(y)", is almost exclusively confined to
indications of whiteness. 117 This is telltale. In Sylvester, snow will refer to
a Petrarchan woman's whiteness, but it is also used metaphorically to connect
nature with artifice.

In his treatment of winter, William Browne is also no doubt aware of Ovid;
but an echo of Divine Weeks is more obvious:

\[
\text{In Winter's Time, when hardly fed the flocks,} \\
\text{And icicles hung dangling on the rocks,} \\
\text{When Hiems bound the floods in silver chains,} \\
\text{And hoary frost had candied all the plains,...} \\
\text{Britannia's Pastorals, I, iv, 395ff}
\]

Browne gets Sylvester's icicle image wrong, but with a deliberately Sylvestrian
idea in mind: he hangs the icicles from the rocks, allowing them to dangle,
just like the trees that hang from crags in Divine Weeks, dangling, the prey of
brouzing goats. The diction, moreover, shows a scientific awareness of the
metamorphic value of water in nature, as a crystalline substance able to exist
in three states. The verb "candied" shows just the relationship between
science and the encyclopedic poem — and then most of seventeenth century
poetry. Water is regarded as a kind of artifice of nature, metamorphosed
at the will of nature like some Pygmalian sculpture. Browne takes the word
"candied" and the notion from Sylvester, who makes clear the Pygmalian artifice of winter:

Sometimes it happens that the force of cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold
In silver Flakes a heav'ly Wooll to fall;
Then, Fields seeme grasse-les, Forrests leav-les all,
The World's al white, and through the heaps of Snow,
The highest Stag can scarce his armour show.

Sometimes befals, that when by secret power
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping shower,
Th'excessive cold of the mid-Aire, anon
Candies-it all in balles of Icie stone:
Whose violent-stormes, sometimes (alas) doo proine
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine;
Reape without sick'le, beat downe Birds and Cattles,
Disgrace our woods, and make our Rooffes to rattle.  
II, 561ff

Here we have a scientific description, exuberantly artificial, of snow and hail.
Sylvester's use of the word "Wooll" appears as technical as Goulart's. So with the descriptive verb "Candies-it". Elsewhere Sylvester refers again to the "Wooll", but also to a "Creame" and "Flesh":

Let all the Wits that ever suckt the breast
Of sacred Pallas, in one Wit be prest,
And let him tell me, if at least he can
(By rule of Nature or meere reach of man)
A sound and certaine reason of the Creame,
The Wooll, and Flesh, that from the Clouds did stream.  
II, 813ff

The allusion is half to the mysterious accounts of strange kinds of precipitation that were a commonplace of the sixteenth century and half to the manna-like fruitfulness of creation. Sylvester likes this kind of scientific description — also securely natural — and makes use of it in several opportune places. In one he employs the image of hail to describe the effects of an army in war:
See you this mighty Hoast, this dreadfull Camp,  
Which dareth Heav'n, and seemes the Earth to damp;  
And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours  
As thick, or thicker then the Welkin poures  
His candied drops upon the eares of Corne  
Before that CERES yellow lockes be shorne....  

_Law, 669ff_

It recalls the metamorphosis of Lot's wife into an alabastrine ice, a fabulous thing. When he wants to describe the artificial nature of a thing, Sylvester is capable of doing it periphrastically in the same crystalline terms:

For, in the bottom of this liquid Ice,  
Made of Musaick worke, with quaint device  
The cunning workman had contrived trim  
Carpes, Pikes, and Dophins seeming even to swim.  

_Trophies, 1079ff_

In the Fourth Day he and Du Bartas betray their amusement at the technical mystery — natural artifice — of a basic winter scene:

Those that in _Norway_, and in _Finland_, chase  
The soft-skind Martens, for their precious Case;  
Those that in _Ivorie Sleads on Izeland Seas_  
Congeald to Cristall slide about at ease:  

_IV, 795ff_

The noun "Case" is a stark reference to the animal container we have discussed. But the word has multiple associations including one with the bodily container of a soul (see Shakespeare, _Antony and Cleopatra_, IV, xv, 89). The words "Congeald" and "Cristall" become fundamental to seventeenth century description of fallen nature, for they reflect a change of phase that is wrought invisibly by nature, and the emergence of form from a formless liquid. The liquid is encased and its encasement is as the encasement of the world by the heavenly spheres, which "slide" upon its surface, and related (both in rhyme and mystically, sympathetically) to the breath of creation that had glided over the lumpen mass of chaos. All of these terms of change of
state stand positively for creation and indeed for a spirit of substance more important than its outer shell. So are those things distilled important. The distillation implies on essence that goes beyond solid, liquid, or gaseous state, and the pearly drop that condenses is both pure and of defined shape.

So, it is following Sylvester, and with interest in the new description, that Shakespeare writes, "the cold brook/Candied with ice" (Timon of Athens, IV, iii, 225f; elsewhere in the play Shakespeare may recall Sylvester's description of Winter in the phrase "curld pate ruffians bald" — see above); 118 Drayton, "... Those Frosts that Winter brings/Which candy every greene" (The Quest of Cynthia, 69f (1627)). Revett, in "Upon a Gentlewoman ...", calls hail "candied sweets" (p. 12). Most striking in this context is Carew's treatment of departing winter in "The Spring", in which the season doffs its dress and the artifice of its crystallisation:

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost  
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost  
Candies the grasse, or castes an ycie creame  
Upon the silver Lake, or Chrystall streame. 119

We might note the role that the adjective "silver" has in this description of nature, accurate only in observing the translucent state of the solid water.

The picture of nature's artifice is strongly apparent in the periwig metaphors, in words such as "cristallize" and "glaze"; and it should not surprise that nature's artifice should be conjoined with the human artifice of a periwig. For nature's painting is not unlike the human artifice of painting, which when true in spirit is allowable, but when devised to hide the truth (like the Bowre of Blisse, opposed to the Garden of Adonis), reeks of the

... affected gaite, th'alluring countenance,  
The Marte of Pride, the Periwigs and painting,  
Whence Courtisanes refresh their beauties fainting:  
II, 1135ff
No where before Sylvester in English can I think of an analogous figurative use of periwigs. Sidney Lee claims that the metaphor originates in Ronsard.  
Du Bartas certainly uses the metaphor, and the word "perruque" not infrequently — though curiously not in the passage about Winter in the Fourth Day. This, and the image of snow as wool, let alone the candying and creaming metaphors, are repeated however, and are moreover illustrative of the way in which Sylvester's abstract diction of artifice in nature is taken up by the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Edward Benlowes, in Theopilia, is important, because, though he conflates Sylvester's metaphors somewhat, he repeats the Sylvestrian picture of winter almost verbatim:

When periwig'd with Snow's each bald-pate Wood,  
Bound in Ice-Chains each struggling Flood  
When North-Seas bridled are, Pris'ning their scaly brood.  
XIII, 54

William Browne's ice chains lie in here, as well as Sylvester's bridled seas, and the fish periphrasis, suggesting perhaps a certitude in Benlowes that his master Sylvester favoured the device.  
Dryden copies the metaphor from the Handy-Crafts in an interpolated couplet in his translation of Boileau's Art of Poetry, the sense of the passage being censorious, and critically admitting as poetry only that which is "lovely without paint":

Yet noisy Bumbast carefully avoid,  
Nor think to raise (tho' on Pharsalia's Plain)  
Millions of mourning Mountains of the Slain:  
Nor, with Dubartas, bridle up the Floods,  
And periwig with wool the bald-pate Woods.  
Chuse a just style; be Grave without constraint,  
Great without Pride; and Lovely without Paint:  
98ff (Vol. II)

Though the interpolation is censorious, it seems very conscious of a Sylvestrian vogue. Richard Brathwaite doesn't but might well have periwigged his Winter, though it is Sylvestrian — perhaps through the intermediary of William Browne
— in respect of its candied rocks:

The stormie Winter with his hoarie locks,
    When each branch hangs down his head,
And icie flawes candies the ragged rocks,
    Making fields discoloured
Drives thee from us and our coast ...

Nature's Embassie, Ode 6,
"The Swallow", st. 5

More apposite is the poem by the unidentified poet, I.M., which imitates Divine Weeks and the seasonal process of the Fourth Day; "Lavinia walking on a frosty Morning", first printed in 1640 in Benson's edition of Shakespeare's Poems:

The amorous plant began to strive,
    Which should first be sensitive,
Every hoary headed twigge
Drop'd his Snowy Periwigge,
And each bough his Icy beard.

These lines, unlike Browne's, getting the periwig metaphor right, enjoy the bearded images of Sylvester's Winter. Milton's Paradise Lost refers to Ovid's expression of the order of change —

Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Years:

VIII, 68f —

But his conception of the change sees, rather, winter removing the hair of trees:

And teach us furder by what means to shun
Th'inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the gracefull locks
Of these fair spreading Trees; ...

Paradise Lost, X, 1062ff
This of course only reminds us that the trees have locks. But for a minor contemporary of Milton, Edred Revett, the shedding of the trees' leaves is a seasonal undressing, to be matched by new "shirts of snow" ("Winter", 1ff). But elsewhere in Revett it is clear that Winter's dress is "silver wool!" ("Spring", 1ff). Even the "beblubber'd cheek" owes to Divine Weeks, "Blubb-cheek Auster" (Law, 994).

By the time Pope comes to translate Homer, the likening of snow to wool has become a commonplace of poetic natural description. Pope makes use of the Homeric juxtaposition of a violent human with a soft natural image by paralleling, almost in chiasmus, with the natural image of the fabric of snow the artificial one of the woollen fabric. This time, in distinction from the paradisiacal loading of trees with fruit, the woods nod under the weight of the snow, which is covering generally, like the snows at the conclusion of Joyce's "The Dead":

And now the Stones descend in heavier Show'rs.
As when High Jove his sharp Artill'ry forms,
And opes wide his cloudy Magazine of Storms;
In Winter's bleak, uncomfortable Reign,
A Snowy Inundation hides the Plain;
He stills the Winds, and bids the Skies to sleep;
Then pours the silent Tempest, thick, and deep:
And first the Mountain Tops are cover'd o'er,
Then the green Fields, and then the Sandy Shore;
Bent with the Weight the nodding Woods are seen,
And one bright Waste hides all the Works of Men:
The circling Seas alone absorbing all,
Drink the dissolving Fleeces as they fall.
Iliad, XII, 330ff

These "Fleeces" are not in Homer. Pope makes use of the metaphor elsewhere in his Homer, for example characteristically describing wintery nature:

From her bright eyes the tears unbounded flow.
As snows collected on the mountain freeze;
When milder regions breathe a venial breeze,
The fleecy pile obeys the whispering gales,
Ends in a stream, and murmurs through the vales:
So, melting with the pleasing tale he told,...
Odyssey, XIX, 247ff
In his own poetry Pope's treatment of winter is often more familiar even than these. In *Windsor Forest* he resists the temptation, generalising rather, "When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves" (126). But in the pastoral poetry he succumbs. In "To Winter" he gives us a picture of the metamorphic snow/rain-turned-pearl:

'Tis done, and Nature's various Charms decay;  
See gloomy Clouds obscure the cheerful Day!  
Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,  
Their faded Honours scatter'd on her Bier.  
29ff

And in a short "Winter Piece", written in 1712, Pope distills the metaphor, turning Winter into a "fleecy" creature:

As when the freezing Blasts of Boreas blow,  
And scatter o'er the Fields the driving Snow,  
From dusky Clouds the fleecy Winter flies,  
Whose dazzling Lustre whitens all the Skies.

So, in the eighteenth century as well as in the seventeenth the figure of Winter wears a head of hair, and the hair is removeable. John Hughes, claiming to supplement Milton's "Il Penseroso" — stooping to it — writes the almost incomprehensible couplet,

There let time's creeping winter shed  
His hoary snow around my head;  
"The following Supplement and Conclusion to  
Mr. Milton's incomparable Poem, entitled,  
Il Penseroso, or The Pensive Man"122

Later, in Thomson, "the woods bow their hoar head" (*Winter*, 236), and familiarly, "the cherished fields/Put on their winter robe of purest white" (*Winter*, 232-3). Remarkably, for Thomson, in the now old tradition, snow is still the "fleecy World" (*Winter*, 227).
Thomson is very much concerned with the four seasons as process. He affixes Ovid's description of Winter from *Metamorphoses*, II to the first edition of his Winter, and might just as well have affixed the whole passage to *The Seasons*:

A dextra, laevaque Dies, & Mensis, & Annus
Seculaque, & positae spatiis aequalibus Horae:
Vergue novum stabat, cintum florente corona:
Stabat nudae Aestas, & spicae sertae gerebat.
Stabat & Autumnus, calcatis sordidus uvis.
Et glacialis Hiems, canos hirsuta capillos.

Ovidian concern with the passage of time is something inherited by Du Bartas. He begins by emphasising renewal, describing the seasons in terms that are typical. Spring, for instance in Sylvester's translation is "Pranckt" "in her greenest pride". Autumn bides, and Winter grieses — a spasmodic word like the season of winter itself — the countries it inhabits. Winter is like Milton's sorrow in *Paradise Lost*, Book XI, 264, a "chilling gripe". After deliberating on the seasonal process, Du Bartas introduces in the Fourth Day the first of his seasons, spring; Sylvester translates it thus:

No sooner doth thy shining Chariot Roule
From highest Zenith toward Northern Pole,
To sport thee for three Monthes in pleasant Innes
Of Aries, Taurus, and the gentle Twinnes,
But that the mealie Mountaines (late unseeene)
Change their white garments into lustiie greene,
The Gardens pranke them with their Flowerie buds,
The Meads with grasse, with leaves the naked Woods,
Sweet Zephirus begins to busse his Flora,
Swift-winged Singers to salute Aurora,
And wanton Cupid, through this Universe,
With pleasing wounds, all Creature's hearts to pierce.

The picture is reminiscent of some of the pictures we have seen of the earthly Paradise in *Divine Weeks*. It dances with a forward motion and new growth. "Prank" is an interesting word in that it combines the two senses of dressing
(OED, V\textsuperscript{4}) and dancing (OED, V\textsuperscript{3}) exactly what I have done in this thesis. Thus Benlowes, Theophilus, XII, 1, and the English poetic tradition that follows. The association is simply as between shape (from OED, V\textsuperscript{2}, to fold, plait, pleat; hence the association with costume) and motion. So, the "mealie Mountaines" put on new garments; the gardens "pranke"; Zephyrus "busses", and, as with Sylvester's Garden of Love, Cupid is menacingly present. The shape of season must equal its place in the continuum of process.

Then summer. But in spite of the harsher terms of nature like "cracks" — the suggestion of the opposite of winter's spasm, and the hint of the culmination of process of the Last Judgement — the picture is still idealised. Ceres is crowned periphrastically with "guilded Eares" of corn. The reaper pants — as if caught in the very swing of process — and shaves the "Tufted Plaine" with a notably "crooked" rasor. Every verb and adjective speaks of an inspiration modeled on God's inspiration:

When, back-ward bent, Phlegon, thy fierie steed,  
With Cancer, Leo, and the Mayde, doth feed;  
Th' Earth cracks with heat, and Summer crowns his Ceres  
With gudiled Eares, as yellow as her haire-is:  
The Reaper, panting both for heat and paine,  
With crooked Rasor shaves the tufted Plaine,  
And the good Husband, that due season takes,  
Within a Month his yeares Provision makes.  
IV, 669ff

There is a processional contrast here between the cracking heat of the scene and a sense of summer's capacity for reaping the harvests of spring. The image of the reaper and of the reaping is an autumnal one, it is idealised in precisely the elaborate and periphrastic terms seen above, as for instance with:

And looking on the fields when Autumne sheares,  
There let them learr among the bearded Eares,  
Which, still the fuller of the flowerie graine,  
Bow downe the more their humble heads againe:
And aye, the lighter and the lesse their store,
They lift aloft their Chaffie Crests the more.
VII, 515ff

And this model is certainly followed in the natural and pastoral poetry of the
seventeenth and eighteenth century tradition. Pope writes:

See Pan with Flocks, with Fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints the enamel'd Ground,
Here Ceres' Gifts in waving Prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand,
Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains,...
Windsor Forest, 3744

But in Sylvester's depiction of the process to autumn, autumn doesn't merely
grow fruitful; it "loads" its "lap" with "delicates":

When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright Flame doth fly
Toward the Crosse-Starres in th'Antartike Skie,
To be three Monthes, up-rising, and downe-lying
With Scorpio, Libra, and the Archer flying;
Th'Eaý_th by degrees her lovely beautie bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Osiar basket both,
With daintie fruits for her deere Autumnnes tooth,
(Her health-les spouse) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the Juice of Bacchus clusters out.
IV, 677ff

The scene is full of even the "pomp" of autumnal fruition, something felt
later by Keats in the first stanza of "To Autumn". Sylvester's domestic
detail is some betterment of Du Bartas' description of the autumn picture:

Pomone va chargeant le devant de sa robbe
Et ses clissez paniers de fruictz aigrement doux,
Pour servir de dessert a son mal-sain espoux,
L'automne, qui, pie-nu, dans la claye trepigne,
Faisant par tout couler le doux jus de la vigne.
IV, 636ff
In English at any rate "briar" is richer than "wicker" for instance. Sylvester changes "pour servir de dessert" into the fully abstract personification, "for her deere Autumn's tooth". In the image of Autumn squeezing the juice from the fulsome grapes Du Bartas may recall Ovid, Sylvester perhaps even Golding. Golding writes:

And Autumn smerde with treading grapes late at the pressing fat

Certainly the word "fat" in like context becomes a commonplace of Sylvestrian and subsequent poetic diction, here moving between the senses of container, or vat, and the state of plenitude. Golding and Sylvester employ the same verb, "tread(ing)", refining the pure liquid from its shell.

Sylvester's periphrasis, "Bacchus clusters" does not resemble Golding, Ovid, or in fact Du Bartas. Sandys' translation of Ovid carries a periphrasis, "lyaeus blood"; the marginal notes to the 1632 edition (p. 46) say, "Lyaeus being a name of Bacchus his blood here taken for wine". (Sylvester frequently inserts wine periphrases into Divine Weeks, including such as "Bacchus' Trade" II; cp. Spenser, Shepheardes Calendar Oct. 106, "Bacchus fruite"), "fuming boals of Bacchus" (III, 703; cp. II, 542) — which Pope, in Odyssey, IX, 1217, approximates in the epithet "the foaming bowl" — "Clusters red" (III), "Bacchus streames" (Eden), and "Bacchus' Colour" (Fathers). But there is never fully the suggestion of the relationship of water and wine that recalls Christ's metamorphic act at the Last Supper. The latent sense of refinement, though, is essential to Du Bartas' and Sylvester's wind image (we have already seen this in respect of the precipitation of the lees). In the image of the grape is an unborn new life, almost a soul. Phineas Fletcher writes in the Purple Island:

Bacchus unborn lay hidden in the cling
Of big-swoln grapes; their drink was silver spring,

1, 49
And indeed, perhaps transubstantiation lies as far as we are concerned, "hidden in the cling" of Divine Weeks.

The series of seasonal personifications in the Fourth Day, indicating a range of natural change, are, it seems to me, an hieroglyphic model for the seasons of Spenser's Faerie Queene. A difference may lie in Spenser's use of emblem in the pattern of his allegory —

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A guilt engraven morion he did weare;
That as some did him love, so others did him feare.
of Spring, in "Mutabilitie", VII, st. 28
```

But Sylvester's antithetical distinctions between the seasons must have something to do with the idealised views of the seasons to come in English poetry: in pastoral, for instance; in the composition of seasonal odes, almost set-pieces of description. Summer cracks with heat, and to live with it humanity needs shade from the burning sun. Here is Sylvester's typical picture of summer elsewhere:

```
He that in Sommer, in extreamest heat
Scorched all-day in his owne scalding sweat
Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes, resteth yet at Night,
And in the armes of his deere Pheere forý goes
All former troubles and all former woes.
```

The cool of the shade or of night contrasts with the heat of the open sun-burnt plain. Over a hundred years later Pope treats of the same contrast in "To Summer"; at first he makes a fairly conventional lament, to the trees, to the relieving qualities of the summer grove:

```
Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's Beams;
To you I mourn; nor to the Deaf I sing,
The Woods shall answer, and their Echo ring.
```

13ff
Then, later in the poem, Pope strikes a familiar note:

Come lovely Nymph, and bless the silent Hours,  
When Swains from Sheering seek their nightly Bow'rs;  
When weary Reapers quit the sultry Field,  
And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to Ceres yield.

In *Divine Weeks* winter replaces the variegated adornment of life with the singular dress of rain, hail, ice, and snow. But the description is as abstract, we have seen, as the descriptions of spring and autumn, seasons which lie between the extremes, both somewhat paradisiacal, and both "much of a muchness".

3. **Seasonal Features: Mountains and Wind**

The seasons in *Divine Weeks* have accoutrements particularly suited to them. Winter enjoys mountains, which are high, often stark, and vulnerable to a perpetual wind. They are antithetically posed with the sequestered valleys of the pleasance. They are "headlong", the source of an enormous potential energy, as in this Homeric simile, which turns the energy into a scarcely creditable kinetic energy:

(As with his weight, a hollow Rockie-Hill,  
Torn with som Torrent, or Tempestuous windes,  
Shivers it self on stones it under-grindes):  
Som, rashly climbd (not wont to climb so high)  
With giddie brains, swim headlong down the Sky:

The kind of inversion suggested here is apparent in the watery scene pictured in Pope's *Windsor-Forest*:
Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies
The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,
The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the Floods;

211ff

The difference is that Sylvester's is a real menace and Pope's an impossible fancy. In Divine Weeks the harsh potential energy of mountains can be such that they can actually masquerade as the activating force behind the immensity of winter:

The Fight growes fierce, and winged Victorie
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; she goes, and comes, and goes,
And now she leans to these, and now to those.
AUSTER the while from neighbour Mountaines armes
A hundred Winters and a hundred Stormes
With huge great Haile-shot, driving fiercely-fel
In the sterne visage of the Infidel:

Captains, 491ff

The bringing together of an ornate description of battle with menacing mountains is no accidental or incidental conjunction. Mountains are figures for a shadeless extreme — usually of winter — that is in Homeric terms not unlike the extremeness of battle on a shadeless plain. In the following passage mountains figure significantly in a picture of natural extremes:

To Roame uncertaine (like a Runnagate)
O're fearefull Hills, and thorough foaming Torrents
That rush-down Mountains with their roring corrents,
In dreadfull Deasarts, where Heavns hottest beame
Shall burne without, within us, Thirst extreame:
And gloomie Forrests full of ghastly feare
Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there?

Vocation, 170ff

They are perfectly antithetical to the medial conditions of the mountain-surrounded pleasance. Du Bartas' fondness for the juxtaposition of the two worlds of the pleasance and the mountains around it can be seen in his
representation of the spa at Baigneres:

On th'one side, Hills hoard with eternall Snowes,
   And craggie Rockes Baigneres doo inclose:
The other side is sweetly compast in
   With fragrant skirts of an immortall greene,
Whose smiling beauties farre excell in all,
The famous praise of the Peneian Vale:

\[ Iii, 333ff \]

But it is essential that mountains carry with them the same personificatory values as other things in Bartasian and Sylvestrian nature; that they exist as ideals; indeed, that like humans they can be clothed or have hair. In the Third Day we find that mountains are extremely "steep", "high horned", but cloaked in cloud, and that their shoulders are crumped:

\[ All those steep Mountaines, whose high horned tops
   The mistie cloake of wandering Clouds enwraps,
Under First Waters their crump shoulders hid,
   And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
Uttill th'All-Monarch's bounteous Majestie ...
   \[ Iii, 23ff \]

Hoary mountains virtually touch the falling sky, hiding anthropomorphically among the clouds:

\[ I hold it for a Pledge and Argument,
   That never-more shall Universall Flouds
Presume to mount over the toppes of Woods
   Which hoarie Atlas in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crownes of Caucasus doo ride:
   But above all, my pierced soule inclines,
When th'angry Heav'ns threat with Prodigious signes;
   When Nature s order doth reverse, and change
Preposterously into disorder strange.
   \[ II, 804ff \]

Here again are mountains connected with the impossibilia so frequently explored by Du Bartas. Here again the mountains hide; and the Caucasus straight-forwardly have "Crownes". The notion of mountains being browed is
possibly — especially with compound epithets like "cloud-brow'd" — a legacy of *Divine Weeks*, where, in the *Law*, for example, "the Heav'n-kissing, Cloud-brow'd Sina stands", (614). Sylvester also uses the epithets "Cloud-bounding" (*Handy-Crafts*, 639), "Cloud-crown'd" (*Captains*, 213; in the context of a mountain being impossibly undermined), and "Clouds-prop" (*Decay*, 604) and these may be modelled on the Homeric epithet, (e.g., "cloud-compelling").

Drayton describes the craggy mound over Charnwood Forest in *Poly-Olbion* in a fairly characteristically Sylvestrian fashion:

... on some descending Brow
Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down would drop,
Where under-growing Okes on their old shoulders prop,
The others hory heads, which still seeme to decline,
And in a Dimble neere (even as a place divine
For Contemplation fit), in Ivy-seeled Bower,

In Drayton as in Sylvester the mountain can appear as a *prop* for the clouds or the sky; and Drayton's personification carries the same old, crumpled shoulders and hoary head; the same hanging aspect; the same antithesis between the craggy mountain and the pleasance. In Thomas Randolph's picture of like antithesis appears the familiar word "headlong", here in linguistic limbo between adjective and adverb:

Here shadowy groves, and craggy mountains there:
Here rivers headlong fall, there springs runne cleare.

Denham combines the same antithesis with a lively abstraction, in which the mountain is not only personified and clothed with "curled" brows, but "hides" among the clouds:

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled browes
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
    Cooper's Hill, 217ff

Denham's mountain is especially relevant, first because it had a great influence on the poetry of succeeding generations, and also because it appears to be of the size of no mountain in reality visible at the source of the Thames. The personified description of other-worldly mountains reaching the sky, and distant from the pleasance, is essential to ensuing poetry. Aubin says, rather too inconclusively:

If this seventeenth-century feat of magnifying little eminences into "mountains hoar" propping the skies is associable with baroque art and subsequently with the "picturesque", it is obvious whence came their strength when topographical poets looked unto the hills. Most hill-poems, and passages in many topographical poems of other types, derive from the Claudian prospect with more or less Salvatorial "sublimity", Burnet "ruin", and Burke "vastness" as added attractions. The hills tend to be as grandiously amplified as Denham's Windsor and to point to "vistos in the skies that end" ...

These qualities are certainly offered to English poetry in the Sylvestrian model. And the sample mountain descriptions given by Aubin appear to follow the general model quite closely. John Poole's *English Parnassus* (1657) offers a compendium of adjectives suitable to mountain description: "insolent", "surly", "barren", "unfruitfull", and "cloud-headed", as well as "aspiring", "cloud-wrapped", "heavn-shoudering", and so on. The two basic qualities are not surprising, the same barrenness and heaven-climbing aspiration that we find in *Divine Weeks*.

Winds, unlike mountains, feature in more varying ways in *Divine Weeks*, among nature's extremes as well as medial nature. We have already encountered the winds of the earthly paradise and the *locus amoenus*; fannin, kissing, bussing winds. These winds are always associated with Zephyrus, always gentle and soothing. In marked contrast, Auster is a summer-associated
wind and Boreas a winter-associated one:

**AUSTER**

Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn:
Not much unlike unto a fier in stubble,
Which, sodain spreading, still the flame doth double,
And with quick succour of som Southern blasts
Crick-crackling quickly all the Countrie wastes.

Heer the stiff Storm, that from his mouth he blowes,
Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes:
Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Flood
Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood;
Th’Yew overturns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th’Oak doth the Ash or whelm;
And from the top, down to the Vale belowe,
The Mount’s dismantled, and even shamed so.

Decay, 620ff

Hills, lately hid with snowe, now burn amain:
May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:
Sad Atlas Nieces, and the Hunter’s Star
Have like effect as the Canicular:
Zephyre is mute, and not a breath is felt,
But hec tik Auster’s, which doth all things swelt,
and (panting-short) puffs every-where upon
The withered plains of wicked Shomeron,
Th’unsavorie breath of Serpents crawling o’re
The Lybiens pest-full and un-blest-full shoar.

Schism, 397ff

**BOREAS**

And, whoso dares him against thy Powr oppose,
Seems as a Puff which roaring Boreas blowes,
Weening to tear the Alps off at the Foot,
Or Clowds-prop Athos from his massie Root:

Decay, 601ff

In the first instance Auster is necessarily a part of a story of battle; the extremeness of the one befits that of the other; and the device of rhetorical climax assists the hectic depiction. Then Auster becomes a person with a burning breath. Things "swelt", and the plains are "withered". While Auster strips a mountain bare, ashamed the image of immensity, Boreas actually tries to uproot the mountain. Winter has a vital henchman in Boreas, one who
may even assist the fabric of water's change of state:

But if the Vapour bravely can adventure
Up to th'eternall seat of shivering Winter,
The small thin humour by the cold is prest
Into a Cloud, which wanders East and West
Upon the Winds wings, till in drops of Raine
It fall into his Grandames lap againe:
Whether some boistrous wind with stormie puffe
Joustling the clouds, with mutual counter-buffe,
Doobreake their brittle sides, and make them shatter
In drizling showers their swift distilling water:
As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)
Rashly together two full glasses claps,
Both being broken, soudainly they poure
Both their brew'd liquors on the dustie floure.
Whether some milder gale with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their teares dissevereth:
As after raine, another raine doth drop
In shadie Forrests from their shaggie top,
When through their greene boughes, whiffing winds do wherle
With wanton puffsies their waving locks to curle.

II, 517ff

An interesting side of this passage is its capacity to satisfy both science and poetry at the same time in its description. It is all too easy to forget the encyclopedic mission of Du Bartas' Les Semaines. And that Sylvester's translation was treated as a kind of scientific source-book there seems little doubt. Foster Watson's remarks in The Beginnings of the Teaching of Modern Subjects in England are probably accurate:

... the religiously-minded schoolmasters, and they were a much more important element than is ordinarily supposed, would draw their notions of animals, not from the progressive zoological writers, such as they were, nor from the old mediaeval sources, but from Du Bartas's Premiere Semaine ou Creation du Monde, or John Swan's Speculum Mundi, 1635.127

So, indeed with such scientific analyses of the weather as that above.

Heninger refers to the "scientific works" best known in the period, such as Seneca's Quaestiones naturales, Pliny's Historia naturalis, Bartholomaeus' De proprietatibus rerum (Stephen Batman), Du Bartas' La Semaine, and William
Fulke's Goodly Gallery. And of course the basis of Arthos' argument is that poetry in the seventeenth century appropriated the language of science — a confused idea, as far as it goes, because Sylvester's land-mark translation is of poetry first and science only secondarily. It is a chicken and egg issue.

The scientific, elemental description of the four primary winds occurs in the Second Day of Les Semaines. Du Bartas describes the winds and their concomitant affections and associations (II, 603ff) with scientific precision. Then he sets out to explain their antithetical natures — with seasonal process in mind — in the familiar terms of natural description:

One while, with whisking broome they brush and sweep The cloudie Courtaines of Heav'ns stages steep: Anon, with hotter sighes they drie the ground Late by Electra and her sisters dround. Anon, refresh they with a temperate blowing, The soultre Aier, under the Dog-star glowing: On Trees anon they ripe the Plumbe and Peare, In cods the poulse, the corne within the eare. Anon, from North to South, from East to West With ceas-les wings they drive a Ship adrest. And sometimess whirling on an open Hill, The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill, In flowerie motes they grind the purest graine, Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plaine. II, 627ff

And so on. Zephyrus is juxtaposed with harsher other winds in the passage. The seasons are clearly defined, and the general allegiances of the winds with the North, South, East, and West. The distinction between the verbs to be associated with one kind of wind here and the others is somewhat subtle, owing to the emphasis on the verb metaphors: "brush and sweep", "ripe" (a transitive verb that makes ripening an active thing, in much the way it is in Keats' "To Autumn"), "grind". The winds appear as functional, even useful parts of nature. With this kind of description we are constrained to rely on context; for Zephyrus can blast as well as Boreas, though it is clear that there must be an ironic twist in such an action:
Th'Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waves, and well content to suffer
Milde Zephires blasts, and Boreas bellowing rougher:

The distinction between extreme winds and the moderate winds we associate
with the locus amoenus is much more apparent in the following quotation:

The boisterous Wind that rents with roaring blastes
The loftie Pines, and to the Welkin casts
Millions of Mountaines from the waterie World,
And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whorld:
The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
When wanton Zephyre, sighing on the field,
Enammells all; and to delight the Skie,
The Earth puts on her richest Lyvorie:

Here again the winds of fallen nature are associated with an impossible inver-
sion of the normal order of things; waters turn into mountains and mountains
into plains. The world rent, roared, and whirled by extreme winds is funda-
mentally different from that supplied by "wanton Zephire". Perhaps this is
why Sylvester employs once again the word-play on "World/whorld": in God's
creation the world was very much whirled into shape; a lump of dough or wax,
we have seen, kneaded, spun and made spherical — like whirling winds. In the
above passage harsh winds appear to define fallen nature, while Zephyr is
almost defined by the earthly paradise.

The East wind, Eurus, hardly figures in Divine Weeks. When there is a
tempest it is usually Auster and Boreas that take part, singly, or together:

Redoubled Lightnings dazle the Hebrues eyes,
Cloud-sund'ring Thunder roares through Earth and Skies,
Lowder and lowder it careers and cracks,
And stately SINA's massie center shakes,
And turneth round, and on his sacred top
A whirling Flame round like a ball doth wrap;
Under his rockie ribs, in Coombes below,
Rough-blustering BOREAS, nourst with Riphean snow,
And blub-cheekt AUSTER, puft with fumes before;
Met in the midst, justling for roome, doo roare:
Vincit qui patitur.

The mighty oak, that shrinks not with a blast,
But stille standes, when Boreas moste doth blowe,
With rage thereof, is broken downe at laste,
When bending reedes, that couche in tempestes lowe
With yeelding stille, doe safe, and sounde appeare:
And looke alofte, when that the cloudes be cleare.

When Enuie, Hate, Contempt, and Slaunder, rage:
Which are the stormes, and tempestes, of this life;
With patience then, wee must the combat wage,
And not with force resist their deadly strife.
But suffer stille, and then wee shal in fine,
Our foes subdued, when they with shame shal pine.

From Whitney, Emblemes (1586)
A cloake of clouds all thorogh-lin'd with Thunder,
Muffles the Mountaine both aloft and under:
On PHARAN now no shining PHARAS showes.
A heav'nly Trump a shrill Tantara blowes,
The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble-flash,
The smoaking Storms, the whirlfier's cracking clash,...

No sooner shipt, but instantly the Lord
Downe to th'Aeolian dungeon him bestirr'd,
Their muzled close Cloud-chasing Boreas,
And let loose Auster, and his lowring race,
Whosone set forward with a dropping wing,
Upon their beard for everie haire a spring,
A night of Clouds mufled their browes about,
Their watled Locks gusht all in Rivers out,
And both their hands wringing thicke Clouds a-sunder,
Send forth fierce lightning, tempest, raine and thunder.
Brookes, Lakes, and Floods, Rivers, and foaming Torrents
Sodainly swell, and their confused Corrents,
Loosing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To runne at randon with their spoyles to Sea.

These, admittedly, are fairly impossible situations in normal experience; the
first pertaining to the law-giving upon Mount Sinai, the second to the flooding
of the world by God. In the second the level of personification is high, and
the winds give clouds "watled locks" with their "wringing" hands. The winds
are at first abstractly muzzled in the "Aeolian dungeon", where the winds' king Aeolus restrains them and dispenses them. In the earthly Paradise
domain of the phoenix,

The Phrigian Skinker with his lavish Ewer,
Drowns not the Fields with shower after shower;
The shivering Coach-man with his ycie Snow,
Dares not the Forrests of Phoenicia strow.
Auster presumes not Lybian shoares to passe
With his moist wings, and gray-beard Boreas
(As the most boistrous and rebellious slave)
Is pris'ned close in the Hyper-Borean Cave:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
T'her living Death a helping hand doth lend:
And stopping all those mouthes, doth mildly sted
Her Funeralls, her fruitfull birth, and bed:

V, 617ff 129
The initial reference is to Ganymede, abducted by an eagle on Mount Ida. Again the winds are personified, Boreas the most "boistrous" and "rebellious"; Bootes, the Coachman, is associated with a particularly battling word, "strow", which signals the strifeful idealisation of the imagery. The harsh winds which follow have to be "pris'ned close" in order not to affront the earthly Paradise.

Winds can be seen as having a defining quality in Divine Weeks, shaping, buffetting and buffering the clouds that hang suspended above the earth, and keeping the earth round, the waters down:

See we not hanging in the Clouds each hower
So many Seas, still threatening down to pour,
Supported only by th'Aier's Agitation,
(Selfly too weake for the least weight's foundation)
See wee not also, that this Sea below
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flow,
Remaines still round, and maugre all the surlie
Aeolian Slaves and Water's hurly burly,
Dares not, (to levell her proud liquid Heape)
Never so little past her limits leape?
Why then believe wee not, that upper Spheare
May, without falling, such an Ocean beare?
Uncircumcised! O hard hearts!...
II, 1163ff

Here are two parallel worlds, mutually supportive antichthons. We have already discussed the metaphysical and scientific turn of the circumcision metaphor and its relation to Donne's Elegy XI. In the juxtaposition of two worlds there is, it seems to me, an awareness of the two antithetical worlds of nature, a pre-buffetting state of paradise, and one tossed by change:

His wandring Vessell reeling to and fro
On th'irefull Ocean, as the Winds doo blow;
With sodaine Tempest is not over whurld,
To seeke his sad death in another World:
But leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwayes in sight of his owne smoake; no Seas
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Then that which waters with his silver Corrent
His Native Medowes; and that very Earth
Shall give him burial which first give him birth.
III, 1081ff
The contrast between the Odysseus figure lost in some other world of storm-tossed seas and at home, is one that is extended in Divine Weeks into a political picture of England as a little world, and elsewhere as another world(s). The winds as exhalations in an earth defining context will give definition to this other world. But in this example the other world is relevant only as an antithesis, man living and finishing his days in his "Native Medowes" — again with the important adjective "Native". We cannot help but observe again the vital re-occurrence of the word-play, bringing together the whirling motion that makes winds definers and the whirled world. Natural description lies in the two antichthonal worlds of nature, the medial, paradisiacal, and the extreme; compassing it like the mountains that encompass the pleasance. Eden, we should remember, is a place fenced from the buffetting forces of fallen nature. To this fallen world the other, antichthonal, world is a Fortunate Isle or a Terra Australis, a moving island eluding capture. To capture it would be to recapture Eden. To call England such a place is a bold political statement, as we shall see.

III. Three Planes of War

I. The Crop of Victory

Often in our discussion of language and imagery we have encountered a "grand style" peculiarly suited to the pomp and circumstance, so to speak, of war. Nature imagery and the imagery of war in Du Bartas' Les Semaines are bound in Homeric fashion intrinsically together. The connection is evident first in the similes frequently interjected into war imagery, almost single-mindedly similes of nature; it is also apparent in the language of natural description, peppered with nouns and adjectives conveying the pomp of war.
War brings man from the grove or pleasance — from the cooling shade — to the open field, where the intricacy of the grove is lost to the clear and artificial ranking of men in defineable symmetries. Nature's ranks, crews, legions are changed into legions of fallen men at war. Only after Eden does man suffer from the effects of cracking summer, of the heat of the open plain; only after Eden does man know strife. A primary image, connected with war throughout Les Semaines and Divine Weeks, is one of crops laid symmetrically in the open field. A field's planting and configuration are performed and defined by men, and the mowing of the field can be seen as a vital necessity. In the first instance, as the encyclopedia concludes and the account of Biblical heroes begins, in the Vocation, we are given a crop of fame. Du Bartas brings, in his poem, the Hebrews out of Chalde. Sylvester renders it thus:

Untill this Day (deere Muse) on every side
Within straight lists thou has been boundified,
Pend in a Path so narrow every-where,
Thou coulst not manage: onely heere and there
(Reaching thine armes over the Railes that close
Thy bounded Race) thou caughtst some fragrant Rose,
Some Gilly-flower, or some sweet Sops-in-Wine,
To make a Chaplet thy chaste browse to binde.

But now, behold th'art in the open Plaine,
Where thou maist lively (like the Horse of Spayne,
That having burst his haltar and his hold
Flings through the field, where list him, uncomplaid)
Corvet, and turne, run, prance, advance, and pride-thee,
As sacred furie of thy Zeale shall guide-thee.

Th'whole World is thine: henceforth thy Sythe may mowe
The fairest Crop that in Fames fields dooth grove;
And, on the Sea of richest Histories
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Come hulling in, in heapes before thy view:
So that I feare least (trayn'd with various sent)
Thou be at fault in this vast Argument;
And least the best choice in so bound-less Store,
Paine thee no lesse now, then did Want before.

Vocation, lff

From the bounds of constraint comes freedom, from freedom comes a history of battles and successes, comes now an heroic responsibility that hitherto in Les Semaines lay exclusively with God. It is important that the Hebrews
escape from a "Pend" existence is at once though oppositio
nally, analogous to the paradisiacal existance of Adam and Eve, insouciant, under the care of God. Heroic Israel is like the horse escaped from his master; full of the sprightliness of freedom. This horse is suggestive of, but different from, the horse of battle — smoking under the discipline of war — that we shall soon encounter. The image of the growing, uncropt fields of the Hebrews is itself suggestive of, but different from, most of the images of war. In Divine Weeks the field of war is likened to the planted field, but the act of battle figuratively mows this field of soldiers, with the implication of the positive achievement of reaping:

The zealous Prophet, with just furie moov'd,
'Fore all the Hoast, his Brother sharp reproov'd:
And pulveriz'd their Idol; and eft-soones
Flankt by olde LEVI's most religious Sonnes,
Throngts through the Camp, and each-where strowes his way
With blood and slaughter, horror and dismay:
As halfe a score of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerefull eye choosing a plot of Wheat,
Reape it at pleasure, and of Ceres locks
Make hand-fuls sheaves, and of their sheaves make Shocks;
And through the Field from end to end do runne,
Working a-vie, till all be downe and done:

This Homeric simile is not strictly attached to a scene of war, though the language is deliberately that of battle. Moses, returning from receiving the Law, "Throngts" through the "Camp", is "flanckt" by his supporters, and "strowes his way". The simile is deliberately contrastive — except for the word-play on "Shocks" — making a scene of violence a reaping of necessity. Elsewhere the pain of war is indicated in the mild observation of the "bruis'd" straw of the mowing:

Some, with the blades in every Coursers brow,
Were (as with Lances) boared through and through:
Some torne in peeces with the whirling wheeles,
Some road to death under Horses heeles:
As (in some Countries) when in Season hot,  
Under Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)  
They use to thresh the sheaves of Winter-Corne,  
The graine spurts-out, the straw is bruis'd and tore.
Some (not direct before the Horse, nor under)  
Were with the Sythes mow'n in the midst a-sunder:  
As in a Mead the Grasse yet in the flower,  
Falls at the foot of the wide-straddling Mower;  
That with a stooping back, and stretched arme,  
Cuts-crosse the swaths to Winter-feed his Farme.

Captains, 923ff

The passage describes a hot summer activity, but also the neat fall of grass  
behind the mower, as the ordered destruction of a fallen army. And so, when  
the war simile is dropped by Du Bartas and Sylvester, in favour of straight  
description, the natural language is maintained in the description of war:

Jehu's drad Vengeance doth yet farther flowe;  
Curst Achab's issue hee doth wholly mowe:
Decay, 211f

Heer with a Sword (such as that sacred blade  
For the bright Guard of Eden's entry made)  
Hee hacks, hee hews; and som'times with one blowe  
A Regiment hee all at once doth mowe:  
And, as a Cannon's thundrie roaring Ball,  
Battering one Turret, shakes the next withall,  
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)  
Kils oldest Souldiers with his very winde;  
The whiffing Flashes of this Sword so quick,  
Strikes dead a many which it did not strike.
Decay, 633ff

The cannon metaphor is not uncommon in like circumstances in Du Bartas,  
likened naturally to thunder. In the description we find expressions common  
to natural description, such as "hews", "roaring", "whiffing"; and again a fond-  
ness for paradox — "Strikes dead as many which it did not strike". Here, as  
well, the activity of battle is a human directed one; biblically, "As you sow,  
so shall you reap". Apart from the natural comparison of the cannon to  
thunder, nature is not an active participant in this kind of battle. Elsewhere,  
battle is also determined in terms of man's reaping of nature. The suggestion
is that man actually creates the open field of war, as do the builders of the
Tower of Babel — likened to a spark taking over a forest with fire
(Babylon, 119ff); man does this by felling trees for use in his fallen artifice:

Yet, Lot alone (with a small troupe assisted)
The Martiall Brunt with Manly brest resisted,
And thirsting Fame, stands firmly looking for
The furious Hoast of Chedorlaomir:
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops
Of tender Saplings with their slender tops,
Is Fell'd almost as soone as under-taken
By Multitudes of Peasants Winter-shaken:
Lot's little Number so environ'd round,
Hemm'd with so many swords is soone hewn downe.
Vocation, 465ff

We notice for the first time demonstively the martial diction, the high style:
"Martiall Brunt", "Manly brest", "thirsting Fame", "furious Hoast". Then Lot
is left alone to fight Homerically as "a strange Mastiffe fiercely set upon"
(477). When the Hebrews succeed in battle they are likened to reapers, but
that when they are beaten back they are like a wooded copse turned into a
sun-burnt field. When the Hebrews fell a copse it is in the guise of "lustie
Bill-men":

And, as a sort of lustie Bill-men, sett
In Wood-sale time to fell a Cops, by great,
Be-stirr them so, that soone with sweating paine
They turne an Oake-grove to a Field of graine:
So th'Hebrue Hoast, without remorse or pittie,
Through all sad corners of the open Cittie,
Burne, breake, destroy, bathe them in blood, and toile
To lay all levell with the trampled soile:
Captains, 231ff

Here Du Bartas' heroes replace the felled copse with a field of grain. The
ensuing image of war is assisted by the rhetorical device of asyndeton,
actually stock-piling the verbs of destruction, and alliterating to boot. The
harvesting side of war is also suggested in a particularly relevant simile of
wine-making; blood, since Homer, being conceived of as the colour of wine:
But th'Hebrew Champion such a back-blow smights
That flat he layes him; then with furie borne,
Forward he leaps, and in a Martall scorne,
Upon his panch sets his victorious foot,
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into',
That blood and bowels (mingled with the bruize)
Halfe at his mouth, halfe at his sides he spewes:
As, on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)
Make with sweet Nectar every wound to bleed,
Each Grape to weepe, and crimsin strearnes to spin
Into the Vate set to receave them in.

Captains, 724ff

In this passage is the elevated style and diction of war ("th'Hebrew Champion", "Martall scorne", "victorious foot") with its necessary generality (How would one describe martall scorn?) and its synocdoche; but also a baroque treading and trampling (terms notably of natural description) and a hectic verbal activity; as well as a perfectly idealised picture of symbiotic man and nature — wine-making (wherein each grape is made to "weepes", is refined).

But war is much more prominently associated with fallen nature in Divine Weeks, and with that nature's belligerence rather than with man's. Dryden sees nature as something to be related directly to war; and when, in Annus Mirabilis, the English forces have risen above the Dutch it is suddenly as if the earth has emerged from a chilling winter into a new spring:

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain:
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
And straight the green field laugh with promis'd grain:

st. 284

Here, there is only the suggestion of human cooperation with nature, in the "promised grain". Dryden's vision of the successful battle is not dissimilar to Milton's consideration of the successful counsels of the rebellious angels in Paradise Lost, Book II.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoicing in their matchless chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'respread
Heaven's chearfull face, the louring element
Scowls o're the darkened lantskape snow, or shoure;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

This is like the new chaplet the Israelites put on — figuratively — at the
beginning of the Vocation, a natural renewal seen in victory at war. In
Divine Weeks war itself carries the same extremes as summer — where the
field is exposed to the sun and heat — and especially winter. These, and
their winds act as nature's mowers and nature's fellers:

Brave yet it was: for yet one might behold
Bright swords and shields, and plumed helmes of golde
Un-goarly with blood; no Caske had lost his head,
No Horse his loade, no scattered Corps lay dead.
But, on our Corn-fields towards harvest-time
(For punishment of some ingratefull crime)
Th'incensed hand of Heav'ns Almighty King
Never more thicke dooth slipperie Ice-pearls fling,
Then heere the arrowes shoure on every side:
An iron Clowd heavens angrie face doth hide
From Souldiers sight; and flying weapons then
For lacke of grounde fall upon horse or men:
Thea't's not a shaft but hath a man for White,
Nor stone but lightly in warme blood dooth light; ...

The battle is seen so completely in terms of wintry nature that the sky is said
to be obliterated by a cloud of iron. In similar terms Du Bartas' heroes are
shown to warrant the assistance of nature, and to receive it:

The Fight growes fierce, and winged Victorie
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; she goes, and comes, and goes,
And now she leans to these, and now to those.
AUSTER the while from neighbour Mountaines armes
A hundred Winters and a hundred Stormes
With huge great Haille-shot, driving fiercely-fel
In the sterne visage of the Infidel:
The roaring Tempest violently retorts
Upon themselves the Pagans whirling Darts,...
Captains, 491ff

In this passage, contrariwise, nature spues forth "haile-shot" as if from a gun, interrupting the high language of battle, abstractly depicting "winged Victorie" with its rushing, and the "sterne visage of the Infidel". War's wintry aspect in Divine Weeks, it seems to me, must be a transmitter of the Homeric nature simile to the poetry of Dryden and Milton. [31] Dryden combines a high style of war, with its "youthful honours", with the "unbearded Grain" of Sylvestrian natural description; both are possible legacies of Divine Weeks:

As when a sudden Storm of Hail and Rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded Grain,
Think not the hopes of Harvest are destroyed
On the flat Field, and on the naked voyd;
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest free'd,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous Year.
Britannia Rediviva, 259ff

In Milton's Paradise Lost, the "naked voyd", is the place of hell, a land "Where Armies whole have sunk":

Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as the Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs th'effect of fire.
II, 587ff

In Dryden, clouds are given a particularly war-like aspect, driven, incited by the winds into a war of "Hail-stones"; and the analogy is made from the start to the threatening, incited "Crowd" in human society, partially through the
line-commencing paronymasias, "Crowd/Clouds" (Sylvester in II, 687, calls the clouds a "crowd"; et passim.):

The Crowd, to restless motion still enclin'd,
Are Clouds, that rack according to the Wind.
Driv'n by their Chiefs they storms of Hail-stones pour:
Then mourn, and soften to a silent showre.
O welcome to this much offending Land
The Prince that brings forgiveness in his hand!

"Prologue to His Royall Highness", 32ff

The link is not even made through simile, but by direct analogy. The crowd are clouds. And the analogy is followed by a political statement.

The result of battle in Divine Weeks is that the field is full of strewn, cut down men. Often this is seen as a direct result of nature, in the imagery of the poem, rather than of reaping men. It is plainly a violent, ungainful event. Here, war and nature are put on an equal footing:

Heer the stiff Storm, that from his mouth he blowes,
Thousands of Souldiers each on other throwes:
Even as a Winde, a Rock, a sodain Flood
Bears down the Trees in a side-hanging Wood;
Th'yew overturns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th'Oak doth the Ashe ore-whelm;
And from the top, downe to the Vale belowe,
The Mount's dis-mantled, and even shamed so.

Decay, 625ff

We should not ignore the kind of wood the storm attacks; it is a beleaguered, "side-hanging" one, clinging to a mountain. The stripping of the mountain is achieved through the rhetorical device of climax, until finally we discover that the mountain is undressed and ashamed. In Milton's Paradise Lost, such is the roar of the "Stygian Councel" at one point in its threatenings of war, that it is likened to an upset in nature:
As when to warn proud cities war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the airy nights, and couch their spears
Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms
From either end of heaven the welkin burns.
Others with vast Typhoean rage more fell
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides from Oechalia crowned
With conquest, felt th envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into th'Euboic sea .... 11, 533ff

Nature appears as an augury. Hercules appears as a natural force, tearing
the trees out by the roots, and the mountains are horrifically rent, thrown into
the air. In Divine Weeks the same ominous energy of mountains is apparent:

(As with his weight, a hollow Rockie-Hill,
Torn with som Torrent, or Tempestuous windes,
Shivers it self on stones it under-grindes);
Som, rashly climbd (not wont to climb so high)
With giddie brains, swim headlong down the Skie:
Some, over-whelmed under a Mill-stone-storm,
Lose, with their life, their living bodies form.

Decay, 834ff

Or:

It cracks in th'instant, the foundation shrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinkes,
Each stone is lose, and all the Wall doth quiver,
And all at once unto the Ground shiver
With hideous noise; and th'Heathen Garison
Is but immur'd with Clowdes of dust alone:
So shall you see a Clowd-crown'd Hill sometime,
Torne from a greater by the waste of Time;
Dreadly to shake, and bounding down to hop;
And roaring, heere it roules tall Cedars up,
Theare aged Oakes; it turns, it spurnes, it hales
The lower Rocks into th'affrighted Vales,
There sadly sinkes, or soddaine stops the way
Of some swift Torrent hasting to the Sea.

Captains, 207ff
This conception of an all-powerful nature is Homeric; for in Homer, Neptune is the earth-shaker (Iliad, XII, 25ff), able to make hills as flat as the seas and seas as hilly as mountains. Pope renders such natural earth-shaking in the Trojan wars thus:

The God of Ocean, marching stern before,  
With his huge Trident wounds the trembling Shore,  
Vast Stones and Piles from their Foundation heaves,  
And whelms the smoaky Ruin in the Waves.  
Now smooth'd with Sand, and level'd by the Flood,  
No fragment tells where once the Wonder stood;  
In their old Bounds the Rivers roll again,  
Shine 'twixt the Hills, or wander o'er the Plain.  
\[\textit{Iliad, XII, 29ff}\]

In Pope the shore is "trembling", as if in living anticipation of being wounded.

But war is a natural phenomenon in a much less Homeric and more Lucretian and Ovidian way in other respects in \textit{Les Semaines}. In Book I of Ovid's \textit{Metamorphoses} and in Books I and II of Lucretius' \textit{De rerum natura} creation results from the coming together of antagonistic forces. Ovid's four component elements of fire, air, earth, and water are not described expressly in terms of battle, but the four winds that follow are; Ovid concludes, \textit{tanta est discordia fratrurn} (I, 60). For Du Bartas the four elements are battling brothers:

\begin{verbatim}
Now the chiefe Motive of these Accidents,  
Is the dire discord of our Elements:  
Truce-hating Twinnes, where Brother eateth Brother  
By turnses, and turne them one into another:  
\[\text{II, 239ff}\]
\end{verbatim}

We have already discussed at some length Du Bartas' conception of creation and its relation to others in English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. What interests me here is the "championizing" of the elements in terms of war. Milton introduces the four elements thus in \textit{Paradise Lost}, Book II:
... where eldest Night
And Chaos, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions fierce
Strive here for Mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbred as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Thir lighter wings.

I have suggested this passage's part dependency on Divine Weeks. But now I should like to bring further attention to the war imagery. Here the elements rally like clans around their flags, "four Champions fierce". They join with the winds; and elsewhere Milton suggests in Ovidian fashion that the winds lie behind, as umpires or signal men, figurative ragings of the elements in storm:

... Each at the head
Levelled his deadly aim; thir fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join thir dark encounter in mid air:

Paradise Lost, II, 71ff

In Divine Weeks the elements are fierce champions, umpired in their battle. They are represented in a language of battle:

As Christian Armies, from the Frontiers farre,
And out of feare of Turks outrageous Warre,
March in disorder, and become (disperst)
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerst:
So that sometimes th'entrayned Multitude
With batts and bowes hath beat them and subdude,
But if they once perceave, or understand
The Moonie Standards of proud Ottoman
To be approaching, and the Sulph'rie thunder
Where-with he brought both Rhodes and Belgrade under,
They soon unite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themselves;...
These are akin to the factious clans that Milton invents. The language is plainly that of the pomp of war: "Squadrons", "th'untrained Multitude", "proud Ottoman", "Moonie Standards", "intrench". But the language describes natural phenomena. Nature, then, can be described in terms of war. The formula is also reversible. Sylvester describes the combat: 

It [fire] roules and roares, and round-round-round it rumbles,
Till having rent the lower side in sunder,
With Sulph'rie Flash it have shot downe his thunder:
Though willing to unite in these alarmes,
To's Brothers Forces, his own fainting armes;
And th'hottest Circle of the World to gaine,
To issue upward, oft it strives in vaine:
But 'tis there fronted with a Trench so large
And such an Hoast, that though it often charge
On this and that side, the cold Campe about,
With his hot Skirmish; yet still, still the stout
Victorious Foe, repelleth ev'rie push;
So that despairing, with a furious rush,
Forgetting honour, it is fain to fly
By the back-door, with blushing Infamy.

Then, th'Ocean boyles for feare; the Fish doo deem
The Sea too shallow to safe-shelter them:
The Earth doth shake; the Shepheard in the Field
In hollow Rocks himselfe can hardly shield:
Th'affrighted Heav'ns open: and in the Vale
Of Acheron, grim Plutoes selfe lookes pale:
The'Aire flames with Fire: for the loud-roring Thunder,
Renting the Cloud that it includes a-sun'd-r,
Sends forth those Flashes which so bleare our sight:

II, 702ff

Sylvester's "fronted" cloud is the same as the clouds that in Milton "stand front to front". War, in this passage, is something figured by violent uprisings in nature. War and fallen nature can be mutually reflective. And from this we can perhaps make sense of the intricate, inscrutable ranking of things in the earthly Paradise. There are as well natural signals of war and pestilence; storms in the heavens can be made Homerically to touch off storms on earth; and comets can be seen scientifically as auguring disease and war. Though the word, from Greek, means "hairy" or "long-haired", it is surely from Sylvester that Milton learns to make his comets hairy:
Heere, in the night appeares a flamin': Spire,  
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;  
Heere a bright Comet, there a burning Beame,  
Heere flying Launces, there a Fierie Streame,  
Heere seemes a horned Goat environ'd round  
With Fierie flakes about the Aire to bound.  
There, with long bloodie haire, a Blazing-Starre  
Threatens the World with Famine, Plague, and Warre:  
To Princes, death: to Kingdome: many crosses:  
To all Estates, inevitable losses:  
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-les Seasons:  
To Saylers, Stormes: to Citties, civill Treasons.  

_Divine Weeks, II, 665ff_

O frantike France! why doost not thou make use  
Of strangefull Signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce  
Thee to repentance? canst thou teades gaze  
Even night by night on that prodigious Blaze,  
That hairie Comet, that long streaming Starre,  
Which threatens Earth with Famine, Plague, and Warre...  

_II, 867ff_

Incenst with indignation Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge  
In th Artic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and warr.  

_Paradise Lost, II, 707ff_

Satan himself is like a natural prefigurement of distaster, in the way that  
Sylvester's comets are omens.  

The relationship between war and nature extends beyond prefigurement  
however, to an analogy at every level of creation from the elemental sphere  
to the animal sphere. And war makes use of animals familiar in Homer, less  
to explain its degree than just to pause and, in Du Bartas' case, to push  
universal analogy. So, war is likened in its rigid ranking to bees (e.g.,  
_Captains, 350ff; Schism, 885ff_), fighting cocks (e.g., _Trophies, 311ff_), an ox  
(e.g., _Trophies, 288ff_; elsewhere, rams, _Vocation, 295ff_), and especially cranes:

_I heare the Crane (if I mistake not) crie,  
Who, in the Clouds forming the forked Y,  
By the brave orders practiz'd under her,  
Instructeth Soulidiars in the Art of Warre._
Sylvester takes especial care in varying his designations for the collection of cranes: "orders", "Troopes", "Band", "Ranks", "Hoast". These and other such like are commonplace periphrastic genus terms for birds, especially, and animals in Divine Weeks. Their importance to the tradition of English poetry is remarked by Arthos, who cites numerous other collective nouns: breed, brood, choir, citizen, crew, flock, fry, herd, inhabitant, kind, legion, nation, people, race, seed, shoal, squadron, train, tribe. Though the designation of animals in collective terms owes to a classical tradition throughout, the link with war is given prominence for the first time in English in Sylvester’s Du Bartas.

2. A Second Estate: From Courtly Tower To Country Bower Through Heroic Plain

Seemingly fundamental to the war imagery of Divine Weeks is the notion of shadelessness, of vulnerability. Together with this shadelessness is an artificial ornamentation to cover the absence of nature’s embroidery, so to speak. What emerges in the first instance is an association of the cities of the plain with strife. Their highly ornamented towers are in artificial contrast to the towers of heaven. In Divine Weeks, before God destroys the Tower of Babel he refers HomERICally to its "braving towers" — notably, another personification — which attempt "to skale this christall throne of ours" (Babylon, 179f).
Elsewhere Sylvester writes of "towered cities", in striking similarity to the
towered soldiers of the plain (see Trophies, 355ff). Towered cities are symbols
of wealth and power as towered soldiers are of strength. They can become the
object of war or envy, as Heaven is to Satan in Paradise Lost:

... or some renowned metropolis
With glistering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams.
Such wonder siezed though after heaven seen,
The spirit malign, but much more envy seized
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.

The plains of war are unhappy with the fenced fortresses of the earthly
Paradise and pleasance, are fenced rather with the fortresses of men. The
natural ornament of the earthly paradise is substituted for by the ornaments
of soldiers' dress. On the field of battle itself the only source of shade is the
community of tents that house the mechanism of war, or the shade of a victor
standing over his victim. For Du Bartas it is the hypocrite courtiers who
inhabit the "tented shade", described as like painted courtizans:

No (Zeboim) heere are no Looking-Glasses
For Para-Nymphes to gaze their painted faces:
To starch Mustachoes, and to prank in print,
And curle the Lock (with favours brayded in't)
No (Adamah) we spend not heere the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banqueting and Play:
Nor lastly (Zoar) is it heere the guise
Of silken Mock-Mars (for a Mistresse-Prize)
With Reed-like Launce, and with a blunted Blade,
To Championize under a Tented Shade;
As at your Tourneys: Therefore to your Mew:
Lay'downe your weapons, heere's no Worke for you.
'Tis heere the Fashion (and the pride of Warres)
To paint the face with sweat, dust, blood, and scarres:
Our Glasse is heere a bright and glistening Shield:
Our Satten, steele: the Musik: of the Field
Dooth rattle like the Thunders dreadful roare:
Death tilthet heere: The Mistresse we adore
Is Victorie (true Soveraigne of our harts)
Who without danger graceth no Deserts:
Dead carkas: perfume our dainty Nose:
Our Banquets heere be Banquets for the Crowes: ...

Vocation, 337ff
And so on. This turns into an idealised picture of war, with its heroic personification, Victory. It takes the soldier out of the shade and burnishes him in the sun, glistening his armour. The hero is surrounded with all of the pomp of the Homeric Hero, far removed from the hypocritic court and indeed from the pleasance. Du Bartas' contrast between the courtier and the warrior is a contrast between two kinds of form, that of the artificial, intricate pleasance of courting, dancing, banqueting, and that of the ranked, more honest symmetry of battle. The courtier plays under the "Tented shade". The soldier makes his own shade. In such an instance the soldier is in closer league with the shade of the country, the locus amoenus for the field of war is likewise a place where the intricacies of court cannot be understood. So, the soldier is neither of the courtly hell nor of the country Paradise. He is between the towered city and tented shade, and the locus amoenus, defined only by his deeds and not by his estate. He lies as intermediary between two states. He fights on the behalf of strife for peace. This is a fully idealised picture of the hero: loaded with responsibility but free from duplicity. He is the straight line between the two labyrinthine, curvilinear states of man, that of the deviser, and that of paradisiacal man. This makes the hero seem like that ladder like (chain-like, thread-like) soul that links base men with God, earth with heaven. Indeed, so Du Bartas intends it. The soldier and hero is a motive soul. When not in motion he turns as to a lumpen carcass:

"The Souldier, slugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decrease:
The rust doth fret the blade hang'd-up at rest:
The Moath doth eate the garment in the Chest:
The standing Water stinks with putru-faction:
And Vertue hath no Vertue but in action."

VII, 329ff

The good soldier, the hero, is Du Bartas' emblem for the Church Militant. And thus his greatest heroes are Moses, Noah, Abraham, David and Solomon, Joshua, the great strugglers for salvation. Dryden too recognises the formal
absence of the soldier from rest:

Thus some Diviner Muse her Heroe forms,
Not sooth'd with soft Delights, but tossed in storms.
Not stretched on Roses in the Myrtle Grove,
Nor Crowns his days with Mirth, his Nights with Love,
But far remov'd in Thundring Camps is found,
His Slumbers short, his bed the herbless Ground:
In tasks of Danger always seen the First,
Feeds from the Hedg, and slakes with Ice his Thirst.
Long must his Patience strive with Fortunes Rage
And long, opposing Gods themselves engage,
Must see his Country Flame, his Friends destroy'd
Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd,
Such Toil of Fate must build a man of Fame,
And such, to Israel's Crown, the Godlike David came.

Absalom and Achitophel, II, 1103ff

It is essential for Du Bartas that the hero should yearn for peace (Paradise) and not for courtly strife. Near the end of the Captains, after some extemporising on the primacy of the monarchy, Du Bartas broaches the difficult subject of the Israelites' selection of a king. Even in spite of Samuel's warnings the people will have the pomp of kingship, and Du Bartas gives us just this in his language of description. Samuel foresees the dangers of a soldier who has ceased to act, a hero who absorbs adoration. Sylvester renders it closely:

Well (Rebells) well, you shall, you shall have one.
But, doo ye know what follows there-upon?
Hee, from your Ploughes shall take your Horses out,
To serve his Pomp, and draw his Traine about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton sort
Of Popinjayes and Peacocks of the Court):
Hee shall your choisest Sonnes and Daughters take
To be his Servants (nay his slaves to make):
You shall plant Vineyards, he the wine shall sup:
You shall sowe Fields, and he shall reap the Crop:
You shall keepe Flocks, and he shall take the Fleece:
And PHARAO's Yoake shall seeme but light to his.

Captains, 1165ff

The "gilden Coaches" and "choisest Sonnes" are suggestive of the kind of language that Sylvester will associate with heroes, heightened in their
generality (and in the symplece that follows). For Du Bartas the process of heroism, and not the fact of the hero, is important. When the deeds of his heroes are done, they become figureheads, to be replaced by new heroes. This places heroes on the familiar wheel of fortune, at the brink of decline when they have reached the pinnacle. David is an especial case in point. He is at his most impressive in his description before he has achieved kingship. The cycle of man and estate leads us naturally to the hero whose self indulgent pomp makes him profanely like the starry heavens.

3. The Hero

In the Trophies, Du Bartas idealises the country figure turned hero, David. He is described as so brilliant in his finery of war that he resembles the star constellation Orion, but brighter yet:

The faithful Champion, being furnisht thus,
Is like the Knight, which twixt Eridanus
And th'heav'nly Star-Ship, marching bravely-bright
(Having his Club, his Casque, and Belt bedight
With flaming studs of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.
But, yer that hee had half a furlong gon,
The massie Launce and Armour hee had on
Did load him so, hee could not freely move
His legs and arms, as might him best behoove:  

Trophies, 203ff

The parody of gratuitous ornament is manifest. A warrior's hubris makes him reflect the sky, not heaven. But here, not David; he is naturally radiant, celestial. David's "Belt" is like the belt of the upper firmament (or its mirror, Neptune's belt, the belt of the sea); the word is an important one in the canon of poetic diction. Arthos refers to it as one of his "significant words". It is of course useful to the personifications of the sea and sky that Sylvester does develop. In this instance David's belt is made to seem like the natural belt of the sky, dressed in its "flaming studs". In Divine Weeks, heroes of war
are clothed in the imagery and diction of the skies. Perhaps it is not surprising, for the sky is periphrastically a plain, like the plains of the sea or, more importantly, of the land. The sky is a vast and, to appearances, extending field. The analogy may be built upon the perceived analogy between the sea and open land, and on a scientific relationship of the three material elements of nature, representing three material states — that, moreover, can even be attained by one substance, as with the liquid, crystal and evaporated states (thence distilled) of water. In natural description the sky is crystal (its topmost sphere is said to be of a crystalline, glassy surface), the water is crystal, and the bowels of the earth contain the crystals of gems, etc...

In confirmation, Sylvester calls the sky an "azure Field" (V). The sky is also like a massive shield, "studded" and "embossed", "spangled" with stars. It carries the same terms as the language of heraldic artifice:

IZRAEL (sayth she) be of good cheer; for now God Warrs upon your Foes, and Leagues with you: Thear-fore, to Field now let your Youth advance, And in their rests couch the revenging Launce: This sayd, on BARAC shee a Shield bestowes, Indented on the brims, which plaine fore-shewes In curious Bosse-worke (that doth neatly swell) The (wonn and lost) Battailes of IZRAEL, As an abridgement, where to life appeare The noblest Acts of eight or nine skoare yeare. Captains, 795ff

With this we might compare the following passages on the stars:

I'll n'ere beleeve that the Arch-Architect, With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt Only for Shew, and with these glist'ring Shields 'T'amaze poore Shepheards watching in the Fields: I'll n'ere beleeve that the least flower that prancks Our Garden borders, or the common Banks, And the least stone that in her warming Lap Our kind Nourse Earth doth covetously wrap, Hath some peculiar vertue of it owne; And that the glorious Starres of Heav'n have none: But Shine in vaine, and have no charge precise, But to be walking in Heav'ns Galleries,
And through that Palace up and downe to clamber,
As Golden Gulls about a PRINCES CHAMBER.
IV, 431ff

Thus, on this Day, working th'eigO- azure Tent,
With Art-les Art, devinely-excellent:
Th'Amighties fingers fixed many a million
Of golden scutchions in that rich Pavillion:
But in the rest, under that glorious Heav'n,
But one a pceee, unto the severall Seaven.
Least, of those Lampes the number passing number,
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,
That we should never, in the cleerest night,
Starres divers Course see or discerne a-right.
And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers
He made to twinckle with such trembling capers;
But the Seaven Lights that wander under them,
Through various passage, never shake a beam:
Or, hee (perhaps) made them not different,
But th'Hoast of sparkes spred in the Firmament
Farre from our sence, through distance infinite,
Seemes but to twinckle, to our twinckling Sight ....
IV, 295ff

The stars, like so many of Sylvester's objects in nature, are dancers,
capering through the sky, "twinckling". They are so filled with the pomp of a
hero — with a native heroism — that they are "glistening Shields"/T'amaze
poore Shepheards watching in the Fields". The sky is an expansive field of
innumerable objects of wonder, like the innumerable soldiers of the field.
There is a second edge to the relationship between the sky as a field of war
and the earthly field of war. That is, that in the sky are represented
personified constellations. David, in the above description resembles, not
unnaturally, Orion, the Hunter. In the stars there are two kinds of motion,
the capering twinkle and the fixed trajectory which appears linear to the
naked eye. There is a deceptiveness in the appearance of stars: they are
both magnificent, and regular in their motion, and yet mysterious. The
planets, conversely, are erring in their movements across the sky but, Du
Bartas says, do not twinkle. At once the stars are suggestive of the attain-
able and of the mysterious. They are emblems of divine achievement and of
excessive pride. They adumbrate the dichotomy of Nature's decorated art,
and man's Babylonian artifice. The twinkle suggests that which lies beyond the celestial sphere, and the lateral motion the sphere itself. The twinkling connects man with heaven as in some alphabetical message; the lateral motion distinguishes the sky from man. The field of the sky is full of battling Orions striving for peace, not to be had until the very sky blinks at the time of Last Judgement. Every rising must come into a setting; and so pride always "cometh before a fall" in man. The pomp of the stars equals the pomp of the Hero and yet their ups and downs equal the ups and downs of the hero.

In Paradise Lost Satan is a grim parody of Sylvester's constellation-like David:

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth
In order came the grand infernal peers:
Midst came their mighty paramount, and seemed
Alone the antagonist of heaven, nor less
Then hell's dread emperor with pomp supreme,
And God-like imitated state; him round
A globe of fiery seraphim enclosed
With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms

II, 506ff

The seraphim hang about Satan like a "globe", "enclosed/With bright emblazonry". Elsewhere, we have seen, Satan is likened to a fiery comet. Satan's opposite — what Satan once was — is the heroic figure of Raphael, David's equivalent in Paradise Lost. His description in Book XI is reminiscent of Sylvester's David:

He ended; and the archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flowed
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipped the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side
As in a glistering zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.

238ff
Satan's starrified globe by contrast is alchemical, wrought in Hell, with an "horrid Roof,/And thrice threefold the Gates; three foulds were Brass,/Three Iron, three of Adamantin Rock,..." (II, 644ff). The alchemy is bred of a creative music that is diabolically the strifeful music of War:

Then of thir session ended they bid cry  
With trumpets regal sound the great result:  
Toward the four winds four speedy cherubim  
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy  
By heralds voice explained: the hollow abyss  
Heard farr and wide, and all the host of hell  
With deafening shout, returned them loud acclaim.  
II, 514ff

There may be the suggestion here of the strifeful unharmonious effects of the trumpet — in Sylvester, the "clanging Trumpet", (Trophies, 321) — and its capacity to destroy unnatural artifice, as with the horns blown by Joshua's warriors. But the trumpet is the instrument of war.

Milton's Satan is more diabolically aligned with Sylvester's David than with Joshua, moreover. Satan's conclusion to the debate over the proper course of action is followed by a long pause of expectation as Satan awaits volunteers for the decided mission:

This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt; but all sat mute  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In others countenance read his own dismay  
Astonished: none among the choice and prime  
Of those heaven warring champions could be found  
So hardy as to proffer or accept  
Alone the dreadful voyage;  
Paradise Lost, II, 417ff

In Divine Weeks the hideous monster Goliath is so daunting on the field of war that none of Saul's soldiers are willing to do single battle, until the shepherd, David, volunteers:
Yet, for the Duel no man dares appear:
All wish the Prize; but none will win't so dear:
Big-looking Minions, brave in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:
But, even the blast that cools their courage so,
That makes my DAVIDS valiant rage to glowe.

So, both David and Satan volunteer. The difference between the two "heroes" is as manifest as that between natural creation and alchemy.

Not only are great heroes recognised as analogous to the studded pomp of the sky, but they display the same golden locks as Phoebus Apollo, the sun. The sun is ornately dressed in Divine Weeks, figured in periphrasis and personification:

Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O're Memphis yet his golden tresse display,...

Meane-while the howers opened the doores of Day,
To let out Titan that must needs away,
Whose radiant tresses, but with trayling on,
Began to guild the top of Libanon;
When, with the rest of all his Hoast, the GRAVE
Marcheth amaine to give the Towne a brave.

The latter depiction prefigures in Homeric fashion an episode of war. Apollo is of course famed for his beauty; Du Bartas takes care to give his young hero, David, an analogous beauty and a patent greatness:

Gold on his head, skarlet in either Cheeke,
Grace in each part and in each gest, alike;
In all so lovely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Envy cannot but Commend
His match-les beauties: and though ardent zeale
Flush in his face against the Infidel,
Although his Furie fume, though up and downe
Hee nimblie traverse, though he fiercely frownne,
Though in his breast boyling with manly heat,
His swelling heart do strongly pant and beat;
His Storme is Calm, and from his modest eyes
Even gratious seemes the grimmest flash that flies.

_Trophies, 239ff_

That David's "Storme is calm" is perhaps signal, for this gives him a kind of
natural mystery — paradox — that defies Goliath. Goliath takes David for a
"Dandiprat", a "guirle-boy", the kind of court fop that we have already seen
Du Bartas criticise for taking the "tented Shade" during war. But the designation
"guirle-boy" is suggestive emblematically of the hermaphroditic Christ.

Goliath says with resounding scorn:

... Thy Mistresse shall no more
Curl the quaint Tresses of thy Golden ore:
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of those sweet-smiling eyes:

_Trophies, 265ff_

He misreads his little opponent. The battle is like the coming together of a
great ship and a small:

If e'r you saw (at Sea) in Summer weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope together;
(How th'one steers quick, and th'other veers as slowe
Lar-boord and star-boord, from the poop to prowe;
This, on the winde; that, on her Owres relies;
This daunteth most; and that most damnifies)
You may conceive this Fight; th'huge Polypheme
Stands stifly shaking his steel-pointed beam:
David dooth traverse (round about him) light,...

_Trophies, 297ff_

The conflict is also like those between the Elephant and the rhinocers and the
dragon discussed above, or the silent battle of the Elephant and the mouse in
Donne. Goliath is a Polyphemus figure — the designation is not uncommon in
poetry after Sylvester. In fact, Dryden repeats the large versus small picture
of war in his consideration of a sea-battle between the British and the Dutch
in _Annus Mirabilis_: 
On high-rais'd Decks the haughty Belgians ride,
   Beneath whose shade our humble Fregats go:
Such port the Elephant bears, and so defi'd
   By the Rhinocero's her unequal foe.
And as the built, so different is the fight;
   Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
   And through the yielding planks a passage find.
sts. 59f

It is significant that the English fleet is under the shade of the Belgian fleet,
for this figuratively locates the battle on a plain; the ships become noble soldiers —

    Th'Elean Plains could boast no nobler sight,
      When strugling Champions did their bodies bare.
            Annus Mirabilis, st. 56 —

and one champion physically dominates the other one, actually leaving him in his shade. In Divine Weeks ominous figures of war carry trees on their heads, offering their own surrogate shade; the great shade of Goliath's plume in the Trophies is anticipated by an elaborate description of Goliath in terms of an horrific, Spenserian nature. Every image is vast, huge or weighty, in direct contrast with David, who had shunned the glorious armour given to him by Saul:

    ... where, in raging mood
      (Colossus-like) an armed Giant stood:
His long black locks hung shagged (sloven-like)
   A-down his sides: his bush-beard floated thick;
His hands and arms, and bosom bristled were
   (Most Hedg-hog-like) with wyer instead of haire.
His foul blasphemous mouth, a Caves mouth is;
   His eyes two Brands, his belly an Abyss:
His legs two Pillers; and to see him go,
   Hee seemd some steeple reeling to and fro.
A Cypresse-Tree of fifteen Summers old,
Pyramid-wise waves on his Helm of gold.
Whose glistening brightnes doth (with rayes direct)
Against the Sun, the Sun it self reflect:
Much like a Comet blazing bloodie-bright
Over some Cittie, with new threatful light,
Presaging down-fal, or some dismal fate,
Too-neer approaching to some ancient State:
His Launce a Loom-beam, or a Mast (as big)
Which yet he shaketh as an Osiar twig;
Whose harmful point is headed stifly-straight
With burnisht Brasse above an Anvils waight: ...  
Trophies, 59ff

And so on. Goliath is like some diabolical wooded copse in this description, not just shading the sun, but daunting it or obliterating it. Elsewhere, in the Decay, a similar description of the overpowering figure of war actually turns the warrior, with his tree-like plume, into an awesome source of shade, a thing opposite to David's sun, his tresses of gold:

Yet mounts the Captain, and his spacious Targe
Bears-off a Mountain and a Forest large
Of Stoanes and Darts, that flie about his ears;
His teeth do gnash, he threats, he sweats, and swears:
As steadie thear as on the ground he goes;
And thear, though weary, he affronts his Foes,
Alone, and halfly-hanging in the ayr,
Against whole Squadrons standing firmly fair:
Upright hee rears him, and his Helmet brave
(Whear, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)
Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,
Affrights th'whole Cittie with the shade of it.
841ff

The diction is both high and ominous. In Dryden the contrast is so great between the ominous, ship-like (Goliath carries with him a mast in the Trophies) warrior and the frail but nimble one, that the giant dis-plumes the pygmj; but Dryden's warriors are ships, so much like human warriors that when the English ship's sails are battered they become at once like a warrior's plume, and like — importantly, we have argued — a tree or wooden copse stripped bare by tempestuous nature:

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives.
All bare, like some old Oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.  
Annus Mirabilis, st. 61
Dryden makes the connection with the fields of battle clear in the lines immediately following:

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought,
   But he, who meets all danger with disdain,...
   st. 62

Again the emphasis is on shelter. But against odds the English ships finally come to success. In *Divine Weeks*, David is like the Carack to Goliath's Galley, dancing nimbly about the Giant —

Steps in and out; now stoops, anon hee stretches;
Then hee recoyls, on either hand hee reaches;
   Trophies, 307f —

in the same way that paradisiacal nature dances.

The winding measures of David's footsteps are not dissimilar in principle to the "waving" dances of war plumage and of the trees of nature's grove.

In *Divine Weeks* natural description is carried into battle in the waving plumes and crests of soldiers' artificial finery:

So these two Armies enterchanged blowes,
And doubling steps and strokes upon their Foes,
First flesh their Launces, and their Pikes imbrow,
Then with their swords about them keenly heaw,
Then stab with daggers; standing bravely to-'t,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foote to foote;
So neere, that oft ones Targets pike doth pierce
Another's shield and sends him to his Herse.
And gawdie plumes of foes (be-Ced:red brave)
Oft on their Foes (un-plumed) crests do wave.
   Vocation, 299ff

The repetitional patterning of this passage makes the combat dance; then the "gawdie plumes" of shade and victory wave as trees in the wind:
Hee weares for Helm a Dragons ghastlie head
Whereon for Plume a huge Horse-taile doth spreed;
Not much unlike a Burch-tree bare belowe,
Which at the top in a thicke Tuffe doth grow,
Waving with everie winde, and made to kisse
Th'Earth, now on that side, and anon on this:

Captains, 265ff

Dryden too likes the pomp of war to be wavy, though more with banners,
either on the heroic ship —

Meantime her Warlike Brother on the Seas
His waving Streamers to the Winds displays,...
"Anne Killigrew", 165f —

or on the heroic plain —

A numerous Troop, and all their Heads around
With Chaplets green of Cerrial-Oak were crown'd,
And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;
Which waving in the Wind display'd at large
Their Master's Coat of Arms, and Knightly Charge.

The Flower and the Leaf, 229ff

Dryden also recognises the relationship between the pomp of nature and the
pomp of war, in for instance his treatment of the fable of The Flower and the
Leaf (200ff). When Dryden later comes to describe the troops he suggests
that they are innumerable, as, we may conclude, are the stars of the sky —

And after these came arm'd with Spear and Shield
An Hoast so great, as cover'd all the Field:

275ff —

and his description of soldiers jewels them in just the way that Sylvester
jewels his heroic figures:
The chief about their Necks, the Scutcheons wore,  
With Orient Pearls and Jewels pouder'd o'er:  
Broad were their Collars too, and ev'ry one  
Was set about with many a costly Stone.  
Next these of Kings at Arms a goodly Train,  
In proud Array came prancing o'er the Plain:  
Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver mix'd with Gold,  
And Garlands green arround their Temples roll'd:  
Rich Crowns were on their royal Scutcheons plac'd  
With Saphires, Diamonds, and with Rubies grac'd ....  
Nine royal Knights in equal Rank succeed,  
Each Warrior mounted on a fiery Steed:  
In golden Armour glorious to behold;  
The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with Gold.  
The Trappings of their Steeds were of the same;  
The golden Fringe ev'n set the Ground on flame;  
And drew a precious Trail: A Crown divine  
Of Lawrel did about their Temples twine.  
236ff

We see once again the capacity of the costumery of war to cast a "glitt'ring Shade". In the passage are a good number of generally applicable and greatly stylised terms: "Orient Pearls", "costly Stone", "goodly Train", "proud Array", "equal Rank", "golden Armour", "fiery Steed". Notably, jewels in Sylvestrian fashion are "pouder'd o'er", and the armours' rivets are "nail'd with Gold". Sylvester's description of Solomon's dress at the wedding feast is full of emblems illustrative of Solomon's wisdom, bard-like voice (the swan), salvatory lineage (Christ prefigured in the Phoenix emblem), and so on. Solomon is dressed magnificently in all of the pomp and spangling that befits a king, but he is also later described in terms of familiar animals of war: the lion, and the cock. The description is at least as stylised as Dryden's:

A Garland braided with the Flowrie folds  
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-golds,  
Beset with Bal'rites, Rubies, Chrysolites,  
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:  
His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat  
With burning Carbuncles, and everi'eset  
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n upon)  
Of Laurel, Cedar, Balm, and Cinamon: ...  
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eyes,  
His mouth and nosthrls fierie-Flames let-flyes,
Seems with his whisking 'Train his rage to whet,
And, wrath-full ramping, readie even to set
Upon a Heard of fragrant Leopards:
When lo, the Cock (that light his rage reguards):
A purple Plume tymbers his stately Crest,
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Brest
A rich Coat-Armour (Or and Azure) shines,
A frenge of raveld gold about his Loines:
In lieu of bases. Beard as red as blood;
A short Beak bending like the Eagles brood:
Green-yellow eyes, where Terrors Tent is pight:
A martial gaite, and spurred as a Knight:
Into two arches his proud Train divides,
With painted wings he claps his cheerful sides,
Sounds his shrill Trumpet, and seems with his sight
The Lions courage to have danted quight.

Magnificence, 1003ff

Here are all of the gem-stones, the chaplet of laurel, cedar, balm, and cinna-mon; as well as such typical epithets as "furious eyes", "whisking Train",
"stately Crest", "frenge of raveld gold", "martial gaite", "prowd Train",
"painted wings", "shrill Trumpet". All that's missing is the "fiery Steed" of battle. But Sylvester's translation gives ample treatment of this horse else-where, for example in the Handy-Crafts, where Cain's horse first displays a "thundring" motion, making — like Dryden's soldiers — the ground tremble; then rages against its master frenetically, the rush of verbs making the horse seem to dance wildly:

His pace is faire and free; his trot as light
As Tigers course, as Swallowes nimble flight:
And his brave gallop seemes as swift to go
As Biscain darts, or shafts from Russian bowe:
But roaring Cannon from his smoaking throate
Never so speedy spewes the thundring shot
That in an Armie mowses whole squadrons down,
And batters bulwarks of a summond Town;
As this light horse scuds, if he do but feelie
His bridle slacke, and in his side the heele,
Shunning him selfe, his sinewie strength he stretches,
Flying the Earth, the flying ayre he catches,
Borne whirle-wind-like: he makes the trampled ground
Shrink under him, and shake with dubling sound: ...

But th'angry steede, rising and rayning proudly,
Striking the stones, stamping, and naighing loudly
Cals for the combat, plunges, leapes, and prances,
Befoames the path, with sparkling eies he glances,
421

Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,
All side-long jaunts, on either side he justles,
And's waving Crest courageously he bristles,
Making the gazers glad on every side
to give more roome unto his portly Pride.

425ff

The horse contains in his "waving Crest" the pomp of war, and everywhere the thunder of it. Like Milton's Satan it is "Borne whirl-wind-like". It is, further, compared to a roaring cannon in the speed of its "brave gallop". The horse here is a kind of tempest in a teapot representation of war. One positively baroque side of a represented scene of battle, present in the depiction of the horse, and one probably encouraged initially by Homer, is the tendency towards panoramisation in asyndeton, and in the symploces of the scattered images of the field — "Heere ... there/Heere ... there". Sylvester is full of this rhetorical stockpiling.

4. Christ Victorious

It is hard to fairly attribute the language of war in English to Sylvester's translation of Les Semaines; there are so many analogous writers of war description at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Sylvester, however, seems to be at the forefront of a uniting of nature and war, placing war definitively in a fallen natural world. War earmarks strifeful nature in Divine Weeks, and strifeful nature war. It is perhaps of interest that while Golding's description of Ovid's Golden Age (especially Metamorphoses, Book 1, 94ff)— and Sandys— is quite straight-forward in its presentation of the world conditions not present in the Golden Age, Dryden makes a point of introducing to the world after the Fall a language of war. Little or none of this description may be found in Ovid:
Then unambitious Mortals knew no more
Than the short Prospect of their native Shore.
No Walls, nor steepy Bulwarks rais'd in Air,
The Cities girt; as yet no Cities were.
No Hand had yet the wreathing Trumpet made,
The polish'd Helmet, or the murd'ring Blade;
Fearless and guiltless of the Warrior's Crime,
The happy Nations slept away the Time.  

War in **Divine Weeks** is one of the Furies (see for example the Furies) that invade the world after Adam and Eve's imposture, until with heroic pomp Christ, the "World's Ransom" (Vocation) achieves final victory. This victory gives to Satan's blaring trumpets in Hell a final parody and absurdity, in that Christ shall be heralded by a trumpet more final than Joshua's, and shall distribute a Justice more final and more antithetical than the prelapsarian and the fallen. Here is Sylvester's Last Judgement:

All shall appeare and heare before the Throne
Of God (the Judge without exception)
The finall Sentence (sounding joy and terror)
Of ever-lasting happinesse or horror.
Some shall his Justice, some his Mercie taste,
Some call'd to Joy, some into torment cast,
When from the Goates, he shall his Sheepe dissever,
These Blest in Heav'n, those Curst in Hell for ever.
O thou that once (scorn'd as the vilest Judge)
Didst feare the doome of an Italian Judge,
Daigne (dearest Lord) when the last Trumpe shall summon
To this Grand Sessions all the World in common;
Daigne in that Day to undertake my matter,
And, as my Judge, so be my Mediator.

Elsewhere Sylvester translates:

God is the Judge, who keepes continuall Sessions,
In every place, to punish all transgressions;
Who, void of ignorance and avarice,
Not wonne with bribes, nor wrested with device,
Sans feare, or favour; hate, or partiall zeale;
Pronounceth Judgements that are past appeale.
Himselfe is Judge, Jurie, and Witnes too,
Well knowing what we all think, speake, or doo:
God is the perfect judge; his court is continually likened to an English court of sessions. The tradition is perhaps old, apparent for instance in Lydgate. But it seems quite possible that Sylvester's last Assize, where the history of all human flesh —

Awaked all, shall rise, and all revest
The flesh and bones that they at first possest.
I, 429f

— is brought to a reckoning, adjudged bad or good, and whereupon Paradise is returned to deserving man —

... where an immortall Maye
In blissfull beauties flourisheth for aye,
Where Life still lives, where God his Sises holds,
Environ'd round with Seraphims, and Soules
Bought with his precious blood, whose glorious Flight
Yerst mounted Earth above the Heav'ns bright.
II, 1085ff —

lies behind Dryden's final regal victory in "To the Pious Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew":

The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;
And there the last Assizes keep,
For those who Wake, and those who Sleep;
When ratling Bones together fly,
From the four Corners of the Skie,
When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread.
Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead:
The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
And formost from the Tomb shall bound:
For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground
And straignt, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing,
Like mounting Larkes, to the New Morning sing.
There Thou, Sweet Saint, before the Quire shalt go,
As Harbinger of Heav'n, the Way to show,
The Way which thou so well hast learn'd below.
I81ff
For Sylvester, John the Baptist is "Christes holy Harbinger" (I, 768); but more significantly, after the angel's victory over Senacherib, angels are given an encomium in Divine Weeks that concludes the First Day and makes way for the "New Morning" of the Second Day:

To see such Conquest and not know the Victor.
O sacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Elect, you Pursuivants prepar'd
To execute the Counsailes of the Highest;
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to you: King the highest:
'Twixt Heavn and Earth you true Interpreters:
God's glorious Herralds, Heav'n's swift Harbingers,

Du Bartas and Sylvester thence "take delight" to "follow farther your Celestial Flight" (825f), as the very sacred poets who "first shall hear the Sound" of the Trumpet. The suggestion is that Dryden's addressee shall have the distinction of leading such sacred poets as Du Bartas and Sylvester from victory in the final war to salvation. And in Dryden is an analogy between the "heavenly Quire" of Angels and the earthly quire of birds (and bird-like sacred poets) that surely recalls Divine Weeks.

Thus then is the passage from Paradise to fall and strife, to redemption and finally to the New Jerusalem — a proud, victorious, unassailable tower — made complete. It makes paltry the towered city, towered hero, towered trees, boats, and even the towered sky.

5. The Map of Celestial Ornament

A few words need be said about the stars in Divine Weeks. We have already seen stars described in connection with the reflective glory of war. And they are connected with the pomp and colour of war; but theirs is a stately existence rather than a battling one, full of the jewels and the studded clothes, with none of the blood. Early in the Fourth Day, for instance, the starry firmament is elaborately likened to a peacock:
Even as a Peacocke, prickt with loves desire,
To woo his Mistresse, strowting stately by-her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vaile,
His azure wings and starrie-golden taile;
With ratling pinions wheeling still about,
The more to set his beauteous beautie out:
The Firmament, as feeling like above,
Displaies his pompe; pranceth about his Love,
Spreads his blew curtaine, mixt with golden marks,
Set with gilt spangles, sow'n with glist'ring sparks,
Sprinckled with eyes, speckled with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Starres streaming with glorious light,
T'inflame the Earth the more, with Lovers grace
To take the sweet fruit of his kinde imbrace.

There are a number of things about this passage that bear comment. One is
the primacy of verbal imagery: the sky is "Set", "sow'n", "Sprinckled",
"speckled", "Poudred", with stars. The language is the typical language of sky
description in Sylvester; it is clearly associated with dress or make-up. And,
indeed, the sky later appears as some great belt:

This glorious Baldricke of a Golden tindge,
Imbost with Rubies, edg'd with silver frendge,
Buckled with Gold; with a Bend glistring bright,
Heav'n biaze-wise environs day and night:

The terms are familiar to the diction and accoutrement of nature; "Golden
tindge", "Imbost", "silver frendge". When Sylvester renders Du Bartas' personi-
fication of Astronomy, a figure associate obviously to the starry sky, he gives
his description like ornament:

A silver Crescent weares she for a Crowne,
A hairy Commet to her heeles hangs downe,
Browes stately bent in milde-Majestike wise,
Beneath the same two Carbuncles for eyes,
An Azure Mantle waving at her back,
With two bright Claspes buckled about her neck,
From her right shoulder sloaping over-thwart-her,
A watchet Skarfe, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Flourisht with Beasts of sundry shapes, and each
With glistring Starres imbost and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes she weares
Of that proud Bird which starrie Rowells beares.

Columns, 253ff

Astronomy is likened to the peacock. The language is of a kind with that of
the peacock simile above, except that Astronomy is plumed like a great hero
of war (and of course like the bird). Not only is Astronomy, and the sky,
laden with gem-stones, glistering over a blue cloak, but these are so intricately
ordered as to be "imbrodered" and so numerous as to be "poudred". Is it from
Sylvester that Milton learns to powder stars?

... That Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou sees't
Poudred with starrs ...

Paradise Lost, VII, 579ff

And Milton's "circling Zone" brings to mind again another quality of the above
passages, the resemblance of the sky to a belt. A belt is necessarily cylindri-
cal: Astronomy wears a cylindrical crown, "buckled" clasps, a "watchet skarfe"
notably "sloaping over-thwart-her" cylindrically, a garter. Into these belts are
studded the ornaments of stars, so that finally they resemble cart-wheels with
spokes obtruding from the hub to a belt-like wheel rim:

But rather, fixed unto turning Spheares,
Aye will-thay nill-they follow their carreres:
As Cart-nailes fastened in a wheele (without
Selfes-motion) turne with others turnes about.

IV, 131ff

The embossed, studded, spangled description then is an accurate account of a
scientific observation. The stars' "carreres" are fixed to the motions of
their spheres. Du Bartas explains in better detail just what he means by the
cart-wheel image in the Second Day; the studdedness of the stars is both an
astrological observation — that stars fix themselves to us in the centre and
thence determine our lives and all fortune — and perhaps scientifically attributive of matter to beams of light:

And sith, on th'other side, th'harmonious Course
Of Heav'n's bright Torches is the'immortal source
Of Earthly life, and sith all alterations
(Almost) are caus'd by their quicke agitations;
In all the World, God could not place so fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midst of it.
For all the Starres reflect their lively rayes
On Fire and Aire, and Water divers wayses,
Dispersing so, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through these various Elements:
But on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all unite their severed force in her:
As in a Wheele, which with a long deepe rut,
His turning passage in the durt doth cut,
The distant spoakes neerer and neerer gather,
And in the Nave unite their points together.

II, 351ff

The carreers of the stars, rooted to their spheres, are such that they equal the peacock's movements, "pranceth", "wheeling still about", turning "with others turnes about". The image is of that dancing which actually brings this discussion of natural description full circle — like a belt. The dancing of the spheres lies intimately behind all of nature's dancing in Du Bartas and Sylvester. It is a glorious dancing motion — closest to God's "whirling" motion — that brings together all of the world's opposites: geographically the antipodes; scientifically the antiperistatic; figuratively and mystically the oxymorons, antitheses, and paradoxes. Here are Sylvester's dancing spheres:

So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twentye houres,
Surveying all this various house of ours;
With his quicke motion all the Spheres doth move,
Whose radiant glances guild the World above,
And drives them everie day (which swiftnes strange-is)
From Gange, to Tagus; and from Tay to Ganges.

But, th'under-Orbes, as grudging to be still
So straitly subject to anothers will,
Still without change, still at anothers pleasure,
After one pipe to dance one onely measure,
They from-ward turne, and traversing a-side,
Each by himselfe an oblique cause doth slide:

So that they all (although it seeme not so)
Forward and backward in one instant goe,
Both up and downe, and with contrarie paces,
At once they poste to two contrary places:
IV, 333ff

The stars' dance is astrologically determinant of the providential scheme of creation and design; but, for Du Bartas, the scheme is a closed book to star gazers and numerologists, a book that will only be opened on the day of last judgement. It is the same as the "Book of Fate" referred to in Dryden's account of the Last Judgement; Sylvester renders it:

You have mis-cast in your Arithmetike,
Mis-laid your Counters, groapingly yee seeke
In nights blacke darknes for the secret things
Seal'd in the Casket of the King of Kings;
'Tis he that keepes th'eternall Clocke of Time,
And holds the waights of that appointed Chime:
He in his hand the sacred booke doth beare
Of that close-clasped finall Calendr,
Where, in Red letters (not with us frequented)
The certaine Date of theat Great Day is printed:
That dreadfull Day, which doth so swiftly post,
That 'twill be seene, before fore-seene of most.
I, 405ff

Du Bartas' rubric is surely Milton's rubric in Paradise Regained:

A Kingdom they portend thee, but what Kingdom,
Real or Allegoric I discerne not,
Nor when, eternal sure, as without end,
Without beginning, for no date prefixt
Directs me to the Starry Rubric set.
IV, 389ff

Satan's inability to distinguish between "Real or Allegoric" is like our own difficulty with Du Bartas' rubric. In the Fourth Day (327ff) Du Bartas likens the motion of the spheres to the shifting weights of a clock. Here, is the final dance, to the final music. Here the sky is as devoid of stars, mantled only in "nights blacke darknes"; the stars that supplied the sciences of
astrology and numerology with its numbers and its alphabet are obliterated by an unforeseeable providence, replaced by a secret rubric; the notion must have been regarded as supremely important by Sylvester's contemporaries and successors. It sums up the whole concept of hexaemeral poetry for Du Bartas and his translator. It argues finally an implicit rationale for Sylvester's descriptive language, that of fundamental and universal analogy, specifically in respect of all things that move and all things that contain. For, creation and existence are moving things, a thing "whirld" in metaphysical paronomasia, and a thing danced.

Coleridge was impressed with Sylvester's Du Bartas, possibly for the unities that lie beneath the grating diversities. Of Coleridge's short poem "Coeli Enarrant", he says, "I wrote these lines in imitation of Du Bartas as translated by our Sylvester." The poem recalls the Sylvester's passage about the rubric of the Last Judgement. The sky is left black, and the rubric turned into one "large Black Letter":

The stars that wont to start, as on a chace,
Mid twinkling insult on Heaven's darken'd face,
Like a conven'd conspiracy of spies
Wink at each other with confiding eyes!
Turn from the portent — all is blank on high,
No constellations alphabet the sky:
The Heavens one large Black Letter only shew,
And as a child beneath its master's blow
Shrills out at once its task and its affright —
The groaning world now learns to read aright,
And with its Voice of Voices cries out, O!

The child being struck by its master is curiously like the babe freshly out of the womb, and here as in Sylvester the conclusion returns in a round to the beginning.

Time and again I have gone to Keats' "To Autumn" as a poem indicating a sense of process in language, and in its unparalleled second stanza photographing nature in mid-motion. If we may go back to the beginning in memory
— that process that determines history and cycle (see Divine Weeks, VI, 80ff)
— with Keats' organ-mouthed Saturn in Hyperion, if we may return to the
book of creation with its great rubric, the book — the world itself, given form
— which is the footstool of salvation, we may perceive the container, blown
into form, and its contents leaping out from that form. Keats' Saturn fills the
same silence as that filled ominously by Satan in Paradise Lost, Book II. But
his uncertainty is rather closer to Satan's, in Paradise Regained, Book IV, as to
how the book of the world is to be read, "Real or Allegoric". Saturn's
uncertainty combines, literally, the bravado of uprising and the irony of defeat
— "Not ... can I find reason why". And there is an inscrutable reason why:

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more, and fever'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise;
So Saturn, as he walk'd into the midst,
Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
"Titans, behold your God!" at which some groan'd;
Some started on their feet; some also shouted;
Some wept, some wail'd, all bow'd with reverence;
And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
Show'd her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
Her eye-brows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
When Winter lifts his voice; there is a noise
Among immortals when a God gives sign,
With hushing finger, how he means to load
His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
With thunder, and with music, and with pomp:
Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines:
Which, when it ceases in this mountain'd world,
No other sound succeeds; but ceasing here,
Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
Grew up like organ, that begins anew
Its strain, when other harmonies, stopt short,
Leave the din'd air vibrating silverly.
Thus grew it up — "Not in my own sad breast,
Which is its own great judge and searcher out,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Sav'd from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-ebb'd still hid it up in shallow gloom; —
And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-based footstool: — Ah, infirm!
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air, and fire, —
At war, at peace, or inter-quarreling
One against one, or two, or three, or all
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
Drown both, and press them both against earth's face,
Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
Unhinges the poor world; — not in that strife,
Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus:
No, no-where can unriddle, though I search,
And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shap'd and palpable Gods,
Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelm'd, and spurn'd, and batter'd, ye are here!

6. Some Letters of the Rubric

I have discussed elsewhere the crane with the "forked Y" as the perfect image and model for the symmetry of war. And I have referred to the soldier as a thing of motion caught between strife of court politics and the peace of the country. Justus Lawler confirms the almost cabbalistic worldliness of the letter Y, which appears to indicate, he suggests, the growth of fallen man (the trunk of the letter) into a choice between virtue (the right fork) and worldliness (the left fork). He quotes Chapman:

This letter of Pythagoras, that beares
This forked distinction, to conceit prefers
The forme man's life beares. Vertues hard way takes
Upon the right hand path: which entrie makes
(To sensuall eyes) with difficult affaire;
But when ye once have climbed the highest staire,
The beautie and the sweetness it containes,
Give rest and comfort, farre past all your paines. 139

This is the same choice as the soldier's, between court and country; man's between profane and divine. Then, in his alphabet, Lawler proceeds to discuss the letter X, the letter of chiasmus. 140 We have already noted the pervasive
use of the device in *Divine Weeks*. I should like to point out once more that Lawler implicitly says that chiasmus is a circular figure, the crossing over being a return to the initial figure or word. The structure of this work is along similar lines. In the beginning, for me, was the word; as we move towards our end of this study of poetic diction we approach a most conclusive word, which is actually, for Coleridge, one "large Black Letter", the final word of Coleridge's poem, the undecipherable exclamation "O". In Thomas Hardy's "During Wind and Rain", "the years 0" and we must tolerate several readings of these three words. Lawler reminds us of Milton's poem on temporal change, "On Time":

FLY envious Time, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfetly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t'whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grossnes quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

The conclusion of time completes the circle of the letter O; the creation principle, lodged in timelessness is an active circle.
CHAPTER 8

TOPOGRAPHICAL POETRY: THE GARDEN AND RIVER LOCALISATION

Du Bartas' Paradise or Garden offers a natural analogy with the complex harmony of God's creation. The Garden, we have seen, is an image of music-like harmony; and while this is pertinent to the major theme of Les Semaines—an history which is not contemporary—the Garden can and does represent an ideal after which all post-lapsarian societies hanker. The concept stems from Ovid, where the Golden Age is clearly not one of social strife, but one in which the trees themselves have peaceful, ordered intercourse. Du Bartas frequently extemporises on an historical parallel between the prelapsarian and post-lapsarian societies he encounters in his Biblical epic and the French society he sees around him. The dragon's conflict with the elephant, in which, in killing the elephant, the dragon kills himself is regarded by Du Bartas as

Like factious French-men, whose fell hands pursue
In their ownebrests their furious blades t'imbrew,
While pittie-les, hurried with blinded zeale,
In her owne bloud they bathe their Common-weale;
When as at Dreux, S. Denis, and Mountcounter,
Their parricidal bloodie swords incounter;
Making their Countrie as a Tragike Tombe,
T'interr the'Earths terror in her haples wombe.

VI, 75ff

Sylvester likes such extemporising, and interpolates frequently when there is a ready English analogy. In this instance he doubles the simile:

Or, like our owne (late) YORKE and LANCASTER,
Ambitious broachers of that Viper-Warre,...

VI, 83ff

At the end of the Captains Sylvester likes so much Du Bartas' subject of fidelity to a young king (overlooking his "Youth-slips") that he rains scorn on
papistical plots (lines 1219ff). A primary analogy is that of the Garden.¹

If the poet wishes to praise a political reign, as he does Elizabeth's, and James' in Scotland, he compares the court or the society as a whole to Paradise. Paradise is *fenced*, so it is even handier if the state is an island, as Britain is, fenced by the sea, a medieval Fortunate Isle or a *terra Australis*.

If the society is strifeful from within, the Garden has gone to seed. The garden metaphor is of especial relevance to Shakespeare's *Richard II*, where the Garden of the State has to be tended by a gardener in order to be kept from overgrowing —

> Go bind thou up yon dangling Apricocks,  
> Which, like unruly children, make their sire  
> Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight.  
>  
> III, iv, 29ff

—and where Richard fails in respect of the tending John of Gaunt ordains the unruly state in the famous "This England" speech, likening England to the earthly Paradise:

> This royal throne of kings, this scep'red Isle,  
> This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
> This other Eden, demi-paradise,  
> This fortress built by Nature for herself  
> Against infection and the hand of war,  
> This happy breed of men, this little world,  
> This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
> Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
> Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
> Against the envy of less happier lands;  
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
> This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
> Feared by their breed and famous by their birth,  
> Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
> For Christian service and true chivalry,  
> As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry  
> Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son;  
> This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,  
> Dear for her reputation through the world,  
> Is now leased out (I die pronouncing it)  
> Like to a tenement or pelting farm,  
> England, bound in with the triumphant sea,  
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
> Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,...  
> II, i, 40ff
It is important that the pardisiacal Garden be fenced or moated from the ill will of harsher nature. But the minute the Garden is found to contain a society it appears subject to internal conquest. A case has been made in several instances for the indebtedness of the Gaunt speech to Du Bartas' panegyric at the end of the Colonies. Certainly Du Bartas particularises the general garden to a particular France. And, importantly, Sylvester interpolates this to England. Peter Ure's rather confused approach suggests that Sylvester may have borrowed imagery from Shakespeare (the word "unking'd", the notion of the "farm" and "tenant") who in turn borrowed from John Eliot's borrowing from Du Bartas in Ortho-epia Gallica (1593); but that Sylvester may well have written some "on England" speech around 1592 or 1593. One way or another, it is clear that Shakespeare has some recourse to Du Bartas' encomium, and that he makes use of the localisation of a type. But Shakespeare's panegyric does not lie behind the tradition of panegyric localisation that develops in the seventeenth century. To begin with, he scarcely depicts the general natural scene; rather, Shakespeare's speech consists of the stockpiling of several metaphors and several images.

Sylvester's interpolation of Du Bartas' France encomium is a perfect general abstraction of the earthly paradise, in which the full scene as explored elsewhere in Divine Weeks is made an English one:

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All-haile (deere ALBION) Europes Pearle of price,
The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradice:
Thrice-happy Mother, which aye bringest-forth
Such Chivalry as daunteth all the Earth,
(Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Armes
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan warmes):
Such Artizans as doo wel-neere Eclipse
Faire Natures praise in peer-less Workmanships:
Such happy Wits, as Egipt, Greece, and Rome
(At least) have equal'd, if not over-come;
And shine among their (Modern) learned Fellowes,
As Gold doth glisten among the paler Yellowes:
Or as Apollo th'other Planets passes:
Or as His Flower excels the Medow-grasses.
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Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires doo seem;  
Civil in manners, as in Buildings trim;  
Sweet is thine Aire, thy soil exceeding Fat,  
Fenced from the World (as better-worth than that)  
With triple Wall (of Water, Wood, and Brasse)  
Which never Stranger yet had power to passe  
(Save when the Heav'n's have for thy haynous Sinne,  
By some of Thine, with false Keyes let them in).  
About thy borders (O Heav'n-blessed ILE)  
There never crawls the noisome Crocodile;  
Nor Bane-breath'd Serpent, basking in thy sand,  
Measures an Acre of thy flowerie Land;  
The swift-foot Tigre, or fierce Lyonesse  
Haunt not thy Mountaines, nor thy Wildernes;  
Nor rav'n'ing Wolves woory thy tender Lambs,  
Bleating for help unto their helpes Dammes:  
Nor subtle Sea-Horse, with deceitful Call  
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.  
What though thy Thames and Twede have never rowld  
Among their gravel massie grains of Gold?  
What though thy Mountaines spew no Silver-streames?  
Though every Hillock yield not precious Gemmes?  
Though in thy Forrests hang no Silken Fleeces?  
Nor sacred Incense, nor delicious Spices?  
What though the clusters of thy colder Vines  
Distill not Clarets, Sacks, nor Muscadines?  
Yet are thy Wools, thy Corne, thy Cloath, thy Tinne,  
Mines rich enough to make thee Europes Queene,  
Yea Empresse of the World. Yet not sufficient  
To make thee thankfull to the Cause efficient  
Of all thy Blessings: Who, besides all this,  
Hath (now nine Lustres) lent the greater Blisse;...  
Colonies, 735ff

Making use of a topos we have already seen, Sylvester makes this Garden  
better than all the gardens of the antique world. England's gems are different  
from the European ones that Sylvester is constrained to translate, but they  
are a Golden Fleece in their own right. Sylvester outlines the accoutrements  
of nature in the earthly Paradises of antique and Continental poetry, the  
distilling vines, the incense and spices, the mountains' "silver streams", the  
forests which "hang" with "Silken Fleeces"; concluding that though it may have  
none of these, England, to quote Keats, "hast thy music too", and adding the  
practical observation that none of the more voracious animals of Mediterranean nature exist in England. In the process Sylvester creates an important  
parallel between the costumery of the ideal earthly Paradise and Garden of  
England-as-ideal, such that they become metonymies one for the other. The
earthly Paradise is at first given a definite location in foreign parts, largely Mediterranean Europe, Africa and Asia, where the Paradises of antique epics were located; then comparatively located in England, itself a metonymy for the antique Paradise (home, at any rate):

\[ \text{Shall I no more behold thy native smoake,} \]
\[ \text{(Deere Ithaca)?} \]

When pioneers settled in the New World, they gave their places of removal such names as New England, New York; in America with a true sense of the antique, latterly, Ithaca, Troy, etc... Part of the suggestion of Sylvester's interpolation is that the foreign names carry an exotic quality all of their own —

\[ \text{Or golden Peru of my Praise be proud,} \]
\[ \text{Or rich Cathay to glory in my Verse:} \]

\[ \text{Colonies, 752f} \]

— and that because they are unvisited (by most people) they can remain abstract qualities. But there is an implicit suggestion in Divine Weeks that England's Garden, its nature and even its local topography and geography (for the Colonies is on the geography and topography of the world) can make as exciting and vital material subject matter for poetry as any nature scenery and topography in the world. I suggest that Sylvester's encomium and his approach to geography generally lie behind the emergence of English topographical poetry. There are signs that the passage was well known in the seventeenth century. Marvell follows its pattern closely in Upon Appleton House:
Oh thou, that dear and happy isle
The garden of the world ere while,
Thou paradise of four seas,
Which Heaven planted us to please,
But to exclude the world, did guard
With wat'ry if not flaming sword;
What luckless apple did we taste,
To make us mortal, and thee waste?

Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowere;
When roses only arms might bear,
And men did rosy garlands wear?
Tulips, in several colours barred,
Were then the Switzers of our Guard.

The gardener had the soldier's place,
And his more gentle forts did trace.
The nursery of all things green
Was then the only magazine.
The winter quarters were the stoves
Where he the tender plants removes.
But war all this doth overgrow;
We ordnance plant, and power sow.

Leishman argues that the expression "garden of the world" comes to Marvell from Du Bartas by way of Fane, in a passage that obviously remembers Divine Weeks:

The Garden of the world, wherein the Rose
In chief commanded, did this doubt propose
To be resolv'd in; Whether sense to prize
For umpire to create it Paradise.6

Even the designation "umpire" is familiar. It is more likely that Marvell took yet another idea directly from Divine Weeks. Marvell's is a picture of the Garden gone wrong, one that Du Bartas severally hints at, and that Sylvester laments in his interpolations on the religious and political dissent that existed in contemporary England (e.g., as above, Captains, 1119ff). Sylvester's panegyric, however, political indeed, carries no suggestion of the Garden gone wrong. Later in Upon Appleton House comes a more manifest echo of the above extract from Divine Weeks:
For now the waves are fall'n and dried,
And now the meadows fresher dyed;
Whose grass, with moister colour dashed,
Seems as green silks but newly washed.
No serpent new nor crocodile
Remains behind our little Nile;
Unless itself you will mistake,
Among these meads the only snake.

We have already seen the debt these lines by Marvell (in a larger context)
have to Divine Weeks. But the stanza obviously results from a direct
reminiscence of the following lines in Sylvester's encomium:

About thy borders (O Heav'n-blessed ILE)
There never crawls the noysome Crocodile;
Nor Bane-breath'd Serpent, basking in thy sand,
Measures an 'ýcre of thy flowerie Land;

For Marvell, Thames becomes a "little Nile". Egypt, or all of the Middle
East — or the Mediterranean — is suggested by the river Nile. This is
important. It marks a familiar quality of topographical poetry of the seven-
teenth century. Through synecdoche the Garden of State can become the
River of State. Rivers, we have said, define the Garden. Marvell's "little
Nile" derives from such a defining situation in Divine Weeks:

Let me (good Lord) among the Great un-kend,
My rest of daies in the calme Countrie end.
Let me deserve of my deere AEGLE-Brood,
For Windsore-Forrest, walkes in Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley Pond my Sea: Lambes-bourne my Thames;
Lambbourne my London: Kennet's silver streames,
My fruitfull Nile: my singers and Musitians,
The pleasant Birds, with warbling repetitions:
My companie, pure thoughts, to worke thy will:
My court, a Cottage on a lowly Hill,
Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,
That times to-come may wonder at the same.
This is an interpolation. It creates nicely a little country Paradise as wonderful as that around the Thames or the Nile. It seems to me to anticipate a sensibility found in the eighteenth century. For the moment the metonymic principle is more important. It can create out of a new prince a new David, out of a great leader a river:

For, in this Prince, great DAVID, the divine, 
Devout, just, valiant, seems again to shine: 
And, as we see, from out the several Seat 
Of th'ASIAN Princes, self-surnamed Great 
(As the great Cham, great Turk, great Russian, 
And if lesse Great, more glorious Persian) 
Araxis, Chesel, Volga, and many moe 
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Floods, to flowe, 
Falling at once into the Caspian Lake, 
With all their streams his streams so proud to make: 
Decay, 427ff

Du Bartas — and Sylvester — obviously takes delight in the river list, a kind of ecphrasis of correspondences with each prince. Such delight may be found intermittently throughout Les Semaines. It is seldom that, when given an opportunity, Sylvester neglects to amplify a continental topographical list — especially river lists — with a medly of English names:

But th'Earth, not only th'ceans debter is 
For these large Seas: but sh'ow him Tanais, 
Nile (Egypt's treasure) and his neighbour streame 
That in the Desart (through his hast extremme) 
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift Euphrates; 
And th'other proud sonne of cold Niphates; 
Faire spacious Ganges, and his famous brother, 
That lends his name unto their noble Mother; 
Gold-sanded Tagus, Rhine, Rhone, Volga, Tiber, 
Danubius, Albis, Po, Sein, Arne, and Iber; 
The Darian, Plate, and Amazonian River; 
Where SPAIN's Gold-thirsty Locusts cool their liver 
Our silver Medway, which doth deepe Indent 
The Flowerie Medowes of my Native KENT; 
Still sadly weeping under Pensh:rst walles, 
Th'Arcadian Cygnets bleeding Funeralls; 
Our Thames, and Tweed, our Severn, Trent and Humber, 
And many more, too infinite to number. 
III, 103ff
Surely, it is to this tribute to Philip Sidney ("th'Arcadian Cygnet") that we owe Jonson's "To Penshurst" and Waller's "At Penshurst". The short panegyric was one of Sylvester's fortes. We might mention Du Bartas' praise of Sidney in the Babylon:

And childish toyes, and rudeness chacing thence,  
To civill knowledge, joynd sweet eloquence.  
And world-mournd Sydney, warbling to the Thames  
His swan-like tunes, so courts her coy prowdesmes  
That all with child with fame, his fame they beare  
To Thetis lap, and Thetis, everie where.  

Babylon 651ff

Of note are the personification, especially in the interpolated lines; and the definition of the typical Sylvestrian landscape, with rivers that "doth deepe Indent". Elsewhere Sylvester needs no excuse to interpolate a wholly — seemingly at first — superfluous simile:

As th'Ouse, that crooking in and out, doth runne  
From Stonie-Stratford towards Huntington,  
By Royall Amptill; rusheth not so swift,  
As our neere Kennet, whose Trowt-famous Drift  
From Marlebgow, by Hungerford doth hasten  
Through Newberie, and Prince-grac't Aldermaston,  
Her Silver Nymphes (almost) directly leading,  
To meet her Mistresse (the great Thames) at Reading.  

VI, 639ff

Again, the personification is marked. It is hard to imagine any but these passages lying behind Milton's list of rivers in "At a Vacation Exercise":

Rivers arise; whether thou be the Son,  
Of utmost Tweed, or OOse, or gulphie Dun,  
Or Trent, who like some earth-born Giant spreads  
His thirsty Armes along the indented Meads,  
Or sullen Mole that runneth underneath,  
Or Severn swift, guilty of Maidens death,  
Or rockie Avon, or of Sedgie Lee,  
Or Coaly Tine, or ancient hallowed Dee,  
Or Humber loud that keeps the Scythians Name,  
Or Medway smooth, or Royall Towred Thame.  

91ff
In Sylvester's interpolations there is an itching to bring national and river discourse back to England, as if to say, "We have ideal nature at home as well". So, Sylvester interpolates:

Like English Gallants, that in Youth doo goe  
To visite Rhine, Sein, Ister, Arne, and Po;  
Where though their Cence be dandled Dayes and Nights  
In sweetest choise of changeable Delights,  
They never can forget their Mother-Soyle,  
But hourly Home their hearts and eyes recoyle,  
Long languishing with an extreme Desire  
To see the smoake of their deere Native Fier.

V, 141ff

Sylvester's localisation is far from particularisation. His defence to such an outcry, should there have been one, would have sounded much like Thomas Noble's, quoted above (p. ). At the root of the localisation does not lie a desire to describe particular English landscapes but metonymically to use English names as fitting the paradiisical bill, so to speak. There is something, of course, in the incantation of the proper name itself — not unlike that noted by Owen Barfield of strange scientific terms⁷ — that is poetic; and around the listing of names Sylvester always builds a personificatory abstraction that, we have seen, is always general. There can be little question for instance, that the Colonies lies behind the incantational force of Milton's lines in Paradise Lost, XI 385ff. But there are no complaints in the early seventeenth century, and Sylvester appears to be near the forefront of an attitude that dominates the poetry of the early seventeenth century. This should not surprise; the Pleiade poets, especially Du Bellay, and Du Bartas' friend, De Brach, wrote topographical poetry.⁸ The listing topos itself can be traced to Homer, Iliad, II, 484-887. Du Bartas certainly has an affinity for topographical enumeration; he makes no defence of it; but in his "Advertissement au lecture" affixed to the Muse Chretiene (1574), defends enumeration generally, saying:
Je ne doute point aussi que plusiers ne trouvent le long denombrement des amis et ennemis de la foy, que je fay, non seulement ennuyeus, ains aussi fort esloigne de la facon d'escrire des poetes. Mais, je les prie croire qu'il m'a este beaucoup plus facheus d'enfiler et rediger en vers ces noms propres, qu'il ne leur scaurait etre facheus de ces lire, et que, d'autre part, ayant Petrarque pour patron je ne me soucie pas beaucoup de leurs reprehensions. 9

For river listing Du Bartas may owe directly to Virgil, Aeneid, Book VIII, 26ff, or Georgics, II, 136ff, and to Ovid, "with his habit of topographical personification and hint of the use of swans to depict the course of a river" (in Metamorphoses, II). 10 In English, Spenser, taking authority from Du Bartas and the Pleiade, makes ample use of Camden's De connubio Thamis et Isis (1586) in Faerie Queene, Book IV:

It fortun'd then, a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull seede,
In honour of the spousalls, which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed....
dt. 8

There follows then an enumeration of the wedding guests, including "Nereus old" and the "famous rivers":

The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose source springs from the skie;
Faire Ister, flowing from the mountains hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus glistring with his golden flood,
And Tygris fierce, whose streams of none may be wistod.

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Meander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus still immaculate:
OOraxes, feared for great Cyrus fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge river, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which doe possess the same.
sts. 20, 21
These may have been suggested by Les Semaines, where, in the Colonies, Du Bartas enumerates old and new world alike —

And Plate's fat Plaines, where overflowes another Nile.

Colonies, 478

The intricate Meander is a river we have already seen given prominence in Sylvester's Du Bartas. Then Spenser begins to list English rivers (st. 24ff), full of stylised personification (e.g., st. 25, 6-9). Spenser's river marriage seems to relate to plans he had for an Epithalamion Thamesis projected as early as 1580 (in a letter to Harvey), in which he said he thought the matter "very profitable for the knowledge, and rare for the Invention, and manner of handling". The remark affords us of some insight to his estimation of the value of listing and naming. Ronsard had recommended the use of words "recherchees et choisies"; had advised the embellishment of poetry with details of medicine, magic, science, and geography. The sensibility translates, it appears.

Spenser's topography had its influence. Phineas Fletcher, in a style that shows more the effects of reading in Divine Weeks, writes:

So where fair Thames, and crooked Isis sonne
Payes tribute to his King, the mantling stream
Encounter'd by the tides (now rushing on
With equall force) of's way doth doubtfull seem;
At length the full-grown sea, and waters King
Chide the bold waves with hollow murmuring:
Back flie the streams to shroud them in their mother spring.

Purple Island, I, 23

Cotton shows both a remembrance of Spenser and a political fervor - or sense of patronage, in the Sylvestrian tradition:
Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show,  
Th'Iberian Tagus, nor Ligurian Po;  
The Meuse, the Danube, and the Rhine,  
Are puddle-water all compar'd with thine;  
And Loyres pure streams yet too polluted are  
With thine much purer to compare:  
The rapid Garonne, and the winding Seine  
Are both too mean,  
Beloved Dove, with thee  
To vie priority;  
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,  
And lay their Trophies at thy Silver Feet.  
"The Retirement", st. 7

Drayton had planned a topographical poem, probably on the Thames, before the turn of the century. It did not come into fruition. Only beginning in 1612 did Drayton produce his, and in scope the language's, major topographical poem, Poly-Olbion. Drayton is not in the least concerned with the marriage theme. He likes the matter "very profitable for the knowledge", creating a la Holinshed an English chronicle of geography; his Thames takes Sylvestrian delight in particular localisation as loose metonymy for a general nature:

But now this might Flood, upon his voyage prest  
That found how with his strength, his beauties still increast,  
From where, brave Windsor stood on tip-toe to behold  
The faire and goodly Tames, so farre as ere he could,  
With Kingly houses Crown'd, of more then earthly pride,  
(Aupon his either Banks, as he along doth glide)  
With wonderfull delight, doth his long course pursue,  
Where Otlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond he doth view,  
Then Westminster the next great Tames doth entertaine;  
That vaunts her Palace large, and her most sumptuous Fane:  
The Lands tribunall seate that challengeth for hers,  
The crowning of our kings, their famous sepulchers.  
Then goes he along by that more beauteous Strand,  
Impressing both the wealth and bravery of the Land.  
(So many sumptuous Bowres, within so little space,  
The All-beholding Sun scarce sees in all his race)  
And on by London leads, which like a Crescent lies,  
Whose windowes seem to mock the Star-befreckled skies;  
"The Retirement", st. 7

Spenser's rivers are in themselves almost gratuitous. Drayton's are not; rather, they are particular localisations to be associated with particular histories or events. The description is nonetheless general — "sumptuous
Fane", "sumptuous Bowres", "wonderfull delight" — and abstract.

In this general particularity Drayton echoes Sylvester's Du Bartas, where localisation has at the least a political or metonymic point. Rivers, we have said, can be seen to stand for the nations in which they lie:

But, midling Folke, who their abiding make
Betweene these two, of the guise partake:
And such, have stronger limbes, but weaker wit,
Then those that neere Nyles fertile sides doe sit;
And (oposite) more wit, and lesser force
Then those that haunt Rhines and Danubius shoares.

Du Bartas has here just finished explaining that different nations have different traits. Sylvester's topographical interpolations are digressions of such racism, or of national zeal. And it is this that he certainly brings to English topographical poetry. There are among others two important reasons for Sylvester turning this new national temperament into poetry. First, he willingly sees an analogy in greatness between English exploits and the exploits written of in antique literature —

Like as my selfe, in my lost Marchant-yeares
(A losse alas that in these lynes appeares)
Wafting to Brabant, Englands golden Fleece
(A richer prize then Jason brought to Greece)
While toward the Sea, our (then Swan-poorer) Thames
Bore downe my Barke upon her ebbing streames:

This is a sentiment he appears to share with Dryden some ninety years after. Dryden writes:

Though Jasons Office was Fam'd of old,
The British Wool is growing Gold;
No mines can more of Wealth supply:
It keeps the Peasant from the Cold,
And takes for Kings the Tyrian Dye.

Song from King Arthur, 27ff
And, secondly, he recognises — as I have argued in the last section — river descriptions as pictures of eloquence. The two come together; for, in river listing and description Sylvester can eloquently chronicle the natural eloquence of his land and society. The motive is a political one, at any rate a nationalistic one, as is evident in his praise of the English muse: in ecphrasis, Sylvester actually writes English eloquence, in associating rivers and poets very similar to Drayton's Poly-Olbion:

And little LAMBS-BOURN, though thou match not Lers,
Nor hadst the Honor of DU BARTAS Verse;
If mine have any, Thou must needs partake,
Both for thine Owne, and for thine Owners sake;
Whose kinde Excesses Thee so neerely touch,
That Yeerely for them Thou doost weep so much,
All Summer-long (while all thy Sisters shrink)
That of thy teares a million dayly drink;
Besides thy Waast, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAUCER's Donnington:
But (while the rest are full unto the top)
All Winter-long, Thou never show'st a drop,
Nor send'st a doit of need-less Subsidie,
To cramn the Kennet's want-less Treasurie,
Before her Store be spent, and Springs be staid:
Then, then, alone Thou lendst a liberally Ayd;
Teaching Thy wealthy Neighbours (Mine, of late)
How, When, and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greaz still the too-greazy Swine:
Neither, for fame, nor forme (when others doo)
To give a Morsel, or a Mite or two;
But severally, and of a selfly motion,
When others miss, to give the most devotion.  
III, 369ff

Elsewhere, Sylvester provides a list of great English poets (Eden, 19ff), also in interpolation, the list itself remembering the chronicle histories with its near dedication to "BRUTUS heyres" (58). With this we might compare Henry Vaughan, in "To the River Isca", in which rivers are connected with well-known poets:
When Daphne's Lover here first wore the Bayes,  
Europas secret streams heard all his layes.  
And holy Orpheus, Natures busie Child,  
By headlong Hebrus his deep Hymns Compil'd.  
Soft Petrarch (thaw'd by Laura's flames) did weep  
On Tybers banks, when she (proud fair!) could sleep;  
Mosella boasts Ausonius, and the Thames  
Doth murmur Sidneys Stella to her streams,  
While Severn swoln with Joy and sorrow, wears  
Castara's smiles mixt with fair Sabrin's tears.  
Thus Poets (like the Nymphs, their pleasing themes)  
Haunted the bubbling Springs and gliding streams,  
And happy banks! whence such fair flowres have sprung,  
But happier those where they have sate and sung!

From the publication of Divine Weeks, the result of the dialectic between English and foreign rivers is, momentarily, a decision in favour of the English.

The political turn of Sylvester's topography, idealised (generalised) as it is, is overlooked by Haas, Aubin, and even Turner. Turner mentions Du Bartas offhandishly, Aubin Sylvester incidentally, both launching into lengthy discussions of Denham's topographical poem, Cooper's Hill, a work, I believe, indebted to Divine Weeks. In the light of a general critical disregard for Sylvester's Du Bartas it is easy enough to understand the oversight. I suspect that Dr. Johnson's fairly accurate assessment of Cooper's Hill has been taken as a much more particular statement than it is:

Cooper's Hill is the work which confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.

Cooper's Hill, whether patriotic, is fiercely nationalistic. Denham begins the poem by taking away from antique poets the exclusive right to high poetry, suggesting, as we have seen Sylvester do, that there are English poets who deserve recognition. Parnassus needs no Greek Helicon:
Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassas stands: if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantaged by my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:

The winding imagery of poetic eloquence is familiar. Further on, remembering
Sylvester's Garden of England, which out-tops all the gardens of the ancients,
Denham makes his point clear:

A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother when her heavenly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast
Amongst that numerous and celestial host
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Caesar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Canute
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove;
Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame);
But whoseoe'er it was, nature designed
First a brave place, than as brave a mind.

Denham is interested in the incantational effect of some primeval chronicle,
in which history and poetry are closely aligned. His political view is tele-
graphed; it is quite distinct from, indeed oppositional to, Marvell's view of the
Garden of the English State, but similar to Sylvester's. The mention of
Windsor serves the same political metonymic function as does the mention of
Windsor Forest in Divine Weeks, III, 1152. The river Thames —

Another while he marvailes at the Thames,
Which seems to beare huge mountains on her streams

Eden, 359ff —
in all its power and importance, running through London, becomes for Denham the image of the political state and its ruler. Thence Denham's Thames panegyric:

To begin with, the Thames' distinctness from the rivers of antiquity is indicated in the passage:

Both the idea and some of the diction recall Sylvester's Garden of England:
Denham's discussion of the Thames as a road for the merchant ships that bring home wealth from the Indies illustrates a vital function of the river in the practical, fallen, Garden of England: it brings necessary treasures from without to the land that does not number among its gravels "massie grains of Gold". The river's bosom is London, which becomes the "world's exchange". Here Denham is also familiar with Sylvester (in another interpolation), even as far as the metaphor of the exchange:

For, as in LONDON (stuft with every sort)
Heere's the King's Pallace, there the Innes of Court;
Heere (to the Thames-ward all a-long the STRAND)
The stately Houses of the Nobles stand:
Heere dwell rich Marchants; there Artificers;
Heere Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-Smithes, Jewellers;
There's a Church-yard furnisht with choice of Bookes;
Heere stand the Shambles, there the Row of Cookes:
Heere wonne Up-Holsters, Haberdashers, Horners;
There Pothecaries, Grocers, Taylours, Turners;
Here Shoo-makers; there Joyners, Coopers, Curriers;
Here Brewers, Bakers, Cutlars, Felters, Furriers;
This Street is full of DRAPERS, that of Diars;
This shop with Tapers, that with Womens Tyars:
For costly Toyes; Silk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawne,
Heere's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWNE:
And All's but an Exchange, where (brieflie) no-man Keepes ought as private: Trade makes all things common.

Sylvester takes it up also in the Eden:

When afterward he happens to behold
Our wealthy LONDONS wonders manifold,
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be
In a new world, and gazing greedily,
One while he artles, all the Artes admires,
Then the faire temples, and their top-les spires,
Their firme foundations and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gestes, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of buissy-buzzing swarmes, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing over all the streets:
Then at the signs, the shops, the weights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumors, trades, and treasures;
But of all sights, none seems him yet more strange
Then the rare, beauteous, stately rich Exchange:
Another while he marvailles at the Theames,
Which seems to beare huge mountains on her streams
Then at the faire-built bridge, which he doth judge
More like a trade-full Citty then a bridge;
And glancing thence a-long the Northren shoare
That princely prospect doth amaze him more.

Sylvester details a world of commerce altogether like Denham's. It is Sylvester's rendering of what immediately follows in Les Semaines that gives to Denham the sense of the whole world coming to London via the Thames to do business, so to speak —

Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes the Indies ours; —

except that Sylvester enumerates the sources of the wealth in a list (among many others) inspirational to much of seventeenth century topographical poetry:

So come our Sugars from Canarie Iles:
From Candie, Currans, Muskadines, and Oyles:
From the Moluques Spices: Balsamum
From Egipt: Odours from Arabia come:
From India, Drugs, Rich Gemmes, and Ivorie:
From Syria, Mумmie: black-red Ebonie
From burning Chus: From Peru, Pearle and Gold:
From Russia, Furres (to keepe the rich from cold):
From Florence, Silks: from Spayne, Fruit, Saffran, Sacks:
From Denmark, Amber, Cordage, Firres, and Flaxe:
From France and Flanders, Linnen, Woad, and Wine:
From Holland Hops: Horse from the banks of Rhine.
In brieve, each Country (as pleas'd God distribute)
To the Worlds Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.

Denham's Thames finds its source on an idealised "airy mountain", which is the head, the authority (like the King) of the river's fruitfulness and its
munificence; indeed, its capacity to find

... wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Citties in deserts, woods in cities plants ...

The Thames, in short,

First loves to do, then loves the good he does.

The mountain, as source of the authority and munificence, is aware of its status, its forehead beaten by the winds of responsibility and slander; and its description is an excuse for Denham to extemporise on the way in which poetry has changed:

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest indears.
This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames.
'Tis the same still, although their airy shape
All but the quick poetic sight escape.

217ff

The language and the abstraction, the personification, is of a Sylvestrian stamp. We have pointed out already the mountain personification. But the passage and its notion of the fruitfulness of the Thames echoes directly a passage of the Colonies, nestled appropriately between the London as Exchange interpolation and the Garden of England interpolation. The imagery and the
language is as typical of Sylvester's nature description as we are likely to find in *Divine Weeks*:

Th'inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glasse
Of silver Brookes in curled streames doth passe,
Serve us for Gardens; and their flowerie Fleece
Affords us Syth-work yeerely twice or thrice:
The Plaines for Corne: the swelling Downs for Sheep:

— compare Denham's "No unexpected inundations spoil/ The mower's hopes,
nor mock the plowman's toil" —

Small Hills for Vines: the Mountaines strangely-steep
(Those Heav'n-climbe Ladders, laberinths of wonder,
Cellars of Winde, and Shops of sulphry Thunder;
Where stormie Tempests have their ugly birth;
Which thou mis-call'st the blemish of the Earth;
Thinking (prophane) that God (or Fortune light)
Made them of envie or of over-sight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Beare mighty Forrests full of Timber-Trees,
(Whereof thou build'st Ships and Houses faire,
To trade the Seas, and fence thee from the Aire)
Spew spacious Rivers, full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour Peoples with their plenty feed;
Fatten the Earth with fresh, sweet fertile Mists;
Drive gainefull Mills; and serve for Forts and Lists
To stop the Furie of Warres wast —full hand;
And joyne to th'Sea the middle of the Land.

— the impossibility of this, literally, matches the impossible juxtaposition of Denham's "Brings home to us, and makes the Indies ours" —

The Wylds and Desarts, which, so much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Pastures that doe daily graze-thee
Millions of Beasts for tillage, and (besides)
Store thee with flesh, with Fleeces, and with Hydes.
Yea, the vast Sea, which seemes but onely good
To drown the World; and cover with his Flood
So many Countries, where we else might hope,
For thrifty paines to reape a thankfull Crop,
Is a large Larder, that in brynie Depees,
To nourish thee, a World of Creatures keepes:
A plenteous Victualller, whose provisions serve
Millions of Cities that else needes must starve.
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lie
Gasping for thirst upon the sand, a-drie):
’T increaseth Trade, Journies abreviats,
The flitting Clouds it cease-les exhalates,
Which, cooling th’ayre, and gushing downe in raine,
Make Ceres Sonnes (in sight) to mount a-maine.

Colonies, 699ff

The scientific description is absent in Cooper’s Hill, but the mountain as the
source of the fruitfulness is retained. Even the image of the river flooding
its banks (the flooding of the sea) is taken up by Denham, at the end of his
poem, in which the king-like river Thames will allow its borders to be diked
but not its course to be changed. Of the importance of a stolid river
Sylvester remarks:

Like as a goodly River, deepe and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greatest Charge,
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters guided,
Be in a hundred little Brookes devided;
No Bridge more feares, nor Sea more waighs the same;
And (to conclude) a wise and worthy Prince,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the Peoples prop.... Captains, 1145ff

But soon it loses both his trade and name.

Even the direction of these waters is unbending:

Even as at Bathe, downe from the neighbour Hills,
After a snow, the melting Cristall trills
Into the AVON (when the Pythian Knight
Strips those steep Mountaines of their shirts white so)
Through hundred Valles gushing Brookes and Torrents,
Striving for swiftnesse in their sundrie Corrents,
Cutting deepe Channels where they chance to run,
And never rest till all do meete in one:

Vocation, 1161ff

Or:
As rapid streams, incountring in their way
With close-driv'n piles of som new bank or bay,
Or steady pillers of a Bridge built new,
Which last-post Sommer never saw, nor knew;
Swel, roar, and rage f'r fiercer then they w-...t,
And with their foam defile the Belkins front:
So yerst griev'd Isaac.... Schism, 113ff

The emphasis in Cooper's Hill is on the variety that the river offers. The mercy and subsistance-allowing variety of the "fluvocentric" society must be — because it is a garden, after Sylvester's Garden of England — analogous to the variety of Nature herself. And indeed this is so in Cooper's Hill; Denham follows Du Bartas' (Sylvester's) conception of the intricate harmony of nature, by this time legion in English poetry. The poem is full of antithesis, and the device serves to emphasise that all of the seeming contradictions of a nation's rule and organisation are part of a larger unity that the head of state controls — with a moral implication not unlike Sylvester's interpolation (Captains, 1219ff) on the theme of endurance, of the "Youthslips of a King (Captains, 1209). Here is Denham's description of the harmony that lies in the relationship between the river Thames and its shores:

Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine amongst the stars and bathe the gods.
Here nature, whether more intent to please
Us or herself with strange varieties ..., Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discords springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order beauty through the universe.
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are subsists;
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood,
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
195ff

This is much the kind of harmony that we have seen described throughout Divine Weeks. Dare we repeat yet again Milton's "melting voice through
mazes running" ("I'Allegro", 142)? Denham is no stranger to Du Bartas' music and dancing metaphors; he recognises the etymological value of the meander, for instance.

Dryden too is aware of London as a centre of exchange, and the Thames as its source, so to speak. For Dryden as well as for Andrew Marvell the Thames becomes a "fruitful Nile", as well as "Emporium" of wealth:

London, thou great Emporium of our Isle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile,
How shall I praise or curse to thy desert!
Or separate thy sound, from thy corrupted part!
I call'd thee Nile; the parallel will stand:
Thy tydes of Wealth o'rflow the fattend Land;
Yet Monsters from thy large increase we find;
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'st behind.
Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of Israel's Tribes thou hast a numerous band;
But still the Canaanite is in the Land.
Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy disinchanted Burghers few.

The Medall, 167ff

And so on. Earlier in Annus Mirabilis Dryden is regardful of the same "Emporium", taking supremacy over those supplied by other European rivers:

The silver Thames, her own domestick Floud,
Shall bear her Vessels, like a sweeping Train;
And often wind (as of his Mistress proud)
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their Towns no more shall boast:
And Sein, That would with Belgian Rivers joyn,
Shall find her lustre stain'd, and Traffick lost.

The vent'rous Merchant, who design'd more far,
And touches on our hospitable shore:
Charm'd with the splendour of this Northern Star,
Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our pow'rful Navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this Town, without a Fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her Trade.
And, while this fam'd Emporium we prepare,
   The British Ocean shall such triumphs boast,
   That those who now disdain our Trade to share,
   Shall rob like Pyrats on our wealthy Coast.

sts. 298-302

Nor should we forget that it is from Sylvester's "Metropolis" (Columns, 480) of Jewry and Milton's "metropolis" (Paradise Lost, III, 548) that Dryden learns to call London "our great Metropolis" —

But as our new built City rises higher,
   So from old Theaters may new aspire,
   Since Fate contrives magnificence by fire.
   Our great Metropolis, does far surpass
   What e're is now, and equals all that was:
   Our Wit as far, does Forreign wit excell;

   Prologue to Wit Without Money

—and Cowley in "Of Solitude" (st. 2). Pope in the eighteenth century knows Cooper's Hill well, and admires it. His Thames encomium in Windsor Forest owes substantially to Denham:

   Thou too, great Father of the British Floods!
   With joyful pride survey'st our lofty Woods,
   Where tow'ring Oaks their growing honours rear,
   And future Navies on thy Shores appear.
   Not Neptune's self from all his streames receives
   A wealthier Tribute, than to thine he gives.
   No Seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
   No Lake so gentle, and no Spring so clear.
   Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's Lays,
   While led along the Skies his Current strays,
   As Thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
   To grace the Mansion of our earthly Gods.

   219ff

Later Pope wanders through the intricate eloquence of Cooper's Hill:

Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes,
   The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens;
   To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,
   Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal Wreaths shall grow,
   While lasts the Mountain, or while Thames shall flow)
I seem through consecrated Walks to rove,
I hear soft Musick dye along the Grove;
Led by the Sound I roam from Shade to Shade,
By God-like Poets Venerable made:
Here his first Lays Majestick Denham sung:

Perhaps unbeknownst to Pope, more likely forgotten, one of those "God-like Poets" was Sylvester. The passage contains the same unfrequented maziness that we have come to expect of the river and the Garden. John Theobald's Albion (1720) is also indebted to Cooper's Hill. His portrait of the Thames is even windier, yet still positively Sylvestrian:

Or where the Father of the Floods, Old Thames,
In curl'd Maeanders purling rolls along
Thro' fertile Grounds his Swan-frequented Streams;
Old Thames, deserving of a better Song, 19
Than flows from mine, or any vulgar Tongue.

One consequence of this relationship between Denham's Cooper's Hill and Sylvester's Divine Weeks, is that we should now properly call the Colonies an integral and major topographical poem in English. We must similarly be aware of the influence of Divine Weeks as a whole on topographical poetry, not just on Denham and Marvell, but because these poets made specific use of Sylvester, throughout the corpus of seventeenth century topographical poetry.

It is perhaps worthwhile noting one more example. For Du Bartas the figurative analogy between James' court in Scotland and David's Old Testament reign is a localisation made by mutual regard. Du Bartas had been a Protestant Legate of France in the court at Edinburgh, had seen his Uranie translated by James and had translated James' Lepanto. The royal student of Buchanan was a positive Protestant ray of hope in the bleak scenario of Catholic counter-reformation. The analogy seemed good. In the Trophies Du Bartas uses James' realm as a kind of foil for and an ecphrastic picture of Eloquence. Eloquence is to be imitated in the positive incantation of
names, though again it is also pictured in the dancing measures and pattern of the waters of James' realm. Both music and dancing are strongly apparent in Sylvester's rendering of Eloquence and of Scotland:

O, sooner shal sad Boreas take his wing
At Nilus head, and boist'rous Auster spring
From the icie floods of Izeland, than thy Fame
Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name.
Thou shalt survive through-out all Generations,
And (plyant) learne the Language of all Nations:
Nought but thine Aiers through Aire and Seas shal sound,
In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,
Thy sacred Verse shall cleer Gods clowdie face,
And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shall trace.
Grose Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely-vile,
So holy things presume not to defile,
Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings:
This Kingly Harp is only meet for Kings.
And so behold, towards the farthest North,
Ah see, I see upon the banks of FORTH
(Whose force-full stream runs smoothly serpenting)
A valiant, learned, and religious King,
Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent
This rarely-sweet, celestial Instrument:
And Davids Truchman, rightly doth resound
(At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertans Clyde stands still to heare his voice.
Stone-rowling Tay seems thereat to rejoice:
The trembling Cyclads, in great Loumond-Lake,
After his sound their lusty gambols shake:
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese, mid th'Hebridian wave,
Unto his Tune their far-flow'n wings doo wave:
And I my Self in my pyde Pleid a-slope,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp doo hop.

Trophies., lolliff

The language of dancing is consistent with the dancing language we encounter in all Sylvestrian natural description: trace, trembling, gambols, shake, wave, a-sloape, hop. The Forth, in fact not an especially winding river, serpents. The trembling — a favourite adjective — Cyclades of Loch Lomond refers to the myth of a floating island in the loch, first noted as far as I know in Du Bartas, but corroborated in John Monniepenny's A Chronicle of Scots (1612); even this is pertinent to the dancing imagery. Once again in the passage the metonymic principle is apparent; Scotland stands for a contiguous whole, like the Garden of England, and each river or waterway stands for the
whole. Ben Jonson's "Ode Allegoric" (XXXII) is also about eloquence, and particularly the eloquence of names. It begins by taking up Ovid's swan (Metamorphoses, II), and argues, like Denham, against antique monopoly in eloquent poetry:

Who saith our times nor have nor can
    Produce us a black swan.
    Behold, where one doth swim,
    Whose note, and hue,
    Besides the other swans admiring him,
    Betray it true:
    A gentler bird, than this,
    Did never dint the breast of Tamesis.

The black swan, something very rare, is indeed eloquence. The swan of eloquence takes flight to Thule in Greenland, and back over the Scottish and English rivers, concluding with a celebration of the Thames over all European rivers:

Who (see) already hath o'er-flown
    The Hebrid Isles, and known
    The scattered Orcades;
    From thence is gone
To utmost Thule: whence, he backs the seas
    To Caledon,
    And over Grampius' mountain,
To Lomond Lake, and Tweed's back-springing fountain.

Haste, haste, sweet singer: not to Tyne,
    Humber, or Ouse, decline;
But over land to Trent:
    There cool thy plumes,
And up again, in skies, and air to vent
    Their reeking fumes;
Till thou at Thames alight,
    From whose proud bosom, thou began'st thy flight....

It is enough, their grief shall know
At their return, nor Po,
    Iberus, Tagus, Rhine,
    Scheldt, nor the Maas,
Slow Arar, nor swift Rhone; the Loire, nor Seine,
    With all the race
Of Europe's waters can
Set out a like, or second to our swan.  
sts. 9, 10, 15
Jonson delights in the names. I believe that the poem turns to Sylvester as much for its metonymic concept (where rivers signify nations) as for its river naming. The listing of Scottish rivers and waters remembers the above passage from the *Trophies* explicitly. The darting of the swan to Thule and back to Scotland again may be imperfectly reminiscent of Boreas coming improbably from Egypt and Auster from Iceland. The poem resembles also *Divine Weeks* III, 103ff (quoted above). Certainly stanza 11, in which Jonson calls the Thames "The choice of Europe's pride", has in mind Sylvester's the Colonies, where England is "Europe's pearl of price" and where races are given determinant qualities.

Du Bartas' curious reference to a floating island in Loch Lomond calls to mind Spenser's floating island in the *Faerie Queene* (II, i, 51; xii, 9; xii, II, 13; etc...). Drummond of Hawthornden recounts the legend of the floating island in Loch Lomond. Cawley treats of the story as a Renaissance literary topos, connecting it with the older legend of the Fortunate Isle as a floating Paradise. He reminds us of Jonson's *Fortunate Isles*, Phineas Fletcher's floating *Purple Island*, Strode's *The Floating Island*, and so on. In Donne's Elegy 18 we recall the beloved's lips are the "Island's Fortunate" (51), a moving paradise. Donne plays on their association with the Canary Islands and the colour, canary green, suggesting that his islands are rather "ambrosial" (52).

For Du Bartas the Fortunate Isles are not so much the Canary Islands as an uncreditable Paradise, appropriately an isle of magnetically attractive iron, and a place where the trees ooze pearls of "a most sweet liquor":

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Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
Farre hence on Forraine unfrequented Coast,
I'lle onely chose some five or sixe at most;
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few,
And yet no more incredible then true.
In th'ille of Iron (one of those same seav'n
Whereeto our Elders Happie name had giv'n)
The Savage people never drinke the streames
Of Wells and Rivers (as in other Realmes)
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Their drinke is in the Aire, their gushing Spring
A weeping Tree out of it selfe doth wring:
A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spred
In dryest sand, his sweating Leafe doth shed
A most sweet liquor: and (like as the Vine
Untimely cut, weepes at her wound, her wine,
In pearled teares) incessantly distills
A Cristall streame, which all their Cesternes filles,
Through all the Iland: for all hether hie,
And all their vessels cannot draw it drie.

III, 273ff

Are Du Bartas "Trembling Cyclades" a veiled emblem of praise for the court of James? In seventeenth century political poetry England becomes just such a Fortunate Isle. And it is little wonder in such a scheme that London can become as the great Jewish metropolis, Jerusalem: It is a new Jerusalem of sorts. 21
I have stressed among many others two hieroglyphic conceits in Les Semaines and Divine Weeks. One, which can be either indicative of form or of chaos, is the labyrinth. The other, which links man with God, is the temple. I don't wish to exaggerate the importance of either conceit over others in Du Bartas, of which I have indicated several of some prominence. Rather, I wish to direct the reader's attention to Angus Fletcher's "Essay on Spenser", The Prophetic Moment (Chicago, 1971). My emphasis on John Davies' Orchestra with its hieroglyphic manner, has perhaps made me appear to ignore the stylistic mogul, Spenser. And, indeed, I have not done justice to the relation of Spenser to Du Bartas. My concern with Sylvester and poetic diction has pre-empted such long and difficult research. But it is worth looking at Spenser in the light of Fletcher's work to make a point I have earlier hinted at about language and allegory. Fletcher, who is very much concerned with a secret meaning of allegory, divides the Faerie Queene into "two cardinal images for his prophetic structure: the temple and the labyrinth".¹ I will admit to having worked on Sylvester and Du Bartas in ignorance of Fletcher's important conception.² It has had regrettably no influence on this work. But it might well have. It seems to me that much of the thrust of my arguments about Sylvester's impact on poetic diction hang on differentiating between Sylvester and Spenser. The Faerie Queene is allegory and Divine Weeks is not, of course. But it seems essential to distinguish once again between a structure of allegory (Spenser) and a structure of language (Sylvester). I have thus called Sylvester's language — and Du Bartas¹ — allegorical language, marking it from the language of allegory. The very direction of Fletcher's essay suggests that the "cardinal images" of the temple and the labyrinth shape the structure of the work. It would appear superfluous perhaps to suggest that Du Bartas had an influence on this structure. But Fletcher hardly argues that these images shape the structure of language in the Faerie Queene.
This matter should perhaps be looked into. I have maintained throughout the preceding chapters that a sense of allegory has shaped the language and style of *Les Semaines* and its translation; that stemming from a number of metaphors and type-metaphors are what I have called language hieroglyphs, emblems to be read at another level. The distinction between Spenser and Sylvester must be regarded as important to our understanding of the so-called Spenserian poets who appear likewise, especially in respect of language over larger structures, indebted to Sylvester: Drayton, Browne, the Fletchers, Wither, and Drummond of Hawthornden. It might also in part explain the so-called metaphysicals who espouse the hieroglyphic conceits but not the structure of allegory, who enjoy the secret language but not the literal narrative perhaps. Further the distinction might assist our understanding of the Augustan temperament which came to like the language not because it was secret, but because it was perceived to be poetic language.

Later poets, and I think of Coleridge, Keats, and a number of later poets, were perhaps concerned to resurrect the consciousness of the language of Sylvester's *Du Bartas*, of William Browne, Drummond of Hawthornden, and especially of Milton. In the late eighteenth century and early nineteenth century I am somewhat out of my depth. But I take as somewhat indicative Fletcher's remarks about Yeats, Eliot, Stevens, among other poets. Lawler has given his work the sweep of many centuries. So should any description of poetic diction be far-reaching. And I, sadly, have reached far beyond my capacity to grasp, and can only hope that greater minds can make use of this lesser vision.
EXCURSUS I

Donne begins "The Second Anniversary" by referring to a supposition of eternity that is in fact mistaken, averring that the world’s soul — Elizabeth Drury — has departed and that the world is consequently dead. His images are those of a ship's kinetic energy, the movements of a beheaded body, the crackling of ice, and most significantly a lute ringing sympathetically to moist weather. The series of images is suggestive of a winding down of all the "motions which we saw" (l. 17) into a full stop. The sympathy is as between the creator and the created. The music metaphor may be taken from Sylvester's of the "quavering lute": the attraction of the metaphor is the invisible tie that links two different souls, the world's soul and man's soul. With a beautifully wrought contrapuntal figure Sylvester translates into verse these very invisible ties between separated things. The figure is musically fugal:

Th' accorded Discords that are sweetly sent
From th'Ivorie ribs of some rare Instrument,
Cannot be seene: but he may well be said
Of Flesh, and Eares, and Nose intirely voyd,
Who doth not feele, nor heare, nor smel (the powers);
The shock, sound, sent; of stormes, of strings, of flowers.
VI, 789ff

Here the links are lexically invisible; so is the linking soul to man. It is important that this attachment is linear, though God and man, as connected bodies, are curvilinear (rather, God subsumes the curvilinear).

In "The Second Anniversary", having just referred to the regenerative worm, which is, Manley reminds us, known for its "obliviousness and insensitivity", Donne observes of the worm:

To be thus stupid is alacrity;
Men thus lethargic have best memory.
63f.
The opposition of sense between "alacrity" and "lethargic" makes plain the start of a new cycle, paradoxically in age and memory. But Donne is clearly alluding to memory as a cycle itself, indeed as a figure for the soul. Du Bartas, we recall, addresses the famed memories of Seneca and Pyrrhus in the Sixth Day, possibly punning — Sylvester at least — on the word "enroule" (804), which is a rolling that in back-rehearsing may be said to unroll. Sylvester refers to the containers of memory as "Cesternes". For Du Bartas the memory is an invisible thing of "humane sense" (820), distinct from the insensible soul, that enables man to learn and thus to reform (825ff). The old man is merely the medium for a mental process in the same way that the frail body is the medium for the blind soul's first enlightenment, upon death (830ff). It may be these passages on the soul, with all of its analogies, that Donne has in mind in "The Second Anniversary", and indeed throughout his poetry.

Donne adjures Elizabeth Drury to "forget this world" (61) which she has only just discovered — to forget it because in her loss it has turned into nothing more than a lump of rubbish. At once for him she is both human soul and world's soul. Donne admits:

She, to whom all this world was but a stage,  
Where all set hearkening how her youthful age  
Should be employed, because in all, she did,  
Some figure of the golden times, was hid.  
Who could not lacke, what e'er this world could give,  
Because she was the form, that made it live;  

Elizabeth Drury was memory when she lived, soul when she died. She recalled for all the prelapsarian whole — she was the art of memory. Memory must be an art or a re-creation as magnificent as poetry and music. Sylvester's suggestive "More happily to leade our later age" (830) call to mind Donne's own reflections upon old age and death:
Think then, my soul, that death is but a groom,
Which brings a taper to the outward room,
Whence thou spiest first a little glimmering light,
And after brings it nearer to thy sight:
For such approaches doth heaven make in death.
Think thyself labouring now with broken breath
And think those broken and soft notes to bee
Division, and thy happiest harmony.

But Donne carries the memories of age into the visions of age, asking whether
heaven descends to meet the soul of a dying man. Du Bartas has no such
frets, though it has always been a theological bone of contention whether
the New Jerusalem should be lodged in Heaven or on earth. Nor, as we shall
see, is Donne perplexed. The analogy of the magnetism of virtue might best
express Du Bartas' view: that the virtue of man exerts a pull on the complete
virtue of God, but that the latter is so vast as to hardly move; but that in
the end God will stoop to marriage with man as man rises to God. It is
dangerous to take this analogy too far, and Du Bartas does not do so. But
it goes some way to explaining the tentativeness of Donne's verb "approaches".

The description of death ensues in "The Second Anniversary" (99ff), then
new carcass-bred worms (117f). From here Donne describes the perfection
of Drury's elemental composition, making matter so perfectly eqau poised that
it cannot dissolve into component elements (123ff) but will remain an icon of
creative unity, but that no man can be raised to heaven without death and
dissolution — a paradox. Thus Donne denies the bodily perfection he has
just ascribed to this icon, deciding that only from the lump of her dissolution
may she have that perfect life. In effect, Donne renews the cycle he has
earlier ended. He does this fittingly with the "suck, and cry" of a baby
(174), which he follows quickly with middle age (175). This he follows with
a familiar hieroglyph of degeneration, that of a bullet shell turned lumpen
by rust, and from which its soul, its bullet, is given life, "hatched" like an
egg. The self perpetuating cycle of birth to death, generation to degenera-
tion, persists throughout the poem in a complex pattern of hieroglyphs and
Donne immediately takes up Du Bartas' view of the rocketing of the soul to heaven (185ff). In *Divine Weeks* the soul "glides" through the air with a celestial motion,

... and there she learns to know
Th'Originals of Wind, and Hail, and Snow,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-stars, and Storms,
Of Rain, and Ice, and strange Exhaled Forms.

VI, 839ff

The soul, rising from "base slyme heapes", springs above the clouds, where she immediately knows all. But for Donne it is important that the knowledge is not worth having, for the cosmic form does not exist for the soul. And Donne may be parodying the encyclopedic style by repeating in Sylvestrian anaphora the "whether ... or" formula. But he is not parodying Du Bartas and Sylvester, who share his view. Heaven needs no catechisms (185-206). It does not especially matter if things are generated: meteors in the middle region; people on the moon. The androgyny of the planet Venus in its designation is not a problem, for she is spirit. And so the Donnian cycle of past and present, Elizabeth Drury's body and soul, continues, as Donne returns to the wonders of her former body (220ff), only to return again to her soul. But here Donne turns away from cosmography to the little world of man. Rhetorical questions about mysterious generations of the body (bladder stones, 269f; the "putrid stuff" of the lungs, 273f), and about progresses which mirror the progress of the soul (blood moving from one chamber of the heart to the other, as from base to high, earth to heaven, 271f) — linear things coming notably between the two metaphors of generation — are to be answered emphatically: "no". This soul does not care about such things. So Donne vainly wishes for the same carelessness, on earth, of scientific knowledges. Instead he would substitute the spiritual knowledges attained by this soul (275-300).
Donne derides the catechistic Church Porch, yearns for the catechisms of the Church, and the alphabets of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*. He does not want to know the facts of how, but the matters of fact, the why; and casting back through the art of memory, not to the facts of what Caesar did or Cicero said (287), but to what they mean as historical exemplars — to how they acted on their stage — should cause him to sit "hearkening how" their "youthful age/Should be employed" (68). Donne again returns to the body of Elizabeth Drury who sees only "as through a glass darkly"; but he then dramatically calls for her to leap once more from her bodily vessel, to know all that matters. And so Donne turns to the mind of the bodily Elizabeth Drury —

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She who all libraries had thoroughly read
At home ...
303f
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— and its equipoised perfections. Again the return to her death, and the repeated "She, she ... is gone" is as affective as Milton's "For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime".

Thus far in "The Second Anniversary" we have found a striking form. Donne's analysis of the progress of Elizabeth Drury's soul has been tripartite throughout, and each of the three parts has been divisible again into three parts. At the start of the poem the world remains nothing but a carcass after her soul's first flight; and the whole first section that follows is about her relation to the universe in life, in death, and in her soul's flight: in life as a model for the world (65ff); in death as the death of the world's soul, now "fragmentary rubbish" (82), but moreover of its soul in three marked estates of religion —

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... that they confess much in the world, amiss,
Who dare not trust a dead man's eye with that,
Which they from God, and Angels cover not.
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110ff
Think Satan's sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust
102f.

Think thee a prince, who of themselves create
Worms which insensibly devour their state.
117f

Her body defies dissolution in three analogies: at the tropological level in her elemental constitution; at the allegorical level in the metaphor of a medicine composed of many ingredients, and at the anagogical level in the geometric line that consists only of points, and has no real dimension — for points are nothing but concepts. These levels of meaning pertain to three levels of soul (see Manley, p. 183n). Elizabeth Drury is made by this a continuum between the two worlds of heaven and earth, a chain, bodily, but indissoluble; a proof that preformal creation was once one; a proof to all men that heaven cannot be had on earth, that the two are not in one cosmic dimension. She is proof also of the vastness of heaven and of the "poverty" and obnoxiousness of the world (163). For she was — as the world — poisoned by original sin (167).

In short, three catechistic proofs of pre-creation, creation, and thence the division of heaven and earth. In life Elizabeth Drury is as Christ, in death as the Holy Spirit, and in the instantaneous flight from death she becomes as God. In its lowliness the earth is then calibrated into the anagogical, allegorical, and tropological levels of its consciousness; that is, the base anchorite (l69ff), the prisoner (l72ff), and the lodger (l75ff). And as these proceed downward from the slavery of exalted contemplation (anchorite) through imprisonment (for crimes against society) to plain and
simple life, they are challenged by the upward procession of the child in the womb (who is as innocent as the anchorite) — "in their first-built cels" (172) — unborn; the baby (as unredeemed as the soldier in prison) — "enabled but to suck and cry" — unbaptised; and man in middle age (remote from any motives, religious or political) — a "poor inn". Death brings to the anchorite enfranchisement (179) and true liberty. It brings to the prisoner one, a peace (181) which frees him from prison; or by virtue of the pun, a piece of armament which ruins him. But the thought also applies to the lodger who has no motives, who is at once enjoying the "rusty" peace of old age, and perhaps the "rest-in-peace" of death. The dual application of the one proposition to prisoner and lodger is made in the next proposition:

This to thy soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now.

In the first instance these lines apply only to the lodger, who has followed the natural progress of the body to death. But the word "shell" refers to the rusty outer coat of the bullet, and it is well to recall the metaphor of degeneration in this rusty lump of a shell, this vessel which releases a bullet-soul. The lines suggest also the babe freshly sprung from the womb, and the next lines —

And think this slow-pac'd soul, which late did cleave,
To a body, and went by the body's leave,

— suggests the babe weaned. In each case a species of man (of soul) is given its container. And thus all mankind is accounted for by the death of Elizabeth Drury, in all, twelve categories. This is a Petrarchan motif. For example, in the poem translated by Wyatt and Surrey ("The Long Love that ..."/"The Love that doth Reign...")
field of war, emotion that of a house, and will that of a court.

Elizabeth Drury is at once the soul of the cosmos, the chainlink heaven and earth, and the soul of collective humanity. Bodily this juxtaposition is as significant as that in the Sixth Day of Les Semaines, of the sympathetic, emotive, organs of the heart and the lungs between the brain and the stomach, the will and the appetite. All of these things are proved by Elizabeth Drury in her death. They are proved challengingly with the repeated word, "Think". The triad rules.

We have looked at Elizabeth Drury's relation to the world in life and in death, but not as yet in the flight of her soul. What I regard as the first formal part of Donne's consideration of Drury concludes with Donne denying any interest on the part of this fleeting soul in the air (189ff) and meteors, the moon or its people (195), Venus (197), Mercury (199), the sun (201), Mars (203), Jupiter and Saturn (204). In short, she is uninterested in any of the greater cosmic spheres, in any of the greater cosmic shapes that can contain life.

So ends the first part (at line 206). But it actually ends with a conjunctive metaphor, for the flight of this soul through the spheres is likened to a chain or a thread strung through beads. Were we to count these beads (the planets) they would number seven, as the seven days of the week. This is astronomically of note because of Donne's twelve part division of the world's soul (into types of humanity and their kinds of lodging — their houses). These suggest the twelve astronomical houses. The numbers themselves are conscious symbols of the spacial and temporal definitions of the cosmos adumbrated in the cosmos as a two-ended chain and in the cosmos as a process (progress). The imagery is familiar, occurs in a similar way in Elegy XI, The Bracelet. It is appropriate to the greater context of "The Second Anniversary" for it links a section about Elizabeth Drury as world's soul to the second section, about her as the human body's soul.
The beginning of the second part may be said to come with the analogy between the chain of being and the human spinal cord:

As doth the pith, which least our bodies slack  
Strings fast the little bones of neck, and back; ...

21lf

Thereupon the spinal soul that unifies the excremental earth with the head of heaven also makes Elizabeth Drury's bodily "face" analogous to heaven (216). These three souls correspond fully to the three births of man (214f): the tropological birth at the mother's womb (the Church-Porch), the allegorical one of baptism (the Church), and the anagogical one of election at the Day of Last Judgement (the Sanctum Sanctorum). But in the sequence of images the soul described bodily is rising again to the illumination of heaven. The rising is immediate, against one theological tradition of a long wait for salvation. The "colours" and "objects" (217) signal the distinction between spirit and body scientifically, as the hitherto blind soul of the body sees the light of heaven, and as the corpse greets candles in the death room. The "long-short" progress represents the long spacial voyage and the short temporal one.

I have chosen this difficult poem to demonstrate its fabric of Sylvestrian hieroglyph within numerological, scientific and conceitful structures. In this vein we could catalogue at some length familiar creation hieroglyphs in the poem, as to some extent we have already done. One kind of hieroglyph that needs little advertising occurs in the midst of the second section of Donne's treatment of Elizabeth Drury; he introduces geographical imagery that in the Sylvestrian context is neither new nor original. But it is deliberate, following the Sylvestrian motif. East and West are brought together (228ff) in the human body of Elizabeth Drury, so that she becomes once more a picture of the world in its several parts. But more, East and West become associate with the functioning of the national body of state (see especially
Chapter 8 above):

She, whom had they known, who did first betroth
The Tutelar Angels, and assigned one, both
To nations, cities, and to companies,
To functions, offices, and dignities,
And to each several man, to him, and him,
They would have given her one for every limb;

Again we find this rhetorical device of sympathy, in which companies and functions, cities and offices, and nations and dignities are invisibly held together. The sympathetic device is important because it indicates the necessary relationship between a great European nation and its feeder nations in the East and West Indies. There is also the implied sympathy of courts that must cultivate trade in order to survive economically, cities that are the products of commerce, and companies that are the agents of commerce. We would do well to notice as well a thread of imagery running through the passage on commerce. To begin with Elizabeth Drury's body was no "prison" (221), but it soon did become "Mintage to others' beauties" (224), and finally it became the grounds of "discovery" (231); these are, in short, images of theft, purchase, and discovery. These are three ways of gaining possession, and the possession turns out to be knowledge and grace.

We may also refer this thread back to the anchorite, prisoner, and lodger: the prisoner has stolen his possessions, the lodger has paid for his, and the anchorite has discovered his.

The imagery that follows, including that of the snail, who neither steals, purchases, nor discovers, who carries his house (his possessions) on his back, his cradle and his tomb, suggest once more to us Elizabeth Drury's falling away to a new death, and yet another repetition of the life process. Once again the ignorance of the soul before bodily death leads to a new vision (294ff). The ignorance of Elizabeth Drury's soul is to the matters of the human body now, and not to those of the world (as in the first section). It
is an ignorance of elemental composition (263ff) and of inexplicable generative parts of the body, such as the nails and hair (278). While the first section concerned itself with the subject of the world's creation cycle and its generative parts, this section examines generative organs.

These bodily mysteries are not the considerations of religious souls but of men bound to the baseness of the human condition. To Donne they are like chaff. Like Du Bartas, Donne worries himself very little about what were common sixteenth century controversies on these subjects (we recall Du Bartas' resolution of the Copernican and other problems on logical grounds and on the grounds of their irrelevance). But the fact that these are mysteries is telltale. They are also familiar hieroglyphs: the heart with its two connected ventricles (272ff); the impossibly created — seemingly from nothing — bladder stone (269ff); the tubercular lungs. These all point to God's greater creation. Instead of controversies, Donne calls for the vision of a released soul, which is equally careless of such debates. In so doing Donne concludes the second section of his treatment of the soul to Elizabeth Drury, and begins the third (301ff).

The third section begins with a strange emphasis on the learnedness of a soul whose ignorance Donne has taken pains to emphasise elsewhere. But instead of concentrating on the sciences of natural philosophy and medicine as he has done in the first two sections, he now concentrates on another study, "th'art of knowing heaven" (311). The principal emblem of this section is that of the book of life (we have already seen the theatre metaphor, 67ff). As everywhere, Elizabeth Drury's learning appeals to learners at the three levels of theft, purchase, and discovery (baptism as a kind of theft — grace not deserved, religious study as a purchase, and holiness as a discovery). Here, though, Elizabeth Drury does not have to climb into the "watchtower", for she is already there: the soul has been so fervid in its love for God that it has achieved transcendence. This is the anchoritic soul, as opposed to the imprisoned soul of the second part of Donne's treatment, and the stolen,
mnemonic soul of the first part. It seems separate from the concerns of the world (of the first part) and the concerns of man (of the second part).

Donne introduces again the imagery of religion (328f), politics and commerce (331ff) in order this time specifically to highlight poor learning. And again Donne turns to creation hieroglyphs: to "nails, hairs, yea excrements", all mysteriously generated by the body (337). The effect of the imagery is to contrast markedly this soul's furore with the poisons of different kinds of bodies. The hieroglyphs point once more upward.

At this point the imagery takes a turn, and Donne begins to catalogue saints and holy people; and the soul that he now addresses is not Elizabeth Drury's but his own (339ff). In a new and different kind of section Donne reiterates Elizabeth Drury's former status as state (359ff), body (363ff), and transcendent soul (365ff), but is in doing so constructing a mnemonic structure. Past and present come magnificently together as Donne's soul now takes instruction from Elizabeth Drury's history. The political and commercial imagery recurs, generative hieroglyphs again, of political pardon (367), commercial coinage (369ff), and the greater hieroglyph (a Church Militant one) of a church. The church is discovered in Elizabeth Drury; the coinage is linked with purchase; and the judicial pardon with theft.

The rest of "The Second Anniversary" expresses the gulf between holiness and all other joys. Its format and imagery make of it a new poem, in which Donne, now, unfolds his religious education. Donne concludes with a new balancing of the manifold hyperbole that have come before. He devotes the poem as a kind of "rent" to Elizabeth Drury, an obeisance which nonetheless recognises that the minter of his tribute is none other than God. This makes of "The Second Anniversary" a poem in two greater parts: the first of these is about Elizabeth Drury's progress from the theft of baptism through the purchase of religious instruction to the discovery of holiness, and thence to a life-giving death; the second is about Donne's imitation of this very pattern. The poem may also be divided in another way. The
progress of Elizabeth Drury's soul in the first 340+ lines of "The Second Anniversary" may be read as part of an historical, mnemonic education for Donne, on the Church Porch of his own progression. The next 150 odd lines may then be regarded as the section of religious instruction. And the concluding eighteen lines may be seen as revelatory.

It seems to me that emblems of generation and degeneration dominate the first 340 lines of "The Second Anniversary", that they are essential to the fabric of meaning. This poem is about historical process and life progress. No word is used lightly, and most every image is used to convey other, non-literal pictures. This is indeed suitable, for the tripartite Church of life is one that emphasises non-literal instruction.

To insist that Donne has taken his emblem language from Sylvester's Du Bartas seems to me not the point of this exercise. To insist only on the hieroglyph is to my point. But since generation and creation cycles are Donne's major preoccupation in "The Second Anniversary", and since the first and major English purveyor of this language and imagery is Divine Weeks, it seems ungenerous and perhaps downright stingy to imagine Italian influences, patristic influences, alchemical and cabbalistic influences on Donne, but to disregard as insignificant Sylvester's Du Bartas.
EXCURSUS II

1. Sylvestrian Word and Language Formulations

I have suggested a number of language forms indebted in seventeenth century poetry to Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas. I cannot prove statements I have made about such groups of words but must rely on the integrity of the OED. Though I have found the OED fallible, I have also found it a good guide. One thing ought to be said: that the incidence of Sylvestrian words as first or second citations in the dictionary is extraordinary. Owen Barfield properly and conventionally remarks the contribution of Shakespeare to the English language. His subject is the nuance that Shakespeare and other poets introduce to language. But the incidence of OED first citations in Shakespeare, also remarked by Barfield, must be partly adduced to the shifting which Shakespeare's language has endured. It makes Sylvester's prominence in the dictionary all the more surprising that he has been regarded for so long as minor and, perhaps, insignificant.

Adjective

There seems little question to me that Sylvester was as conscious of the formulation of adjectives as his master, Du Bartas. That it be for purposes of quantitative measure that he sought two and three syllable words; or that it be because of a sense that the polysyllable is structurally more sound than the lumpen monosyllable, and thus more evocative of creation (I think of the dyad + monad = triad of a disyllable adjective + monosyllable noun); or that it be simply because of a concern for a new language which separates poetry from prose; I don't believe it greatly matters. I should like to think it was a combination of these motives. But the result is an awareness of inflected parts of speech and of the capacity of English to take on change almost at will. The rhetorical device of inflection, agnominiatio, is common
in Divine Weeks, and Sylvester readily plays upon the metamorphic power of words. The adjective, as a most adaptable, most malleable, part of speech, comes to be the principal vehicle for Sylvester's experimentation with language. A concern in the manipulation of adjective is its vicarious capacity to be verbal and at the same time substantive. Adjective is thus a vehicle for metaphorical expression. Du Bartas' greatest subject, that of universal correspondence, is best expressed in the metaphor that makes nature like man, that animates stone and makes animals like man. Personification and animation are achieved epiphetically in the application of verbal (animative) adjectives to things of nature. Ordinary present and past participle adjectives carry greater depth in expressions like "wagging leaf" (Law, 1336), "panting bellowes" (Columns, 720), but especially in expressions like "weeping ground" (Law, 436) and "winged winds" (Law, 1010). It cannot simply be that early Augustan poetry takes up these personifications because they are in Homer or Virgil or Sylvester — Pope (Odyssey, I, 150?) speaks of "winged gales", for instance — but surely because of the fusion of the compact metaphor.

Another side of the adjective is its capacity to colour the picture, as it were, to make the ecphrasis proper without being too specific. Adjectives of colour are just the ticket. First, they are spectral (scientifically, once more, the one is compounded of the many). Secondly, and I have done little more than suggest this, they have emblematic values, as do the colours of a priest's vestments, and certain primal colours, instinctively, perhaps. For Du Bartas, we have seen, thoughts too have colours. Du Bartas and Sylvester are no doubt as aware of the intangible relation of colour to mystical understanding as is Longinus:

Clearly, by the very excess of light. For just as all dim lights are extinguished in the blaze of the sun, so do the artifices of rhetoric fade from view when bathed in the pervading splendor of sublimity. 3. Something like this happens also in the art of painting. For although light
and shade, as depicted in colors, lie side by side upon the same surface, light nevertheless meets the vision first, and not only stands out, but also seems far nearer. So also with the manifestations of passion and the sublime in literature. They lie nearer to our minds through a sort of natural kinship and through their own radiance, and always strike our attention before the figures, whose art they throw into the shade and as it were keep in concealment. 3

Adjectives of colour are frequent in Divine Weeks. Among the many such adjectives are conventional ones, like black, green, brown, grey, silver, yellow, gold(en), purple, red and white. But there are also rarer adjectives, now made the distinctive language of Sylvester's poetry, mostly polysyllables, often warm words, often with almost unEnglish sounds, words like: "swart", "scarlet", "russet", "sable", "jet", "vermillion", "crimsin", "ivory", "milky", "azure", "ruddy", "nacre", "dusky", "watchet", "amber", "opal-coloured", "lawn", "argentine", "chevron", "niggard", "unniggard", "lilly", "rosie", "sanguine", "ashy", "snow", and "pyed". 4 Some of the associations of colours are by now commonplace: black may stand for evil or ignorance; white for purity; green for innocence or naivete; silver, gold, and purple for wealth, elegance, luxury. 5 Some colours are inextricably associated with one or a number of objects, green with trees and downs, vermillion with blushing cheeks, silver with rivers. Endings convert monosyllables into polysyllables: swart often becomes "swarty", white "whitely", jet "jetty"; comparative and superlative endings are used to make green "greener" or "greenest". 6

Adjectives are also used in overstatement, often tautologically, as in the case of some of the colour epithets we encounter (e.g., "whitest snowes" Magnificence, 53; "dusky night", Columns, 309). Numeral adjectives are good illustrations of this: in Homeric fashion the words "hundred" or "thousand" are intensifiers, meaning a great many. 7 But common as well are symbolic adjectives like "thrice" (so frequent and often so out of context that one can only assume it relates to Du Bartas' triad) or "twice-twelve". If the shape of the formation of cranes is significant, and the
complexity of deer's antlers, we may be forgiven for assuming a numerological significance to Du Bartas' and Sylvester's numeral adjectives.

Along with these hyperbolic adjectives there are several hundred comparatives and superlatives in *Divine Weeks*. This kind of construction has to do fundamentally with the subject of degrees. In the continuum of nature between the base and the high it is often exceedingly difficult to place objects. It is especially hard to locate and define levels of extreme highness and baseness; in an Hebrew context for instance the one God is infinitely greater than the many pagan gods. Superlatives become intensive ways of defining the undefinable. This may go some way to explaining difficult epithets like "chaster innocence" (VII) or "diviner seeds" (Handy-Crafts). Sylvester will often use superfluous bumpy comparative phrases like "plains more fertiler" (Schism, 683) and "more stronger toyls" (Trophies), sometimes not even on the grounds of scansion. His superlatives however are usually the more difficult. There are epithets like "any steepest hill" (Handy-Crafts, 385) in which one adjective seems to contradict another, and formulations for which we would upbraid school children, as "perfectest" (Magnificence, 924); and others that are simply ugly, as "infamousest" (Captains, 1082). But it is clear that in most cases Sylvester has something directly in mind and is not guided by exigency.

Toponymic adjectives and nouns are a good instance of words that are rare, distinctive, foreign (often warm sounding) and polysyllabic. They are used periphrastically and metonymically. Aristotle is the "Stagyrian sage" (III, 349); he is defined but not numbered, as it were. Diana is the "Delian Princess" (Fathers, 323): Cupid's dart is the "Paphian shot" (VI, 1083). In Du Bartas this sort of language renders the poetry general rather than particular. This, we have seen, is a property of *Divine Weeks*: it seeks always to define rather than to designate or exact. There is a difference in it between numbering the streaks of a tulip, and presenting its image. For Du Bartas it no doubt suggests the difference between adumbrating the ideal form of
God's universal nature, and reducing nature to empiricism. And so, particular gods, people, places, or things can be made general in expressions like "Latonian Lamps" (V, 12), "Erithraean Deep";\textsuperscript{10} or even less concrete things, like the very inspiration of the muses, in "Castalian Springs". The toponymic adjectives are always generalising, referring to a general picture. Among the most common and influential of these are "Memphian" (e.g., VII, 238), "Libyan" (\textit{Schism}, 417), "Arabian" (\textit{Colonies}, 499), "Indian" (V, 116), "Affrick" (\textit{Colonies}, 304), "Tyrian" (V, 104), "Atlantick" (\textit{Vocation}, 213), and so on.\textsuperscript{11} These toponyms commonly congregate around a number of specific but not really literal genus terms, such as shore, brink, strand, coast, wave, main, flood.

Jurgen Schafer, in Documentation in the OED (Oxford, 1980), observes the new appearance of toponymic adjectives in the late Elizabethan period, especially in Shakespeare, Nashe, and a few others.\textsuperscript{12} Schafer's is a good study, well documented with convincing evidence. A name noticeably absent in his treatment is Sylvester's. I suggest that a closer examination of the OED would find that Sylvester's Du Bartas and Holland's Pliny are among the most original works of the period in their coinings of toponymic adjectives. \textit{Divine Weeks} is the most important from a literary point of view because it is poetry. I have found over twenty-five toponymic adjectives in \textit{Divine Weeks} either preceding the OED's first citations or constituting its first citations or not in the dictionary: "Nubian" (VI, 313), "Libyan" (II, 485), "Genoan" (II, 875), "Belgian", "Delian" (\textit{Fathers}, 323), "Elensinian" (III, 258), "Memphian" (VII, 238), "Arabian" (\textit{Colonies}, 479), "Dardan" (V, 740), "Numidian" (\textit{Colonies}, 180), "Idalian" (VI, 48), "Transylvanian" (\textit{Colonies}, 209), "Pharian" (I, 500), "Prussian" (\textit{Colonies}, 363), "Euphratean" (\textit{Vocation}, 922), "Chaldean" (\textit{Colonies}, 68), "Ethiopian" (\textit{Colonies}, 99), "Carion" (I, 501), "Idumean" (I, 759), "Hebridean" (\textit{Trophies}, 1048), "Sereans" (\textit{Magnificence}, 316), "stagyrian" (III, 360), "Thyrrenian" (\textit{Colonies}, 106), "Pannonian" (VI, 382), "paphian" (VI, 1083), "Sicilian" (V, 772), not to mention the Ovidian "Hyper-
Borean" (V, 635). Even allowing for the imperfections of the OED, this is probably the tip of the proverbial iceberg.

A number of other toponymic adjectives in Divine Weeks are sufficiently new to the language as to have appeared in the last quarter-century of the sixteenth century. These include: "Tartarian" (Colonies, 181), "Syracusian" (VI, 933), "Illyrian" (III, 272), "Thracian" (V, 985), "Hyrcanian" (Colonies, 329), "Gaulian" (Schism, 7), "Dodonian" (III, 273), "Phrygian" (Trophies, 435), "Castalian", "Gordian" (VI, 827), "Cimmerian" (I, 323). This kind of language must be a conscious adherence to the prescriptions of the Pleiade; and the affixing of endings like -ian, -ish, -ial, -al to form adjectives out of nouns must serve Sylvester's rhetorical and polysyllabic purposes.

One of the most common inventive derivative practices in Divine Weeks is the creation of adjective out of noun. In the context of adjective + noun epithet, this has strong metaphorical possibilities, often finding equation in two objects normally thought to be disparate. Arthos has treated the subject of -y ending epithilets in some depth. His Harvard thesis includes a list of one hundred and fifty-one -y ending adjectives in Sylvester (through the complete works). Arthos' connection of the formulation with scientific namings is suspect. I would suggest that, if anything, the science and the poetry arise together as co-interpreters of a single vision of the universe. Du Bartas' Les Semaines is ample evidence of this duality. In the case of English, a large portion of Divine Weeks antedates for instance Pliny's influential work of science, in Holland's translation. Most of Arthos' scientific examples of language formulation appear to date from the mid or late seventeenth century.

Sylvester's craft does not invent -y ending adjectives. Indeed, Chaucer might be said to be the inspirational source of such common words in Divine Weeks as "flowry", "foamy", "smoaky", "knotty", and "rosy". Spenser employs such words as "snowy", "fleecy", "trusty", "drowsy", "grassy", "slippery", "scaly", "shady", "wiry", and "....". Sidney makes use of "owly", "moony",
"dusky", "steely". Shakespeare uses "sinnewy", "downy", "gloomy", "moody", and so on, with other writers in the 1590's. However, not only are all these words found in Sylvester, but some two hundred others as well. Sylvester employs the -y ending adjective with greater profusion than any of his contemporaries. It seems to me likely that the practice of finding -y ending adjectives becomes a necessary part of poetry only after Divine Weeks and its inheritors, when a number of these formulations become fixtures of poetic language. 16

Words ending with the suffix -y in Divine Weeks which either predate OED first citations, or which are not found in the dictionary, include: "beardy", "Diapry", "mesly" (for its sense), "mumb'ry", "musky", "moony" (for its sense), "poysony", "pulpy", "rheumy", "selfly", "thundry", "thistly", "shaggy" (for its sense), "vapoury", "lustly", "tinney" (for its sense), "blewly", "cor'sie", "briny", "branchy" (for its transferred sense), "balmy" (for its sense), "puddly", "pitchy" (for its sense), "salt-peetry", "globy", "rudely", "tardy" (for its sense). There is also a large number of such adjectives for which Sylvester is given the OED second citation. 17 -y ending adjectives which are products of the late sixteenth century number among them: "chalky", "ashy", "drossy", "downy", "gouty", "horny", "plumy", "milky", "haily". Most of these are important poetic terms in the seventeenth century.

Past participle adjectives are discussed only passingly by Arthos. 18 Yet these are as significant to the language of poetic description as -y ending adjectives. The animating faculty of Sylvester's past participle adjectives is vital. His adjectives indeed become, in his own words, "winged words" (Magnificence), evoking non-existent clauses and, thus, thoughts. This is true of all past and present participle adjectives, but especially in epithets of those odd few subjects that passively endure an action in their adjectives. For example, the expression "godded Calves" (Schism, 3 — see also the verb "to God" in the argument of the Schism) presents a paradox that is the subject of much of the second half of Les Semaines. There are some three
hundred different -ed ending adjectives in *Divine Weeks*, many of them recurring with such frequency as to be the stuff of "stock diction". Of these the most common are "painted", "winged", "horned", "sugred", "forked", "plumed", "curled", and "crooked". We have seen the importance of some of these already. Again, a good number of Sylvester's past participle adjectives predate the OED: "godded", "chained" (for its sense), "caked" (for its sense), "clutted", "fraighted", "melled", "watled", "be-cedared", "gagged", "oaked", "tossed", "vexed" (for its sense), "planked", "martyred", and "tufted". 19 The adjective "tented" appears in a similar context almost concurrently with Sylvester's *Du Bartas* in *Othello* (I, III, 85). There are several other rare, or distinctive past participle adjectives in expressions such as "wounded soil" (*Law*, 439), "congealed Floud" (*Law*, 722), "pined fishes" (III), "accorded discords", "oyled priests" (*Schism*, 345). 20 Some of Sylvester's adjectives are products of the fertile latter half of the sixteenth century: "heaved", "cacined", "hoarded", "waved", "seduced", "manured", "cowled", "barred". A relationship between Sylvester's -ed ending adjective and Milton's should especially be noted: from *Divine Weeks* comes Milton's "crisped" (*Comus*, 984), "indented", "heaped" ("I'Allegro", 147), "pearled" (*Comus*, 834), "mytred" ("Lycidas", 112; not to mention Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, 202), "withered" (*Paradise Regained*, I, 316), to name but a few. 21

I am reluctant to develop any argument on the relative roles of past and present participle adjectives. It is clear that the past participle suggests an action already completed and the present participle an ongoing one. It is worth remarking once more that *Les Semaines* is a *Progress*. It is about motion, action, and the achievement of action (in a more final sense). It is, further, about states of existence that can only be in terms of action. Apart from the single judgement that a "pearled tear" is something achieved, a fusion, and that a "waving tumour" is yet precipitate, I can conclude nothing.
Present participles are as common as past participles in the fabric of Sylvester's diction. They include words which appear to come from Sylvester's fruitful imagination, such as "trickling", "thickling", "Tralucing", "spawling". Adjectives with which Sylvester predates the OED are: "veering", "sporting" (for its sense), "livening", "puffing", "worming", "perfuming", "wriggling", "waving", "frisking", "fuming" (for its sense), "flaring" (for its sense), "fatt'ning", "croaking", "doubling" (for its sense), "frequenting", "eating" (for its sense), "humming", "huffing", "madding" (for its sense). Other Sylvestrian adjectives that come to have poetic values include "smoaking" (compare Sylvester's "smoaking bullocks", Columns, 383, with Dryden's translation of Virgil, "smoking horse", Georgics, II, 794; Pope's Iliad, VII, 382), "pushing", "babbling", "gushings", "murmurings", "swelling". Most of these last are applicable to unstopping waters, things of process.

Other formulations depend on qualifying suffix and prefix. These formulations are especially functional in negative or positive phrasings. This naturally stems from the defining character of the work and its enjoyment of categorisation, along the lines of fruitfulness and fruitlessness, of antithetical substantives. Many of these constructions are plainly for purposes of fusive oxymoron. There are well over one hundred rather distinct -less ending adjectives in Divine Weeks. It is difficult to refer such words to the OED satisfactorily, for where there are lacunae in the dictionary it is in respect of coinages of this nature. There are some forty -less ending adjectives not listed, predating, or given OED first citation in Divine Weeks: "wingless", "placeless", "painless" (for its sense), "tasteless", "figureless", "landless", "pathless", "windless", each in oxymoronic agnominatio with its root; "propless", "suspectless" (for its sense), "toylless", "pilot-less", "rudder-less", "sweatless", "easeless", "modestless", "mid-less", "peizless", "grassless", "oarless", "cloudless" (for its sense), "bit-less", "clock-less", "aim-less", "branch-less", "sap-less", "threatless", "firmless" (for its sense), "floodless", "labour-less", "beakless", "flameless". Most of these adjectives belong to
epithets. An equally large number of -less ending words appear to be products of the late sixteenth century: "Tearless", "rightless", "tuneless", "stringless", "effectless", "formless", "leafless", "mastless", "breathless", "ceaseless", "changeless", "finnless", "artless", "dauntless", "comptless", "fostimeless", "noyseless", "bindless", "boundless", "spotless". The device of -less ending adjectives is very much a case of stylistic construction, for the sake of internal rhyme and rhetorical felicity, and it has been made clear that this purpose is not unimportant. Just one example, Sylvester's line,

ISRAEL seemes help-les and even hope-les too

Law, 185.

The play of sounds and sense reappears in Shakespeare's "Woman friendless hopeless" (Henry VIII, II, i, 81) which no doubt Longfellow recalls in his "friendless, homeless, hopeless" (Evangeline, II, i).25

Adjectives with the prefixes un-, dis-, and in- are related constructions. The un- beginning adjective is less consciously a tool of oxymoron (for instance, "unloving lover", Trophies, 205) — or a device of absence — than it is a signal of something unaccomplished, of a process not even begun, or of a quality without limitation. The adjective kind is an important feature of Sylvester's diction, and one that he gives, I believe, to his successors. It is difficult to assess. Alfred Hart asserts that un- prefix words make up nearly 4% of Shakespeare's vocabulary; that about one quarter of these are "new" to literature.26 We can similarly reflect on the importance of the formulations in Divine Weeks. OED first citations, and predatings include: "unpuffed", "untwisted", "unblestfull", "unyielding", "unsceptered", "unsteddy" (for its sense), "unvulgar", "unvent'red", "unshrinkin", "unsustained", "unleaved", "unbeginning", "unhang'd", "unturning", "untransparent", "ungilt" (for its sense), "unniggared", "unharnest", "ungoard", "unhideable", "unclasping", "unfirm" (for its sense), "unassisted", "unbounded", "undaunted", "unclose" (for
its sense), "undisputeable". Sylvester is fond of coupling the expressions, as with "unchaste, unclean" (Law, II,101), which surely lies behind Milton's "unclean, unchaste" (Sampson Agonistes, 321). Elsewhere Sylvester puts three such words together, with strongly poetic effects, like "unseen, uncensured, unsuspect" (Trophies, 1055), which sounds remarkably like Milton's "unhumbled, unrepentent, unreformed" (Paradise Regained, III, 429) (See Divine Weeks, I, 278ff). A number of the adjectives are associated with prelapsarian virtue, and it is not surprising to find seventeenth century Paradises "unhaunted", "unfrequented", "unpeopled"; so Milton's "unpeopled, and untrod" (Paradise Lost, III, 497). This kind of negative description is a strong feature of Milton's Comus.

Other negative adjectives are fewer. Shakespeare, it has been suggested, coined thirty-two words beginning with dis-. Sylvester's dis- beginning adjectives include such new ones as "discustom'd", "disflowered", "disordered", and "disnatur'd". Similar are adjectives beginning in-: "influent" (for its sense), "incarnadine", "incapable".

Among Sylvester's greater gifts to the canon of the poetic adjective are those ending -ful. The OED warns us of the ease with which such constructions may be made. Sylvester's adjectives predating the dictionary's first citations are: "mostfull", "flamefull" ("flamefull fables", Eden, 390; possibly in play with other adjective "famefull"), "famefull", "starfull", "watchfull" (for its sense), "promise-full", "plaguefull", "strengthfull", "presagefull", "steepfull", "statefull", "seedfull", "strangefull", "toothfull", "pestfull", "unblestfull", "changefull", "heatfull", "famefull'st", "mistfull", "moistfull", "lampfull", "artfull", "spiritfull", "tressfull", "ragefull" (for its sense), "shamefull" (for its sense), "deceitfull". Some of these are odd indeed, such as "steepfull" and "unblestfull" seeming almost absurd. This contribution to the language builds on Spenser's use of the construction kind, words like "vauntfull", "tunefull", "choicefull", "strifefull", "tradefull", etc... But it seems clear that Sylvester regards this kind of construction as essential to
his poetics.

The suffix -like lends itself to new formulations with some ease. Though the OED sees the beginnings of this practice in late Middle English, it remarks the construction as a conscious part of language only in the seventeenth century. Sylvester uses such adjectives as "god-like", "hare-like", "sunlike", "warlike", "princelike", "ghostlike", "Amphion-like", "comet-like", "jet-like", "maidlike", "sive-like", "wormlike", "sickle-like", "slovenlike", "thunderlike", "tortoise-like", and many more.

Other adjective endings include the older -en ending, in words like "oaken", "brazen", "gilden", "oaten", "bidden", "silken", "wooden", "waxen", "laden", and the -ize endings that creep into Sylvester's language in words like "wantonized", "Angelized", "degenerized", "Florentizing", "immortalizing"; the almost Latinate -ive endings in words like "abortive", "adoptive", "generative", "commotive", and so on; -ick ending adjectives like "Dithyrambick", "Oeconomike", "schismick", "sophistick", "Aristocretick", "Ecliptick", and the odd word, "Hydrantick" (Eden, 545). There are as well -ish ending adjective — "currish", "Greekish", "brackish", "clownish", "dampish", "brutish" — and -ous ending adjectives — "cindrous", "fibrous", "numbrous", and so on — and a number of -al ending adjectives, like "Excrementall", "Aetheriall", "Homicidal", "paricidiall", "rosiall", "pestilentiall", not to mention the theological adjective "consubstantiall". These and the poetic adjectives ending in -some — "darksome", "gladsome", "laboursome" — are part of Sylvester's stock of language in Divine Weeks. Many if not most of these derive from similar forms in the original, but this is hardly connected with the point I wish to make in this section: that Sylvester's language is an highly self-conscious one, and extremely young and lively one, and in all respects, as I have argued throughout this work, an influential one.
I should like to say only a few words about verb formulations in Divine Weeks. Of these two kinds may be found to reccur with a great deal of consistency. The addition of the Old English prefix be- to a commonplace verb appears to have for Sylvester a strong poetic value. It is a kind of construction for which there is no apparent model in Les Semaines. Sylvester's place among the citations of the OED is quite formidable; and these citations indicate that, if the practice was current in the sixteenth century and before, it seems to take on real significance in the poetry of the late Renaissance. I am ill-equipped to make any judgements of Sylvester's place in the history of such formulations. But he prefixes be- to verbs with seeming abandon: "be-moateth", "bewitches", "be-steads", "be-laves", "be-siezing", "bedight", "beswarmes", "be-dimms", "bepitch", "be-cloud", "betides", "be-strew", "un-be-numbs", "be-scramble", "be-dabbling", "be-numming", "beraid", "bestir", "be-smeard", "bewailing", and so on. The verb to "becloud" figures especially prominently (e.g., Law, 534, Schism, 151; Decay, 1154). Sometimes the construction is an important contributor to the rhetoric of a line:

Be round about besieg'd and beset
       VI, 222.

The other verb formulation does owe, however, to Du Bartas. This is the renewed action made by the Latinate addition of the prefix re- to a verb. Examples are: "re-binds", "re-blooms", "re-found", "re-charge", "re-jerk", "re-summoning", "returneth", "re-bring-back", "re-joyne", "re-knit", "re-entoyl", "re-cleer'd", "re-childing", "re-flowres", "re-establish", "re-spins", "re-assemble", "re-breeding", "re-bemires". Apart from their implicit connection with process, these constructions can be and are linked with the device of agnominatio, and can further help sound to echo sense (I think of Drummond's "re-reccho"). They are most evocative of the returning bend of creation that is
so essential a subject in Divine Weeks.

2. Some Oxymorons

I offer below a list of some of the more compact oxymorons of Divine Weeks. Oxymoron is surely one of the more remarkable sides of Sylvester's diction, a thing taken directly from the original.

painlesse paine I, 579
windless Wind I, 469
Divinely-Humane I, 125
thin thickness II, 1069
infinite-finite II, 1098
ebbing-flowing III, 352
busie-idle IV, 104
taste-less Taste IV, 137
forward and backward in one motion IV, 346
Art-less Art IV, 296
sharply-sweet VII, 320
dear-drad Loving-Fear VII, 414
pain-less pain VII, 51
care-less care VII, 51
uncertain-certain sway VII, 370
dread-less dread VII, 715
art-less Art VII, 91
way-lesse wayes V, 378
hapless diligence V, 967
sence-lesse sences V, 580
Foul and Fairest both alike V, 1019
end-lesse end V, 605
gladly-sad V, 613
Though a-live, yet dead V, 1040
pathless paths V, 188
sower-sweet morsell V, 268
deaf-live seed V, 932
Hee-Shee-coupled-one V, 1051
Kinde-cruell eye VI, 37
Sweet-bitter charge VI, 122
Make my sense sense-less VI, 293
Sloath-shunning Spirit VI, 293
Dead-live voyce Eden, 128
sharp-sweet Orange Eden, 510
th'un-nam'd Name Eden, 456
right-wrong errors Eden, 552
drad-sweet face Eden, 418
swift-slow posting pose Eden, 215
sweet rape Eden, 412
grave-sweet warbles Imposture, 20
place-les place Imposture, 199
sharp-sweet fruit Imposture, 354
path-less paths Handy-Crafts, 159
dying-living seeds Handy-Crafts, 276
guirle-boy Handy-Crafts, 305
dumbly speak Babylon, 348
calm-rage Babylon, 238
dumb discourse Babylon, 324
charm-grief Babylon, 237
cradle-toomb'd Babylon, 500
green-dry, witherd-springing Babylon, 556
Bashfully-bold Babylon, 598
modest-brave Babylon, 598
grave-sweet Babylon, 600
Artless Art Babylon, 626
Mars-daunting Martialist Babylon, 677
grave-milde Grandsire Vocation, 229
impious pietie Vocation, 1374
kinde-cruell error Vocation, 1374
Women-Men Vocation, 333
proudly-sad Vocation, 676
immortal-mortal Race Vocation, 977
dradly-wonder-full Vocation, 1323
sickly health Law, 850
ever-never-dying Law, 480
dead-living Rod Law, 682
lowly-loud Law, 949
land-less land Law, 1186
shrilly sweetly Trophies, 956
grave-sweetly grove Trophies, 426
figures figure-less Trophies, 671
un-loving Lover Trophies, 1205
wickedly devout Trophies, 688
sharply milde Trophies, 1260
modest-boldly Trophies, 1138
sweet-grave aspect Trophies, 695
hot-cold Fumes Trophies, 92
His storm is calm Trophies, 249
bitter sweet Trophies, 453
sweetly-shrill Furies, 45
weakest-strongest Furies, 312
Cold-burning Furies, 314
Knowledge still unknown Furies, 613
unclean and clean Ark, 391
bold tenuity Colonies, 220
knew the unknown Colonies, 275
forme-lesse forms Columns, 37
Circle’s Squareness Columns, 201
Peacefull Braul Columns, 343
Kinde-cruell Cupid Columns, 376
path-lesse paths Columns, 567
mildely-grave Columns, 696
dead speaking Columns, 706
comely-grave Magnificence, 278
child-lesse Mother Magnificence, 498
ebbing-flowing tide Magnificence, 809
wing-less wings Magnificence, 277
dear-drad Prince Magnificence, 237
sharp-sweet wound Magnificence, 1068

There are a number of characteristics to be remarked in these. First, the degree of repetition in agnominatio, second the frequency of compound epithet, and most importantly the consistency of sentiment. These oxymorons, many of them recurrent, are food for the fusive matter and approach of Sylvester's Du Bartas.
3. **Compound Epithet**

This is a subject dealt with by Ashton, and more completely by Arthos. The importance of compounds to the English tradition is assessed by Bernard Groom, and numerous others. Arthos provides lists of compounds in Du Bartas and Sylvester. But his lists of Sylvestrian compounds are compiled from so many different editions as to be almost untraceable; nor do they rely on a satisfactory collation. I present lists here compiled from Snyder's collated text. I have chosen not to discuss Sylvester's compounds, but should like to think that they are as instrumental to the tradition of English poetic diction as any contemporaneous poet's. Though line numbers are not given compounds are listed orderly according to their appearance in the text.

It will be seen that many of these compounds illustrate matters raised in other parts of this work. They are often fusive or personificatory. They bring together especially the motive verb (often in the form of an ambivalent participle) with the dimensional noun. The result is an expression that is both motive and dimensional, in familiar terms, both straight and curvilinear, or, to use Sylvester's compound, "round-flat" (II, 638). Sylvester will also link noun with noun, in order to designate with fusive metaphor and the motive part of such compounds is the usually wholly arbitrary hyphen which substitutes for the metaphor-making copulative verb. Other compounds (usually of adjective + adjective) are oxymorons. Though some compounds are included that appear not to be compounds at all, for the most part this language device is a conscious and important side of Sylvester's style, as it is of Du Bartas'.

I have not listed compound verbs except where they have fit into the categories operative below. There are a number of verbs composed of verb + verb and of verb + adverb which I have not thought it necessary to include.
ADJECTIVE + ADJECTIVE

I
Devinely-humane
yellow-white
Heathen-holy

II
infinite-finite
hot-dry
cold-moist
cold-dry
hot-moist
(mid-most)
round-flat
blew-green-gilt
hot-bright
cold-moist
five-double
super-Celestiall
five-double
swift-speedie

III
dead-lyve

IV
starrie-golden
Almightie-most
devinely-excellent

V
sower-sweet
good-cheape
blew-golden
carefull-most

VI
kinde-cruell
sweet-bitter
rare-skilfull

VII
deare-dread

EDEN
il-savoury
dead-live
swift-slow
immortal-faire
dread-sweet
sharpe-sweet
right-wrong

IMPOSTURE
sharpe-sweet
wide-open
Typhon-like-invincible

FURIES
sweet-sacred
many-headed
(vain-glorious)
French-sicke

HANDY-CRAFTS
dying-living
halfe-naked
grizelie-grim

ARK
Just-Gentle
grievous-guilty
Al-mighty-most
blew-golden-green

BABYLON
triple-sacred
rare-rich
triple-twelve
many-various
moist-cool
green-drie
modest-brave
grave-sweet
sweet-bright-lightning

COLONIES
bright-brown
gentle-gentle
curious-wittie

COLUMNS
sallow-fac't
milde-Majestickc
Hot-humide
hot-thirsty

VOCATION
True-religious
grave-milde
loud-proud
Jeloux-phrenzie-sick
goodly-green
bright-keene
immortall-mortall
less-stately-service-full
Kinde-cruell-error

**FATHERS**
milde-sharpe
sober-wise

**LAW**
green-gold-azure
(most-just)
Just-just
endless-good
deepe-wide
wide-open
many-many
pale-green

**CAPTAINS**
massie-most
cold-rawe
ttrue-noble

**TROPHIES**
bloodie-bright
hot-cold
smooth-slie
Deepe-skild
Allmightie-most
great-good
right-worthy

**MAGNIFICENCE**
dear-drad
comly-grave
wittie-prettie
Gold-Azure-Crimsin
sage-sweet
chaste-sweet
sole-happy
Green-yellow
sharp-sweet
envious-idle

**SCHISM**
last-past
black-blew
white-blew

**DECAY**
busie-idle
bold-blinde
(Coelo-Syrian)
Kinde-blinde
Dry-Fat
Muddy-damp
dead-lyve

**ADJECTIVE/PAST PARTICIPLE + ADJECTIVE/PAST PARTICIPLE**

**I**
new-borne
First-borne

**II**
new-foaled
fit-confined
nimble-winged
worse-applied
warm-temp'red
cold-lym'd
new-formed
halfe-made
halfe-dead
new-chang'd (cp. verb)
choice-planted
Three-forked

**III**
flowerie-mantled
divers-brancht
narrow-streamed
New-found
even-slattted
dry-shod
round-bow'd
azure-flow'red
cleere-sighted

**IV**
Brave-minded
swift-winged
nimble-winged
half-bent
mean-borne
V
high-topped
huge armed
mighty-limbed
long-liv'd
brave-resolved
thornie-thrummed

VI
lazie-paced
wittie-fained
late-admir'd
Gray-headed
new-come

EDEN
sharpe-conceipted
thorough-seasoned
sweet-tuned
straight-stept
faire-built
saffron-culled
Azure-spangled
crimsin-coloured
new-yeand
new-spring
new-falue

IMPOSTURE
bright-bespect
first-borne
first-borne
deep-affected

FURIES
new-mould (cp. verb)
First-mov'd-Heav'n
heate-concreted
deep-affrighted

HANDY-CRAFTS
low-rooft
fit-forked
craggy-forked
il-aimed
loud-resounded (cp. verb)
double-chinde
halfe bent
wise wax't
foure-fac'te
drie-shod
azure-guilded

ARK
new-found
rough-skin'd

BABYLON
faint-breath'd
painted-plain
first-begat
new-coynd
unhappy-founded
sweet-numbred
sharp-concerpted
cleer-stylde
hardie-witted
plaine-pranckt

COLONIES
New-found
first-borne
new-come
greene-moulted
bi-sexed
manie-towered
saffron-coloured
dry-shod
New-planted
one-ey'd
giddie-brain'd
Fit-clad
halfe-dead
wide-stretched-out
long-long-lyved

COLUMNS
safe-guarded (cp. verb)
First-borne
double-sexed
sallow-fac't
bi-corn'd
slow-pac't
dry-shod
bright winged
dry-shod
even-halv'd
milde-ey'd

VOCATION
hard-ruled
best-advised
thin-planted
halfe-spoke
halfe-dead
new-sown
halfe-burned
### FATHERS
- deepe-setted
- new-converted
- ill-Rigg'd

### LAW
- many-leaved
- seven-horn'd
- hundred-pointed
- strange-inchanted
- tri-pointed
- first-borne
- stiff-necked
- thorough-lin'd
- dry-shod

### CAPTAINS
- black-boorded
- long-train'd
- hard-wrought
- half-dri'd
- ill-stated
- ill-got

### TROPHIES
- hard-besieged
- new-shav'n
- high-built
- for-flown
- myld-minded
- good-natur'd
- true-reform'd
- true-converted

### MAGNIFICENCE
- new-found
- quick-nos'd
- swift-winged
- High-descended
- long-tailld
- Broad-leav'd
- downie-clad
- triple-died
- round-arched
- triple-formed
- winged-black
- dread-spread
- many-coloured
- rough-cost (cp. verb)
- due-devis'd

### SCHISM
- new-com
- ill-counsail'd
- bright-winged
- little-beaten
- pearly-purled
- coaly-browd
- strong-neckt
- pale-fac't
- long-tail'd
- many-formed
- bigger-bellied
- hairy-clad

### DECAY
- new-bought
- rich-perfumed
- hollow-grounded
- foul-mouth'd
- Light-winged
- Stiff-throw'n
- half-broyid
- brazen-headed
- thorough-riven (cp. verb)
- twin-balled
- fickle-founded
- lawfull-loved

### ADJECTIVE/PRESENT PARTICIPLE + ADJECTIVE/PRESENT PARTICIPLE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>English</th>
<th>Latin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>slowe-growing</td>
<td>slowe-growing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First-moving</td>
<td>First-moving</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>halfe-living</td>
<td>halfe-living</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>apt-tinding</td>
<td>apt-tinding</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>loud-roaring</td>
<td>loud-roaring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bright-flaming</td>
<td>bright-flaming</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hard-believing</td>
<td>hard-believing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>halfe-sleeping</td>
<td>halfe-sleeping</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
III
Joint-losing
wide-spreading
Ebbing-flowing
new-springing

IV
new-rising
Ill-chasing
deepe-reaching
Bright-glist'ring
farre-seeing
proud-trampling
swift-Flashings-Lights

V
Wide-yawning
sodaine-speeding
partly-strouting

VI
quick-trembling
round-winding
sweet-smelling
loud-thundring
double-meaning
fruitfull-spawning

VII
steep-hanging
glib-gliding

EDEN
smooth-sliding
buissy-buzzing
narrow-boyling
round-winding
false-guiding

IMPOSTURE
mild-aspecting
true-repenting
busie-swarming
dead-seeming

FURIES
hollow-hanging
Dead-laughing
round-round-rumbling
cold-burning
cold-distilling-sweet
(toad-like-swelling)
loftie-staring
secret-burning
False-contracting (cp. verb)

HANDY-CRAFTS
lively-flaming
ill-suffering

ARK
sweet-distilling
Round-over-spreading (cp. verb)
bright-shining
Half-parting (cp. verb)
fruitfull-swarming

BABYLON
smoakie-waving
thick-justling
witherd-springing

COLONIES
new-springing
farre-flowing
eternall-moving

COLUMNS
safe-keeping
building-fit
First-moving
bold-fabling
Rosie-blushing
swift-turning
wide-yawning
smyling-sweet
lyving-dumbe
dead-speaking
sweet-charming
Plommet-like-smooth-sliding
high-warbling

VOCATION
quick-dismounting
stiff-russling
still-rocking
passing-pleasing
seeming-faire

LAW
swift-flying
just-complaining
eternall-frying
high-dangling
still-steepe-rising
dead-living
Rough-blustering
High-Thundring
broad-spreading
CAPTAINS
quick-flowing
loud-crackling
bussie-buzzing
still-conquering
wide-stradling

TROPHIES
Big-looking
sweet-smiling
sweet-warbling
rapid-rowling
long-seeming
long-seeming
Round-wynding (cp. verb)

MAGNIFICENCE
deep-piercing
sweet-sweating
Dumb-speaking
freezing-Frying
burning-cold
living-dying
ebbing-flowing
quick-serving
merry-singing
divers-seeming
sweet-pearcing

ADJECTIVE + NOUN

I
Arch-moover
Little-World
Chiefe-Chiefe-Justice
Too-hastie-haste

II
broad-length
Twin-twins
halfe-afrog
halfe-mud
violent-stormes
hot-Exhalations
hot-dryness
thin-thickness

III
seven-fold
four-e-times-six-times
dry-foot

SCHISM
burning-bold
panting-short (cp. verb)
il-advising
wilde-staring
fearefull-sounding

DECAY
wicked-walking
blinde-burning
strong-senting
swift-ebbing
high-aspiring
bright-shining

IV
sober-speed
three-fold
halfe-horse
Arch-Architect
ill-proclivitie
mid-Heav'n
bare-foot
drie-foot
high-noone

V
Many-feet
gray-beard
round-front
prettie-fondling
VI
human-kinde
light-foot
light-foot
thousand-fold
twenty-times
Triple-Unitie

VII
most-Saints

EDEN
els-paines
new-birth

IMPOSTURE
Arch-tyrant

FURIES
trew-string
nine-fold
greedy-gut
hot-moysture
French-Greece

HANDY-CRAFTS
bi-front
Safe-Retreat
ttrue-hart-tuned
far-spread
bald-pate
One-Trine
three-fold
Arch-essence

ARK
Universall-State
scant-weight
humane-kind
greedy-gut
Arch-Archer

BABYLON
calm-rage
sweet-termes
rough-hunters
much-esteemed
ten-fold
arch-Foe

COLONIES
flowrie-bed
swift-foot

COLUMNS
Long-time
double square
Triple-trine
foure-fold
two-times-twaine

VOCATION
quiet-lifes
tame-grief
Para-Nymphes
three-fold
high-day
twelve-fold
Humane-kinde
upright-foote
Com-Burgership
seav'n-times

LAW
High-Deserts
two-fold
whole-yeeres
Drie-Arabian
eternall-Trine
Holy-One
dry-Sommer

CAPTAINS
Gray-bitches
Arch-Colonel
false-gods
lust-full-spight
worthie-praise

TROPHIES
Tryumphal-Car
un-heard-of-sight
many-creek
mel-Melodies
Kingly-State
Long-Sufferance

MAGNIFICENCE
Rosie-arbour
Starry-Flowers
Chill-Heat
bright-light
furie-Flowes
three-fold
Ten-fold
Uni-forme  
gray-beards  
First-Fruits  

SCHISM  
Gray-beards  
busie-brain  
Million-Hoost  
Hollow-flanks  
fusty-Bottles  
first-fruits  
greedy-gut  
Grand-Usher  

NOUN + NOUN  

I  
skill-pride  
Maid-and-Mother  
Idol-Gods  
fury-fits  

II  
Bowe-Boy  
down-Hills  
Mayden-wombes  
Neighbour-Vales  
Winter-time  
Heav'n-flounds  
birth-place  
ONE-Eternall-THREE  
Idol-service  
Idol-Shepheards  
dance-lover  
wit-pride  
seed-payr  

III  
Spaynes-Dread  
Citie-Vipers  
swines-bread  
seed-man  
Reason-scanners  
Court-Eclipses  
Citie-Troubles  
State-Affaires  
Purse-Leaches  
gold-ground  
Copie-holder  
daier-y-Renter  
Aegle-Brood  

IV  
fodder-eaters  
starre-devines  
New-yeares-guift  
Crook-home  
Summers-guide  
States-friend  
Light-bringer  
Prince-humour-pleaser  
bugle-beard  
sleep-bringer  
Starres-King  

V  
Mother-soyle  
seeds-love  
sea-thieves  
lyves-date  
crest-peoples  
Virgin fingers  

VI  
Viper-Warre  
Viper-worme  
skull-seams  
bastard-Mongrell  
births-Commander  
Hee-Shee-coupled-One  

VII  
Ocean-peoples  
Heav'n-King  
Prince-Churches  
Spouse-bed  
Hunnie-Flies  
frend-bird
EDEN
Sunne-proofe
Condit-head
thunder-darter
crosse-complexions
water-wracks
flesh-cares
sister-daughter-wife
love-knottes
Spouse-bed
parent-house

ARK
parent-payers
Lightning-scepters
Heav'n-circuits
Peace-branch
incest-heat
Windes-king
store-seed-world
hony-gall
Prophet-mouth

IMPOSTURE
heart-break
news-lover
earths-heav'n
Nectar-taste
skill-thirst
Monster-man

BABYLON
stripling-peeres
prentice-princedome
Child-word
dust-spawn
charm-grief
harts-thief
glasse-dust
Babel-builders
year-spiners
Thrice-Eternals
loves-charme
neighbour-forrests
soules-charme
harts-king
Affection-stirrer
infant-phrase

FURIES
Judg-turned-father
sheep-skin-drum
deaths-doombe
seed-wheate-kernel
eies-foe
yce-cold
Water-Regions
trouble-rest
harts-theefe
Ayres-temper
Hunnie-People
future-line
infant-brows
sand-heaps
Generations-deed
Kings-evils
miser-Parents
Coward-hart
Syren-notes
life-blood
war-thirst

COLONIES
Man-God
Babel-Wonder
bloods-price
Idol-Altars
Citie-Ile
Bodies-Tower

HUNTER-CRAFTS
flint-shaft
guirle-boy
stone-heapes
deaths-man
time-grace-ordred-skill
blood offerings
ONE-TRINE
Man's-Rest
Mind's-Reliefe
Fence-schoole
Fee-simple
Plenties-Home
Harts-Artificer
Saints-Firstling
Heav'n Cittizens

FATHERS
Perill-proofe
ash-pale
Angel-face

LAW
Sorrow's-Forge
Care's-Fountain
Courtiers-scourge
male-babes
Rush-boate
Soul's-type
home-fiers
Horse-feete
Whirle-Whole
Table-peer
Crosse-Presse
Whirle-fier
States-Arte
Harts-hate
Horne-God
Prophets-gifts
Male-Issue
harts-hart
Peace-Plant
Saviour-King
Bride-bett
hart-thrill

CAPTAINS
Man-God
Heav'n-prop
rush-Belt
Horne-Trumpets
Prince-Pallaces
hunnie-makers
Heav'n-Sion
boosome Twinns
Idoll-Puddles
Tirant-tamer
back-blow
Pallace-pillars
soveraine-swayne
state-pathes
Lust-stormes
People-sway
Life-blood
Hunnie-Birds

People-State
scepter formes
senate-sway
Youth-slips

TROPHIES
Heav'n's-darling
Fames-Thirst
bush-beard
slaughter-feast
Star-ship
Ladie-Cow
guirle-boy
Words-dread
Fames-sea
Trees-brood
Heav'n-Sirene
Stranger-Guest

MAGNIFICENCE
gold-ground
Kings-Art
Crown-Demain
Nights-Princesse
Thunder-clash
Nectar-Deans
Woman-kinde
Hart-blood
Jury-Land
gold-head
Chamber-Grooms
Snake-girdle
Dance-guide
Agate-stone
Silver-ground
Coat-Armour
Star-Beasts
Starr's-guide
Salve-Serpent
amber-bush

SCHISM
Priest-king
Calf-service
Idol-gods
Idol-Ocean
Trouble-Tares
Baal-Prophets
Storm-breed
fire-snort
TRINE-ONE
paper-Towers
honey-Flies
spritt-saile
sea-gib'rish
Thunder-claps
health-preserver
DECAY
Lady-Mayds
Maister-killer
Idol-sin
Horse-Leach
Palace-Mice
Carpet-Knights
Jew-Gentiles
Prince-Protestants
Prince-Catholics
Scoene-servers
Idol-Gods
Clowds-prop
Body-Toomb

NOUN + ADJECTIVE

II
praise-worthie

III
gold-thirsty
ague-sick
work-fit
gaine-greedy
sent-sweet
scale-fit
gift-define

IV
foot-fit
Brain-sick
blood-thirsty

V
sent-strong
Gold-thirstie
Praise-worthy
love-blind
Tercel-gentle

VI
sweat-sweet
shot-free
Trowt-famous
Lilly-white

VII
head-long
sleep-sicke
toule-free

Life's-guides
Daye's-divider
Sun's-consorter
Firr-poles
Mill-stone-storm
Fight-Field
Virgin-zones
Mayden-May
Hackney-Jades
hearts-horror
scepter-Rods
Furie-Storm

EDEN
tast-curious
bever-supple

IMPOSTURE
blood-thirsty
saint-poore
danger-dreadless
Act-simple-purse

FURIES
Price-prowd
Child-great
soule-sicke
lust-greedy

HANDY-CRAFTS
head-long
belly-high
side-long

BABYLON
Nymph-strong
hammer-ill
snow-white
heaven-deer
wit-wondrous
art-various

COLONIES
brain-sick
salt-blew
swallow-swifter
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COLUMNS</th>
<th>TROPHIES</th>
<th>MAGNIFICENCE</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>care-free</td>
<td>Star-bright</td>
<td>eye-bold</td>
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<td>haire-strong</td>
<td>Prophet-wise</td>
<td>star-bright</td>
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<td>LAW</td>
<td>Temple-sacred</td>
<td>armi-potent</td>
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<td>Idoll-prone</td>
<td>Idoll-prone</td>
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<td>CAPTAINS</td>
<td>Warr-eloquent</td>
<td>DECAY</td>
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<td>flag-shaggie</td>
<td>food-fit</td>
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<td>milke-white</td>
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<td>Heav'n-deere</td>
<td>Prince-loyal</td>
<td>Heav'n-deer</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>heart-bound-les</td>
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**NOUN + PAST PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE**

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>I</th>
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<tr>
<td>Heav'n-bent</td>
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<td>heav'n-pointed</td>
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<td>II</td>
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<td>fire-wing'd</td>
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<td>silver-fronted</td>
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<td>sale-tongu'd</td>
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<td>IV</td>
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<td>honor-winged</td>
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<td>lamb-lyn'd</td>
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<td>V</td>
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<td>thunder-scar'd</td>
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<td>speckle-starr'd</td>
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<td>crook-tooth'd</td>
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<td>age-chill'd</td>
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<td>sun-thrall'd</td>
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<td>Rose-mixt</td>
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<td>VI</td>
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<tr>
<td>catt-fac'te</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flint-hearted</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prince-grac't</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**EDEN**

| death-prest                  |
| fire-arm'd                   |
| wing-footed                  |
| heaven-prompted              |
| day-bred                     |
| lilly-paved                  |
| rock-falne                   |
| heav'n-tuned                 |

**IMPOSTURE**

| fire-wing'd                  |
| heav'n-pointed               |
| dust-borne                   |
| Philtre-charmed              |
| sin-bleard                   |

**FURIES**

| thorne-bristled              |
| snake-trest                  |

**HANDY-CRAFTS**

| Spayn-wrong'd                |
| World-devided                |
| freeze-clad                  |
| mud-mixt                     |
| Heav'n-erected               |
| water-loaden                 |
ARK
sorrow-daunted
hope-cheerd
water-loaden
wine-stuff't
wounder-strooke

BABYLON
Opal-colored
course-chang'd
hart-deprived
cradle-toombd
sloth-lov'd
gold-winged
rose-crownd
voice-matcht
heaven-tuned
glorie-winged
grace-fellowed
Gold-mouth'd
choice-termed
time-torne
world-mourn'd

COLONIES
South-bounded
Sun-burnt
Skar-fac'd
Vulture-rented
Bunch-backed
issue-blest
Sun-burnt
tempest-beaten
Heav'n-blessed
Bane-breath'd

COLUMNS
Starr-seeled
crooke-billd

VOCAITION
heav'n-falne
Warre-thralld
iron-footed
rage-blinded
Winter-shaken
sleepe-swalne
blond-drown'd
bleare-ey'd
Male-mingled
Male-mingled
Heav'n-cindred
Snake-wanded
Water-mixed
Cloud-browd
Nymph-prompted
blub-cheekt
Heav'n-blest

CAPTAINS
hoar-headed
Idol-wedded
Clowd-crown'd
scepter-grac't
feather-clouded
un-soule-clog'd
passion-toss't
Noble-borne
Hell-spur'd
Pope-prompted
Pope-Powder'd

TROPHIES
Sun-burnt
steel-pointed
Head-lined
Quaver-skild
els-tasked
Heav'n-lent
Heav'n-sprung
tune-skild
Heav'n-sunk

MAGNIFICENCE
gold-seeled
Flame-bred-Flie
Heav'n-prompted
wing-lym'd
passion-stirred
Gold-seeled
Tin-colour'd
Wave-lac'd
Gold-grounded
Snowe-winged
steel-headed
None-comprised
Hail-torn
Law-learn'd
None-seen
Heav'n-chosen

SCHISM
Hay-fed
Brother-slaughtered
beam-brow'd
Towr-backt
feer-fled

DECAY
blood-gaind
sorrow-torn
Gold-shod
crystal-crusted
Macon-skild
hook-crookt
sand-cost
NOUN + PRESENT PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE

II
love-burning
truce-hating
thirst-panting
Heav'n-fanning
Tower-tearing
cloud-chasing

III
Heav'n-approaching
blood-shedding
curtzie-capping

IV
wit-gracing
glorie-beaming
Peace-loving

V
Fortune-telling
secret-spreading
cud-chewing
care-charming
downe-hanging

VI
shaft-never-wanting
sloth-shunning
lust-burning

VII
soule-tainting

EDEN
nature-drowning
world-adorning

IMPOSTURE
zeale-scoffing
Hart-charming
Vice-loathing

FURIES
valour-softning
Corne-cumbrin
Limbe-numming
sinewe-shrinking
dropsie-breeding
Blood-boyling
Blood-sweating
Pulse-beating
Blood-boyling
Church-chafferings (cp. verb)

HANDY-CRAFTS
roab-spinning
Hart-wanting
Reine-searching
Thought-sounding
Cloud-bounding

ARK
worldes-re-colonizing
care-charming
Health-boading
World-shaking
World-devouring

BABYLON
Vice-upbraiding
cloud-neighbouring
Eare-Tickling
fame-thirsting
heaven-adorning
Mars-daunting
heaven-neighbouring

COLONIES
rover-shooting
Babel-building
Low-loving

COLUMNS
strife-hatching
Night-shortning
grief-guiding
Sathan-taming
Voice-ord'r'ing
hart-turning

VOCATION
teares-wiping
none-sparing
thought-shaming
Night-short'ning

FATHERS
love-betraying
number-passing

LAW
Arm-Arming
Rock-Batt'ring
Valour-murd'ring
pipe-op'n'ing
dam-devouring
Heav'n-kissing
CAPTAINS
dart-darting
sea-drying
love-darting
Mine-inventing
Thunder-throwing
Dam-Murdering

TROPHIES
Heav'n-climbing
Tower-razing
Hell-raeking
Nature-shaking
charm-charming
down-bending
stone-rowling

MAGNIFICENCE
soule-boyling
sex-changing
Idol-serving
Pain-pleasing
Giant-stooping
Care-charming

ADVERB + ADJECTIVE

I
  too-low
  too-weake

II
  well-content

III
  too-greazy
  ever-true
  warmly-wet
  still green

IV
  Twice-six

V
  gladly-sad

VI
  ungodly-most

SCHISM
park-parking
Flame-darting
Minde-gladding
Altar-spoiling

DECAY
Grove-haunting
Crick-crackling (cp. verb)
Army-shaving
Rock-razing
World-tossing
rozen-weeping
hony-dropping

EDEN
  ever-green
  over-ripe
  over-curious
  twice-childish
  keenlie-cold
  over-deep
  too-curious

IMPOSTURE
  boldly-daring (cp. verb)
  Too-unjust
  Too-curious
  too-light
  too-late
  too-plenteous

FURIES
  lowdly-lavish
  too-too-proudly-base
  sweetly-shrill
  too-fruitfull
  too-too-bad
  too-streight
  now-Natolian
HANDY-CRAFTS
ingrately-vaine
humbly-sacred
too-narrow
bravelie-bold
beastly-brute
too-fruitful

ARK
fiercely-fell
too-faint
calmely-cleere
comfortably-bold
thrice-sacred
too-great
prophanely-lewd

BABYLON
inward-humble
richly-divers
Bashfulllie-bold

COLONIES
voydly-vast
swiftly-light
gravely-wise
Thrice-happy

COLUMNS
twice-twelve
ever-radiant
fitly-faire
bravely-bright
Twice-six
mildly-grave
moistly-cold

VOCATION
richlie-rare
beastly-brute
thrice-happie

LAW
Too-weake
too-right
over-fat
too-strong
Hypocritle-coy
dreadly-sad
thrice-sacred
strangely-obstinate
providently-great
execrable-rude
purely-white
sincerely-round
lowly-lowed

Twice-Sixe
too-rife
nimbly-neat
 choisely-deare

CAPTAINS
Thrice-sacred
blewly-black
fiercely-fell
dealie-deepe
rarely-wise
majestically-milde
too-too-light
still-firme

TROPHIES
Too-too-happy
thrice-three
stiffly-straight
bravely-bright
faintlie-vile
stoutly-active
thrice-famous
wisely-valiant
then-upper
wickedly-devout
basely-faint
brightly-fair
rarely-rich
profanely-vile
rarely-sweet
too-free
too-curious
dreadly-great

MAGNIFICENCE
too-mean
too-bold
wisely-meek
wisely-bold
inflexibly-upright
too-myldye
freshly-fine
lively-light
nicely-neat
gladly-sad
rarely-sweet
Truely-odde
Thrice-Great

SCHISM
strictly-stout
yet-new
too-proud
too-too-malapert
feebly-faint
fearcely-fell
## DECAY

- richly-rare
- proudly-brave
- ingrately-false
- goodly-wise
- Thrice-three-score
- thrice-glorious
- thrice-great
- thrice-gracious
- wisely-olde
- gladly-sad
- vainly-valiant
- thrice-happy

## ADVERB + PAST PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>II</th>
<th>HANDY-CRAFTS</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>too-well-spoken</td>
<td>before-un-sorrow-drained</td>
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<td>well-manned</td>
<td>strongly-limb'd</td>
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<td>over-crusted</td>
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<td>over-growne</td>
<td>neer-extinguisht</td>
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<tr>
<th>III</th>
<th>ARK</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>over-whurld (cp. verb)</td>
<td>Since-borne</td>
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<td>over-growne</td>
<td>over-drunk (cp. verb)</td>
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<td>now-Po-poysoned</td>
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<td>over-layd</td>
<td>crosly-crost (cp. verb)</td>
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<td>well-rul'd</td>
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<tr>
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<th>BABYLON</th>
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<tbody>
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<td>bravely-minded</td>
<td>well-tempered</td>
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<td>now-sinne-obscurred</td>
<td>over-spread (cp. verb)</td>
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<tr>
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<td>ever-calmed (cp. verb)</td>
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<td>over-laine (cp. verb)</td>
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<td>over-codd (cp. verb)</td>
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<tr>
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<td>through-thrillcd</td>
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<td>oft-quickned</td>
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<td>well-spoken</td>
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<td>well-rig'd</td>
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<td>well-Rul'd</td>
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</table>
TROPHIES
ever-wicked
down-trod
far-feard
well-shap't
down-cast

SCHISM
close-driv'n
ever-blest
well-ordered	
twice-borne

MAGNIFICENCE
well-spoken
deeply-frenzed
well-polisht

DECAY
through-thrilled

ADVERB + PRESENT PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE

I
over-daring

II
downe-looking (cp. verb)
over-hanging
oft-teeming (cp. verb)

VII
down-treading (cp. verb)

IMPOSTURE
never-dying
boldly-daring (cp. verb)

FURIES
gastly-glowing
neere-guessing (cp. verb)
over-guilding (cp. verb)

HANDY-CRAFTS
selfly-dying (cp. verb)

ARK
neere-dying
poorely-breeding

ADVERB + NOUN

I
Alwayes-One

II
over-dryness

IV
then-Swan-poorer
<table>
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<tr>
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<th>FATHERS</th>
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<td>ever-memory</td>
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<td>since-travailes</td>
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<td>now-contagion</td>
<td>Ever-King</td>
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<td>after-power</td>
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<td>beyond-sea</td>
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<td>Thrice-sacred-One</td>
<td>close-Prisoner</td>
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<tr>
<th>NOUN + ADVERB</th>
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<td>IV</td>
<td>Earth-ward</td>
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<td>biaze-wise</td>
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<td>heav'n-ward</td>
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<th>TROPHIES</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>stone-still</td>
<td>Pyramid-wise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Star-wise</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Guest-wise</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PAST PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE + NOUN

II
past-credit

II
seeled-round (cp. verb)

III
mingled-colour

IMPOSTURE
forbidden-bit-lost

TROPHIES
fained-Prophets

PRESENT PARTICIPLE + NOUN

VII
loving-feare

EDEN
poasting-pace

FURIES
seeming-goodes

ARK
calming-seas

BABYLON
seeking-pray

COLUMNS
Loving-silence

VOCATION
hunting-horror

chacing-griefe

MAGNIFICENCE
Kindled-Coldnes

SCHISM
clov'n-foot

DECAY
Winged-Beast
clov'n-foot

sprinkled-bloud

LAW
seeming-serpents

CAPTAINS
burning-fever

SCHISM
Blazing-Stars

refining-wits
bruising-Crownes

DECAY
Thundring-voice
VERB + NOUN

III
yeeld-Turpentine
slice-Sea

V
Stop-ship

VI
Carrie-Castell
waste-Fold

FURIES
burne-graine

HANDY-CRAFTS
watch-clock

BABYLON
quel-pride
conjure-lover
daunt-earth
teare-bridge

NOUN + VERB

IV
sickle-beare

V
Worme-claspe

ARK
Water-want

ADJECTIVE + ADVERB

I
heedlesse-hastily

II
greene-ever

EDEN
Fantasticke-wise

VOCATION
speeds-praise

LAW
Kisse-cloud

CAPTAINS
cozen-swords

MAGNIFICENCE
watch-births

SCHISM
purge-humors

DECAY
seem-beauties
seem-Rights
Seem-Favour

BABYLON
Heav’n-climbe

COLUMNS
Heav’n-lift-eyes
Sun-fix-gazing

TROPHIES
shrill-sweetly
modest-boldly

DECAY
rare-richly
VERB + ADJECTIVE/PAST PARTICIPLE

V
smell-strong-many-foot

TROPHIES
wag-tayling

COMPOUNDS BEGINNING WITH THE ADJECTIVE ALL-

I
all-selfe-Omnipotent
All-Creator
all-Prudent
All-One
All-circumference
Alls-Architect

II
All-Creator
All Creator
All-welcome
All-compassing

III
All-Monarch
All-Creator

IV
all-sufficient
All-Reviver

V
All-wise

EDEN
all-fore-seeing
al-faining

IMPOSTURE
all-good
all-seeing
all-wise

FURIES
all-quickning
al-ruling
al-faire
al-arm'd

HANDY-CRAFTS
all-celestiaII
All-Creator
all-faire

ARK
all-mighty-most
All-Theater
all-circumference
All-seas

BABYLON
all-differing
All-forming
al-devine

COLUMNS
All-Faire
All-working
All-enlightening
all-inspiring

VOCATION
All-drowning
All-daunting

FATHERS
All-proofe
All-Wise

LAW
All-changing
all-seeing
all-to-tore
all-searching
All-Ball
CAPTAINS
All-guiding
all-sacred
all-sacred
All-seeing
all-hyding
All-quickning
all-proofe

TROPHIES
al-knowing

MAGNIFICENCE
Al-Powerful
all-seeing
All-comprising
All-seer

SCHISM
all-blearing
All-circling
all-healing
all-break
All-Monarchs

DECAY
all-fore-seeing
All-seeing
All-consuming
All-sundring
all-cindring

COMPOUNDS WITH THE PRONOUN SELFE(S)

II
selfe-jarring
selfes-greatnes
selfe-cruel

III
un-selfe-delicious

IV
selfe-bald

V
selfe-armed
selfes-burthen
Selfe-guiltless

VI
Self-rumineth (cp. verb)
self-advance (cp. verb)
self-furnish't (cp. verb)
self-substance
selfs-Essence
selfe-substance

VII
selfe-same
self-thirst-les
selfe-contayned
selfe-partial

EDEN
selfe-invention
self-wanting
self-arching
selfe-pyning
selfe-uned
self-arched (cp. verb)

IMPOSTURE
selfe-awd
self-doomb'd

FURIES
selfe-consuming
selfe-eating
selfe-concealed
selfe-soothing
selfe-cruel

HANDY-CRAFTS
selfe-deserving
selfly-dying (cp. verb)

ARK
self-usurp (cp. verb)
selfs-waight
selfe-conceipt
ever-selfe-resembling
selfe-angeries
selfes-furie
selfly-cruciate
selfe-affection
selfe-oblivion
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>BABYLON</th>
<th>MAGNIFICENCE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>self-commanders</td>
<td>selves-love</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>self-examples</td>
<td>self's-sway</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>self-shav'n</td>
<td>owne-selfe</td>
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<tr>
<td>selfe-prisoned</td>
<td>too-self-humoring</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>too-too-self-rapt</td>
</tr>
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<td>self-shine (cp. verb)</td>
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<td>self-privacie</td>
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<td>self-obstin'd</td>
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<td></td>
<td>selfs-offerer</td>
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<tr>
<td>COLONIES</td>
<td>FATHERS</td>
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<tr>
<td>selfe-eternall</td>
<td>selfe-return'd</td>
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<td></td>
<td>LAW</td>
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<tr>
<td>selfe-burning</td>
<td>self-simple</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>selfe-proud</td>
<td>selfe-blind</td>
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<tr>
<td>selflie-limited</td>
<td>selfe-gazing</td>
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<td></td>
<td>CAPTAINS</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>selfe-beside</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>self-triumphing</td>
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<tr>
<td>TROPHIES</td>
<td>SCHISM</td>
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<td></td>
<td>self-deviz'd</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>half-self</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>DECAY</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>self-surnamed</td>
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<td></td>
<td>self-same</td>
</tr>
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<td></td>
<td>self-un-stable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>self-swelling</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>self-yielders</td>
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4. **Periphrasis**

Arthos has long lists of Sylvester periphrases. His compilations refer to so many different editions of Sylvester's works that they are difficult to trace. Further, I have found huge gaps in Arthos' lists. In offering my own lists I must also allow for many periphrases overlooked. It is often difficult to distinguish between designation, definition, and description, and there are doubtless expressions in my lists that will be regarded as among the latter. I include these lists not to supplement Arthos' — nor to supplant — but in the belief that they reveal important information about the nature of Sylvester's Du Bartas. Somehow it seemed dishonest to present a dissertation on the language of Sylvester without taking some account of his periphrases, a formidable aspect of his style. The motives for Du Bartas' periphrases are complex. To oversimplify them, we might allege the role of the device in antiquity. Equally important, it seems to me, must be Du Bartas' preoccupation with defining rather than naming, with the general over the particular. And of course, in these periphrases are all of the correspondences of the macrocosm and the microcosm. I have worked down from things greater to things lesser in my lists for no better reason than to insist upon these correspondences. There are a number of metonymies subsumed in the lists. They seemed especially relevant to the correspondence of the Christian world view with the pagan, classical world view.
PERIPHRASES AND METONYMIES FOR GOD:

I
th'All-prudent
One eternall Trinitie
This Trinity
God's glorious face
the Lord High Marshall
th'Almighty
Arch-mover of all Motions
God's glorious eyes
Spirit Eternall
King of kings
Th'Eternall spring of
Power and Providence
the God of Victories
true Phoebus
Great Architect of Wonders
this Architect
Earth's dread Shaker
Glorious Guide
ture Neptune
Almighty All-Creator
All-One Paternall
th'admired Author
Chief-Chief Justice
(this and lines 45-50 inclusive)
King of Heav'n
Maker
the Highest
Father of the Light, of
wisdom Fountain
good Architect
Great Parent
th'All's Architect
th'Omnipotent

II
Maker dread
Heav'n's gracious Emperor
the living God
Great Lord Chancellor
th'Almighty
Almighty's hand
the Divine Right-hand
the great God of Heav'n
th'Almighty's glorious eyes
hand of God
thundring hand of God
Match-less Master
hand of Heaven
th'everlasting Spirit
th'Eternall Finger
Heav'n's and Nature's Father
Eternall Builder
King of kings
th'All-Creator
th'Eternall Deity
the Mouth Divine
th'Almighty's Trident

III
First Mover
th'Almighty
great, high Admirall
Almighty Architect
Great Engineer
th'Almighty Voyce
World's Soverain
th'Eternall All-Creator
Perfect Artist

IV
th'Almighty's finger
th'Almighty
th'unniggard hand of Majesty
bright Soverain
Maker
Heav'n's wrathfull Thunder
th'Azure Tester
glorious Monarch
Arch Architect

V
Sea's Soveraigne
Almighty
Parent of this All
th'All-wise Omnipotence
Triton's Trumpet
the Heav'ny Phoenix

VI
th'Almighty
Almighty Father
High-Priest
Almighty Father
Supreme peer-less Architect
Soverain Prince
Maker
Complete Creature
Architect
Admired Artist
Architect divine
King of kings
Jove's forked Lightnings
the true Prometheus
VII
th'Almighty
immortal King
th'Almightiest
th'Architect
Heav'n's King
Jove
first Mover

EDEN
Thunder Darter
Supreme Prince of Praise
Heav'n's eternal All-foreseeing King
gracious Guide
Jove
Jupiter

IMPOSTURE
th'Omnipotent
onely Beeing
that high Name
Jove
Judge severe
World's Founder
Judge of greatest Kings
pure Justice
Law's Life
Strong of strongs
th'Almighty
Nature's Father
Supreme King
King of kings
th'Almighty
th'Almighty
Heav'n's high Monarch
Vice-loathing Lord
Patron strong
Right's Rule
the hand of Heaven

FURIES
th'Eternall
All-quickning Spirit
Judge-turned-Father
Bounteous Giver
th'Almighty
th'Almighty

HANDY-CRAFTS
Heav'n's mighty hand
thought-sounding Judge
Sun
th'All-Creator
Him to whom the Infernal
Powers do bow

th'immortal Power
th'Arch-essence
th'One-Trine God

ARK
Heav'n's just-gentle King
th'Eternall
Jupiter
high Thunderer
th'Almighty-Most
th'onely Essence
the Great
Holy One
Sacred Patron
King of kings
th'immortal King
Great of greats
th'immortal Spirit
th'Ever-selfe-resembling God
th'Eternall Justicer
the King of Heav'n
th'Almighty
th'Almighty
th'Almighty's powrfull hand
World-Shaking Father
Winds' King
th'Arch-Archer's hand

BABYLON
Heav'n's King
th'Almighty
Heav'n's high King
the Heav'n-Shaker
th'All-forming Voyce
thrice-Eternall
Strong of strongs

COLONIES
Heav'n's great Monarch
th'Almighty
glorious Judge
Jove
th'Everlasting Voyce
the Father

COLUMNS
Maker
th'Eternall Spirit
th'Al-fair
th'All-working Word
Work-man
th'Eternall Trine-One
th'Almighty
th'Eternall
God of Gods
th'Almighty's hands
th'Almighty Dread
th'Almighty-most
the supreme Voyce
th'All-quickning spirit

VOCATION
Spring of Life
th'Almighty
Heav'n's Almighty King
th'Almighty
Lord of Hoasts
Terror of Tyrants
that mighty God
that God of Power
thrice-sacred One
King of kings
Guide and Guard
Heart's Artificer
Sight-Maker
Holy-One
the Spirit
th'Eternall
th'Omnipotent
th'Omnipotent
th'Almighty
Almighty Father

FATHERS
th'Eternall Lord
the Voyce
Voyce all-divine
th'Eternall Pillar of all verity
Law-Maker
Root of perfect good
Fountain of pure righteousness
Author
God of Might
Abram's God
Heav'n's Counsell

LAW
Spirit Omnipotent
Prince of the World
the Father
Onely Beginning
Base of this Universe
Uniting Chain of th'Elements
Wisedome Soveraigne
Fountain of Goodness
ever-shining Light
the perfectly Blest
the One
the Good
the Bright
Self-simple Act
Framer of Forms
Creator of Substances
th'Omnipotent
the Divine Voyce
th'Almighty' Name
Lord of Hoasts
King of kings
Maker
Preserver
Ruler of all things
Light's excellence
the Almighty's Name
th'Almighty's hand
th'Omnipotent
th'Immortall
Onely Being
Rule truely-right
our foot-steps Lanthorn bright
th'Omnipotence
th'Eternall-Trine
the Thrice-Sacred
th'Ever-One
King of Kings
th'immortall God
th'Almighty
glorious God most high
Lord of Hostes
Eternall sire
the Father
Heav'n's wakefull Steward
Founder
Fount of All
Holy-One
Just Arbitrer of wrong
th'Almighty's face
the Everlasting God
th'everlasting King
Jehovah
Eternall tutor
Soveraign King alone
Soule's sweet Rest
biting Curb of Sin
the High-Thundring One
Great God
th'Eternall
th'Almighty
th'Almighty
the Blessed One
th'Eternall
ture Eternall Beeing

CAPTAINS
the Almighty Prince
th'Old true God
glorious Tyrant-Tamer
Heathen's dreadfull hammer
th'Heav'nly Potentate
Majesty
glorious God's immortall Majesty
England's Great Watch-man
Hee that Israel keeps 
gratious Father 
Mighty God of Powers 
Voyce Divine 
Almighty Father 
God most high 
th'Almighty 
Heav'n's drad Hand 
th'Almighty-most 
Holy Hand 
Heav'n's high Judge 
the Sacred Name 
that drad God 
All-sacred Father 
th'Eternall 
th'Almighty 
th'Immortal hand 
proud Jupiter 
just Hand of Heaven 
Terror of terrors 
th'Almighty 
th'Almighty 
th'Almighty 
th'Almighty's scepter 
th'Immortal 
th'Almighty 
the Most High 

TROPHIES 
Pow'r Divine 
great King-Maker 
great God of Arms 
God of gods 
Lord of lords 
great glorious God 
th'Almighty Lord of Hoasts 
th'Almighty 
finger of th'Allmighty 
th'Ever-King 
gracious Father 
Sacred and most Noble Head 
World's Ruler 
Ocean of Justice 
Mercie's bound-lesse Floud 
Jove 
Heav'n's gracious Hand 
th'Eternall 
th'Everlasting Lord 
Father 
Fountain of all Good 

MAGNIFICENCE 
true Deity 
God of Majesties 
Great King of All 
Soveraign 
Maker 

th'Almighty 
God of might 
Lord of Hoasts 
Father 
All-Mighty 
th'Immortal 
Heav'n's glorious King 
great Onely-Trine 
Father 
th'Almighty 
th'Eternall King 
Self-Eternitie 
Infinite 
All in All 
All-comprising, none comprised 
Prince 
of Ends the End 
of First Original 
of Lights the Light 
Essence surpassing Essence 
of Pow'rs Pure Act 
of Acts the very Puissance 
Cause of all Causes 
Ocean of all Good 
Life of Life 
of all Beauty Floud 
None-seen, All-seer 
Star's guide 
Sight of Seeing 
the Uni-form 
One 
All One 
the Unitie 
th'Unity 
Author of All 

SCHISM 
the Arm armi-potent 
Lord of Hoasts 
Lord of Hoasts 
King of Majesty 
King of Heav'n 
th'Almighty 
Terror of terrors 
Tyrants' Tamer 
Heav'n's sacred Architect 
th'Almighty Hand 
Jacob's God 
Jehova 
Elohim 
Trine-One Unite 
Heav'n's King 
th'Almighty Powr 
Phoebus 
th'Almighty 
th'Eternall 
the Presence
DECAY
th'eternal Architect
th'Almighty's wing
ture God
th'Almighty
King of All
th'Invisible alone
th'All-seeing God
th'Everlasting One
Father milde
th'ever-living One
th'Almighty
th'Eternall
the One true Deity
Father

PERIPHRASES AND METONYMIES FOR CHRIST:

COLONIES
th'Almighty Infant
that Dear Babe
Saver
the Man-God
our King

VOCATION
High & Mighty Prince
Hell's eternall-taming King
Sacred Founder of Man's
Soverain Bliss
World's Peace
World's Ransom
World's Righteousness

FATHERS
glorious Son of righteousness
that Prince

LAW
Son of God
Messias Promised
the sacred Seed
the glorious Prince
Life's Savour
th'Ever-Word
Humane Deity
Almighty's Like
All-mighty Word
the Saviour-King
th'Onely Man-God
All-sacred Son
Scorn of the Gentiles
Scandall of the Jewes

All-sacred Son
loving Saviour

TROPHIES
Divine Volume
Sion's cleer deer Voyce
Saints' rich Exchequer

MAGNIFICENCE
All-Powrfull dear-drad Prince
God's eternall Son
Sin's sin-less Check
the Scope
Lord
Lawes' Finisher
Great King
great Prophet
great self's Offerer
Great Refuge of our State
Our Ransome
Judge and Advocate
Milde Lamb
Salve-Serpent
Lion generous
the Truth
un-challenged Umpire
the Substance
the End
Messias

DECAY
the Holy Lamb
OTHER PERIPHRASES AND METONYMIES:

SATAN

I
th'Apostate Prince of Darkness
Juggler
lying Spirit
this false Spirit
Night's black Monark

II
Pluto's self
Pluto's greedy hand

V
th'old Serpent

IMPOSTURE
Hell's Prince
ture Fountain of all Ill
th'Arch-Tyrant
dusty wormling
banefull spider

FURIES
the Fiend

ANGELS

I
Heav'n's glorious Hoast
nimble squadrones
sacred Fencer(s)
Legions of those lofty Spirits
th'unspotted Spirits
quick posts
sacred Tutors of the Saints
Guard of God's Elect
Pursuivants
Heav'nly Courtiers
God's glorious Heralds
Heav'n's swift Harbengers
ture interpreters

III
celestial skouts

VII
winged consorts
winged Legions

ARK
Leasing's Father

VOCATION
Pluto

LAW
Dragon
the Night
Stygian Prince
the drad Destroyer
Belzebub

TROPHIES
th'inferrall Tyrant
Lucifer
th'Author of Lies

MAGNIFICENCE
th'old Deceiver slie
the Fiend

BABYLON
Heav'nly Postes
Angel's glory-winged Hostes

COLUMNS
Heav'n's glorious hoast (with the saints?)

VOCATION
Winged Herald
Heav'nly scouts
Bright Stars
sacred Legats
celestiall Kinde
sacred Guests
Heav'n-Citizens
winged Messengers

DECAY
winged Champion
FALLEN ANGELS

I
Cursed Crew

FURIES
Damned Crew

LAW
black Legions

HEAVEN

II
that upper Loft
that Upper Sphear Palace
Heav'n's highest stage
that Blessed Place
th'Heav'nly Orb

III
th'Angels' Court

IV
th'Empyreall Palace-wals
Great Orb

V
Hav'n of Pity

VI
Celestiall Court
Jove's high Court

ARK
high Throne
the Majesty Supernall

BABYLON
this Crystall Throne

COLONIES
th'Universall City

COLUMNS
stately Temple
th'Empyreall Palace of the Saincted

TROPHIES
Eternall Shades
infernall Deities
Fiends
subterranean Powrs
Powrs below
th'infernall Bands

Heav'n's bright Globe
upper loft
th'Aetheriall Arch
golden sphear
holy City
the Poles' Emperiall Palace
th'Empyreall Pole
High

VOCATION
the seat of Jove
celestiall Throne

FATHERS
th'Aetheriall Palace Crystalline
God's highest Court
Gates of Grace
Heav'n of Heav'ns
High

CAPTAINS
Heav'n-Sion

TROPHIES
th'Emperiall Pole
th'immortall Kingdom

MAGNIFICENCE
that Higher-House

SCHISM
th'upper Kingdome
th'Emperiall Pole
the lofty Pole
th'All-Monarch's glorious throne
DECAY
th'Almighty's throne
th'Emperiall Round
Throne of Pitty
God's Kingdome

HELL

I
Hell's infernall Vault

II
the Vale of Acheron

III
the Stygian Strand

V
Pluto's dark Den
the fatall Ferry

IMPOSTURE
the gulf of Pitchy Acheron

FURIES
Sulph'ry Styx
fiery Phlegeton
Bloody Cocytus
muddy Acheron
th'Avernus Gulf
Stygian Bridge
Charybdis
Sertes

BABYLON
Stygian Lake

COLONIES
Strymon's slymie sloughs
th'infernall Gates

THE SKY

I
middle region
th'Empyreall Skies
th'Arched Pole
celestiall Arks
Heav'n's blue curtens

II
Ceiling of Cathay (eastern sky)
Fiery Tent
whirling Spheres
Welkin
glistring tent
welkin

VOCATION
Acheron
Acheron
th'infernall Coasts
Pluto's crown
darksom Pit
Acheron
Asphaltis' Lake

FATHERS
th'infernall Vaults
dark Acheron

LAW
eternall fire
silent Coast
the Gulf

TROPHIES
Styx
Powrs below
Asphaltis' Fen
Pluto's treasures
fiery vault
Azure Cirques
Heav'n's stages steep
th'airie Regions
Heav'n's hollow Cope
welkin
th'Ample Firmament
Heav'n's bright Arches
welkin
tralucing Fiery Element
fiery sieling
Heav'n's sad sable bosom
th'Azure Spheres
Middle Vault
Heav'n's bright Arches
th'Azure Circle
Heav'n's Canopie
Heav'n's rich building

III
Heav'n's Vaults
th'upper Sphear
th'Arches Crystalline

IV
Firmament
gilt azure Front
Heav'n's sieling
Heav'n's azure coasts
Heav'n's bright Arches
sumptuous Canapy
Heav'n's Arches
Heav'nly Round
Heav'n's azure loft
Heav'n's azure globe
Heav'nly Arches

V
cloudy welkin
Welkin clear
Azure Field

VI
Welking
welkin
th'Heav'nly Stages
welkin bright

VII
bright Star-spangled Regions
Heav'n's bow'd Arches

EDEN
Welkin

FURIES
Heav'n's Crystall front

HANDY-CRAFTS
the warbling Pole
the supernall stories
Bright Olympus' starry Canopy

ARK
the ayrie Regions
the starry Pole
th'ethereall

BABYLON
Heav'n's rebounding brim
Crystall throne

COLONIES
Heav'n's starry Coach

COLUMNS
the Pole
Heav'n's glistring Canopies
Heav'n's Superficies
th'Universall Props
th'ever-radiant Bowles
th'Azure steep
th'All-enlightening glorious Firmament
th'Azure Stage
Heav'n's ample Stages
Brasse Tables
Nature's Nave
th'Eternall Wheels
Heav'nly Provinces
Heav'n's harmonious whirling wheels

VOCATION
Sable Canapey
Welkin blew
Heav'n's starfull Canapey
the welkin
Heav'n's Frame

CAPTAINS
starry Pole

TROPHIES
clear welkin

MAGNIFICENCE
the whirling Poles
SCHISM
the Arches Crystalline

DAWN

I
Aurora
Blushing Aurora

II
Aurora

III
Aurora's rosie cheeks
sweet Aurora

IV
Aurora
Vermillion sweet Aurora's lap

V
Aurora

BABYLON
th'Indian dawning

COLONIES
pearled Aurora

VOCATION
Aurora's knee

FATHERS
Aurora's Usher
fair Mistresse

CAPTAINS
Doors of Day

SCHISM
Aurora

HORIZON

COLONIES
saffron-colour'd bed
di'pry verges

THE STARS

I
spangled sphears
fiery sparks
those Lamps

II
celestial Tapors
Heav'n's bright torches
th'Erring Fires
bright eyes of the Firmament
World's eyes
Heav'n's twinkling Pride
great-world's torches

III
ten thousand torches

IV
Twinkling Spangles
Tapers
Heav'n's Eyes
Torches bright
Lamps
those gilt studs
Fires
Heav'n's shining Hoast
bright Lamps
Heav'nly Torches
Lamps Supernall
unseen Fires  
Heav'n's bright Cressets  
twinkling Tapers  
fixed tapers  
Hoast of sparks  
gilt spangles  
glistring sparks  
eyes  
Tapers bright  
Golden Scutchions  
Heav'nly Tapers  
Lamps of Heav'n  
golden marks  
Heav'n's Tapers

VI
the Lamps of Heav'n  
th'upper Tapers bright  
the starry sphears

VII

gilt studs of the Firmament

THE SUN

I
true Phoebus  
Sol  
pure Lamp  
wicked men's just terror  
World's great Taper  
God's eldest Daughter  
Mother of Truth  
true Beauty's only Mirror  
Heav'n's glowing flame  
World's bright Eye  
goodly beams

II
Chariot of the Light  
swift Coach-man  
Phoebus  
Sol  
Apollo's rays  
Sol's countenance  
Hot Bright Flamer  
Phoebus' ligh  
th'Elementall Flame

ARK
the celestall fires  
the Heavenly Tapers

COLONIES
Heav'n's lights  
Heav'nly-bodies

COLUMNS
Heav'n's glistring lights  
Twinkling Wonders  
Heav'n's bright images (also planets?)  
Heav'n's images  
glistering Figures  
erring taper  
Wandering Light  
glistering Tapers

VOCATION
Radiant Orbs

TROPHIES
th-Heavenly Lamps

SCHISM
Heav'n's unviewed Lights

III
Titan  
Prince of Stars  
Phoebus  
Phoebus' Torch  
Phoebus  
Apollo  
Titan's radiant Flame

IV
Lamp that doth light the whole  
Sol  
Daye's glorious Prince  
th'Imperiall Star  
Match-less Maker of the Light  
Stars'-King  
Pure Goldy-locks  
States-friend  
Honor-giver  
Light-bringer  
Laureat Leachman  
All-Reviver  
bright Apollo's glory-beaming Car  
Phoebus' golden wheels
Radiant Coach-man
Fountain of Heat
Life of the World
Lamp of this Universe
Heav'n's richest gemm
Phoebus' chariot
Radiant Titan
Phoebus
Phoebus
Sol
the Starry-Prince

V
Heav'n's greatest Light
Phoebus
Sol
Phoebus' golden rayes
bright Phoebus

VI
Phoebus
the eye of Heav'n

VII
th'Orb of Heav'n
Prince of Lights
First Moving Spreh
Sol's burnisht Flame

EDEN
Phoebus

IMPOSTURE
Heav'n's fair eye
Heav'n's all-seeing eye

HANDY-CRAFTS
Cynthia's brother
the World's bright eye

ARK
the bright honour of the Heav'nly
Tapers

BABYLON
Daye's bright Champion
Bright Day-Star

COLONIES
Sol
Titan's evening splendour
Phoebus
that glorious star
Phoebus
Phoebus' livening face

COLUMNS
Apollo
Phoebus
Titan's whirling Chariot
golden sphear
Sol
Prince of Planets
Daye's glorious Torch
Daye's princely Planet
Jove

VOCATION
Heav'n's Hottest beam
Sol's early rising

FATHERS
Phoebus

LAW
Audacious Titan's pride
th'All-searching Sun

CAPTAINS
Titan
Beam of th'Eternall
dayes bright Champion
Spiall of Nature
all-seeing Sun
the Day-reducing Chariot
Jacob's Lanthorn?
Load-Star Pure?

TROPHIES
Sol's blushing eye
the World's bright eye

MAGNIFICENCE
Torch of Day

SCHISM
Phoebus

DECAY
THE SEA (WATERS)

I
Deep
II
floating Deeps
Crystall
proud liquid Heap
firm pearl and Crystall shining
Wrackfull Neptune
Briny Regions

III
Crystall spheres
the deep Main
silver Floods
seas liquid Glasse
Watery Camp
Neptune
Oceanus
Neptune
Neptune's Royall seat
Thetis' large Cels
Neptune's watery front

V
liquid Mansion
Silver Flounds
silver brine
this World's rich Compass Round
moist world
Flood
Crystall Floods
the Lap of Thetis
waves-mother Thetis
broad briny Regions
Neptune

VI
th'eever-bound-lesse Deeps
Watry World
Neptune's back
Watry Regions
watry Regions
liquid Crystall Regions

EDEN
labouring Neptune's liquid belt
the Hydrantick Brawl

FURIES
stormy water regions
liquid plains
thetis womb
the liquid Crystall

HANDY-CRAFTS
Neptune's Hall
th'eever-trembling field

BABYLON
Thetis' lap
Thetis

COLONIES
the liquid glass
briny deeps
Neptune's tossed thrall

COLUMNS
liquid glass

VOCATION
the liquid wave
liquid Crystall

FATHERS
Thetis' waves
Thetis' watery bed

LAW
Neptune

TROPHIES
Crystall Brinks
liquid Yce

MAGNIFICENCE
Thetis

SCHISM
angry Thetis
Thetis' lap
clear Crystall
Angry Neptune

COLUMNS
liquid and sad sliding waves

IMPOSTURE
Thetis' Palace
THE EARTH

I
this Gulf
floating Masse
dull heap of undigested stuff
Lump of Death/form-less Lump/
the mingled Lump
ugly Medly
form-less Form/confused Heap/
Chaos most deform
Body ill compact
Gulf of gulfs
this All
Artificial, great, rich, glorious
Ball
this Frame
universal Bower
mighty Ball/the Ball/the Ball of
bubling waters
this Universall Globe
this flowry Mansion
this All-circumference

II
th'All-Compassing Theater/this
fair Theater
neither Ball/Earth's Ball/this
low Ball
th'earthly Masse/this Universall
Masse
the beautifull Theater
flowry mantle of our mother dear
this proud Pallace/Globy Grandam
Frame/Earthly Globe
this beauteous Frame/dusty flat
this Round Theater/Mother Earth

III
Earth's branchy Bower
this lower Ball
round theater
the Earth's and Water's blended
Ball
fair and firmest Globe
this mighty Ball
bearer of Towns and Towrs
great Heart
round Base
Steadfast Root
Heav'n's chastest spouse
Supporter of this All
this Glorious Building's goodly
Pedestall
deer Mother
Sister, Hostess, Nurse
Match-less Emperess

Brinie-Ball
Slippery Water-Ball
this Mansion of Mankind
th'Earthly Ball
this All-Theater

IV
World's wide Curten
Kind Nurse
Various House
Earthly Ball
World's great Grange

V
Large Theater
mighty Frame

VI
this All-Theater
this Great Frame
rich round Mansion
this Earthly Ball
this Round
th'Earthly Story

VII
th'Universall Ball
this Globe
this goodly Ball

EDEN
this inferiour Throne

IMPOSTURE
Little-World's designe

FURIES
this Round Centre
our calm Hav'n of Light

HANDY-CRAFTS
this All
This All
this Frame
the spungy Globe
this wide Theater

ARK
the universall state
this Earthly Round
this wide All-Theater
th'Al-Circumference
BABYLON
the Childe-World
th'universall stage

COLONIES
neather Globe
this Ball
th'Earth's universall face

COLUMNS
this Globe
this goodly Globe
this Ball
th'universall Ball
bright Abbriddgement
twinkling Globe

VOCATION
precious Frame

FATHERS
sacred Turf

LAW
th'All-Ball
this Frame

CAPTAINS
the Frame of All

MAGNIFICENCE
this neather Ball
Rhea
this Bodie
this Temple
this Art
center of the mound
this great Frame

SCHISM
this All

THE MOON

I
Nightly Brand
silver-brow'd Diana
Queen of Night
Cynthia's throne
fair Latona's quiv'red
Darling deer
black Coach of the Moon

II
night's gloomy throne

II
the cold Crescent
Cynthia
silver-fronted star
pale Sister

IV
sure calendar of festivals
eternall
Night's gloomy Patroness
Regent of Humours
envious Syster
second honour of the Lamps
supernall
Luna
darkly Cynthia

Luna
chaste Emperess
th'Horned Queen
Latonian twins (sun and moon)
Cynthia's cold and moist distemper
Sea's Soveraintess
sleep-bringer
Pilgrim's guide
Peace-loving Queen
Cynthia

VI
pale Sister

VII
Queene of Nights

EDEN
Latona's shine

COLONIES
Cynthia bright

COLUMNS
Silver Crescent
Cynthia
Imperiall Love
Great Queen of Heaven
FATHERS
Delian Princesse

MAGNIFICENCE
Night's dim Taper
Night's Princesse

THE PLANETS

II
Seaven bright Lamps

IV
the Several Seav'n
Seaven Lights
Wandring Seav'n
Wandring Seaven
six Lamps

VI
wandering Lights

COLUMNS
Heav'n's bright images (with stars?)
th'unfixed fires of Heav'n
the Concentrick Orbs
Wandring Seaven

THE WINDS

I
Aeolian Scouts
Eurus
Auster
Boreas

II
Aeolian Dungeon
Parching South
Pinching Boreas
Aeolus
Zephyrus
Auster
swift Aeolus
Aeolian slaves
Auster
Boreas

III
Zephyr's blasts

IV
Zephyrus
Eurus
sweet Zephyrus

V
Auster
grey-beard Boreas
Aeolus

VI
wanton Zephyr

EDEN
Zephyr
Zephyr's wanton blowing

FURIES
Boreas' nimble flight

HANDY-CRAFTS
Angry Auster

ARK
Auster
Heav'n's fresh fans
Earth's sweeping brooms
Forrests' enmity
speedy Messengers
Heralds
Eagles swift
Harbangers
th'Aeolian Crowd
nimble Postes

LAW
Etesian gales (Mediterranean winds)
Rough-Blustering Boreas
CAPTAINS
Auster
Auster
Auster

TROPHIES
Eolus
Northern Poast
sad Boreas
boystrous Auster

MAGNIFICENCE
Auster
Boreas
sweet Zephyrus
Auster

SCHISM
Zephyr
Hectick Auster
Boreas' Breath
Aeolian slaves

MAN

I
Little-World

II
Little-World

IV
the Little-World of Cares

VI
the little-World
th'earthly Monarch
the King of Creatures
World's Epitome
little Map
Earthly Emperour
the sacred Animal
this glorious Creature
this Earthen Type
Earth's glorious head

VII
Adam's race
the Race of Adam

DECAY
roaring Boreas

BABYLON
rose-crown'd Zephyrus (evening Westwind)

COLONIES
Boreas' tennis-Ball

COLUMNS
weeping Auster
Zephyr

VOCATION
roaring Aeolus
Auster's spungy thirst
Pythian Knight (Auster?)

IMPOSTURE
Little-World
God's disciple

FURIES
the World's great Vessell
the Creatures' King

COLONIES
th'upright creatures

COLUMNS
World's chief Praise of Beauty
ANIMALS

IV
stubborn droves

VI
savage troop
wandring Heards of Forrest People
rude guests of the air, and woods, and water
th'irefull droves
slimie burgers

BIRDS

V
fell Rovers
flying multitudes
Aery flocks

VI
feathered flocks

FURIES
Feathered Singers

FISH

I
Scaly schools

II
subtill race of roving Polypes

IV
people that frequent the water

V
wat'ry Citizens
Sea Citizen
Water-Rovers
Neptune's busie burgers
scaly Legions
Dyving guests
swim-brethren
Water Rover
water's silent colonies
scaly Crew

FURIES
Nature's silent schollers
stubborn droves

HANDY-CRAFTS
Imperiall airy people

ARK
nimble painted Legions
th'ayrie broods

SCHISM
winged people

VI
people of the water
fruitfull-spawning Legions
the Hoast that rowes in watery regions

EDEN
Scaly Nation

FURIES
Scaly Legions

HANDY-CRAFTS
Scaly Folk
BABYLON
Water-Guests

TROPHIES
th'under-fishes

BEES

VII
Hony-Flies

CAPTAINS
Honey Makers
Hony-Birds

FURIES
Hony-People

SCHISM
Honey-Flies
busie-buzzers

OTHER CREATURES

the Fly: VII, The humming Creature
the Cock: V, Aurora's Trumpeter; Crest-People's King;
Peasant's trusty clock; true morning watch
the Eagle: Handy-Crafts, Imperiall airy people's prince.
the Silkworm: Handy-Crafts, robe-spinning precious worms;
Schism, that fruitfull worm
the Basilisk: VI, Serpent with the murdering sight
the Snail: Columns, crooked serpenter
the Lion: VI, Forrest Prince;
Eden, Creatures' Chief
the Peacock: Columns, the Proud Bird
the Crocodile: VI, Nile's poys'ny Pirate; Nile's fell Rover;
Captains, Nilus' greedy Beas
the Wolf: Furies, fell monster
the Owl: Magnificence, Strymonian Fowl
the Dolphin: See V, 450-470
the Elephant: VI, Carry-Castle
Snakes/Serpents: V, baneful creeping companies
THINGS INANIMATE

Bee Hive:
- Furies, waxen city;
- Captains, curious INNs

Eggs:
- I, yellow-white bals

Beer?:
- II, brew'd liquors

Wine:
- II, Bacchus' trade;
- III, fuming Boals of Bacchus; sacred liquor;
- Clusters red;
- IV, Juice of Bacchus' clusters;
- Eden, Bacchus streames;
- Fathers, Bacchus' colour

Milk:
- Magnificence, Nectar white

Corn/Grain:
- IV, gilded ears; Ceres; Ceres;
- VII, bearded ears;
- Colonies, Ceres' sons;
- Law, Ceres yellow locks; Ceres locks;
- Magnificence, Ceres;
- II, gilt Ceres gown

Clouds:
- II, the Cloudy Curtans; Cloudy Ward

Teeth:
- VI, Orient Pearls; two moving Leaves of Corall

Rain Drops:
- II, liquid pearles

Hail:
- II, Ycy-Stone

Snow:
- I, Hoary Fleece;
- II, Heav'ly woorl; Melting Crystall; (see also the "periwig" metaphors in the previous chapter)

David's sling:
- Trophies, fatall Hemp

Ships:
- II, holy Vessell;
- V, floating bowrs; bark;
- Colonies, conquering ploughs
- Ark, Floating Inns; great Galley; sacred keel;
- Huge vaste Vessell;
- Colonies, bark
- Columns, House of ... wood;
- Schism, wracked planks; and (?) adventurous Alders

PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY

the body:
- VI, Citadell

the Head:
- Colonies, Bodie's TOWR

the tongue:
- Trophies, Soule's Interpreter

the Ear:
- Trophies, dor of knowledge
the Eyes:  

Eden, Crystall Map; Windows of the Soule

the Feet:  

VI, goodly bases of this glorious Creature
Notes to Chapter I


3. Concerning English poetic influences this is somewhat of a commonplace; see, for instance, C. S. Lewis, Preface to Paradise Lost (Oxford, 1942; rpt., 1979), pp. 6f; for Milton's view of Spenser, see Cummings, pp. 162ff.

4. We shall have cause to examine Dryden's famous slight of Sylvester in praising Spenser, in Chapter 7; but Dryden was always hot and cold on Spenser; see Cummings, pp. 18f; 202ff.

5. Admiration for Spenser waned in the later years of the Augustan period. This doubtless mirrored what was a slow stylistic falling away from a poet whose distinctive diction never quite caught on in the seventeenth century. The Romances returned with delight; see Grundy, Chapter I.

6. Grundy's attributions are mostly in respect of structures and aims; she refers to Du Bartas (and Sylvester) but remarks, "they seldom imitated him so deliberately and at such length as they imitated Spenser" (p. 43). But one thing is clear, the "Spenserian poets" do not read in the least like Spenser, and there is often much more in their style and language that is Sylvestrian; see Cummings, pp. 11ff.


9. Ibid. Tillotson joins style with language in his most useful definition of poetic diction; see especially pp. 46ff.

10. Josephine Miles, Eras and Modes in English Poetry (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1957), especially Chapter 1; also The Continuity of Poetic Language (1951); for an account of the statistical research see "The Primary Language of Poetry in the 1640's", U. of Cal. Publications in English, 19 (1948); and Major Adjectives in English Poetry from Wyatt to Auden (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1946).


13. Arthos, Natural Description, p. 80.
14. Ibid., p. 75.


18. The Art of Marvell's Poetry, ed. John Butt (London, 1966; 2nd edition, rpt., 1972). Leishman died before completing the last two chapters, the Sylvestrian ones, of this excellent book. But John Butt has pieced the material together well, with the result that some useful suggestions are made about Sylvester's translation.


23. I do this in the spirit if not with the interpretation of Susan Snyder, in her edition of Divine Weeks, volume I, pp. 72ff, and of other generalisations summarised in this Introduction.

24. English Literature of the Sixteenth Century, p. 544; Sylvester might justly be regarded as the educated man's coffee-table book of the first half of the seventeenth century.


29. A work of erudition and some considerable effort, that is sometimes over-praising of Sylvester but perhaps with justifiable reason; see especially pp. xxvff.
30. Theron Haight, *The Divine Weeks of Joshua Sylvester* (Waukesha, Wisc., 1908). Harry Ashton's work is a generalised account of Du Bartas' life (pp. 9ff), his relations with the court of Scotland (pp. 16ff), and the rise and fall of his popularity in Europe and in England; there is some treatment of Milton, and a useful discussion of compound epithets (pp. 195ff); but Ashton treats principally of Sylvester, and at least gives justice to the quality of the translation (p. 165).


Notes to Chapter 2


3. Ibid., pp. 230, 234.

4. Ibid., p. 232.


6. Natural Description, p. 79.


14. "Studies in the Diction", pp. 41ff, 113ff; Natural Description, pp. 356ff. Arthos' determination of periphrases is marred by the absence of any identifiable system. His references are almost impossible to trace, and I find large gaps in his lists, which appear to be only selective. Perhaps this in itself argues that, in a text of such conscious wordiness, it is difficult to separate roundabout designation from definition or description.


17. A.D.S. Fowler, ed., Milton: Paradise Lost (London, 1968; 1971; rpt., 1977), p. 41n. All quotations from Paradise Lost will be from this text; all other quotations from Milton's poetry are from Helen Darbishire's Oxford Standard Authors text (1957), The Poems of John Milton.


22. Fowler, "Protestant Attitudes", p. 112; Campbell, Divine Poetry and Drama, p. 5.


25. Ibid., p. 130.

26. Scaliger also has something to say about this, pp. 70f.

27. I reluctantly admit that I have lost the reference for this remark. It is the type of statement that might appear in any of a number of books cited in this work. On the saving style, and indeed diction, an argument agreeable to my own in this dissertation appears in Fowler, "Protestant Attitudes", pp. 150ff. The notion of poetry as delightful, teaching, inspiring is taken up importantly by Stanley Fish, The Living Temple (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1978).


31. Curtius, p. 90.

32. Ibid., p. 90.

33. Ibid., pp. 85ff.

34. "Preface to the Reader", written by "The Author's Friend" in Richard Crashaw's Steps to the Temple (1646).

35. Curtius, pp. 87ff.

36. That is, the hen image discussed in Chapter 5, and related to the idea of the Holy Spirit as dove.
37. Curtius, p. 83.

38. Ibid., p. 95.

39. Ibid., p. 100; for the topos of the young and old woman see Curtius, p. 101.

40. Arthos, Natural Description, pp. 73f.

41. Maury Thibault de Maisieres, Les Poèmes Inspires du Début de la Genèse à l’Époque de la Renaissance (Louvain, 1931; Arthos, Natural Description, pp. 73ff. For the hexaémeral tradition see Frank E. Robbins, The Hexaémeral Literature (Chicago, 1912).


43. Ibid., p. 221.
Notes to Chapter 3

1. An old judgement. Barfield takes it up; see especially pp. 68ff; see also C.S. Lewis, A Preface to Paradise Lost, Chapter 3, "Primary Epic", pp. 13ff; also Arthos, Natural Description, pp. 25ff. Julius Caesar Scaliger, Poetics, pp. 15ff, thought it odd that Musaeus was earlier than Homer [sic], "for he is more polished and refined"; though Scaliger was not well disposed towards Homer, this suggests that Homer's greatness is in something other than refinement. Primary and derivative poetries are the concern of Northrop Frye in The Anatomy of Criticism (Princeton, 1956), and in an exclusively Biblical connection, in The Great Code (Toronto, 1982).


3. Ibid., p. xcvi.

4. Ibid., p. xcvi.


8. Ibid., p. cxxxiv.


11. Mack, p. clxxi. For the sake of brevity I list only the similes of the Second Week, though there are a number of similar ones in the First Week: (boar simile, Eden, 339ff; thief, Imposture, 93ff; bull/hornets, Furies, 585; stag stuck in mud, 572ff; bubbles on water during rain, 675-76; wind, Ark, 23ff; river, 34ff; new wine, 607ff; owl, Babilon, 17ff; spark in forest, 119ff; Bridge-building, 219ff; language similes, 436ff; galleys, 453ff; nature's regeneration, 48ff; bee, Colonies, 243ff; stone causing ripples in water, 207ff; corn, 517-20; fishes, 521-24; peasant brought to king's closet, Column, 66ff; Spanish horse, Vocation, 9ff; mower of grass, 14ff; ship, 17ff; lodestone, 127ff; negative elephant simile, 218ff; battling rams, 295 bee, 321ff; vine and elm, 457ff; felled copse, 469ff; mastiff, 477ff; tigress, 683ff; storm-cloud, 725ff; clearing storm-front, 741ff; pye, 796; falcon/pigeon, 859ff; wild colt, 803; gun-shot, 1048ff; river, 116ff; seething caldron, 1384-87; spreading canker, 1387ff; dreaming man, Fathers, 85ff; waving trees, Fathers, new wine, Fathers; Delian princess rising out of the sea, 312-313; dance school physique, Law, 170; maggots in cheese, 383-84; sturgeon/pike/small fish, 408; lizard, 439; stubborn student, 470ff; trembling duck, 625ff; collapsing wall, 705; partridge under a net; pregnant women wanting strange foods, 885ff; goose crying on sandy shores for rain, 947ff; pistol-shot/cannon, 1005-06; wheat reapers, 1136ff; cannon shot, 1141ff; blazing star, 1156-58; rise of a good magistrate (interpolation), Captains, 31ff; crumbling mountain, 213ff; woodmen felling copse, 231ff (see also above); negative birch-tree simile, 267ff; stormy billows, 287; wind, 288; lightning, 289; wolves setting on lambs, 34ff; vengeful bees, 354ff; hunting dogs/hare (interpolation), 373ff; rabbit/dogs, 397ff; base
metal/gold, 455; bridge of cards, 507ff; stopping Caroche, 543ff; blind man lost in forest, 615ff; wine hurdles/bleeding grapes, 731ff; thundering tempest/gate, 747ff; shepherds beating nuts from a tree, 768-9; whay crushed from cheese, 862; mole, 871; unicorns' pride, 893-94; shepherds crying "wolf", 913ff; horse threshing winter corn, 927ff; grass flattened on mead, 933ff; bodies' humours, 999-1000; democracy/tossed ship, 1065ff; democracy/Fair/Sink/Park/headless monster similes, 1076ff; untamed bulls, lll1ff; river, lll5; leech, lll9-16; comet, Trophies, 74ff; pyes, lll3ff; Orion; Irish hobby horse, 213ff; ox, 287; ships, 297ff; cock fight, 3ll1ff; cracked and leaking lead pipe, 345ff; violin/Clytemnestra, 425; voice out of tune, 437; running water turned to wool (ice), 739-40; Galenite, 782ff; astronomers, 785ff; sea waves, 815; meteor, 936; lily in a glass, 107l; Venus; Ivory image of a Grace, 1075-76; Bathsheba similes, 1090ff; lusty horse rider, lll3ff; good-natured child; millstone, Magnificence, 15ff; base mortar, 39-40; clothing/make-up, 52-56; plants' dishumour, 177-78; simple courtier, lll9ff; fly/spiderweb, 208ff; gamesters, 551ff; sun/moon, 818-19; grape harvest, lll2ff; thumb on guitar, 1287; raging river, Schisme, lll3ff; dust/shepherd's sight, lll9ff; spreading drop of oil, 3ll1ff; fire spark, 3ll9ff; fighting bulls, 525ff; claret wine, 534; falling meteor/Summer's eve, 589ff; tigress/bear dame, 77lff; buzzing fly, 816; ape, 823; bees after rain, 885; balloon, 93o; cannon/castle, 947; feather, 967; Roach/ruffe/Gudgeon, 999ff; ship, Decay, 39ff; apple dangling in wind, 90-92; fowlers (interpolation), lll5-ll6; proud lion, 33llff; house on fire/wife saves casket, 350ff; bear whelp domesticated, 397ff; plant, 41llff; princes/rivers, 429ff; wind, 602ff; fire in stubble, 621ff; wind/rock/llood, 627ll; cannon-ball, 637ff; sun-dial, 737-38; wise father, 766ff; head-strong colt, 775ff (see also above); stiff thrown bowl, 783-84; buzzing horns, 797-98; crumbling rocky hill, 834ff (see also above); serpent/shepherd, 873ff; rope-walker, 900ff; trapped badger, 92llff; ferret/game keeper, 941-42; Leo's effect on the weather, 973ff; piles hammered into Dover Pier, 989ff; trapped lion, 1093ff; unyielding rock, lll5ff; glass easily broken, lll94.)


13. Scaliger does not firmly dissociate epic and tragedy. But he argues against receiving the Iliad as the precursor of tragedy on the grounds of its sequence of little stories (Poetics, pp. 36f); he does not recommend Homer, but regards him as a pupil of rural story tellers and old wives (p. 37), perhaps of nature. Virgil's digressions are much more tolerable to him, as part of an organic epic plan. Ronsard advocates 'naturelle poesie', one that would appear to be closer in spirit to Homer than to Virgil, which wants fables and old stories, illustrations ("Preface sur la Franciade", p. 14).


19. See note 1; I refer to its incantational effect.
Notes to Chapter 4


5. Ibid., p. 52.


8. Ibid., p. 49.

9. This is a Renaissance etymological commonplace; in Sidney for instance: "... we Englishmen have met with the Greeks in calling him [the poet] a maker." (in Shepherd's edition of *Apology for Poetry*, p. 99. See Curtius, pp. 145f.

10. A subject with which I shall not concern myself; see Terence Cave, *The Cornucopian Text* (Oxford, 1979); also, on English copiousness, the seventh and eighth chapters of R.F. Jones, *The Triumph of the English Language* (Stanford, Cal., 1953; rpt., 1966).


19. *Natural Description*, p. 68.
20. Puttenham, pp. 80ff.


23. Webbe, pp. 267, 274.


25. The frustrations of Elizabethan versifiers in this respect are recounted in most every work found in Smith's anthology. See, for example, Gabriel Harvey, "Four Letters" (1592), vol. II, p. 230. Richard Carew (The Excellency of the English Tongue, 1595-1596?, in Smith, vol. II, p. 293), in spite of his support for the English language, praises French in comparison for the "full sounde" of many of its words.


27. Ibid., p. 15.

28. Ibid., p. 12.


30. "Preface to the Seven Bookes of the Iliad" (1598), in Smith, vol. II, p. 296. For a good general account of views on translation see Jones, pp. 18ff, 96f et passim.

31. Natural Description, p. 80.

32. Winter's Tale, IV, ii, 9. I find Shakespeare a frequent implementor of Bartasian imagery and language, from the original, as here, or from Sylvester.

33. In Arthos, Natural Description, p. 78.


35. Ibid., p. 52.


37. Puttenham, p. 15.


41. These are in order the most common alliterative letters, by my count, in Sylvester. Other most common such letters are W and M, followed by C, H, L, P, in roughly equal proportion.
42. See Snyder, Works, vol. 1, p. 70; though Sidney did not shrink from censuring Spenser's Shepheardes Calendar for its cluttered style — "that same framing of his style to an old rustic language I dare not allow, since neither Theocritus in Greek, Virgil in Latin, nor Sannazzaro in Italian did affect it." (Apology for Poetry, p. 133). Shepherd also suggests that Sidney admired Du Bartas' poetry (p. 27).

43. Ashton, p. 224.

44. Wimmers, pp. 69, 83f.

45. Lawler, pp. 55f.

46. Wimmers, pp. 198f.


50. His Majesties Poeticall Exercises (Edinburgh, 1591). Anaphora is a device of whose aural effect Sylvester is more than aware. He achieves something like the device whenever he uses parison between lines; a series of questions phrased in a similar way or with a similar rhythm are anaphoric (e.g., III, 846ff). Sylvester uses epistrophe more infrequently. It tends to be more doctrinaire and conclusive in manner (e.g., I, 545f; V, 516ff).


52. Ibid., p. 49.

53. Ibid., p. 58.

54. Ibid., p. 89.

55. Ibid., Chapter 3.

56. Ibid., p. 126.

57. Ibid., p. 149.


59. Ibid., p. 15.

60. Ibid., p. 15.


62. This suggests the Great Chain of Being (Lovejoy) and an important antithetical dichotomy of base and high in Les Semaines.

63. Hoskyns, p. 12.
64. See below, Chapters 5 and 7.

65. The figure enjoys exclamations like the circular one, "O" (e.g., HandyCrafts, 767ff), or the reduplicated "wo-worth" (e.g., Imposture, 621ff).

66. Lawler, pp. 52ff.

67. Natural Description, p. 80.

68. Lawler, p. 59.

69. So I argue. McFarland is correct in his attribution to Donne of a contiguous vitality in figures of repetition, but rash to regard Donne as a lonely beacon.

70. See Excursus II; Snyder, Works, vol. 1, p. 85.


72. Whether this be true or not I like the attribution; James Sutherland, ed., The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes (Oxford, 1975; 2nd edition, 1976), p. 28.

73. Augustan Poetic Diction, p. 72.

74. Ibid., p. 15.

75. I make this statement to render somewhat more reflexive the generally attributive character of this dissertation; in order to dignify my large claims for Sylvester with the realisation that for the poets of the later Augustan period he was no more than transmitter of what was thought to be found in Virgil in any case.

76. McFarland, p. 396.
Notes to Chapter 5

1. Brendan O Hehir offers a good epitome of some of the principles I have found to be essential to the language and style of Divine Weeks, in "The Balance of Opposites", Expans'd Hieroglyphs (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1969), pp. 165ff.


3. The Great Code. The concept occurs throughout the fabric of Frye's discussion.

4. Milton's use of negative phrasing is noticeably Sylvestrian, frequently couples the prefix "un-" with adjectives. In Comus the villain Comus appeals, pushes, for a relinquishing "yes" while the language of the work repeatedly says "no".


7. Poetics, IX.


10. Ethically, Sidney says (Apology for Poetry, p. 117), "in the actions of our life who seeth not the filthiness of evil wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue." At its farthest extreme this equation makes evil Manicheeic, equal with good. Diabolically, evil can shine with the radiance of good — Satan's "Then evil be my good". The Bowre of Bliss does resemble the Garden of Adonis. The labyrinth of evil resembles the labyrinth of good. Evil for Du Bartas is such lying eloquence.


13. See OED, under "androgyne".

14. Lawler; this principle is a motive force to the Celestial Pantomime.


17. "Barrels of others' wits" is a parody of a greater concept, that of form as a container of contents. See Chapter 6, below.

19. For a discussion of Donne’s fusive use of opposites related to Shakespeare’s “The Phoenix and the Turtle”, see Brooks, pp. 18f.

20. Compare the conceit of Sylvester’s "Wafting to Brabant" interpolation, IV, 349ff.

21. This is especially a feature of the second part of the Celestial Pantomime, sections IV, VI, VII. But I am thinking of an whole philosophical approach to metaphor that regards it as fusion and explosion, perhaps typified by Arthur Koestler’s The Act of Creation (London, 1964).

22. The subject of mendacity is an absorbing one and not altogether unrelated to Du Bartas. R.J. Clements devotes the first chapter of Critical Theory and Practice of the Pleiade to Pleiade opinion on the misuse of literature. It is taken up more ambitiously in Fowler’s "Protestant Attitudes".


25. Ibid., pp. 46ff.


27. Holland, I, 129.

28. It may be that Du Bartas creates one of his own, in Loch Lomond; see Chapter 8. Cawley discusses such islands in a general fashion, pp. 15ff.


30. Cawley, p. 85. The expression is an earlier form of the word axle, which emerges only in the seventeenth century (OED).

31. This upheaval is essential to the organisation of many Renaissance works; Shakespeare’s Histories; Hamlet, in which at the macrocosmic level the world is out of joint, cracked. Its epitome, man, is also cracked. If we regard Denmark as a distempered man, it may be seen as distempered impossibly four ways at once; its new generation of political figures are either melancholic (Hamlet), choleric (Laertes), phlegmatic (Ophelia), or sanguine (Horatio). All but Horatio (who will be a Tiresius to the new equipoise) go to their death, and with the death of these distempers the state is righted. The heart — Hamlet rives his mother's heart in the bedroom scene; Horatio remarks on Hamlet's death, "There cracks a noble heart" — of Denmark has been remade into an integral triad. For the heart as hieroglyph for the creative principle — two chambers, base and high, united by a linking valve — see below, in this chapter.

32. "Thus saith the Lord ... the earth is my footstool" (Isaiah 66.1). The phrasing of these lines brings to mind a number of similarly phrased passages. Spenser’s "Hymne to Heavenly Love" is stylistically conscious throughout of the antithetical baseness of earth and the loftiness of heaven. Giles Fletcher’s Christ’s Victory on Earth (The Complete Works of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, ed. F.S. Boas, two volumes, Cambridge, 1908, vol. I, p. 43) has an apposite couplet; "Heaven his roof and arbour harbour was, /The ground his bed, and his moist pillow grass." (st. 14). Compare John Taylor (“The Water Poet”) in Taylor’s Penniless Pilgrimage (The Spenser Society, tract 2, The Works of John Taylor (folio edition,
Phoebe shinde, /Sweet bawling Zephyrus breathe gentle wind,/In heaven's
Star-Chamber I did lodge that night". A close echo, in terms of the
footstool that launches man to the canopy of heaven in Donne's in The
Lamentations of Jeremy: "... and from heaven hath flung/To earth the
beauty of Israel, and hath/Forgot his foot-stool in the day of wrath!"
(60ff). The inversion is especially interesting in view of its apocalyptic
context.

33. The sexual ramifications of the universal epithalaminion are not strange to
Scripture. The Song of Solomon employs sexual imagery to suggest the
climax of salvation.

34. Barfield, pp. 127ff; the method I mean is that which assumes poeticality
in the use of such words.

35. A nuance enjoyed by Faye in The Great Code, pp. 1ff. Frye also remarks
the English play between "God" and "good" (p. 4).

36. The lines of demarcation in taste seem most firmly divided in our own
century. Cubism was perhaps an intellectual reaction to this sensibility.
In England, cubism's cousin, vorticism, was not so much restricted in
Theodore Roethke's terms to "The shapes a bright container can contain"
as to the energy of shape; and concerned itself with the voice of European
painting. Wyndham Lewis, one of the movement's founders, drew great
evolving circles in his work, to effect, in Hugh Kenner's words, an
"exemplar of void congealed". It does not surprise that Lewis completed
a large number of paintings on the creation myth theme. "Language is a
quaint mystery", says Jackson Knight, "a bridge over what Hegel called
the 'ugly black ditch' between matter and mind. Vergil bridged the ditch
well. That is partly because he wrote as if he knew that 'words are
fossil history'." (Roman Vergil, London, 1944, p. 229). The poet's mind,
as analogy of Logos, willfully and instinctively utters the words that impart
form to the lump of his apprehension. Jackson Knight says further:
"Vergil's language is guided by audial imagination and directed towards
compression, which gives emotional and intellectual density." (p. 213).
The difference between Virgil and Homer might be as between the man
who invents music and the man who interprets that same music
instinctively. Does this suggest that poetry is poetry only because it
follows our instinctive perception of creation? The subject is dangerous
and leads me into the chasms of my own feelings. Were it manageable
an examination of the problem, as well as handling a good many other
things, might help us resolve finally the difference between Du Bartas
the follower of Homer and Virgil, and Du Bartas the follower of a Judeo-
Christian God. For it is most likely that Du Bartas felt affinities for
Homer and Virgil as imitators of the cosmic order; that his and Homer's
poetry were alike in greater theme, though his was self-consciously
derivative. Is the circularity of Du Bartas' language and imagery any
different from the circularity in Conrad's The Secret Agent, where
characters scribble vicious circles with their lives, and the hieroglyph of
an upside-down round hat proclaims the anarchy of human pursuit of
form? In principle perhaps not. But Du Bartas is turning with serious-
ness and deliberation the pictures of an emblem book into precise words.
Here again is the question, how does this differ from the perfect aptness
of Adam's names for the animals, and from the arbitrary but wholly
necessary "fit epithetes" of Homed's diction? Is not Homer converting
pictures into precise words?

37. See the discussion of eagles and doves below.


40. Excremental (and earthly) refinement is a preoccupation of Shakespeare in Antony and Cleopatra, where the "dungy earth" is the thing that Antony would refine with sexual indulgence, where dalliance takes priority over duty in the phantasy world of Egypt: "Kingdoms are clay," insists Antony. In the same play the familiar emblem of the muds of the Nile given generation invisibly by the rays of the sun is employed to suggest the gross fertility of Egypt. In Hamlet all bodies provide the clay to block up the distempered elements of another day: "Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,/Night stop a hole to keep the wind away./O, that that earth which kept the world in awe/Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!" (V, i, 200ff). Here, degenerated man comes to deflect regenerating nature. The "shaplesse lumpe" (Divine Weeks, VI, 510) that God turns into the first man, Adam, is like the shapeless carcass of sinful man in the fallen world. In Antony and Cleopatra the triumvirate of head (Caesar), heart (Lepidus), appetite (Antony) are torn apart, and the final war is between love and discipline. The heart of Lepidus is split between Caesar and Antony and he becomes as nothing. It is plain that multiple leadership does not work any better than polytheism; as Caesar comes to victory like Jove, Antony comes to a newer kind of victory, like Christ. The play struggles with the Church Militant theme, as the ethics of honour and war are supplanted by those of love, preceded by a figurative Last Supper at which Antony honours his servants, enacted by Antony's death (elementally, Antony has to be made base, as earth and water, where he takes his battle, in order to rise; just as Christ died in order to rise) and consecrated by Cleopatra's rising ("I am fire and air") to fulfil her own dream of the godlike man straddling the world, containing both sun and moon (Antony and Cleopatra), the hermaphroditic marriage of God and man (see my discussion of such alchemical emblems). Indeed, from the reign of Octavius Caesar sprang Christianity, just as from the muddy banks of the Nile sprang its predecessor in Church Militancy, the Hebrew race. The Marriage of Antony and Cleopatra is distinct from Antony's literal marriage with Fulvia and Octavia, and the figurative marriage with Caesar. This allegory is suggested rather emphatically to me by a pattern of hieroglyphs that runs through this play. Some are clearly Sylvestrian language hieroglyphs, some are hieroglyphic images that must have been suggested by Divine Weeks.


42. Were we to stretch the point of the former metaphor, Donne's, we might note Shakespeare's song, "Winter", a poem about process in which a prominent image is that of the keeling of a pot.


44. Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, p. 463.

45. See Golding's Metamorphosis, XV, 416ff.

46. Donne, Sermons, III, 85.

47. Compare Spenser's Sonnet 56.

49. Ibid., p. 25.

50. Ibid., p. 30.

51. Into one chamber comes the gross blood that must be purified and sent to the other chamber; see note 31 above. See Donne, Divine Meditation 14.

52. Hollander, pp. 34ff.

53. Ibid., p. 17.


55. Compare Spenser, Epithalamion, 128ff, for such "trembling" in a context of chaos.


57. Ibid., p. 118.

58. Ibid., p. 119.

59. A Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music (1597) ed. R. Alec Harman (New York, 1953), p. 296: "The light music hath been of late more deeply dived into so that there is no vanity which in it hath not been followed to the full; but the best kind of it is termed Madrigal, a word for the etymology of which I can give no reason; yet use showeth that it is a kind of music made upon songs and sonnets such as Petrarch and many poets of our time have excelled in. This kind of music were not so much disallowable if the poets who compose the ditties would abstain from some obscenities which all honest ears abhor, and sometime from blasphemies to such as this, 'ch'altro di te iddio non voglio', which no man (at least who hath any hope of salvation) can sing without trembling. As for the music it is, next unto the Motet, the most artificial and, to men of understanding, most delightful. If therefore you will compose in this kind you must possess yourself with an amorous humour (for in no composition shall you prove admirable except you put on and possess yourself wholly with that vein wherein you compose), so that you must in your music be wavering like the wind, sometime wanton, sometime grave and staid, otherwhile effeminate; you may maintain points and revert them, use Triplas, and show the very uttermost of your variety, and the more variety you show the better shall you please. In this kind our age excelleth, so that if you would imitate any I would appoint you these for guides: Alfonso Ferrabosco for deep skill, Luca Marenzio for good air and fine invention, Horatio Vecchi, Stephano Venturi, Ruggiero Giovanelli, and John Croce, with divers others who are very good but not so generally good as these."

Morley also has something to say about the relation of music and poetry in respect of quantity and antithesis, p. 291: "Moreover you must have a care that when your matter signifieth 'ascending', 'high', 'heaven', and such like you make your music ascend; and by the contrary where your ditty speaketh of 'descending', 'lowness', 'depth', 'hell', and others such you must make your music descend; for as it will be thought a great absurdity to talk of heaven and point downwards to the earth, so will it be counted great incongruity if a musician upon the words 'he ascended into heaven' should cause his music descend, or by the contrary upon the descension should cause his music to ascend."
"We must also have a care so to apply the notes to the words as in singing there be no barbarism committed; that is that we cause no syllable which is by nature short be expressed by many notes or one long note, nor no long syllables be expressed with a short note. But in this fault do the practitioners err more grossly than in any other, for you shall find few songs wherein the penult syllables of these words 'Dominus', 'Angelus', 'filius', 'miraculum', 'gloria', and such like are not expressed with a long note, yea many times with a whole dozen of notes, and though one should speak of forty he should not say much amiss, which is a gross barbarism and yet might be easily amended."

60. See for example Shakespeare’s Sonnets 8, 128.

61. The geometric paradox, something I have not dealt with, justifies intellectually the four sciences in natural philosophy, the four-fold seasons, the principal compass points, winds, etc…, within the framework of the twelve-fold astronomical houses, and months; each season is thus a container of three months, and each principal point on the compass embraces three houses. The cube comes to stand for all temporal shape contained within the circle (triad) of creation. Of the circle’s squareness, Du Bartas remarks: "The next, which there beneath it sloaply slides, / And his faire Hindges from the Worlds devides/Twice-twelve Degrees; is called the Zodiacke, / The Planets path, where Phoebus plies to make / Th’Yeeres Revolution: through new Houses ranging,/To cause the Seasons yeereely foure-fold changing,/Th’other, which (crossing th’Universall Props,/And thos where Tytans whirling Chariot sloaps)/Rect angle formes; and crooking, cuts in two / Heere Capricorne; there burning Cancer too;/Of the Sunne's stops, it Colure hath to name,/Because his Teeme dothe seeme to trot more tame / On these cut points; for heere he doth not ride/ Flatling a-long, but up the Sphaeres steepe side;/Th’other, which cuts this equidistantly /With Aries, Poles, and Skale, is (like-wisely)/The Second Colure: The Meridian, This/Which never in one Point of Heav’n persists;/ But still pursues our Zenith: as the light /Inconstant Horizon our shifting sight. /For the foure small ones: heere the Tropicks turne;/ Both that of Cancer and of Capricorne,/ And neerer th’Hindges of the golden Sphaere,/ Heere's the South-Circle; the North-Circle there;/Which Circles, crosse not (as you see) at all;/ The Center-point of th’Universall Ball;/ But parting th’Orbe into un-equall elles,/ ‘Twixt th’Equi-noxe and them rest Paralels." (Columns, 301ff). The italicised language is once again hieroglyphic. For the paradox we might also go to Donne, "The Second Anniversary", l4lf; Dryden talks about the circular perfection of fame ("Heroique stanzas", l7ff); his early poems are filled with the geographical aspect of such geometry.


63. I refer to O Hehir’s title, Expans’d Hieroglyphs; he takes the expression from Sir Thomas Browne’s Religio Medici.

64. Music’s role as one kind of hieroglyph among many — by no means the only depiction of harmony in Les Semaines — is evident in this emblem, reproduced from Hollander, in Jacob Cats’ Silenus Alcibiades. In the emblem two lutes are shown being tuned sympathetically. But the emblem is full of harmonic images. A dog lies under the central table in a ball, its mouth greeting its tail (a completed circle). A convex column behind the man tuning the instrument is adjacent to a concave impression in the wall, showing a conservation of form. Drapery hangs over the table in an Euclidian semi-circle, opposed by a towel on the table and the round top
LOVE AS SYMPATHETIC VIBRATION. An emblem from Jacob Cats' Silenus Alcibiadis (1618 ed.), showing two lutes, tuned together, the second vibrating when the first is plucked.

From Hollander, The Untuning of the Sky.
of a hat on the table. The decorations on the base of a hidden column are also semi-circles pointing upward. In the folds of the drapery is the vague semblance of a bird—a dove?—in flight, and in the folds of the towel an opposite motion. Beyond the checkerboard floor and to the right of the columned wall is an outdoor scene, an artificial garden, man's imitation of natural harmony, with a bird house and a flight of birds, suggesting perhaps an artificial man-like harmony imposed on the animal kingdom. Two couples admire the squared, sculptured beauty. The smaller ends of both lutes point in the direction of this outdoor scene. The lutinist, by contrast, stares away from the garden, and the dog in still another direction. The shadow cast by the lute on the table is mysteriously sharp, indicating a light source almost directly above the table but definitely not from the open portico. Supporting the table on one side is a leg that looks like an urn or an urn that looks like a leg. The table cloth is designed with opening spirals that look like musical clefs or astronomical trajectories. The whole scene presents an intercourse between the square and the round. Surrounding the outdoor garden are the slightly wild, curvilinear forms of undomesticated trees. And the rounded shapes within the room suggest perhaps a design not devised by man in imitation, but just so. From man and dog, column and boss, black and white tile, drapery and towel, lute and lute, indeed the two couples in the garden, the theme of the emblem is easily detected as love. But the implications are much broader, and a great love is argued, between the circle and the square, God and man. The smaller ends of the lutes, pointing outside, are the base parts of a triadic instrument, strung to the greater sphere. They point everywhere to the harnessing by the base sphere of the temporal cube.

65. In Zion's Flowers (1644), Iff.

66. Fowler, Paradise Lost, p. 132n.

67. Du Bartas associates the humours in characteristic fashion with personal states of health, and mind; and with national states of mind (II, 93ff; see also Colonies, 575ff); see note 31 above. This is, I maintain, one of Donne's conceits in "The Canonization".

68. For the Androgyny of Marvell's "To His Coy Mistress", see Lawler, p. 230.


70. Sermons, VIII, 123.


72. Lawler, p. 250, attributes these titles to the vulgate definition of God and regards one perforce as feminine and the other as masculine.

73. de Givry, p. 357
Notes to Chapter 6


5. Ibid., p. 142.


7. Curtius, pp. 302ff.

8. Ibid., p. 323.

9. Ibid., p. 334ff; Curtius only knows of two instances of the book binding metaphor — this is assuredly another.


11. Curtius, p. 323.

12. Ibid., p. 324.

13. Bradstreet lavishes praise on Du Bartas in "The Prologue" (st. 2), but feels bitterly the burden of her sex, to be scorned for writing poetry; Taylor appears especially to owe to Sylvester in God's Determinations.


15. Tillyard, The Elizabethan World Picture (London, 1943); J.B. Bamborough, The Little World of Man (1952); for the chain of correspondences see A.O. Lovejoy, The Great Chain of Being (London, 1936); to name only three.


17. Allen, pp. 17ff, enlarges upon this list.

18. Donne, it seems to me, has greater interest in the body of Europe — "If a clod be washed away by the sea Europe is the less (Devotions upon Emergent Occasions, XVII); see also Elegy XI, below, also discussed in Chapter 5 — than in the body of England.

19. Devotions upon Emergent Occasions, XVII.

20. de Givry, 355ff, displays numerous emblems of the marriage of sun and moon.

21. Fish, pp. 61ff.

23. Ibid., p. 54.


25. This in turn brings to mind an image, quoted above, from William Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, of wind and tide neutralising one another.


27. Ibid., p. 392.

28. Like that species of fish alluded to in the Fifth Day, capable of eluding even the tenacious fisherman (245ff).

29. On the tradition of the whale as a misleading island to weary sailors, see Fowler, Paradise Lost, p. 56; George Coffin Taylor, p. 95. Again, the island animal is like those moving islands that figure in seventeenth century poetry.


31. Cotton, Evening Quatrains, sts. 3f.

32. George Coffin Taylor, p. 97.

33. Once or twice in his Odyssey Pope translates "branchy head"; also Tillotson, Augustan Poetic Diction, p. 84; Cowley, "Of Solitude", st. 8. Cowley's poem makes it clear that the "branched head" is a numerological hieroglyph for the intricacy of nature: "Though God himself, through countless ages thee/His soul Companion chose to be, Thee, sacred solitude, alone, Before the Branchy head of Numbers Tree/Sprang from the Trunk of One." The poem is noteworthy for its Sylvestrian hieroglyphs, including the word "Metropolis", st. 2. Like the crane all of these qualified animals are hieroglyphs. The "scalycrocodile" for instance refers to the regenerative Nile, from which they, like the Hebrews, were thought to spring. For this nexus the work that first comes to mind is Antony and Cleopatra, where the regenerative serpent and crocodile are omnipresent.

34. Compare Browne, Britannia's Pastorals, I, 756, where man is "Nature's Masterpiece".

35. Leishman, pp. 268ff.

36. Dorothy Broughton, ed., The Complete Works (London, 1952); the introduction of this work is valuable.

37. Ibid., p. 15.

38. Taylor's Penniless Pilgrimage, p. 140.


7. On the connection between the Scriptural view of nature and the Ovidian, an editorial remark affixed to Dryden's translation of Metamorphoses, I, reads: "The Golden Age, of which Ovid speaks, is still the same Tradition continued, but a Tradition always disfigured by the Fictions blended with it. Truth in the Poets never appears in any other Dress. They had learn'd that the First Man lived for some time in perfect Innocence; that the Ground in the Garden of Eden without Tillage furnish'd him Fruit and Food in Abundance, that the Animals, peaceable and obedient were submissive to his Orders: That after his Fall the Ground became unfruitful, and yielded nothing without the hardest Labour; and that all Nature revolted, and no longer acknowledged Man for its Master. This is the Golden Age, so much celebrated by the Poets; these are the Rivers flowing with Milk and Honey from all Quarters. The Ancients have placed in Italy, and under the Reign of Saturn and Janus, what the Holy Scripture relates of Adam and Noah. Were it allow'd me, in this Explication, to enter into such a Detail of Matters as the Parallel requires, I am persuaded I should render it more than probable. I shall satisfy myself by referring the Curious to the First Book of Bochart's Phaleg, Vossius's Treatise of Idolatry, and the I. Volume of my Explication of Fables." (Renaissance and the Gods Series, vol. 39, 1976, p. 7).

8. Curtius, p. 82.

9. Curtius, pp. 162ff, calls it "outdoing"; Turner, pp. 31f, calls it "out-topping".


12. "In the simple verse Catullus adopted the balance of the golden line, a pair of nouns, each with an adjective and a verb, the verb in the middle, and each pair divided by it, and partly in each half of the verse. Vergil in his early period wrote such verses; as mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calta, 'paints the soft irises with yellow marigold'; two adjectives, a verb, and then the two nouns." Knight, p. 184.

13. Eras and Modes, p. 15.
14. Sweet, hundred, sunne-proof and sundry (note the sound play), fruitfull, ever-green, thousand, th'holy, Pagan, great, dumb, fabled, godly, deafe, blissfull, happy (twice), al-clasping, sweet, hollow, fostering, th'il-savoury, all (thrice) self-same, thousand, over-ripe, green, egest and bittrest (with internal rhyme), Madera, hosome, tast-curious, wanton, Thousand, costly, various, dainty, each, common, gutter gorging, dutry, smooth-siding, pleasant, shady, noble, amorous, immortall; unleav'd (Du Bartas has here an active reflexive verb, "s'esfeuilloient"), self-arching, thousand, thousand, sweet, great, hot, hoary, lovely and lively (with internal rhyme and paronomasia), fragrant, smyling (twice), boistrous, Northren and Southern, sweet, musky, sweet, shining, slippery, stormy, violent, fruitfull, stammering, upper, wondrous, strange.

15. Same, goodly (twice), dame, first, long, endlesse (twice), all (six times), fruitfull (twice), two, either, bright, double (twice), faire, fresh (twice), old (thrice), dride, owne, mightie, almightie, dry, eternall, infinite, uncouth, every, sundry, comely, reasonable, continually (twice), laughing, wanton, heavy, joyous, shadie, sweet (twice), true, gentle, delightful, happie, immortall, fell, fond, gay.

16. These are (we barely miss capering, from the line before the extract), paveth, pranks, treads, (summons), plants, proines, pares, trimmeth, motleys, (fayned), beheld, flow'd, dangled, did mock, yeeld(ing) (twice), dresses, (abound), decks, bill, woo, hop (of animals), marrying, shrink, winck, afford, enag'd, dismounted, povertisht, (comprise).

17. Muske, allies, vallies (twice), brookes, nookes, arbors (twice), (lakes), (beauties), meads (twice), bowers, milke, plaine, Roses, Rew, hearbs, sugars, Apricock, plenty, store, foules and fishes, Candia, brincke, groves, Palme-tree sprayes (Mirtles, Bayes, layes, luster, pasture, vigour/verdure (twice), savor, moisture, fields.

18. This Garden of Love is inhabited by the same Cupids as inhabit Cleopatra's moving Garden in Antony and Cleopatra, her barge, a Fortunate Isle. Am I presumptuous to see a little of Du Bartas in Cleopatra's barge, somewhat of the Paradise that Du Bartas gives to Spenser? Du Bartas' Garden signifies the marriage of Egypt to Israel (Pharonida to Solomon), Shakespeare's the analogous marriage of Egypt to Rome. Of Pharonida's departure for Jerusalem, Sylvester says: 
"Wives, Maides, and Children, yong and old, each-where,/With looks and vowes from Turrets follow her:/Calme Nilus calmer than it wont is grow'n/Her Ships have merrie windes, the Seas have none:/Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-fresh/Her sight re-flowers th'Arabian Wilderness:/Jurie rejoyces, and in all the way/Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes, and Timbrels play:/The Flower-crownd People, swarming on the Green,/Cry stil, God save, God save, God save the Queen:"
(Magnificence, 789ff). See my Church Militant, allegorical summary of Antony and Cleopatra in Chapter 5, note 40.

19. Hamilton, p. 29In.

21. As a descriptive tool it appears frequently in Les Semaines. Du Bartas uses it to describe Solomon in the Magnificence, 455ff; see also the Law, 1350; compare Ronsard, Bergerie, 5lf.

22. Armstrong, p. 89.

23. The most characteristic or distinctive adjectives of natural description in the extracts are: mazie, smooth (twice), fragrant, sweet (thrice), sweeter, coloured, shadie, arched, thicke, leavie, painted, plenteous, pleasant, (Hydrantike is novel), goodly (twice), cleere, lillie-paved, precious, liquid, curling, chiding, christall, art-les, (eating), loving, lustie (twice), richest, pide, divers, (kindly), mossie, silent, captive, crooked (twice), gentle (twice), beguiling, curious, counter-feited, airie, slender (twice), green, neighbour, faire, prodigue, amorous, freshly-fine, (eternally), lively varyfied, starry, toil-les, immortal (twice), soft (twice), broad-leav'd, soothing, deep (twice), Wyly, queint, wittle-prettie, boundless, sugred, (immortal), enchanting, frollike, fraughted, balmy, oer-laden, (inflamed), downie, stooping, idle, wanion (twice), gawdie, flowrie, horned, nimble. These represent more than half of the adjectives in the extracts. There are as well nearly twenty compound epithets. Distinctive adjectives like Hydrantike and un-graf (Du Bartas, "non-entez", 467) are also worth noting. Prodigue comes straight from Du Bartas (487), and possibly further, from Ronsard.

24. Treading, sailes, reposes, dresse, beset, beare, impaeld, tangle, dangle, planted, plucking, stalketh, mazing, moates, (creepeth) (see Milton, Paradise Lost, VII, 590ff?), congeald, seeled, fring'd, purfled, thrumbd rushing, mising, wanders, hedged, licking, feeding, (fed), brouz'd, waters, clad, suiting, smiles, (mount), tild, dis-leaves, roars, bereaves, stoopeth, to kiss, whistling, woues, twine, plunged, to crack, hatch, (kindled), to pearch-upon, exhales, (bestrides), beguiles.

25. And so with the nouns, of which we need note only the typical, the exotic, and the descriptive: love-knottes, lozenges, lane, Plane, boughes (twice), Frize Corniche, Orchard, Checker, pebbles, gemmes, gold, silver, torrent, murmure, current, banckes, allies (n.b.; Du Bartas, "allees"), booth, beawties, posies, dies, Porphyrie, satietie, varietie, spowtes, antikes, Jaspir, vaines, bever, Meanders, strayes, maze, gushing, Rosemarie, border, corse, moisture, fodder, Grove (twice), green, Lawnes, pomp, colours, Zeohyrus, Auster, Palm-Tree (twice), calm, whispers, (Plane-Tree, Poplar, Elme, Ivie, Oak), pleasure, nectar, Lovelings, nests, (couteyes), Apple-Tree, sparrow, lime-twiggs, (Wren, Finch, Linot, Tit-mouse, Wag-Tail, Cock, Hen), (Parrot, Peacock, Swan, Phaisant, Ring-Dove, Culver), Roseboughes, wags, butter-flyes (twice). Even the particularisation among these are designed to indicate multifariousness, and to provide encyclopedic and affective asyndeton.

26. Though this is somewhat of a commonplace with respect to Shakespeare, and to the Ovidian minor epics, it is taken up positively in recent work by Hulse; and by Gordon Braden, The Classics and English Renaissance Poetry (New Haven, 1978), pp. Iff. Even poets allegedly unreceptive to the Ovidian strain made use of it. James Mulvihill, "Jonson's Poetaster and the Ovidian Debate" SEL, 22 (1982), qualifies for example Jonson's reputed dislike of the Ovidian strain. This makes more palatable Jonson's association with Sylvester, and his dedication to Divine Weeks.


29. See my lists in *Excursus II* of Sylvestrian compounds; see also Arthos, "Studies in the Diction", pp. 83ff; *Natural Description*, p. 4.

30. The marginal note (p. 3) says of this word: "... I have rather rendered in a familiar word, nor less agreeable to the subject."

31. Leishman discusses these generally, pp. 159ff.

32. See *Excursus II*.


34. Mack, pp. cciif.

35. Bawcutt, pp. 69ff.


37. I take this impression from Professor I.D. McFarlane, who, at a lecture at the University of Glasgow marking the quint-centenary of Buchanan's death in 1982, characterised Buchanan in this way. Professor Peter Walsh's translation of *Jephtha*, soon to be published, grapples with the problem of poetic diction, not an invented problem but one posed by the original.


40. Bawcutt, p. 90.

41. Ibid., p. 128.

42. Watt, p. 70.


45. See Arthos, *Natural Description*, p. 68n.

46. Compare Sylvester's "imperiall airy people" in *Handy-Crafts*, "winged people" in *Schism*, and "th'ayrie broods" in *Ark*; see Arthos, *Natural Description*, pp. 359ff.

47. We might compare also VI, sts. 20ff.

48. Pope reflects negatively on the sort of mechanism found in "did sit between", saying: "Another nicety as in relation to Expletives, whether words or syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a vacancy: Do before verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but future refiners may explode did and does in the same manner, which are almost always used for the sake of rhyme." In Leishman, p. 147.
49. See Fowler, Paradise Lost, p. 231n.


52. Ibid., pp. 47ff.

53. Ibid., p. 48.

54. Ibid., p. 60.

55. In Aubin, p. 49.


58. See Aubin, p. 17, for remarks on this.


60. "Brief Advertissement", p. 220.

61. For portraiture see also, I082.


63. Hulse, p. 185. On the subject of painting see Chapter 4.

64. Ibid., p. 185.

65. Leishman, p. 275.


67. See also "Lycidas", 133ff.

68. Or in William Strode: "When Westwell Dounes I 'gan to tread, Where cleanly wynds the green did sweepe/Methought a landscip there was spread."

69. For a more conventional treatment see Windsor Forest, 438ff.

70. John Philips, Cyder, I, 563ff.


73. Leishman, pp. 117ff.

74. Ibid., p. 119.
75. Lewis, English Literature in the Sixteenth Century, p. 521.
77. Leishman, p. 272.
78. Ibid., p. 227.
82. Curtius, p. 195.
83. Ibid., p. 195.
84. Leishman, p. 236.
85. See Drummond of Hawthornden, Poems I, Song I.
86. This designation I take from Leishman, p. 224.
87. Ibid., p. 228.
88. And again in Paradise Lost, IV, 156ff.
89. Compare Parnell's "aspius quiver"; also Gay's "waving green" below in the text.
90. See Paradise Lost, IV, 156ff.
91. See Leishman, p. 242.
92. See Barfield, p. 98.
93. In Turner, p. 25.
95. See also IV, 587ff; compare Chaucer, Troilus and Criseyde, V, 8.
97. Taken from R.M. Durling's translation of 1976.
98. Leishman, p. 274.
99. These I owe to Leishman, p. 273.
101. Ibid., p. 32.
102. See Magnificence, 963.
103. Hamilton, p. 512n, refers to Cooper’s terminology: "hereof all crooked and subtile turning ways, meanes and divises be called Meandri."

104. Bawcutt, p. 86; Curtius, p. 356.

105. Turner, pp. 31, 41.

106. Ibid., p. 199n.

107. See OED, "meandry".


110. Compare Furies, 181ff.


112. Compare Edward Young, Night Thoughts, I, 18ff.

113. From the epistle To the Right Honourable John Lord Haughton, affixed to The Spanish Fryar (1681); Leishman also discusses this passage, p. 275.


115. Braden examines this at some length, pp. 46ff.

116. Curtius, p. 66.


118. For candying see Antony and Cleopatra, IV, xii, 22; and elsewhere in the play; and in Hamlet and The Tempest.

119. Some of these echoes I owe to Leishman, pp. 276f.

120. Lee, pp. 334ff.

121. Jenkins, pp. 113f.

122. See OED, sense four.

123. Poems (1929), p. 27.

124. Aubin, pp. 72f.

125. Ibid., pp. 73ff.

126. Ibid., p. 71.

127. London, 1909; pp. 192f; see Arthos, Natural Description, p. 46.


129. On the "Hyper-Borean" condition see Cawley, pp. 31ff.
131. See Chapter 3 (e.g., *Iliad*, XII, 275ff).
132. On this kind of natural simile see Mack, pp. xcvff.
134. Ibid., p. 109.
135. See *Paradise Regained*, IV, 105ff, 372ff, et passim.
136. Compare Sylvester's epithet "Blood-shedding steel" (III, 906); see also other-such compounds in *Excursus II*.
137. See *OED*, "assize".
139. Lawler, pp. 51ff.
140. Ibid., pp. 52ff. I have avoided going into the numerological side of *Divine Weeks* and of Sylvester's language, indeed, of his alphabet. I have felt uncomfortable in this area, as I have felt uncomfortable when discussing alchemy. On numerological structures see Fowler, *Spenser and the Numbers of Time* (1964), but especially *Triumphal Forms* (Cambridge, 1970), pp. 15ff, and throughout (on Du Bartas, p. 138).
Notes to Chapter 8

1. The subject of the Paradise is covered in Giamatti; see also Curtius, pp. 183ff, et passim.


4. Ure, p. 377; I have likewise suggested that parts of Sylvester's translation must have existed well before 1598, that is, apart from the two fragments, "The Sacrifice of Isaac" and "The Ship-Wreck of Jonas", published in The Triumph of Faith (1592); the gap of six years is long in the case of Sylvester.

5. The Paradise is almost by definition indeterminate; it seems to float about Asia, the Southern Hemisphere, and figuratively about Europe - a floating island. In much the same way the capital or centre of the Church Militant is indeterminate.

6. Leishman, pp. 284f; he mentions also Giles Fletcher's Epicedium Cantabrigiense (1612); Shakespeare's Henry V, V, ii, 36f.

7. Barfield, p. 176. Thomas Campion reflects upon the heroic poets of his age who employ classical polysyllable names to "supply the defect of our hardly intreated Dactile", in Smith, vol. II, p. 333; this subject is taken up by Jones, pp. 197f; on borrowing, see Jones, pp. 71ff; on useful, scientific and mnemonic language see Jones, Chapter 10.


10. Aubin, pp. 4f.


13. Ibid., pp. 19f.


17. Aubin, p. 17.


20. Cawley, pp. 16ff.

21. I return here to the conception of the Church Militant continually relocating its "Metropolis", Jerusalem, until it finally comes full circle to the New Jerusalem. The equation of England (Thames) with Egypt and Jerusalem is consonant. Egypt was in one sense the birth place of Jewish nationhood (the image of Egypt as the birth place of the Christian heritage is constant in Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra); Jerusalem was the axis of this nationhood. The picture of James as a new David developed in this chapter probably relates to James' perception of himself as the new David; for this point of view see Campbell, Divine Poetry and Drama, p. 82.
Notes to Postscript

1. Fletcher, Prophetic Moment, p. II.

2. It was and is too late to repair any damages in respect of this oversight. It is just possible that Fletcher lay at the back of my mind from an old familiarity with the book. It is however most unlikely. My thoughts were triggered to the greater subject of instruction by Stanley Fish's temple, at a time when I was discovering temples in Sylvester's Du Bartas. And the labyrinth I came onto naturally in Divine Weeks.
Notes to Excursus II

1. Barfield, pp. 118f, 135f, et passim.


5. "golden Throne" (Decay, 29), "black Thunder" (Decay, 59), "dark black rage" (Trophies, 389), "black Ignorance" (Magnificence, 1248), "sable poysen" (Law, 118), "green maids" (Law, 896), "silver tongue" (Law, 21), "Juggler jet" (Colonies, 648), "greenest pride" (IV), etc...

6. We have seen the colours of shade in Marvell and in Vocation, 555ff; Virgil has "green shadows" and Sylvester has a "brown shadow" (Colonies, 280).

7. See Aristotle, Poetics, XXI.


9. Thomas Blount in Glossographia defines: "Paphian fire or shot for the fire or arrows of Love".


13. For some of these see note 11.


15. Arthos, Natural Description, pp. 33, and appendix.

16. One testimony for the fixed language of poetry is quoted in Tillotson, Augustan Poetic Diction, pp. 83f.

17. Including: brawny, fumie, grovie, inky, jetty, knobby, leafie, mazy, owly, prickly, sulph'ry, spicie.
18. Not at all in *Natural Description*, or only in connection with compounds and periphrases (pp. 3ff).


20. See Milton, *Comus*, 440, "congealed stone".

21. Two past participle adjectives not in the pattern of the others but apparently new to the language are "boundified" (*Vocation*, 2) and "starrified" (*Handy-Crafts*, 402).

22. "Trickling" may be another one of those adjectives of mazy motion; its context in "trickling hands" (*Vocation*, 439) would suggest so.

23. See Dryden's *Georgics*, IV, 248, "puffing bellows"; I, 119, "fatt'ning dung". These and other present participle adjectives are especially common in Dryden's translation of Virgil, but appear throughout his poetry.

24. *Magnificence*, 288; *Imposture*, 210; I, 590; IV, 148; *Trophies*, 682; *Law*; II97, V, 199; *Handy-Crafts*, 170; III, 480.

25. I have already remarked Sylvester's interest in "path less-paths". While the oxymoron may be left behind by much of Augustan poetry, it adopts the -less ending willingly.


27. Ibid., p. 133.
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