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

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	<u>Page</u>
Acknowledgements	ii
SUMMARY	iv
 <u>CHAPTER 1</u>	
INTRODUCTION	1
 <u>CHAPTER 2</u>	
THE BARTASIAN MIXED GENRE	14
 <u>CHAPTER 3</u>	
SIMILE	31
 <u>CHAPTER 4</u>	
SOME ASPECTS OF STYLE	46
I.	46
II. Versification and Rhyme	48
III. Repetitional Devices	61
 <u>CHAPTER 5</u>	
HIEROGLYPHIC LANGUAGE AND IMAGERY (THE METAPHYSICAL WIT)	88
I. Antithesis: Unity in Opposition	88
II. Androgyny: Sexual and Celestial Fusion	95
III. Creation: Geography and Geometry	111
IV. The Magnetic Pole	123
V. The Whirling of Creation: <u>Discordia Concors</u> , Giving Shape to the Lump	130
VI. Musical Sympathy: Stringing Creation and Conclusion	153
VII. Celestial and Sexual Fusion: Profane Love and the <u>Impossibilia</u>	171
 <u>CHAPTER 6</u>	
METAPHORS OF INSTRUCTION AND REVELATION	184
I. The Universal Container	184
II. Containing Animals, and Contained: the Character of High and Low	200
 <u>CHAPTER 7</u>	
NATURE IMAGERY AND NATURAL DESCRIPTION	227
I. The Paradisiacal "Garden"	227
I. Spenser	230
The Garden in France	242
Ovid	246
Homer	256
Virgil.....	259

	<u>Page</u>
Harington's Ariosto and Fairfax's Tasso	265
Seventeenth Century Paradises	268
2. The Painting Metaphor	277
3. Nature's Dress	307
4. Woven Nature: The Dance	325
II. Nature Fallen	353
1. The Metamorphic Principle	354
2. Seasonal Features: Mountains and Wind	378
III. Three Planes of War	390
1. The Crop of Victory	390
2. A Second Estate: From Courtly Tower to Country Bower Through Heroic Plain	404
3. The Hero	408
4. Christ Victorious	421
5. The Map of Celestial Ornament	424
6. Some Letters of the Rubric	431
 <u>CHAPTER 8</u>	
TOPOGRAPHICAL POETRY: THE GARDEN AND RIVER LOCALISATION	433
POST-SCRIPT	464
EXCURSUS I: DONNE'S "THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY"	466
EXCURSUS II: SYLVESTRIAN WORD AND LANGUAGE FORMULATIONS	479
Adjective	479
Verb	491
Some Oxymorons	492
Compound Epithet	494
Periphrasis	519
NOTES	541
SELECT BIBLIOGRAPHY	577

SUMMARY

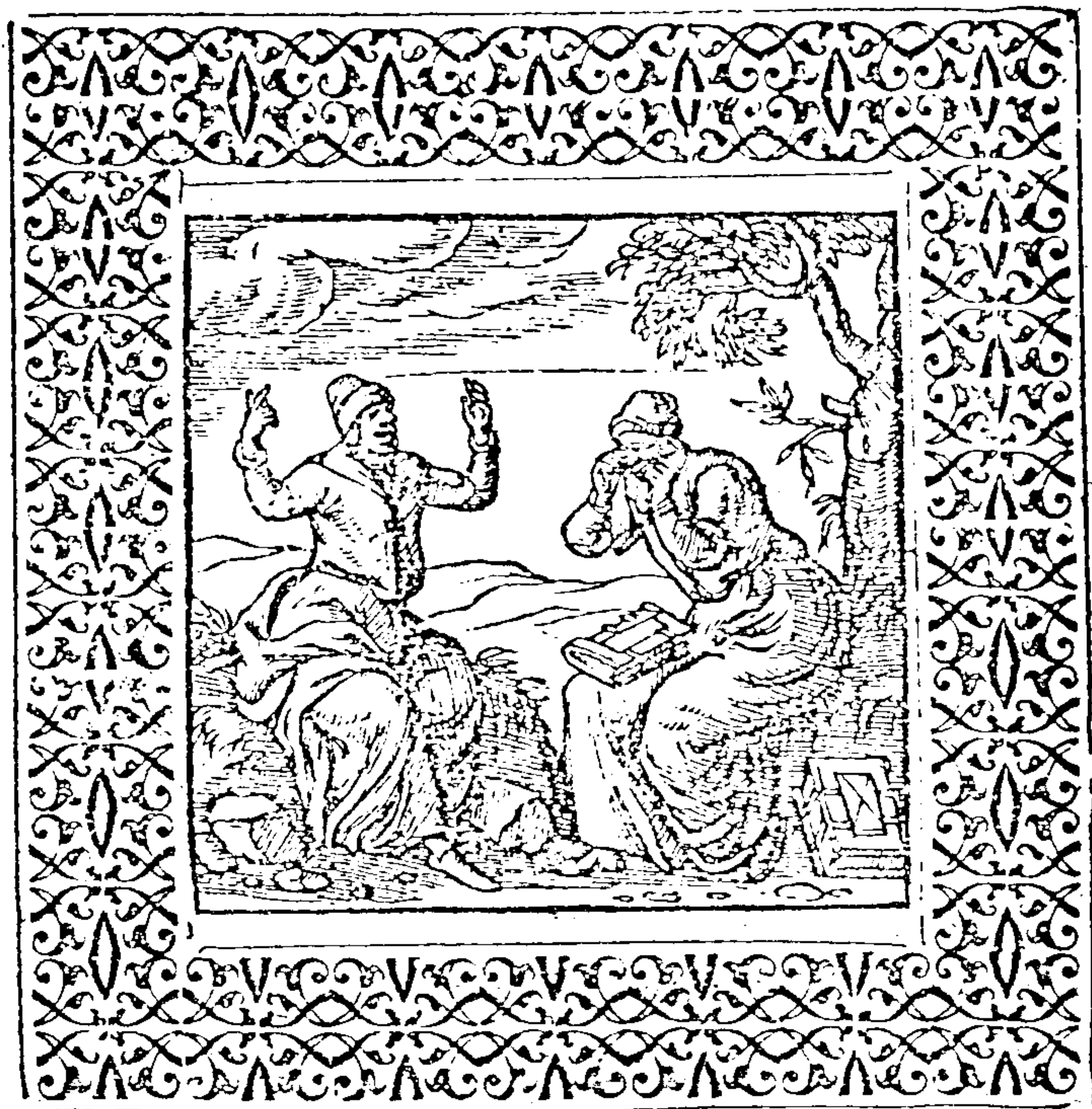
This dissertation first sets out to place Du Bartas' Les Semaines in its religious and epic setting, and argues that the poem's mission is to exist as poetry and as religious instruction at the same time. From this and its philosophical backdrop emerges a poetry that emphasises equation, or fusion, over 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.



*In his, Seneca
De Tran-
quillitate vitz.*

THE wicked worlde, so false and full of crime,
Did alwaies moue HERACLITVS to weepe,
The fadinge ioyes, and follies of that time,
DEMOCRITVS did driue to laughter deepe,
Thus heynous sinne, and follie did procure
Theise famous men, suche passions to indure.

What if they liude, and shoulde behoulde this age
Which ouerflowes, with swellinge seas of sinne:
Where fooles, by swarmes, doe presse vppon the stage,
With hellishe Impes, that like haue neuer binne:
I thinke this sighte, shoulde hasten their decaye
Then helpe vs God, and Sathans furie staie.

Horatius.

*Damnosa quid non imminuit dies?
Ætas parentum peior auis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosorem.*

Voluptas

CHAPTER 1

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 gnomon 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 employ⁹ — 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.¹⁰

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".¹¹ 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.¹²

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 hexameter 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 hexameter 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 Metaphysicals 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'.¹⁶

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.¹⁷ 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.¹⁸ 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,..."²¹ Long after the teleological science had ended the ideas stood firm as a metaphor for what poetry was deemed to be about, universality. Sylvester's language — to answer Arthos' question²² — 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.²³

* * * * *

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".²⁴ 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.²⁵ 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.²⁶ 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;²⁷ 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.²⁸ 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 vigorously supported Sylvester's claim to a middle rank among seventeenth century poets, and argued generally his relation to and influence on his peers.²⁹ 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.³⁰ 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.³¹ 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.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 hexam^eæron. 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.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."³³ 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 excursions.

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 apologise. 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."³⁴ 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 Du Bartas are taken from U.T. Holmes, Jr., J.C. Lyons, R.W. Linker, eds., The Works of Guillaume De Salluste Sieur Du Bartas. 3 vols., Chapel Hill, N.C., 1935-40.

Quotations from Sylvester are taken from Susan Snyder, ed., The Divine Weeks and Works of Guillaume De Saluste Sieur Du Bartas. Translated by Josuah Sylvester. 2 vols., Oxford, 1979.

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".¹ 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.² 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.³ 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."⁴ 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.
 — Law, 13ff

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."⁵ 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."⁶ 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.⁷ Old also are the traditions that invoke God or Christ,⁸ 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.⁸ Lilly B. Campbell argues that it is Du Bartas who first translates Urania into the Christian muse, in, not surprisingly, La Muse Chretienne (1574?)⁹ 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:

Thou holy gost, comfort and sanctifye
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,¹¹ 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 duldest 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. 2-3¹³

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 saint 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 mans 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, I, lff

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 demon-
 strated this¹⁴ — 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 vray quelque raison, mais je las
 prie considérer que je les ay clair-semez; et quant j'en
 use c'est par métonymie, ou faisant quelque allusion a
 leurs fables, ce qui a esté pratiqué, jusqu'à present, par

ceus qui nous ont donné poèmes chrestiens. La poésie est de si long temps en saisine de ces termes fabuleus qu'il est impossible de l'en déposséder que pié à pié.¹⁵

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, endeverting 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,
 Straunge woorshippes 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 woorshipt 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 monstrous thing, for Godds mistaken weere.
 There was no vertue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mynd
 Or bodye, but some God thertoo 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.
 lff¹⁶

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".¹⁷ 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.¹⁸ In both it is clear that mythical allusions must carry their "theological passports",¹⁹ 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 metonymies 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.
lff

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).²⁰ 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 anciently 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 emphasise 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 foorth 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, majestic, and sublime".²⁵ 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.²⁶ 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."²⁷ 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 ^{ever} chaste except you ravish me

he invokes religious and poetic furor and fervor.²⁸ 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";²⁹ which is, to use Eliot, a "mechanism of sensibility which could devour any type of experience";³⁰ 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 Sabbaoth 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'nly Courtiars, to your King the nighest:
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 Celestiall 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."³¹ But one aspect of both apostrophes owes directly to the classical tradition, that is,

conclusion because of the end of the day.³² 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.³³ 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 helpe to
 measure the soule into that better world, Divine Poetry,...³⁴

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 discerne,
 That teaching others, I my selfe may learne.
 I, 7ff

This represents yet another topos,³⁵ 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 adventurous Song,
 That 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 outspread
 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.
 I, 12ff

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 house-hold cares, my healths infirmity;
 My drooping sorrowes for late grievous losses;
 My busie sutes, and other bitter crosses.
 Ark, lff

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-woolsie-wise)
 This gold-ground Tissue with too-mean supplies.
Magnificence, 17ff

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 barley 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, 165ff

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, 11, 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)." ³⁸ 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 ^hither am I brought?
 This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vaulte,
 Which daies reducing and renewing nightes,
 Renewes the griefe of mine afflicted sprights;
 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, 49lff, and Sylvester's interpolation, I, 12ff. And the topos passes especially to metaphysical poetry.

Other topoi common in Les Semaines include that of "youthful age" (e.g., Fathers, 17ff, which compares interestingly in structure with Scaliger's "Florido en anos, en prudencia cano").³⁹ 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 neo-platonic macrocosm was something they had in common with a tradition beginning with Saint Basil's Hexameron, which frequently took on the hexameters of Roman poetry.⁴⁰ Du Bartas' debt to Saint Basil has been argued conclusively.⁴¹ His debt to Virgil and to Homer was a self-admitted one, and a Pleiade one.⁴² 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.¹ 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."² 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 ..."³ 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 downe 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 storm's 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 dispaire betrayes-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
Throngs 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 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 ISAAC'S civil Brauls and Broils
Schism, I

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,
 décrit les batailles et assaults, 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 divinité.⁵

In Sylvester's translation even style bears the effects of this metamorphosis: the interrogative — question and answer — approach to the narrative fact-book 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.⁹ Du Bartas and Milton are possibly aware of Calvin's use of classical illustration as negative allusion: "infinitely more than ..."; "not as in"; "unlike ...".¹⁰ 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 ...¹¹

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 souldiers falling, one another kill
 (As with his weight, a hollow Rockie-Hill,
 Torn with som 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 *Annus 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, ll35ff) 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, ll4lff

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

Some torne in peeces with the whirling wheeles,
Some trod to death under ^{we}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 seely 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 Abraham
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 fallen by chance upon a forest side
 Among dry leaves; a-while in secret shrowdes,
 Lifting a-loft small, smoakie-waving clowdes,
 Till fanned by the fawning windes, it blushes . . .
 Climbes fragrant Hawthornes, 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, 119ff

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 hoast, 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

simile is foregrounded, and the picture it presents must also perforce be foregrounded. The natural, picturesque image of moving water is not only of value in its context, but is a favourite image in Bartasian nature description for important reasons, and, as such, calls to be employed:

For, as a stone that midst a Pond yee fling,
 About his fall first forms a little ring,
 Wherein, new Circles one in other growing
 (Through the smooth Waters gentle-gentle flowing)
 Still one the other more and more compell
 From the Ponds Center, where the stone first fell;
 Till at the last the largest of the Rounds
 From side to side gainst every banke rebounds:
 So, from th 'Earths Center (which I heere suppose
 About the Place where God did Tongues transpose)
 Man (day by day his wit repolishing)
 Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to spring,
 As he doth spread, and shed in divers shoales
 His fruitfull Spawne, round under both the Poles.
Colonies, 297ff

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:

Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
"The Hermit", 18ff¹⁶

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 turnes; 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 Souldiar, and as oft re-win-it.
 32lff

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 Raine 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 onomatopoeia:

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 dewes 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 straightned;....
Paradise Lost, I, 767ff¹⁷

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 warme
 The hunnie-makers buissie-buzzing Swarme
 With humming threats throngs 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.
 III, 183ff ¹⁸

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,¹⁹ becomes dialectically functional in Les Semaines. We might remember the inability of William Browne's dove to outguess its 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 pursew
 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.
Vocation, 859ff

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
 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

I.

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",¹ rhetorical schoolboy antics continued into the seventeenth century and lamentably after. The persistence 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 favour² — 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.³ In it there is something of Margreta De Grazia's unpublished Princeton thesis.⁴ De Grazia, admittedly under the influence — as of an hallucinogenic 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".⁵ 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".⁶ 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".⁷ And the Pleiade enthusiastically took up the doctrine of natural inspiration, and of sublimity, or "altitude of style".⁸ 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".⁹

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 exclams" (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.¹⁰ 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.¹¹ 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.¹²

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.¹³ In 1589, however, George Puttenham asserted that the ten syllable verse is "very stately and heroically".¹⁴

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 fourteeners (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:

Les autres disent que les rimes de asses à exes; de nue a veue, et autres de pareille facon sont licentieuses, et offencant les oreilles vraiment françoises. J'avoue bien qu'elles ne sont pas riches, mais outres qu'elles sont rares, que les plus renommes entre le nostres en ont use, qu'en un si grand ouvrage quelque chose doit estre permise, et que ceus qui sont bien versez en la lecon de mes escrits scavent combien ailleurs je suis religieux observateur des cadences, et fraternites des mots qui se rencontrent à la fin des carmes, je promets d'escouter, caché comme un Appelle derriere mon tableau, l'avis de tous, et me conformer a celui 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.¹⁸ 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, 1119f), 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".¹⁹ 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,²⁰ 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, 40lf; I, 30lf).²¹ 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/Hills" (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 highly 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 mischief, 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.²² Surely one attraction for Milton of Sylvester's remarkable line

Immutable, immortall, infinite
I, 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 Divine Weeks, God is also

Invisible, immortall, infinite.
I, 34

Incomprehensible, all spirit, all light,
I, 46

Invisible, impassive, excellent,
I, 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" (I, 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 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;²³ 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".²⁴ 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;²⁵ 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 enemy capital de l'eloquence poetique", says Ronsard.²⁶ 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.²⁷ Where do the Pleiade see "grace" and "art"? Ronsard advocates "figures, schemes, tropes, metaphores, phrases, and periphrases".²⁸ 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 erréné, 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 allègent ce carme,
Le champ plat, bat etc.²⁹

The clause "et qui coule lascivement ainsi qu'un vaudeville ou une chansonnette 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 denies. 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,³² difficult to translate with its word and sound play:

La gentile Alouette avec son tire-lire
Tire l'ire a l'ire, et tire'lirant 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 Adiew.
 V, 66lff

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."³³ 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 onomatopoeⁱas (Eden, 353f; Furies, 585; Columns, 757; Captains, 353; Vocation, 32lf; 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 ...)".³⁴ For Gascoigne the

offenders are mostly indiscreteous 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 Puttenham 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 rakehellie 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! ♂ sacred plant divine!
What mettall, stone, stalke, fruite, flower, roote, 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 cultives se plaisent a considerer la poesie, ou mieux la versification, comme un jeu, comme une gymnastique litteraire".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 antithesis 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 antanaclassis. But a conscious use of alliteration to enforce chiastic or progressive patterning is essential to Divine Weeks. Lawler points to similar chiastic and progressive (serpentine) 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 fulfils 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, 745), "bashfully-bold" (Babylon, 598), "thin-thickness" (III, 1069), "slowly-swiftly" (I, 125)).

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.⁴⁶ 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, 401ff; Handy-Crafts, 623f), -ed ending participial rhymes (e.g., Trophies, 296; III, 391), 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, 381f; 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 fusive 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".⁴⁷ But R.E. McFarland properly remarks that the device (and other structural ones) frequently accompanies antithesis.⁴⁸ 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 sleepes:
 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 Ill:)
 Our sacred Comforter (the Spirit of Light)
 Who steers us still in the True 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 Pious 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:

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

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 this 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 deepe 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 forlorne
 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 mankind 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 appears a flaming 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 flukes about the Aire to 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 symplece (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 beamie 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 mettall'd minds,
 The wholesome hearbes, 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".⁵¹

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 lanching 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'ns 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 drowns 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 reenforcing 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 adorne:
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.
 I, llf

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 catechism⁵⁴ 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'appose the King; and shee resolves shee 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'ns 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, ll85ff

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.⁵⁵ But these are more substantial than Fish assumes.⁵⁶ 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."⁵⁷ 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.⁵⁸ 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.⁵⁹ 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.⁶⁰ 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

descriptive, tropological, plot to follow.

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.⁶¹ 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 perceave a Wind-mills sayles to goe,
 But not the Wind that doth transport them so.
 I, 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:
 II, 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, inspirer 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 auxiliary 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
Law, 20,

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,...
 III, 827ff

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.⁶² 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 murm'ring corrents)
 These murm'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 whiffethe 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 praying 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 Concords making Motes to meete,
 Invisible, immortall, infinite.
 Th'immutable 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 selves Pallace, hoast and guest.
 I, 30ff

Here the plocce 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/originall"), and he uses the syllable again in internal rhyme (albeit, weakly, in "invisible, immortall", "immutable"). Out of nothing comes all; God then introduces Time, and Sylvester ploces this word. Following Du Bartas, he echoes Ovid,⁶⁴ dividing time into its component parts, then re-uniting them — importantly — in a primal dance. Then

Sylvester renews the ploc 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 ploc, new ploc, and return to original ploc 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 transcendently.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 "decrecendo" 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".⁶⁸

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, antanac~~a~~clasis — 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)⁶⁹ — 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, antanac~~a~~clasis, 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).⁷⁰ 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 adverbial 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:

Maime 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.
I, 416

(Which, sugred Mel, or melled Sugar 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,⁷¹ 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-done⁷²

Paronomasia and antanaclassis 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-cabbalistic, yet still a mysterious way of reading the creative word or book:

To read this Booke, we need not understand
Each Strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turkes Characters, 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 Spheares above their highest heighth:
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, occuring 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. Bartholemew's Day massacre (III, 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 surmize.
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 paronomasia discussed above:

Raising poor Vertue, raising 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's new-springing raies
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 paronomasia 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 "L^{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-attractions, fitted together like arcs and lines."⁷⁴ 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.⁷⁵ 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 ^{imitates the} 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".⁷⁶ I think I have disputed the generalisation without disturbing the thrust of the statement. Milton too, having no inordinant 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)

I. Antithesis: Unity in Opposition¹

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.²

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.⁵ Poetically this antithesis has a long lineage; it maybe found in Virgil, for instance: ne ... Boreae penetrabile frigus adurat ("That the north wind's piercing cold may not scorch them", Georgics, I, 92f).

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.⁶

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.⁷ 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'erthelesse, 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 disproportions 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:

But, wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigourously and philosophically considered as a kind of discordia concors; a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons and allusions;⁸

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 metaphysical 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 insidious as a perfect calm", as a matter of antiperistatic definition: 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 drawes
 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.
 2lff

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":

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 incompatibility 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 analogistically 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 ³fagot₁ 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.¹⁰

In Elegy IX Donne says, "I hate extreame", 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, 917f

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 **M**irtles 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 carmina possunt,/Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ovo.¹¹ 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.
126ff

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.
319ff

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, 981f

The lines here make use of the repeated adverb "as", in a progression not unlike the device of climax. The development is not chiasitic, 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 empasioned 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 sainte 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, 105lff

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 emblematics 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 Cantos" 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 the 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 Inn". 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.
 25ff¹⁷

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 demonstratively 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 fire.
 For, having passed under divers Climes,
 A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes,
 Worne out with yeeres, wishing her end-lesse 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 heap reflecting)
 To burne her sacred bones to seed-full Cinders

.... (re-ingendred of its selfly seed)
 By nobly dying a new Date begins,
 And where she loseth, there her life she winnes:
 End-lesse 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 translation 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 disdain,
 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-enchanted 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 "imperial 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 Cantoës 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, 671; 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.²⁰ 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 Anniversaries. 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,²¹ 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.²² 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 agnomination on "Godling" and "Gods":

Those learned Spirits whose wits applied wrong,
 With wanton Charmes of their enchanting 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 Dwarfe, a Bastard,
 No pettie Godling, but the Gods great Maister.
 lff

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."²³ 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'enchanting 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-leuell'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 setled Seasons would be then uncertaine.
 III, 403ff

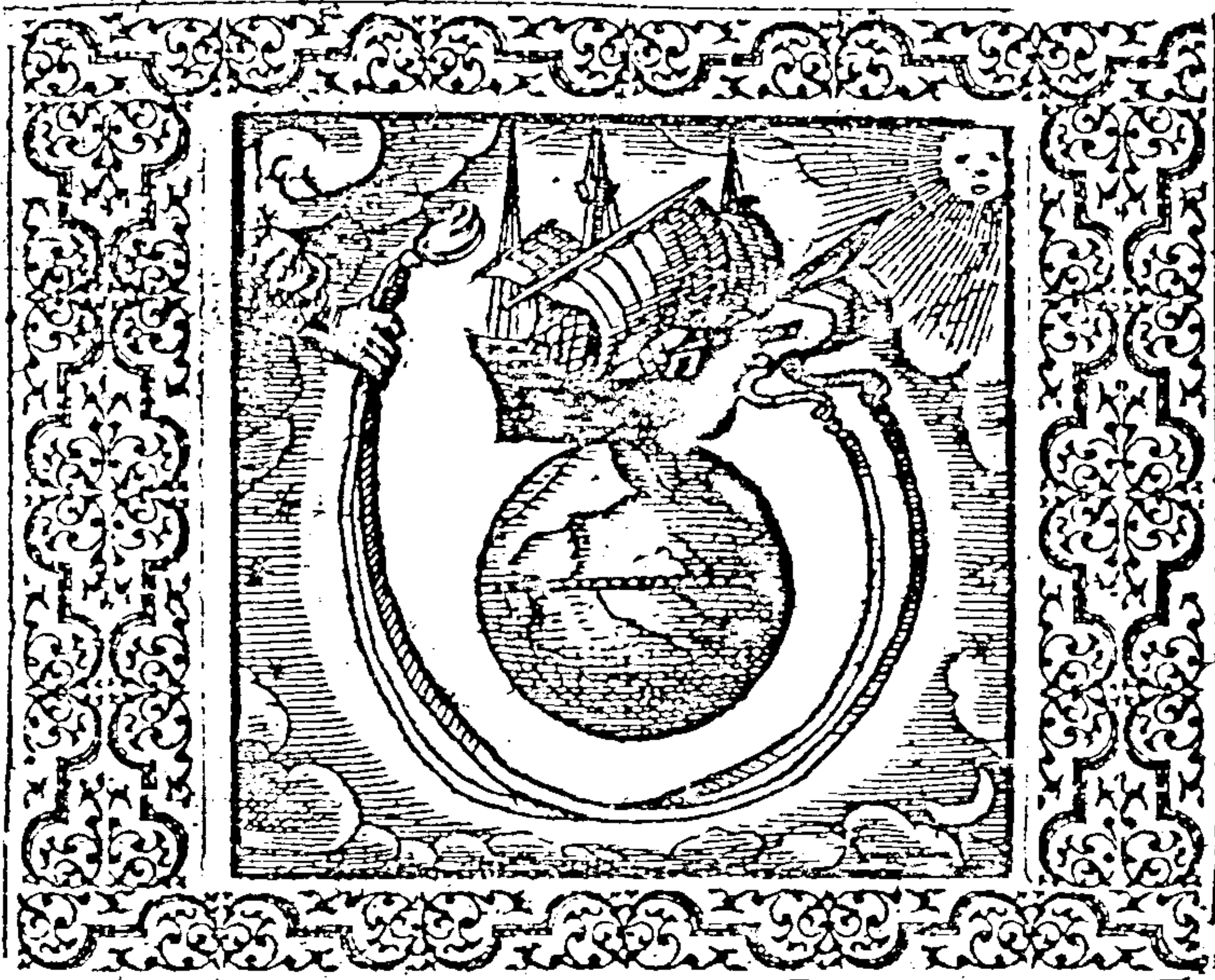
The first quotation translates Du Bartas' "or' sus or' sous les eaux" (VII, 71), in which the word-play unavoidably joins the bottom with the top; the second possibly misreads — perhaps deliberately — Du Bartas' "Antichthons". Goulart casually remarks, "Some confound the word Antichthons, with that of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

103

To RICHARD DRAKE Esquier, in praise of
Sir FRANCIS DRAKE Knight.



THROVGH E scorchinge heate, throughc coulde, in stormes, and
tempests force,
By ragged rocks, by shelves, & landes: this Knighte did keepe his course.
By gapinge gulfes hee pass'd, by monsters of the flood,
By pirates, theeves, and cruell foes, that long'd to spill his blood.
That wonder greate to seape: but, G O D was on his side,
And throughc them all, in spite of all, his shaken shippe did guide.
And, to requite his paines: *By helpe of power deuine.*
His happe, at lengthe did aunswere hope, to finde the goulden-mine.
Let G R A E C I A then forbearc, to praise her I A S O N boulder?
Who throughc the watchfull dragons pass'd, to win the fleece of goulde.
Since by M E D E A s helpe, they weare inchaunted all,
And I A S O N without perrilles, pass'd: the conqueste therfore small?
But, hee, of whome I write, this noble minded D R A K E,
Did bringe away his goulden fleece, when thousand eies did wake.
Wherefore, yee woorthie wightes, that seeke for forreine landes:
Yf that you can, come alwaile home, by G A N G E s goulden sandes.
And you, that liue at home, and can not brooke the flood,
Geue praise to them, that passe the waues, to doe their countrie good.
Before which sorte, as chiefe: in tempeste, and in calme,
Sir FRANCIS DRAKE, by due deserte, may weare the goulden palme.

Ouid. Met. lib. 7.

AUSTIN

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,²⁸ 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 Zodiacke:
III, 393ff

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 ways 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.
 57ff

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 infidelity (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, 408f³²

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.
 II, 595ff

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.
 III, 411ff

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?
 16f

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 geography 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", "Equinoctiall" (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'Azimynts 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 wandring Light
Shows the swift course; and certaine Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Monthes, and scale 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 compasse by Heav'ns 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 Houres 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 ...

I, 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", 15). 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.³³ 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, thinⁿe, sad, slipperie Water-ball
 From falling out, and over-whelming all?...
 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 Earth s branchie Bower?
 III, 427ff

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 annulets 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 foure 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, 953ff

Mens immota manet.

43

To Sir ROBERT TERMYN Knight.



Psalm. 41.
Quemadmodum
desiderat Cereus
ad fontes aquarum:
Ita desiderat ani-
ma mea ad te
Deus, &c.

By vertue hidde, behoulde, the Iron harde,
The loadestone drawes, to poynte vnto the starre:
Whereby, wee knowe the Seaman keepes his carde,
And rightlie shapen, his course to countries farre:
And on the pole, dothe euer keepe his eie,
And withe the same; his compasse makes agree.

Which shewes to vs, our inward vertues shoulde,
Still drawe our hartes, althoughe the iron weare:
The hauenlie starre, at all times to behoulde,
To shape our course, so right while wee bee heare:
That Scylla, and Charybdis, wee maie misse,
And winne at lengthe, the porte of endlesse blisse.

Virg. in Aeth.
Est merito pias no-
mini tutissima virtus.

Conscia mens velli fame mendacia ridet.

Ouid. 4. Fast.

*Sufficit & longum probitas perdurat in aevum,
Perq̃ suos annos hinc bene pendet amor.*

*Ouid. de medic
faciei.*

Deside-

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 Owen Barfield, acknowledging Goldsmith, proceeds to use the method.³⁴ 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.

III, 978

Whereby a Ship that stormie Heav'ns have whurld

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 unseene 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 **S**tone 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 Heralds Trumpet summons you to goe?
 What Guide conducteth Day and Night your Legions
 Through path-lesse pathes 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 "Heralds 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, Bourtie, 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 sacr'd ground of Vertu's sole perfection!
 O shield of Martyrs! Prophets sure direction!
 Soule's Remedie! O contrite heart's Restorer!
 Teares-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 conceive
 Bewties that never outward eyes perceave?

l2lff

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.
 Methinks in those who firm with me remain,
 It shows a nobler principle than gain.

l. 364ff

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 diforme,
 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 Nurserie 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~~s~~ 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^rives.
 But that becomes (by Natures set direction)
 From foule and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
 But this dull Heape of undigested stuffe,
 Had doubtles~~s~~ never come to shape or prooffe,
 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 Memorie, 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 possest
 (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.
 I, 315ff³⁷

Sylvester's is not merely a "Heape", "Pile", "stuffe", 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.³⁸ 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.³⁹ 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 fit 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 Gordian knot
 To Past events, what Present Times alot,
 Fore-sees the Future, and becomes more sage,
 More happily to leade our later age.

VI, 80lff

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 stuff", pile, heap, medly^e 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 stuff" 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, 19ff,

he is plainly suggesting the process of excremental refinement.⁴⁰ 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-six ~~hours~~ ^{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 brindled)
 Which flying round about, gave light in order
 To th'un-placed Climates of that deepe disorder:
 I, 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.
 I, 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 for ever: 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.
5ff

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 Clowd,
 Like little Haile, Heav'ns 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 Arbit^r 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, thear falls a pleasant pearly Deaw:
 CHRIST comming-downe 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 pur'l'd
 Downe from Mount Sion over all the World,
Law, 80lff

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.
 I, 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.
 lff

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?
 3ff

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 howsoe'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;
 23ff

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 5f) 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 pistols", a pun on the Spanish coin pistolet 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" (9f), 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.
 lff

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.
 55ff

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.
Law, 86lff

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, whitles, 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, 50lff

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 foully as our souls in their first-built cells.

157ff

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.⁴¹ 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 whelp". 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 hev'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,⁴² though an almost unremarkable resonance may be found in a whey and cheese simile in the Captains (86lf), 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 (syphi!is), 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.⁴³ 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, ll75; cp. *Du Bartas* 'incirconcis', II, l055). 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 seene, how one warme lumpe of waxe
 (Without increasing, or decreasing) takes
 A hundred figures; well may judge of all
 Th'incessant Changes of this neather Ball:
 The Worlds owne Matter, is the waxen Lumpe,
 Which, un-selfe-changing, takes all kind of stampe,
 The Forme's the Seale; Heav'ns gracious Emperour,
 (The Living God)'s the great Lord Chaunce our,
 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.
 II, 197ff

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.
 44ff

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 overlicked 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 ⁴⁵

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".⁴⁶ 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 seene: but he may well be said
 Of Flesh, and Eares, and Nose intirely voyd,
 Who doth not feelee, nor heare, nor smel (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 "feelee", "Eares" "heare", "Nose" "smel"; "shock" inspires "stormes", "sound" "strings", "sent" "flowers".⁴⁷ 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, hexaem~~erally~~erally, 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 Hearers 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.
II, 257ff

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.⁴⁸ 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.⁴⁹ 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 revolving 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,
 As in deepe passion of pure burning zeale,
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 puffes,
The smiling Medowes green and gaudy tuffes
Light, spungie Fannes, that ever take and give
Th'ætheriall Aire, whereby wee breath and live:
Bellows, whose blast (breathing by certaine pawses,)
A pleasant sound through our speech-Organs causes?
Or, shall I rip the Stomaches hollownes.
VI, 685ff

The heart consists of two attached chambers, the organ's equivalents perhaps to earth and heaven;⁵¹ 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.⁵² 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.⁵³ 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-Classic 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.⁵⁴

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;⁵⁵ 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 o're, 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 remorse,
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 shelve 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 Almighty! 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.⁵⁶ 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.⁵⁷

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' ".⁵⁸ 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.⁵⁹

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.⁶⁰ 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
202⁶¹

— 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-lesse browes, those cheekes vermillion
Those pleasing Lookes, 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 supplest 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 wheelles 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 Autumne, Water moistly-cold,
 The Plommet-like-smooth-sliding Tennor hold:
 Hot-humide Blood, the Spring, transparant Aire,
 The Maze-like Meane, that turnes and wends so faire:
 Curst 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 Nomer 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 cheeres sad 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 burnes 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 instrument 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)
 Turnd 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'Almighties 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 solide with the moist,
 And innocent Astraea did combine
 All with the mastick of a Love devine.

For th'hidden love that nowe adaies doth hold
 The steele and Load-stone, Hydrargire 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.

Furies, 4lff

And live-les creatures seemed all to strive

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.

III, 1079f

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 musical 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 songes
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,
Strikes 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'ns to 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.⁶² 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 perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew 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.
 17ff

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 distinct 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"⁶³ 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 hexameron 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'nly 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.
 lff

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!
 2lff

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 langourous 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 babling vales,
 And bubling rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
 But wieri Cymbals, Rebecks sinewes twind,
 Sweet Virginals, and Cornets curled wind.
Handy-Crafts, 55lff

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
156

— 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
32

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

And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'raign of the World
33

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
77f

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.
115

— 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.
383f

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, reciprocally borrowes
 Some measure of her solace and her sorrowes.
 Th' Eare (doore of knowledge) with sweete warbles pleas'd
 Sends them eftsoones unto the Soule diseases'd,
 With darke blacke rage, our spirits pacifies,
 And calmly 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 Pelleas,
 Holding thy hart's raines in his Tune-full hand,
 Thy Timothie with his Melodi^{us} skill
 Armes and dis-arms 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 rapt 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 his soule's soule a space,
 Refines him selfe, and in his fantasie
 Graves deepe the seale of sacred Prophetie.

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 turnes, and turned them one into another:
II, 239ff

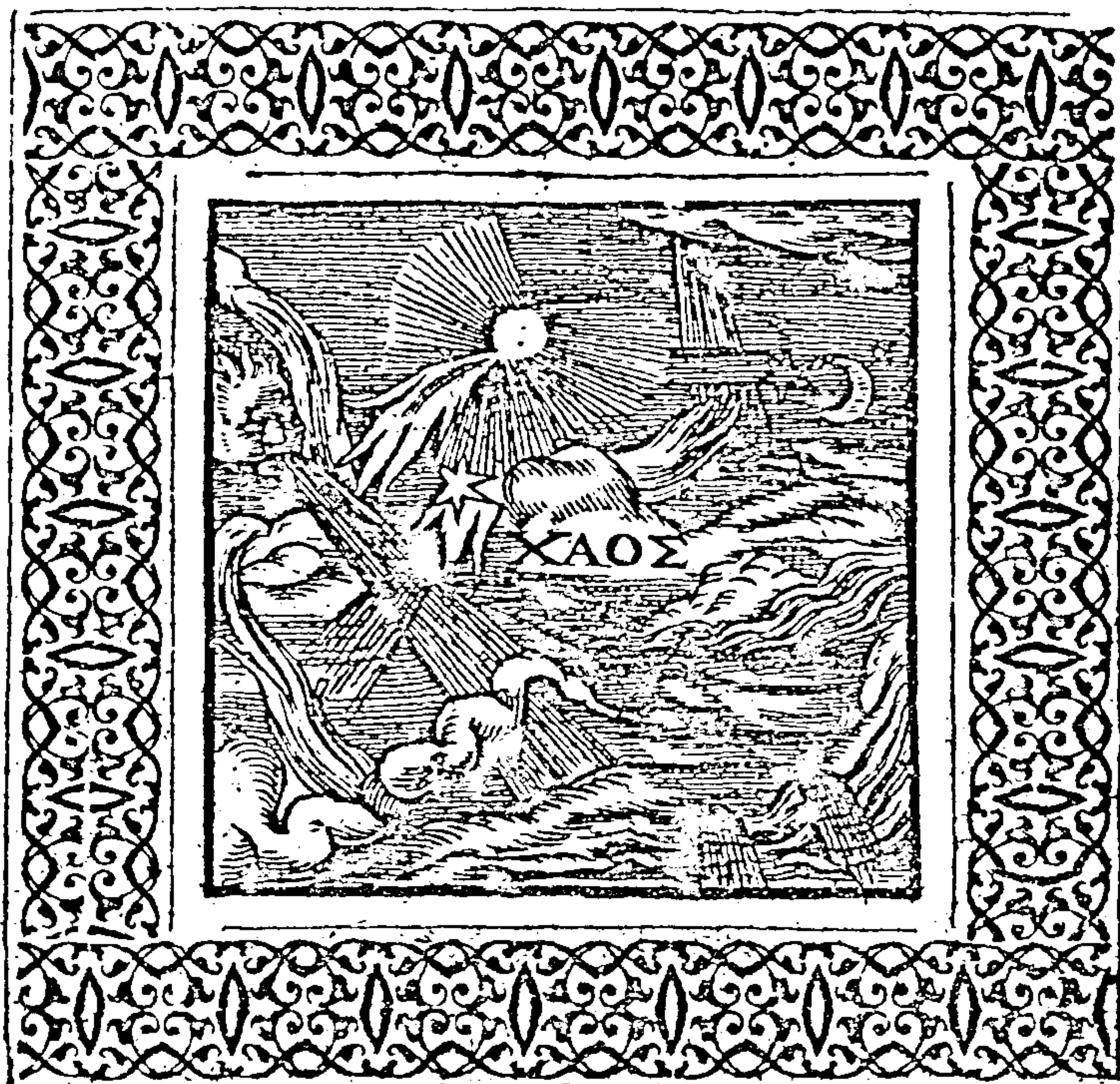
Now this may owe to Ovid's account of the antithetical winds (about which Ovid concludes, Metamorphoses I, 60, tanta est discordia fratrum). These brothers are spawned all too naturally by the Ovidian earth-mother. Du Bartas' description of the created earth standing still amid the breath of wind and 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 tosse and play with-all,
Of winged Clouds the wide inconstant House,
Th'unsettled Kingdome 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 Umpires, the great All-Creator
Betweene these Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For one suffiz'd not their sterne strife to end:

122

*Sine iustitia, confusio.**Ad eosdem iudices.*

WHEN Fire, and Aire, and Earthe, and Water, all were one:
Before that worke diuine was wroughte, which nowe we
looke vppon.

*Orid. in Metam.
lib. 1.*

*...quid corpore in uno
Frigida perstabant ca-
lida: homines, sicci:
Mellis, cum daret sine
gondore, bubulis pen-
da.*

Tibule. 3.

*Non domas vlla fores
habuit, non fixit in agris
Qui regeret certu sim-
bus arua lapu:
Ipsa mella dabat quere-
cul, utrique ferebant
Olus fideri ubera la-
Eu oues,
Non acies, non ira fide,
non bella, nec exes,
Inermi seruis ducebat
arte fides, &c.*

There was no forme of thinges, but a confused masse:

A lumpe, which CHAOS men did call: wherein no order was,
The Coulede, and Heate, did striue: the Heauie thinges, and Lighte.
The Harde, and Softe, the Wette, and Drye. for none had shape arighte.
But when they were dispos'd, each one into his roome: [bloom.

The Fire, had Heate: the Aire, had Lighte: the Earthe, with fruites did
The Sea, had his increase: which thinges, to passe thus broughte:

Behoulde, of this vnperfecte masse, the goodly worlde was wroughte.

Then all thinges did abounde, that seru'd the vse of mans.

The Riuer greate, with wyne, and oyle, and milke, and honie, ranne.

The Trees did yeeld their fruit: though planting then vknowne.

And CERES still was in her pompe, though seede were neuer sowne.

The season, Sommer was: the Groves were alwayes greene,

And every banke, did beare the badge, of fragrant FLORA Queene.

This

Water, as Cozen, did the Earth be-friend,
 Aire, for his Kins-man Fire, as firmly 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 opposites 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, 89lff

The confusion is pre-elemental,⁶⁶ 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 perswasion — 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 shoves:
 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.⁶⁷ 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 unites 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, melancoic with despair (often love-despair), and sanguine with hopefulness (often love-hope). The predominances, contrary to the equipoise of prelapsarian 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

it, making it irrelevant. They become God(s) before our very eyes.

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 —

Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
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:

For if of Nothing any thing could spring,
Th'Earth without seed should wheat and barley bring.
Pure Maiden-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.

If of themselves Things tooke their thriving, then
Slow-growing Babes should instantly be men:
Then in the Forrests should huge boughes be seene
Borne with the bodies of un-planted Treen;
Then should the sucking Elephant support
Upon his shoulders a well-manned Fort,
And the new-faoled Colt, couragious,
Should naigh for Battaile, like Bucephalus.

II, 165ff

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.

22

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 wisdom) 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-Child~~e~~ 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 Shippes doo change
To Barnacles; O Transformation strange!
'Twas first a greene Tree, then a gallant Hull,
Lately a Mushroom, now a flying Gull.

VI, 1101ff

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:

Call her one, me another fly,
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 selves 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:

The faintest hearts, God turnes to lions fierce
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", 4lf,

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 visites 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-billd Eagle that commaunds 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 Grillo 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. Grillo 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 ICor. 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 duldest 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 Character, void of all defect.
I, 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.¹ 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 I.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 chiasmic 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 Schooles,
In stead of Learning, learne to play the fooles:
We gaze but on the Babies and the Cover,
The gawdie Flowers, and Edges gilded-over;
177ff

But sillei 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.
 47ff

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:
 66ff

Or Henry King's "The Exequy":

On thee, on thee; thou art the book,
 The library whereon I look,
 Though almost blind. 9ff

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 forrest-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 "briefe abridgement" is both fortuitous 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.¹¹ 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."¹² 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.¹³ 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, 21: 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-oft 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; ...
 VI, 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 rooffe 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 twinckling Lids with their quick-trembling haire
 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, 70lff

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 convaide, 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 disassembles 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)¹⁸ 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 pistols
 That (more than Canon shot) avales or lets;
 Which negligently left unrounded, looke
 Like many angled figures, in the booke
 Of some great Conjuror that would enforce
 Nature, as these doe justice, from her course;

Which, as the soule quickens head, feet and heart,
 As streames, like veines, run throught 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, 3lff

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.¹⁹ 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 becalmes 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 threatening 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 paines:
 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 (l72) and a "poore Inne" (l75). 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 it 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 "labyrinth" — "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 consonant 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 full 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 finish^d and had furnisht full
The House of God, so rich, so bewtifull:
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").²³ 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, 275ff

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 wittiness 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 chiurcha, which carries its young in its pouch when it fears danger:

I feare the Beast, bred in the Bloodie Coast
Of Cannibals, which thousand times (almost)
Re-whelpes her whelpes, and in her tender womb,
She doth as oft her living brood re-toomb.

IV, 305ff

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:

Heer, one by swimming thinks himselfe to save,
But with his skarfe tangled about a Nave,
He's strangled straight; and to the bottome sinking,
Dies, not of too-much drink, but for not drinking:
While that (in vaine) another with loud lashes
Scoures his proud Coursers through the scarlet Washes,
The streames (where-on more Deaths then Waves do swim)
Burie his Chariot, and his Chariot him:
Another, swallowed in a Whirle-Whales wombe,
Is layd a-live within a living Tombe:

Law, 713ff

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 (forlorne)
 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.
 IV, 349ff²⁵

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 sodainlie?

V, 8lff

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-poele, Whale, or huffing Physeter,
 Me thinks I see the wandring Ile againe
 (Ortigan Delos) floating on the Maine.
 And when in Combat these fell monsters crosse,
 Me seemes 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,²⁶ 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 dervied, 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.²⁷ 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 embryo 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
 Huling, 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 wheelles 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 airlike, faith
 Cares not,...

st. 27²⁸

This soul is as careless of its surroundings as Elizabeth Drury's in "The Second Anniversary" (191ff); 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, 331ff

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-foundered 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 follower, 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 both 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 diminution 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.
 st. 38

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.
 sts. 39-40

Pope obviously has this wit in mind in Essay on Man, III: "of half that live the butcher and the tomb" (l62). 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 paradoxes. Rhetorically, it might be approximated by such oxymoronic expressions as large smallness or small largeness. But a parallel — and more vital —

paradox is that the mouse is the victim of his own aggression.³⁰ 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 subtle witt, can not
Defend him from the sly Rhinocerot:
Who never, with blinde furie led, doth venter
Upon his Foe, 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, 4lff

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-raised 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 everie 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)
 Hast 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 gasp:
 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 stock'd thear, he now can stir no funder:
 While th'Elephant (but to no purpose) strives
 With's winding Trunck t'undo his wounding gyves,
 Then head and all; and thear-withall doth close
 His furious foe, thrusts in his nose, his nose;

Victoria cruenta.
 To Sir WILLIAM STANDLEY Knight.



THE Olephante with stinge of serpent fell,
 That still about his legges, with winding cralles:
 Throughe poison stronge, his bodie so did swell,
 That doune he sinkes, and on the serpente fallles:
 Which creature huge, did fall vppon him foe.
 That by his deathe, he also kill'd his foe.
 Those sharpe conflictes, those broiles and battailes maine,
 That are atchieude, with spoile on either parte:
 Where streames of blood the hilles, and valleys staine,
 And what is wonne, the price is deathe, and smarte:
 This dorhe importe: But those are captaines good,
 That winne the felde, with shedding leaste of blood.

Non est tanti gaudi-
 di excelsa tenere,
 quam metus est,
 de excelsis corruere:
 nec tanta gloria se-
 qui potest victo-
 riam, quam igno-
 minia potest sequi
 ruinam. *Am.*

PENNA

His breathing passage: but his victorie
 Hee joyes not long, for his huge Enemie
 Falling downe dead, doth with his waightie Fall
 Crush him to death, that caus'd his death withall:
 VI, 5lff

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 treatment 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, Calfes, 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).³² 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).³³

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 wons ...
 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
 Consummate 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, 463ff³⁴

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 animals 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 sometimes 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, 311ff). 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, 3lff

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 ^{th'}highest branches of the hugest Woods.
II, 1223ff

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.³⁵ 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 ore 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 dispossesst,
 And sat not as a Meat but as a Guest.
 23ff

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 Abbyss I pass
 Of that unfathomable Grass,
 Where Men like Grasshoppers appear,
 But Grasshoppers are Gyants there:
 They, in their squeaking 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.
 (1923 ed., p. 60)

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, 268ff³⁶

Diaper writes piscatory eclogues. He is not above remarking the irony of his own impossible piscatory creations in Sylvestrian impossibilia. So truthful is his Glaucus' love that —

Now 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".³⁷ 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)³⁸

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".⁴⁰ 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, 3lff

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.⁴¹

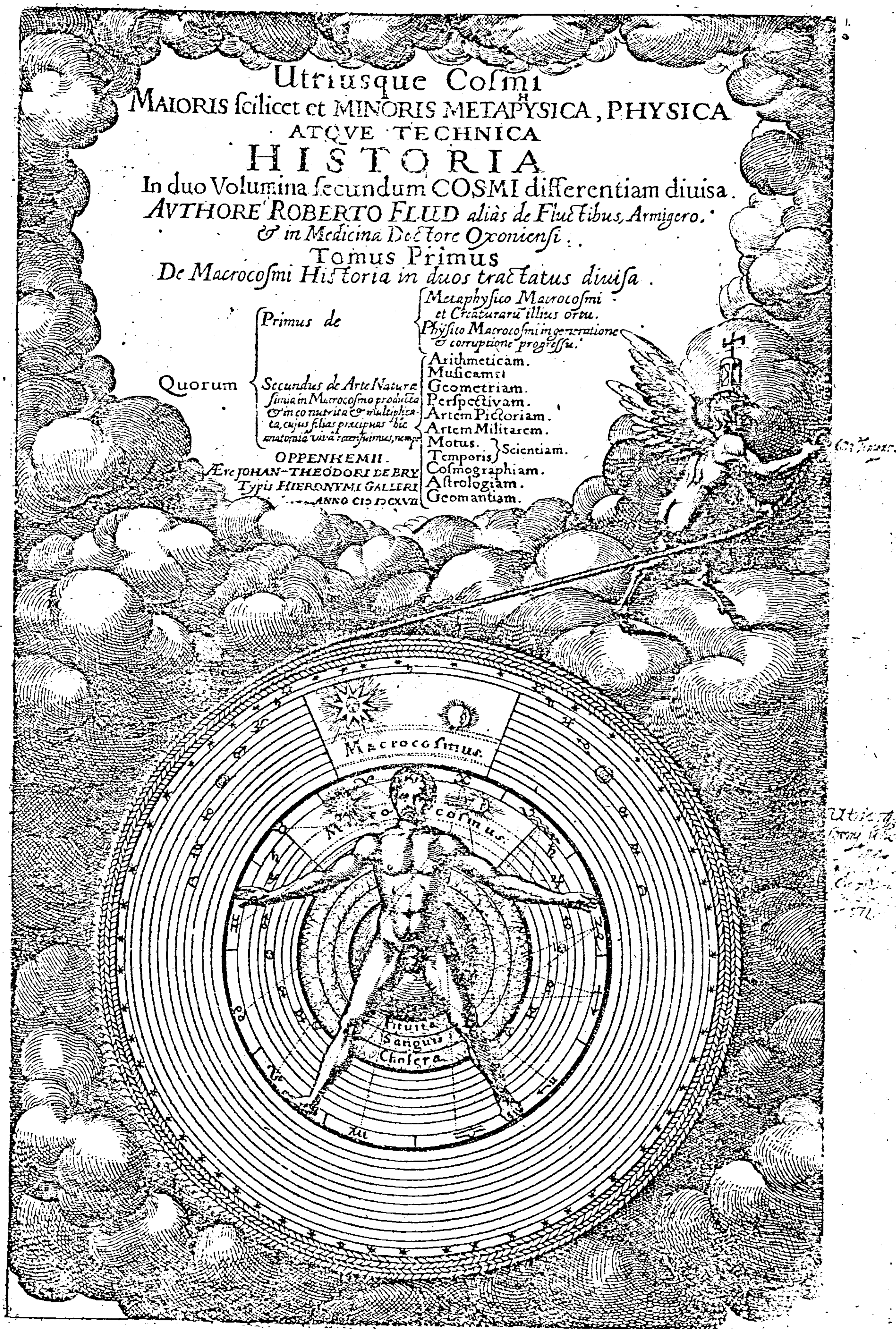
Boswell's sense of the controversy gives some interest to the often leaden periphrases of birds and fish passed from antiquity — through Du Bartas and

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?

I. 77ff

Who indeed? Not Du Bartas.



CHAPTER 7

NATURE IMAGERY AND NATURAL DESCRIPTION

"It is remarkable that, excepting the nocturnal Reverie of Ladie Winchelsea, 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 Shepherds 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 (II, 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.
III, 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,⁵ 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.⁶

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.⁷ 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 fruits, and bittrest hearbs did mock
Madera sugars and the Apricock;
 Yeelding more holesome 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 durty 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 armes 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 VER kept 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 sighes afford,
 Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord
 Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field,
 That verdure flowers, those flowers sweet savor yeeld:
 That day did gladly lend his sister night,
 For halfe her moisture, halfe his shining light:
 That never haile did harvest prejudice,
 That never frost, nor snow, nor slippry ice
 The fields enaged: nor any stormy stower
 Dismounted mountaines, nor no violent shower
 Poverisht the land, which frankly did produce
 All fruitfull vapours for delight and use:
 I thinke I lie not, rather I confesse
 My stammering muses poore unlearnednes .
 If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise
 Say 'twas the type of th'upper Paradice;
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 grove
 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 spawn of fishes hew
 In endless rancks along enraunged were,
 That seem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.
 VI, 30-31, 34-35

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 anthropomorphic "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 substantially. Sylvester decorates his verses, following Du Bartas strictly and accurately, 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", "inameld", 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 "durty" 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", "immortall", "hoary", "lovely", "lively" (often in paromomasia with "lovely"), "fragrant", "smyling", "boistrous", "musky", "slippery", "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.¹⁵ 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", "Almightie"). 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 "continuell". 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.¹⁶ 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" comes 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", "tapestrie", 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.¹⁷ 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 "girlonds", "paramoures", "progenie", "weeddes", "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 midst 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 disleaves
 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 Sorrows soon appeas'd,
 Tears sudden dry'd, fel Angers quickly pleas'd,
 Smiles, Wyly Guiles, queint wittie-pretty 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 loosnesse, Prodigall Expence
 Inchanting Songs deep Sighs, and sweet Laments.

These frolike Lovelings fraughted 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 **H**at, some with their **h**ands,
 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 awhile.
 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.

645ff¹⁸

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":

But were it not, that Time their troubler is,
 All that in this delightfull Gardin growes,
 Should happie be, and have immortall blis:
 For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,
 And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throwes,
 Without fell rancor, or fond gealosie;
 Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
 Each bird his made, ne anie does envie
 Their goodly meriment, and gay fleicitie.

There is continuall spring, and harvest there
 Continuall, both meeting at one time:
 For both the boughes doe laughing blossomes beare,
 And with fresh colours decke the wanton Prime,
 And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
 Which seem to labour under their fruits lode:
 The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastime
 Emongst the shadie leaves, their sweet abode,
 And their true loves without suspicion tell abroad.

sts. 41-42

In Spenser the hint of growth makes Time the "troubler", 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 storne 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, 204-06¹⁹

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 twigges that intricatelie 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 fruites 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'artles 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 spowes, 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 beaver
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 strays,
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 counterfainted corses:
But with true beastes, 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, I); 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.²⁰ 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 san travail, & sans peine.
 La, la, toujours, la terre est pleine
 De tout bonheur, & la toujours les cieus
 Se montreront fideles a nos yeus:
 La, sans navrer, comme ici, notre aieule
 Du soc aigu, prodigue, toute seule
 Fait herisser en joieuses forets
 Parmy les chams, les presens de Ceres.
 93ff

These are full-bodied lines, the language is general and abstract. In Epitaphe de Hugues Solel Ronsard paints much the same nature:

La, sans jamais cesser, jargonnet 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'acquérir des honneurs ne ronge leur courage.
 La le boeuf laboureur, d'un col morne et lasse
 Ne repote au logis le coudre renverse,
 Et la le marinier d'avirons 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 miel.
 59ff

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 "jargonnet". 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 4.11.²¹ 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 esmaile des printenieres fleurs,
 Pomone orne de fruicts, Zephire emplitt d'odeurs,
 Ou Dieu tend le cordeau, aligne les allees,
 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 tousjours-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'oiseaux 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 bawdy, 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".²² 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 —

Eden, 1.1.1-4

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 captiving 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 I

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"("l'Allegro", l42). 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:

Ipsa quoque immunis, rastroque intacta, nec ullis
 Saucia vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus:
 Contentique cibus, nullo cogente, creatis,
 Arbuteos foetus, montanaque fraga legebant,
 Cornaque, et in duris haerentia mora rubetis;
 Et quae deciderant patula Jovis arbore glandes.
 Ver erat aeternum, placidique tepentibus auris
 Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.
 Mox etiam fruges tellus inarata ferebat:
 Nec renovatus ager gravidis canebat aristis.
 Flumina jam lactis, jam flumina nectaris ibant:
 Flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella.

13ff

In England at the end of the sixteenth century Arthur Golding's translation of Metamorphoses (1565; 1567) was most influential.²⁶ 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 untild"; 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 fielde.

But for a twenty-five line description written in ^ufourteeners, 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".²⁷ 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).²⁸ 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.²⁹ 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";³⁰ 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 renews her golden Eares:
 With Milke and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd;
 And Hony from greene Holly-okes distill'd.
 I, IIIff

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 anthropomorphic 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 Iewels 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'extract a dew
More soveraigne and sweet from you.
"The Weeper", 3lff, 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 Frankincense doth flow.
The brotherland Heliades
Meet in such Amber Tears as these.
"The Nymph Complaining", 95ff³¹

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 Larche-yeeld-Turpentine,
 Th'ever-greene 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 blossomes bear.
 2:11-13

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, I) 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.³² 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 represents 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 translated 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 paralleling 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, 142ff

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, "l'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.³⁴

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.³⁵ 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 paralleling 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.³⁸ 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 verballity: 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.³⁹

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,...⁴⁰

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".⁴¹ 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.⁴²

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,
Knawis weill thar son and observis his went.

Sum thar, amynd 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

Est curvo anfractu valles, accommoda fraudi
 Armorumque dolis, quam densis frondibus atrum
 Urget utrimque latus, tenuis quo semita ducit.

XI, 522

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 — uncharacteristically, we might add — "rugged and unVirgilian, but ... equally suitable for a heroic subject".⁴³ 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.⁴⁴ One of the few interesting results of Stanyhurst's incomplete experimentations is the loading of polysyllables (for the dactyls) onto the ends of lines.⁴⁵

Dryden's translation of Elysium shows the extent to which natural description 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".⁴⁶ 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):

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 delightful
As all the place was clear and lightsome,

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".⁴⁸ 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 moving christall from the fountaines plaies,
Fair trees, high plants, strange herbes and flowrets new,
Sunshinie hills, 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 whirlwind felt, nor tempest smart,
But ere their fruit drop off, the blossome comes,
This springs, that fals, that ripeneth, and this blomes.

The leues upon the selfsame bow did hide,
Beside the yoong the old and ripened figge,
Here fruit was Greene, there ripe with vermilion side,
The apples new and old grew on one twigge,
The fruitfull vine her armes spread high and wide,
That bended underneath their cluster bigge,
The grapes were tender here, hard, yoong and sowre,
There purple, ripe, and nectar sweete forth 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 answer 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.
 XVI, sts. 9ff

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 foorth warble,
And Sea like Heaven, Heaven looks like smoothest Marble,
When I, in simple Course, free from all Cares,
Farre from the muddie World's captiving 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 mooving 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 spreads 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.

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 husht 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 empamred stand, the Vales, the Rockes
 Ring Peales of joy, her Floods her christall Brookes
 (The Meadows 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 downe from Heavens azure Vaile,
 Haile holy Victor, greatest Victor haile.

Poems II, Song I, 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.
 l2lff

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 "l'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.⁴⁹ 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
 Brodered 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 fewel 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 carrowsing, where their liquor grows:
 Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow...
 Canto I, 5ff⁵⁰

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 "l'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 "purpled" 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 dogmatic stiffness".⁵¹ 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:⁵² "Description", Dr. Johnson says, "is always fallacious, at least till you have seen realities you cannot know to be true."⁵³ 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 vegetation, 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, possibly 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 redundancy. The portrait of a flowery mead, however beautiful 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.⁵⁴

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 crea-
tion, 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 lessional 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 serves not a skilfull 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 spic'd, 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, utterd 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 seemes (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,
 Levels 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, sixe 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 smoakes 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, lff

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 escrivain est de marier le plaisir au proffit, qui trouvera estrange si j'ay rendu le paysage de ce tableau aussie divers que la nature mesme, et si, pour faire mieus avaler les salutaires breuvages que la sainte Parole présente aus

esprits malades et fastidieus de ce tems, j'y ay meslé
le miel et le sucre des lettres humaines? 60

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 busying his skilfull selfe,
Upon some ugly Monster (seldome seene)
Then on the Picture of faire Beauties Queene:
Even so the Lord, that in his Workes varietie,
We might ^{the} 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 befor 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.

sts. 3, 6, 8

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 emongst 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) fantasticke leads the way
Downe to a vale, where moist-coole night, and day,
Still calmes and stormes, keen cold, and souldry 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 Co~~l~~ossus 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, 349ff⁶¹

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'nly, one Terrene;
 Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
 With Flowrs and Fruits, and Beasts, and Birds the other;
 And playd the Painter, when hee 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 enammell" (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 drie.
 III, 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 beames aspect
 With trembling luster it doth farre reflect
 Against th'high seeling of the lightsome Hall
 With stately Fret-worke over-cruſted all:
 II, 76lff

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 "innammel'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.⁶² 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.⁶³

— 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,⁶⁷
"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
 Broidered 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, 146ff⁶⁸

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.

17-22

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", 13ff

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 swarmes of Dreames 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'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, 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, 212ff⁶⁹

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
 Descencinding 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, 46ff⁷⁰

Philips' 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".⁷¹ 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 jetté les fondemens des deux tiers de mon bastiment; vous ne voyés que certaines murailles imparfaites, et qui monstrent le dehors, et les pierres d'attente pour se lier avec le reste de l'édifice."⁷²

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 "Embossed with well-spread Horse" he means it literally. When Sylvester refers to a scene "imbossed" 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 tearm.

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 Parget carv'd and branched trim
 With Flowrs 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 Flowrs 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:
Magnificence, ll4lff

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.
 III, l005ff

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), ingrav(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:

Arise betimes, while th'Opal-colored Morne,
 In golden pompe doth May-dayes doore adorne:
Babylon, 199f⁷⁵

To Chapman we may owe the "rosy-fingered morn", but to Sylvester, concurrently, we owe the "Opal-colored Morne". Harold Jenkins hangs his general conclusion about Sylvester on this one fact:

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

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 shee sped
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 Windes 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 cangeant 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 **W**ork: a fringe of Gold about,
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out,
Borders her **R**obe: and every part describes
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, ~~c~~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 breasts
Not ^eonly 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 breasts 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."⁷⁷ 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, 127ff

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 amell 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, 101ff

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, 61ff; Ark, 271ff). 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 78.

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 infand Morning did unfold
The Dayes bright Curtains, in a spacious 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:
 (l653)

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, l099ff

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 purpled 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" (I, 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"

(523f). And Milton's "lively portraiture" of "dewy-feather'd sleep" — dreams — ("Il Penseroso", 146ff) 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", 155ff

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:
 134ff

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:
 VI, 713ff

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' 17 Milton addresses the English language and asks for language ornament in the form of wardrobe:

And from thy wardrobe bring thy chieftest 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 vigorous 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,
 Whence ^{there} they pouder their provision.
 I'le 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 Amethists,
 And fierie Carbuncle, which flames resists.
 III, 865ff

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 dorent et embellissent par le dehors de
 marbre, Jaspe et Porphise, de guillochis, ovalles, fron-
 tispices 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 tenir es moins, a cause de la rude
 engraveuse des personage qui semblent vivre dedans.⁸⁰

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".⁸¹

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 nibbling 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".⁸² 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 yeeld-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, Meddeler,
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,
Yearely repay the Bandans wondrous gaines;
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, increaseth kindly heat,
Purgeth grosse blood, and doth the pure beget,
Strengthens the stomacke, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the wit, and doth the ladder clense,
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", "jucy 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 particular 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 description in the medieval period; concomitant with this is its tendency to become a showpiece of rhetorical mastery.⁸³ 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 distinguish 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 intricatelie tangle
Seem painted walls whereon true fruites doe dangle.
Eden, 505ff

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 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 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
 Mixt lie 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 sands 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 if 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 spreads 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 spread 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.

lff

Leishman remarks the similarity of Cleveland's "Upon Phillis walking in a morning".⁸⁴ 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 selfly blast breath'd out
From panting bellows, 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 puffes,
The smiling Medowes green and gaudy tuffes
Light, spungie Fannes, that ever take and give
Th'aetheriall Aire, whereby we breathe and live:
Bellows, 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.⁸⁵ 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.

And so the progress of the soul is spelled out.

Cleveland's pastoral hyperbole⁸⁶ 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.⁸⁷ 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 peopl'd Ark the whole Creation bore.
 119ff

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 puffes,
 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).⁸⁸ 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 "l'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

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 extemporising simile:

Whether some milder gale with sighing breath
 Shaking their Tent, their tears dissevereth:
 As after raine, another raine doth drop
 In shadie Forests from their shaggie top,
 When through their greene boughs, whiffing winds do wherle
 With wanton puffes their waving locks to curle.

II, 531ff

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", l2; "nodding groves")⁸⁹ 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 Autumne 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).⁹⁰ 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 topth 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, 78lff

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 ^welling 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, 32lff

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 be^moateth 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

motion.⁹² 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 mountaines, 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 murmure 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 spacious 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 murmure 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
Pharonida⁹³

4. Woven Nature: The Dance

In the Bartasian 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 I, 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 climbing 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 branches 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 chearfull 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, lff

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. 2⁹⁴

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
Embatteld in her field: add the humble shrub
And bush with frizl'd hair implicit:

320ff

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 occurrence 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 quaintly dressing of her Tress-ful head
 Which round about her to the ground did spread:
 And, in a rich gold-seeld 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 **B**eauties excellence.
Magnificence, 72lff

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 displaied
VI, 882⁹⁵

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,
 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;
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 "Mustachoeed":

Heere, for our food, Millions 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.⁹⁶ 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 forward with a dropping wing,
 Upon their beard for everie haire a spring,
 A night of Clouds mufled their brows about,
 Their watled Locks gusht 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, 90⁹⁷

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 "frizadœd" (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 "frisait", subsequently used by Sylvester and then by Milton:

Zephire seul soufflait de qui la doulce haleine
 Frisoit mignardement les cheveux de laplaine,⁹⁸

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", 17). William Browne repeats an epithet 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; 99

— 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 Elisium;
 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 Turns 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 Ideaes, 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 Davies owes the poem to Elyot;¹⁰⁰ 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 meanes of those betweene, unto the last.
 327ff

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?"¹⁰¹ 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!
 873ff

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 ~~Tune~~skill'd 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.
 885ff

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;
 899ff

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'st 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 rows:
 Whose capering foot, about the starrie floor,
 The Dance-guide Prince, now followes, now's before?
 935ff

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 thowsand Flowers spring in his spright-ful pases:
 When towards Mount Olivet he slides, there growes
 Under his Feet a thousand Frosty Snowes:
 For, the Floor, beaten with his Measures ever,
 Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.
 1035ff

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",¹⁰² "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.¹⁰³ 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 Pretious Stones: neat, Citty-like, anon,
 Fine Cloth, or Silke, or Chamlet puts shee on:
 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,
 Illustring all even with a Heav'n-like grace.
 Like proud lowd Tigris (ever swiftly rould)
 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.¹⁰⁴ 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.¹⁰⁵ 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' ".¹⁰⁶ 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, ij: "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's, 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 moultten Lead being powred forth
 Upon a levell plot of sand or earth,
 In many fashions mazeth too and fro;
 Runnes heere direct, thear crookedly doth goe,
 Heere doth devide ~~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 Ocean, seemes 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, 7lff

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, 42lf

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 front 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 gemmes,
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
It selfe 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 deaflie-deepe
To lobsterize (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 signal:

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".¹⁰⁷ 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 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 mooving Glass the Milk-white Lillies

Poems I, Song I, 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 I, Song I, 129ff

Drummond repeats this kind of diction in still another song about ideal nature:

... her Flouds her christall Brookes
(The Meadows tongues) with many maz-like Crookes,
And whispering murmurs, sound unto the Maine,
That Worlds pure Age returned is againe.
Poems II, Song I, 113ff

The connection of Drummond's brooks with Eloquence suggests a lively awareness 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 level'd by the Mowers hand,
 Above it grewe a rooke, rude, steepe and high,
 Which claimes 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 seene
 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 threatned 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 thickets". 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 Aeneis encounters 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, 360ff¹⁰⁹

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 strays,
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 counterfai't corses:
Eden, 549ff

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" (l68). 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 ingulfed, for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould high raised
 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;
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,...¹¹¹

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, 547f

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 murmur, 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 Corral 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 ISRAEL'S 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 seene to weepe,
 About his loignes a rush-Belt weares he deepe,
 A Willow Wreathe about his wrinkled browes,
 His Father NEREUS his complexion showes.
Captain. 10lff

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-swolne heavie lids she glewes.
Vocation, 547ff —

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;
 554f 112

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 carries 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 exchange
 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 Alabaster over every part;
 Her Pulse doth cease to beat, and in the aire
 The Winds no more can wave her scatt'ed 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 on 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.
Vocation, 139lff

A pretious Salt-Mine, supernaturall,

For the most part Les Semaines describes a nature determined by change,
 uninterrupted by a deus ex machina. But there is in the scheme an underlying
 principle of God-given design. The seeming impossibility of the destruction
 of the formidable mass of a mountain is in fact possible only in the process
 of time. The argument on the behalf of the conservation of matter is much
 like current ones about the conservation of energy:

Contrariwise, if ought to nought did fall;
 All that is felt or seen within this All,
 Still loosing somewhat of it selfe, at length
 Could altogether Substances destroy,
 Things then should vanish even as soone as die.
 In time the mighty Mountains tops be bated,
 But with their fall the Neighbour-Vales are fatted;
 And what, when Trent or Avon over-flowe,
 They reave one Field, they on the next bestowe:

II, 183ff

Would come to Nothing: if Death's fatal strength

Time according to this defines the shapes and standing of all things, and is
 as such uninterruptable in the picture of nature. The paradisiacal picture of
 nature that we have spent so much "time" with is therefore a false picture
 of nature, at any rate an idealised one, and by virtue of this literally timeless.

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 apparant,
That God revoak't his Serjeant Death's sad warrant
'Gainst Ezechias: and, that he would give
The godly King fifteene yeares more to live:
Transgressing Heav'ns 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 lengthen'd 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" (837f).

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 complaint 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 milke 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 sew'd th:
Grace still attends ready to do her honour,
Riches and Plentie alwaies waite upon her.
 55lff

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 Jove, 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 thrall'd 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
 Than 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 threw,
 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 sayd, a Man dooth Heav'n command?
 Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
 To wrong thine eldest Daughter? ah, shall I
 Have the bare Name, 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 Nature 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 Orythias 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 beene;
 While in a furie, with his boystrous wings
 Against the Scythian snowie Rocks hee flings.
 IV, 69lff

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, 80lff

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 forets,
 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;
 141ff

Du Bartas gives the word "frise" 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.
 Canto VII, st. 31

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 chrySTALLize 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 criticise 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 crystalised 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".¹¹⁴ 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).¹¹⁵

Ovid's poetry "revels in antitheses and conceit, plays on sound and sense".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,
II, 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:

With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire.
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Faerie Queene, I, x, 48

And the very synthesis may have a scriptural analogue in the Apollo-like figure of the savior^u in Revelation I.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

Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,
 And his high head, that seemeth always hore
 With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
 He with an Oaken girland now did tire,
 As if the love of some new Nymph late seene,
 Had made change his gay attire to greene.
 st. 11

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:

In Winter's Time, when hardly fed the flocks,
 And icicles hung dangling on the rocks,
 When Hiems bound the floods in silver chains,
 And hoary frost had candied all the plains,...
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 hapens that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold
In silver Flakes a heav'nly 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 befalls, 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 sickle, beat downe Birds and Catt^{le},
Disgrace our woods, and make our Roofes to rattle.

II, 56lff

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 an 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.¹²⁰ 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 Theophila, 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.¹²¹ 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 constrainint,
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

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", lff). But elsewhere in Revett it is clear that Winter's dress is "silver wooll" ("Spring", lff). 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" (l26). 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 chearful 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 ore the Fields the driving Snow,
From dusky Clouds the fleecy Winter flyes,
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:
Verque novum stabat, cinctum florente corona:
Stabat nuda Aestas, & spiceaserta gerebat.
Stabat & Autumnus, calcatis sordidus uvis.
Et glacialis Hiems, canos hirsuta capillos.
 25ff

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 gripes — 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 Twinn,
 But that the mealie Mountaines (late unseene)
 Change their white garments into lustie 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.
 IV, 657ff

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^4) and dancing (OED, v^3) exactly what I have done in this thesis. Thus Benlowes, Theophila, XII, 1, and the English poetic tradition that follows. The association is simply as between shape (from OED, v^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 "gilded 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 gilded 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 learne 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'Earth by degrees her lovely beautie bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
 Her Apron and her Osier basket both,
 With daintie fruits for her deere Autumnes 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 clissee paniers de fruicts 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 Autumne'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
II, 35

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, "Lyaetus 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, 121?, 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 wine 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,
I, 49

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.
63ff

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:
Decay, 834ff

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 leanes 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 wandring Clouds enwraps,
 Under First Waters their crump shoulders hid,
 And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
 Untill 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, Clowd-browd 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-seed Bower,
II,

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.¹²³

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 grandiosely amplified as Denham's Windsor and to point to "vistos in the skies that end" ...¹²⁴

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.¹²⁵ 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", "heav'n-shouldering", and so on.¹²⁶ 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; fanning, 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 Southren 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 overwhelm;
 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 hectik 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 Lybians pest-full and un-blest-full shoar.
Schism, 397ff

BOREAS

And, whoso dares him gainst thy Powr oppose,
 Seems as a Puff which roaring Boreas blowes,
 Weening to tear the Alps off at the Foot,
 Or Clouds-prop Athos from his massie Root:
Decay, 60lff

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, ashaming 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 heedlesse Page (perhaps)
 Rashly together two full glasses claps,
 Both being broken, sodainly 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 puffes 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.¹²⁸ 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 soultrie 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 sometimes 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:
 III, 1024ff

The distinction between extreme winds and the moderate winds we associate with the locus amoenus is much more apparent in the following quotation:

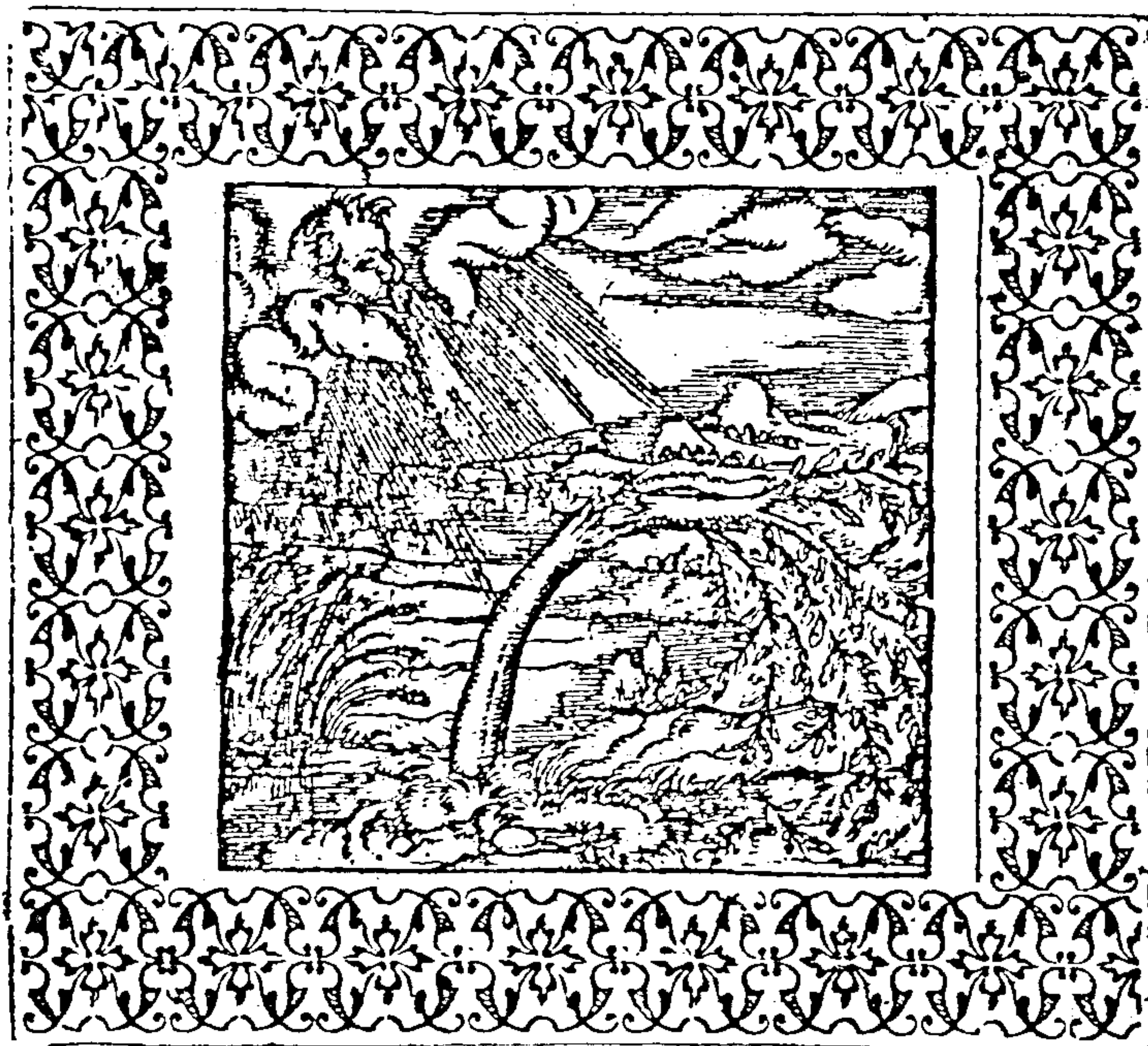
The boisterous Wind that rents with roaring blastes
 The loftie Pines, and to the Welkin casts
 Millions of Mountaines from the waterie World,
 And proudest Turrets to the ground hath whorld:
 The pleasing fume that fragrant Roses yeeld,
 When wanton Zephyre, sighing on the field,
 Enammells all; and to delight the Skie,
 The Earth puts on her richest Lyvorie:
 VI, 781ff

Here again the winds of fallen nature are associated with an impossible inversion of the normal order of things; waters turn into mountains and mountains into plains. The world rent, roared, and whirled by extreme winds is fundamentally different from that supplied by "wanton Zephyre". 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 throgh 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 mightie oke, that shrinkes not with a blaste,
But stiffe standes, when Boreas moſte doth blowe,
With rage thereof, is broken downe at laſte,
When bending reedes, that couche in tempeſtes lowe
With yeelding ſtill, doe ſafe, and ſounde appeare:
And looke aloſte, when that the cloudes be cleare.

Erasm. in Epiſt.
Verè magni ani-
mi eſt, quaſdam
iniurias negligere,
nec ad quorundam
conuiuium aures, vel lin-
guam habere.

When Enuie, Hate, Contempte, 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 deadlie ſtrife
But ſuffer ſtill, and then wee ſhall in fine,
Our foes ſubdue, when they with ſhame ſhall pine.

A cloake of clouds all thorough-lin'd with Thunder,
 Muffles the Mountaine both aloft and under:
 On PHARAN now no shining PHARAS shows.
 A heav'nly Trump a shrill Tantara blowes,
 The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble-flash,
 The smoaking Storms, the whirle-fier's cracking clash,...
Law, 985ff

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,
 Whosoone 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.
 II, 1201ff

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 Phrìgian Skin^sker 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 boistrus 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 threatning downe to poure,
 Supported only by th'Aier's Agitation,
 (Selfly too-weake for the least waight'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 buriall 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 Meadowes" — 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

1. 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 Chaldea 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 couldst 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 browe 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, uncomptol'd)
 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 growe;
 And, on the Sea of richest Histories
 Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
 A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
 Come huddling 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-lesse 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 oppositionally, analogous to the paradisiacal existence 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,
 Throngs through the Camp, and each-where strowes his way
 With blood and slaughter, horreur 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, ll29ff

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, "Throngs" 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 wheelles,
 Some trod 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-stradling 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 sometimes 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 fondness 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);¹³⁰ 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 Chedorlaomor:
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 demonstratively 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 leuell 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 Martiall scorne,
 Upon his panch sets his victorious foot,
 And treads and tramples, and so stamps into't,
 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 crimson streames 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", "Martiall scorne", "victorious foot") with its necessary generality (How would one describe martiall scorn?) and its synecdoche; 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 "weepe", 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 rejoycing in their matchless chief:
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, orespread
 Heaven's chearfull face, the louring element
 Scowls ore the darkened lantskape snow, or showre;
 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.

486ff

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-go~~ard~~ 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 showre on every side:
 An iron Clowde heavens angrie face doth hide
 From Souldiers sight; and flying weapons then
 For lacke of grounde fall upon horse or men:
 The~~ar~~'s not a shaft but hath a man for White,
 Nor stone but lightly in warme blood dooth light; ...

Vocation, 275ff

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 leanes 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:
 The roaring Tempest violently retorts
 Upon themselves the Pagans whirling Darts,...
Captains, 49lff

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.¹³¹ 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 paronomasia, "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 battel 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

II, 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 doth shiver
 With hideous noise; and th'Heathen Garison
 Is but immur'd with Clowdes of dust alone:
 So shall you see a Clowd-croun'd Hill sometime,
 Torne from a greater by the waste of Time;
 Dreadly to shake, and boundling downe to hop;
 And roaring, heere it roules tall Cedars up,
 Theare aged Oakes; it turnes, it spurnes, it hales
 The lower Rocks into th'affrighted Vales,
 There sadly sinkes, or sodaine 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 levell'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.
Iliad, XII, 29ff¹³²

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 Les Semaines. In Book I of Ovid's Metamorphoses and in Books I and II of Lucretius' 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, tanta est discordia fratrum (I, 60). For Du Bartas the four elements are battling brothers:

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

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 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, unnumbered as the sands
 Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings.

894ff

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; their 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 their dark encounter in mid air:

Paradise Lost, II, 711ff

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'untrayned 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 Sulphrie thunder
 Where-with he brought both Rhodes and Belgrade under,
 They soon unite, and in a narrow place
 Intrench themselves;...

II, 451ff

These are akin to the factious clans that Milton invents. The language is plainly that of the pomp of war: "Squadrons", "th'untrayned 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 combative elements again, later in the Second Day:

It [fire] rouses 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 owne 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 faine 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 Shepherd in the Field
 In hollow Rocks himselfe can hardly shield:
 Th'affrighted Heav'ns open: and in the Vale
 Of Accheron, grim Plutoes selfe lookes pale:
 The'Aire flames with Fire: for the loud-roring Thunder,
 Renting the Cloud that it includes a-sunder,
 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 flaming 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 Kingdomes 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 tearles 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 Souldiars in the Art of Warre.

For when her Troopes of wandring Cranes forsake
 Frost-firmed Strymon, and in Autumne, take
 Truce with the Northern Dwarfes, to seeke adventure
 In Southren Climates for a milder Winter;
 A-front each Band a forward Captaine flies,
 Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the skies;
 Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,
 And with their voice hasten their tardy Flight;
 And when the honey of care-charming sleepe
 Sweetly begins through all their vaines to creepe,
 One keepes the Watch, and ever carefull-most,
 Walkes many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,
 Still holding in his claw a stonie clod,
 Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod:
 V, 859ff

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.¹³³ 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.
 III, 549ff

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 Mistressc-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 glistering Shield:
 Our Satten, steele: the Musick of the Field
 Dooth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roare:
 Death tilteth heere: The Mistresse we adore
 Is Victorie (true Sovereigne of our harts)
 Who without danger graceth no Deserts:
 Dead carkases perfume our fainty 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 hypocritical court and indeed from the pleasure. Du Bartas' contrast between the courtier and the warrior is a contrast between two kinds of form, that of the artificial, intricate pleasure 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 deceiver, 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 putrefaction:
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 tost 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, ll03ff

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 yee know what followes 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 Popinjays and Peacocks of the Court):
 He 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, ll65ff

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 behooove:
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".¹³⁴ 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 beleeeve 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 beleeeve 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 Pallace up and downe to clamber,
 As Golden Gulls about a PRINCES CHAMBER.
 IV, 431ff

Thus, on this Day, working th'eigh^t azure Tent,
 With Art-les Art, devinely-excellent:
 Th'Amighties fingers fixed many a million
 Of golden scutchions in that rich Pavilion:
 But in the rest, under that glorious Heav'n,
 But one a peece, 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 "glistering 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 attainable 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 ¹³⁵

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 glistening zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
238ff

Satan's starried 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 strife 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 strife music 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 appeer:
 All wish the Prize; but none wil win't so deer:
 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.
Trophies, 155ff

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,...
Law, 585f

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.
Captains, 347ff

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 frowne,
 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 gracious 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 prow;
 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 rhinoceros 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 struggling 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 Abyse:
 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 glistering 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 Lance a Loom-beam, or a Mast (as big)
 Which yet he shaketh as an Osier 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.
 84lff

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 pygmy; 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 imbrew,
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-Cedared 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 ghaſtly 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 Hoſt ſo great, as cover'd all the Field:
 275f —

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 pouders'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.
 Their Surcoats of white Ermine-Fur were made;
 With Cloth of Gold between that cast a glitt'ring Shade.
 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 "pouders'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'nites, Rubies, Chrysolites,
 The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
 His saffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
 With burning Carbuncles, and everie set
 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 nostrils 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 regards):
 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 ravel'd 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 gait, and spurred as a Knight:
 Into two arches his prowd 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 cinnamon; as well as such typical epithets as "furious eyes", "whisking Train", "stately Crest", "frenge of ravel'd gold", "martial gait", "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 elsewhere, 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 mowes whole squadrons down,
 And batters bulwarks of a summond Town;
 As this light horse scuds, if he do but feele
 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
 Shrinke 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,

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 couragiously 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 whirle-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 I, 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.¹³⁶

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)
 Did'st 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.
 I, 43lff

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:
 VII, 173ff

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.¹³⁷ 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 streight, 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.
181ff

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 Courtiars, to your King the Highest:
 'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters:
 I, 818ff
 God's glorious Herralds, Heav'ns swift Harbingers,

Du Bartas and Sylvester thence "take delight" to "follow farther your Celestiall 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.

187ff

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:

IV, 215ff

The terms are familiar to the diction and accoutrement of nature; "Golden tindge", "Imbost", "silver frendge". When Sylvester renders Du Bartas' personification 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 sloping 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, glistening 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 cylindrical: 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-they 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'ns bright Torches is the'immortall 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 wayes,
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, 35lff

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 twentie 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 straightly 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 course 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 Calender,
 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 discern 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 hexameter 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."¹³⁸ 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, 80lff)
 — 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 dinn'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 grosnes quit,
 Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
 Triumphant 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 owne breasts their furious blades t'mbrew,
 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 parricidiall 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, 83f

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 scepter'd 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 watery 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.² 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);³ but that Sylvester may well have written some "on England" speech around 1592 or 1593.⁴ 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:

All-haile (deere ALBION) Europes Pearle of price,
The Worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradise:
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 peerless 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 glister among the paler Yellowes:
Or as Apollo th'other Planets passes:
Or as His Flower excels the Meadow-grasses.

Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires doo seem;
Civil in manners, as in Buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Aire, thy soile exceeding Fat,
Fenc'd 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'ns 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 crawles 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 Wildernesse;
Nor rav'ning Wolves woory thy tender Lambs,
Bleating for helpe unto their helples Dammes:
Nor subtle Sea-Horse, with deceiptfull Call
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall.
What though thy Thames and Twede have never rowld
Among their gravel massie graines 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, 755ff

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;⁵ then comparatively located in England, itself a metonymy for the antique Paradise (home, at any rate):

Shall I no more behold thy native smoake,
(Deere Ithaca)? 74lf

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 —

Or golden Peru of my Praise be proud,
Or rich Cathay to glory in my Verse:
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.
 32lff

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 prise
 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.
 625ff

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 Acre 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 seventeenth 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-Forest, walkes in Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley Pond my Sea: Lambes-bourne my Thames;
Lambourne 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.
 III, 1159ff

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 severall 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'Oceans debter is
 For these large Seas: but sh'ow^s him Tanais,
Nile (Egypt's treasure) and his neighbour streame
 That in the Desart (through his hast extreame)
 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, Rhyne, 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 Penshurst 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 prowde ~~frames~~
That all with child with fame, his fame they beare
To Thetis lap, and Thetis, everie where.

Babylon 65lff

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 Marlebow, 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.

9lff

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 houely 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 paradisiacal 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 plusieurs 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'escire 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 estre fascheus 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 Thamisi 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 knownen 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 overflows 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".¹¹ 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",¹² had advised the embellishment of poetry with details of medicine, magic, science, and geography.¹³ 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 conjoyn'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.¹⁴ 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 voiage 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,
 (Upon 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;
 Song XVII, 8lff

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 either guise partake:
 And such, have stronger limbes, but weaker wit,
 Then those that neere Nyles fertile sides doe sit;
 And (opposite) more wit, and lesser force
 Then those that haunt Rhines and Danubius shoares.
Colonies, 593ff

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:
IV, 349ff 15

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 offhandily,¹⁶ Aubin Sylvester incidentally,¹⁷ 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.¹⁸

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:
 lff

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 hoast
 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 whosoe'er it was, nature designed
 First a brave place, than as brave a mind.
 59ff

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, ll52. 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:

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
 Where Thames amongst the wanton valleys strays.
 Thames, the most loved of all the ocean's sons,
 By his old Sire, to his embraces runs,
 Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring.
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers which their infants overlay;
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave
 No unexpected inundations spoil
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil;
 But God-like his unwearied bounty flows;
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,
 But free and common as the sea or wind;
 When he to boast, or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the World, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes the Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants,
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.

158ff

To begin with, the Thames' distinctness from the rivers of antiquity is indicated in the passage:

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold;
 His genuine, and less guilty wealth to explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,...

Both the idea and some of the diction recall Sylvester's Garden of England:

What though thy Thames and Tweed have never rowld
Among their gravel massie grains of Gold?
Colonies, 787f

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 Potheccaries, 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.
Colonies, 655ff

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 be 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 waights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumors, trades, and treasures;
But of all sights, none seemes him yet more strange
Then the rare, beauteous, stately rich Exchange:
Another while he marvailes 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.

343ff

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, Mummie: black-red Ebonie
 From burning Chus: From Peru, Pearle and Gold:
 From Russia, Furrer (to keepe the rich from cold):
 From Florence, Silks: from Spainye, 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 briefe, each Country (as pleas'd God distribute)
 To the Worlds Treasure payes a sundry Tribute.

Colonies, 673ff

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 Brooke^s in curled streames doth passe,
Serve us for Gardens; and their flowerie Fleece
Affords us Syth-work^s 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, laberinth 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 gainfull Mills; and serve for Forts and Lists
To stop the Furie of Warres wast ~~to~~ 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^e 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 Lardar, that in brynie Deepes,
To nourish thee, a World of Creatures keeps:
A plenteous Victualler, whose provisions sarve
Millions of Cities that else needes must starve.

(Like halfe-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets lie
 Gasping for thirst upon the sand, a-drie):
 'T increaseth Trade, Journies abbreviats,
 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 sherts white so)
Through hundred Valleis 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 some new bank or bay,
 Or steady pillars of a Bridge built new,
 Which last-post Sommer never saw, nor knew;
 Swel, roar, and rage far fiercer then they went,
 And with their foam defile the Welkins front:
 So yerst griev'd Isaac,... Schism, 113ff

The emphasis in Cooper's Hill is on the variety that the river offers. The mercenary and subsistence-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 anti-thesis, 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" ("l'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 fruitfull 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 disenchanted 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:
 26lff

Perhaps unbeknownst to Pope, more likely forgotten, one of those "God-like Poets" was Sylvester. The passage contains the same unfrequented mazziness 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 profanelly-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 serpentine)
 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, lollff

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 impossibly 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, 11, 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.²⁰ 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":

Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
Farre hence on Forraine unfrequented Coast,
I'le onely chuse some five or sixe at most;
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few,
And yet no more incredible then true.

In th'Ile of Iron (one of those same seav'n
Whereto our Elders Happie name had giv'n)
The Savage people never drinke the streames
Of Wells and Rivers (as in other Realmes)

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

POSTSCRIPT

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 Bartas' — 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;
67ff

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.

85ff

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 equipoised 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 degeneration, persists throughout the poem in a complex pattern of hieroglyphs and

numerological organisations.

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 learnes to know
Th'Originals of Wind, and Haile, and Snow,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-starres, and Stormes,
Of Raine, and Ice, and strange Exhaled Formes.
VI, 839ff

The soul, rising from "base slymie 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 whys; 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 —

She who all libraries had thoroughly read
At home ...

303f

— 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 —

... 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.

110ff

— commerce —

Think Satan's sergeants round about thee be,
And think that but for legacies they thrust
102f.

— and politics —

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 (l63). For she was — as the world — poisoned by original sin (l67).

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" (l72) — 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 (l79) and true liberty. It brings to the prisoner one, a peace (l81) 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.
183f

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,
185f

— 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..."), appetite is given the lodging of the

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; ...
 211f

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;
 235ff

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 (272f); the impossibly created — seemingly from nothing — bladder stone (269f); 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 (30lff).

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" (31l). 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 (363f), 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 (369f), 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.¹ 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.² 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, agnominatio, 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 epithetically 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 bellows" (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", "crimson", "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.⁸ Diana is the "Delian Princess" (Fathers, 323): Cupid's dart is the "Paphian shot" (VI, 1083).⁹ 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";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" (Schism, 417), "Arabian" (Colonies, 499), "Indian" (V, 116), "Affrick" (Colonies, 304), "Tyrian" (V, 104), "Atlantick" (Vocation, 213), and so on.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.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. 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 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" (Fathers, 323), "Elensinian" (III, 258), "Memphian" (VII, 238), "Arabian" (Colonies, 479), "Dardan" (V, 740), "Numidian" (Colonies, 180), "Idalian" (VI, 48), "Transylvanian" (Colonies, 209), "Pharian" (I, 500), "Prussian" (Colonies, 363), "Euphratean" (Vocation, 922), "Chaldean" (Colonies, 68), "Ethiopian" (Colonies, 99), "Carion" (I, 501), "Idumean" (I, 759), "Hebridean" (Trophies, 1048), "Sereans" (Magnificence, 316), "stagyrian" (III, 360), "Thyrrenian" (Colonies, 106), "Pannonian" (VI, 382), "paphian" (VI, 1083), "Sicilian" (V, 772), not to mention the Ovidian "Hyper-

Borean" (V, 635).¹³ 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), "Syracusan" (VI, 933), "Illyrian" (III, 272), "Thracian" (V, 985), "Hyrceanian" (Colonies, 329), "Gaulian" (Schism, 7), "Dodonian" (III, 273), "Phrygian" (Trophies, 435), "Castalian", "Gordian" (VI, 827), "Cimmerian" (I, 323).¹⁴ 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 epithets 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.¹⁵ 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 passing 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", "wattled", "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",²² "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).²³ 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;²⁴ "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", "finless", "artless", "dauntless", "comptless", "fostimeless", "noyseless", "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, 1).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", "unshrinking", "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, 1101), 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-.²⁷ 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", "choicfull", "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", "loaden", "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", "Homicidial", "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.

Verb

I should like to say only a few words about verb formulations in Divine Weeks. Of these two kinds may be found to recur 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 besieged 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-stablish", "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 agnomination, and can further help sound to echo sense (I think of Drummond's "re-eccho"). 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 | right-wrong errors | <u>Eden</u> , 552 |
| windless Wind | I, 469 | drad-sweet face | <u>Eden</u> , 418 |
| Divinely-Humane | I, 125 | swift-slow posting pose | <u>Eden</u> , 215 |
| thin thickness | II, 1069 | sweet rape | <u>Eden</u> , 412 |
| infinite-finite | II, 1098 | grave-sweet warbles | <u>Imposture</u> , 20 |
| ebbing-flowing | III, 352 | place-les place | <u>Imposture</u> , 199 |
| busie-idle | IV, 104 | sharp-sweet fruit | <u>Imposture</u> , 354 |
| taste-less Taste | IV, 137 | path-less paths | <u>Handy-Crafts</u> , 159 |
| forward and backward in | | dying-living seeds | <u>Handy-Crafts</u> , 276 |
| one motion | IV, 346 | guirle-boy | <u>Handy-Crafts</u> , 305 |
| Art-less Art | IV, 296 | dumbly speak | <u>Babylon</u> , 348 |
| sharply-sweet | VII, 320 | calm-rage | <u>Babylon</u> , 238 |
| dear-drad Loving-Fear | VII, 414 | dumb discourse | <u>Babylon</u> , 324 |
| pain-less pain | VII, 51 | charm-grief | <u>Babylon</u> , 237 |
| care-less care | VII, 51 | cradle-toomb'd | <u>Babylon</u> , 500 |
| uncertain-certain sway | VII, 370 | green-dry, witherd-springing | <u>Babylon</u> , 556 |
| dread-less dread | VII, 715 | Bashfully-bold | <u>Babylon</u> , 598 |
| art-less Art | VII, 91 | modest-brave | <u>Babylon</u> , 598 |
| way-lesse wayes | V, 378 | grave-sweet | <u>Babylon</u> , 600 |
| hapless diligence | V, 967 | Artless Art | <u>Babylon</u> , 626 |
| sence-lesse sences | V, 580 | Mars-daunting Martialist | <u>Babylon</u> , 677 |
| Foul and Fairest both | | grave-milde Grandsire | <u>Vocation</u> , 229 |
| alike | V, 1019 | impious pietie | <u>Vocation</u> , 1374 |
| end-lesse end | V, 605 | kinde-cruell error | <u>Vocation</u> , 1374 |
| gladly-sad | V, 613 | Women-Men | <u>Vocation</u> , 333 |
| Though a-live, yet | | proudly-sad | <u>Vocation</u> , 676 |
| dead | V, 1040 | immortall-mortall Race | <u>Vocation</u> , 977 |
| pathless paths | V, 188 | dradly-wonder-full | <u>Vocation</u> , 1323 |
| sower-sweet morsell | V, 268 | sickly health | <u>Law</u> , 850 |
| dead-live seed | V, 932 | ever-never-dying | <u>Law</u> , 480 |
| Hee-Shee-coupled-one | V, 1051 | dead-living Rod | <u>Law</u> , 682 |
| Kinde-cruell eye | VI, 37 | lowly-loud | <u>Law</u> , 949 |
| Sweet-bitter charge | VI, 122 | land-less land | <u>Law</u> , 1186 |
| Make my sense sense-less | | shrill sweetly | <u>Trophies</u> , 956 |
| VI, 293 | | grave-sweetly groue | <u>Trophies</u> , 426 |
| Sloath-shunning Spirit | VI, 293 | figures figure-less | <u>Trophies</u> , 671 |
| Dead-live voyce | <u>Eden</u> , 128 | un-loving Lover | <u>Trophies</u> , 1205 |
| sharp-sweet Orange | | wickedly devout | <u>Trophies</u> , 688 |
| <u>Eden</u> , 510 | | sharply milde | <u>Trophies</u> , 1260 |
| th'un-nam'd Name | <u>Eden</u> , 456 | | |

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 temerity Colonies, 220
 knew the unknown Colonies,
 275
 forme-lesse forms Columns, 37
 Circle's Squareness Columns,
 201
 Peacefull Brail 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 Magnifi-
 cence, 498
 ebbing-flowing tide
 Magnificence, 809
 wing-less wings Magnificence,
 277
 dear-drad Prince Magnificence,
 237
 sharp-sweet wound
 Magnificence, 1068

Bashfull-boldness Magnificence, 669
 Learning (without learning)
 Magnificence, 368
 never erring Error Magnificence, 378
 pleasing pains Magnificence, 762
 dumb-speaking signs Magnificence,
 670
 chill-heat Magnificence, 670
 kindled coldness Magnificence, 670
 pain-pleasing kindly cruell
 Magnificence, 677
 living dying Magnificence, 746
 sweet poyson Magnificence, 223
 friezing-frying Magnificence, 745
 gladly-sad Magnificence, 782
 dead-live limbs Decay, 1143
 swift slowe pase Decay, 755
 gladly-sad Decay, 874
 death-less Death Schism, 612
 mortall immortal change Schism, 612
 strong in her weakness Schism, 1040
 young in aged years Schism, 1040

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-Majesticke
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
true-noble

TROPHIES

bloodie-bright
hot-cold
smooth-slie
Deep-skild
Allmightie-most
great-good
right-worthy

MAGNIFICENCE

dear-drad
comly-grave
wittie-pretty
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-slatted
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

lazier-paced
 wittie-fained
 late-admir'd
 Gray-headed
 new-come

EDEN

sharpe-conceipted
 thorough-seasoned
 sweet-tuned
 straight-stept
 faire-built
 saffron-cullored
 Azure-spangled
 crimson-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-enchanted
tri-pointed
first-borne
stiff-necked
thorough-lin'd
dry-shod

CAPTAINS

black-boorded
long-train'd
hard-wrought
halfe-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-taild
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

II

slowe-growing
First-moving
halfe-living
apt-tinding
loud-roaring

bright-flaming
hard-believing
halfe-sleeping

III

Joint-losing
wide-spreading
Ebbing -flowing
new-springing

IV

new-rising
Ill-chasing
deepe-reaching
Bright-glist'ring
farre-seeing
proud-trampling
swift-Flashing-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-boiling
round-winding
false-guiding

IMPOSTURE

mild-aspecting
true-repenting
busie-swarmling
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-swarmling

BABYLON

smoakie-waving
thick-justling
witherd-springing

COLONIES

new-springing
farre-flowing
eternall-moving

COLUMNS

safe-keeping
building-fit
First-moving
bold-fabbling
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
lowd-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
foure-times-six-times
dry-foot

SCHISM

burning-bold
panting-short (cp. verb)
ill-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
twentie-times
Triple-Unitie

VII

most-Saints

EDEN

els-paines
new-birth

IMPOSTURE

Arch-tyrant

FURIES

trew-string
nine-fold
greedie-gut
hot-moysture
French-Greece

HANDY-CRAFTS

bi-front
Safe-Retreat
true-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-flouds
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
daiery-Renter
Aegle-Brood

DECAY

Courtly-cart
High-places
three-fold
Vast-Engine
Little-ones
fellow-Falls
Wicked-liver
sacred-Flood
cunning-cost

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

IMPOSTURE

heart-break
 news-lover
 earths-heav'n
 Nectar-taste
 skill-thirst
 Monster-man

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

HANDY-CRAFTS

flint-shaft
 guirle-boy
 stone-heapes
 deaths-man
 time-grace-ordred-skill
 blood offrings
 ONE-TRINE

ARK

parent-payers
 Lightning-scepters
 Heav'n-circuits
 Peace-branch
 incest-heat
 Windes-king
 store-seed-world
 hony-gall
 Prophet-mouth

BABYLON

stripling-peeres
 prentice-princedom
 Child-word
 dust-spawn
 charm-grief
 harts-thief
 glasse-dust
 Babel-builders
 year-spinners
 Thrice-Eternals
 loves-charme
 neighbour-forrests
 soules-charme
 harts-king
 Affection-stirrer
 infant-phrase

COLONIES

Man-God
 Babel-Wonder
 bloods-price
 Idol-Altars
 Citie-Ile
 Bodies-Tower

COLUMNS

Trine-One
 gold-ground
 Serpent-Slayer
 times-childe
 seed-remnant
 sinnew-singars

VOCATION

sin-bane
 Hopes-guide
 infant-smile
 Grave-place
 Ice-pearls
 Carpet-Knights
 Women-Men
 Mock-Mars
 Spirits-restores
 Cares-Charme

Man's-Rest
 Mind's-Reliefe
 Fence-schoole
 Fee-simple
 Plenties-Home
 Harts-Artificer
 Saints-Firstling
 Heav'n Cittizens

FATHERS

Perill-prooffe
 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
 souveraine-swaye
 state-pathes
 Lust-stormes
 People-sway
 Life-blood
 Hunnie-Birds

People-State
 scepter formes
 senate-sway
Youth-slips

TROPHIES

Heav'ns-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-Groomes
 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
 Clouds-prop
 Body-Toomb

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

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

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

COLUMNS

care-free
haire-strong

LAW

Temple-sacred
Idoll-prone

CAPTAINS

Warr-eloquent
flag-shaggie
milke-white
head-strong
Heav'n-deere
Prince-loyal

TROPHIES

Star-bright
Prophet-wise
Snow-Whites

MAGNIFICENCE

eye-bold
star-bright

SCHISM

armi-potent

DECAY

food-fit
head-strong
Heav'n-deer
heart-bound-les

NOUN + PAST PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE

I

Heav'n-bent

II

fire-wing'd
star-spangled

III

silver-fronted
gaine-spurr'd
sale-tongu'd

IV

honor-winged
lamb-lyn'd

V

thunder-scar'd
speckle-starr'd
tempest-beaten
crook-tooth'd
age-chill'd
sun-thrall'd
Rose-mixt

VI

catt-fac'te
Flint-hearted
Prince-grac't

VII

star-spangled
hunnie-steeped
heav'n-pointed

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-charmd
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
 sloath-lov'd
 gold-winged
 rose-crownd
 voice-matcht
 heaven-tuned
 glorie-winged
 grace-fellowed
 Gold-mouth'd
 choice-termed
 time-torne
 world-mournd

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

VOCATION

heav'n-falne
 Warre-thralld
 iron-footed
 rage-blinded
 Winter-shaken
 sleepe-swolne
 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-spurr'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
 curtsie-capping

IV

wit-gracing
 glorie-beaming
 Peace-loving

V

Fortune-telling
 secret-spreading
 cud-chewing
 care-charming
 downe-hanging

VI

shaft-never-wanting
 sloath-shunning
 lust-burning

VII

soule-tainting

EDEN

nature-drowning
 world-adorning

IMPOSTURE

zeale-scoffing
 Hart-charming
 Vice-loathing

FURIES

valour-softning
 Corne-cumbring
 Limbe-numming
 sinewe-shrinking
 dropsie-breeding
 Blood-boyling
 Blood-sweating
 Pulse-beating
 Blood-boyling
 Church-chaffering (cp. verb)

HANDY-CRAFTS

roab-spinning
 Hart-wanting
 Reine-searching
 Thought-sounding
 Cloud-bounding

ARK

worlde-re-colonizing
 care-charming
 Health-boading
 World-shaking
 World-devouring

BABYLON

Vice-upbraiding
 clowd-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'ring
 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'ning
 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-raking
 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

VII

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
 calmly-cleere
 comfortably-bold
 thrice-sacred
 too-great
 prophanely-lewd

BABYLON

inward-humble
 richly-divers
 Bashfullie-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
 Hypocritely-coy
 dreadly-sad
 thrice-sacred
 strangely-obstinate
 providently-great
 execrablie-rude
 purely-white
 sincerely-round
 lowly-lowd

Twice-Sixe

too-rife
 nimbly-neat
 choisely-deare

CAPTAINS

Thrice-sacred
 blewly-black
 fiercely-fell
 deaflie-deepe
 rarely-wise
 majestically-milde
 too-too-light
 still-firme

TROPHIES

Too-too-happy
 thrice-three
 stifly-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-mylde
 freshly-fine
 lively-light
 nicely-neat
 gladly-sad
 rarely-sweet
 Truly-odde
 Thrice-Great

SCHISM

strictly-stout
 yet-new
 too-proud
 too-too-malapert
 feebly-faint
 fearcely-fell

DECAY

richly-rare
 proudly-brave
 ingratel-y-false
 goodly-wise
 Thrice-three-score
 thrice-glorious
 thrice-great
 thrice-gracious
 wisely-olde
 gladly-sad
 vainly-valiant
 thrice-happy

ADVERB + PAST PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE

II

too-well-spoken
 well-manned
 over-crusted
 over-growne

III

over-whurld (cp. verb)
 over-growne

V

over-layd
 well-rul'd

VI

bravely-minded
 now-sinne-obscurred

EDEN

often-breathed
 ever-blest
 ever-calmed (cp. verb)
 over-laine (cp. verb)
 over-codd (cp. verb)

IMPOSTURE

down-cast

FURIES

wel-borne
 well-tuned
 wel-wing'd

HANDY-CRAFTS

before-un-sorrow-drained
 strongly-limb'd
 up-lifted
 neer-extinguisht

ARK

Since-borne
 over-drunk (cp. verb)
 now-Po-poysoned
 crosly-crost (cp. verb)

BABYLON

well-tempered
 over-spread (cp. verb)

COLUMNS

fore-conceaved

VOCATION

holily-behaved
 too-too-tired
 through-thrilled
 poorly-frockt
 never-shunned

FATHERS

never-daunted

LAW

twice-borne
 oft-quickned
 well-spoken
 well-rig'd
 well-Rul'd

TROPHIES

ever-wicked
down-trod
far-feard
well-shap't
down-cast

MAGNIFICENCE

well-spoken
deeply-frenzed
well-polisht

SCHISM

close-driv'n
ever-blest
well-ordered
twice-borne

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

COLUMNS

Up-downe-bending-Vault
fore-quoting (cp. verb)

VOCATION

ever-tilting

LAW

ever-shining
ever-never-dying
downe-falling (cp. verb)

TROPHIES

far-seeing

MAGNIFICENCE

over-shading

SCHISM

over-daring
never-failing

DECAY

well-knowning (cp. verb)
halfly-hanging (cp. verb)
ever-living

ADVERB + NOUN

I

Alwayes-One

II

over-dryness

IV

then-Swan-poorer

EDEN

ever-memory
 now-knowledge
 since-travailes
 then-servants

FURIES

yerst-subjects
 after-times

BABYLON

outward-majestic
 now-contagion
 after-power
 ever-Boyes
 sometimes-Mead

COLONIES

better-worth

COLUMNS

Thrice-ONE
 ever-maiden

VOCATION

Thrice-sacred-One

NOUN + ADVERB

IV

biaze-wise
 heav'n-ward

V

stone-still

HANDY-CRAFTS

Earth-ward

TROPHIES

Pyramid-wise
 Star-wise
 Guest-wise

FATHERS

now-vertue

LAW

then-times
 Ever-One
 Ever-Word
 Whilome-beauties
 how-much-fold

TROPHIES

after-friends
 Ever-King

MAGNIFICENCE

ever-Bowers
 Onely-Trine

SCHISM

beyond-sea

DECAY

close-Prisoner
 after-king

PAST PARTICIPLE/ADJECTIVE + NOUN

II

past-credit

II

seeled-round (cp. verb)

III

mingled-colour

IMPOSTURE

forbidden-bit-lost

TROPHIES

fained-Prophets

MAGNIFICENCE

Kindled-Coldnes

SCHISM

clov'n-foot

DECAY

Winged-Beast

clov'n-foot

sprinkled-bloud

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

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

al-fore-seeing
 al-faining

IMPOSTURE

al-good
 al-seeing
 al-wise

FURIES

al-quickning
 al-ruling
 al-faire
 al-arm'd

HANDY-CRAFTS

all-celestiall
 All-Creator
 all-faire

ARK

Al-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

self-same
self-thirst-les
self-contayned
self-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
self-soothing
self-cruel

HANDY-CRAFTS

selfe-deserving
selfly-dying (cp. verb)

ARK

self-usurp (cp. verb)
selfs-waight
selfe-conceipt
ever-selfe-resembling
selfe-angerles
selfes-furie
selfly-cruciate
selfe-affection
selfe-oblivion

BABYLON

self-commanders
 self-examples
 self-shav'n
 selfe-prisoned

COLONIES

selfe-eternall

VOCATION

selfe-burning
 selfe-proud
 selflie-limited

FATHERS

selfe-return'd

LAW

self-simple
 selfe-blind
 selfe-gazing

CAPTAINS

selfe-beside
 self-triumphing

TROPHIES

self-presumption
 selfs-Perdition
 selfes-wrath

MAGNIFICENCE

selfs-love
 self's-sway
 owne-selfe
 too-self-humoring
 too-too-self-rapt
 self-shine (cp. verb)
 self-privacie
 self-obstin'd
 selfs-offerer

SCHISM

self-deviz'd
 half-self
 self-wounds

DECAY

self-surnamed
 self-same
 self-un-stable
 self-swelling
 self-yielders

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 them — 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*' pre-occupation 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
 true Neptune
 Almighty All-Creator
 All-One Paternall
 th'admired Author
 Chief-Chief Justice
 (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'nly 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'Almightie
immortall King
th'Almightiest
th'Architect
Heav'n's King
Jove
first Mover

EDEN

Thunder Darter
Supreme Prince of Praise
Heav'n's eternall All-fore-
seeing 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 Infernall
Powers do bow

th'immortall 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'immortall King
Great of greats
th'immortall 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 Councill

LAW

Spirit Omnipotent
Prince of the World
the Father
Onely Beginning
Base of this Universe
Uniting Chain of th'Elements
Wisedome Sovereigne
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'Almightie'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'Almightie's face
the Everlasting God
th'everlasting King
Jehovah
Eternall tutor
Sovereign King alone
Soule's sweet Rest
biting Curb of Sin
the High-Thundring One
Great God
th'Eternall
th'Almighty
th'Almightie
the Blessed One
th'Eternall
true 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
 gracious Father
 Mighty God of Powers
 Voyce Divine
 Almighty Father
 God most high
 th'Almightie
 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'Almightie
 th'Almightie
 th'immortall hand
 proud Jupiter
 just Hand of Heaven
 Terror of terrors
 th'Almightie
 th'Almighty
 th'Almightie
 th'Almightie's scepter
 th'Immortall
 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'Almighty
 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
 Sovereign
 Maker

th'Almighty
 God of might
 Lord of Hoasts
 Father
 All-Mighty
 th'Immortall
 Heav'n's glorious King
 great Onely-Trine
 Father
 th'Almightie
 th'Eternall King
 Self-Eternitie
 Infinite
 All in All
 All-comprising, none comprised
 Prince
 of Ends the End
 of First Originall
 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'eternall Architect
 th'Almightie's wing
 true 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
 Hel'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
 Messiah Promised
 the sacred Seed
 the glorious Prince
 Life's Saviour
 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
 true 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
 true 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'infernall 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'Empereall 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'Almightie'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
 celestiaall Arks
 Heav'n's blue curtens

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

II

Ceiling of Cathay (eastern sky)
 Fiery Tent
 whirling Sphears
 Welkin
 glistring tent
 welkin

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 Sphears
 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 spears
fiery sparks
those Lamps

II

celestiall 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 celestiall 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 Sphear
 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
 clear/Of liquid substance
 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 Flouds
 silver brine
 this World's rich Compass Round
 moist world
 Floud
 Crystall Floods
 the Lap of Thetis
 waves-mother Thetis
 broad briny Regions
 Neptune

VI

th'ever-bound-lesse Deeps
 Watry World
 Neptune's back
 Watry Regions
 watry Regions
 liquid Crystall Regions

EDEN

labouring Neptune's liquid belt
 the Hydrantick Brawl

IMPOSTURE

Thetis' Palace

FURIES

stormy water regions
 liquid plains
 thetis womb
 the liquid Crystall

HANDY-CRAFTS

Neptune's Hall
 th'ever-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

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
 Artificiall, great, rich, glorious
 Ball
 this Frame
 universall 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
 neather 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 Bowr
 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 Abbridgement
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

wandring 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

VI

wanton Zephyr

EDEN

Zephyr

Zephyr's wanton blowing

II

Aeolian Dungeon

Parching South

Pinching Boreas

Aeolus

Zephyrus

Auster

swift Aeolus

Aeolian slaves

Auster

Boreas

FURIES

Boreas' nimble flight

HANDY-CRAFTS

Angry Auster

III

Zephyr's blasts

IV

Zephyrus

Eurus

sweet Zephyrus

ARK

Auster

Heav'n's fresh fans

Earth's sweeping brooms

Forrests' enmity

speedy Messengers

Heralds

Eagles swift

Harbengers

th'Aeolian Crowd

nimble Postes

V

Auster

grey-beard Boreas

Aeolus

LAW

Etesian gales (Mediterranean winds)

Rough-Blustering Boreas

CAPTAINS

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 schoals

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

VII

th'Ocean-People's plenteous broods

EDEN

Scaly Nation

FURIES

Scaly Legions

HANDY-CRAFTS

Scaly Folk

BABYLON

Water-Guests

TROPHIES

th'under-fishes

BEES

VII

Hony-Flies

FURIES

Hony-People

CAPTAINS

Honey Makers

Hony-Birds

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, banefull creeping companies

THINGS INANIMATE

Bee Hive:	<u>Furies</u> , waxen city; <u>Captains</u> , 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; <u>Eden</u> , Bacchus streames; <u>Fathers</u> , Bacchus' colour
Milk:	<u>Magnificence</u> , Nectar white
Corn/Grain:	IV, gilded ears; Ceres; Ceres; VII, bearded ears; <u>Colonies</u> , Ceres' sons; <u>Law</u> , Ceres yellow locks; Ceres locks; <u>Magnificence</u> , 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'nly wooll; Melting Crystall; (see also the "periwig" metaphors in the previous chapter)
David's sling:	<u>Trophies</u> , fatall Hemp
Ships:	II, holy Vessell; V, floating bowrs; bark; <u>Colonies</u> , conquering ploughs <u>Ark</u> , Floating Inns; great Galley; sacred keel; Huge vaste Vessell; <u>Colonies</u> , bark <u>Columns</u> , House of ... wood; <u>Schism</u> , wracked planks; and (?) adventurous Alders

PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY

the body:	VI, Citadell
the Head:	<u>Colonies</u> , Bodie's Towr
the tongue:	<u>Trophies</u> , Soule's Interpreter
the Ear:	<u>Trophies</u> , dor of knowledge

the Eyes:	<u>Eden</u> , Crystall Map; Windows of the Soule
the Feet:	VI, goodly bases of this glorious Creature

Notes to Chapter 1

1. R.M. Cummings, ed., Spenser: The Critical Heritage (London, 1971), p. 56. Sidney's is at best an ambivalent response, criticising Spenser for the rusticity of his language; but Sidney commends the work generally (Cummings, p. 280). For the rest, critical opinion welcomed the Shepherd's Calendar and the Faerie Queene. Cummings (p. 6ff) accounts for the early reception of Spenser. The "Spenserian poets" are treated of by Joan Grundy, The Spenserian Poets (London, 1969).
2. "He Jonson hath be heart some verses of Spensers Calender..." Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden (in Cummings, p. 135). Jonson's one critical assessment of Spenser, again to Drummond of Hawthornden — "Spenser's stanzaes pleased him not..." — is indicative only of Jonson's temperament; elsewhere he ranks Spenser with Chaucer, Gower and Lydgate, and contrasts him with John Taylor, "The Water Poet" (Cummings, pp. 135f).
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 1.
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. 11f.
7. Geoffrey Tillotson, Augustan Poetic Diction (London, 1961; 1964), p. 45; Owen Barfield, Poetic Diction (London, 1928; 3rd edition, 1973), pp. 161ff.
8. In Tillotson, Augustan Poetic Diction, p. 55.
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).
11. London, 1924.
12. London, 1949.
13. Arthos, Natural Description, p. 80.

14. Ibid., p. 75.
15. A History of Elizabethan Literature (New York, 1912), pp. 290f; A.B. Grosart quotes Saintsbury in another context in his edition of The Complete Works of Joshua Sylvester, two volumes (1880; rpt., New York, 1967), vol. I, pp. xxxiiif; also Arthos, Natural Description, p. 75n.
16. C.S. Lewis, English Literature in the Sixteenth Century excluding Drama (Oxford, 1954), p. 544; Douglas Bush, English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century (Oxford, 1945), p. 74.
17. Augustan Poetic Diction, p. 23 et passim. See also On the Poetry of Pope (London, 1938), pp. 63ff et passim.
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.
19. Augustan Poetic Diction, p. 110.
20. English Literature of the Sixteenth Century, p. 543.
21. Leishman, p. 288.
22. Natural Description, p. 26.
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.
25. Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden, The Complete Works (Penguin, 1975), p. 461.
26. An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost (1750).
27. "Considerations on Milton's Early Reading and the Prima Stamina of his Paradise Lost", Monthly Mirror; 10 (1800).
28. On Wordsworth, see Henry Ashton, Du Bartas en Angleterre (Paris, 1908), p. 86. The Coleridge poem is reprinted below, in Chapter 7. Keats' familiarity with William Browne is well reported; I have it from editions of Browne and from Douglas Bush, ed., Keats' Selected Poems and Letters (Boston, 1959), p. xv.
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).

31. G.C. Taylor, Milton's Use of Du Bartas (Cambridge, Mass., 1934); a poor book. Taylor supervised a very poor doctoral dissertation at the University of North Carolina by W.R. Abbot, "Studies in the Influence of Du Bartas in England 1584-1641" (1931), which was apparently turned into a poor book (Chapel Hill, 1933). Other work includes Leila Parsons, "Studies in the Life and Works of Joshua Sylvester 1564-1618", University of London unpublished M.A. thesis (1948); James Garscallen, "English Translators and Admirers of Du Bartas", Oxford unpublished B.Litt. thesis (1958); Eric Wimmers, "The Style of Joshua Sylvester, Translator of Du Bartas", Indian University unpublished doctoral dissertation (1972). Published articles include V.L. Simonsen, "Joshua Sylvester's English Translation of Du Bartas's 'La premiere semaine'", Orbis Litterarum, 8 (1952); and several by Anne Lake Prescott, including "The Reception of Du Bartas in England", Studies in the Renaissance, 15 (1968), and a recent book, French Poets and the English Renaissance: Studies in Fame and Transformation (New Haven and London, 1978).

32. The Preface to Snyder's edition, vol. I, p. vii.

33. "Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden", Works, p. 466.

34. The Divine Weeks of Joshua Sylvester, p. 165.

Notes to Chapter 2

1. "Brief Advertissement", Works, vol. I, p. 220.
2. Ernst Curtius, European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages (1948) trans. W.R. Trask (New York and London, 1953; rpt., 1977), p. 229.
3. Ibid., pp. 230, 234.
4. Ibid., p. 232.
5. Wayne Shumaker, The Occult Sciences in the Renaissance (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1972), p. 133.
6. Natural Description, p. 79.
7. Curtius, p. 235; L.B. Campbell, "The Christian Muse", HLB, 8 (1935), pp. 36f, 44f.
8. Curtius, pp. 235, 239.
9. "The Christian Muse", pp. 37ff; also by Campbell, Divine Poetry and Drama in Sixteenth Century England (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1959), pp. 74ff; the subject of the Protestant conviction of the divine gift of poetry is discussed at length in A.D.S. Fowler's unpublished Oxford thesis (1957), "Protestant Attitudes to Poetry 1560-1590"; Barbara Lewalski connects Protestant poetics with seventeenth century lyrics in Protestant Poetics and the Seventeenth Century Religious Lyric (Princeton, 1979).
10. Eneados (1533 edition), fol. vii, verso.
11. See Plato, Phaedrus, trans. R. Hackforth, The Collected Dialogues, eds. Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns (Princeton, 1961; rpt., 1980), 259c-d, pp. 504f.
12. "The Christian Muse", p. 44.
13. In Edward Fairfax's translation, Godfrey of Bulloigne (1600), Jerusalem Delivered (London, 1962). Campbell ("The Christian Muse", pp. 43ff) argues that Tasso inserted the invocations after his 1571 visit to Paris, where he would probably have come "under the influence" of Du Bartas. Fowler ("Protestant Attitudes", p. 291) tells us that Tasso rejected mythology and sought some other framework.
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.
15. "Brief Advertissement", p. 224.
16. Arthur Golding, Metamorphosis (1567) ed. W.H.D. Rouse (London, 1904), p. 15.

17. A.D.S. Fowler, ed., Milton: Paradise Lost (London, 1968; 1971; rpt., 1977), p. 4ln. 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.
18. Ashton, pp. 181ff.
19. Fowler, "Protestant Attitudes", p. 296.
20. Campbell, Divine Poetry and Drama, p. 93.
21. In Campbell, Divine Poetry and Drama, p. 94.
22. Fowler, "Protestant Attitudes", p. 112; Campbell, Divine Poetry and Drama, p. 5.
23. Select Translations from Scaliger's Poetics, trans. F.M. Padelford (New York, 1905), p. 40.
24. Dedication to the Aeneis, Works, ed. Sir Walter Scott, eighteen volumes (1808; rev. and corr. by George Saintsbury, Edinburgh, 1889), vol. XIV, p. 130.
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).
28. Geoffrey Shepherd, ed. Sir Philip Sidney, An Apology for Poetry (London, 1965), pp. 55ff, gives an excellent account of theories of poetic rapture, indeed of styles that delight, teach, and move (p. 70).
29. Fowler, "Protestant Attitudes", p. 121.
30. T.S. Eliot, "The Metaphysical Poets", Selected Essays (London, 1932; 3rd edition; rpt., 1976), p. 287.
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. 87f.
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 Poemes Inspires du Debut de la Genese a l'Epoque de la Renaissance (Louvain, 1931; Arthos, Natural Description, pp. 73ff. For the hexameral tradition see Frank E. Robbins, The Hexameral Literature (Chicago, 1912).
42. "Brief Advertissement", p. 219.
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. 25f. Julius Caesar Scaliger, Poetics, pp. 15f, 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).
2. Maynard Mack, introduction to the Iliad, The Poems of Alexander Pope gen. ed. John Butt, eleven volumes (London and New Haven, 1939-1969), vol. VII (1967), p. clxvi.
3. Ibid., p. xcvi.
4. Ibid., p. xcvi.
5. "Preface sur la Franciade", p. 15.
6. Frank Warnke, Visions of Baroque (1972), p. 23.
7. Mack, p. xcvi.
8. Ibid., p. cxxxiv.
9. Fowler, Paradise Lost, p. 464n.
10. Fowler, "Protestant Attitudes", p. 274.
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, 34lf; new wine, 607ff; owl, Babilon, 17ff; spark in forest, 119ff; Bridge-building, 219ff; language similes, 436ff; galley slaves, 453ff; nature's regeneration, 481ff; bee, Colonies, 243ff; stone causing ripples in water, 297ff; corn, 517-20; fishes, 521-24; peasant brought to king's closet, Columnes, 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, 1161ff; seething caldron, 1312ff; bird in trap, 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, 470?; 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), Captaines, 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, 341ff; vengefull bees, 354ff; hunting dogs/hare (interpolation), 373ff; rabbit/dogs, 397ff; base

metal/gold, 455; bridge of cards, 507ff; stopping Caroché, 543ff; blind man lost in forest, 615ff; infant walking for first time, 633ff; 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, 1111ff; river, 1145; leech, 1215-16; comet, Trophies, 74ff; pyes, 123ff; Orion; Irish hobby horse, 213ff; ox, 287; ships, 297ff; cock fight, 311ff; 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, 1071; Venus; Ivory image of a Grace, 1075-76; Bathsheba similes, 1090ff; lusty horse rider, 1123ff; good-natured child; millstone, Magnificence, 15ff; base mortar, 39-40; clothing/make-up, 52-56; plants' dishumour, 177-78; simple courtier, 189ff; fly/spiderweb, 208ff; gamesters, 551ff; sun/moon, 818-19; grape harvest, 1121ff; thumb on guitar, 1287; raging river, Schisme, 113ff; dust/shepherd's sight, 179ff; spreading drop of oil, 317ff; fire spark, 319ff; fighting bulls, 525ff; claret wine, 534; falling meteor/Summer's eve, 589ff; tigress/bear dame, 771ff; buzzing fly, 816; ape, 823; bees after rain, 885; balloon, 930; cannon/castle, 947; feather, 967; Roach/ruffe/Gudgeon, 999ff; ship, Decay, 59ff; apple dangling in wind, 90-92; fowlers (interpolation), 115-16; proud lion, 331ff; house on fire/wife saves casket, 350ff; bear whelp domesticated, 397ff; plant, 411ff; princes/rivers, 429ff; wind, 602ff; fire in stubble, 621ff; wind/rock/flood, 627ff; cannon-ball, 637ff; sun-dial, 737-38; wise father, 766ff; head-strong colt, 775ff (see also above); stiff thrown bowl, 783-84; buzzing hornets, 797-98; crumbling rocky hill, 834ff (see also above); serpent/shepherd, 873ff; rope-walker, 900ff; trapped badger, 921ff; ferret/game keeper, 941-42; Leo's effect on the weather, 973ff; piles hammered into Dover Pier, 989ff; trapped lion, 1093ff; unyielding rock, 1135ff; glass easily broken, 1194.)

12. Mack, p. lii.
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).
14. The Poems of William Browne, ed. G. Godwin, two volumes (London, 1891).
15. Quotations from Dryden, save where otherwise indicated, are from The Poems and Fables, ed. James Kinsley (Oxford, 1958; 1962; rpt., 1980).
16. The Poetical Works (London, n.d. — "The Aldine Edition of British Poets"), p. 100.
17. Compare Spenser, Faerie Queene, II, ix, 51.
18. Quotations from Pope, save where otherwise indicated, are from The Poems, ed. John Butt (London, 1963; rpt. with corr., 1968; rpt., 1977).
19. See note 1; I refer to its incantational effect.

Notes to Chapter 4

1. Thomas Nash, The Anatomie of Absurditie (1589), in Elizabethan Critical Essays, ed. G. Gregory Smith, two volumes (Oxford, 1904), vol. I, p. 328.
2. Du Bartas' reputation is examined by U.T. Holmes, Works, vol. I, pp. 28ff, especially pp. 50ff.
3. The Celestial Pantomime (Hartford, Conn., 1979).
4. "Language in Elizabethan England: The Divine Model", Princeton University unpublished doctoral dissertation (1975).
5. *Ibid.*, p. 52.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 59. See Joseph Summers "The Proper Language", in George Herbert: His Religion and Art (London, 1954), pp. 95ff.
7. Critical Theory and Practice of the Pleiade (Cambridge, Mass., 1942), p. 39.
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).
11. "The Style of Joshua Sylvester, Translator of Du Bartas", Indiana University unpublished doctoral dissertation (1972), p. 64.
12. G. Willcock and A. Walker, in the Preface to their edition of George Puttenham, The Arte of English Poesie (1589), (Cambridge, 1936), p. lxxvi.
13. A Discourse of English Poetry (1586), in Smith, vol. I, p. 269.
14. The Arte of English Poesie, in Smith, vol. II, p. 75.
15. Observations in the Art of English Poesie (1602), in Smith, vol. II, pp. 334f.
16. Susan Snyder, Works, I, pp. 93ff, is cautious in her statements about Sylvester's influence on the development of the couplet. I believe I make it clear throughout this work that I see Sylvestrian line behind early Augustan line. On the couplet see George Williamson, "The Rhetorical Pattern of Neo-Classical Wit", MP, 33 (1935), pp. 55-81; W.B. Piper, The Heroic Couplet (Cleveland, Ohio and London, 1969), pp. 180f; Ruth Wallerstein, "The Development of the Rhetoric and Metre of the Heroic Couplet, Especially in 1625-1645", PMLA, 1 (1935), p. 170.
17. "Brief Advertissement", p. 224.
18. See Tillotson's brief definition in Augustan Poetic Diction, pp. 14f.
19. Natural Description, p. 68.

20. Puttenham, pp. 80ff.
21. For instance, Ronsard, in "Preface sur la Franciade", p. 15 et frequenter.
22. Snyder, Works, vol. I, p. 85.
23. Webbe, pp. 267, 274.
24. A Defence of Rhyme (1603?), in Smith, vol. II, p. 360.
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.
26. "Preface sur la Franciade", p. 12.
27. Ibid., p. 15.
28. Ibid., p. 12.
29. "Brief Advertissement", p. 222.
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.
34. The Making of Verse, in Smith, vol. I, p. 47.
35. Ibid., p. 52.
36. A Short Treatise on Verse (1584), in Smith, vol. I, p. 218.
37. Puttenham, p. 15.
38. "Epistle Dedicatory to the Shepheard's Calendar" (1579), in Smith, vol. I, p. 131.
39. Apology for Poetry, p. 138.
40. J.C. Smith, Introduction to Spenser: Poetical Works, eds. J.C. Smith and E. de Selincourt (Oxford, 1912), p. lxiii.
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. I, 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.
47. Directions For Speech and Style (1599?) ed. Hoyt H. Hudson (Princeton, 1935), p. 13.
48. "Figures of Repetition in John Donne's Poetry", Style, II, iv (1977), pp. 398f.
49. In John Hollander, The Untuning of the Sky (Princeton, 1961), p. 197.
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).
51. The Living Temple, p. 24.
52. Ibid., p. 49.
53. Ibid., p. 58.
54. Ibid., p. 89.
55. Ibid., Chapter 3.
56. Ibid., p. 126.
57. Ibid., p. 149.
58. C.A. Patrides, ed., The English Poems of George Herbert (London, 1974; rpt., 1977), p. 9.
59. Ibid., p. 15.
60. Ibid., p. 15.
61. Paul Alpers, The Poetry of the Faerie Queene (Princeton, 1967), pp. 74ff, 97f.
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., Handy-Crafts, 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. I, p. 85.
71. Augustan Poetic Diction, p. 14.
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.
2. The Well Wrought Urn (1947; rpt., New York, 1975), p. 9.
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".
5. Simon Goulart, A learned summary upon the famous poeme of William of Saluste Lord of Bartas, trans. Thomas Lodge (1621), p. ?; Francis Bacon, Novum Organum (1620) trans. and ed. F.H. Anderson (New York, 1960), II, 32.
6. Rhetoric, 3.9.8.
7. Poetics, IX.
8. "The Life of Cowley", Lives of the English Poets, ed. G.B. Hill, three volumes (Oxford, 1905; rpt., New York, 1967) vol. I, p. 20.
9. Compare Lord Herbert's "The Discovery", 9ff.
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.
11. Goulart, p. 248.
12. Historia Naturalis, trans. Philomene Holland (1601), I, 157.
13. See OED, under "androgynous".
14. Lawler; this principle is a motive force to the Celestial Pantomime.
15. See the discussion that follows. For corroboration in Spenser's case, A.C. Hamilton, ed., The Faerie Queene (London, 1977), p. 42ln. All quotations from the Faerie Queene come from this edition.
16. Compare Pope, Essay on Man, III, 121f.
17. "Barrels of others' wits" is a parody of a greater concept, that of form as a container of contents. See Chapter 6, below.
18. See "A Cruel Mistress", 13ff.

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 miss-use of literature. It is taken up more ambitiously in Fowler's "Protestant Attitudes".
23. Snyder, Works, vol. I, p. 74.
24. In Robert Ralston Cawley, Unpathed Waters (Princeton, 1940), p. 47.
25. Ibid., pp. 46f.
26. Goulart, p. 118.
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.
29. Ann Haaker, ed., The Antipodes (Lincoln, Nebraska, 1966), p. xviii.
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 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,

1630), 1869; rpt., New York, 1967, p. 134a): "The sky my Canopy, bright 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!" (90ff). The inversion is especially interesting in view of its apocalyptic context.

33. The sexual ramifications of the universal epithalamion 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, wilfully 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 seriousness 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 Homer's diction? Is not Homer converting pictures into precise words?
37. See the discussion of eagles and doves below.

38. Milton's Use of Du Bartas, pp. 30ff.
39. See Frances Yates, The Art of Memory (London, 1966).
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 t'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.
41. John Donne: The Anniversaries (Baltimore, 1963), p. 183.
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.
43. John Donne: The Elegies and the Songs and Sonnets (Oxford, 1965), Commentary.
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.
48. Hollander, pp. 24f.

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.
54. Ibid., p. 14.
55. Compare Spenser, *Epithalamion*, 128ff, for such "trembling" in a context of chaos.
56. Hollander, p. 48.
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. 294: "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 drooping, 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 Zodiake,/The Planets path, where Phoebus plies to make/Th'Yeeres Revolution: through new Houses ranging,/To cause the Seasons yeerely foure-fold changing./Th'other, which (crossing th'Universall Props,/And thos where Tytans whirling Chariot sloaps)/Rectangle 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 Spheares 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 Spheare,/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, 30lff). The italicised language is once again hieroglyphic. For the paradox we might also go to Donne, "The Second Anniversary", 14lff; Dryden talks about the circular perfection of fame ("Heroique stanzas", 17ff); his early poems are filled with the geographical aspect of such geometry.
62. Hollander, p. 225.
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

QVID NON SENTIT AMOR! 85
XLII.



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 lutenist, 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 inter-course 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), lff.
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.
69. A.B. Chambers, "The Fly in Donne's Canonization", JEGP, 65 (1966), p. 253. See also Josef Lederer, "John Donne and Emblematic Practice" RES, 22 (1946), pp. 169ff, for discussion of the figures.
70. Sermons, VIII, 123.
71. Anthology of Sorcery, Magic and Alchemy (Anthologie de l'Occultisme, 1929) trans. J. Courtenay Locke (New York, 1973), p. 212. Compare Allen G. Debus, gen. ed., Robert Fludd and His Philosophical Key (New York, 1979), pp. 13ff.
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

1. Curtius, pp. 138ff.
2. Poems I, William Drummond of Hawthornden: Poems and Prose, ed. R.H. MacDonald (Edinburgh, 1976).
3. Sermons, V, 396.
4. Wits Theater, p. 1.
5. Ibid., p. 142.
6. John Heywood, in Curtius, p. 332.
7. Curtius, pp. 302ff.
8. Ibid., p. 323.
9. Ibid., p. 334f; Curtius only knows of two instances of the book binding metaphor — this is assuredly another.
10. "Brief Advertissement", p. 220.
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.
14. Religio Medici (1643), I, 15.
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.
16. I take the designation from C.L. Powell's sketchy article, "The Castle of the Body", SP, 16 (1919), pp. 197ff. See also D.C. Allen, The Harmonious Vision (Baltimore, 1954), pp. 17ff.
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.
22. Frye, The Great Code, pp. 53f.

23. Ibid., p. 54.
24. Works, vol. I, p. 145.
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.
26. Susan Snyder, "Donne and Du Bartas: The Progress of the Soule as Parody", SP, 68 (1973), p. 392.
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. 56n; George Coffin Taylor, p. 95. Again, the island animal is like those moving islands that figure in seventeenth century poetry.
30. Compare the Juvenalia, where Donne reflects upon the paradox of the pox: "Is there no such mercy in this disease that it provides that one should smell his own stink?" John Donne: Paradoxes and Problems, ed. H. Peters (Oxford, 1980), p. 40. Peters' commentary, p. 118, offers other analogues.
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 soule 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.
39. In Campbell, "The Christian Muse", p. 34.

40. Voltaire, in Tillotson, Pope and Human Nature (Oxford, 1958), p. 15.
41. In Tillotson, Pope and Human Nature, p. 29.

Notes to Chapter 7

1. Curtius, p. 232.
2. See Clark Hulse, Metamorphic Verse: The Elizabethan Minor Epic (Princeton, 1981), for an examination of this subject in connection with the Ovidian minor epics.
3. On Gavin Douglas, see Priscilla Bawcutt, Gavin Douglas: A Critical Study (Edinburgh, 1976), pp. 77, 87ff, 180, 182.
4. "Brief Advertissement", p. 220.
5. Broughton, p. xlv.
6. Tickell, De Poesi Didactica (1711).
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 unfruitfull, 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 perswaded 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".
10. Curtius, pp. 186f.
11. James Norhnberg, The Analogy of the Faerie Queene (Princeton, 1976), pp. 490ff. On the subject of analogy this is an excellent book.
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 devided 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, goodly, deafe, blissfull, happy (twice), al-clasping, sweet, hollow, fostering, th'il-savory, all (thrice) self-same, thousand, over-ripe, green, egest and bittrest (with internal rhyme), Madera, holesome, tast-curious, wanton, Thousand, costly, various, dainty, each, common, gutter gorging, durty, smooth-sliding, 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, continuall (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, shrinke, winck, afford, enag'd, dismounted, poverisht, (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 sprayer (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 vows 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. 29ln.
20. On this subject see A. Bartlett Giamatti, The Earthly Paradise and the Renaissance Epic (Princeton, 1966); Curtius, pp. 183ff, et passim; Harry Levin, The Myth of The Golden Age in the Renaissance (Bloomington, Ind., 1969); "The Golden Age and the Renaissance" Literary Views (1964). See also Frances Yates, Astraea (London, 1975). I rely heavily on Elizabeth Armstrong, Ronsard and the Age of Gold (Cambridge, 1968), especially Chapter 1, for views of the French Garden.

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, 511ff.
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, amourous, freshly-fine, (eternall), lively varyfied, starry, toil-les, immortall (twice), soft (twice), broad-leav'd, soothing, deep (twice), Wyly, quaint, wittie-prettie, boundless, sugred, (immaterial), enchanting, frolike, fraighted, balmy, oer-laden, (inflamed), downie, stooping, idle, wanton (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-graft (Du Bartas, "non-entez", 467) are also worth noting. Prodigue comes straight from Du Bartas (487), and possibly further, from Ronsard.
24. Treading, sailes, repose, 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, musing, wanders, hedged, licking, feeding, (fed), brouz'd, waters, clad, suiting, smiles, (mount), tild, dis-leaves, roars, bereaves, stoopeth, to kisse, whistling, wooes, 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, murmur, 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, corses, 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, (couvies), Apple-Tree, sparrow, lime-twiggs, (Wren, Finch, Linot, Tit-mouse, Wag-Tail, Cock, Hen), (Parrot, Peacock, Swan, Phaisant, Ring-Dove, Culver), Rose-boughes, 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. 1ff. 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.
27. George Sandys, trans., Metamorphoses (Renaissance and the Gods Series, 1975), vol. 27.

28. Compare also Virgil, Georgics, I, 136.
29. See my lists in Excursus II of Sylvestrian compounds; see also Arthos, "Studies in the Diction", pp. 85ff; 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. 159f.
32. See Excursus II.
33. For a discussion of Chapman's style, see Reuben Brower, Hero and Saint: Shakespeare and the Graeco-Roman Heroic Tradition (Oxford, 1971), pp. 51ff.
34. Mack, pp. cciif.
35. Bawcutt, pp. 69ff.
36. In Bawcutt, p. 88.
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.
38. L.M. Watt, Douglas's Aeneid (Cambridge, 1920), pp. 94, 98f.
39. Emrys Jones, introduction to Surrey: Poems (Oxford, 1964; rpt., 1973), pp. xvif.
40. Bawcutt, p. 90.
41. Ibid., p. 128.
42. Watt, p. 70.
43. Philip Hobsbaum, Ten Elizabethan Poets (London, 1969), p. 72.
44. Derek Attridge, Well-weigh'd Syllables (Cambridge, 1976), pp. 169ff.
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. 23ln.
50. Sidney Lee, The French Renaissance in England (Oxford, 1910), p. 200, attributes the localisation of the Golden Age in America to Ronsard.
51. In R.A. Aubin, Topographical Poetry in 18th-Century England (New York, 1936), p. 42.
52. Ibid., pp. 47ff.
53. Ibid., p. 48.
54. Ibid., p. 60.
55. In Aubin, p. 49.
56. In C.E. de Haas, Nature and the Country in English Poetry (Amsterdam, 1928), p. 32.
57. J.R. Watson, Picturesque Landscape and English Romantic Poetry (London, 1970), p. 1.
58. See Aubin, p. 17, for remarks on this.
59. James Turner, The Politics of Landscape (Cambridge, Mass., 1979), p. 24.
60. "Brief Advertissement", p. 220.
61. For portraiture see also, 1082.
62. See Arthos, Natural Description, pp. 153ff.
63. Hulse, p. 185. On the subject of painting see Chapter 4.
64. Ibid., p. 185.
65. Leishman, p. 275.
66. Arthos, "Studies in the Diction", p. 506.
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.
71. Arthos, "Studies in the Diction", p. 511.
72. "Brief Advertissement", p. 219.
73. Leishman, pp. 117ff.
74. Ibid., p. 119.

75. Lewis, English Literature in the Sixteenth Century, p. 521.
76. Harold Jenkins, Edward Benlowes (Cambridge, Mass., 1952), p. 113.
77. Leishman, p. 272.
78. Ibid., p. 227.
79. See Turner, p. 30.
80. "Preface sur la Franciade", p. 19.
81. In Rosamond Tuve, Elizabethan and Metaphysical Imagery (Chicago, 1947), p. 65.
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.
94. In English Pastoral Verse, eds. John Barrell and John Bull (Penguin, 1974; rpt., 1982), p. 346.
95. See also IV, 587ff; compare Chaucer, Troilus and Criseyde, V, 8.
96. Barfield, p. 127.
97. Taken from R.M. Durling's translation of 1976.
98. Leishman, p. 274.
99. These I owe to Leishman, p. 273.
100. Five Poems (London, 1948), pp. 36ff.
101. Ibid., p. 32.
102. See Magnificence, 963.

103. Hamilton, p. 512n, refers to Cooper's terminology: "hereof all crooked and subtylle tourning wayes, meanes and diuises be called Meandri."
104. Bawcutt, p. 86; Curtius, p. 356.
105. Turner, pp. 31, 41.
106. Ibid., p. 199n.
107. See OED, "meandry".
108. Certain Elegant Poems (1647), p. 7.
109. In Norhnberg, p. 508.
110. Compare Furies, 181ff.
111. The Poems of Alexander Pope, vol. x, p. 380.
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.
114. Goulart, p.
115. Braden examines this at some length, pp. 46ff.
116. Curtius, p. 66.
117. For discussion see S.K. Heninger, A Handbook to Renaissance Meteorology with Particular Reference to Elizabethan and Jacobean Literature (Durham, N.C., 1960), pp. 154ff.
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.
128. Heninger, p. v.
129. On the "Hyper-Borean" condition see Cawley, pp. 31ff.

130. Compare Dryden, Annus Mirabilis, sts. 217f.
131. See Chapter 3 (e.g., Iliad, XII, 275ff).
132. On this kind of natural simile see Mack, pp. xcvff.
133. Arthos, Natural Description, p. 106, et passim.
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".
138. Poetical Works, ed. E.H. Coleridge (London, 1969), p. 486.
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.
2. Peter Ure, "Two Passages in Sylvester's Du Bartas and Their Bearing on Shakespeare's Richard II", N & Q, 198, Sept. (1953), pp. 374ff; also Leishman, p. 286.
3. Ure, pp. 374f; Leishman, p. 286, agrees.
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-Wrack 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.
8. Aubin, p. 39.
9. "Advertissement au lecteur" to La Muse Chretienne, Works, vol. I, p. 212.
10. Aubin, pp. 4f.
11. Hamilton, p. 508n.
12. "Preface sur la Franciade", p. 14.
13. Ibid., pp. 19f.
14. Michael Drayton, Works, eds. J.W. Hebel, K. Tillotson, B.H. Newdigate, five volumes (1931-1941), vol. IV, p. viii.
15. Compare, however, an earlier resonance in Wyatt, Collected Poems, ed., Joost Daalder (Oxford, 1975), poem XCIX, pp. 94f.
16. Haas, Nature and the Country in English Poetry; Turner, p. 12.
17. Aubin, p. 17.
18. "The Life of Denham", Lives of the English Poets, vol. I, p. 77.
19. In Aubin, p. 197.

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. 11.
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.
2. For discussion and lists of formulations in Du Bartas see Works, vol. I, pp. 158ff; A.E. Creore, "Du Bartas' Style" MLQ, 1 (1940).
3. In Hazard Adams, ed., Critical Theory Since Plato (New York, 1971), p. 89.
4. See J. Andre, Etudes sur les termes de couleurs dans la langue latine (Paris, 1949).
5. "golden Throne" (Decay, 24), "black Thunder" (Decay, 59), "dark black rage" (Trophies, 389), "black Ignorance" (Magnificence, 1248), "sable poyson" (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.
8. Compare Pope, Essay on Criticism, 138, 280.
9. Thomas Blount in Glossographia defines: "Paphian fire or shot for the fire or arrows of Love".
10. III, 77; compare Milton, Psalm 136, 46. For "Castalian" (II, 399) compare Milton, Paradise Lost, IV, 274; Pope, Dunciad, III, 18.
11. See Milton, Paradise Lost, I, 307, "Memphian chivalry"; Milton, Paradise Lost, I, 335, "Libyan sands"; XII, 634, "Libyan air"; contrast Spenser, Faerie Queene, II, ii, 22. See Milton, Paradise Lost, III, 537, "Arabian shore"; Samson Agonistes, 1700, "Arabian woods"; Shakespeare, Othello, V, ii, "Arabian trees"; Pope, Satires, IV, ii, "Arabian shores". Milton, Paradise Lost, III, 436, "Indian streams"; Comus, 139, "Indian steep"; Pope, Satires, IV, ii, "Indean seas"; Milton, Paradise Lost, I, 585; "Afric shore"; Paradise Regained, II, 347, "Afric coast"; Pope, Satires, VIII, xxviii, "Affric shores". Milton, Comus, 49, "Tyrrhene shore"; Milton, Comus, 97, "Atlantick stream"; Pope, Odyssey, II, 15, "Atlantick shore".
12. Schafer, p. 33.
13. For some of these see note 11.
14. See for instance Milton, Paradise Regained, III, 317, "Hyrcanian cliffs"; Paradise Lost, VII, 34, "Thracian bard". See Braden, p. 4, on "Cimmerian".
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).
19. See for instance Dryden, Hind and Panther, III, 742, "men ungodded"; Milton, Comus, 344, "wattled cotes"; Paradise Lost, II, 660, "Vexed Scylla".
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; II 97, V, 199; Handy-Crafts, 170; III, 480.
25. I have already remarked Sylvester's interest in "pathless-paths". While the oxymoron may be left behind by much of Augustan poetry, it adopts the -less ending willingly.
26. See Miriam Joseph, Shakespeare's Use of the Arts of Language (1947), p. 133.
27. Ibid., p. 133.

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