

THE COUNTESSE OF
PEMBROKES ARCADIA

THE
COVNTESSE
OF PEMBROKES
ARCADIA,

WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIPPE
SIDNEL



LONDON
Printed for William Ponsonbie.
Anno Domini, 1590.

*Title page of the first quarto edition of the Arcadia,
published 1590.*



Title page (reduced in size) of the first folio edition of the Arcadia, published 1593.

THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA

EXAMINED AND DISCUSSED
BY THE LATE

EDWARD GEORGE HARMAN, C.B.

(WITH A CHAPTER ON THOMAS LODGE)



LONDON

CECIL PALMER

Forty-Nine
CHANDOS
STREET
W.C. 2

NINE-
TEEN
TWENTY
FOUR

Printed in Great Britain.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Facsimiles of title pages of the 1590 and 1593 editions of the <i>Arcadia</i> (British Museum)	Frontispiece
Preface	i. to x.
Chapter I. The First Book	1
" II. Book II.	24
" III. Book III.	52
" IV. The first and second Editions of the <i>Arcadia</i> : a suppressed autobiographical passage : " <i>Astrophel and Stella</i> "	89
" V. Argalus and Parthenia : The Editions of the <i>Arcadia</i> , continued	110
" VI. Pyrocles and Musidorus	119
" VII. Pamela and Philoclea : Mira : Stella	127
" VIII. Philisides : Mira, Rosalind of Spenser, and the Queen	138
" IX. Claius and Strephon : Urania : The " <i>Astrophel</i> <i>and Stella</i> " Sonnets : The Harvey " <i>Marginalia</i> "	153
" X. The Conclusion of the <i>Arcadia</i> : General Remarks	170
" XI. Thomas Lodge	182
Appendix The ' Shakespeare Problem '	205
Index	229

NOTE

MR. E. G. HARMAN, C.B., died on the 20th day of December, 1921, and consequently the proofs of this book did not have the benefit of his personal revision. Some of his friends have done their best to insure correction of obvious and typographical errors and the index has been compiled by Mr. Charles Morant, Assistant Librarian of the Inner Temple, who is well versed in the bibliography of the period.

PREFACE

THIS book forms the fourth volume of a series, of which the first three are *Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon* (Constables, 1914), *Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe* (1922), and *The Impersonality of Shakespeare*.¹ As it is the last contribution which I expect to make to the subject of Baconian authorship, I take the opportunity to offer a few prefatory remarks.

In the first place I desire to say that any conclusions as to the authorship of the works which pass under the name of Spenser were arrived at independently and solely from a study of the internal evidence. I afterwards found that similar conclusions had been reached by others, largely, so far as I can gather, through the alleged existence of a cipher running through various works. Mr. Parker Woodward was good enough to send me a work of his, entitled *Tudor Problems*, published in 1914, in which he sets out these conclusions, which, as I understand him, he has reached, to some extent at any rate, through this method. I am no judge of this cipher, having never studied it; but, though I have read his book with great interest, and find myself in general agreement with his conclusions as to the Baconian authorship of a number of works which pass under other names or initials, I wholly dissent from him, and others who share his opinions, on the subject of Francis Bacon's parentage. The view which he maintains is that there is a cipher story declaring that Bacon was a natural son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, and that Robert, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite in her latter years, was born of the same parents.

¹ As to this book see note at the end of this Preface.

Now this conclusion, so far as Bacon is concerned is, in my opinion, rendered absolutely impossible by the historical evidence. Bacon speaks of his mother, Lady Ann Bacon, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, and second wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon, in terms which he could never have used if he was aware that she was not his mother; and she, equally, refers to him as her son. Similarly he speaks of Sir Nicholas Bacon as his father, of Anthony Bacon as his brother, and of Sir Robert Cecil as his kinsman and cousin, son of his maternal aunt, Mildred Cecil, Lord Burghley's second wife.

Thus, in Lady Bacon's correspondence we find such expressions as these:

"he was . . . a son of much good hope in godliness."

"A remote phrase to my plain motherly meaning."

"God bless my son . . . He was his father's first choice" (?)¹

"Which God grant to mother and sons."

"Well (inquam) the eldest of my but two in all sons is visited by God, and the other methinks is but strangely used by man's dealing."

"I am sorry your brother with inward secret grief hindereth his health" (of Francis).

Similarly we find Bacon himself writing to the Queen to ask "for the help of my estate," and giving among the reasons:

"First my love to my mother, whose health being worn, I do infinitely desire she might carry this comfort to the grave, not to have my estate troubled and engaged."²

Bacon on his mother's death:

"Sir Michael Hicks.

"It is but a wish and not any way to desire it to your trouble. But I heartily wish I had your company here at my Mother's funeral . . . Feast I make none. But if I might have your company for two or three days at my house I should pass over this mournful occasion with more comfort."³

¹ Word illegible.

² 12 March, 1599. Spedding, *Letters and Life*, ii. 166.

³ 27 August, 1610. Spedding, *Letters and Life*, iv., 217.

From Bacon's will :

" For my burial, I desire it may be in St. Michael's church, near St. Alban's: there was my mother buried"¹

Bacon on his father, in a letter to Lord Burghley dated 18th October, 1580 :

" being made good and verified in my father so far forth as it extendeth to his posterity, accepting them as commended by his service, during the non-age, as I may term it, of their own deserts. I, for my part, am well content that I take least part either of his abilities of mind or of his worldly advancements : yet, in the loyal and earnest affection which he bare to her Majesty's service, I trust my portion shall not be with the least, nor in proportion with my youngest birth. For methinks his precedent should be a silent charge upon his blessing unto us in all our degrees, to follow him afar off, and to dedicate unto her Majesty's service both the use and spending of our lives."²

Bacon on his cousin, Sir Robert Cecil, in a letter to Lord Burghley, dated 21st March, 1594 :

" if I did show myself too credulous to idle hearsay in regard of my right honourable kinsman and good friend Sir Robert Cecil."³

Anthony Bacon on his brother, in a letter to his mother of 1593 :

" I assure myself that your Ladyship, as a wise and kind mother to us both"

" the ground whereof being only a brotherly care and affection . . . beseeching you to believe that being so near and dear to me as he is"⁴

From Lady Bacon's reply :

" for your brotherly care of your brother Francis's estate you are to be well liked, and so I do as a Christian mother that loveth you both as the children of God : but as I wrote but in few words yesterday by my neighbour, the state of you both doth much disquiet me."⁵

¹ Ibid. vii. 539.

⁴ Ibid. i. 243.

² Ibid. i. 14.

⁵ Ibid. i. 244.

³ Ibid. i. 358.

In Bacon's unacknowledged writings, as I have suggested, there are allusions to his father—who obviously, under that interpretation, is Sir Nicholas Bacon—in Spenser's *Muiopotmos*¹, and in Bryskett's *Discourse of Ciuill Life*²; also in the *Arcadia*, as I have suggested in the course of the present volume.

Mr. Parker Woodward alludes to one or two of the passages above noticed in Bacon's papers and endeavours to explain them away, but the weight of evidence is against him.

More quotations from Spedding could be given in support of the argument, but I have said enough, I think, to show conclusively how baseless the alleged cipher story on the point of Bacon's parentage is.

There is another story put forward by the decipherers, and given also in Mr. Parker Woodward's book, which, in my opinion, is equally baseless, that Francis Bacon fell in love with Marguerite de Valois during his sojourn on the Continent. The reasons for my opinion on this point appear in the present volume.

If the cipher produces such results as this story of Bacon's parentage, one asks what dependence can be placed upon it for anything? And yet I find myself confronted with the fact that largely by means of it a writer professes to have reached similar conclusions as I have, working solely on the internal evidence. I must leave it at that; on the other hand so long as cipher results are published which are plainly confuted by history, there is evidently little chance of the Baconian case receiving impartial consideration.

A common objection made against the conclusions put forward by me and others who take the same view is that no human being could have found time to write so many books, and having said this, the critic seems to regard further examination of the question superfluous. I fully admit the force of the objection, and I am at least as much alive to it as any opponent can be. Indeed it has weighed upon

¹ See *Edmund Spenser, &c.*, p. 181.

² *Ibid.* pp. 586, 587.

me ever since I began this investigation. The conclusion, for instance, that Bacon was the author of the Spenser works was one which I was most reluctant to accept, and which at times I almost regarded with feelings of horror. But without going into that I may say simply, that it was forced upon me by the internal evidence, and similarly of the rest of my conclusions. People misjudge my work altogether who suppose that, moved by an enthusiasm for Bacon, I have been led to attribute to him all the books which I could, by any stretch of the imagination, bring within the affinities of his style.

This brings me to the question of judgment from style. How do you judge style? Is not one man's opinion on this point as good as another's? To this I reply, certainly not. When a man has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the fourteen volumes of Spedding, which provide the basis for this enquiry, he can begin to talk about understanding Bacon's style. How many people have taken the trouble to do that? Very few, I should say, judging by what is written and said on this subject. But in this country, in which private judgment has been exalted to a point where it seems almost to be thought to dispense with the necessity for industry and information, it is difficult to make anyone realise that an historical investigation cannot be conducted solely by the light of nature.

I will give one example. Many years ago I came to the conclusion that the notes in Ben Jonson's collection known as "Timber: or Discoveries made upon Men and Matter" contained a few passages founded upon Bacon's manuscripts, as, for example, the paragraph on education headed "Imo serviles." I felt sure, from indications of style, as well as of subject matter, that the passage from "It pleased your lordship of late to ask my opinion touching the education of your sons" to the end of the paragraph, was Bacon's work. In discussing the evidence from this collection in my Spenser volume¹ I thought of saying this, but I was deterred from doing so by the feeling that some

¹ See *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, chapter XVIII.

one would say, How do you know? Since then I have found that Mr. Smedley has discovered that there is a copy of Alciat's *Emblems*, annotated in MS. by Bacon, and it discloses that not only has Ben Jonson incorporated in his *Discoveries* a portion of one of the *Emblems*, but that "he has also incorporated a portion of the annotations from this very book."¹ If Mr. Smedley is right that these annotations are by Bacon—and, from my knowledge of him I have no reason to doubt that he is—this is the strongest possible confirmation for my conclusion. There are, of course, other reasons for it, notably that Ben Jonson was latterly in Bacon's employment as one of his "good pens which forsake me not."²

Returning to the point about the number of works which the Baconian theory, as now developed, attributes to Francis Bacon, this, as I said, no doubt presents a great difficulty. In fact, judged by normal human experience, the evidence—if we accept it—confronts us with something approaching to a miracle. But, after all, which is the greater miracle, that a man who came to London in adult life without education or experience of the world should have published, as a first effort, *Venus and Adonis*, and have written the plays of Shakespeare, or that they should have been written as part only of the literary output of another man who had all the opportunities of fitting himself for such work from his childhood?

All the great poets about whom there is any record, began to write in boyhood, and, judged by human experience of which the records remain, the body of work in Shakespeare's plays, is not a large output for the life-work of a man of genius. It has been considerably exceeded by others. The point lies not in the amount but in the quality. The plays of Shakespeare are different not in degree, but in kind, from the work

¹ *The Mystery of Francis Bacon*, 1912. I observe, by the way, in that book an account of *l'Academie Françoise*, published in 1577, which suggests that a comparison between it and *The Glasse of Government*, published in 1575 under the name of Gascoigne, of which I gave a full account in my Spenser volume, might be worth making.

² Spedding, *Letters and Life*, vii. 429.

of any other writer. Herein lies the "miracle," but that is no reason why we should not endeavour to confine it within the region of natural law, so far as the evidence will permit, and not rush to so extreme a conclusion that, because the work is unique, therefore it was performed under non-natural conditions. The traditional theory is a defiance of the most fundamental law of nature and reason, *ex nihilo nihil fit*.

All depends ultimately upon the point of view. If we believe that the mind is a physical product of the human organism, we may accept, because we must, the phenomenon of Shakespeare, but refuse to extend it by attributing to the writer a number of other works. We judge by our limited experience, and say with confidence that no man could have written so much. If, on the other hand, we think that the soul is something independent of its physical content, and that its powers are infinitely greater than such limited exercise of them as is permitted under normal physical conditions indicates, then we need find no difficulty in believing that at a certain point of time, and for certain reasons, a man was born through whose agency spirit was enabled to express itself in a more potent way than is normally possible. How far this even fell short of the potentialities of spirit is indicated by the experience of every true artist. It is in this feeling that their testimony to spiritual reality consists, and for this, ultimately, that we give them our attention. Did not Beethoven say, in a letter written at the close of his life: "I feel as if I had written scarcely more than a few notes?" Samuel Johnson, himself a man of genius, has put it from a somewhat different point of view in his preface to Shakespeare's plays. As a writer, he says, he has suffered by accident and time, "through his own negligence of fame, and perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers." He also wrote, in the same connection: "Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining and applying them."

It is idle at this time of day to shut our eyes to the extraordinary resemblances between passages in Bacon's acknowledged writings and in the works of Shakespeare,

and in many other writings which appeared (as I believe) under assumed names during Bacon's lifetime. It seems more rational to try to account for them, and this can never be done by the assumption, so frequently made, that these thoughts and expressions were common to the age. If they were, why did they not make their appearance before Bacon's birth and why did they not persist after his death? Numerous examples might be given, but I will content myself here with one which I have never seen noticed, and therefore it is probably little known, and must be admitted to be sufficiently striking.

In his speech against the Earl of Somerset for the alleged poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury, Bacon, speaking of the heinousness of the crime of poisoning, said as follows :

" But it hath three circumstances, which make it grievous beyond other murders. Whereof the first is, that it takes a man in full peace ; in God's and the King's peace : He thinks no harm, but is comforting nature with refection and food ; so that (as the Scripture saith) his table is made a snare."¹

Similarly, Shakespeare makes " Hamlet " say, of the poisoning of his father by the king :

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven ?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him.

Of course it may be suggested that Bacon had lately been seeing *Hamlet* acted, but he never once alludes to Shakespeare in his writings or correspondence.

But I have given enough examples of this character in my books, and I will not add to them here. I only plead for reasonable consideration, and, among those who are so positive and contemptuous, some suspension of judgment and willingness to inquire. That the Elizabethan Age

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life*, v. 309.

presents us with an unsolved problem, the greatest in literature, is, in my judgment, certain.

I venture here to express the same hope as I did in the case of my book on Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe, that the present volume may have an interest for students of Elizabethan history and literature, quite apart from the theory of authorship which it advocates. I suppose that for the present generation the *Arcadia* is practically an unexplored forest, and that, outside the ranks of professional students, there are few people who would care to undertake the labour of penetrating it. And yet, though it may contain weeds, it also conceals in its depths some wonderful flowers. But without a guide the reader may soon find himself lost in it. By the extracts, however, which I have given, he will be enabled, without the labour of going through the whole book, to obtain some idea of its nature and quality, and if my conclusions as to the characters represented are sound, he will see in it an important, if neglected, source of information as to the times to which it belongs.

Writers on literature have been at great pains to unearth the sources from which this author derived his material, a subject which, to my thinking, is of very secondary importance, for everything was grist which came to his mill. The real interest of the book is what the author wrote, and why he wrote it, and this side of the subject has been almost entirely neglected. The same thing is true of the discussions on the *Faerie Queene*. To some it may seem enough that that work contains a body of magnificent poetry, but, to my mind, the interest is vastly enhanced when it is realised that it is also a living historical document; and a document of a like character I take the *Arcadia* to be.

The text used for the extracts from the first edition is that of the edition by Prof. Albert Feuillerat, Cambridge English Classics, 1912. One of the ordinary editions has been used for the rest.

E. G. HARMAN.

London, 1916*.

* The publication has been delayed through the war.

Note.—Since the foregoing was written I have added to the book a chapter on Thomas Lodge, for the reasons explained in that chapter. The publication of the book on Shakespeare referred to in the first paragraph of this Preface has been delayed, but the book has been ready for some time, and I hope that it may see the light before very long. I have therefore, let the reference to it stand, as the present work represents the last contribution which I expect to make to the subject of presumed "Baconian" authorship.—E.G.H., 1922.

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST BOOK

The *Arcadia* consists, in its main plot, of the adventures and love-story of two young Princes, Pyrocles and Musidorus, devoted friends who had been brought up together. Travelling, in their first youth, in quest of experience, they are shipwrecked off the coast of Greece. Musidorus is washed ashore, with a "small coffer" containing personal effects and jewels. He is revived by two shepherds; but Pyrocles, who is seen clinging to a mast, is carried off, before they can rescue him, by pirates. Musidorus, who in agreement with Pyrocles has taken the name of Palladius, is conducted by the shepherds into Arcadia. Pyrocles, under the name of Daiphantus, arrives in Laconia, where he is elected leader of the Helots in their wars against the Lacedæmonian overlords. An expedition against them from Arcadia, in which Musidorus takes part, results in the re-union of the two friends, who go together into Arcadia. Their wooing, under disguise, of the two daughters of the king of that country, and the various adventures which befell them, constitute the main body of the plot. Loosely connected with it are various subsidiary narratives.

The characters of the main plot under which the book proceeds are as follow:—

Pyrocles, disguised as an Amazon lady, called Zelmane.

Musidorus, disguised as a shepherd, called Dorus.

Basilus, the king of Arcadia, who has had a fancy to live with his family in seclusion.

Gynecia, his wife.

Pamela and Philoclea, their two daughters.

Zelmane (Pyrocles) falls in love with Philoclea, and she, by degrees, with "her", though believing "her" to be a woman, until Pyrocles reveals his identity.

Basilus falls in love with Zelmane, believing "her" to be a woman; Gynecia, seeing through the disguise, falls in love with "her" as a man.

Dorus (Musidorus) becomes enamoured of the elder sister, Pamela, and in course of time also reveals his identity.

The first edition (1590) breaks off uncompleted in the third book. The story is resumed, with a hiatus, in the second edition (1593), and is concluded with an allusion to the happy marriage of the two young couples, at the end of Book V.

I propose to give some specimens of the work, selected mainly with a view to the illustration, both from style and matter, of the problem, as I regard it, of the authorship, and I shall make a few remarks concurrently; but the general inferences to be drawn will be reserved until after the completion of the quotations.

Musidorus, coming to from his immersion in the sea, begins to listen to the shepherds. A description of Arcadia, which is intended, in my opinion, for an idealized description of England¹:

"Which speeches, thogh they had not a lively entrāce to his sēces shut up in sorow, yet like one half asleep, he toke hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, ere sorow was aware, they made his thoughts beare away something els beside his own sorow, which wrought so in him, that at lēghth he grew cōtent to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepheardes, after to like their company, & lastly to vouchsafe conferēce: so that the 3. day after, in the time that the morning did strow roses & violets in the heavenly floore against the cōming of the Sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which coulde in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorow) made thē put of their sleep, & rising frō under a tree (which that night had bin their paviliō) they went on their jorney, which by & by welcomed *Musidorus* eyes (wearied with the wasted soile of Laconia) with delightfull prospect. There were hilles which garnished their proud² heights with stately trees:

¹ It may be mentioned—though my conclusion in this respect is uninfluenced by the fact—that Watson in his *Eclogues*, the death of Sir Francis Walsingham, 1590, uses "Arcadia" for England, as he himself says.

² p. 13.

hüble valleis, whose base estate semed cōforted with refreshing of silver rivers: medows, enameld with al sorts of ey-pleasing floures: thickets, which being lined with most pleasāt shade, were witnessed so to by the chereful depositiō of many wel-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the prety lābs with bleting oratory craved the dams cōfort: here a shepherds boy piping, as though he should never be old: there a yong shepherdesse knitting, and withall singing, & it seemed that her voice cōforted her hands to work, & her hāds kept time to her voices musick. As for the houses of the coūtry (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered no two being one by th'other, & yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour: a shew, as it were, of an accōpanable solitarines, & of a civil wildnes."

Musidorus described:

"For having found in him (besides his bodily giftes beyond the degree of Admiration) by dayly discourses which he delighted him selfe to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition (a pearcing witte quite voide of ostentation, high erected thoughts seated in a harte of courtesie, an eloquence as sweete in the uttering, as slowe to come to the uttering, a behaviour so noble, as gave a majestie to adversitie: and all in a man whose age could not be above one & twenty yeares,) the good old man (Kalander) was even enamoured with a fatherly love towards him . . ."¹

Musidorus first sees Philoclea's portrait in the garden-house of Kalander:

"In the midst of all the place, was a faire ponde, whose shaking christall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, so that it bare shewe of two gardens; one in deede, the other in shaddowes: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus. A naked Venus of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning, that the naturall blew veines of the marble were framed in fitte places, to set foorth the beautifull veines of her bodie. At her brest she had her babe *Æneas*, who seemed (having begun to sucke) to leave that, to looke upon her fayre eyes, which smiled at the babes follie, the meane while the breast running. Hard by was a house of pleasure builte for a Sommer retiring place, whether *Kalander* leading him, he found a square roome full of delightfull pictures, made by the most excellent workeman of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Actaeon* sawe her bathing, in whose cheekes the painter had set such a colour, as

¹ p. 16.

was mixt betweene shame & disdaine : & one of her foolish Nymphes, who weeping, and withal lowring, one might see the workman meant to set forth teares of anger. In another table was *Atalanta* ; the posture of whose lims was so livelie expressed, that if the eyes were the only judges, as they be the onely seers, one would have sworne the very picture had runne. Besides many mo, as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole* : but in none of them all beautie seemed to speake so much as in a large table, which contained a comely old man, with a lady of midle age, but of excellēt beautie ; & more excellēt would have bene deemed, but that there stood betweene thē a yong maid, whose wonderfulnesse tooke away all beautie from her, but that, which it might seeme shee gave her backe againe by her very shadow. And such differēce, being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a person living, was there betweene her and al the other, though Goddesses, that it seemd the skill of the painter bestowed on the other new beautie, but that the beautie of her bestowed new skill of the painter. Though he thought inquisitivenes an uncomely guest, he could not choose but aske who she was, that bearing shew of one being in deed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of inventiō. *Kalander* answered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the yonger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contened in that Table : the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young Ladie, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents : & that he would also have drawne her eldest sister, estemed her match for beautie, in her shepheardish attire ; but that the rude clown her gardiā would not suffer it : nether durst he aske leave of the Prince for feare of suspitiō."¹

A precisely similar mastery of detail in description is to be found in the account of the garden-pond at Kenilworth in Laneham's Letter, though the work there is disguised under a burlesque style and fantastic spelling².

A description of the two daughters and their mother (*Kalander's* narration) :

"He (*Basilus*) being already well stricken in yeares married a young princes, named *Gynecia*, daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beautie, as by her picture you see : a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues, then her husband : of most unspotted chastitie, but of so working a minde, and so vehement

¹ p. 17.

² See extract in my "Spenser" volume, p. 273 : "In the center (az it wear) of this goodly Garden was theer placed a very fayre Fountain, cast intoo an eight square, reared a four foot hy," etc.

spirits, as a man may say, it was happie shée tooke a good course : for otherwise it would have bene terrible.

" Of these two are brought to the worlde two daughters, so beyonde measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that wee may thinke they were borne to shewe, that Nature is no stepmother to that sex, how much so ever some men (sharpe witted onely in evill speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela* ; by many men not deemed inferiour to her sister : for my part, when I marked them both, me thought there was (if at least such perfections may receyve the worde of more) more sweetnesse in *Philoclea*, but more majestie in *Pamela* : mee thought love plaide in *Philocleas* eyes, and threatned in *Pamelas* : me thought *Philocleas* beautie onely perswaded, but so perswaded as all harts must yeelde : *Pamelas* beautie used violence, and such violence as no hart could resist : and it seemes that such proportion is betweene their mindes ; *Philoclea* so bashfull as though her excellencies had stolne into her before shée was aware : so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance : in summe, such proceeding as will stirre hope, but teach hope good māners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who avoides not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be voide of pride ; her mothers wisdome, greatnesse, nobilitie, but (if I can ghesse aright) knit with a more constant temper."¹

These are commonly supposed to stand for the Countess of Essex (Lettice Knollys, later Countess of Leicester) and her two daughters, Penelope and Dorothy Devereux, Pamela the elder in the story standing for Dorothy the younger in the type. Aubrey, *Brief Lives*, " Philip Sidney," gives a letter on the subject from one D. Tyndale dated 18th February, 1687, which he heads " Key to Pembroke's Arcadia " :

" I wishe I could giue you the key you desire, but all I know of it is not worth anything ; though conversant amongst his relations, could learne noe more then Pamela's being my lady Northumberland,² Philo (clea) my lady Rich,³ two sisters, the last beloved by him upon whose account he made his *Astrophell and Stella* ; Miso, lady Cox, Mopse, lady Lucy, persons altogether unknowne now ; Musid (orus) and Pericles (*sic*), the two ladies' husbands. . . Their mother was beautifull and gallant (whether he meant Ginesia by her or noe, I

¹ p. 19.

² Dorothy, younger daughter of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, married (secondly) Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland.

³ Penelope, elder daughter of the same, married Robert Rich, third baron Rich.

know not). . . It was thought he meant himself by Amphi (alus) and his lady, Sir Francis Walsingham's daughter and heire, the queen of Corinth. If he did make his owne character high, they sayd Philipsides was himself to, but it was all a guesse. He made it young, and dying desired his folies might be burnt."¹

From this it is evident how much uncertainty attaches to an interpretation which has been more or less crystalized by modern writers into an historical fact. The conclusion at which I have arrived—the grounds for which will be seen in the course of this work—is that while the love-story of the main plot is intended, for the purpose of disguise, to have the appearance of carrying an allusion to the two sisters Penelope and Dorothy, it is in reality an expression of a wholly different train of feeling, not the work of Sir Philip Sidney, but of another writer who made use of his name.

We come next to the story of Argalus and Parthenia, with the following description of Argalus. I wish to direct special attention to it, because I shall argue later that the character stands for Sir Philip Sidney.

" My Lord (said he) when our good king *Basilus*, with better successe then expectation, tooke to wife (even in his more then decaying yeares) the faire yong princes *Gynecia*; there came with her a young Lord, cousin german to her selfe, named *Argalus*, led hether, partly with the love & honour of his noble kinswomã, partly with the humour of youth, which ever thinkes that good, whose goodnes he sees not: & in this court he received so good encrease of knowledge, that after some yeares spent, he so manifested a most vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloried such a plant was transported unto them, being a Gentleman in deede most rarely accomplished, excellentlie learned, but without all vayne glory: friendly, without factiousnes: valiaunt, so as for my part I thinke the earth hath no man that hath done more heroicall actes then hee; how soever now of late the fame flies of the two princes of *Thessalia* and *Macedon* [*Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*], and hath long done of our noble prince *Amphialus*: who in deed, in our partes is onely accounted likely to match him: but I say for my part, I thinke no man for valour of minde, and habilitie of bodie to bee preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet so valiant as he never durst doo any bodie injurie: in behaviour some will say ever sadde, surely sober, and somewhat given to musing, but never

¹ Fulke Greville, in his life of Sidney, says the same thing.

uncourteous; his worde ever ledde by his thought, and followed by his deede; rather liberall then magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had ever good choise of the receiver: in summe (for I perceive I shall easily take a great draught of his praises, whom both I and all this cuntry love so well) such a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the nicest eye can finde a spot in, if the over-vehement constancie of yet spotles affection, may not in harde wrested constructions be counted a spot: which in this manner began that worke in him, which hath made bothe him, and it selfe in him, over all this country famous."¹

It seems to follow—though this will be discussed later—that in *Parthenia*² there is an allusion, under an idealised presentment, to Frances Walsingham, Sidney's wife:

"About two yeares since, it so fell out, that hee brought him to a great Ladies house, sister to my maister, who had with her, her onely daughter, the faire *Parthenia*; faire in deede (fame I thinke it selfe daring not to call any fayrer, if it be not *Helena* queene of *Corinth*, and the two incomparable sisters of *Arcadia*) and that which made he fairenesse much the fayrer, was, that it was but a faire embassadour of a most faire minde, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge it selfe, then to showe it selfe: her speach being as rare as pretious; her silence without sullenesse; her modestie without affectation; her shamefastnes without ignorance: in summe, one, that to praise well, one must first set downe with himselfe, what it is to be excellent: for so she is.

"I thinke you thinke, that these perfections meeting, could not choose but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likenes of manners is likely in reason to drawe liking with affection: mens actions doo not alwaies crosse with reason: to be short, it did so in deed. They loved, although for a while the fire therof (hopes wings being cut of) were blown by the bellowes of dispaire, upon this occasion."³

With chapter IX. (Bk. I.) begins the love-story of the two Princes. *Pyrocles*, freed from the Helots, has arrived in *Arcadia*, and soon begins to show signs of distraction and love of solitude. Noticing it, his friend *Musidorus* rallies him in a philosophical discourse, from which I take the following:

"A mind wel trayned and long exercised in vertue (my sweete and worthy cosin) doth not easily change any course it once under-

¹ p. 31.

² See below at p. 19.

³ p. 32;

takes, but upon well grounded & well wayed causes. For being; witnes to it selfe of his owne inward good, it findes nothing without it of so high a price, for which it should be altered. Even the very countenance and behaviour of such a man doth shew forth Images of the same constancy by maintaining a right harmonie betwixt it and the inward good in yeelding it selfe sutable to the vertuous resolution of the minde. This speech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*) the excellencie of whose minde and well chosen course in vertue, if I doo not sufficiently know, having seene such rare demonstrations of it, it is my weakenes, and not your unworthines. But as in deede I know it, and knowing it, most dearely love both it, and him that hath it; so must I needs saye, that since our late comming into this country, I have marked in you, I will not say an alteratiō, but a relenting truely, & a slacking of the maine career, you had so notably begon, & almost performed; and that in such sorte, as I cannot finde sufficient reason in my great love toward you how to allow it; for (to leave of other secreter arguments which my acquaintaunce with you makes me easily finde) this in effect to any manne may be manyfest, that whereas you were wont in all places you came, to give your selfe vehemently to the knowledge of those things which might better your minde; to seeke the familiaritie of excellent men in learning and souldiery: and lastly, to put all these thinges in practise both by continuall wise proceedinge, and worthie enterprises, as occasion fell for them; you now leave all these things undone: you let your minde fal a sleepe: beside your countenance troubled (which surely comes not of vertue; for vertue like the cleare heaven, is without cloudes) and lastly you subject your selfe to solitarines, the slye enimie, that doth most separate a man from well doing."¹

Later Musidorus comes upon *Pyrocles* disguised as an Amazon lady, and reproaches him. The occasion is used for a long argument (in which both sides are taken) about the first awakening of passion and its effects on conduct. I give the passage at length, as it is of great interest, in particular for the light which it throws on the author's identity.

"And therefore lighting downe, and unbrideling his horse, he him selfe went to repose him selfe in a little wood he sawe thereby. Where lying under the protection of a shadie tree, with intention to make forgetting sleepe comfort a sorrowfull memorie, he sawe a sight which perswaded, and obteyned of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a Ladie, who because she

¹ p. 55.

walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face ; but so much he might see of her, that was a suretie for the rest, that all was excellent.

" Well might he perceave the hanging of her haire in fairest quãtitie, in locks, some curled, & some as it were forgotten, with such a carelesse care, & an arte so hiding arte, that she seemed she would lay them for a paterne, whether nature simply, or nature helped by cunning, be more excellent : the rest whereof was drawne into a coronet of golde richly set with pearle, and so joyned all over with gold wiers, and covered with feathers of divers colours, that it was not unlike to an helmet, such a glittering shew it bare, & so bravely it was held up frõ the head. Vpon her bodie she ware a doublet of skie colour sattin, covered with plates of gold, & as it were nailed with pretious stones, that in it she might seeme armed ; the nether parts of her garment was so full of stufte, & cut after such a fashion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might sometimes discerne the smal of her leg, which with the foot was dressed in a short paire of crimson velvet buskins, in some places open (as the ancient manner was) to shew the fairenes of the skin. Over all this she ware a certaine mantell, made in such manner, that comming under the right arme, and covering most of that side, it had no fastning of the left side, but onely upon the top of the shoulder : where the two endes met, and were closed together with a very riche jewell : the devise wherof (as he after saw) was this : a *Hercules* made in little fourme, but a distaffe set within his hand as he once was by *Omphales* commaundement with a worde in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Never more valiant*. On the same side, on her thigh shee ware a sword, which as it witnessed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profession, so it seemed but a needles weapon, since her other forces were without withstanding. But this Ladie walked out-right, till he might see her enter into a fine close arbour : it was of trees whose branches so lovingly interlaced one the other, that it could resist the strõgest violence of eye-sight ; but she went into it by a doore she opened ; which moved him as warely as he could to follow her, and by and by he might heare her sing this song, with a voice no lesse beautifull to his eares, then her goodnesse was full of harmonie to his eyes.

Transformd in shew, but more transformd in minde,
I cease to strive with double conquest foild :
For (woe is me) my powers all I finde
With outward force, and inward treason spoild.

For from without came to mine eyes the blowe,
Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeeld ;
Both these conspird poore Reasons overthrowe ;
False in my selfe, thus have I lost the field.

Thus are my eyes still Captive to one sight :
 Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still :
 Thus Reason to his servants yeelds his right ;
 Thus is my power transformed to your will.
 What marvaile then I take a womans hew,
 Since what I see, thinke, know is all but you ?

" The dittie gave him some suspicion, but the voice gave him almost assurance, who the singer was. And therefore boldly thrusting open the dore, and entring into the harbour, he perceaved in deed that it was *Pyrocles* thus disguised, wherewith not receaving so much joy to have found him, as grieffe so to have found him, amazedly looking upon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he saw *Daphne* sodainly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a worde. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much shame, as *Musidorus* had sorrow) rising to him, would have formed a substantiall excuse ; but his insinuation being of blushing, and his division of sighes, his whole oration stood upon a short narration, what was the causer of this Metamorphosis ? But by that time *Musidorus* had gathered his spirites together, and yet casting a gastfull countenance upon him (as if he would conjure some strange spirits) he thus spake unto him.

" And is it possible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onely yong Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education, to the true exercise of vertue ? or is it indeed some *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this sort to vex me ? for likelier sure I would have thought it, that any outwarde face might have bene disguised, then that the face of so excellēt a mind coulde have bene thus blemished. O sweete *Pyrocles*, separate your selfe a little (if it be possible) from your selfe, and let your owne minde looke upon your owne proceedings : so shall my wordes be needlesse, and you best instructed. See with your selfe, how fitt it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne so great a Prince, and of so rare, not onely expectation, but prooffe, desired of your olde Father, and wanted of your native countrie, now so neere your home, to divert your thoughts from the way of goodnesse ; to loose, nay to abuse your time. Lastly to overthrow all the excellent things you have done, which have filled the world with your fame ; as if you should drowne your ship in the long desired haven, or like an ill player, should marre the last act of his Tragedie. Remember (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reasonable parte of our soule, is to have absolute commandement ; against which if any sensuall weaknes arise, we are to yeelde all our sounde forces to the overthrowing of so unnaturall a rebellion, wherein how can we wante courage, since we are to deale against so weake an adversary, that in it selfe is nothinge but weakenesse ? Nay we are to resolve, that if reason direct it, we must doo it, and if we must doo it, we will doo it ; for to say I cannot, is childish, and I will not, womanish. And see how extremely every

waye you endaunger your minde ; for to take this womannish habit (without you frame your behaviour accordingly) is wholly vaine : your behaviour can never come kindly from you, but as the minde is proportioned unto it. So that you must resolve, if you will playe your parte to any purpose, whatsoever peevisish affections are in that sexe, soften your hart to receive them, the very first downe-steppe to all wickednes : for doo not deceive your selfe, my deere cosin, there is no man sodainely excellentlie good, or extremely evill, but growes either as hee holdes himselfe up in vertue, or lets himselfe slide to vitiousnes. And let us see what power is the auctor of all these troubles : forsooth love, love, a passion, and the basest and fruitlesst of all passions : feare breedeth wit, Anger is the cradle of courage : joy openeth and enhableth the hart : sorrow, as it closeth, so it draweth it inwarde to looke to the correcting of it selfe ; and so all generally have power towards some good by the direction of right Reason. But this bastarde Love (for in deede the name of Love is most unworthylic applied to so hatefull a humour) as it is engendered betwixt lust and idlenes ; as the matter it workes upon is nothing, but a certaine base weakenes, which some gentle fooles call a gentle hart ; as his adjoynd companions be unquietnes, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, ielousies, ungrounded rages, causlesse yeeldings ; so is the hiest ende it aspires unto, a litle pleasure with much paine before, and great repentaunce after. But that end how endlesse it runs to infinite evils, were fit inough for the matter we speake of, but not for your eares, in whome indeede there is so much true disposition to vertue : yet thus much of his worthie effects in your selfe is to be seen, that (besides your breaking lawes of hospitality with *Kalander* and of friendship with me) it utterly subverts the course of nature, in making reason give place to sense, & man to woman. And truely I thinke heere-upon it first gatte the name of Love : for indeede the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very essence of the lover into the thing loved, uniting, and as it were incorporating it with a secret & inward working. And herein do these kindes of love imitate the excellent ; for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of vertue, vertuous ; so doth the love of the world make one become worldly, and this effeminate love of a woman, doth so womanish a man, that (if he yeeld to it) it will not onely make him an *Amazon* ; but a launder, a distaff-spinner ; or what so ever other vile occupation their idle heads cā imagin, & their weake hands performe. Therefore (to trouble you no longer with my tedious but loving words) if either you remember what you are, what you have bene, or what you must be : if you cōsider what it is, that moved you, or by what kinde of creature you are moved, you shall finde the cause so small, the effect so daungerous, your selfe so unworthie to runne into the one, or to be driuē by the other, that I doubt not I shall quickly have occasion rather to praise you for having conquered it, then to give you further counsell, how to doo it.

But in *Pyrocles* this speech wrought no more, but that he, who before he was espied, was afraid; after, being perceived, was ashamed, now being hardly rubd upon, left both feare and shame, and was moved to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Musidorus* striving with it, he thus, partely to satisfie him, but principally to loose the reines to his owne motions, made him answere. Cosin, whatsoever good disposition nature hath bestowed upon me, or howsoever that disposition hath bene by bringing up cōfirmed, this must I confesse, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdome, to thinke light of the sexe, of whom I have my life; since if I be any thing (which your friendship rather finds, thē I acknowledge) I was to come to it, born of a womā, & nursed of a womā. And certēly (for this point of your speach doth nearest touch me) it is strāge to see the unman-like cruelty of mākind; who not cōtent with their tyrānous ābition, to have brought the others vertuous patience under them (like to childish maisters) thinke their masterhood nothing, without doing injury to them, who (if we will argue by reason) are framed of nature with the same parts of the minde for the exercise of vertue, as we are. And for example, even this estate of *Amazons*, (which I now for my greatest honor do seek to counterfaite) doth well witnes, that if generally the swetnes of their dispositiōs did not make them see the vainnesse of these thinges, which we accōpt glorious, they nether want valor of mind, nor yet doth their fairnes take away their force. And truely we men, and praisers of men, should remember, that if we have such excellēcies, it is reason to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom we are: since a Kite never brought forth a good flying Hauke. But to tel you true, as I thinke it superfluous to use any wordes of such a subject, which is so praised in it selfe, as it needes no praises; so withall I feare least my conceate (not able to reach unto them) bring forth wordes, which for their unworthines may be a disgrace unto thē I so inwardly honor. Let this suffice, that they are capable of vertue: & vertue (ye your selves say) is to be loved, & I too truly: but this I willingly cōfesse, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to seeke it in an ill favoured creature, like a pearle in a dounhill. As for my fault of being an uncivill guest to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward guest my selfe am host unto: ye would thinke it very excuseable, in that I rather performe the dueties of an host, then the ceremonies of a guest. And for my breaking the lawes of friendshippe with you, (which I would rather dye, then effectually doo) truly, I could finde in my hart to aske you pardon for it, but that your handling of me gives me reason to my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles* stayed, as to breath himselfe, having bene transported with a litle vehemency, because it seemed him *Musidorus* had over-bitterly glaunched against the reputation of woman kinde: but then quieting his countenance (aswell as out of an unquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Love (said he)

deare cosin, is little beholding unto you, since you are not contented to spoile it of the honor of the highest power of the mind, which notable mē have attributed unto it ; but ye deject it below all other passions, in trueth somewhat strangely ; since, if love receive any disgrace, it is by the company of these passions you preferre before it. For those kinds of bitter objections (as, that lust, idlenes, and a weak harte, shoulde be, as it were, the matter and forme of love) rather touch me, deare *Musidorus*, then love : But I am good wnesse of mine own imperfections, & therefore will not defende my selfe : but herein I must say, you deale contrary to your self : for if I be so weak, then can you not with reason stir me up as ye did, by remēbrance of my own vertue : or if indeed I be vertuous, thē must ye cōfesse, that love hath his working in a vertuous hart : & so no dout hath it, whatsoever I be : for if we love vertue, in whom shal we love it but in a vertuous creature ? without your meaning be, I should love this word *vertue*, where I see it written in a book. Those troublesome effects you say it breedes, be not the faults of love, but of him that loves ; as an unable vessel to beare such a licour : like evill eyes, not able to look on the Sun ; or like an ill braine, soonest overthrowē with best wine. Even that heavenly love you speake of, is accōpanied in some harts with hopes, griefs, longings, & dispaies. And in that heavēly love, since ther are two parts, the one the love it self, th'other the excellency of the thing loved ; I, not able at the first leap to frame both in me, do now (like a diligent workman) make ready the chiefe instrument, and first part of that great worke, which is love it self ; which whē I have a while practised in this sort, then you shall see me turn it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it please you) think of me. Neither doubt ye, because I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more womannish, since, I assure you (for all my apparel) there is nothing I desire more, then fully to prove my selfe a man in this enterprise. Much might be said in my defence, much more for love, and most of all for that divine creature, which hath joyned me and love together. But these disputations are fitter for quiet schooles, then my troubled braines, which are bent rather in deeds to performe, then in wordes to defende the noble desire which possesseth me. O Lord (saide *Musidorus*) how sharp-witted you are to hurt your selfe ? No (answered he) but it is the hurt you speake of, which makes me so sharp-witted. Even so (said *Musidorus*) as every base occupation makes one sharp in that practise, and foolish in all the rest. Nay rather (answered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once well learned, serves for a measure of all other knowledges. And is that become (said *Musidorus*) a measure for other things, which never received measure in it selfe ? It is counted without measure (answered *Pyrocles*), because the workings of it are without measure : but otherwise, in nature it hath measure, since it hath an end allotted unto it. The beginning being so excellent, I would gladly know the end. Enjoying,

answered *Pyrocles*, with a great sigh. O (said *Musidorus*) now set ye fourth the basenes of it : since if it ende in enjoying, it shewes all the rest was nothing. Ye mistake me (answered *Pyrocles*) I spake of the end to which it is directed ; which end ends not, no sooner then the life. Alas, let your owne braine dis-enchaut you (said *Musidorus*) My hart is too farre possessed (said *Pyrocles*). But the head gives you direction. And the hart gives me life ; answered *Pyrocles*.

“ But *Musidorus* was so grieved to see his welbeloved friend obstinat, as he thought, to his owne destruction, that it forced him with more then accustomed vehemency, to speake these words ; Well, well, (saide he) you list to abuse your selfe ; it was a very white and red vertue, which you could pick out of a painterly glosse of a visage ; Confesse the truth ; and ye shall finde, the utmost was but beautie ; a thing, which though it be in as great excellencye in your selfe as may be in any, yet I am sure you make no further reckning of it, then of an outward fading benefite Nature bestowed upon you. And yet such is your want of a true grounded vertue, which must be like it selfe in all points, that what you wisely account a trifle in your selfe, you fondly become a slave unto in another. For my part I now protest, I have left nothing unsaid, which my wit could make me know, or my most entier friendship to you requires of me ; I do now besech you even for the love betwixt us (if this other love have left any in you towards me) and for the remembraunce of your olde careful father (if you can remēber him that forget your self) lastly for *Pyrocles* owne sake (who is now upon the point of falling or rising) to purge your selfe of this vile infection ; other wise give me leave, to leave of this name of friendsh[i]p, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is abolished. The length of these speaches before had not so much cloied *Pyrocles*, though he were very unpatient of long deliberations, as the last farewel of him he loved as his owne life, did wound his soule thinking him selfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceive unkindnesse deeply : insomuch, that shaking his head, and delivering some shewe of teares, he thus uttered his griefes. Alas (said he) prince *Musidorus*, how cruelly you deale with me ; if you seeke the victory, take it ; and if ye liste, triumph. Have you all the reason of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections ; yet such as I can no more lay from me, then the Crow can be perswaded by the Swanne to cast of all his black fethers. But truely you deale with me like a Phisition, that seeing his patient in a pestilent fever, should chide him, in steede of ministring helpe, and bid him be sick no more ; or rather like such a friend, that visiting his friend condemned to perpetuall prison ; and loaden with greevous fetters, should will him to shake of his fetters, or he wuld leave him. I am sicke, & sicke to the death ; I am a prisoner, neither is any redresse, but by her to whom I am slave. Now if you list to leave him that loves you in the hiest degree : But remember ever to cary this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremity.

“ And herewith the deepe wound of his love being rubbed afresh with this new unkindnes, begā (as it were) to bleed again, in such sort that he was not hable to beare it any longer, but gushing out abundance of teares, and crossing his armes over his woefull hart, as if his teares had beene out-flowing blood, his armes an over-pressing burthen, he suncke downe to the ground, which sodaine traunce went so to the hart of *Musidorus*, that falling down by him & kissing the weping eyes of his friend, he besought him not to make account of his speach ; which if it had bene over vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a love much more vehement ; that he had not thought fancie could have received so deep a wound ; but now finding in him the force of it, hee woulde no further contrary it ; but imploy all his service to medicine it, in such sort, as the nature of it required. But even this kindnes made *Pyrocles* the more melte in the former unkindnes, which his manlike teares well shewed, with a silent look upō *Musidorus*, as who should say, And is it possible that *Musidorus* should threaten to leave me ? And this strooke *Musidorus* minde and senses so dumbe too, that for grieve being not able to say any thing, they rested, with their eyes placed one upon another, in such sort, as might well paint out the true passion of unkindnes to be never aright but betwixt them that most dearly love.

“ And thus remayned they a time ; till at length, *Musidorus* embrasing him, said, And will you thus shake of your friend ? It is you that shake me of (saide *Pyrocles*) being for my unperfectnes unworthie of your friendshippe. But this (said *Musidorus*) shewes you more unperfect, to be cruell to him, that submits himselfe unto you ; but since you are unperfect (said he smiling) it is reason you be governed by us wise and perfect men. And that authoritie will I beginne to take upon me, with three absolute cōmandements : The first, that you increase not your evill with further griefes : the second, that you love her with all the powers of your mind ; & the last cōmandemēt shalbe, ye cōmand me to do what service I can, towards the attaining of your desires. *Pyrocle* hart was not so oppressed with the mighty passiōs of love and unkindnes, but that it yelded to some mirth at this commaundement of *Musidorus*, that he should love : so that something cleering his face from his former shewes of grieve ; Wel (said he) deare cousin, I see by the well choosing of your commaundementes, that you are fitter to be a Prince, then a Counsellor : and therefore I am resolved to imploy all my endeavour to obey you ; with this condition, that the comandementes ye comand me to lay upon you, shall onely be, that you continue to love me, and looke upon my imperfections, with more affection then judgement. Love you ? (said he) alas, how can my hart be seperated from the true imbrasing of it, without it burst, by being too full of it ? But (said he) let us leave of these flowers of newe begun frendship : and now I pray you againe tel me ; but tell it me fully, omitting no

circumstance, the storie of your affections both beginning, and proceeding: assuring your selfe, that there is nothing so great, which I will feare to doo for you: nor nothing so small, which I will disdaine to doo for you. Let me therefore receive a cleere understāding, which many times we misse, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a look are omitted, like as a whole sentence may faile of his congruitie, by wanting one particule. Therefore betweene friends, all must be layd open, nothing being superfluous, nor tedious. You shalbe obeyed (said *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fitte a place for it as may be; for this arbor no body offers to come into but my selfe; I using it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that respect is born unto it; yet if by chāce any should come, say that you are a servant sent from the Q. of the *Amazons* to seeke me, and then let me alone for the rest. So sate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus said.¹

And he proceeds to relate how he fell in love with the picture of *Philoclea*, disguised himself as *Zelmane*, and so met the family and obtained entrance into the lodge as a guest of *Basilius* and the Queen.

The unpleasant complications of this arrangement (unpleasant in spite of the delicacy of the handling—though of this the author is apparently unconscious) are described, and an account of the first meeting of the family given:

"But *Basilius* (who now began to tast that, which since he hath swallowed up, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my aboard, then any greedy host would use to well paying passingers. I thought nothing could shoot righter at the mark of my desires; yet had I learned already so much, that it was aganst my womanhoode to be forward in my owne wishes. And therefore he (to prove whither intercessions in fitter mouths might better prevaile) commaunded *Dametas* to bring forth-with his wife and daughters thether; three Ladies, although of divers, yet all of excellent beauty.

"His wife in grave Matronlike attire, with countenance and gesture sutable, and of such fairnes (being in the strength of her age) as if her daughters had not bene by, might with just price have purchased admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the most dainty eye would thinke her a worthy mother of such children. The faire *Pamela*, whose noble hart I finde doth greatly disdaine, that the trust of her vertue is reposed in such a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet to shew an obedience, taken on a shepardish apparell, which was but of Russet cloth cut after their fashion, with a straight body, open breasted, the nether parte ful of pleights, with long and wide sleeves: but beleve me she did apparell her apparell, and with the pretiousnes

¹ p. 75, 89;

of her body made it most sumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, onely by the comparison to see how farre her haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rase up like two faire Mountaints in the pleasaunt valley of *Tempe*) there honge a very riche *Diamond* set but in a blacke horne, the worde I have since read is this; *yet still my selfe*. And thus particularly have I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the Earth, the modell of heaven, the Triumphe of Nature, the light of beauty, Queene of Love, yoũg *Philoclea* appeared in her Nimphe-like apparell, so neare nakednes, as one might well discerne part of her perfections; & yet so apparelled, as did shew she kept best store of her beauty to her self: her haire (alas too poore a word, why should I not rather call thē her beames) drawē up into a net, able to take *Jupiter* when he was in the forme of an Eagle; her body (O sweet body) covered with a light taffeta garment, so cut, as the wrought smocke came through it in many places, inough to have made your restrained imaginatiō have thought what was under it: with the cast of her blacke eyes; blacke indeed, whether nature so made them, that we might be the more able to behold & bear their wōderfull shining, or that she, (goddesse like) would work this miracle in her selfe, in giving blacknes the price above all beauty. Then (I say) indeede me thought the Lillies grew pale for envie, the roses me thought blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheekes, & the apples me thought, fell downe frō the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breast; Then the cloudes gave place, that the heavēs might more freshly smile upō her; at the lest the cloudes of my thoughts quite vanished: and my sight (then more cleere and forcible then ever) was so fixed there, that (I imagine) I stood like a well wrought image, with some life in shew, but none in practise. And so had I beene like inough to have stayed longtime, but that *Gynecia* stepping betweene my sight and the onely *Philoclea*, the change of object made mee recover my senses: so that I coulde with reasonable good manner receive the salutation of her, and of the Princesse *Pamela*, doing thē yet no further reverēce then one Prince useth to another. But when I came to the never-inough praised *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees and taking by force her hand and kissing it (I must confesse) with more then womanly ardency, Divine Lady (saide I) let not the worlde, nor these great princes marvaile, to se me (contrary to my manner) do this especiall honor unto you, since all both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty."¹

"At the first sight that *Basilus* had of me (I think *Cupid* having headed his arrows with my misfortune) he was striken (taking me to be such as I professe) with great affectiō towards me, which since is

¹ p. 89.

growen to such a doting love, that (till I was faine to gette this place sometimes to retire unto freely) I was even choaked with his tediousnes. You never saw fourscore yeares daunce up and downe more lively in a young Lover : now, as fine in his apparell, as if he would make me in love with a cloake ; and verse for verse with the sharpest-witted Lover in *Arcadia*. Doo you not think that this is a sallet of wormwood, while mine eyes feede upon the *Ambrosia* of *Philoclea*s beauty.

" But this is not all ; no this is not the worst ; for he (good man) were easy enough to be dealt with : but (as I thinke) Love and mischeefe having made a wager, which should have most power in me, have set *Gynecia* also on such a fire towardes me as will never (I feare) be quenched but with my destruction. For she (being a woman of excellent witte, and of strong working thoughts) whether she suspected me by my over-vehement showes of affection to *Philoclea* (which love forced me unwisely to utter, while hope of my maske foolishly encouraged me) or that she hath takē some other marke of me, that I am not a woman : or what devil it is hath revealed it unto her, I know not ; but so it is, that al her countenances, words and gestures are miserable portraitures of a desperate affection. Whereby a man may learne, that these avoydings of companie, doo but make the passions more violent, when they meete with fitte subjects. Truly it were a notable dumb shew of *Cupids* kingdome, to see my eyes (languishing with over-vehement longing) direct themselves to *Philoclea* : & *Basilius* as busie about me as a Bee, & indeed as cumbersome ; making such suits to me, who nether could if I would ; nor would if I could, helpe him ; while the terrible witte of *Gynecia*, carried with the beere of violent love, runnes thorow us all. And so jelious is she of my love to her daughter, that I could never yet beginne to open my mouth to the unevitable *Philoclea*, but that her unwished presence gave my tale a cōclusion, before it had a beginning.

" And surely if I be not deceived, I see such shewes of liking, and (if I bee acquainted with passions) of almost a passionate liking in the heavenly *Philoclea*, towardes me, that I may hope her eares would not abhorre my discourse. And for good *Basilius*, he thought it best to have lodged us together, but that the eternall hatefulness of my destinie, made *Gynecias* jelousie stoppe that, and all other my blessings. Yet must I confesse, that one way her love doth me pleasure : for since it was my foolish fortune, or unfortunate follie, to be knowen by her, that keepees her from bewraying me to *Basilius*. And thus (my *Musidorus*) you have my Tragedie played unto you by my selfe, which I pray the gods may not in deede proove a Tragedie. And there he ended, making a full point of a hartie sigh." ¹

¹ p. 93

The description of *Philoclea*'s hair and eyes should be noticed—golden hair and black eyes—as we shall come to this later (See especially at p. 135).

An episode of a tourney follows, which, from the style, has the appearance of being a very early piece of work. The following is a description of the Queen Helen of Corinth, who stands, in my opinion, for Queen Elizabeth, and it is followed by a description of Parthenia. By "Laconia," as will be later explained, I believe France to be intended¹.

"Next came the Queene of *Laconia*, one that seemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdome: for all her lineamēts were neither perfect possessions thereof, nor absent strangers thereto: but she was a Queene, and therefore beautyfull.

"But she that followed, conquered indeed with being conquered; & might well have made all the beholders waite upō her triumph, while her selfe were led captive. It was the excellētly-faire Queene *Helen*, whose Iacynth haire curled by nature, & intercurled by arte (like a fine brooke through goldē sāds) had a rope of faire pearles, which now hiding, now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at fast or loose, each with other, mutually giving & receiving riches. In her face so much beautie & favour expressed, as if *Helen* had not bene knowē, some would rather have judged it the painters exercise, to shew what he could do, thē couñterfaying of any living patterne: for no fault the most fault finding wit could have fōūd, if it were not, that to the rest of the body the face was somewhat too little: but that little was such a sparke of beauty, as was able to enflame a world of love. For every thing was full of a choyce finenes, that if it wāted, any thing in majestie, it supplied it with increase of pleasure; & if at the first it strake not admiration, it ravished with delight. And no indifferēt soule there was, which if it could resist frō subjecting it self to make it his princesse, that would not lōg to have such a playfelow. As for her attire, it was costly and curious, though the look (fixt with more sadnes thē it seemed nature had bestowed to any that knew her fortune) bewraied, that as she used those ornamēts, not for her self, but to prevaile with another, so she feared, that all would not serve.

"Of a farre differing (though esteemed equall) beautie, was the faire *Parthenia*, who next wayted on *Artesias* triumph, though farre better she might have sitte in the throne. For in her every thing was goodly, and stately; yet so, that it might seeme that great-mindednes was but the auncient-bearer to humblenes. For her great graie eye², which might seem full of her owne beauties, a large, and exceedingly faire forehead, with all the rest of her face and body, cast in the mould of Noblenes; was yet so attired, as might shew, the mistres

¹ See p. 121 below.

² See at pp. 114, 136, and 158 sq. below.

thought it either not to deserve, or not to need any exquisite decking, having no adorning but cleanliness; and so farre from all arte, that it was full of carelesnesse: unlesse that carelesnesse it selfe (in spite of it selfe) grew artificiall."¹

Musidorus, who has now fallen a victim to love—the love of Pamela—is found by Pyrocles disguised as Dorus, a shepherd.

"But before she (*Zelmana*) could come to the Arbour, she sawe walking from her-ward, a man in sheapperdish apparrel who being in the sight of the Lodge it might seeme he was allowed there. A lög cloke he had on, but that cast under his right arme, wherein he held a shephooke, so finely wrought, that it gave a bravery to poverty; & his rayments, though they were meane, yet received they hansomnes by the grace of the wearer; though he himselfe went but a kinde of languishing pace, with his eies somewhat cast up to heaven, as though his fancyes strave to mount higher; sometimes throwne downe to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthens of his sorrowes; at length, with a lametable tune, he songe these fewe verses.

Come shepheards weedes, become your masters minde:
Yeld outward shew, what inward chance he tryes:
Nor be abasht, since such a guest you finde,
Whose strongest hope in your weake comfort lyes.

Come shepheards weedes, attend my woefull cryes:
Disuse your selves from sweete Menalcas voice:
For other be those tunes which sorrow tyes,
From those cleere notes which freely may rejoyce.
Then power out plaint, and in one word say this:
Helples his plaint, who spoyles himselfe of blisse.

"And having ended, he strake himselfe on the brest; saying, O miserable wretch, whether do thy destenies guide thee? The voice made *Zelmana* hasten her pace to overtake him: which having done, she plainly perceaved that it was her deare friend *Musidorus*, whereat marvailing not a little, she demaunded of him, whether the Goddesses of those woods had such a powre to trāsforme every body, or

¹For a further description of Queen Helen, and my note on the smallness of the Queen's face, see p. 38 below, another reference to her occurs in extract at p. 7 above.

For Parthenia see above, p. 7, and below, pp. 72-76, 112 sq., 158 sq.

whether, as in all enterprises else he had done, he meant thus to match her in this newe alteration.

"Alas, (said *Musidorus*) what shall I say, who am loth to say, and yet faine would have said? I find indeed, that all is but lip-wisdome, which wants experience. I now (woe is me) do try what love can doo. O *Zelmane*, who will resist it, must either have no witte, or put out his eyes? can any man resist his creation? certainly by love we are made, and to love we are made. Beasts onely cannot discern beauty, and let them be in the role of Beasts that doo not honor it. The perfect friendship *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pitie she (by good triall) had of such cases, coulde not keepe her from smiling at him, remembring how vehemently he had cryed out against the folly of lovers. And therefore a litle to punish him, Why how now deere cousin (said she) you that were last day so hie in Pulpit against lovers, are you now become so meane an auditor? Remember that love is a passion; and that a woorthie mans reason must ever have the masterhood. I recant, I recant (cryed *Musidorus*) and withal falling downe prostrate, O thou celestial, or infernal spirit of Love or what other heavely, or hellish title thou list to have (for effects of both I finde in my selfe) have compassion of me, and let thy glory be as great in pardoning them that be submitted to thee, as in conquering those that were rebellious." ¹

They devise means of access through *Dametas*, the rustic steward of the estates, and *Musidorus* concludes:

"O heaven and earth (said *Musidorus*) to what a passe are our mindes brought, that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to these crooked shifts? But o Love, it is thou that doost it: thou changest name upō name; thou disguisest our bodies, and disfigurest our mindes. But in deed thou hast reason, for though the wayes be foule, the journeyes end is most faire and honourable." ²

An account follows of the slaying of a lion and a bear by *Zelmane* and *Dorus*, respectively, which had put to flight the party of ladies. *Zelmane* presents the head of the lion to *Philoclea*, and *Dorus* the paw of the bear to *Pamela*³. This has the appearance of being juvenile writing. The design of the title page for the second edition of the *Arcadia* to which I shall come, appears to contain an allusion, in the figures represented, to this incident⁴.

¹p. 112.

²p. 117.

³p. 119.

⁴Below at p. 116.

The book (1), like the others, concludes with a collection of "Eclogues," and the following is a description of the setting :

" And thus went they to the Lodge, where they foūd *Gynecia* and her daughters ready to go to the field, to delight themselves there a while, untill the shepheards comming : whether also taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and desired he might be accepted there that day, in steed of his brother *Menalcus*. As for *Basilius*, he staid behind to bring the shepherds, with whom he meant to cōfer, to breed the better *Zelmanes* liking (which he onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field appointed for the shepherdish pastimes. It was indeed a place of delight ; for thorow the middest of it, there ran a sweete brooke, which did both hold the eye open with her azure streams, & yet seeke to close the eie with the purling noise it made upon the pibble stones it ran over : the field it self being set in some places with roses, & in al the rest constantly preserving a flourishing greene ; the Roses added such a ruddy shew unto it, as though the field were bashfull at his owne beautie : about it (as if it had bene to inclose a *Theater*) grew such a sort of trees, as eyther excellency of fruit, statelines of growth, continual greennes, or poetically fancies have made at any time famous. In most part of which there had bene framed by art such pleasant arbors that (one tree to tree, answering another) they became a gallery aloft from almost round about, which below gave a perfect shadow, a pleasant refuge then from the cholericke looke of *Phoebus*."¹

The " first Eclogues " open thus :

" *Basilius*, because *Zelmane* so would have it, used the artificiall day of torches, to lighten the sports their invētions could minister. And yet because many more shepheards were newly come, then at the first ; he did in a gentle manner chastise the cowardise of the fugitive shepheards : with making them (for that night) the Torch-bearers and the others later come, he willed with all freedome of speech and behaviour, to keepe their accustomed method. Which while they prepared to do, *Dametas*, who much disdained (since his late authority) all his old companions, brought his servant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of thē ; & himselfe stood like a directer over thē, with nodding, gaping, winking, or stamping shewing how he did like, or mislike those things he did not understand. The first sports the shepheards shewed, were full of such leapes & gambols, as being accorded to the Pipe (which they bare in their mouthes, even as they daunced) made a right picture of their chiefegod *Pan*, and his companions the

Satyres. Then would they cast away their Pipes ; and holding hand in hand, daunce as it were in a braule, by the onely cadence of their voices, which they would use in singing some short coplets, whereto the one halfe beginning, the other halfe should answer. As the one halfe saying,

We love, and have our loves rewarded.

The others would aunswere.

We love, and are no whit regarded.

The first againe.

We finde most sweete affections snare,

With like tune it should be as in quire sent back againe.

That sweete, but sower despairefull care.

A third time likewise thus :

Who can despaire, whom hope doth beare ?

The aunswere.

And who can hope, that feeles despaire ?

Then all joyning their voyces, and dauncing a faster measure, they would conclude with some such words :

As without breath, no pipe doth move,

No musike kindly without love.

“ Having thus varied both their songs and daunces into divers sorts of inventions ; their last sport was one of them to provoke another to a more large expressing of his passions : which *Lalus* (accounted one of the best singers amongst them) having marked in *Dorus* dauncing, no lesse good grace & handsome behaviour, then extreame tokens of a travelled minde ; began first with his Pipe, and then with his voice, thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him answered in the underwritten sort.

Lalus and Dorus.

Come Dorus, come, let songs thy sorowes signifie : ¹

and so on.

CHAPTER II

THE SECOND BOOK

Gynecia, the wife of Basilius, deploring her evil thoughts and hopeless passion, betakes herself to a solitary place where she hears Zelmane (Pyrocles) singing thus to herself :

In vaine, mine Eyes, you labour to amende
With flowing teares your fault of hasty sight :
Since to my hart her shape you so did sende ;
That her I see, though you did lose your light.

In vaine, my Hart, now you with sight are burnd,
With sighes you seeke to coole your hotte desire :
Since sighes (into mine inward fornace turnd)
For bellowes serve to kindle more the fire.

Reason, in vaine (now you have lost my hart)
My head you seeke, as to your strongest forte :
Since there mine eyes have played so false a parte,
That to your strength your foes have sure resorte.
Then since in vaine I find were all my strife,
To this strange death I vainely yeeld my life.¹

Gynecia accosts "her", declares her passion, and her recognition of "her" as a man. They are interrupted by Basilius, who, after sending away Gynecia, declares his passion for "her" as a woman ; but Zelmane gets rid of him.

Meanwhile Dorus (Musidorus) imparts his love for Pamela, under pretext of paying addresses to her attendant Mopsa, and sings them this song :

Since so mine eyes are subject to your sight,
That in your sight they fixed have my braine ;
Since so my harte is filled with that light,
That onely light doth all my life maintaine ;

¹ p. 147.

Since in sweet you all goods so richly raigne,
 That where you are no wished good can want ;
 Since so your living image lives in me,
 That in my selfe your selfe true love doth plant ;
 How can you him unworthy then decree,
 In whose chiefe parte your worthes implanted be ?¹

Dorus tells Pamela the story of his own education and adventures under the mask of the story of Musidorus :

" In the countrie of *Thessalia*, (alas why name I that accursed country, which brings forth nothing, but matters for tragedies ? but name it I must) in *Thessalia* (I say) there was (well may I say there was) a Prince (no, no Prince, whō bondage wholly possessed but yet accounted a Prince, and) named *Musidorus*. O *Musidorus*, *Musidorus* ; but to what serve exclamations, where there are no eares to receive the sounde ? This *Musidorus*, being yet in the tendrest age, his worthy father paied to nature (with a violent death) her last dueties, leaving his childe to the faith of his friends, and the proofe of time : death gave him not such pangs as the foresight-full care hee had of his silly successour. And yet if in his foresight he could have seene so much, happie was that good Prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his sonnes miseries, which his knowledge could neither have prevented nor relieved. The young *Musidorus* (being thus, as for the first pledge of the destinies good will, deprived of his principall stay) was yet for some yeares after (as if the starres would breath themselves for a greater mischiefe) lulled up in as much good luck as the heedfull love of his dolefull mother and the florishing estate of his country could breed unto him.

" But when the time now came, that miserie seemed to be ripe for him, because he had age to know misery, I thinke there was a conspiracy in all heavenly & earthly things, to frame fit occasion to leade him unto it. His people (to whom all forraine matters in fore-time were odious) beganne to wish in their beloved Prince, experience by travaile : his deare mother (whose eyes were held open, onely with the joy of looking upon him) did now dispense with the comfort of her widowhead life, desiring the same her subjectes, did for the increase of her sonnes worthinesse. And hereto did *Musidorus* owne vertue (see how vertue can be a minister to the mischiefe) sufficiently provoke him : for indeed thus much I must say for him, (although the likenesse of our mishaps makes me presume to patterne my selfe unto him) that well-doing was at that time his scope, from which no faint pleasure could with-hold him."²

The assertion of Musidorus that " well-doing was at that

¹ p. 155.

² p. 159.

time his scope" is also made, in similar terms, by Philisides (supposed—in my opinion erroneously—to stand for Sir Philip Sidney) in the suppressed passage quoted below at p. 93.

His account, to Zelmane, of the coldness of Pamela's reception :

" But in the Princesse I could finde no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calme carelesnesse letting each thing slide, justly as we doo by their speeches, (who neither in matter nor person doo any way belong unto us) which kind of colde temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall magestie, is of all others most terrible unto me : for yet if I found she contemned me, I would desperatly labour both in fortune and vertue to overcome it ; if she onely mis-doubted me, I were in heaven ; for quickly I woulde bring sufficient assurance : lastly, if she hated me, yet I should know what passion to deale with ; and either with infinitenes of desert I would take away the fewell from that fire ; or if nothing would serve, then I would give her my hart-bloud to quench it. But this cruell quietnes, neither retiring to mislike, nor proceeding to favour ; gracious, but gracious still after one maner ; all her courtesies having this engraven in them, that what is done, is for vertues sake, not for the parties ; ever keeping her course like the Sun, who neither for our prayes, nor curses, will spare or stoppe his horses. This (I say) heavenlines of hers, (for how so ever my miserie is I cannot but so entitle it) is so impossible to reach unto, that I almost begin to submitte my selfe to the tyrannie of despaire, not knowing any way of perswasiõ, where wisdome seemes to be unsensible."¹

Philoclea begins to fall in love with Zelmane and wishes " she " were a man :

" For whether it were, that her wit in cōtinuāce did finde, that *Zelmanes* friendship was full of impatient desire, having more thē ordinarie limits, & therefore shee was content to second *Zelmane*, though her selfe knew not the limits ; or that in truth, truelove (well considered) have an infective power. At last she fell in acquaintance with loves harbinger, wishing. First she would wish, that they two might live all their lives together, like two of *Dianas* Nimphes. But that wish, she thought not sufficient, because she knew, there would be more Nimphes besides them, who also would have their part in *Zelmane*. Thē would she wish, that she were her sister, that such a natural band might make her more speciall to her. But against that

¹ p. 165.

she considered, that though being her sister, if she happened to be married, she should be robbed of her. Then growne bolder, she would wish either her selfe, or *Zelmana* a man, that there might succeed a blessed marriage betwixt them. But when that wish had once displayed his ensigne in her minde, then followed whole squadrons of longings, that so it might be, with a maine battaile of mislikings, and repynings against their creation that so it was not. Then dreames by night beganne to bring more unto her, then she durst wish by day whereout making did make her know her selfe the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easie to be cured they are hard to be knowne, but when they grow easie to be knowne, they are almost impossible to be cured: so the sweete *Philoclea* while she might prevent it, she did not feele it, now she felt it, when it was past preventing; like a river, no rampiers being built against it, till alreadie it have overflowed. For now indeed, Love puld of his maske, and shewed his face unto her, and told her plainly, that shee was his prisoner. Then needed she no more paint her face with passions; for passions shone thorow her face; Then her rosie coulour was often encreased with extraordinarie blushing: and so another time, perfect whitenesse ascended to a degree of palenesse; now hot, then cold, desiring she knew not what, nor how, if she knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the smart was brought to thinke of the disease, and her owne prooffe taught her to know her mothers minde which (as no error gives so strong assault, as that which comes armed in the authorities of a parent, so) greatly fortified her desires, to see, that her mother had the like desires. And the more jealous her mother was, the more she thought the Jewell precious, which was with so many lookes garded. But that prevailing so far, as to keepe the two lovers from private conference, then began she to feele the sweetnesse of a lovers solitarinesse, when freely with words and gestures, as if *Zelmana* were present, shee might give passage to her thoughts, and so as it were utter out some smoke of those flames, wherewith else she was not only burned, but smothered."¹

She reasons with herself, and finally yields to her passion :

" And yet are these but childish objections (simple *Philoclea*) it is the impossibilitie that dooth torment me: for, unlawfull desires are punished after the effect of enjoying; but impossible desires are punished in the desire it selfe. O then, ô tenne times unhappie that I am, since where in all other hope kindleth love; in me despaire should be the bellowes of my affection: and of all despaire the most miserable, which is drawn from impossibilitie. The most covetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which never can beare any thing; Why?

¹ p. 170.

because it is impossible. The most ambitious wight vexeth not his wittes to clime into heaven ; Why ? because it is impossible. Alas then, ô Love, why doost thou in thy beautifull sampler sette such a worke for my Desire to take out, which is as much impossible ? And yet alas, why doo I thus condemne my Fortune, before I heare what she can say for her selfe ? What doo I, sillie wench, knowe what Love hath prepared for me ? Doo I not see my mother, as well, at lest as furiously as my selfe, love *Zelmane* ? And should I be wiser then my mother ? Either she sees a possibilitie in that which I think impossible, or els impossible loves neede not misbecome me. And doo I not see *Zelmane* (who doth not thinke a thought which is not first wayed by wisdom and vertue) doth not she vouchsafe to love me with like ardour ? I seeit her eyes depose it to be true ; what then ? and if she can love poore me, shall I thinke scorne to love such a woman as *Zelmane* ? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou lovest me, excellent *Zelmane*, and I love thee : and with that, embrasing the very gronde whereon she lay, she said to her selfe (for even to her selfe she was ashamed to speake it out in words) O my *Zelmane*, governe and direct me : for I am wholly given over unto thee."¹

Pamela, now in love with Dorus, and recognising in him the Prince Musidorus, asks him further concerning his life and adventures. The story of the education of Pyrocles and Musidorus, their friendship, etc., as related by him :

" But the mother of *Pyrocles* (shortly after her childe-birth) dying, was cause that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his only son to his sister ; doing it the rather because the warre continued in cruell heat, betwixt him & those evil neighbours of his. In which meane time those young Princes (the only comforters of that vertuous widow) grewe on so, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardest conceats : *Musidorus* (perchaunce because among his subjectes) exceedingly beloved : and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well perfourmed by his sister) they were so brought up, that all the sparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in thē, were so blowne to give forth their uttermost heate that justly it may be affirmed, they enflamed the affections of all that knew thē. For almost before they could perfectly speake, they began to receave cōceits not unworthy of the best speakers : excellent devises being used, to make even their sports profitable ; images of battailes, & fortificatiōs being then delivered to their memory, which after, their stronger judgemēts might dispens, the delight of tales being cōverted to the knowledge of al the stories of worthy Princes, both to move them to do nobly, & teach them how to do nobly ;

¹ p. 174.

the beautie of vertue still being set before their eyes, & that taught them with far more diligent care, then Grāmatical rules, their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, & their mindes acquainted by degrees with daungers; & in sum, all bent to the making up of princely mindes: no servile feare used towardes them, nor any other violent restraint, but stil as to Princes: so that a habite of commaunding was naturalized in them, and therefore the farther from Tyrannie: Nature having done so much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

“ Among which I nothing so much delight to recount, as the memorable friendship that grewe betwixt the two Princes, such as made them more like then the likenesse of all other vertues, and made them more neer one to the other, then the neerenes of their bloud could aspire unto; which I think grew the faster, and the faster was tied betweene them, by reason that *Musidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither so great a difference in age as did take away the delight in societie, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occasion of childish contentions; till they had both past over the humour of such contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reverēce full of love to *Musidorus*, & *Musidorus* had a delight full of love in *Pyrocles*. *Musidorus*, what he had learned either for body or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was so glad to learne of none, as of *Musidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to sixtene yeares of age, he seemed so to overrun his age in growth, strength, and al things following it, that not *Musidorus*, no nor any man living (I thinke) could performe any action, either on horse, or foote, more strongly, or deliver that strength more nimbly, or become the delivery more gracefully, or employ al more vertuously. Which may well seeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderful subject.”¹

The adventures of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* continued as related by *Dorus* (*Musidorus*). The story of the “*Paphlagonian unkinde king*.”

“ It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainely growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that never any winter (I thinke) brought foorth a fowler child: so that the Princes were even compelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place within a certaine hollow rocke offering it unto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who not perceiving them (being hidde within that rude canopy) helde

¹ p. 189.

a straunge and pitifull disputation which made them steppe out ; yet in such sort, as they might see unseene. There they perceaved an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arayed, extremely weather-beaten ; the olde man blinde, the young man leading him : and yet through all those miseries, in both these seemed to appeare a kind of noblesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to lead me to that which should end my grieffe, & thy trouble, let me now entreat thee to leave me : feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, & nothing doth become me but miserie ; feare not the danger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse then I am. And doo not I pray thee, doo not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednes. But flie, flie from this region, onely worthy of me. Deare father (answered he) doo not take away from me the onely remnant of my happinesse : while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow strave to breake his harte,) how evill fits it me to have such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse upbraide my wickednesse ? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in) moved the Princes to goe out unto them, and aske the younger what they were ? Sirs (answered he, with a good grace, and made the more agreable by a certaine noble kinde of pitiousnes) I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. In deede our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull unto us as pittie, yet nothing is more daungerous unto us, then to make our selves so knowne as may stirre pittie. But your presence promiseth, that cruelty shall not over-runne hate. And if it did, in truth our state is soncke below the degree of feare.

“ This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-harted ungratefulness of a sonne of his, deprived, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraine forces were ever able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature graüts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, & by other his unnaturall dealings, he hath bin driven to such grieffe, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the toppe of this rocke, thēce to cast himselfe headlong to death : and so would have made me (who received my life of him) to be the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen (said he) if either of you have a father, and feele what duetifull affection is engrafted in a sonnes hart, let me intreate you to convey this afflicted Prince to some place of rest & securitie. Amongst your worthie actes it shall be none of the least, that a King, of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

“ But before they could make him answeere, his Father began to speake, Ah my sonne (said he) how evill an Historian are you, that

leave out the chiefe knotte of all the discourse? my wickednes, my wickednes. And if thou doest it to spare my eares, (the onely sense nowe left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou dost mistake me. And I take wisse of that Sunne which you see (with that he cast up his blinde eyes, as if he would hunt for light,) and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe, which is as evill as may be, if I speake untruely; that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my harte I wish that it may not prove ominous fortokē of misfortune to have mette with such a miser as I am) that whatsoever my sonne (ô God, that trueth binds me to reproch him with the name of my sonne) hath said, is true. But besides those truthes, this also is true, that having had in lawful mariage, of a mother fitte to beare royall children, this sonne (such one as partly you see, and better shall knowe by my shorte declaration) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growē to justifie their expectations (so as I needed envie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leave an other ones-selfe after me) I was caried by a bastarde sonne of mine (if at least I be bounde to beleve the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, to doo my best to destroy, this sonne (I thinke you thinke) undeserving destruction. What waies he used to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraude, smoothe malice, hidden ambition, & smiling envie, as in any living person could be harbored. But I list it not, no remembrance, (no, of naughtines) delights me, but mine own; & me thinks, the accusing his traines might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I loth to doo. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apte for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, & there to kill him.

“ But those theeves (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him goe, to learne to live poorely: which he did, giving himselfe to be a private souldier, in a countrie here by. But as he was redy to be greatly advanced for some noble peeces of service which he did, he hearde newes of me: who (dronke in my affection to that unlawfull and unnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my self so to be governed by him, that all favors and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance, distributed to his favourites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my self nothing but the name of a King: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignity, which was laid upon me) threw me out of my seat, and put out my eies; and then (proud in his tyrannie) let me goe, nether imprisoning, nor killing me: but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie; miserie indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchednes, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltines. And as he came to the crowne by so unjust meanes, as unjustlie he kept it,

by force of stranger souldiers in *Cittadels*, the nestes of tyranny, & murderers of libertie ; disarming all his own countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a wel-willer of mine : to say the trueth (I think) few of thē being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnes to my unkinde bastard :) but if there were any who fell to pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of unstained duety lefte in them towards me, yet durst they not shewe it, scarcely with giving me almes at their doores ; which yet was the onelie sustenaunce of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shewe so much charitie, as to lende me a hande to guide my darke steppes : Till this sonne of mine (God knowes, woorthie of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable wrongs, not recking danger, & neglecting the present good way he was in doing himselfe good, came hether to doo this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my unspeakable grieve ; not onely because his kindnes is a glasse evē to my blind eyes, of my naughtines, but that above all griefes, it greeves me he should desperatly adventure the losse of his soul-deserving life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts, as if he would cary mudde in a chest of christall. For well I know, he that now raigneth, how much soever (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised ; yet he will not let slippe any advantage to make away him, whose just title (ennobled by courage and goodnes) may one day shake the seate of a never secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craved of him to leade me to the toppe of this rocke, indeede I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so Serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since he was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient unto me. And now Gentlemen, you have the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedinges may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me : for never was there more pity in saving any, then in ending me ; both because therein my agonies shall ende, and so shall you preserve this excellent young man who els wilfully folowes his owne ruine.”¹

The interest of this, of course, is that it contains in embryo the story of Gloucester in the play of *King Lear*.

A description of the intrigues of an evil woman :

“ And she (whose husband about that time died) forgetting the absent *Plangus*, or at lest not hoping of him to obtaine so aspiring a purpose, lefte no arte unused, which might keepe the line from breaking, wherat the fishe was alrede taken ; not drawing him violently

¹ p. 206 sq.

but letting him play himself upon the hooke, which he had greedely swallowed. For, accompanying her mourning with a dolefull countenance, yet neither forgetting hansomnes in her mourning garments, nor sweetenes in her dolefull countenance; her wordes were ever seasoned with sighes; and any favour she shewed, bathed in teares, that affection might see cause of pity; and pity might perswade cause of affection. And being growen skilful in his humors, she was no lesse skilfull in applying his humors: never suffering his feare to fall to a despaire, nor his hope to hasten to an assurance: she was content he should thinke that she loved him; and a certaine stolne looke should sometimes (as though it were against her will) bewray it: But if thereupon he grewe bolde, he straight was encountred with a maske of vertue. And that which seemeth most impossible unto me, (for as neere as I can I repeate it as *Plangus* tolde it) she could not onely sigh when she would, as all can doo; & weep when she would, as (they say) some can doo; but (being most impudent in her hart) she could when she would, teach her chekes blushing, and make shamefastnes the cloake of shamelesnes. In summe, to leave out many particularities which he recited, she did not onely use so the spurre, that his Desire ran on, but so the bit, that it ran on, evē in such a careere as she would have it; that within a while, the king, seeing with no other eyes but such as she gave him, & thinking no other thoughts but such as she taught him; having at the first liberall measure of favors then shortned of thē, when most his Desire was inflamed; he saw no other way but mariage to satisfie his longing, and her mind (as he thought) loving, but chastly loving. So that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he fouūd his father, not only married, but already a father of a sonne & a daughter by this womā. Which though *Plangus* (as he had every way just cause) was grieved at; yet did his grief never bring forth ether cōtemning of her, or repining at his father. But she (who besides she was growen a mother, and a stepmother, did read in his eies her owne fault, and made his conscience her guiltines) thought still that his presence caried her condēnation: so much the more, as that she (unchastly attempting his wōted fācies) fouūd (for the reverēce of his fathers bed) a bitter refusall: which breeding rather spite then shame in her, or if it were a shame, a shame not of the fault, but of the repulse, she did not onely (as hating him) thirst for a revenge, but (as fearing harm from him) endeovoured to doo harme unto him. Therefore did she trie the uttermost of her wicked wit, how to overthrow him in the foundation of his strength, which was, in the favour of his father: which because she saw strong both in nature and desert, it required the more cūning how to undermine it. And therefore (shunning the ordinary trade of hireling sycophants) she made her praises of him, to be accusations; and her advauncing him, to be his ruine. For first with words (neerer admiration then liking) she would extoll his excellēcies, the goodlines of his shape, the power

of his witte, the valiantnes of his courage, the fortunatenes of his successes : so as the father might finde in her a singular love towards him : nay, she shunned not to kindle some fewe sparkes of jelousie in him. Thus having gotten an opinion in his father, that she was farre from meaning mischiefe to the sonne, then fell she to praise him with no lesse vehemencie of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then she sets foorth the liberty of his mind, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitnessse in him to beare rule, the singular love the Subjects bare him ; that it was doubtfull, whether his wit were greater in winning their favors, or his courage in employing their favours : that he was not borne to live a subject-life, each action of his bearing in it Majestie, such a Kingly entertainment, such a Kingly magnificence, such a Kingly harte for enterprises : especially remembering those vertues, which in a successor are no more honoured by the subjects, then suspected of the Princes. Then would she by putting-of objectiōs, bring in objectiōs to her husbands head, already infected with suspitiō. Nay (would she say) I dare take it upon my death, that he is no such sonne, as many of like might have bene, who loved greatnes so well, as to build their greatnes upon their fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition, like Love, can abide no lingring, & ever urgeth on his own successes ; hating nothing, but what may stop thē. But the Gods forbid, we should ever once dreame of any such thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you & the world should know, what he can do ; but the more power he hath to hurte, the more admirable is his praise, that he wil not hurt. Then ever remembering to strengthen the suspition of his estate with private jelousie of her love, doing him excessive honour when he was in presence, and repeating his pretie speeches and graces in his absence ; besides, causing him to be employed in all such dangerous matters, as ether he should perish in them, or if he prevailed, they should increase his glory : which she made a weapon to woūd him, untill she found that suspition began already to speake for it selfe, and that her husbands eares were growne hungry of rumours, and his eies prying into every accident.

“ Then tooke she help to her of a servant neere about her husband, whom she knew to be of a hasty ambitiō, and such a one, who wanting true sufficiencie to raise him, would make a ladder of any mischiefe. Him she useth to deale more plainely in alleaging causes of jealousy, making him know the fittest times when her husband already was stirred that way. And so they two, with divers wayes, nourished one humour, like Musitians, that singing divers parts, make one musicke. He sometime with fearefull countenaunce would desire the King to looke to himselfe ; for that all the court and Cittie were full of whisperings, and expectation of some suddaine change, upon what ground himselfe knew not. Another time he would counsell the King to make much of his sonne, and holde his favour, for that it was too late now to keepe him under. Now seeming to feare himselfe because (he said)

Plangus loved none of them that were great about his father. Lastly, breaking with him directly (making a sorrowful countenance, & an humble gesture beare false witness for his true meaning) that he foūd, not only souldiery, but people weary of his government, & al their affections bent upon *Plangus*. Both he and the Queene concurring in strange dreames, & each thing else, that in a mind (already perplexed) might breed astonishment: so that within a while, all *Plangus* actions began to be translated into the language of suspition;

" Which though *Plangus* foūd, yet could he not avoid, even cōtraries being driven to draw one yoke of argumēt: if he were magnificēt, he spent much with an aspiring intent: if he spared, he heaped much with an aspiring intent: if he spake curteously, he angled the peoples harts: if he were silent, he mused upon some daungerous plot. In summe, if he could have turned himself to as many formes as *Proteus*, every forme should have bene made tedious.

" But so it fell out, that a meere trifle gave thē occasion of further proceeding. . . ."¹

" The cumber of *Zelmane's* love and lovers ":

" So brought he them up to visite his wife, where betweene her, & him, the poore *Zelmane* received a tedious entertainemēt; oppressed with being loved, almost as much, as with loving. *Basilius* not so wise in covering his passion, could make his toong go almost no other pace, but to runne into those immoderate praises, which the foolish Lover thinkes short of his Mistres, though they reach farre beyond the heavens. But *Gynecia* (whome womanly modestie did more outwardly bridle) yet did oftentimes use the advantage of her sexe in kissing *Zelmane*, as she sate upon her bedde-side by her; which was but still more and more sweete incense, to cast upon the fire wherein her harte was sacrificed: Once *Zelmane* could not stirre, but that, (as if they had bene poppets, whose motion stooode onely upon her pleasure) *Basilius* with serviceable steppes, *Gynecia* with greedie eyes would follow her. *Basilius* mind *Gynecia* well knew, and could have found in her hart to laugh at, if mirth could have borne any proportion with her fortune. But all *Gynecias* actions were interpreted by *Basilius*, as proceeding from jealousy of his amorousnesse. *Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poore childe, whose father while he beates him, will make him beleeve it is for love; or like the sicke man, to whom the Phisition swears, the ill-tasting wallowish medicine he prefers, is of a good taste) their love was hatefull, their courtesie troublesome, their presence cause of her absence thence, where not onely her light, but her life consisted."²

In the next chapter *Pyrocles* reveals himself to *Philoclea*,

¹ p. 244 sq.

² p. 251.

and they are secretly betrothed, he retaining his disguise as an Amazon lady. He relates the story of his life and adventures. Among them are two very Spenserian episodes; the torture by the ladies of the inconstant Pamphilus (ch. 18), and "the carlish entertainment to Pyrocles" by Dido's father (ch. 19). The first begins as follows:

"As I past through a Laund (each side whereof was so bordred both with high tymler trees, and copses of farre more humble growth, that it might easily bring a solitarie minde to looke for no other companions then the wild burgesses of the forrest) I heard certaine cries, which comming by pawses to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made me well assured by the greatnesse of the cris, it was the voice of a man, though it were a verie unmanlike voice, so to crie. But making mine eare my guide, I left not many trees behind me, before I saw at the bottome of one of them a gentle-man bound (with many garters) hand & foot, so as well he might tomble and tosse, but neither runne nor resist he could. Upō him (like so many Eagles upon an Oxe) were nine Gentle-women; truly such, as one might well enough say, they were handsome. Each of them helde bodkins in their handes, wherewith they continually pricked him, having bene before-hand unarmed of any defence from the wast upward, but onely of his shirte: so as the poore man wept and bled, cryed and prayed, while they sported themselves in his paine, and delighted in his prayers, as the arguments of their victorie."¹

The following is an extract from the second:

"I, who had acquainted my selfe to measure the delicacie of foode and rest, by hunger and wearinesse, at that time well stored of both, did not abide long entreatie; but went with her to the Castle: which I found of good strength, having a great mote rounde about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whose unthrifitie sonne he had bought it. The bridge drawne up, where we were faine to crie a good while before we coukde have answeare, and to dispute a good while before answeare would bee brought to acceptance. At length a willingnesse, rather then a joy to receive his daughter, whome hee had lately seene so neere death, and an opinion rather brought into his heade by course, because he heard himselfe called a father; rather then any kindnesse that hee found in his owne harte, made him take us in; for my part by that time growne so wearie of such entertaine-ment, that no regard of my selfe, but onely the importunitie of his daughter made me enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*,

¹ p. 264.

a driveling old fellow, leane, shaking both of head and hands, abroad halfe earth, and yet then most greedie of Earth: who scarcely would give me thanks for that I had done, for feare I suppose, that thankfulness might have an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voice, giving me a false welcome, I might perceave in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to say, whether the displeasure of her company did not over-way the pleasure of her owne comming. But on he brought me, into so bare a house, that it was the picture of miserable happinesse, and rich beggerie (served onely by a company of rustically villaines, full of sweate and dust, not one of them other, then a labourer) in summe (as he counted it) profitable drudgerie: and all preparations both for foode and lodging such, as would make one detest nigardnesse, it is so shuttish a vice. His talks nothing but of his povertie, for feare belike lest I should have proved a young borrower. In summe, such a man, as any enemy could not wish him worse, then to be himselfe. But there that night bidde I the burthen of being a tedious guest to a loathsome host; over-hearing him sometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing such costly mates under his roofe: which she grieving at, desired much to know my name, I thinke partly of kindness to remember who had done some-thing for her, and partly because she assured her selfe I was such a one as would make even his miser-minde contented with what he had done. And accordingly she demaunded my name, and estate, with such earnestnesse, that I whom Love had not as then so robbed me of my selfe, as to be another then I am, told her directly my name and condition: whereof she was no more gladd then her father, as I might well perceave by some ill-favoured cheerfulness, which then first began to wrinkle it selfe in his face."¹

Pyrocles relates how he and Musidorus were made prisoners at the court of Iberia because they would not yield to the love of the Queen, Andromena. By the help of her son, Palladius, they take part in a tourney, and so effect their escape. In the tourney knights from the court of Helen, Queen of Corinth, take part. I have already suggested, in connexion with the extract given at p. 19 above, that under this character Queen Elizabeth is shadowed, and the further description of her and her government in the following passage seems to me to leave no doubt as to the correctness of this conclusion. To mention one point only, such a detail of criticism as that referring to the size of the Queen's face in the first of the two extracts could only have occurred to a

¹ p. 373.

writer who had the portrait of the real person in his eye, and it was true of Queen Elizabeth, as the pictures of her show. The "Diana apparelled in the garments of Venus" should be compared with the account, as I think, of Queen Elizabeth in the poem commented on below at pp. 63, 131. From this interpretation the conclusion follows that in "Amphialus" the Earl of Leicester is shadowed.

"This day it happened that divers famous Knights came thither frō the court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Ladie, whom Fame at that time was so desirous to honor, that she borrowed all mens mouths to joyne with the sounde of her Trumpet. For as her beautie hath wonne the prize from all women, that stande in degree of comparison (for as for the two sisters of *Arcadia*, they are farre beyond all concept of comparison) so hath her government bene such, as hath bene no lesse beautifull to mens judgements, then her beautie to the eiesight. For being brought by right of birth, a woman, a yong woman, a faire woman, to governe a people, in nature mutinously prowde, and alwaies before so used to hard governours, as they knew not how to obey without the sworde were drawne. Yet could she for some yeares, so carry her selfe among them, that they found cause in the delicacie of her sex, of admiration, not of cōtempt: & which was notable, even in the time that many countries were full of wars (which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought still would conclude there) yet so hādled she the matter, that the threatens ever smarted in the threatners; she using so straūge, and yet so well-succeeding a temper, that she made her people by peace, warlike; her courtiers by sports, learned; her Ladies by Love, chast. For by continuall martiall exercises without bloud, she made them perfect in that bloody art. Her sportes were such as caried riches of Knowledge upō the streame of Delight: & such the behaviour both of her selfe, and her Ladies, as builded their chastitie, not upon waywardnes, but by choice of worthines: So as it seemed, that court to have bene the mariage place of Love and Vertue, & that her selfe was a *Diana apparelled in the garments of Venus*. And this which Fame onely delivered unto me, (for yet I have never seene her) I am the willinger to speake of to you, who (I knowe) knowe her better, being your neere neighbour, because you may see by her example (in her selfe wise, and of others beloved) that neither follie is the cause of vehement Love, nor reproch the effect. For never (I thinke) was there any woman, that with more unremovable determinatiō gave her selfe to the coucell of Love, after she had once set before her mind the worthines of your cousin *Amphialus*; & yet is nether her wisdome doubted of, nor honour blemished. For (O God) what doth better become wisdome, then to discerne, what is worthy the loving? what more agreeable to goodnes, then to love it so

discerned? and what to greatnesse of hart, then to be constant in it once loved? But at that time, that Love of hers was not so publikely knowne, as the death of *Philoxenus*, and her search of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then seemed to have such leasure to sende thither diverse choyse Knights of her court, because they might bring her, at lest the knowledge, perchance the honour, of that Triumph."¹

The sentiment about this Queen being brought to govern a people "in nature mutinously prowde, and alwaies before so used to hard governours, as they knew not how to obey without the sworde were drawne," finds a remarkable parallel in Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*, (attributed by me to Bacon—see "Spenser" volume, chapter XIX.) where Eudoxus says "for the English were, at the first, as stout and warrelike a people as ever were the Irish, and yet ye see are now brought unto that civilitye, that no nation in the world excelleth them in all goodly conversation. . ."; and Irenaeus replies, "What they now be both you and I see very well, but by how many thorny and hard wayes they are come thereunto, by how many civill broyles, by how many tumultuous rebellions, that even hazarded oftentimes the whole safetie of the kingdome, may easily be considered. Equally remarkable is the similar expression of opinion by Bacon. Thus in his 'In Felicem Memoriam Elizabethae' he says:

"Nor must it be forgotten withal among what kind of people she reigned; for had she been called to rule over Palmyrenes or in an unwarlike and effeminate country like Asia, the wonder would have been less; a womanish people might well enough be governed by a woman; but in England, a nation particularly fierce and warlike, all things could be swayed and controlled at the beck of a woman, is a matter for the highest admiration."

Again, in the same work:

"Her intention undoubtedly was, on the one hand not to force consciences, but on the other not to let the state, under pretence of conscience and religion, be brought in danger. Upon this ground she concluded at the first that, in a people courageous and warlike and prompt to pass from strife of minds to strife of hands, the free allowance and toleration by public authority of two religions would be certain destruction."

¹ p. 283.

The original Zelmane, who is beloved by Palladius follows Pyrocles, with whom she has fallen in love, disguised as a page (Diaphantus). She dies in his arms confessing her identity and love for him, and from her he takes the name for his Amazon disguise. Here is the account of her following him :

" But the next morning, we (having striven with the Sunnes earlines) were scarcely beyond the prospect of the high turrets of that building, when there overtoke us a young Gentleman, for so he seemed to us, but indeede (sweete Ladie) it was the faire *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus* daughter ; whom unconsulting affection (unfortunately borne to me-wards) had made borrowe so much of her naturall modestie, as to leave her more-decent rayments, and taking occasion of *Andromanas* tumultuous pursuing us, had apparrelled her selfe like a Page, with a pittfull crueltie cutting of her golden haire, leaving nothing, but the short curles, to cover that noble head, but that she ware upon it a faire head-peece, a shielde at her back, and a lance in her hand, els disarmed. Her apparrell of white, wrought upon with broken knots, her horse, faire & lustie, which she rid so, as might shew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doo that, which she knew that she knew not how to doo : and the sweetnes of her countenance did give such a grace to what she did, that it did make hansom the unhansomnes, and make the eye force the minde to beleewe, that there was a praise in that unskilfulnesse. But she straight approached me, and with fewe words (which borrowed the help of her countenance to make themselves understood) she desired me to accept her in my service ; telling me, she was a noble-mans sonne of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who having seene what I had done in that court, had stolne from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the maner of *Andromanas* following me, which by her I understood, she hiding nothing (but her sexe) from me. And still me thought I had seen that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far distant from my memorie : but liking very well the yong Gentleman, (such I tooke her to be) admitted this *Daiphantus* about me : who well shewed, there is no service like his, that serves because he loves. For, though borne of Princes bloud, brought up with tenderest education, unapt to service (because a woman) & full of thoughts (because in a strange estate ;) yet Love enjoyned such diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondslave could ever be by feare more readie at all commaundementes, then that yong Princesse was. How often (alas) did her eyes say unto me, that they loved ? and yet, I (not looking for such a matter) had not my conceipt open, to understand them. How oftẽ would she come creeping to me, betweene gladnes to be neere me, & feare to offend me ? Truly I remember, that then I marvailing, to see her receive my cõmandements with sighes, and yet do them with cheerefulnes : sometimes answering

me in such riddles, as I then thought childish in experiēce : but since returning to my remēbrance, they have come more neere unto my knowledge : & pardon me (onely deare Lady) that I use many words : for her affection to me deserves of me an affectionate speach."¹

The narrative of Pyrocles is interrupted by Miso (the wife of Dametas), and the love affairs of the two Princes, in disguise, with Pamela and Philoclea are resumed. The party is surprised in the grounds by a band of rebels against the authority of Basilius. The ladies flee and the rebels are kept at bay by Zelmane assisted by the old king, and later by Dorus. The description of the killing of the "clownes" is singularly cruel and heartless, and is an interesting study of the psychology and point of view of the writer ² :

" Yet the multitude still growing, and the verie killing wearying them (fearing, lest in long fight they should be conquered with cōquering) they drew back toward the lodge ; but drew back in such sort, that still their terror went forwarde : like a valiant mastiffe, whom when his master pulles backe by the taile from the beare (with whom he hath alreadie interchanged a hatefull imbracement) though his pace be backwarde, his gesture is forward, his teeth and eyes threatening more in the retiring, then they did in the advancing : so guided they themselves homeward, never stepping steppe backward, but that they proved themselves masters of the ground where they stept.

" Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellowe, a tayler by occupation, who fetching his courage onelie from their going back, began to bow his knees, & very fencer-like to draw neere to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her distāce, turning his swerd very nicely about his crown, *Basilius*, with a side blow, strake of his nose. He (being a suiter to a seimsters daughter, and therefore not a little grieved for such a disgrace) stouped downe, because he had hard, that if it were fresh put to, it would cleave on againe. But as his hand was on the grounde to bring his nose to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow, sent his head to his nose. That saw a butcher, a butcherlie chuffe indeed (who that day was sworn brother to him in a cup of wine) & lifted up a great leaver, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But she (letting slippe the blowe of the leaver) hitte him so surely on the side of his face, that she lefte nothing but the nether jawe, where the tongue still wagged, as willing to say more, if his masters remēbrance had served. O (said a miller that was halfe dronke) see the lucke of a

¹ p. 290.

² Compare extract and remarks below at p. 123 sq.

good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitchforke at *Dorus* : but the nimbleness of the wine caried his head so fast, that it made it over-runne his feet, so that he fell withall, just betwene the legs of *Dorus* : who setting his foote on his neck (though he offered two milche kine, and foure fatte hogs for his life) thrust his sword quite through, from one eare to the other ; which toke it very unkindlie, to feele such newes before they heard of them, in stead of hearing, to be put to such feeling. But *Dorus* (leaving the miller to vomit his soul out in wine and bloud) with his two-hand sword strake of another quite by the waste, who the night before had dreamed he was growen a couple, and (interpreting it he should be married) had bragd of his dreame that morning among his neighbors. But that blow astonished quite a poore painter, who stood by with a pike in his handes. This painter was to counterfette the skirmishing betwene the *Centawres* and *Lapithes*, and had bene very desirous to see some notable wounds, to be able the more lively to expresse them ; and this morning (being caried by the streame of this companie) the foolish fellow was even delighted to see the effect of blowes. But this last, (hapning neere him) so amazed him, that he stood still, while *Dorus* (with a turne of his sword) strake of both his hands. And so the painter returned, well skilled in wounds, but with never a hand to performe his skill."¹

Zelmane tries the effect of oratory in appeasing the mutiny. The political reflections of the author and his self-confidence appear in the description of this performance :

" In this manner they recovered the lodge, and gave the rebels a face of wood of the out-side. But they then (though no more furious, yet more couragious when they saw no resister) went about with pickaxe to the wall, and fire to the gate, to gette themselves entrance. Then did the two Ladies mixe feare with love, especially *Philoclea*, who ever caught hold of *Zelmane*, so (by the follie of love) hindering the help which she desired. But *Zelmane* seeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate (the number of those villaines still encreasing, and their madnesse still encreasing with their number) thought it onely the meanes to goe beyond their expectation with an unused boldnesse, and with danger to avoide danger : and therefore opened againe the gate, and (*Dorus* and *Basilius* standing redie for her defence) she issued againe among them. The blowes she had dealt before (though all in generall were hastie) made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them sodainly over-neere her, so that she had time to gette up to the judgement-seate of the Prince, which (according to the guise of that countrie) was before the gate. There she paused a

¹ p. 312.

while, making signe with her hand unto them, & withall, speaking aloud, that she had something to say unto them, that would please them. But she was answered a while with nothing but shouts and cries; and some beginning to throw stones at her, not daring to approach her. But at length, a young farmer (who might do most among the countrie sort, and was caught in a little affection towardes *Zelmane*) hoping by this kindnesse to have some good of her, desired them, if they were honest men, to heare the woman speake. Fie fellowes, fie, (said he) what will all the maides in our towne say, if so many tall men shall be afraide to heare a faire wench? I sweare unto you by no little ones, I had rather give my teeme of oxen, then we should shewe our selves so uncivill wights. Besides, I tell you true, I have heard it of old men counted wisdome, to heare much, & say little. His sententious speech so prevailed, that the most parte began to listen. Then she, with such efficacie of gracefulness, & such a quiet magnanimitie represented in her face in this uttermost perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks upon her, in this sorte began unto them.

" It is no small comfort unto me (said she) having to speake something unto you for your owne behoofs, to find that I have to deale with such a people, who shew indeed in thēselves the right nature of valure, which as it leaves no violence unattempted, while the choller is nourished with resistance; so when the subject of their wrath, doth of it self unloked-for offer it self into their hands, it makes thē at last take a pause before they determine cruelty. Now then first (before I come to the principall matter) have I to say unto you; that your Prince *Basilus* himselfe in person is within this Lodge, & was one of the three, whō a few of you went about to fight withall: (& this she said, not doubting but they knew it well inough; but because she would have them imagine, that the Prince might think that they did not know it) by him am I sent unto you, as frō a Prince to his well approved subjects, nay as from a father to beloved children, to know what it is that hath bred just quarrell among you, or who they be that have any way wrōged you? what it is with which you are displeased, or of which you are desirous? This he requires: and indeed (for he knowes your faithfulness) he commaunds you presently to set downe, & to choose among your selves some one, who may relate your griefes or demaundes unto him.

" This (being more then they hoped for from their Prince) asswaged well their furie, & many of them consented (especially the young farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demaunds that he might have *Zelmane* for his wife) but when they began to talke of their griefes, never Bees made such a cōfused hūming: the towne dwellers demanding putting downe of imposts: the country felowes laying out of cōmons: some would have the Prince keepe his Court in one place, some in another. Al cried out to have new cōcellors: but when they

should think of any new, they liked thē as well as any other, that they could remēber, especially they would have the treasure so looked unto, as that he should never neede to take any more subsidies. At length they fel to direct contrarieties. For the Artisans, they would have corne & wine set at a lower price, and bound to be kept so stil : the plowmen, vine-laborers, & farmers would none of that. The coutrimen demaunded that every man might be free in the chief townes: that could not the Burgesses like of. The peasāts would have the Gentlemē destroyed, the Citizens (especially such as Cooke, Barbers, & those other that lived most on Gentlemen) would but have them reformed. And of ech side were like divisions, one neighbourhood beginning to find fault with another. But no confusion was greater then of particular mens likings and dislikings : one dispraising such a one, whō another praised, & demanding such a one to be punished whom the other would have exalted. No lesse ado was there about choosing him, who should be their spokes-man. The finer sort of Burgesses, as Marchants Prentises, & Clothworkers, because of their riches, disdainning the baser occupations, & they because of their number as much disdainning them : all they scorning the countimens ignorance, & the countrymen suspecting as much their cūning : So that *Zelmane* (fīding that their united rage was now growne, not only to a dividing, but to a crossing one of another, & that the mislike growne among thēselves did wel allay the heat against her) make tokēs againe unto thē (as though she tooke great care of their wel doing, and were afraid of their falling out) that she would speake unto thē. They now growne jealous one of another (the stay having ingēdred divisiō, & divisiō having manifested their weaknes) were willing inough to heare, the most part striving to show themselves willinger then their fellowes : which *Zelmane* (by the acquaintance she had had with such kinde of humors) soone perceiving, with an angerles bravery, & an unabashed mildnes, in this manner spake unto them.

“ An unused thing it is, & I think not heretofore seene, ô *Arcadians*, that a womā should give publike coušel to men, a strāger to the coutry people, & that lastly in such a presence by a private person, the regall throne should be possessed. But the straungenes of your action makes that used for vertue, which your violent necessitie imposeth. For certainly, a woman may well speake to such men, who have forgottē al manlike government : a straunger may with reason instruct such subjects, that neglect due points of subjection : and is it marvaile this place is entred into by another, since your owne Prince (after thirtie yeares government) dare not shew his face unto his faithfull people ? Hearre therefore ô *Arcadians*, & be ashamed : against whō hath this rage bene stirred ? whether have bene bent these māfull weapons of yours ? In this quiet harmles lodge are harbourd no *Argians* your ancient enimies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbours. Here be nether hard landlords, nor biting usurers. Here

lodge none, but such as either you have great cause to love, or no cause to hate: here being none, besides your Prince, Princesse, and their children, but my self. Is it I then, ô *Arcadians*, against whom your anger is armed? Am I the marke of your vehemēt quarrell? if it be so, that innocencie shall not be a stop for furie; if it be so, that the law of hospitalitie (so long & holily observed among you) may not defend a straunger fled to your armes for succour: if in fine it be so, that so many valiaunt mens courages can be enflamed to the mischiefe of one silly woman; I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath. Exercise in me your indignatiō, so it go no further, I am content to pay the great favours I have received amōg you, with my life, not ill deserving I present it here unto you, ô *Arcadians*, if that may satisfie you; rather thē you (called over the world the wise and quiet *Arcadians*) should be so vaine, as to attempt that alone, which all the rest of your countrie wil abhor; thē you should shew your selves so ungratefull, as to forget the fruite of so many yeares peaceable government; or so unnaturall, as not to have with the holy name of your naturall Prince, any furie over-maistred. For such a hellish madnes (I know) did never enter into your harts, as to attēpt any thing against his person; which no successor, though never so hatefull, wil ever leave (for his owne sake) unrevenged. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to such a basenes, as in stead of a Prince, delivered unto you by so many roiall ancestors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow subject, in whom the innate meanes will bring forth ravenous covetousnes, and the newnes of his estate, suspectfull cruelty. Imagine, what could your enimies more wish unto you, then to see your owne estate with your owne handes undermined? O what would your fore-fathers say, if they lived at this time, & saw their ofspring defacing such an excellent principallitie, which they with so much labour & bloud so wisely have establishit? Do you thinke them fooles, that saw you should not enjoy your vines, your cattell, no, not your wives & children, without government; and that there could be no government without a Magistrate, and no Magistrate without obedience, and no obediēce where every one upon his owne private passion, may interpret the doings of the rulers? Let your wits make your present exāple to you. What sweetnes (in good faith) finde you in your present condition? what choise of choise finde you, if you had lost *Basilus*? under whose ensigne would you go, if your enimies should invade you? If you cannot agree upon one to speake for you, how wil you agree upō one to fight for you? But with this feare of I cannot tel what, one is troubled, and with that passed wrong another is grieved. And I pray you did the Sunne ever bring you a fruitfull harvest, but that it was more hote then pleasant? Have any of you childrē, that be not sometimes cumbersome? Have any of you fathers, that be not sometime weerish? What, shall we curse the Sonne, hate our children, or disobey our fathers? But what need I use these wordes, since I see in your countenances (now

vertuously settled) nothing els but love and dutie to him, by whom for your only sakes the governmēt is embraced. For al what is done, he doth not only pardon you, but thanke you; judging the action by the minds, & not the minds by the actiō, Your grieves, and desires, whatsoever, & whensoever you list, he wil consider of, and to his consideration it is reason you should refer them. So then, to cōclude; the uncertainty of his estate made you take armes; now you see him well, with the same love lay them downe. If now you end (as I know you will) he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I must cōfesse over-vehement affection: the only continuance might prove a wickednes. But it is not so, I see very wel, you begā with zeale, & wil end with reverēce.

"The action *Zelmane* used, being beautified by nature and apparelled with skill, her gestures beyng such, that as her wordes did paint out her minde, so they served as a shadow, to make the picture more lively and sensible, with the sweete cleernesse of her voice, rising & falling kindly as the nature of the worde, and efficacie of the matter required, altogether in such admirable person, whose incomparable valour they had well felte, whose beautie did pearce through the thicke dulnes of their senses, gave such a way unto her speach through the rugged wilderness of their imaginations, who (besides they were striken in admiration of her, as of more then a humane creature) were coold with taking breath, and had learned doubts out of leasure, that in steed of roaring cries, there was now heard nothing, but a cōfused muttring, whether her saying were to be followed, betwixt feare to pursue, & lothnesse to leave: most of them could have bene cōtent, it had never bene begun, but how to end it (each afraid of his companion,) they knew not, finding it far easier to tie then to loose knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no evil way in such mutinies, to give the mutinous some occasiō of such service, as they might thinke (in their own judgement) would countervaille their trespasse, withal, to take the more assured possession of their mindes, which she feared might begin to waver, *Loiall Arcadians* (said she) now do I offer unto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that have taken armes for the Princes safetie, let thē turne their backs to the gate, with their weapons bent against such as would hurt his sacred person. O weak trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancie onely doth guide to well doing: who can set confidence there, where company takes away shame, and ech may lay the fault of his fellow? So said a craftie fellow among them, named *Clinias*, to himselfe, when he saw the worde no sooner out of *Zelmanes* mouth, but that there were some shouts of joy, with, God save *Basilus*, and divers of them with much jollity growne to be his guard, that but litle before mēt to be his murderers."¹

¹ p. 313 sq.

Writers have drawn attention to the resemblance between this episode and the forum scene in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. There is, however, an even more striking parallel in the riot scene in the anonymous play *Sir Thomas More*, one of the written-in scenes in that play in which some authorities have detected the hand of Shakespeare.¹ I give it, as follows :

Act II., Scene IV.—(Saint Martin's Gate.)

Enter Lincoln, Doll, Clown, Georg Betts, Williamson, others ; and a Sergeaut at armes.

Lincolne. Peace, heare me : he that will not see a red hearing at a Herry grote, butter at alevenpence a pounce, meale at nyne shillings a bushell, and beeff at fower nobles a stone, lyst to me.

Geo. Bett. Yt will come to that passe yf straingers be sufferd. Mark him.

Linco. Our cuntrye is a great eating country ; argo, they eate more in our cuntrye then they do in their owne.

Betts. Clow. By a halfpenny loff, a day, troy waight.

Linc. They bring in straing rootes, which is meerly to the vndoing of poor prentizes ; for whats a sorry parsnypp to a good hart ?

William. Trash, trash ; they breed sore eyes, and tis enough to infect the cytty with the palsey.

Lin. Nay, yt has infected yt with the palsey ; for these basterds of dung, as you knowe they growe in dung, haue infected vs, and yt is our infection will make the cytty shake, which partly coms through the eating of parsnypps.

Clown. Betts. Trewe ; and pumpions togeather.

Seriant. What say ye to the mercy of the king ?

Do ye refuse yt ?

Lin. You would haue vs vppon thipp, woold you ? no, marry, do we not ; we accept of the kings mercy, but wee will showe no mercy vppon the straungers.

Seriaunt. You are the simplest things that euer stood In such a question.

¹ See introduction to *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*, by Mr. C. F. Tucker Brooke. The original scene was omitted, or amended, by order of the Censor, and the MS., which is in the British Museum, still bears the order : "Leaue out ye insurrection wholly and the cause thereof, and begin with Sir Tho. Moore at ye mayors sessions, with a reportt afterwarde off his good seruice don, being shriue off London, vppon a mutiny agaynst ye Lombardes, only by a shortt reportt, and nott otherwise, att your own perrilles. E. Tyllney."

Whether this and some other scenes are Shakespeare's I can offer no confident opinion, though I have given a lot of time to the subject.

Lin. How say ye now, prentisses? prentisses symple! downe with him!

All. Prentisses symple! prentisses symple!

Enter the L. Maior, Surrey, Shrewsbury, (More.)

Maior. Hold! in the kinges name, hold!

Surrey. Friendes, masters, countrymen—

Mayer. Peace, how, peace! I charg you, keep the peace!

Shro. My maisters, countrymen—

Williamson. The noble earle of Shrewsbury, letts hear him.

Ge. Betts. Weele heare the earle of Surrey.

Linc. The earle of Shrewsbury.

Betts. Weele heare both.

All. Both, both, both, both!

Linc. Peace, I say, peace! ar you men of wisdome, or what ar you?

Surr. What you will haue them; but not men of wisdome.

All. Weele not heare my lord of Surrey; no, no, no, no, no! Shrewsbury, Shrewsbury!

Moor. Whiles they ar ore the banck of their obedyence, Thus will they bere downe all things.

Linc. Shereiff Moor speakes: shall we heare Shreef Moor speake?

Doll. Letts heare him: a keepes a plentyfull shrevaltry, and a made my brother Arther Watchins Seriant Safes yeoman: lets heare Shreeue Moore.

All. Shreiu Moore, Moor, More, Shreue Moore!

Moor. Even by the rule you haue among yoursealues, Comand still audience.

All. Surrey, Sury!

All. Moor, Moor!

Lincolne. } Peace, peace, scilens, peace.
Betts. }

Moor. You that haue voyce and credyt with the number, Commaund them to a stilnes.

Lincolne. A plaigue on them, they will not hold their peace; the deule cannot rule them.

Moore. Then what a rough and ryotous charge haue you, To leade those that the deule cannot rule?— Good masters, heare me speake.

Doll. I, byth mas, will we, Moor: thart a good howskeeper, and I thanck thy good worship for my brother Arthur Watchins.

All. Peace, peace.

Moor. Look, what you do offend you cry vppon, That is, the peace: not (one) of you heare present, Had there such fellowes lyvd when you wer babes, That could haue topt the peace, as nowe you woold, The peace wherin you haue till nowe growne vp

Had bin tane from you, and the bloody tymes
 Couold not haue brought you to the state of men.
 Alas, poor things, what is yt you haue gott,
 Although we graunt you geat the thing you seeke ?

Bett. Marry, the remouing of the straingers, which cannot choose
 but much aduantage the poor handycrafts of the cytty.

Moor. Graunt them remoued, and graunt that this your noyce
 Hath chidd downe all the maiestie of Ingland ;
 Ymagin that you see the wretched straingers,
 Their babyes at their backes and their poor lugage,
 Plodding tooth ports and costes for transportation,
 And that you sytt as kinges in your desyres,
 Authoryty quyte sylenct by your braule,
 And you in ruff of your opynions clothd ;
 What had you gott ? I'le tell you : you had taught
 How insolence and strong hand shoold preuayle,
 How ordere shoold be quelld ; and by this patterne
 Not on of you shoold lyue an aged man,
 For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
 With sealf same hand, sealf reasons, and sealf right,
 Woold shark on you, and men lyke rauenous fishes
 Woold feed on on another.

Doll. Before God, thats as trewe as the Gospell.

Lincoln. Nay, this (is) a sound fellowe, I tell you : lets mark him.

Moor. Let me sett vp before your thoughts, good freindes,
 On supposytion ; which if you will marke,
 You shall perceauie howe horrible a shape
 Your ynnouation beres : first, tis a sinn
 Which oft thapostle did forwarne vs of,
 Vrging obedience to authority ;
 And twere no error, vf I told you all,
 You wer in armes gainst your (God himself)

All. Marry, God forbid that !

Moo. Nay, certainly you are ;
 For to the king God hath his offyce lent
 Of dread, of justyce, power and comaund,
 Hath bid him rule, and willd you to obay ;
 And, to add ampler maiestie to this,
 He hath not only lent the king his figure,
 His throne and sword, but gyuen him his owne name,
 Calls him a god on earth. What do you, then,
 Rysing gainst him that God himsealf enstalls,
 But ryse gainst God ? what do you to your sowles,
 In doing this ? O, desperat as you are,
 Wash your foule mynds with teares, and those same handes,
 That you lyke rebells lyft against the peace,

Lift vp for peace, and your vnreuerent knees,
 Make them your feet to kneele to be forgyuen !
 Tell me but this ; what rebell captaine,
 As mutynies ar incident, by his name
 Can still the rout ? who will obey a traytor ?
 Or howe can well that proclamation sounde,
 When ther is no adicion but a rebell
 To quallyfy a rebell ? Youle put downe straingers,
 Kill them, cutt their throts, possesse their howses,
 And leade the ma(ies)tie of lawe in liom,
 To slipp him lyke a hound. Say nowe the king
 (As he is clement, yf thoffendor moorne)
 Shoold so much com to short of your great trespas
 As but to banysh you, whether woold you go ?
 What country, by the nature of your error,
 Shoold geue you harber ? go you to Fraunce or Flanders,
 To any Jarman prouince, to Spaine or Portigall,
 Nay, any where that not adheres to Ingland,—
 Why, you must needes be straingers : woold you be pleasd
 To find a nation of such barbarous temper,
 That, breaking out in hiddious violence,
 Woold not afoord you an abode on earth,
 Whett their detested knyues against your throtes,
 Spurne you lyke dogges, and lyke as yf that God
 Owed not nor made not you, nor that the elamentes
 Wer not all appropriat to your comfortes,
 But charterd vnto them, what woold you thinck
 To be thus vsd ? this is the straingers case ;
 And this your momtanish inhumanytye.

All. Fayth, a saies trewe : letts do as we may be doon by.

Linco. Weele be ruld by you, Maister Moor, yf youle stand our freind to procure our pardon.

Moor. Submyt you to theise noble gentlemen,
 Entreate their mediation to the kinge,
 Geue vp yoursealfe to forme, obey the maiestrate,
 And thers no doubt but mercy maie be found,
 Yf you so seek.

To persist in it is present death : but, if you yeeld yourselues, no doubt what punishment you in simplicitie haue incurred, his highnesse in mercie will moste graciously pardon.

All. We yeeld, and desire his highnesse mercie.

A character sketch of "base-borne pride borne high by flatterie" :

"It may please you to understād, since it pleaseth you to demaſid, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, & so left by the famous Princes *Musi-*

dorus & *Pyrocles* (led thēce by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in these provinces of *Greece*, making a dishonorable enquire after that excellent prince *Pyrocles* alreadie perished) *Antiophilus* (I say) being crowned, and delivered from the presence of those two, whose vertues (while they were present, good schoolmasters) suppressed his vanities, he had not strēgth of mind enough in him to make long delay, of discovering what maner of man he was. But streight like one caried up to so hie a place, that he looseth the discerning of the ground over which he is ; so was his mind lifted so far beyōd the levell of his owne discourse, that remembring only that himselfe was in the high seate of a King, he coulde not perceive that he was a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorne follies, and repine at injuries. But imagining no so true propertie of sovereigntie, as to do what he listed, and to list whatsoever pleased his fansie, he quickly made his kingdome a Teniscourt, where his subjects should be the bolles ; not in truth cruelly, but licenciously abusing them, presuming so far upon himselfe, that what he did was liked of every bodie : nay, that his disgraces were favours, and all because he was a King. For in Nature not able to conceyve the bonds of great matters (suddenly borne into an unknowne Ocean of absolute power) he was swayed withall (he knewe not howe) as everie winde of passions puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, then that poysonous sugar of flatterie : which some used, out of the innate basenesse of their hart, straight like dogges fawning uppon the greatest ; others secretly hating him, and disdayning his great rising so suddenly, so undeservedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him only to his overthrow ; like the bird that carries the shell-fish high, to breake him the easier with his fall. But his minde (being an apt matter to receive what forme their amplifying speeches woulde lay upon it) daunced so prettie a musicke to their false measure, that he thought himselfe the wysest, the woorthiest, and best beloved, that ever gave honour to a royall tytle. And being but obscurely borne, he had found out unblushing pedegrees, that made him not onely of the blood royall, but true heyre, unjustly dispossesst by *Eronas* auncestours. And like the foolish birde, that when it so hides the heade that it sees not it selfe, thinkes no bodie else sees it : so did he imagine, that no bodiek new his basenesse, while he himselfe turned his eyes from it."¹

At his fall he is described as "like a bladder, sweld redie to breake, while it was full of the winde of prosperitie, that being out, was so abjected, as apt to be trode on by every bodie."²

¹ p. 330.² p. 334.

CHAPTER III

THE THIRD BOOK

The fall of Dorus (*Musidorus*) from felicity :

“ This last dayes daunger, having made *Pamelaes* love discern, what a losse it should have suffered, if *Dorus* had bene destroyed, bredde such tendernesse of kindnes in her toward him : that she could no longer keepe Love from looking through her eyes, and going forth in her words ; whom before as a close prisoner she had to her hart onely committed ; so as finding not only by his speeches & letters, but by the pitifull oratiō of a languishing behavior, & the easily discyphered character of a sorowful face, that Despair began nowe to threaten him destruction, she grewe content both to pitie him, and let him see she pityed him : as well by making her owne beautiful beames thawe away the former icinesse of her behaviour, as by entertaining his discourses (whensoever he did use them) in the third person of *Musidorus* ; to so farre a degree, that in the ende she said, that if she had bene the Princesse, whom that disguised Prince had vertuously loved, she would have requited his faith with faithfull affection : finding in her hart, that nothing could so hartily love as vertue : with many mo words to the same sense of noble favour, & chast plainnesse. Which when at the first it made that expected blisse shine upon *Dorus* ; he was like one frozen with extremitie of colde, over-hastily brought to a great fire, rather oppressed, then relieved with such a lightning of felicitie. But after the strength of nature had made him able to feel the sweetnesse of joyfulness, that again being a child of Passion, & never acquainted with mediocrity, could not set boūds upon his happines nor be cōtent to give Desire a kingdome, but that it must be an unlimited Monarchy. So that the ground he stood upon being over-high in happines, & slipperie through affection, he could not hold himselfe frō falling into such an error, which with sighs blew all cōfort out of his brest, & washt away all cheerfulness of his cheere, with teares. For this favour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his desire, & Desire considering nothing, but oportunitie : one time (*Mopsa* being called away by her mother, & he left alone with *Pamela*) the sudden occasion called Love, & that never staid to aske Reasons leave ; but made the too-much loving *Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kisse her, and, as it were, to establish a trophee of his victorie.

" But she, as if she had bin ready to drinke a wine of excellent tast & colour, which suddenly she perceived had poison in it, so did she put him away frō her : loking first unto heaven, as amazed to find herselfe so beguiled in him ; then laying the cruel punishment upon him of angry Love, and lowring beautie, shewing disdain, & a despising disdain, Away (said she) unworthy man to love, or to be loved. Assure thy selfe, I hate my selfe for being so deceived ; judge then what I doo thee, for deceiving me. Let me see thee no more, the only fall of my judgement, and staine of my conscience. With that she called *Mopsa*, not staying for any answer (which was no other, but a flood of tears, which she semed not to mark (much lesse to pity) & chid her for having so left her alone.

" It was not an amazement, it was not a sorrow, but it was even a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus* : which certainly at that instant would have killed him, but that the feare to tary longer in her presence (contrary to her cōmandement) gave him life to cary himselfe away frō her sight, and to run into the woods, where, throwing himselfe downe at the foot of a tree, he did not fall to lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieving for himselfe (which he did no way) but to curses of his life, as one that detested himselfe. For finding himselfe not onely unhappy, but unhappie after being false from all happinesse : and to be false from all happines, not by any misconceiving, but by his own fault, and his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela* : he did not tender his owne estate, but despised it ; greedily drawing into his minde, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And so remained he two dayes in the woods, disdainig to give his bodie food, or his mind comfort, loving in himselfe nothing, but the love of her. And indeed that love onely strave with the fury of his anguish, telling it, that if it destroyed *Dorus*, it should also destroy the image of her that lived in *Dorus* : and when the thought of that was crept in unto him, it begā to win of him some cōpassion to the shrine of the image, & to bewaile not for himselfe (whō he hated) but that so notable a love should perish. Thē began he onely so farre to wish his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the punishment : & the uttermost height he aspired unto, was, that after his death, she might yet pittie his error, and know that it proceeded of love, and not of boldnesse.

" That conceit found such friendship in his thoughts, that at last he yelded, since he was banished her presēce, to seeke some meanes by writing to shew his sorrow, & testifie his repentance. Therefore getting him the necessarie instruments of writing, he thought best to cōūterfaite his hand (fearing that as already she knew his, she would cast is away as soone as she saw it) and to put it in vers, hoping, that would draw her on to read the more, chusing the *Elegiac* as fittest for mourning. But pen did never more quakingly performe his office : never was paper more double moistned with inke & teares ; never

words more slowly married together, & never the *Muses* more tired, then now with changes & rechanges of his devises: fearing howe to ende, before he had resolved how to begin, mistrusting ech word, condemning eche sentence. This word was not significant, that word was too plain: this would not be cōceived; the other would be il conceived. Here Sorow was not inough expressed; there he seemed too much for his owne sake to be sory. This sentence rather shewed art, then passion; that sentence rather foolishly passionate, then forcibly moving. At last, marring with mending, and putting out better, then he left, he made an end of it; & being ended, & diverse times ready to teare it: till his reason assuring him, the more he studied the worse it grew, he folded it up, devoutly invoking good acceptation unto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner (saving *Mopsa*) to the other lodge, stale up into *Pamelaes* chamber, and in her stādish (which first he kissed; and craved of it a safe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be seene at her next using her inke (himselſe returning againe to be true prisoner to desperate sorrow) leaving her standish upon her beds head, to give her the more occasion to marke it: which also fell out.

“ For she finding it at her after noone-returne, in another place then she left it, opened it. But when she saw the letter, her hart gave her from whence it came. And therefore clapping it to againe, she went away from it, as if it had bin a contagious garment of an infected person: and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loth to reade it. Shall I (said she) second his boldnesse so farre, as to reade his presumptuous letters? And yet (said she) he sees me not to growe the bolder thereby: And how can I tell, whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthie to be receyved; and yet the paper (she thought) was not guiltie. At last, she concluded, it were not much amisse to looke it over, that she might out of his wordes picke some further quarrell against him. Then she opened it, and threwe it away, and tooke it up againe, till (ere she were aware) her eyes woulde needes reade it, containing this matter.

Unto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,

and now fully beleeves helpe to be quite perished;

Grant yet, grant yet a looke, to the last monumēt of his anguish,

O you (alas so I find) cause of his onely ruine.

Dread not a whit (O goodly cruell) that pittie may enter

into thy hart by the sight of this Epistle I send:

Ane so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the recitall,

least it might th' allure home to thy selfe to returne,

(Unto thy selfe I do meane those graces dwell so within thee,
gratefulness, sweetnes, holy love, hartie regard)

Such thing cannot I seeke (Despaire hath giv'n me my answer
despaire most tragicall clause to a deadly request)

Such thing cānot be hope, that knowes thy determinat hardnes ;
 hard like a rich marble : hard, but a faire Diamond.

Can those eyes that of eyes drownd in most harty flowing teares,
 (teares and teares of a man) had no returne to remorse ;

Can those eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a sorow,
 which inke onely relates, but ne laments, ne replies ?

Ah, that, that I do I not conceive (though that to my blisse were)
 more then Nestors yeares, more then a Kings diademe.

Ah, that, that I do not cōceive ; to the heavē when a mouse climes
 then may I hope t'atchieve grace of a heavenly tiger.

But, but alas, like a man cōdemn'd doth crave to be heard speake
 not that he hopes for amends of the desaster he feeles,

But finding th' approach of death with an ougly relenting,
 gives an adieu to the world, as to his onely delight :

Right so my boiling hart, enflam'de with fire of a faire eye,
 bubling out doth breath signes of his bugie dolours :

Now that he finds to what end his life and love be reserved,
 and that he hence must part where to live onely he lov'd.

O faire, O fairest, are such thy triumphs to thy fairnessse ?
 can death beautie become ? must be such a monument ?

Must I be onely the marke, shall prove that Vertue is angrie ?
 shall prove that fiercenes can with a white dove abide ?

Shall to the world appeare that faith and love be rewarded
 with mortall disdaine, bent to unendly revenge ?

Unto revenge ? O sweete, on a wretch wilt thou be revenged ?
 shall such high Plannets ende to the losse of a worme ?

And to revenge who doo bend, would in that kind be revenged,
 as th' offence was done, and goe beyond if he can.

All my' offence was Love : with Love then must I be chastned,
 and with more, by the lawes that to Revenge doo belong.

If that love be a fault, more fault in you to be lovely :
 Love never had me opprest, but that I saw to be lov'd.

You be the cause that I lov'd : what Reason blameth a shadowe,
 that with a body't goes ? since by a body it is.

If that Love you did hate, you should your beautie have bidden :
 you should those faire eyes have with a veile covered.

But foole, foole that I am, those eyes would shine frō a dark cave.
 what veiles then doo prevaile, but to a more miracle ?

Or those golden lockes, those lockes which lock me to bondage,
 torne you should disperse unto the blasts of a winde.

But foole, foole that I am, tho I had but a hair of her head foūd,
 ev'n as I am, so I should unto that haire be a thrall.

Or with fair bāds-nailes (ô hād which nailes me to this death)
 you should have your face (since Love is ill) blemished.

O wretch, what do I say ? should that faire face be defaced ?,
 should my too-much sight cause so true a Sunne to be lost ?

First let Cimmerian darknes be my onel' habitacion :
 first be mine eyes pulde out, first be my braine perished ; ,
 Ere that I should consent to doo such excessive a dammage
 unto the earth, by the hurt of this her heavenly jewell.
 O no : but such love you say you could have afoorded,
 as might learne Temp'rance voyde of a rages events.
 O sweet simplicitie : from whence should Love so be learned ?
 Unto Cupid that boy shall a Pedante be found ?
 Well : but faultie I was : Reason to my Passion yeelded,
 Passion unto my rage, Rage to a hastie revenge.
 But what's this for a fault, for which such fault is abolisht,
 such faith, so staineles, inviolate, violent ?
 Shall I not ? ó may I not thus yet refresh the remembrance,
 what sweete joyes I had once, and what a place I did hold ?
 Shall I not once object, that you, you graunted a favour
 unto the man, whom now such miseries you awarde ?
 Béd your thoughts to the dear sweet words which thē to me giv'n were :
 think what a world is now, think who hath altred her hart.
 What ? was I then worthie such good, now worthie such evill ?
 now fled, then cherished ? then so nie, now so remote ?
 Did not a rosed breath, from lips more rosie proceeding,
 say, that I should well finde in what a care I was had ?
 With much more : now what doo I finde, but Care to abhor me,
 Care that I sinke in grieffe, Care that I live banished ?
 And vanished doo I live, nor now will seeke a recoe'rie,
 since so she will, whose will is to me more then a lawe.
 If then a man in most ill case may give you a farewell ;
 farewell, long farewell, all my woe, all my delight.¹

Pamela, Philoclea, and Zelmane are entrapped in the woods by the wicked Cecropia, the mother of Amphialus, whom she designs to supplant Basilius in the sovereignty. They are carried off to his castle, where Amphialus endeavours to win the affections of Philoclea, of whom he is enamoured. Imprisoned there, Pamela offers the prayer which has become famous from its having been used by Charles

¹ p. 354 sq.

The poem is stilted because it is in imitation of Latin Hexameters and Pentameters. That it was not originally written for this episode is to be inferred from the fact that the eyes of the lady are described as black and the hair as golden, the same peculiar description as that in the case of Philoclea in the passage quoted at p. 18 above. In fact, the original connection was quite different ; see below at pp. 94, 135.

I. before his execution, and from Milton's severe comment : that he stole a prayer " word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman, praying to a heathen god, and that in no serious book, but in the vain amatorious poem of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* ".¹

The striking resemblance to Bacon's written prayers has been noticed before :

" O all-seeing Light, and eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great, that it may resist ; or so small, that it is contemned : looke upon my miserie with thine eye of mercie, and let thine infinite power vouchsafe to limite out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to thee shall seem most convenient. Let not injurie, ô Lord, triumphe over me, and let my faultes by thy handes be corrected, and make not mine unjste enemie the minister of thy Justice. But yet, my God, if in thy wisdom, this be the aptest chastizement for my inexcusable follie ; if this low bondage be fittest for my overhie desires ; if the pride of my not-inough humble harte, be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yeeld unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee, (let my craving, ô Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceedes from thee) let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give my selfe, that I am thy creature, & by thy goodnes (which is thy self) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Majestie so to shine into my mind, that it may still depende confidently upon thee. Let calamitie be the exercise, but not the overthrowe of my vertue : let their power prevaile, but prevaile not to destruction : let my greatnes be their praie : let my paine be the sweetnes of their revenge : let them (if so it seem good unto thee) vexe me with more and more punishment. But, ô Lord, let never their wickednes have such a hand, but that I may carie a pure minde in a pure bodie. (And pausing a while) And ô most gracious Lord (said she) what ever become of me, preserve the vertuous *Musidorus*.²

The castle is beseiged by the forces of Basilius who join

¹ This estimate of the work was not peculiar to Milton. The writer of the old life of Sidney, prefixed to the 1655 edition of the *Arcadia*, says : " His credit hath suffered in the censure of some surlie and ill natur'd Criticks, as if his soul descended too low beneath it self, in such amatorious subjects ; the world expecting performances from his pen, more proportionable to the writer's endowments ; as some sage piece of policie, or remarkable observations, the results of his travels," etc.

² p. 382.

battle with the Amphialians. A good example of the curiously elaborated style.

“ But by this time there had bene a furious meeting of either side : where after the terrible salutation of warlike noyse, the shaking of handes was with sharpe weapons : some launces according to the mettall they mett, and skill of the guider, did staine themselves in bloud ; some flew up in pieces, as if they would threaten heaven, because they fayled on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, either by (the Prince of weapons) the soorde, or by some heavy mase, or biting axe ; which hunting still the weakest chase, sought ever to light there, where smallest resistāce might worse prevent mischief. The clashing of armour, and crushing of staves ; the justling of bodies, the resounding of blowes, was the first part of that ill-agreeing musicke, which was beautified with the griselinesse of wounds, the rising of dust, the hideous falles, and grones of the dying. The verie horses angrie in their maisters anger, with love and obedience brought foorth the effects of hate and resistance, and with minds of servitude, did as if they affected glorie. Some lay deade under their dead maisters, whome unknighly wounds had unjustly punished for a faithfull dutie. Some lay uppon their Lordes by like accidents, and in death had the honour to be borne by them, whō in life they had borne. Some having lost their commaunding burthens, ranne scattered about the field, abashed with the madnesse of mankinde. The earth it selfe (woont to be a buriall of men) was nowe (as it were) buried with men : so was the face thereof hidden with deade bodies, to whome Death had come masked in diverse manners. In one place lay disinherited heades, dispossessed of their naturall seignories : in an other, whole bodies to see to, but that their harts wont to be bound all over so close, were nowe with deadly violence opened : in others, fowler deaths had ouglily displayed their trayling guttes. There lay armes, whose fingers yet mooved, as if they woulde feele for him that made them feele : and legges, which contrarie to common nature, by being discharged of their burthen, were growne heavier. But no sworde payed so large a tribute of soules to the eternall Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*, who like a Tigre, from whome a companie of Woolves did seeke to ravish a newe gotten pray ; so he (remembering they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valure, strength, hatred and choller to answere the proportion of his love, which was infinit.¹

Inflamed by his love for *Philoclea*, *Amphialus* performs prodigies of valour, but, for fear of being surrounded by the forces of *Basilus*, retires into his castle, where he causes

¹ p. 387.

a song to be sung on his behalf to Philoclea. It is of great autobiographical interest, being evidently (as will be later explained) the author's description of his early studies and his first falling in love. "Mira" is supposed to be identical with "Stella," and to represent Penelope Devereux as the lady beloved by Sir Philip Sidney, an interpretation with which I do not agree. The following is the poem :

" But the first thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to visite *Philoclea*, and first presuming to cause his dreame to be song unto her (which he had seen the night before he fell in love with her) making a fine boy he had, accorde a prettie dolefulnes unto it. The song was this,

Now was our heav'nly vaulte deprived of the light
 With Sunnes depart : and now the darkenes of the night
 Did light those beameye stars which greater light did darke :
 Now each thing that enjoy'd that fire quickning sparke
 (Which life is cald) were mov'd their spirits to repose,
 And wanting use of eyes their eyes began to close :
 A silence sweet each where with one consent embrace
 (A musique sweet to one in carefull musing plaste)
 And mother Earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did breath
 A dull desire to kisse the image of our death :
 When I, *disgraced wretch, not wretched then*, did give
 My senses such reliefe, as they which quiet live,
 Whose braines broile not in woes, nor brests with beatings ake,
 With natures praise are wont in safest home to take.
 Far from my thoughts was ought, whereto their minds aspire,
 Who under courtly pompes doo hatch a base desire.
 Free all my powers were from those captiving snares,
 Which heav'nly purest gifts defile in muddy cares.
 Ne could my soule it selfe accuse of such a faulte,
 As tender conscience might with furious panges assaulte.
 But like the feeble flower (whose stalke cannot sustaine
 His weighty top) his top doth downward drooping leane :
 Or as the silly birde in well acquainted nest
 Doth hide his head with cares but onely how to rest :
 So I in simple course, and unentangled minde
 Did suffer drousie lids mine eyes then cleare to blinde ;
 And laying downe my head, did natures rule observe,
 Which senses up doth shut the senses to preserve.
 They first their use forgot, then fancies lost their force ;
 Till deadly sleepe at length possest my living coarse.
 A living coarse I lay : but ah, my wakefull minde
 (Which made of heav'nly stufte no mortal chaüge doth blind)

Flew up with freer wings of fleshly bondage free ;
 And having plaste my thoughts, my thoughts thus placed me.
 Me thought, nay sure I was, I was in fairest wood
 Of Samothea lande ; a lande, which whilom stood
 An honour to the world, while Honour was their ende,
 And while their line of yeares they did in vertue spende.
 But there I was, and there my calmie thoughte I fedd
 On Natures sweet repast, as healthfull senses ledd.
 Her giftes my study was, her beauties were my sporte :
 My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my resorte.
 Those lampes of heav'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
 The ever-turning spheares, the never-moving ground ;
 What essence dest'nie hath ; if fortune be or no ;
 Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth doo flowe :
 What life it is, and how that all these lives doo gather,
 With outward makers force, or like an inward father.
 Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and straind my single mind
 Then void of neerer cares, the depth of things to find.
 When lo with hugest noise (such noise a tower makes
 When it blowne downe with winde a fall of ruine takes)
 (Or such a noise it was, as highest thunders sende,
 Or canons thunder-like, all shot together, lende)
 The Moone a sunder rent ; whereout with sodaine fall
 (More swift then falcons stoope to feeding Falconers call)
 There came a chariot faire by doves and sparrows guided :
 Whose stormelike course staid not till hard by me it bided.
 I wretch astonisht was, and thought the deathfull doome
 Of heaven, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come.
 But streight there issued forth two Ladies (Ladies sure
 They seemd to me) on whom did waite a Virgin pure :
 Straunge were the Ladies weeds ; yet more unfit then strange.
 The first with cloth's tuckt up as Nymphes in woods do range ;
 Tuckt up even with the knees, with bowe and arrowes prest ;
 Her right arme naked was, discovered was her brest.
 But heavy was her pace, and such a meagre cheere,
 As little bunting minde (God knowes) did there appeere.
 The other had with arte (more then our women knowe,
 As stufte meant for the sale set out to glaring showe)
 A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twinde
 Her haire, which by the helpe of painters cunning, shinde.
 When I such guests did see come out of such a house,
 The mountaine great with childe I thought brought fourth a mouse.
 But walking forth, the first thus to the second saide,
 Venus come on : said she, Diane you are obaide.
 Those names abasht me much, whē those great names I hard :
 Although their fame (me seemd) from truth had greatly jard.

As I thus musing stood, Diana cald to her
The waiting Nympe, a Nympe that did excell as farr
All things that earst I sawe, as orient pearles exceed,
That which their mother bight, or els their silly seed.
Indeed a perfect hewe, indeed a sweet consent
Of all those Graces giftes the heavens have ever lent.
And so she was attirde, as one that did not prize
Too much her peerles parts, nor yet could them despise.
But cald, she came apace; a pace wherein did move
The bande of beauties all, the little world of Love.
And bending humbled eyes (ô eyes the Sunne of sight)
She waited mistresse will: who thus disclosd her spright.
Sweet Mira mine (quoth she) the pleasure of my minde,
In whom of all my rules the perfect prooffe I finde,
To onely thee thou seest we graunt this speciall grace
Us to attend, in this most private time and place.
Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still
Of that thou seest: close up in secrete knot thy will.
She answer'd was with looke, and well perform'd behest:
And Mira I admirde: her shape sonke in my brest.
But thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with spite
Diana did begin. What mov'd me to invite
Your presence (sister deare) first to my Moony spheare,
And hither now, vouchsafe to take with willing eare.
I know full well you know, what discord long hath rain'd
Betwixt us two; how much that discord foule hath stain'd
Both our estates, while each the other did deprave,
Prooffe speakes too much to us that feeling triall have.
Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd:
Our offrings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are displac'd
Is this the fruite of strife? those thousand churches bie,
Those thousand altars faire now in the dust to lie?
In mortall mindes our mindes but planets names preserve:
No knees once bowed, forsooth, for them they say we serve.
Are we their servants growne? no doubt a noble staye:
Celestiall powers to wormes, Joves children serve to claye.
But such they say we be: this praise our discord bred,
While we for mutuall spight a striving passion fed.
But let us wiser be; and what foule discorde brake,
So much more strong againe let fastest concorde make.
Our yeares doo it require: you see we both doo feele
The weakning worke of Times for ever-whirling wheele.
Although we be divine, our grandsire Saturne is
With ages force decay'd, yet once the heaven was his.
And now before we seeke by wise Apollos skill
Our young yeares to renew (for so he saith he will)

Let us a perfect peace betweene us two resolve :
 Which lest the ruinous want of government dissolve ;
 Let one the Princesse be, to her the other yeeld :
 For vaine equalitie is but contentions field.
 And let her have the giftes that should in both remaine :
 In her let beautie both, and chastnesse fully raigne.
 So as if I prevaile, you give your giftes to me :
 If you, on you I lay what in my office be.
 Now resteth onely this, which of us two is she,
 To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.
 For that (so that you like) hereby doth lie a youth
 (She beckned unto me) as yet of spotlesse truth,
 Who may this doubt discern : for better, witt, then lot
 Becommeth us : in us fortune determines not.
 This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)
 To worthiest let him give, when both he hath beheld :
 And be it as he saith. Venus was glad to heare
 Such proffer made, which she well showd with smiling cheere.
 As though she were the same, as when by Paris doome
 She had chiefe Goddesses in beautie overcome.
 And smirky thus gan say. I never sought debate
 Diana deare ; my minde to love and not to hate
 Was ever apt : but you my pastimes did despise.
 I never spited you, but thought you overwise.
 Now kindnesse profred is, none kinder is then I :
 Aud so most ready am this meane of peace to trie.
 And let him be our judge : the lad doth please me well.
 Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell
 (For both together spake, each loth to be behinde)
 That they by solemne oth their Deities would binde
 To stand unto my will : their will they made me know.
 I that was first agast, when first I saw their showe :
 Now bolder waxt, waxt prowde, that I such sway must beare :
 For neere acquaintance dooth diminish reverent feare.
 And having bound them fast by Styx, they should obaye
 To all what I decreed, did thus my verdict saye.
 How ill both you can rule, well hath your discord taught :
 Ne yet for ought I see, your beauties merite ought.
 To yonder Nymphe therefore (to Mira I did point)
 The crowne above you both for ever I appoint.
 I would have spoken out : but out they both did crie ;
 Fie, fie, what have we done ? ungodly rebell fie.
 But now we needs must yeelde, to that our othes require.
 Yet thou shalt not go free (quoth Venus) such a fire
 Her beautie kindle shall within thy foolish minde,
 That thou full oft shalt wish thy judging eyes were blinde.

Nay then (Diana said) the chastnesse I will give
 In ashes of despaire (though burnt) shall make thee live.
 Nay thou (said both) shalt see such beames shine in her face
 That thou shalt never dare seeke helpe of wretched case.
 And with that cursed curse away to heaven they fled,
 First having all their giftes upon faire Mira spred.
 The rest I cannot tell, for therewithall I wak'd
 And found with deadly feare that all my sinewes shak'd.
 Was it a dream? O dreame, how hast thou wrought in me,
 That I things erst unseene should first in dreaming see?
 And thou ô traytour Sleepe, made for to be our rest,
 How hast thou framde the paine wherewith I am opprest?
 O cowarde Cupid thus doost thou thy honour keepe,
 Unarmde (alas) unwares to take a man asleep?¹

I shall give reasons later (see chapter VII.) for the conclusion that this is a description by Bacon of his early studies and first falling in love, that under Venus and Diana, Queen Elizabeth is shadowed, and that "Mira" stands for the Countess of Pembroke. Of course this long poem was never written for the context, to which it is quite inappropriate, but has been dragged into it. Indeed it appears in quite another connection in the suppressed passage given at pp. 93, 94 below.

Cecropia now tries to win Philoclea on behalf of her son, and, failing her, attempts Pamela. Being repulsed by her also, she endeavours to corrupt her mind in a philosophical discourse "of Beautie and the use thereof." Pamela roused to indignations, refutes her with religion². The occasion is used by the author for an elaborately studied argument against atheism, as follows:

"O sweet youth (said *Cecropia*) how untimely subject it is to devotion? No, no sweet neece, let us old folks think of such precise consideratiōs, do you enjoy the heaven of your age, whereof you are sure: and like good housholders, which spend those things that will not be kept, so do you pleasantly enjoy that, which else will bring an over-late repentance, whē your glas shall accuse you to your face,

¹ p. 394 sq.

² p. 405 sq. Described in the heading, "The Auntes Atheisme refuted by the Neeces Divinitie."

what a change there is in you. Do you see how the spring-time is full of flowers, decking it self with them, & not aspiring to the fruits of *Autumn*? what lesson is that unto you, but that in the april of your age, you should be like *April*? Let not some of thē, for whom already the grave gapeth, & perhaps envy the felicity in you, which thēselves cannot enjoy, perswade you to lose the hold of occasiō, while it may not only be taken, but offers, nay sues to be takē: which if it be not now taken, will never hereafter be overtaken. Your self know, how your father hath refused all offers made by the greatest Princes about you, & wil you suffer your beauty to be hid in the wrinkles of his pevish thoughts? If he be pevish (said *Pamela*) yet is he my father, & how beautiful soever I be, I am his daughter: so as God claimes at my hands obedience, and makes me no judge of his imperfections.

“ These often replies upon conscience in *Pamela*, made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter waye for her, then as she had (in her opinion) set her in liking of Beautie, with perswasion not to suffer it to be voide of purpose, so if she coulde make her lesse feeling of those heavenly conceipts, that then she might easilie winde her to hercroked bias. Therefore, employing the uttermost of her mischievous witte, and speaking the more earnestly, because she spake as she thought, she thus dealt with her. Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter (if my affection and wishe might prevaile therein) how much dooth it increase (trowe you) the earnest desire I have of this blessed match, to see these vertues of yours knit fast with such zeale of Devotion, indeede the best bonde, which the most politicke wittes have found, to holde mans witte in well doing? For, as children must first by feare be induced to know that, which after (when they doo know) they are most glad of: So are these bugbeares of opinions brought by great Clearkes into the world, to serve as shewelles to keepe them from those faults, whereto els the vanitie of the worlde, and weakenes of senses might pull them. But in you (Neece) whose excellencie is such, as it neede not to be helde up by the staffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you should love Vertue servillie, for feare of I know not what, which you see not: but even for the good effects of vertue which you see. Feare, and indeede, foolish feare, and feareful ignorance, was the first inventer of those conceates. For, when they heard it thunder, not knowing the naturall cause, they thought there was some angrie body above, that spake so lowde: and ever the lesse they did perceive, the more they did conceive. Whereof they knew no cause that grewe streight a miracle: foolish folks, not marking that the alterations be but upon particular accidents, the universalitie being alwaies one. Yesterday was but as to day, and to morrow will tread the same footsteps of his foregoers: so as it is manifest inough, that all things follow but the course of their own nature, saving only Man, who while by the pregnancie of his imagination he strives to things supernaturall, meane-while he looseth his owne naturall felicitie. Be wise, and that wisdome

shalbe a God unto thee ; be contented, and that is thy heaven : for els to thinke that those powers (if there be any such) above, are moved either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe by the folly of our actions ; caries asmuch reason as if flies should thinke, that men take great care which of them hums sweetest, and which of them flies nimblest.

" She would have spoken further to have enlarged & cōfirmed her discourse : but *Pamela* (whose cheeks were died in the beautifulllest graine of vertuous anger, with eies which glistered forth beames of disdain) thus interrupted her. Peace (wicked woman) peace, unworthy to breathe, that doest not acknowledge the breath-giver ; most unworthy to have a tongue, which speakest against him, through whom thou speakest : keepe your affection to your self, which like a bemired dog, would defile with fauning. You say yesterday was as to day. O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish, since wit makes you foolish. What dooth that argue, but that there is a constancie in the everlasting governour ? Would you have an inconstant God, since we count a man foolish that is inconstant ? He is not seene you say, and would you thinke him a God, who might be seene by so wicked eyes, as yours ? which yet might see enough if they were not like such, who for sport-sake willingly hoodwincke themselves to receive blowes the easier. But though I speake to you without any hope of fruite in so rotten a harte, and there be no bodie else here to judge of my speeches, yet be thou my witsse, O captivitie, that my eares shall not be willingly guiltie of my Creators blasphemie. You saie, because we know not the causes of things, therefore feare was the mother of superstition : nay, because we know that each effect hath a cause, that hath engendred a true & lively devotion. For this goodly worke of which we are, and in which we live, hath not his being by Chaunce ; on which opinion it is beyond mervaille by what chaunce any braine could stumble. For if it be eternall (as you would seeme to conceive of it) Eternity, & Chaunce are things unsufferable together. For that is chaunceable which happeneth ; & if it happen, there was a time before it hapned, when it might not have happened ; or els it did not happen ; and so of chaunceable, not eternall, as now being, thē not being. And as absurd it is to thinke that if it had a beginning, his beginning was derived frō Chaunce : for Chaunce could never make all thinges of nothing : and if there were substaunces before, which by chaunce shoulde meete to make up this worke, thereon followes another bottomlesse pitt of absurdities. For then those substaunces must needes have bene from ever, and so eternall : and that eternall causes should bring forth chaunceable effects, is as sensible, as that the Sunne should be the author of darkenesse. Againe, if it were chaunceable, then was it not necessarie ; whereby you take away all consequents. But we see in all thinges, in some respect or other, necessitie of consequence : therefore in reason we must needes know that the causes were necessarie.

“ Lastly, Chaunce is variable, or els it is not to be called Chaunce : but we see this worke is steady and permanent. If nothing but Chaunce had glewed those pieces of this All, the heavie partes would have gone infinitely downwarde, the light infinitely upwarde, and so never have mett to have made up this goodly bodie. For before there was a heaven, or a earth, there was neyther a heaven to stay the height of the rising, nor an earth, which (in respect of the round walles of heaven) should become a centre. Lastly, perfect order, perfect beautie, perfect constancie, if these be the children of Chaunce, or Fortune the efficient of these, let Wisedome be counted the roote of wickednesse, and eternitie the fruite of her inconstancie. But you will say it is so by nature, as much as if you said it is so, because it is so : if you meane of many natures conspiring together, as in a popular governement to establish this fayre estate ; as if the Elementishe and ethereall partes should in their towne-house set downe the boundes of each ones office ; then consider what followes : that there must needes have bene a wisedome which made them concurre : for their natures beyng absolute contrarie, in nature rather woulde have sought each others ruine, then have served as well consorted partes to such an unexpressable harmonie. For that contrary things should meete to make up a perfectiō without a force and Wisedome above their powers, is absolutely impossible ; unles you will flie to that hissed-out opinion of Chaunce againe. But you may perhaps affirme, that one universall Nature (which hath bene for ever) is the knitting together of these many partes to such an excellent unitie. If you meane a Nature of wisdome, goodnes, & providence, which knowes what it doth, then say you that, which I seeke of you, and cannot conclude those blasphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, & mine eares. But if you meane a Nature, as we speake of the fire, which goeth upward it knowes not why : and of the nature of the Sea which in ebbing and flowing seemes to observe so just a daunce and yet understands no musicke, it is but still the same absurdities subscribed with another title. For this worde, one, being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones ; as in a lesse matter, when we say one kingdome which conteines many citties ; or one cittie which conteines many persons, wherein the under ones (if there be not a superiour power and wisdome) cannot by nature regarde to any preservation but of themselves : no more we see they doo, since the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth ; so farre are they from a conspired unitie : but that a right heavenly Nature indeed, as it were unnaturing them, doth so bridle them.

“ Againe, it is as absurde in nature that from an unitie many contraries should proceede still kept in an unitie : as that from the number of contrarieties an unitie should arise. I say still, if you banish both a singularitie, and pluralitie of judgement from among them, then (if so earthly a minde can lift it selfe up so hie) doo but conceive, how a thing whereto you give the highest, and most excellent kinde of being

(which is eternitie) can be of the base and vilest degree of being, and next to a not-being ; which is so to be, as not to enjoy his owne being ? I will not here call all your senses to witnes which can heare nor see nothing, which yeeldes not most evident evidence of the unspeakeableness of that Wisedome : each thing being directed to an ende, and an ende of preservation : so proper effects of judgement, as speaking, and laughing are of mankind.

“ But what madd furie can ever so enveagle any concepte, as to see our mortall and corruptible selves to have a reason, and that this universalitie (whereof we are but the lest pieces) should be utterly devoide thereof ? as if one should saie, that ones foote might be wise, and him selfe foolish. This hearde I once alledged against such a godlesse minde as yours, who being driven to acknowledge these beastly absurdities, that our bodies should be better then the whole worlde, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were voide ; he sought (not able to answere directly) to shifte it of in this sorte : that if that reason were true, then must it followe also, that the worlde must have in it a spirite, that could write and reade to, and be learned ; since that was in us so commendable : wretched foole, not considering that Bookes be but supplies of defects ; and so are prayed, because they helpe our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternall intelligence, which needes no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge no more then the Sunne wants waxe to be the fewell of his glorious lightfulness. This worlde therefore cannot otherwise consist but by a minde of Wisedome, whiche governes it, which whether you wil allow to be the Creator thereof, as undoubtedly he is, or the soule and governour thereof, most certaine it is that whether he governe all, or make all, his power is above either his creatures, or his government. And if his power be above all thinges, then consequently it must needes be infinite, since there is nothing above it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, must needes be boundlesse, and infinite : if his power be infinite, then likewise must his knowledge be infinite : for else there should be an infinite proportion of power which he shoulde not know how to use ; the unsensibleness whereof I thinke even you can conceive : and if infinite, then must nothing no not the estate of flies (which you with so unsaverie skorne did jest at) be unknowne unto him. For if it were, then there were his knowledge bounded, and so not infinite : if knowledge and power be infinite, then must needs his goodnesse and justice march in the same rancke : for infinitenes of power, & knowledge, without like measure of goodnesse, must necessarily bring forth destruction and ruine, and not ornament and preservation. Since then there is a God, and an all-knowing God, so as he sees into the darkest of all naturall secretes, which is the harte of Man ; and sees therein the deepest dissembled thoughts, nay sees the thoughts before they be thought : since he is just to exercise his might, and mightie to performe his justice, assure thy selfe, most

wicked woman (that hast so plaguily a corrupted minde, as thou canst not keepe thy sicknesse to thy selfe, but must most wickedly infect others) assure thy selfe, I say, (for what I say dependes of everlasting and unremoovable causes) that the time will come, when thou shalt knowe that power by feeling it, when thou shalt see his wisdom in the manifesting thy ougly shamelesnesse, and shalt onely perceive him to have bene a Creator in thy destruction.

“ Thus she saide, thus she ended, with so faire a magestie of unconquered vertue, that captivitie might seeme to have authoritie over tyrannie: so fowly was the filthinesse if impietie discovered by the shining of her unstayned goodnes, so farre, as either *Cecropia* saw indeed or else the guilty amazement of her selfe-accusing conscience, made her eies untrue judges of their natural object, that there was a light more then humane, which gave a lustre to her perfections. But *Cecropia* like a Batte (which though it have eyes to discerne that there is a Sunne, yet hath so evill eyes, that it cannot delight in the Sunne) found a trueth, but could not love it. But as great persons are wont to make the wrong they have done, to be a cause to doo the more wrong, her knowledge rose to no higher point, but to envie a worthier, and her will was no otherwise bent, but the more to hate, the more she founde her enimie provided against her. Yet all the while she spake (though with eyes cast like a horse that woulde strike at the stirrop, and with colour which blushed through yellownesse) she sate rather still then quiet, and after her speech rather muttered, then replied: for the warre of wickednesse in her selfe, brought forth disdainfull pride to resist cunning dissimulation; so as, saying little more unto her, but that she shoulde have leysure inough better to bethinke her selfe; she went away repining, but not repenting: condemning greatly (as she thought) her sonnes over-feeble humblenesse, and purposing to egge him forward to a course of violence.”

We come now to a succession of challenges and single combats held on an island in a lake in front of the castle, in full view from the windows of the imprisoned ladies and Zelmane on the one side, and of the camp of Basilius on the other. The descriptions are most remarkable and they resemble in character those of the combats in the *Fairie Queene*, except that, being in prose, they are more elaborated. Here, for example, is one, of the fight between Amphialus and Phalantus of Corinth:

“ And so, as soone as the morning beganne to draw dewe from the fairest greenses, to wash her face withall, against the approach of the

burning Sunne, he went to his stable, where himselfe chose out a horse, whom (though he was neere twentie yeere olde) he preferred for a peece of sure service, before a great nūber of yonger. His colour was of a browne bay, dapled thick with black spots; his forehead marked with a white starre; to which, in all his bodie there was no part sutable, but the left foote before; his mane and taile black, and thick, of goodly, and well proportioned greatnes. He caused him to be trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawnie, and golde ennamell, enriched with pretious stones: his furniture was made into the fashiō of the branches of a tree, from which the leaves were falling: and so artificiallie were the leaves made, that as the horse moved, it seemed indeed that the leaves wagged, as when the winde plaies with them; and being made of a pale cloath of gold, they did beare the straw-coloured liverie of ruine. His armour was also of tawnie and golde, but formed into the figure of flames darckened, as when they newelie breake the prison of a smoakie furnace. In his shielde he had painted the *Torpedo* fish. And so appointed, he caused himselfe, with his trumpet and squire (whom he had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to be ferried over into the Iland: a place well chosen for such a purpose. For, it was so plaine, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillock, either to unlevell, or shadowe it: of length and breadth enough, to trie the uttermost both of launce and sword, and the one end of it facing of the castle, the other extending it selfe toward the campe, and no accesse to it, but by water: there coulde no secreate trecherie be wrought, and for manifest violence, ether side might have time enough to succour their party.

"But there he found *Phalantus*, alreedy waiting for him upon a horse, milke white, but that upon his shoulder and withers, he was fretned with red staines, as when a few strawberies are scattered into a dish of creame. He had caused his mane and taile to be died in carnation; his reines were vine branches, which ingendring one with the other, at the end, when it came to the bitte, there, for the bosse, brought foorth a cluster of grapes, by the workeman made so lively, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bitte, he chopped for them, and that it did make his mouth water, to see the grapes so neere him. His furniture behind was of vines, so artificially made, as it semed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so pretily were clusters of rubie grapes dispersed among the trappers which embraced his sides. His armour was blew, like the heaven, which a Sun did with his rayes (proportionately delivered) guilde in most places. His shield was beautified with this device; A greyhound, which overrunning his fellow, and taking the hare, yet hurts it not whē it takes it. The word was, *The glorie, not the pray.*

"But as soone as *Amphialus* landed, he sent his squire to *Phalantus* to tel him, that there was the Knight, redy to know whether he had any thing to him. *Phalantus* answered, that his answeere now must be in the lāguage of launces; & so each attended the warning of the

trūpets, which were to sound at the appointment of foure judges, who with consideration of the same, had devided the ground. *Phalantus*-his horse young, and feeling the youth of his master, stooed corvetting ; which being wel governed by *Phalantus*, gave such a glittering grace, as when the Sunne shines upon a waving water. *Amphialus*-horse stood panting upon the ground, with his further foot before, as if he would for his masters cause begin to make himselfe angry : till the trumpet sounded together. Together they set spurres to their horses, together took their launces from their thighes, conveyed them up into their restes together, together let them sinke downward ; so as it was a delectable sight, in a danagerous effect ; and a pleasant consideration, that there was so perfect agreement, in so mortall disagreement : like a musick, made of cunning discords. But their horses keeping an even line their masters had skilfully allotted unto them, passed one by another without encountring, although either might feel the angry breath of other. But the staves being come to a just descent, but even when the mark was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vamplate, and under the arme : so as the staffe appearing behind him, it semed to the beholders he had bene in danger. But he strake *Phalantus* just upon the gorget, so as he battred the lamms therof, and made his head almost touch the back of his horse. But either side having staid the spur, & used the bit to stop their horses fury casting away the trōcheons of their staves, & drawing their swords, they attended the second summons of the death-threatning trumpet which quickly folowed ; and they assoone making their horses answer their hāds, with a gētle galop, set the one toward the other ; til being come in the neernes of litle more then a staves length. *Amphialus* trusting more to the strength, then to the nimblenes of his horse, put him foorth with speedie violence, and making his head joyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with discretion, and strengthning it with the course of his horse, strake *Phalantus* upon the head, in such sort, that his feeling sense did both dazell his sight, and astonish his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accus-tomed to be ungratefull to such benefites) strake him upon the side of his face, with such a force, that he thought his jawe had bene cut asunder : though the faithfulness of his armour indeede garded him from further damage. And so remayned they awhile, rather angry with fighting, then fighting for anger, till *Amphialus*-his horse, leaning harde upon the other, and winning ground, the other horse feeling himselfe prest, began to rise a little before, as he was woont to doo in his corvette : which advantage *Amphialus* taking, set forward his own horse with the further spurre, so as *Phalantus*-his horse came over with his master under him. Which *Amphialus* seeing, lighted, with intention to help *Phalantus*. But his horse that had faulted, rather with untimely arte, then want of force, gatte up from burdning his burden, so as *Phalantus* (in the fall having gotten his feete free of &

the stirrop) could (though something bruised) arise, seeing *Amphialus* neere him, he asked him, Whether he had givē him any help in removing his horse. *Amphialus* said No. Truly sayd *Phalantus*, I asked it, because I would not willingly have fought with him, that had had my life in his mercie. But now (said *Phalantus*) before we proceed further, let me know who you are, because never yet did any man bring me to the like fortune. *Amphialus* listing to keepe him selfe unknowne, told him he was a Gentlemā, to whom *Amphialus* that day had given armour and horse to trie his valour, having never before bene in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (said *Phalantus* in a rage) And must I be the exercise of your prentis-age? & with that, choler tooke away either the bruse, or the feeling of the bruse, so as he entred a fresh into the cōbat, & boiling in his armes the disdainē of his harte, strake so thicke upon *Amphialus*, as if every blow would faine have bene foremost. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great spending to leave small remnants) let passe the storme with strong wardes, and nimble avoidings: till seeing his time fit, both for distaunce and nakednes, he strake him so cruell a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell downe withall in a sowne.

"But *Amphialus*, pittying approved valoure, made pretious by naturall curtesie, went to him; & taking of his head-piece to give him aire, the young Knight (disdainē to buy life with yeelding) bad him use his fortune: for he was resolved never to yeeld. No more you shall (said *Amphialus*) if it be not to my request, that you will account your self to have great interest in me. *Phalantus* more overcome by his kindnes, thē by his fortune, desired yet once againe to know his name, who in his first beginning had shewed such furie in his force, and yet such stay in his furie. *Amphialus*, then named himselfe, telling him withal, he would think his name much bettred if it might be honored by the title of his friēd. But no Baulme could be more comfortable to his wound, then the knowledge thereof was to his mind, when he knew his mishap should be excused by the renowned valour of the other. And so promising each to other assurednes of good will, *Phalantus*, (of whom *Amphialus* would have no other raunsome, but his word of friēdship) was conveyed into the campe, where he would but litle remaine among the enimies of *Amphialus*: but went to seeke his adventures other-where."¹

Encouraged to hope in his love by Cecropia, *Amphialus* challenges all comers:

"Yet (knowing the desperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like cases) framed to him a very thankfull message, poudring it with some hope-giving phrases; which were of such joy to *Amphialus*,

¹ p. 414 sq.

that he (though against publike respect, & importunity of dissuaders) presently caused it to be made knowne to the campe, that whatsoever Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did, he should in like sorte be answered : so as divers of the valiantest, partly of themselves, partly at the instigation of *Basilus*, attempted the combat with him : and according to every ones humour, so were the causes of the challēge grouded : one laying treason to his charge ; another preferring himselfe in the worthines to serve *Philoclea* ; a third, exalting some Ladies beautie beyond ether of the sisters ; a fourth, laying disgraces to Love it selfe, naming it the bewitcher of the witt, the rebell to Reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the underminer of magnanimitie, the flatterer of vice, the slave to weaknesse, the infection of youth, the madnesse of age ; the curse of life, and reproch of death ; a fifth, disdayning to caste at lesse then at all, would make the cause of his quarrell the causers of love, and proclayme his blasphemies against womankind ; that namely that sex was the oversight of Nature, the disgrace of reasonableness, the obstinate cowards, the slaveborne tyrants, the shops of vanities, the guilded wethercocks ; in whō conscience is but peevishnes, chastitie waywardnes, & gratefulnes a miracle.¹ But all these challenges (how wel so ever endited) were so well answered, that some by death taught others, though past learning themselves ; & some by yeelding gave themselves the lie for having blasphemed ; to the great grieffe of *Basilus*, so to see his Rebell prevaile, and in his own sight to crowne himselfe with deserved honour."²

And finally he challenges *Argalus*. The love, conjugal felicity and sad parting of *Argalus* and *Parthenia* described :

"Wherupon thirsting for revenge, & else not hoping to prevaile, the best of his campe being already overthrowne ; he sent a messenger to *Argalus*, in whose approved courage and force, he had (and had cause) to have great confidence, with a letter ; requiring him, to take his quarrell in hand, from which he had hetherto spared him in respect of his late mariage. But now his honour, and (as he esteemed it) felicitie standing upon it, he could no longer forbear to chalenge of him his faithfull service.

"The messenger made speede, and found *Argalus* at a castle of his owne, sitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a booke the stories of *Hercules*, she by him, as to heare him reade ; but while his eyes looked on the booke, she looked on his eies, & sometimes staying him with some pretie question, not so much to be resolved of

¹ In these descriptions of the passion of love and of women the luxuriant profusion of ideas in this author is a point to notice.

² p. 419.

the doubt; as to give him occasion to looke upon her. A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in her selfe, but in her selfe, because she enjoyed him : both encreasing their riches by giving to each other ; each making one life double, because they made a double life ; one, where desire never wanted satisfactiō, nor satisfaction never bred sacietie ; he ruling, because she would obey : or rather because she would obey, she therein ruling.

“ But when the messenger came in with letters in his hand, & hast in his countenance, though she knew not what to feare, yet she feared, because she knew not ; but she rose, and went aside, while he delivered his letters and message ; yet a far of she looked, now at the messenger, & then at her husband : the same feare, which made her loth to have cause of feare, yet making her seeke cause to nourish her feare. And wel she foūd there was some serious matter ; for her husbands countenance figured some resolution betweene lthnesse and necessitie : and once his eie cast upon her, & finding hers upon him, he blushed ; & she blushed, because he blushed ; and yet streight grew paler, because she knew not why he had blushed. But when he had read, & heard, & dispatched away the messenger (like a man in whom Honour could not be rocked on sleepe by Affection) with promise quickly to follow ; he came to *Parthenia*, and as sorie as might be for parting, and yet more sorie for her sorrow, he gave her the letter to reade. She with fearful slownes tooke it, and with fearefull quicknesse read it ; and having read it, *Ah my Argalus* (said she) and have you made such hast to answer ? and are you so soone resolved to leave me ? But he discoursing unto her, how much it imparted his honour (which since it was deare to him, he knew it would be deare unto her) her reason overclouded with sorow, suffered her not presently to replie, but left the charge thereof to teares, and sighes ; which he not able to beare, left her alone, and went to give order for his present departure.

“ By that time he was armde, and readie to go, she had recovered a little strength of spirite againe, & cōing out, & seing him armed, & wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, she ran to him, tooke him by the arme, and kneeling downe without regard, who either heard her speech, or saw her demeanour, *My Argalus, my Argalus* (said she) doo not thus forsake me. Remember, alas, Remember that I have interest in you, which I will never yeeld shalbe thus adventured ; Your valour is already sufficiently knowne : sufficiently have you already done for your country : ennow, ennow there are besides you to loose lesse worthie lives. Woe is me, what shall become of me, if you thus abandon me ? Then was it time for you to follow these adventures, when you adventured no body but your selfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or never, I claime mine owne ; mine you are, & without me you can undertake no dāger ; & will you endāger *Parthenia* ? *Parthenia* shalbe in the battle of your fight : *Parthenia* shall smart in your paine, & your blood

must be bled by *Parthenia*. Deare *Parthenia* (said he) this is the first time, that ever you resisted my will : I thanke you for it ; but persever not in it ; & let not the teares of those most beloved eies be a presage unto me of that, which you would not should happen. I shal live, doubt not : for so great a blessing, as you are, was not given unto me, so soone to be deprived of it. Looke for me therefore shortly, and victorious ; and prepare a joyfull welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph. She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-stricken with amazement : for true Love made obedience stande up against all other passions. But when he tooke her in his armes, and sought to printe his harte in her sweete lippes, she fell in a sounde, so as he was faine to leave her to her Gentlewomen : and caried away by the tyrannie of Honour, though with manie a backe-cast looke, and hartie grone, went to the campe."¹

" Their combat, bloody to both, deadly to Argalus. *Parthenia* comes to the end of it, and him " :

" But then *Amphialus* forgat all ceremonies, and with cruell blowes made more of his blood succeed the rest ; til his hand being staid by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull crie, the crie guided his sight to an excellent faire Ladie, who came running as fast as she could, and yet because she coulde not as fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voyce before her : and being come, and being knowne to them both, to be the beautifull *Parthenia*, (who had that night dreamed shee sawe her husbände in such estate, as she then founde him, which made her make such haste thither) they both marvailed. But *Parthenia* ranne betweene them (feare of love making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell downe at their feete, determining so to part them, till she coulde get breathe to sigh out her doolefull speeches : and when her breath (which running had spent, and dismayednesse made slowe to returne) had by sobbes gotten into her sorow-closed breast, for a while she coulde say nothing, but, O wretched eyes of mine, O wailefull sight, O day of darkenesse : at length turning her eyes (wherein sorrowe swamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lorde (saide she) it is saide you love ; in the power of that love, I beseech you to leave of this combate, as even your harte may finde comfort in his affection, even for her sake, I crave it : or if you be mortally determined, be so pitifull unto me, as first to kill me, that I may not see the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was aboute to have aunswered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his Fortune, but most vexed that she shoulde see him in that fortune, Ah *Parthenia* (saide he) never till nowe unwelcome unto me, do you come to get my life by request ? And can not *Argalus* live but by request ? Is it a life ? With that he went aside for feare

¹ p. 420.

of hurting her, and woulde have begunne the combate afresh. But *Amphialus* not onely conjured by that which helde the Monarchie of his mind, but even in his noble hart melting with compassion at so passionate a sight, desired him to withholde his handes, for that he should strike one, who sought his favour, and woulde not make resistance. A notable example of the woonderfull effectes of Vertue, where the conquerour, sought for friendship of the conquered, and the conquered woulde not pardon the conquerour: both indeede being of that minde to love eche other for accepting, but not for giving mercie, and neyther affected to over-live a dishonour: so that *Argalus* not so much striving with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like sorte, in like sort he would have dealt with him as labouring against his owne power (which he chiefly despised) set himselfe forward, stretching his strength to the uttermost. But the fire of that strife, blowen with his inward rage, boyled out his bloud in such abundance, that he was driven to rest him upon the pommel of his sword: and then each thing beginning to turne rounde in the daunce of Death before his eyes, his sight both dazled, and dimmed, till (thinking to sit downe) he fell in a sowne. *Parthenia*, and *Amphialus* both hastely went unto him: *Amphialus* tooke of his helmet, and *Parthenia* laid his head in her lap, tearing of her linnen sleeves & partlet, to serve about his wounds; to bind which, she tooke of her hair-lace, and would have cut of her faire haire herselfe, but that the squires and judges came in with fitter things for the purpose: while she bewayled her selfe with so lamentable sweetnes, as was inough to have taught sorrow to the gladdest thoughts, and have engraved it in the mindes of hardest mettall.

"O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (said she) What art thou? what seest thou? how is thy blisse in a moment fallen? now art thou, even-now before all Ladies the example of perfect happines, and now the gasing-stock of endles miserie? O God, what hath bene my desert to be thus punished? or if such have bene my desert, why was I not in my selfe punished? O wandring life, to what wildernes wouldst thou lead one? But Sorow, I hope thou art sharp inough to save my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will folow thee, I wil folow thee.

"But with that *Argalus* came out of his sowne, and lifting up his languishing eyes (which a painefull rest, and iron sleepe did seeke to lock up) seeing her, in whō (even dying) he lived, and him selfe seated in so beloved a place, it seemed a little cheerefull bloud came up to his cheekes, like a burning cole, almost dead, if some breath a little revive it: & forcing up (the best he could) his feeble voice, My deare, my deare, my better halfe (said he) I finde I must now leave thee: and by that sweet hand, and faire eyes of thine I sweare, that Death bringes nothing with it to grieve me, but that I must leave thee, and cannot remaine to answere part of thy infinit deserts, with being some comfort

unto thee. But since so it pleaseth him, whose wisdom and goodnesse guideth all, put thy confidence in him, and one day we shall blessedly meet againe, never to depart : meane while live happily, deare *Parthenia* and I perswade my selfe, it will increase the blessednes of my soule, so to see thee. Love well the remembrance of thy loving, and truly loving, *Argalus* : and let not (with that worde he sighed) this disgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadst an unwoorthie husband. They could scarcely understand the last wordes : for Death began to seaze him selfe of his harte, neither coulde *Parthenia* make answer, so full was her breast of anguish. But while the other sought to stanch his remediles wounds, she with her kisses made him happie : for his last breath was delivered into her mouth."

"The young Gentleman as glad as if he had found a Hare sitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour should quayle in him) wrote a challenge him selfe for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it, putting his head on his shoulder, and somewhat smiling ; he said, it was prettie indeed ; but that it had not a loftie stile enough : and so would needes indite it in this sort.

"O *Clinias*, thou *Clinias*, the wickedest worme that ever went upon two legges ; the very fritter of fraude, and seething pot of iniquitie I *Dametas*, chiefe governour of all the royall cattell, and also of *Pamela* (whom thy Maister most perniciously hath suggested out of my dominion) doo defie thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike upwarde. Which if thou doost presume to take in hande, I will out of that superfluous bodie of thine make thy soule to be evacuated."¹

"But when he perceived by his trusty messenger, that his delay was in effect a denial, there being no dispositiō in him to accept it ; then lo, *Dametas* began to speake his lowd voice, to looke big, to march up & down, & in his march to lift his legs higher thē he was wont, swearing by no meane devotiōs, that the wals should not keepe the coward frō him, but he would fetch him out of his connieberrie : & then was hotter then ever to provide himselfe of horse & armour, saying, he would go to the Iland bravely addoubed, & shew himself to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpose many willing hāds were about him, letting him have reynes, pettrell, with the rest of the furniture, and very brave bases ; but all comming from divers houses, nether in coulour or fashion, shewing any kinred one with another ; but that liked *Dametas* the better : for that he thought would argue, that he was maister of many brave furnitures. Then gave he order to a painter for his device ; which was, a plowe with the oxen lewsed from it, a sword with a great many armes and legges cut of ; and lastly, a great armie of pen and inke-hornes, and bookes. Nether did he sticke

¹ p. 429.

to tell the secrete of his intent, which was, that he had lefte of the plowe, to doo such bloudy deedes with his swoorde, as many inkehornes and bookes should be employed about the historifying of them : and being asked, why he set no worde unto it, he said, that was indeede like the painter, that sayeth in his picture, Here is the dog, and here is the Hare : & with that he laughed so perfectly, as was great consolation to the beholders. Yet remembring, that *Miso* would not take it well at his returne, if he forgat his dutie to her, he caused about in a border to be written :

Miso mine own pigsnie, thou shalt heare news o' *Damætas*.¹

This is a most important passage from the point of view of the authorship. If the description of *Argalus* in the extract given at page 6 above shows, as I consider it does, that the character is intended for *Sidney*, then this episode was evidently written to commemorate his death. In that case it could not have been written by *Sidney*. This argument will be developed in due course.

It has been said that the writer of the *Arcadia* has no sense of humour, but the chapter which follows (III. 13), "the combate of cowardes," disproves this. The wit, however, is sorely at the expense of the class below that of which the author treats, and, as before, marks his point of view. The heartlessness and intolerance of the description are presumably to some extent, attributable to youth in the writer. *Damætas* is the steward of *Basilus*, the king.

I append three extracts :

" Throwaway thy sword then (said *Damætas*) and I will save thee ; but still laying on, as fast as he could. *Clinias* straight obeyed, and humbly craved mercie, telling him, his swoorde was gone. Then *Damætas* first opened his eyes, and seeing him indeed unweaponed, made him stande a good way of from it ; and then willed him to lie downe upon the earth as flat as he could. *Clinias* obeyed ; and *Damætas* (who never could thinke himselfe safe, till *Clinias* were deade) began to thinke with himselfe, that if he strake at him with his swoorde, if he did not kill him at the first blowe, that then *Clinias* might happe to arise, and revenge himselfe. Therefore he thought best to kneele downe upon him, and with a great whittle he had (having disarmed his heade) to cut his throate, which he had used so with *Calves*, as he had no small dexteritie in it. But while he sought for

¹ p. 430.

his Knife, which under his armour he could not well finde out, and that *Clinias* lay with so sheepish a countenance, as if he would have bene glad to have his throate cut for feare of more paine, the Judges came in, and tooke *Dametas* from off him, telling him he did against the lawe of Armes, having promised life, if he threwe away his sworde. *Dametas* was loath to consent, till they sware, they would not suffer him to fight any more, when he was up : and then more forced, then perswaded, he let him rise, crowing over him, and warning him to take heede how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kindred. But thus this *combate of cowardes* being finished, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melodie received into the campe as victorious, never a Page there failing to waite upon this Triumph."¹

An interesting character-sketch of "proude Anaxius," who comes to the assistance of *Amphialus*. It has all the appearance of being drawn from life. Possibly the brothers *Knollys* or *Norris* provided suggestions for it, as they may have for *Spenser's* "Three brethren" of Book IV. 3 of the *Fairie Queene*.

"But the noyse they hearde in the campe, was occasioned by the famous Prince *Anaxius*, nephewe to the Giant *Euardes* whom *Pyrocles* slew : A Prince, of body excedingly strong ; in armes so skilfull and fortunate, as no man was thought to excel him ; of courage that knew not how to feare : partes worthie praise, if they had not bene guyded by pride, and followed by injustice. For, by a strange composition of minde, there was no man more tenderly sensible in any thing offred to himselfe, which in the farthest-fette construction, might be wrested to the name of wrög ; no man, that in his own actions could worse distinguish betwene Valour and Violence : So proud, as he could not abstaine from a *Thraso*-like boasting, and yet (so unluckie a lodging his vertues had gotten) he would never boast more then he would accomplish : falsly accounting an unflexible anger, a couragious constancie : esteeming feare, and astonishment, righter causes of admiration, then Love and Honour. This man had foure sundrie times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had bene so unpartiall an arbiter, that neither side gate advauntage of the other. But in the end it hapned, that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus* (unknowen) in a great danger, and saved his life : wherupon (loving his owne benefite) began to favour him, so much the more, as, thinking so well of himselfe, he could not choose but like him, whom he founde a match for himselfe : which at last grewe to as much friendship towards him, as could by a proud harte be conceived."²

¹ p. 434.

² p. 439.

The entertainment of Anaxius in the castle is made the occasion for introducing a most remarkable poem. The importance which the writer attaches to it is indicated by the exordium, where the style is stretched to the extreme limits of its capacities. The poem is evidently part of the same train of thought as that which inspires the account of the fall of Musidorus from felicity. It has something formidable about it, and, in this respect and its appeal to the universal elements, it invites comparison with the account of Timon's epitaph in Shakespeare's play.

"And that night when supper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* woulde needes himselfe waite upon him, he caused in Boates upon the Lake an excellent musicke to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceive was for his honour, yet indeede he was but the Brickewall to convey it to the eares of the beloved *Philoclea*.

"The musicke was of Cornets, whereof one aunswering the other, with a sweete emulation, striving for the glorie of musicke, and striking upon the smooth face of the quiet Lake, was then delivered up to the castell walles, which with a proude reverberation, spreading it into the aire; it seemed before the harmonie came to the eare, that it had enriched it selfe in travaile, the nature of those places adding melodie to that melodious instrument. And when a while that instrument had made a brave proclamation to all unpossessed mindes of attention, an excellent consort straight followed of five Violles, and as manie voyces; which all being but Oratours of their maisters passions, bestowed this song upon her, that thought upon another matter

The Fire to see my woes for anger burneth :
 The Aire in raine for my affliction weepeth :
 The Sea to ebbe for grieffe his flowing turneth :
 The Earth with pitie dull his center turneth.
 Fame is with wonder blazed :
 Time runnes away for sorrow :
 Place standeth still amazed,
 To see my night of ils, which hath no morrowe.
 Alas all onely she no pitie taketh
 To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell
 My fall her glory maketh ;
 Yet still her eyes give to my flames their fuell.

Fire, burne me quite till sense of burning leave me :
 Aire, let me drawe thy breath no more in anguish :
 Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereave me :
 Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.

Fame, say I was not borne :
 Time, hast my dying hower :
 Place, see my grave uptorne :
 Fire, aire, sea, earth, fame, time, place show your power.
 Alas from all their helpe I am exiled :
 For hers am I, and Death feares her displeasure.
 Fie Death thou art beguiled :
 Though I be hers, she sets by me no treasure.

" But *Anaxius* (seeming a weary before it was ended) told *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no musick, but the neighing of horses, the sound of trumpets, and the cries of yeelding persons : and therefore desired, that the next morning they shoulde issue upon the same place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make them quickly a wearie of being the besiegers of *Anaxius*."¹

The "foresaken Knight" (*Musidorus*) challenges *Amphialus*. The description of him on the field, and of the combat :

" So past he over into the Iland, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius* ; where he founde the forsaken Knight, attired in his owne liverie, as blacke, as sorrowe it selfe could see it selfe in the blackest glasse : his ornaments of the same hew, but formed in the figure of Ravens, which seemed to gape for carrion : onely his raynes were snakes, which finely wrapping themselves one within the other, their heads came together to the cheekes and bosses of the bit, where they might seeme to bite at the horse, and the horse (as he champte the bit) to bite at them ; and that the white foame was ingendred by the poysonous furie of the combatt. His *Impresa* was a *Catoblepta* which so long lies dead, as the Moone (whereto it hath so naturall a sympathie) wants her light. The worde signified that *The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beast wanted the Moones light*. He had in his head-piece, a whippe, to witnesse a selfe-punishing repentaunce. Their very horses were cole-blacke too, not having so much as one starre to give light to their night of blackenesse : so as one would have thought they had bene the two sonnes of Sorrow, and were come thether to fight for their birth-right in that sorie inheritance. . . .

" But *Amphialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each indeede mistaking other) that he was his rivall, forgot all minde of reconciliation, and having all his thoughts boïd up in choler, never staying either judge, trūpet, or his owne laūce, drew out his sword, & saying, Thou lyest false villaine, unto him ; his words & blowes came so quick together, as the one seemed a lightning of the others thūder. But he foūd no barrē groūd of such seede : for it yeelded him his owne with

¹ p. 441. On the poem see further below at p. 104.

such encrease, that though Reason and Amazement go rarely together, yet the most reasonable eies that saw it, founde reason to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Never game of death better plaid; never fury set it self forth in greater braverie. The curteous *Vulcan* whē he wrought at his nowe more curteous wives request, *Ænæas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater sounde; then the swordes of those noble Knights did; they needed no fire to their forge; for they made the fire to shine at the meeting of their swords, & armours; ech side fetching new spirit from the castle window, and careful of keeping their sight, it was a matter of greater consideration in their combat, then either the advantage of Sun or winde: which Sunne and wind (if the astonished eies of the beholders were not by the astonishment deceived) did both stand still to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eies discerne motion in the Sunne, and no breath of wind stirred, as if either for feare it would not come amōg such blows, or with delight had his eies so busie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell, since both Love and Hatred conspired to sharpen their humours, that hard it was to say, whether Love with one trumpet, or Hatred with another, gave the lowder alarum to their courages. Spite, rage, disdain, shame, revenge, came waighting upon Hatred: of the other side came with love-longing Desire, both invincible Hope, and fearelesse Despaire, with rivallike Jealousie, which (although brought up within doores in the schoole of *Cupid*) woulde shewe themselves no lesse forward, then the other dustie bande of *Mars*, to make themselves notable in the notablenes of this combat. Of eyther side Confidence, unacquainted with Losse, but assured trust to overcome, and good experience howe to overcome: now seconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring the horses, to winne ground of the enemie; now unlooked-for parting one from the other, to win advantage by an advantageous retourne. But force against force, skill against skill, so enterchangeably encountred, that it was not easie to determine, whether enterprising, or preventing came former: both, sometimes at one instant, doing and suffring wrong, and choller no lesse rising of the doing, then of the suffring. But as the fire, the more fuell is put to it, the more hungrie still it is to devoure more: so the more they strake, the more unsatisfied they were with striking. Their verie armour by piecemeale fell away from them: and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were lesse sensible of smarte, then the senselesse armour; their blood in most places stayning the blacke, as if it would give a more lively coulour of mourning, then blacke can doo. And so a long space they fought, while neither vertue, nor fortune seemed partiall of either side: which so tormented the unquiet hart of *Amphialus*, that he resolved to see a quicke ende: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding strength to his blow, he strake in such wise upon the side of the others heade, that his remembrance

left that battered lodging : so as he was quite from himselfe, casting his armes abroade, and redie to fall downe ; his sword likewise went out of his hande ; but that being fast by a chaine to his arme, he could not loose. And *Amphialus* used the favour of occasion, redoubling his blowes : but the horse (weary to be beaten, as well as the master) carried his master away, till he came unto himselfe : But then who could have seene him, might wel have discerned shame in his cheekes, and revenge in his eyes : so as setting his teeth together with rage, he came running upon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered up the sword, meaning with that blow to have cleaved *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* seeing the blow comming, shunned it with nimble turning his horse aside ; wherwith the forsaken Knight over-strake himself so, as almost he came downe with his owne strength. But the more hungrie he was of his purpose, the more he was bard the the food of it : disdainig the resistance, both of force, and fortune, he returned upon the spurre againe, and ranne with such violence upon *Amphialus*, that his horse with the force of the shocke rose up before, almost overturned : which *Amphialus* perceaving, with rayne and spurre put forth his horse ; and withall gave a mightie blow in the descent of his horse, upon the shoulder of the forsaken Knight ; from whence sliding, it fell upon the necke of his horse, so as horse and man fell to the ground : but he was scarce downe before he was up on his feete againe, with brave gesture shewing rising of corage, in the falling of fortune.

" But the curteous *Amphialus* excused himselfe, for having (against his will) kild his horse. Excuse thy selfe for viler faults (answered the forsaken Knight) and use this poore advantage the best thou canst ; for thou shalt quickly finde thou hast neede of more. Thy folly (said *Amphialus*) shall not make me forget my selfe : and therewith (trotting a little aside) alighted from his horse, because he would not have fortune come to claime any part of the victory. Which curteous act would have mollified the noble harte of the forsaken Knight, if any other had done it, besides the Jaylor of his mistres : but that was a sufficient defeazaunce for the firmest bonde of good nature ; and therefore he was no sooner alighted, but that he ranne unto him, re-entring into as cruel a fight, as eye did ever see, or thought could reasonably imagine ; farre beyond the reach of weak words to be able to expresse it. For what they had done on horsebacke, was but as a morsell to keep their stomakes in appetite, in comparison of that, which now (being themselves) they did. Nor ever glutton by the chāge of daintie diet could be brought to fetch feeding (when he might have bene satisfied before) with more earnestnes, then those (by the change of their maner of fight) fell cleane to a new fight, though any else would have thought they had had their fill alredy. *Amphialus* being the taller man, for the most part stood with his right legge before ; his shield at the uttermost length of his arme ; his sword hic,

but with the point towards his enemy. But whē he strake, which came so thick, as if every blow would strive to be foremost, his arme seemed still a postillion of death. The forsaken Knight shewed with like skil, unlike gesture, keeping himselfe in continual motion, proportioning the distance betweene thē to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted: his eye guided his foote, and his foote conveighed his hand; and since nature had made him something the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not strive with nature: shunning rather thē warding his blowes; like a cūning mastiffe, who knowes the sharpnes of the horne, and strēgth of the Bul; fights low to get his proper advātage; answering mightines with nimblenes, and yet at times employing his wonderfull force, wherein he was seconde to none. In summe, the blowes were stronge, the thrusts thicke, and the avoydings cunning. But the forsaken Knight (that thought it a degree of being cōquered to be long in conquering) strake so mightie a blow, that he made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humblenes. But when he felt himselfe stricken downe, and saw himselfe stricken downe by his rivall, then shame seemed one arme, and disdaine another; fury in his eyes, and revenge in his hart; skill and force gave place, & they tooke the place of skil & force: with so unweariable a manner, that the forsaken Knight was also driven to leave the streame of cunning, and give himselfe wholly to be guided by the storme of fury: there being in both (because hate would not suffer admiration) extreame disdaine to finde themselves so matched.

“What (said *Amphialus* to himselfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom so many monsters & Gyants have falne dead, when I onely sought causelesse adventures? and can one Knight now withstand me in the presence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or since I lost my liberty, have I lost my courage? have I gotten the hart of a slave, as well as the fortune? If an armie were against me in the sight of *Philoclea*, could it resist me? O beast, one man resistes thee; thy ryvall resists thee: or am I indeed *Amphialus*? have not passions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) succeeded into his place? Of the other side the forsaken Knight with no lesse spite, fel out with himself; Hast thou brokē (said he to himselfe) the cōmādemēt of thy only Princesse to come now into her presēce, & in her presēce to prove thy self a coward? Doth *Asia* and *Ægypt* set up Trophes unto thee, to be matched here by a traytor? O noble *Barsanes*, how shamed will thy soule be, that he that slew thee, should be resisted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieved wilt thou be with thy friends shame, thē with thine owne imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I have bene able to doo for the deliverie of thee, and those heavenlie Princesses. Am I worthie to be friend to the most valourous Prince that ever was entituled valourous, and shewe my selfe so weake a wretch? No, shamed *Musidorus*, worthie for nothing, but to keepe sheepe, get thee a sheephooke again, since thou canst use a sword no better.

“ Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, sharpen their over-sharpe humors ; like the Lion, that beates himselfe with his owne taile, to make himselfe the more angrie. These thoughtes indeede not staying, but whetting their angrie swordes, which now had put on the apparraile of Crueltie : they bleeding so abundantly, that every bodie that sawe them, fainted for them, & yet they fainted not in themselves : their smart being more sensible to others eyes, then to their owne feeling : Wrath and Courage barring the common sense from bringing any message of their case to the minde : Paine, Wearines, and Weakenes, not daring to make knowen their case (though already in the limits of death) in the presence of so violent furie : which filling the veines with rage, in stead of bloud, and making the minde minister spirites to the bodie, a great while held out their fight, like an arrowe shotte upward by the force of the bowe, though by his owne nature he would goe downward. The forsaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the soarer ; which the other (watchinge time and place) had cōningly geven unto him. Who ever saw a well-mand Galley fight with a tall ship, might make unto himselfe some kind of comparison of the difference of these two Knights ; a better couple then which, the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* seemed to excell in strength, the forsaken Knight in nimblenes ; and yet did the ones strength excel in nimblenes, and the others nimblenes excell in strength : but now, strength and nimblenes were both gone, and excesse of courage only maintayned the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mightie blowes driven the forsaken Knight to go staggering backwarde, but every one of those times he requited pain with smarte, and shame with repulse. And now, whether he had cause, or that over-much confidence (an over-forward scholer of unconquered Courage) made him think he had cause, he begā to persuade himselfe he had the advātage of the combat, though the advantage he toke himselfe to have, was onely that he should be the later to die : which hopes, Hate (as unsecrete as Love) could not conceale, but drawing himselfe a little back frō him, brake out in these maner of words.

“ Ah *Amphialus* (said the forsakē knight) this third time thou shalt not escape me, but thy death shall satisfie thy injury, & my malice ; and pay for the cruelty thou shewedst in killing the noble *Argalus*, & the fair *Parthenia*. In troth (said *Amphialus*) thou art the best knight that ever I fought withal, which would make me willing to graūt thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy corage ; that (besides other follies) layest that to my charge, which most against my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tel thee ; And upon the worde wayted a blow, which parted his shield into two peeces ; & despising the weak resistance of his alredie brokē armor, made a great breach into his hart side, as if he would make a passage for his love to get out at.

" But paine rather seemed to increase life, then to weaken life in those champions. For, the forsaken Knight comming in with his right leg, and making it guide the force of the blow, strake *Amphialus* upon the bellie, so horrible a woūd, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceaving (fearing death, onely because it should come with overthrow) he seemed to conjure all his strength for one moments service; and so, lifting up his sword with both hands, hit the forsaken knight upō the head, a blow, wherewith his sword brake. But (as if it would do a notable service before it died) it prevayled so, even in the instant of breaking, that the forsaken Knight fell to the ground, quite for that instant forgetting both love and hatred: and *Amphialus* (finding him self also in such weaknes, as he loked for speedy death) glad of the victorie, though little hoping to enjoy it, puld up his visar, meaning with his dagger to give him death; but in stead of death, he gave him life: for, the aire so revived his spirits, that comming to himself, and seeing his present danger, with a life conquering death, he tooke *Amphialus* by the thigh, & together rose himselfe, and overturned him. But *Amphialus* scrambled up againe, both now so weake indeede, as their motions rather seemed the after-drops to a storme, then any matter of great furie.

" But *Amphialus* might repent himselfe of his wilfull breaking his good sword: for, the forsaken Knight (having with the extremitie of justly-conceived hate, and the unpitifulnes of his owne neere-threatening death, blotted out all complements of courtesie) let flie at him so cruelly, that though the blowes were weake, yet weaknes upon a weakned subject, proved such strēgth that *Amphialus* having attempted in vaine, once or twice to close with him receaving wound upō wound, sent his whole burden to strike the earth with falling, since he could strike his foe no better in standing: geving no other tokens of himself, then as of a man even ready to take his oath to be Deaths true servant."¹

From the fight between *Zelma* (*Pyrocles*) and *Anaxius*, with which the first edition concludes, the account being broken off in the middle of a sentence and not resumed in the second edition:

" But neither that staid *Zelma*'s hand, nor yet *Anaxius* crie unto her, who having made fast the Iron gate, even then came to the top of the staires, when, contrarie to all his imaginations, he saw his brother lie at *Zelma*'s mercie. Therefore crying, promising, and threatening to her to hold her hand: the last grone of his brother was the onely answer he could get to his unrespected eloquence. But then *Pittie* would faine have drawne teares, which *Furie* in their

¹ p. 455 sq.

spring dried ; and Anger would faine have spoken, but that Disdaine sealed up his lippes ; but in his hart he blasphemed heaven, that it could have such a power over him ; no lesse ashamed of the victorie he should have of her, then of his brothers overthrow : and no more spited, that it was yet unrevenged, then that the revenge should be no greater, then a womans destruction. Therefore with no speach, but such a groning crie, as often is the language of sorowfull anger, he came running at *Zelmane*, use of fighting then serving in steed of patient cōsideration what to doo. Guided wherewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing upon *Zelmane* in such a wel defended manner, that in all the combats that ever she had fought she had never more need of quicke senses, & ready vertue. For being one of the greatest men of stature then living, as he did fully answeere that stature in greatnesse of might so did he exceed both in greatnes of courage, which with a cōūtenāce formed by the nature both of his mind & body, to an almost horrible fiercenes, was able to have carried feare to any mind, that was not privie to it selfe of a true & cōstant worthines. But *Pyrocles* whose soule might well be separated frō his body, but never alienated frō the remembering what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousnes of his adversarie, whom once before he had something tried, & now perfectly saw, as the very picture of forcible furie : yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthening, then weakning his vertue by that wrestling ; like wine, growing the strōger by being moved. So that they both, prepared in harts, and able in hands, did honor solitarines there with such a combat, as might have demaunded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where manhood blew the trumpet, & satisfaction did whette, as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenes ; rage, against resolution ; fury, against vertue ; confidence, against courage ; pride, against noblenesse : love, in both, breeding mutual hatred, & desire of revēging the injurie of his brothers slaughter, to *Anaxius*, being like *Philocleas* captivity to *Pyrocles*. Who had seen the one, would have thought nothing could have resisted ; who had marked the other, would have marveiled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrarie tides, either of which are able to carry worldes of shippes, and men upon them, with such swiftnes, as nothing seemes able to withstand them : yet meeting one another, with mingling their watrie forces, and struggling together, it is long to say whether streame gets the victorie : So betweene these, if *Pallas* had bene there, she could scarcely have tolde, whether she had nurced better in the feates of armes. The Irish greyhound, against the English mastiffe ; the sword-fish, against the whale ; the Rhinoceros, against the elephāt, might be models, & but models of this cōbat. *Anaxius* was better armed defensively : for (beside a strong caske bravely covered, wherewith he coverd his head) he had a huge shield, such perchance, as *Achilles*

shewed to the pale walles of Troy, wherewithall that body was covered. But *Pyrocles*, utterly unarmed for defence, to offend had the advantage : for, in either hand he had a sword, & with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diversly furnished, so did they differ in the manner of fighting. For *Anaxius* most by warding, and *Pyrocles* oftneft by avoyding, resisted the adversaries assault. Both hastie to end, yet both often staying for advantage. Time, distance, & motiõ custom made them so perfect in, that as if they had bene fellow Counsellers, and not enemies, each knewe the others minde, and knew how to prevent it. So as their strēth fayled them sooner then their skill, and yet their breath fayled them sooner then their strength. And breathles indeed they grew, before either could complaine of any losse of blood."

" So consenting by the mediation of necessitie, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawen a little one from the other ; *Anaxius* stood leaning upon his sworde, with his grym eye, so settled upon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the look of an earnest thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, &, according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller of gay braverie in the midst, then in the beginning of dāger ; What is it (said she) *Anaxius*, that thou so deeply musest on ? Dooth thy brothers exāple make thee thinke of thy fault past, or of thy cōming punishmēt ? I think (said he) what spiteful God it should be, who, envying my glory, hath brought me to such a waywarde case that neither thy death can be a revenge, nor thy overthrow a victorie. Thou doost well indeede (saide *Zelmane*) to impute thy case to the heavenly providence, which will have thy pride find it selfe (even in that whereof thou art most proud) punished by the weake sex, which thou most contemnest.

" But then, having sufficiently rested themselves, they renewed againe their combatte, farre more terribly then before : like nimble vaulters, who at the first and second leape, doo but stirre, and (as it were) awake the fierie and aerie partes, which after in the other leapes, they doo with more excellencie exercise. For in this pausing, ech had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, and the advantages, which by that, and by the qualities of their weapons, they might work themselves ; and so againe repeated the lesson they had said before, more perfectly, by the using of it. *Anaxius* oftner used blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therein, and the large protection of his shield, animating him unto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine, and deliver strength, watching his time when to give fitte thrustes ; as, with the quick obeying of his bodie, to his eyes quicke commaundement, he shunned any harme *Anaxius* could do to him : so would he soon have made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not foūd him a mā of wonderful, & almost matchlesse excellēcy in matters of armes. *Pyrocles* used divers faynings, to bring *Anaxius* on, into some inconvenience. But *Anaxius* keeping a sound maner of fighting, never

offered, but seeing faire cause, & then followed it with wel-governed violence. Thus spent they a great time, striving to doo, and with striving to doo, wearying themselves, more then with the very doing. *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* so neere unto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his strength together, at that time mainly foyned at her face. But *Zelmane* strongly putting it by with her right hande sword, comming in with her left foote, and hande, woulde have given him a sharpe visitation to his right side, but that he was faine to leape away. Whereat ashamed, (as having never done so much before in his life)¹."

¹ p. 516 sq.

CHAPTER IV

The first and second editions of the *Arcadia*: a suppressed autobiographical passage: "Astrophel and Stella."

The foregoing extracts from the *Arcadia* are all from the first edition (1590). It will be convenient at this point, before dealing with the further books, which appeared in the second edition (1593), to consider the history of the publication of the two volumes.

Sir Philip Sidney died in 1586. Four years afterwards, in 1590, the *Arcadia* was published, a quarto volume under the title of *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*, "written by Sir Philippe Sidnei," and bearing the Sidney arms and motto, "Quo Fata Vocant." The volume, of which there is an example in the British Museum, is preceded by what purports to be a letter from Sidney to his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, and an unsigned printer's notice, which are as follows:

To my Deare Ladie and Sister, the Countesse of Pembroke.

"Here now have you (most deare, and most worthy to be most deare Lady) this idle worke of mine: which I feare (like the Spiders webbe) will be thought fitter to be swept away, then worn to any other purpose. For my part, in very trueth (as the cruell fathers among the Greekes, were wont to doo to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my harte, to cast out in some desert of forgetfulnes this child, which I am loath to father. But you desired me to doo it, and your desire, to my hart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is done onelie for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your selfe, or to such friendes, who will weigh errors in the ballaunce of good will, I hope, for the fathers sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of, though in it selfe it have deformities. For indeede, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trife, and that triflinglie handled. Your deare selfe can best witnes the maner, being done in loose sheetes of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest, by sheetes, sent unto you, as fast as they were done. In summe, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were, (and shall be when God will) having many many fancies begotten in it, if it had not ben in some way delivered,

would have growen a monster, & more sorie might I be that they came in, then that they gat out. But his chiefe safetie, shalbe the not walking abroad ; & his chiefe protection, the bearing the liverye of your name ; which (if much much good will do not deceave me) is worthy to be a sāctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I knowe the vertue so ; and this say I, because it may be ever so ; or to say better, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle tymes, and the follyes your good judgment wil finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuffe, then, as in an Haberdashers shoppe, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedinglie love you ; and most most hartelie praies you may long live, to be a principall ornament to the familie of the Sidneis.

Your loving Brother,

PHILIP SIDNEI.

“ The division and summing of the Chapters was not of Sir Philip Sidneis dooing, but adventured by the over-seer of the print, for the more ease of the Readers. He therfore submits himselfe to their judgement, and if his labour answeere not the worthines of the booke, desireth pardon for it. As also if any defect be found in the Eclogues, which although they were of Sir Phillip Sidneis writing, yet were they not perused by him, but left till the worke had bene finished, that then choise should have bene made, which should have bene taken, and in what manner brought in. At this time they have been chosen and disposed as the over-seer thought best.

In 1593 a second edition, in folio, appeared described as “ now since the first edition augmented and ended,” which comprised the matter contained in the first edition, with some additions to the “ Eclogues ” and changes in their arrangement, a completion of Book III (the hiatus being left as it stood in the first edition) and two new Books added. To account for this an epistle to the reader, initialled “ H.S.,” was inserted, from which I take the following :

“ The disfigured face, gentle Reader, wherewithth is worke not long since appeared to the common view, moued that noble Lady, to whose Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spottes wherewith the beauties therof were unworthely blemished. But as often in repairing a ruinous house, the mending of some olde part occasioneth the making of some new : so here her honourable labour begonne in correcting the faults, ended in supplying the defectes ; by the view of what was ill done guided to the consideration of what was not done. Which part with what aduice entred into, with what success it hath bene passed through,

most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be entreated not to refine, which are unfurnisht of meanes to discern, the rest (it is hoped) will favourably censure. . . .

[The additions are] no further then the Authors own writings, or known determinations could direct. . . .

. . . . But howsoever it is, it is now by more then one interest *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*: done, as it was, for her: as it is, by her. Neither shall these pains be the last (if no unexpected accident cut off her determination) which the euerlasting loue of her excellent brother, will make her consecrate to his memory."

Sidney's letter to his sister is reprinted with this epistle to the Reader. The similarity in the style of the two is, of course, obvious; and this fact, together with the inherent improbability of some of the statements in both documents, had led me to the conclusion that they are forgeries, and the work of the same hand. My attention has since been directed to an article contributed to the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1909, by Mr. Bertram Dobell, giving an account of some manuscripts of the *Arcadia* in its original form as it circulated in private, which, as I shall endeavour to show, entirely confirms this conclusion.

Mr. Dobell admits that there is no justification for the statement as to the "disfigured face," as the text of the first edition is practically reproduced in the second, the variations made being confined to the Eclogues. "One poem which appears in the quarto was omitted in the folios¹; while in the folios some poems are found which are not in the quarto." There has been some re-arrangement of the Eclogues. Mr. Dobell also states that, with some omissions, the new material which appeared in the second edition (two books and a half) is all from the earlier draft. Here again therefore the account of their origin given by "H.S." is false. According to Aubrey, "H.S." was Henry Sanford, the Earl of Pembroke's secretary.² In my view these initials have been made use of by the real author of the work.

¹ A very inferior poem beginning "And are you there old Pas?" which I think is not by the author of the other poems, and might well have been written by Sidney himself as an experiment. First edition, Cambridge text, p. 344.

² *Brief Lives*, "Mary Herbert."

It is a remarkable fact that the account of the preparation for publication of the plays of Shakespeare, as given in the address "to the great variety of readers" at the beginning of the first folio, has been proved on examination to be equally false, for similar reasons and in very similar terms, namely:—

"We pray you do not envie his Friends the office of their care and paine, to have collected and published them; and so to have published them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that exposed them: Even those are now offered to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them."¹

A similar process of correction and restoration was alleged to have taken place in the case of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets; see below, p. 163.

Mr. Dobell, who accepts the recognised view that the *Arcadia*, as published in 1590, represents a revision by Sir Philip Sidney of his "old *Arcadia*," up to the point in Book III, where the volume breaks off, makes a further revelation, that "in none of the manuscripts do we find the stories—such as those of Kalander and Clitophon, Argalus, and Parthenia, Queen Helen of Corinth, etc.—which in the printed versions add so greatly to the length and complexity of the work." And again: "The many independent stories by which the narrative, in its later form, is overlaid and confused, have no place in the first draft as shown in the manuscripts." Personally I do not agree with this opinion, as I think some of the best writing is contained in the episodes, which give relief from the otherwise overwrought analysis in the love experiences of Musidorus and Pyrocles. But, apart from that, a question presents itself here for investi-

¹ This address is written in a deliberately popular style in marked contrast to the high courtly style of the dedication which precedes it to the "Incomparable Paire of Brethren." I cannot believe that such work could have come from the pen of the two play-actors whose names are affixed to it. The dedication seems to me to betray unmistakably the master hand of "Euphues," and the skilful change into the popular vein betokens the conscious art of the dramatist.

gation, as to the source of these additions. Does the internal evidence bear out the view that they were made by Sidney? I think not, for reasons which I shall give later.

Even more interesting is Mr. Dobell's account of the omission, as is professed by the Countess of Pembroke, from one of the later books published in the second edition, of an autobiographical passage which is found in the manuscript copies. Mr. Dobell states that there occurs in these copies, in the fourth Eclogues, a passage in which, under the name of Philisides, "Sir Philip tells his readers the story of his parentage and education, of his hopes and aspirations, and of his disappointments in love." Let it be so, as regards the author; but let us be sure that the passage, which is given by Mr. Dobell and which I proceed to quote, is applicable to Sir Philip Sidney:

"I was borne of such parentage as neyther left me so greate that I was a marke for envye, nor so base that I was subject to contempt. . . And as soone as my memory grewe stronge enough to receive what might be delyvered unto it by my sences they offered learning unto me, especially that kynde that teacheth what is truth, and what in opinion is to be embraced, and what to be eschewed. Neither was I bared from seeking the naturall knowledge of things, so far as the narrowe sight of man hath pierced into it; and because the minds commaundment is vaine without the bodye be enhabled to obeye it, my strength was exercised with horsemanshipp, weapons, and such other qualitys as besydes the practize carried in themselves some serviceable use, wherein so I profitted, that as I was not excellent, so I was not accompanable (*sic*). After that by my yeares or perchaunce by a soner priveledge than yeares commonly graunt I was thought able to be my owne master, I was suffered to spend some tyme in travaile, that by the comparison of many things I might rypen my judgement, since, greatness, power, riches, and such like standing in relation to another, who doth knowe nothing but his owne doth not knowe his owne. Then being home returned and thought of good hope (for the world rarely bestowes a better tytyle upon youthe) I continued to use the benefitt of a quyete mynde. In truthe (I call him to witness that knoweth hartes) ever in the secrett of my soule bent to honestye. Thus far you see as no pompous spectacle, so an untroblede tenour of a well-guyded life. But alas, why should I make patheticall exclamations of a most true event? So it happened that Love . . . diverted the course of tranquillitie, which though I did with so much covering hyde that I was thought voyde of it as any man: yet my wounde which smarted in myselfe brought me in fyne to this change, much in state,

but more in mynde. But how Love first took mee I did once (using the liberty of versyfying) sett downe in a Song, in a Dreame indeed it was, and thus did I poetically describe my dreame."

Here follows the song which appears in the first edition, Book III, 9, as the song which Amphialus caused to be sung to Philoclea on his return from battle (see extract above, p. 59). I wish to direct particular attention to it, for reasons to which we shall come.

The passage continues :

"In such and such sorte in a Dreame was offered unto me the sight of her in whose respects all things afterward seemed but blind darkness unto me, for so it fell out that her I saw, I say that sweet incomparable Mira, so like her which in that rather vision than dreame I had seene, that I began to persuade myselfe in my natyvete I was allotted unto her; . . . and so, alas from all other exercises of my mynde bente myselfe only to pursuit of her favour. But having spent some parte of my youthe in following her, somtymes with some measure of favour, somtymes with unkynde interpretacions of my most kynde thoughts, in the end having attempted all meanes to establish my blissful state, and having bin not onely refused all comferte but newe quarrels picked against me, I did resolve by perpetuall absence to choke my owne evil fortunes, yet before I departed these following Elegiacks I sent unto her."

and there follows the song, *Unto a caitife wretch*, etc., which appears in the first edition, Book III., ch. 1, as the lines left by Musidorus in the chamber of Pamela on his fall from felicity (see extract above, p. 54). Compare with this the whole tenour of the "Sidney" sonnets, and the great poem, "The fire to see my woes," quoted at p. 79 above.

Philisides (Mr. Dobell states) is then made to leave the subject, and, at the request of a shepherd to "joyne in bewayling this generall losse of that country," he sings "*Since that to death is gone the shepheard hie*," etc., given at p. 176 below. This song appears in the first edition in Book III., ch. 25, in celebration of the presumed death of Amphialus, and in the subsequent editions in the Eclogues to Book IV., on the occasion of the supposed death of Basilius. Here we may note in passing one of the difficulties which beset the theory that the first edition represents that por-

tion of the "old Arcadia" which had been subjected to revision by Sir Philip Sidney up to the time of his death, that the passage introducing this lament in Book III. of the first edition should have been cut out in the second, and the lament which, as is supposed, was deliberately placed there in connection with one incident in the story by Sir Philip himself, removed by his sister to a later book and applied to an entirely different incident. Such a proceeding, having no significance apart from the whim of the author, is quite unnatural in the work of a reviser, especially in a portion of a work which has already had the author's own revision.

Mr. Dobell comments as follows on the autobiographical passage above quoted: "That the lady whom Sidney here calls Mira was the same whom he celebrates elsewhere as Stella, and that the real person whom he thus shadows forth was Penelope Devereux (afterwards Lady Rich) is sufficiently evident." He adds: "It may be accepted, I think, as a certainty that Philoclea is, like Stella, an idealised delineation of Penelope Devereux." Also: "As Sidney here says nothing as to the lady being now married, and so finally lost to him, it seems almost certain that the passage I have quoted was written before her enforced union with Lord Rich, which seems to have happened in April, 1581." He concludes: "It is no small gain to us that we can now see that the two poems beginning 'Now was our heavenly vaulte deprived of the Light,' and 'Unto the caytiff wretch whom long afflictions holdeth,' are intimate personal expressions of Sir Philip's own feelings, and not, as they have previously seemed, merely dramatic representations of the passions of two of his heroes."

Incidentally Mr. Dobell compares the account which Sidney gives of himself in this passage with "Hamlet," and remarks "as he thus depicts himself he might have served Shakespeare with a model for his Hamlet." Why, one asks, should Shakespeare, alone among writers, be denied the privilege of self-expression, and what is conceded at once in the case of Sidney be regarded as out of the question in the case of the other writer? The fact is, the "impersonal" theory about Shakespeare has been unconsciously invented

to account for the discrepancy between the circumstances of the player and his works, and but for that discrepancy would probably never have been heard of. I do not understand how it is conceivable that *Hamlet* could have been written "round" the personality of anyone but that of the author of the play. It is probable enough that it contains allusions to Sidney (or possibly Essex), as, for instance, in the description of Hamlet :

" The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."¹

But these are topical allusions and they do not justify the inference that the character itself is built on the model of any external individuality.

In any case the suppressed passage found in the *Arcadia* manuscripts is manifestly, as Mr. Dobell says, autobiographical and the fact that it was excluded from the published version only confirms the conclusion as to this, which is indicated by the whole tenor of the passage. The question then arises, does it apply to the life and circumstances of Sir Philip Sidney? The answer is in the negative, though the passage bears—as it was no doubt intended to bear—the appearance, on a careless reading, of so applying.

Taking the statements in order: Sidney was not born in the class described, but was the most conspicuous young man in England, being the eldest son of the greatest of the executive public servants of the day, grandson, on his mother's side, of a duke, and nephew and probable heir of the powerful Earl of Leicester, godson of Philip of Spain, a protégé of Burghley, who, having him to stay at Hampton Court, as a

¹ This inference has exceptional justification from the fact that Philip Sidney is alluded to in similar terms by his own father, in a letter to his younger son, whom he exhorts to imitate him: "He is a rare ornament of his age, the very formula that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our Court do form also their manners and life by." It is, by the way, most improbable that the Stratford player could ever have seen Sir Philip Sidney, or that he had even come to London before his death.

boy, wrote to his father that he loved him "as he were my own," from the first about the Court and regarded by the Queen as "the jewel of her time."¹

There is a letter from Languet to Sidney dated September 1580, in which, deploring his retirement from public life (owing to the affair of the letter presented to the Queen about the French marriage²), he thus describes this early promise :

"While we lived together, I so greatly admired the acuteness of your apprehension, young as you were, the soundness of your judgment, and your high and excellent spirit, that I had no doubt, if God granted you long life, your country would find no small assistance in dangers from your virtue; especially since I observed, in addition to those mental endowments, splendour of birth, majesty of person, the expectation of great wealth, the authority and influence of your relations in your country, and all those other things which are commonly called gifts of fortune.

"On your return to England, adorned with those splendid endowments, and furnished with information beyond your years, you carried away the admiration of all men, and all of your nobility who had a name for generosity of sentiment, began eagerly to compete for your friendship. To all this were added the good will of her most Gracious Majesty, who, in order to encourage you in your progress to distinction admitted you to a state of intimacy with herself, and honoured you with that noble mission to the Emperor, of which you acquitted yourself with the greatest credit three years ago."³

Even when allowance is made for the superlatives of the Latin idiom, and the idealisation and affectionate solicitude of an old man, who was a foreigner, this account bears no resemblance to that in the suppressed autobiographical passage.

The course of education, and the intellectual tastes, which

¹ Naunton, *Frag. Regalia*.

² Attributed by me to Francis Bacon: see my "Spenser" volume chapter vii.

It is curious to find that Languet attributes Sidney's living in retirement, to some extent, to anger on his part: "If the advice which you offered, believing it to be good for England, was not received as it deserved, you must not therefore be angry with your country; for good citizens ought to pardon her every wrong, and not for any such reason desist from working for her preservation."

³ Translated from the Latin by Pears.

the passage describes, are also not those which can be gathered from any record relating to Sidney or tradition respecting him. He had the normal classical education at Shrewsbury and Oxford, and he continued his studies, to some extent, during his sojourn abroad from his eighteenth to his twenty-first year (1572-1575). His correspondence with Languet on the Continent, which began in 1573, shows what they were, and gives a very fair idea of the bent of his mind and of his intellectual capacity. The letters are in Latin, but even when allowance is made for the difficulty which he admits he found in expressing himself in that language, they show, what is subsequently revealed in his English correspondence, that he always wrote with reluctance, and expressed his ideas on paper with difficulty. The following extracts from this correspondence (in the translation by Pears) will show how little the account in the *Arcadia* passage applies to his proclivities and studies :—

Sidney to Languet, Venice, 19th December, 1573 :

“ At present I am learning the sphere and a little music. My pen I only practise when I write to you ; but in truth I begin to find that by writing ill I only learn to write ill, and therefore I wish you would give me some rules for improving my style. . . .”

This from the future author of the *Arcadia* !

Languet to Sidney, Vienna, 24th December, 1573 :

“ You will be employing yourself well and usefully if you practise writing diligently while you are absent from your home, for when you return it will not be in your power : and unless you have acquired the art of writing with ease, you will have lost the principal object of your studies and labours, and you will be less able to keep up any friendships you may contract with foreigners ; for as you are formed by nature for kindness, I suppose you would wish them to last. . . . You ask me to tell you how you ought to form your style of writing. I think you will do well to read both volumes of Cicero's letters, not only for the beauty of the Latin, but also for the very important matter they contain. . . . You are right to pay attention to astronomy ; without some knowledge of it, it is impossible to understand cosmography ; and he who reads history without a knowledge of this, is very like a man who makes a journey in the dark”

Sidney to Languet, Padua, 15th January, 1574 :

"I intend to follow your advice about composition, thus; I shall first take one of Cicero's letters and turn it into French; then from French into English, . . . The volumes of Cicero I will read diligently. There are some things also which I wish to learn of the Greeks, which hitherto I have but skimmed on the surface."

Languet to Sidney, Vienna, 22nd January, 1574:

"You were quite right to learn the elements of astronomy, but I do not advise you to proceed far in the science, because it is very difficult, and not likely to be of much use to you. I know not whether it is wise to apply your mind to geometry, though it is a noble study and well worthy of a fine understanding; but you must consider your condition of life, how soon you will have to tear yourself from your literary leisure, and therefore the short time which you still have should be devoted entirely to such things as are most essential. I call those things essential to you which it is discreditable for a man of high birth not to know, and which may, one day, be an ornament and a resource to you. Geometry may, indeed, be of great use to a man of rank, in the fortification or investment of towns, in castramentation and all branches of architecture, but to understand it sufficiently to make it useful would certainly require much time, and I consider it absurd to learn the rudiments of many sciences simply for display and not for use. Besides, you are not over cheerful by nature, and it is a study which will make you still more grave, and as it requires the strongest application of mind, it is likely to wear out the powers of the intellect, and very much to impair the health; and the greater the ability, the more intense is the interest excited, and therefore the more injurious; and you know that you have no health to spare.

"About the Greek language I cannot advise you. It is a beautiful study, but I fear you will have no time to carry it through, and all the time that you give to it will be lost to your Latin, which though it is considered a less interesting language than the Greek, is yet much more important for you to know. And therefore, as I said before, I do not venture to advise you on the subject. I only recommend you to learn first what is most useful for you to know. . . Next to the knowledge of the way of salvation, which is the most essential thing of all, and which we learn from the sacred scriptures, next to this, I believe nothing will be of greater use to you than to study that branch of moral philosophy which treats of justice and injustice. I need not speak to you of reading history, by which more than anything else men's judgments are shaped, because your own inclination carries you to it, and you have made great progress in it. But perhaps you are occupied with other matters, and my tedious letters only weary you. I must, however remind you to take good care of your health, and not to injure it by too much study. Nothing excessive lasts long, and a sound mind is not enough unless it dwells in a sound body. Since you are somewhat

serious by nature, you should choose companions who can enliven you with becoming entertainment."

Sidney to Languet, Padua, 4th February, 1574 :

" I am glad you approve of my intention of giving up the study of astronomy, but about geometry I hardly know what to determine. I long so greatly to be acquainted with it, and the more so because I have always felt sure that it is of the greatest service in the art of war ; nevertheless I shall pay but sparing attention to it, and only peep through the bars, so to speak, into the rudiments of the science. Of Greek literature I wish to learn only so much as shall suffice for the perfect understanding of Aristotle. For though translations are made almost daily, still I suspect they do not declare the meaning of the author plainly or aptly enough. . . . Of the works of Aristotle I consider the politics the most worth reading ; and I mention this in reference to your advice that I should apply myself to *moral* philosophy. . . . I readily allow that I am often more serious than either my age or my pursuits demand ; yet this I have learned by experience, than I am never less a prey to melancholy than when I am earnestly applying the feeble powers of my mind to some high and difficult subject. But enough of this."

The attitude of mind revealed in these passages is that described by Fulke Greville in the phrase, " this harmony of an humble hearer to an excellent teacher," and contains no sign of intellectual precocity or that self-assertion and consciousness of purpose which always accompany genius, especially in the written word. Still less is there any indication of the prodigious literary facility which is so striking a feature of the writing in the *Arcadia*. It is no answer to say that this might have developed in time, because one of the most marked characteristics of the work, in certain portions of it, is its juvenility. Mr. Dobell sees this, and draws the conclusion that the *Arcadia* must have been begun some years earlier than the date supposed (1581), and hazards the opinion that it may have begun as early as 1578. But even in 1578 Sidney was not " juvenile," being then twenty-four, and having seen much of the world. Moreover men (and women) in these times grew up much earlier than they do now.¹

¹ Compare the remarks on this subject in my " Spenser " volume, p. 3 etc.

If however, Sidney shows no "discoursing" facility in his correspondence, his quality as a man of judgment and action appears strongly when he writes about persons, the state of Christendom and European affairs. In this respect he is a typical Englishman, and it is evident that his mind was engrossed with projects for strengthening English power on the basis of the Protestant reformed religion. "Above all," as Fulke Greville writes, "he made the religion he professed the firm basis of his life: For this was his judgment (as he often told me) that our true-heartednesse to the Reformed Religion in the beginning brought Peace, Safetie, and Freedome to us; concluding that the wisest and best way, was that of the famous *William Prince of Orange*, who never divided the consideration of Estate from the cause of Religion."

Some years later, under date 1st March, 1578, Sidney writes from England to Languet, under the strain of inaction at the English Court:

"You sharply accuse me of slothfulness, and in the meantime fall into the same fault, nay, a far greater, inasmuch as I am always made better by your letters, while mine must of necessity grate upon your ears to no purpose. And the use of the pen, as you may perceive, has plainly fallen from me; and my mind itself, if it was ever active in anything, is now beginning, by reason of my indolent ease, imperceptibly to lose its strength, and to relax without any reluctance. For to what purpose should our thoughts be directed to various kinds of knowledge, unless room be afforded for putting it into practise, so that public advantage may be the result, which in a corrupt age we cannot hope for? Who would learn music except for the sake of giving pleasure? or architecture except with a view to building? But the mind itself, you will say, that particle of the divine mind, is cultivated in this manner. This indeed, if we allow it to be the case, is a very great advantage: but let us see whether we are not giving a beautiful but false appearance to our splendid errors. For while the mind is thus, as it were, drawn out of itself, it cannot turn its powers inward for thorough self-examination; to which employment no labour that men can undertake, is any way to be compared. Do you not see that I am cleverly playing the stoic? yea and I shall be a cynic too, unless you reclaim me."

We come next to the statement in the "suppressed" passage, of the *Arcadia*, about the practice of weapons, in

which the writer professes only a moderate proficiency. This again is not in accordance with the tradition about Sidney. In the well-known letter of advice to his brother he writes as a man thoroughly skilled in all such practice,¹ and he was selected among the four gentlemen of the Court to perform the leading part in the tournament held at Whitehall in 1581, for the entertainment of the French embassy.² Naunton also says that "he was framed by naturall propension to armes."

Again, there was nothing exceptional about the age (close on eighteen) at which Sidney was sent abroad.

Further, the description of the writer's life on his return from the Continent does not tally with that of Sidney. Sidney was shortly afterwards employed on an important foreign mission to the Emperor Rudolph at Prague. Moreover, there is no evidence that he fell seriously in love with anyone except his wife, Frances Walsingham, whom he married in September, 1583, and in the year 1581, when he is supposed to have fallen in love seriously for the first time, with Penelope Devereux, on her marriage to Lord Rich in that year, and to have written passionate sonnets to her under the name of "Stella," he was actually contemplating marriage with Sir Francis Walsingham's daughter, as the following passage in a letter written by him at Wilton to Walsingham, dated 17th December, 1581, proves, on any reasonable inference :

¹ "When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and use as well the blows as the thrust; it is good in itself, and besides exerciseth your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First in any case practise the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise: the rest study, or confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit."

Leicester House, 18th October, 1580.

² The others were the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor and Fulke Greville. The ornate speeches used on this occasion, of which there is an account in Holinshed, were, in my belief, written by Bacon, as they were admittedly, on some subsequent similar occasions.

"The country affords no other stuff for letters but humble salutations, which humbly and heartily I send to yourself, my good lady, and exceeding like to be good friend."

At that time Frances Walsingham was probably about fourteen. On the 1st March, 1583, Sir Henry Sidney is found writing to Walsingham, heartily approving the alliance, in spite of his own financial embarrassments, and it is evident from the terms of the letter that it was a love match :

"As I know that it is for the virtue which is, or which you suppose is, in my son, that you made choice of him for your daughter, refusing haply far greater and far richer matches than he, so was my confidence great that by your good means I might have obtained some reasonable suit of her Majesty. . . ."

and further he speaks of

"the joyful love and great liking between our most dear and sweet children, whom God bless . . . and bless and buss our sweet daughter."

The writer of the old life of Sidney prefixed to the 1655 edition of the *Arcadia* also bears testimony to the same effect :

"Though Sir Philip received no considerable accrement by means of his match, yet accounting virtue a portion to itself, he so affectionately loved her that herein he was exemplary to all gentlemen not to carry their love in their purses, or so to consult profit as to prefer it before merit in marriage."

This is again confirmed by the fact that Sir Philip Sidney was always in want of money, and died heavily in debt. Also by the fact that the young couple lived for some time with the wife's parents (which, though customary in those days, could only have been possible if harmony prevailed), and that (as Mr. Fox Bourne says) very little is heard of Sidney for the next two years. Also, as I have already pointed out in my volume on Spenser's works, by the terms of Sidney's will, in which he makes "my most dear and loving wife, Dame Frances Sidney" his "sole Executrix." It may be added that in marrying his wife Sidney braved the displeasure of the Queen.

With this prospect of domestic felicity before him this is the man who is supposed to have penned the "Stella" sonnets, which, if they are addressed—as they appear to be—to Lady Rich, must, in the main, belong to 1581 or later. This also is the man who is supposed in 1580 to have written the poem, which I have already quoted and commented on at p. 79 above. But it is such a wonderful piece of work that I cannot forbear from quoting it again :

The Fire to see my woes for anger burneth :
 The aire in raine for my affliction weepeth :
 The Sea to ebbe for grieve his flowing turneth :
 The Earth with pitie dull his centre turneth.
 Fame is with wonder blazed :
 Time runnes away for sorrow :
 Place standeth still amazed,
 To see my night of ils, which had no morrowe.
 Alas all onely she no pitie taketh
 To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell¹
 My fall her glory maketh ;
 Yet still her eyes give to my flames their fuell.

Fire, burne me quite till sense of burning leave me :
 Aire, let me drawe thy breath no more in anguish :
 Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereave me :
 Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.
 Fame, say I was not borne :
 Time, hast my dying hower :
 Place, see my grave uptorne :
 Fire, aire, sea, earth, fame, time, place show your power.
 Alas from all their helpe I am exiled :
 For hers am I, and Death feares her displeasure.
 Fie Death thou art beguiled :
 Though I be hers, she sets by me no treasure."

This "for the amusement of his sister" ! I could quote it a hundred times, and every time with a firmer conviction that it was never written by Sir Philip Sidney.

We may leave the evidence of Spenser's poems, which I have discussed at length in my earlier volume, until we come to the Argalus and Parthenia episode ; and in the

¹ The burden, it will be observed, of the "Stella" sonnets.

meantime let us examine the records bearing on the Penelope connection.

Sidney returned from the Continent in June, 1575. He was present at the Kenilworth festivities in July of that year. From there the Court moved to Chartley in August, where the Queen was entertained by the Countess of Essex, with her two daughters, Penelope and Dorothy Devereux, sisters of the future favourite. Here Sidney is supposed to have met Penelope Devereux for the first time, then a girl of about twelve or thirteen. In September, 1576, their father, the Earl of Essex, died in Ireland, and expressed a wish on his deathbed that Sidney might be married to his daughter Penelope. He is stated to have longed to see him before he died, and his words are quoted: "I call him son—he is so wise, virtuous and godly." Nothing however, came of the match,¹ Penelope's guardians apparently reserving her for a richer alliance. This was effected, against the lady's inclinations, by her marriage to Lord Rich, who was much her senior, some time after March, 1581, probably in the summer of that year.

There are some references to marriage in the Languet correspondence which contain a clear indication of Sidney's feeling on the subject put to the year 1578.

In December, 1575, Languet writes to Sidney :

"What you write in jest about a wife, I take seriously. Be not too confident in your firmness; more cautious men than yourself are sometimes caught. For my part I should be glad if you were caught, that so you might give to your country sons like yourself. Whatever is to happen in the matter, I pray God it may turn out well and happily for you."

In January, 1578, Languet writes :

"Yet I greatly wonder that you, whom all the world pronounces to have been reared in the lap of the graces, should have been able to preserve your freedom so long. Perhaps you have determined to

¹ That there was a formal betrothal for a time is shown by the expression "the treaty between Mr. Philip and my Lady Penelope" in a letter of Sir Henry Sidney's agent, E. Waterhouse, dated November 1576.

follow the example of your Minerva (the Queen). See that you do not repent of your purpose when it is too late. . . . Take the advice of Master Beale on the matter, he believes that a man cannot live well and happily in celibacy."

In the same month he writes further :

" May you marry a wife suited to your character."

In March, 1578, in continuation of his complaint, as to inaction, which I have quoted above, Sidney replies :

" But I wonder, my very dear Hubert, what has come into your mind, that, when I have not as yet done anything worthy of me, you would have me bound in the chains of matrimony ; and yet without pointing out any individual lady, but rather seeming to extol the state itself, which however you have not as yet sanctioned by your own example. Respecting her, of whom I readily acknowledge how unworthy I am, I have written you my reasons long since, briefly indeed, but yet as well as I was able. At this present time, indeed, I believe you have entertained some other notion ; which I earnestly entreat you to acquaint me with, what ever it may be : for every thing that comes from you has great weight with me ; and to speak candidly, I am in some measure doubting whether some one, more suspicious than wise, has not whispered to you something unfavourable concerning me, which, though you did not give entire credit to it, you nevertheless prudently, and as a friend, thought right to suggest for my consideration. Should this have been the case, I entreat you to state the matter to me in plain terms, that I may be able to acquit myself before you, of whose good opinion I am most desirous : and should it only prove to have been a joke, or a piece of friendly advice, I pray you nevertheless to let me know ; since every thing from you will always be no less acceptable to me, than the things that I hold most dear."

The following is an extract from Languet's reply :

" And do not fear that you will rust away for want of work, if only you are willing to exercise your powers. For in so large a kingdom as England, there must always be opportunities for the exercise of your genius, so that many may derive advantage from your labours. And be assured that approbation and honour are the wages of goodness, and never fail to be duly paid. If you marry a wife, and if you beget children like yourself, you will be doing better service to your country than if you could cut the throats of a thousand Spaniards or Frenchmen."

And he goes on to say, in reply to Sidney's question, that

in his former letter he had "jested about marriage in general," and that during Sidney's last visit abroad he had apparently excited some suspicion that he had intentions with reference to someone (unnamed) in those parts, which came to nothing owing to the fact that "you foresaw it would not be easy to obtain from your friends that which you said you desired, and therefore asked me to prepare the way for your excuses."

Mr. Fox Bourne comments on this: "One thing, however, is clear; that at this time Philip felt none of the passion for Penelope which, as Astrophel, two or three years afterwards, in his famous sonnets, he professed for her as Stella . . . He certainly had not begun to write them, or to entertain the thoughts uttered in them, in 1578."

But if Sidney's feelings, after so long an acquaintance, were not engaged, as they evidently were not, in 1578, why should they have suddenly altered by 1580, when the *Arcadia* is supposed to have been composed? The theory is that Penelope's marriage to another produced this surprising effect. But that was not until 1581; and as the "Philoclea" and the "Mira" of that work are, with good reason, identified with the "Stella" of the sonnets, the theory breaks down. Does a man, particularly a man like Sidney, reproach an unmarried girl for being "chaste and cruel"?¹ and as regards the same description, which forms the burden of the complaints of the sonnets, written, as is supposed, after Penelope's marriage, we are confronted by the objection that, though scrupulous in the case of the supposed Sidney, she was willing to find a lover in Mountjoy. Moreover the accepted story is in conflict with the suppressed autobiographical passage and the "Mira" poem.

No doubt there is a good deal of material in the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets which comes from foreign sources, just as there is, for instance, in the *Amoretti* of Spenser, and this has been held to justify a theory that they are in the nature of literary exercises, not to be taken seriously. But such a theory is not only unnatural, but leaves untouched the diffi-

¹ Poem quoted at p. 79 above.

culties which arise from the personal setting and the chronology, and from the similar train of feeling found in the *Arcadia*.

Further confirmation of the view that Sidney had had no affair of the heart before the *Arcadia*, or at any rate the original body of it, was composed, or before his engagement to his wife, is found in the passage quoted at p. 6 above, where the author, in describing "Argalus," in terms which seem to point inevitably to Sidney, speaks of his "overvehement constancie of yet spotles affection," in other words, his indifference to women.

I have already suggested, in my volume on the Spenser works, that the real author of the *Arcadia* was Francis Bacon, and that Sidney was persuaded to lend his name to it in the cause of letters. The Languet correspondence, and the subsequent story of Sidney's life, show that his bent was not literature but arms. Like Essex after him, he thirsted for action, and above all for effecting something against Spain and the Papacy in the cause of English protestantism. But he was debarred from action by the Queen and Burghley. To this was due the discontented indolence of which he complains, but none the less, following the advice of Languet, he did what he could in the domestic sphere, and became, in the terms of Fulke Greville's panegyric, "a general Mæcenas of learning." Burghley, preoccupied by the business of government, and the great task of keeping above water the new protestant English state, held cheap the arts. There was therefore scope for Sidney here. But his heart was not really in such things when viewed by the tasks which he imagined for himself in the world of arms and adventure. It is not altogether surprising therefore that, in such circumstances, he should have been persuaded, by one whom he knew intimately, and of whose literary abilities he must have been fully aware, to cover a new writer's work with the protection of his name. Such protection in those days was needed, especially in the case of a class of writing for which there was no precedent in England. In this way I believe the *Arcadia* was fathered on Sidney, who, from simplicity of character, and probably also from carelessness, was ignorant of its

real bearing. Like Fulke Greville he was probably persuaded that it was a story written primarily with the object of political instruction.¹

I also suggested that the object of the writer's devotion, as reflected both in the *Arcadia* and the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets, was Sidney's sister, Mary, Countess of Pembroke. It will be noticed that the suppressed autobiographical passage states that the writer concealed his passion from the world: "So it happened that Love . . . diverted the course of tranquillitie, which, though I did with so much covering hyde that I was thought voyde of it as any man," etc. I suggested too that the author took advantage of Sidney's early betrothal to Penelope Devereux, and of the similarity in her circumstances and those of Mary Sidney, in both being married to wealthy husbands much older than themselves, and with whom they did not get on, to effect this impersonation. I admit that such a theory involves the attribution to the author of a subtlety which must seem almost inhuman, but there is abundant evidence of such subtlety in his concealed writings for those who are able to accept the conclusions of my previous works and of other writers who have adopted similar conclusions. In the following pages I shall endeavour to make this theory good.

¹ See *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*. This treatise is evidently not to be entirely depended upon. Greville, for instance, though he says that he knew Sidney "from a child," speaks of him as travelling "at fourteen years old."

CHAPTER V

Argalus and Parthenia : The editions of the *Arcadia*, continued.

The episode of Argalus and Parthenia must now claim our attention, with a view to the discussion of the additions made to the *Arcadia* which are not found in the manuscripts. Though I have not had the advantage of seeing these manuscripts, I take the account of them given by Mr. Dobell in his article above referred to. It will be remembered that he there states that "the many independent stories by which the narrative, in its later form [namely, as published] is overlaid and confused, have no place in the first draft as shown in the manuscripts"; and that "in none of the manuscripts do we find the stories—such as those of Kalender and Clitophon, Argalus and Parthenia, Queen Helen of Corinth, etc."

It is open to me therefore to take the view, which I do, that in the death of Argalus the death of Sir Philip Sidney is celebrated.¹ This occurred in October, 1586, and the episode therefore, in this view, was composed after that date. This would help to explain the letter written in November of the same year by Fulke Greville (Lord Brooke) to Walsingham, which is as follows :

"Fulke Greville's letter to Walsingham, endorsed 'November 1586.'":

"To the Right honourable Sr. francis Walsingham.

"Sr, this day, one ponsonby, a booke-bynder in poles church yard, came to me and told me that ther was one in hand to print S^r Philip Sydney's old arcadia, asking me yf it were done with your honors consent, or any other of his frendes? I told him, to my knowledge, no: then he advysed me to give warninge of it, either to the arch-bishope or doctor Cosen, who have, as he says, a copy to peruse to that end.

¹ See above pp. 6, 74-76.

"S^r, I am loth to renew his memory unto you, but yeat in this I must presume; for I have sent my lady, your daughter, at her request, a correction of that old one, don 4 or 5 years sinse, which he left in trust with me; whereof there is no more copies, and fitter to be printed then the first, which is so common: notwithstanding, even that to be amended by a direction sett downe undre his own hand, how and why; so as in many respects, espesially the care of printing of it, is to be don with more deliberation.

"Besydes, he hathe most excellently translated, among divers other notable workes, monsieur du Plessis book against Atheisme, which is sinse don by another; so as both in respect of lov between Plessis and him, besydes other affinities in their courses, but espesially S^r Philip's uncomparable judgement, I think fit ther be made stay of that mercenary¹ book, so that S^r Philip might have all thos religious works which ar worthily dew to his lyfe and death.

...

...

...

Your honors

FOULK GREVILL."

This letter is very suspicious. How could such a work of imagination as the *Arcadia* be amended by directions set down 'how and why?' Both Fulke Greville and Lady Sidney were friends of Bacon, and would have easily been persuaded to help him in perfecting for the press a work which they probably believed to be Sidney's. There was also no man of their acquaintance to whom they would more naturally have entrusted it. It must never be forgotten that, even as late as the death of Sidney, there were people and even representative literary people like Whetstone, who supposed that the first publication of Spenser, *The Shepherds Calendar*, was Sidney's work.²

The description of the character of Argalus given in the extract at p. 6, perfectly describes Sir Philip Sidney, as his character presented itself to the times. Every point is noticed, even to such touches as his "over-vehemence," and his tendency to musing and melancholy, on which Languet, as we have seen, commented. The author, no doubt, had reproduced the latter feature in Philisides, who is evidently intended to represent the author, and so to be supposed to

¹ i.e., to be published for profit.

² See *Edmund Spenser*, etc., p. 4.

represent Sidney. This, however, is only part of the misleading subtlety of the writer's method.

The next extract (p. 7) introduces Parthenia, an only daughter, who is described with particular care, and again in the extract at page 19. In the extract at page 72 the beautiful passage occurs in which the married life of Argalus and Parthenia is described, and the dramatic interruption of their felicity by the challenge to arms. In this I believe the author alludes to Sidney's call to the Low Countries where he met his death. In the extract at page 75 the end of Argalus is described, which again follows history, as Lady Sidney went to Arnheim to nurse her dying husband. The author imagines Parthenia as refusing to live without Argalus, and falling in combat with Amphialus, disguised as a man. Her dying words are: "I come, my *Argalus*, I come," etc. (iii., 16). The episode concludes with an account of the entombment:

"But both they with Philanax, and the rest of the principall Nobilitie, went out, to make Honour triumph over Death, conveying that excellent body (whereto *Basilus* himself would needes bend his shoulder) to a church a mile from the campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay entomb'd; recommending to that sepulchre the blessed reliques of faithful and virtuous Love: giving order for the making of marble images, to represent them, and each way enriching the tombe. Upon which *Basilus* himself caused this Epitaph to be written."

Here a square is printed on the page, and left blank. The space was filled in in the second edition, published three years later, with the following lines:

His Being was in her alone.
And he not Being she was none.

They joy'd One joy, One grief they griev'd,
One love they lov'd, One life they liv'd.
The hand was One, One was the sword
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the rest; so now the stone
That tombs the Two are justly One.

Argalus and Parthenia.

The passionate grief of Parthenia is, no doubt, founded on fact, for we read that Lady Sidney was prostrated by her exertions and anxieties for some time after Sidney's death, being then in a condition of advanced pregnancy, and she gave birth to a still-born child.

The poem of Spenser on this subject, which I have fully discussed in my earlier volume¹, takes the same line; "Stella," who in that poem is without any possibility of question, Sidney's widow, being represented as unable to live without "Astrophel," and they are transformed by the gods—

. . . pitying this paire of lovers true,
 . . . into one flowre."

This poem was published in 1595, and was dedicated to Sidney's widow, then married to Robert, Earl of Essex. I have suggested, and may here repeat, that this poem, and the collection by other hands which accompanied it, represented an attempt on the part of the author to undo the damage to Sidney's reputation caused by the publication of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets in 1591, by representing "Stella" as Sidney's wife, and that this would account for Spenser's tardy and artificial tribute, and for the inclusion with it of inferior poems by other writers bearing similar testimony.²

While, however, this identification of Parthenia is the natural one, according to the bearing of the story, the description of her seems too august for the personality of Sidney's wife. It is possible, therefore, and it would be in accordance with this writer's method of misleading his readers (which is also that of the author of the *Faerie Queene*), that the real person who is being described in Parthenia, under the appearance of an ideal presentment of Sidney's wife, is his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. The fact that she is ranked in beauty next to the Queen Helen, in whom, as I have said, I believe Queen Elizabeth to be signified, suggests this. Spenser similarly ranks "Urania," who stands in his

¹ *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, chapter XIII.

² *Ibid.* p. 362 and cf. p. 503.

Colin Clout for the Countess of Pembroke. It is also a point to notice that Parthenia's eyes are described as grey—"her great graie eye"¹—which is the colour of the eyes in the portrait of the Countess of Pembroke in the National Portrait Gallery. Of course this might be only a coincidence. This, however, is a separate question, which must await discussion until we come to deal with "Urania" of one of the later Eclogues.²

If my view as to the application of the Argalus and Parthenia episode to the fate of Sidney is sound, as I believe it is, it follows, of course, that he could not have been the author of it. Also, as there is nothing to distinguish it in style from the rest of the book—and the style is quite unique—the inference is that he was not the author of the *Arcadia*.

Let us now return to the history of the first publication of the *Arcadia* and subsequent early editions. At the beginning of chapter IV., I gave the dedicatory letter, purporting to be from Sidney to his sister, by which the publication was introduced. In this letter Sidney commits his manuscript to her protection, with a request that it should not be made public. So here, apparently, we are confronted with a flagrant disregard by his own sister of his wishes within four years of his death, all the more as, according to his friend, Fulke Greville, he directed the work to be burned.³ An explanation of this is attempted in the supplementary "H.S." letter in the second edition (see extract at the beginning of chapter IV.) on the ground that the original publication was unauthorised. But how, in that case, could the printer have come by the private letter to the Countess, and even if it was at the head of Sidney's manuscript how would he have had the temerity to make use of it? But the possibility of this is excluded by the terms of Greville's letter to Walsingham of 1586 (see at p. 110—111 above), which states

¹ See extract at p. 19 above and p. 158 sq. below.
See chapter IX.

³ Cf. also the statement to the same effect by Aubrey's correspondent, p. 6 above.

that there was only one copy of the "revised" version of the book in existence, and that he had sent it to Sidney's widow. In view of that letter, also, Ponsonby could not have got his authority to print, which he did in 1588, without the permission of the owners of the manuscripts. Ponsonby was employed throughout in the transaction. He approached Greville in 1586, presumably at somebody's instigation; the book was licensed to him in 1588, and he was the printer of the first, second and third editions of 1590, 1593, and 1598, respectively. The whole matter, therefore, was handled with deliberation, and the pretence of the "H.S." letter as to unauthorised publication entirely breaks down. This goes far to confirm the view which I expressed in my "Spenser" volume that the similar plea which was put forward in regard to the publication in 1591 of the *Astrophel and Stella* and *Delia* sonnets, in an address purporting to be by Daniel, was also an invention.¹ The fact is that, when critically examined, the introductory documents to the first two editions of the *Arcadia* present a tissue of absurdities, among which none perhaps is more palpable than the account of the composition by Sidney of this intricate work.

It will be observed that the Printer's notice after the Sidney letter leaves a loophole for the introduction of further poems. This was done in the second edition (in folio) which appeared in 1593, where the third book was completed (after a hiatus), and two new books were added—the work being described as "now since the first edition augmented and ended." The machinery by which this was effected is described in the "H.S." letter, where the authorship is largely made over to the Countess of Pembroke. As I have said, Mr. Dobell's investigations have disproved this. It will be noticed that a way is also prepared for the production of further publications under her name, and it is worth noting that this was done in the same year that Harvey was announcing the advent, as an original writer, of the same lady.² So far she had only appeared as a translator.

¹ See *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, chap. XIII., p. 360.

² See my volume on Harvey and Nashe, chapter VII.

A third edition, in folio, appeared in 1598, "with sundry new additions of the same author," and at the end were printed other works attributed to Sidney, namely, *Certaine Sonnets*, *The Defence of Poesie*, *Astrophel and Stella*, and an early device before the Queen at Wanstead, known as "The Lady of May."

An example of each edition exists in the British Museum.

I drew attention, in a note in my volume on Spenser to the disappearance from the book, after the first edition, of the Sidney arms, and the substitution of a fancy design of a boar sniffing a flowering bush, perhaps of rose or rosemary, which bears the legend "non tibi spiro." The Sidney crest of a porcupine has also been turned into a boar, the bristles on the back still preserving the appearance of the quills of the original. Facsimiles of the two title pages will be found in the front of this volume. Obviously this is a fact which calls for an explanation. It is also a point to notice that the same fancy design was utilised for the 1611 folio edition of Spenser's collected works. The figures in the design are Dorus as a shepherd and Zelmane, in her Amazon dress, and the lion and the bear refer to one of the episodes where Zelmane and Dorus slay a lion and a bear, respectively, in defence of their ladies.¹ I mention this because it has been suggested by rash guessers that the figures represent Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester.

The hiatus at the end of the first edition will now be discussed. The story is not resumed at this point in the second edition (1593), but the following note appears :

"How this combate ended, how the Ladies by the comming of the discovered forces were deliuered, and restored to Basilius, and how Dorus againe returned to his old master Damætas, is altogether unknowne. What afterward chaunced, out of the Authors owne writings and conceits hath been supplied, as followeth."

The story then continues at "After that Basilius, according to the oracles promise, had received home his daugh-

¹ See above p. 21.

ters, and settled himself again in his solitary course and accustomed company," etc. But in the edition of 1613 (the sixth, described on the title page as the fourth) we find the following amended note in the same place, printed before the old one, which in that edition is left standing :

" Thus far the worthy Author had reuised or enlarged that first written Arcadia of his, which only passed from hand to hand, and was neuer printed : hauing a purpose likewise to haue new ordred, augmented, and concluded the rest, had he not been preuented by untimely death. So that all which followeth here of this worke, remained as it was done and sent away in seuerall loose sheets (being neuer after reuiewed, nor so much as seene altogether by himselfe) without any certaine disposition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his, howsoeuer depriued of the just grace it should haue had, was held to good to be lost : and therefore with much labour were the best coherences, that could be gathered out of those scattered papers, made, and afterwards printed as now it is, onely by her Noble care to whose deare hand they were first committed, and for whose delight and entertaynement onely undertaken.

" What conclusion it should haue had, or how farre the worke haue beene extended (had it had his last hand thereunto) was onely knowne to his owne spirit, where onely those admirable Images were (and no where else) to be cast.

" And here we are likewise utterly depriued of the relation how this combat ended, and how the Ladies by the discouery of the approaching forces were deliuered and restored to *Basilus* : how Dorus returned to his old master *Damætas* : all which unfortunate mayme we must be content to suffer with the rest."

Now this is in the style of the original Sidney letter. It is also in the style of the conclusion of the work at the end of Book V. :

" But the solemnities of these marriages, with the Arcadian pastorals, full of many comical adventures happening to those rural lovers ; the strange story of Artaxia and Plexirtus, Erona and Plangus, Hellen and Amphialus, with the wonderful chances that befell them ; the shepherdish loves of Menalcas with Kalodulus daughter ; the poor hopes of the poor Philisides in the pursuit of his affections ; the strange continuance of Claius and Strephons desire ; lastly, the son of Pyrocles, named Pyrophilus, and Melidora, the fair daughter of Pamela by Musidorus, who even at their birth entered into admirable fortunes ; may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen in that wherewith mine is already dulled."

"H.S.," assuming (as I do not) that he was Henry Sanford the Earl of Pembroke's secretary, could never have written the amended note, as the allusions to the Countess of Pembroke are too intimate for a servant, nor, from the terms of it, could the Countess have written it herself. Nor is it in the vein of Fulke Greville. The style is that of the author of the book, and I have no doubt that he wrote it, having brought the episode which concludes the first edition to an impasse, and not caring for the trouble of finding a solution. The same note also suggests that doubts had been raised as to the authorship of the continuation, because it is more emphatic than the first as to the origin of the material.¹

The matter supplied by Sir William Alexander in the Dublin (probably pirated) edition of 1621, to make good the hiatus in Book III., and the sixth Book supplied by Richard Beling (first published in Dublin, 1624, and London, 1627), are of no interest in the present connection. The style of the "W.A." addition, however, is interesting as an unconscious parody of the original, and showing the impossibility of imitating the performance of genius.

¹ Ben Jonson's remark, as reported by Drummond, "The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet," might thus be explained.

CHAPTER VI

PYROCLES AND MUSIDORUS

I put Pyrocles first, though he is the younger of the two friends, because he is the more intimate reflection of the author's own nature. He represents, in my opinion, the author on the imaginative side, as Musidorus does on the philosophic side. Other examples of this division of personality are found, as I have already shown, in the *Faerie Queene*,¹ and one, in my belief, occurs in the Gascoigne, or pseudo-Gascoigne, play which I have discussed at length in my volume on the Spenser works.²

Pyrocles is represented as about eighteen years old, Mudidorus as about twenty-one. Pyrocles embodies—though the character is not wholly contained by—the feminine element in the author's nature, always present in genius, and distinctively so in the case of this writer. Musidorus is the more male presentment. The consciousness of this femininity is expressed, as I wrote in the work before mentioned, in Spenser's *Muiopotmos*, and I must refer the reader to that passage.³

The instinct of self-idealization and self-praise, which is so remarkable a feature of the Spenser works, is equally present in the *Arcadia*. Thus in the extract given at p. 3 above, the intellectual quality of Musidorus is described in terms of superlative eulogy, and in one passage the two Princes are referred to as "the most accomplished, both in body and mind, that the Sun ever lookt upon."⁴

¹ See, in particular, the discussion on the Redcrosse knight and Sir Guyon; *Edmund Spenser*, etc., ch. XVII.

² Philomusus and Phylotimus in the *Glasse of Governement*; *Ibid* p. 239.

³ *Ibid* p. 182.

⁴ *Arcadia*, Cambridge text, p. 233.

The intellectual quality of Musidorus is sustained in the discourse fo reason against passion, extracts above, pp. 7, 8 sq. The same quality is seen in the reluctance with which he yields to his feelings; extract, p. 21. In the account of his early youth, extract, p. 25, there is an allusion, in my belief, to Bacon's own story in the death of the father, "leaving his childe to the faith of his friends, and the prooffe of time." The pointed assertion that "well-doing was at that time his scope" corresponds with the similar statement in the suppressed autobiographical passage, quoted in chapter IV. above, and is quite in consonance with Bacon's ideas about himself, and probably with the actual facts, at the time.

The spirit of Pyrocles on the other hand, as his name implies, is of a more fiery nature. In the early manuscripts it appears that the name used for the character under disguise was "Cleophila,"¹ instead of Zelmane and this was presumably abandoned in the published version, owing to its too near resemblance to "Philoclea," or for the sake of the other Zelmane episode. Under that name the aspiring nature of the author was evidently to have been signified. Physical beauty and prowess are the distinguishing features of the character, and in a certain gentle dependence, in a most active and self-reliant nature, on Musidorus, the regimen of the reason over the imagination is evidently indicated.

Pyrocles is first introduced as shipwrecked, seated upon a floating mast, and the nature of the description illustrates the foregoing remarks :

"but upon the mast they saw a yong man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about 18 yeares of age, who sat (as on horsback) having nothing upon him but his shirt, which being wrought with blew silk² and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea : on which the Sun (then neare his Westerne home) did shoote some of his beames. His haire (which the young men of Greece used to weare very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport

¹ Mr. Dobell's article referred to above.

² It is worth noting here that this was Bacon's favourite colour. Compare also the description of Pyrocles in his disguise as a woman; extract, p. 8.

to play with it, as the sea had to kisse his feet ; himselfe full of admirable beautie, set foorth both by the strangenes both of his seate and gesture : for holding his head up full of unmoved majestie, he held a sworde aloft with his faire arme, which often he waved about his crowne as though he would threaten the world in that extremitie."¹

The juvenility of the writing here is, of course, apparent, but it is not the less interesting on that account.

Carried off, before he can be rescued, by pirates, he is taken to Laconia, which the writer makes use of for a political allusion, as I think, to France, with a reference, of course, to his own sojourn there. The passage is as follows :—

" And he was answered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of Laconia, that they were a kinde of people, who having been of old, freemen and possessioners, the Lacedemonians had conquered them, and layd, not onely tribute, but bondage upon them : which they had long borne ; till of late the *Lacedæmonians* through greedinesse growing more heavie then they could beare, and through contempt lesse carefull how to make them beare, they had with a generall consent (rather springing by the generalnes of the cause, then of any artificiall practise) set themselves in armes, and whetting their courage with revenge, and grounding their resolutiō upon despaire, they had proceeded with unloked-for succes : having already takē divers Towns and Castels, with the slaughter of many of the gentrie ; for whom no sex nor age could be accepted for an excuse. And that although at the first they had fought rather with beastly furie, then any souldierly discipline, practise had now made then comparable to the best of the *Lacedæmonians* ; & more of late then ever ; by reason, first of *Demagoras* a great Lord, who had made him self of their partie, and since his death, of an other Captaine they had gotten, who had brought up their ignorance, and brought downe their furie, to such a meane of good government, and withall led them so valourouslie, that (besides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in some other great cōflicts : in such wise, that the estate of *Lacedæmon* had sent unto them, offering peace with most reasonable and honorable conditions."²

This view finds confirmation in the curious description (which seems obviously particular and reminiscent) of the Queen of Laconia which will be found in the extract at p. 19.

¹ p. 10.

² p. 39.

The words in the extract at p. 2 above, that Musidorus was "wearied with the wasted soile of Laconia," and in consequence enjoyed the scenery of Arcadia after it, also points to the same conclusion.

The importance which the author attached to the creation of Pyrocles is shown by the elaborate description of him in his disguise as a woman—see extract at p. 8 sq. The theme of the conflict between "Wit" and "Will," Reason and Passion, which runs all through the "Stella" sonnets, as well as the *Arcadia*, is poetically expressed in that passage. The denunciation, in the argument which follows, of the passion of love, as commonly manifested, closely resembles the writing on the subject by Spenser and also by "E.K." in the *Shepherd's Calendar*.¹

In the same extract, in a passage describing the promise and opportunities of Pyrocles, his father is alluded to as 'old':

"See with your selfe, how fitt it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne of so great a Prince, and of so rare, not onely expectation, but proefe, desired of your olde Father, and wanted of your native cuntry, now so neere your home, to divert your thoughts from the way of goodnesse; to loose, nay to abuse your time."

And again:

"for the remembraunce of your olde careful father."

As Pyrocles is represented as only eighteen this description of his father is not natural, and therefore may reasonably be regarded as having a definite significance in the author's mind. It is also significant that he is named "Euarchus," regard being had to the fact that, after Burghley, Sir Nicholas Bacon was the leading statesman of England. The conditions, in short, correspond with those of Francis Bacon just before his return from the Continent. The same point occurs in Spenser's *Muioptomos*, where the father of the youthful "Clarion" is described as "aged." This is

¹ See, for example, the "Maske of Cupid," *F.Q.*, iii. 12, discussed at p. 98 of my Spenser volume, and the passages in the *Shepherd's Calendar* (referred to in chap. I. of that volume);

discussed at p. 181 of my Spenser volume, to which I must refer the reader.

The bringing together, in youth, of Pyrocles and Musidorus and their education together, as described in the extract at p. 28, is, in my opinion, part of the machinery for displaying the same personality under two characters.

The extraordinary preformance of Zelmane, the female embodiment of Pyrocles, with her sword, seem to me allegorically to represent the power, ardour, and intensity of the author's genius. In love she is fortunate, because the character moves in the world of imagination. Dorus (Musidorus) on the other hand, suffers the disappointments and trials of a real experience.

Dorus is, relatively, more human in conception than Zelmane, who is sheer spirit. An immense egotism, physical and æsthetic sensibility, coldness of intellect, self-confidence and "inhumanity," are the features in her composition. In this the writer gives evidence of a sound psychological instinct. Perhaps, however, it is wrong to say that, as the character, in its main lines, shows no sign of being manufactured, but is the spontaneous expression of the author's own personality, in its innermost core, the power which produced it is the power of nature.

I know that it may be said that the feminine disguise is only part of the stock-in-trade of Italian and other Continental stories, on which the writer no doubt drew for his romance; but criticism of this kind, however much it labours in "origins," is superficial. Zelmane, is a phenomenon which can only be explained in relation to the personality of its creator.

These remarks on the characters of Pyrocles and Musidorus will find further illustration in the extracts relating to them which will be given in the concluding chapter.

I have already alluded to the "heartlessness" in the description of the slaughter of the rebels in the extract at p. 41. The deliberation of it is confirmed by a repetition which occurs in the second edition at Book IV., where Musidorus and Pamela are surprised in a wood by an outlawed remnant:

"But the clowns having with their hideous noise brought them both to their feet, had soon knowledge of what guests they had found, for indeed these were the scummy remnants of those rebels, whose naughty minds could not trust so much to the goodness of their prince, as to lay their hangworthy necks upon the constancy of his promised pardon. Therefore when the rest, who as sheep had but followed their fellows, so sheepishly had submitted themselves, these only committed their safety to the thickest part of these desert woods, who as they were in the constitution of their minds little better than beasts, so were they apt to degenerate to a beastly kind of life. . . .

"Thus first stirred up with a rustical revenge against him, and their desire of spoil to help their miserable wants, but chiefly thinking it was the way to confirm their own pardon, to bring the princess back unto her father . . . set all together upon the worthy Musidorus . . . Who straight like so many swine when a hardy mastiff sets upon them, dispersed themselves. But the first he overtook as he ran away, carrying his head so far before him, as those manner of runnings are wont to do, with one blow struck it so clean off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the body falling upon it, it made a show as though the fellow had had great haste to gather up his head again. Another the speed he made to run for the best game, bare him full butt against a tree, so that tumbling back with a bruised face, and a dreadful expectation, Musidorus was straight upon him, and parting with his sword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roaring lamentation that his mortar-treading was marred for ever. A third finding his feet too slow, as well as his hands too weak, suddenly turned back, beginning to open his lips for mercy. But before he had well entered a rudely compiled oration, Musidorus' blade was come between his jaws into his throat, and so the poor man rested there with a very evil mouthful of an answer."

It is difficult to take such writing quite seriously, as it astonishes and almost diverts the mind, but it is evident that the writer was serious, and even when all allowance is made for juvenility and for the habits of thought of the age, the attitude of mind displayed in these passages is revolting.

But what are we to think of it in the case of Sir Philip Sidney? At the time when this work is presumed to have been written by him he was a man of twenty-six, with a high reputation for gravity, even for religious feeling. Certainly he had religious convictions, and even if they were rather of a partizan and political character, they were of the Protestant order, and therefore, in those days, serious and founded on Christian teaching and an appeal to individual

moral responsibility. He is eulogised on this account in Royden's poem :

" A sweet attractive kinde of grace,
A full assurance given by lookes,
Continuall comfort in his face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes."

Languet also bears testimony to his character which seems incompatible with the spirit of these passages,¹ and the well-known story of this consideration for the dying soldier when he was himself wounded is a further illustration. It is idle to represent Sidney as a model Englishman, and at the same time to give him credit for such writing as this.

It may be argued, on the other hand, that these descriptions are concerned with rebellion, and that the purpose of the writer was to display it in an odious light. I think this is certainly true. But it does not account for the cruelty and callous contempt in the treatment. Mr. Dobell writes (in the article above referred to) : " To Sidney, as to Shakespeare, the common people are a mass of uninstructed, foolish, and violently destructive creatures, at the mercy of every plausible intriguer and of every gust of passion." I have endeavoured to throw some light on this subject in my volume on the Spenser works, where I have drawn attention to the fact that Bacon's attitude towards the crowd is also that of Spenser and Shakespeare. In my further volume, on the works of Harvey and Nashe, I have given examples from the works of the latter which reveal precisely the same attitude. It is an attitude which is not explained by the general tendencies of the age, but goes far beyond them, and it arises not so much from class prejudice, as from aesthetic impulse and, to some extent, philosophic conviction. The tone adopted is morally lower and less human than is to be found, so far as I am aware, in any other great writer. In any case I am quite unable to reconcile it with the accounts of

¹ For example : " To speak plainly, I fear that of the qualifications of a Commander, severity will be the one in which you will be deficient. For by nature and inclination you are formed for gentleness, and soldiers cannot be kept to their duty without severity." *March*, 1580.

Sir Philip Sidney. We cannot conceal from ourselves the fact that there are passages in the *Arcadia* which arouse feelings of repugnance. It may be said of the author of it what Dr. Johnson said of Shakespeare: "We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise." Yet perhaps, in extenuation, we may say this, that the passages in the *Arcadia* to which I refer belong to the author's first youth, when his delicate spirit was still under the influence of the grosser crudities of the Elizabethan age. I put forward this explanation, however, only for what it is worth, for it would be a great mistake to suppose that it was exhaustive.

CHAPTER VII

PAMELA AND PHILOCLEA: MIRA: STELLA

If the theory as to the distribution of the author's manifold personality under the two characters of Musidorus and Pyrocles is sound, it follows that the objects of their affections represent a similar distribution of personality, and that Pamela and Philoclea, therefore stand for one and the same person.

It seems to be generally recognised that "Mira," of the poem in Book III. (given at p. 59 above) is identical with "Philoclea," and also with "Stella" of the sonnets. On this question Mr. Dobell writes: "That the lady whom Sidney here calls Mira was the same whom he celebrates elsewhere as Stella and that the real person whom he thus shadows forth was Penelope Devereux (afterwards Lady Rich), is sufficiently evident." Also: "It may be accepted, I think, as a certainty that Philoclea is, like Stella, an idealised delineation of Penelope Devereux."

Mr. Fox Bourne similarly regards "Philoclea" as containing some allusion to Penelope, and he thinks that probably "Pamela" is "a vague idealization" of Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

The common tradition is that given in the letter of Aubrey's correspondent quoted at p. 5 above, that "Pamela" is intended for Dorothy, and "Philoclea" for Penelope, the younger and elder sisters respectively, daughters of the first Earl of Essex. This interpretation obtains colour from the fact that the two characters are represented as sisters, though Pamela is made, for the purpose of a thin disguise,

the elder of the two.¹ We shall do well, however, to take the warning of Aubrey's correspondent that all he knew of the matter was "not worth anything," and examine the question on the internal evidence alone. We may begin with the "Mira" poem.

The "Mira" poem, which is found in the suppressed autobiographical passage, and placed there in the mouth of Philisides—who admittedly represents the author—is, in the published version, spoken by a boy on behalf of Amphialus to the imprisoned Philoclea (see p. 59 above). When we come to read it, however, we find that it is quite unsuited to such a situation and purpose. It would be evident, therefore, even if we had not got the evidence of the manuscript, that it was not written for the occasion in the story, but independently, and the opportunity taken for producing it.

The poem purports to describe the circumstances of the author's first falling in love, and the description corresponds with the account given of this event in the suppressed autobiographical passage. In philosophical terms the author describes the descent of darkness, and his falling asleep with a mind free from earthly preoccupations :

"Free all my powers were from those capturing snares,
Which heavenly purest gifts defile in muddy cares."

Following nature, then he fell asleep—nature

"Which senses up doth shut the senses to preserve."

¹ There are some lines in a poem included at the end of the 1655 edition of the *Arcadia*, described as "A Remedy for Love written by S^r Philip Sidney, Heretofore omitted in the printed *Arcadia*," which indicate that the author did not originally design these characters for sisters, but, like Claius and Strephon (see below, Chapter IX.), for friends :

Philoclea and Pamela sweet
By chance in one great hous did meet ;
And meeting did so join in heart,
That th' one from the other could not part.

The poem, such as it is, bears indication of a very early origin.

But his wakeful mind,

“ Which made of Heav'nly stuffe no mortal change doth blind,
Flew up with freer wings of fleshly bondage free ;”

and he found himself in a region where he could freely contemplate Nature. Here follow some lines which perfectly describe the studies and speculations of Bacon on his philosophic side :

“ Her giftes my study was, her beauties were my sporte :
My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my resorte.
Those lampes of heav'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The ever-turning spheares, the never-moving ground ;
What essence dest'nie hath ; if fortune be or no ;
Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth doo flowe :
What life it is, and how that all these lives doo gather,
With outward makers force, or like an inward father.
Such thoughts, me thought, I thought, and strained my single mind,
Then void of neerer cares, the depths of things to find.”

Similarly the autobiographical passage says that the writer was not barred “ from seeking the natural knowledge of things, so far as the narrowe sight of man hath pierced into it,” and “ continued to use the benefitt of a quyet mynde.”

We read in Rawley's biographical memoir of Bacon that “ his first childish years were not without some mark of eminency ; at which time he was endued with that pregnancy and towardness of wit, as they were presages of that deep and universal apprehension¹ which was manifested in him afterwards.” Dr. Abbott also, speaking of Bacon's early years, says : “ Of all this period we have no record save a few anecdotes which reveal an early predisposition to extend his studies beyond the ordinary limits of literature, and to read the smallest print of the book of Nature.”² And Bacon's own writings show how persistently throughout his life he followed such inquiries.

¹ There are other contemporary testimonies as to this quality in Bacon.

² *Francis Bacon*, 1885, p. 14. These stories are mainly derived from the *Sylva Sylvarum*. They include inquiries into vibrations produced by sounds, the causes of echoes, a conjuring trick, etc., and are indicative of Bacon's versatility and insatiable curiosity.

The "depths of things," of course is "rerum causas," and the expression may be compared with "the mystery of things" of Shakespeare's *Lear*, and the "vitam degere quietam et tranquillam in studiis et contemplatione rerum" of Bacon's draft for a pardon after his fall.¹ The line about the "ever-turning spheres" and the "never-moving ground" is dogmatic, evidently intended as a protest against the new Copernican faith, and it may be compared with a similar expression in one of Spenser's poems quoted at p. 147 below, and Bacon's early allusion to the theory in the phrase "these new car-men which drive the earth about."² Bacon always disliked the theory of the rotation of the earth, and concluded finally against it in his *Descriptio Globi Intellectualis* and his *Thema Coeli*.³ A similar range of studies is alluded to under allegory in Spenser's account of the flight of the butterfly, "young Clarion," in the poem *Muiopotmos*, which I discussed in my "Spenser" volume.⁴ It may seem unusual to some that a poet should also be a philosopher, but Coleridge said that no man could be a great poet who was not one.

The "Mira" poem is deeply philosophic and reveals a speculative reach in the author which is altogether beyond the powers of Sidney as they are revealed in his correspondence. Thus it anticipates one of the conclusions of modern psychology that the soul, or subconscious mind, which is the seat and source of genius, does not sleep. Such speculations are entirely characteristic of Bacon. So also is the extraordinary naïveté and candour of the admissions, which, as I shall show later, are in some respects against the writer himself. We are justified by the autobiographical passage with which the poem is prefaced in the manuscript in concluding that the statements in the poem are in the main a relation of fact. We are also justified in his conclusion by the evidence of Bacon's private memoranda called the *Co-*

¹ See *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, p. 145.

² From "The Praise of knowledge" in a *Device* produced in 1592.

³ See further on this point in my volume *Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe*, chapter VIII.

⁴ chapter VI.

mentarius Solutus,¹ in which he has written down on paper thoughts which probably no other human being would have dreamt of revealing, or even of expressing, so discreditable to himself do some of them appear. If this was his habit, how much more would he have indulged it when writing under the protection of a disguise. Again, the significant claim to simplicity of conduct, in the expression "In simple course," on which I have so frequently commented in my books,² must not be overlooked. It is a constant mannerism of Bacon's. But I must proceed now to the solution of the rest of the poem.

It goes on to describe how the contemplations of the sleeper's mind were interrupted by a vision. Diana and Venus descend in a chariot to the earth, and with them "a virgin pure" described as "the waiting nymphe." She is addressed by Diana as "Mira," and, playing on the name, the writer says:

"And Mira I admirde: her shape sonke in my brest."

Diana and Venus, to my mind, stand evidently for a dual representation of Queen Elizabeth. The quarrel between them for precedence, and the slackening of their worship on earth, point to the fading beauty of the Queen, and the conflict in her between the desire to be loved and admired and at the same time to remain celibate and rule. The words "Our yeares doo it require," namely that their conflict should cease, are most significant of the Queen. Also the lines:

"And thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with spite,
Diana did begin."

were, no doubt, true to nature, under certain aspects.

This interpretation finds confirmation in the description of the Queen of Corinth in the extract given at p. 38 above, that she was "a Diana apparelled in the garments of Venus."

Being called upon to decide between Diana and Venus the author relates that, instead, he gave the crown to Mira.

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life*, iv.

² See especially *Edmund Spenser*, chapter V.

Whereupon the two goddesses left a curse upon his love, Venus promising that Mira's beauty would kindle a fire in his mind of which he would repent, and Diana that she would give her a chastity which

" In ashes of despaire (though burnt) shall make thee live."

With that they fled away to heaven, and the writer woke from his dream.

This, of course, is the theme of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets, thus described by "Nashe" in publishing them :

" The Argument cruell chastitie, the Prologue hope, the Epilogue dispaire."

Mira, I believe to be Mary Sidney, who was married to the Earl of Pembroke in 1577. She was a maid of honour, and later a lady in waiting, of the Queen, and this is stated in the poem, under my interpretation of it. It will be noticed also that Mira is an anagram of Mary.

The spite of the Queen at the writer's preference for her will be discussed later. In the meantime I will state in summary form my conclusions as to the love affairs which the author of the poem "did with so much covering hyde."¹

The story seems to be this—and it is the keynote of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets, and of some of the text and poems of the *Arcadia*—that the author was admired in his youth by a lady of great position. Her admiration was for his intelligence, and he mistook it for love. On some occasion, after her marriage, he tried to embrace her and incurred her displeasure. Thereafter she assumed a cold demeanour, though not ceasing to like and admire him, and thereby reduced him to despair and a wordy expression of his passion, which she continued to check by appeals to his better feelings.² The whole experience was evidently utilized

¹ See at p. 93 above.

² See *Three Proper Letters*, etc. Harvey to "Immerito": "Imagine me to come into a goodly Kentishe Garden of your old Lord's . . . and perhaps it will advaunce the wynges of your Imagination a degree higher: at the least if any thing can be added to the loftinesse of his conceite, whom gentle *Mistresse Rosalinde*

for the purposes of artistic expression. By a long train of indications, subtle and disguised, but none the less unmistakable when the clues are recognised, the lady is revealed as Mary Sidney, afterwards Countess of Pembroke, and she is the "Rosalinde" of Spenser, the "Mira," "Urania,"¹ "Pamela," and "Philoclea" of the *Arcadia*, the "Stella" of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets, as well as (confessedly) the "subject of all verse" of the anonymous epitaph.² This multiplication of characters to represent the same individual is an invention peculiar to this writer, and it is also found in the various presentments of himself, under several aspects in the *Glasse of Government*³ the *Faerie Queene*⁴ and the *Arcadia*. We have the express authority of "E.K." for regarding "Rosalinde" as an anagram,⁵ and when we find that the word contains all the letters of "Mary Sidnei" except the initial M., there is the strongest ground for the conclusion—if it bears, as it does, the test of the internal evidence of the writings—that she is the person represented.

Thus :

(M) A R Y S I D N E I
R S A I N D E
R (O) S A (L) I N D E

once reported to have all the Intelligencies at commaundement, and, another time, christened her Segnior Pegaso." (See my *Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe*, chapter II.)

See also *Astrophel and Stella* Sonnets, *Arcadia* (extracts at p. 52 sq. above), and Nashe, introduction to the A. and S. Sonnets: "The Argument cruell chastitie, the Prologue hope, the Epilogue dispaire." (See *Edmund Spenser*, etc., pp. 336, 358 sq.).

¹ See chapter IX.

² See *Edmund Spenser*, etc., p. 504.

³ See *Edmund Spenser*, etc., p. 229 sq.

⁴ See *Edmund Spenser*, etc., chapter XVII.

⁵ See *Shepheardes Calender*, Glosse, where "E.K." says that Rosalinde was "A Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endowed with anye vulgare and common giftes, both of nature and manners" (*April*) and that "Rosalinde is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth" (*January*). (See *Edmund Spenser*, etc., pp. 364, 502).

Further evidence in support of this conclusion, that in "Mira" the Countess of Pembroke is shadowed is found in a poem which appeared in the second edition of the *Arcadia*, among the Eclogues to Book III. It is spoken by Philisides, and, in pastoral form, is concerned with the praises of "Mira" and the ill-success of his love. It concludes as follows :

" Oh ! what doth wailing win ?
 Speech without end had better not begin.
 My song climb thou the wind,
 Which Holland sweet now gently sendeth in,
 That on his wings the level thou may'st find
 To hit, but kissing hit
 Her ears the weights of wit.
 If thou know not for whom thy master dies,
 These marks shall make thee wise :
 She is the herdess fair that shines in dark,
 And gives her kids no food, but willows bark.
 This said, at length he ended
 His oft sigh-broken ditty,
 Then raise, but raise no legs with faintness bended,
 With skin in sorrow died,
 With face the plot of pity,
 With thoughts, which thoughts their own tormentors tried,
 He rose and straight espied
 His ram, who to recover
 The ewe another lovde,
 With him proud battle proved.
 He envied such a death in sight of lover,
 And always westward eyeing,
 More envied Phœbus for his western flying."

Now the "wind from Holland" is the east wind, and a message carried by it would therefore be to the west. This is further indicated in the last two lines, where the writer watches with envy the sinking sun. Penelope Devereux lived before her marriage in Staffordshire, and after it in Essex, and the writer, whether he was Sidney, as professed, or Francis Bacon, as I believe, lived in Kent or Middlesex. In relation to her, therefore, the conditions of the lines are not satisfied. But they are satisfied as regards the Countess of Pembroke, who lived at Wilton. Of course it is easy to say that this is

"the irresponsible play of poetic fancy,"¹ but poetry is the most definite and intellectual of the arts, and those who use such phrases with regard to it only show that they do not understand its processes. A writer does not go out of his way to invent a difficult literary combination unless he has a definite purpose in his mind.

There is more evidence to show that Mira, Pamela, Philoclea and Stella are all presentments of the same personality, ideally conceived under different imagery. This will now be considered.

The verses "Unto a caitiff wretch" which, in the published version, are left by Musidorus in the chamber of Pamela, on his fall from her favour (see extract p. 32), are found in the suppressed autobiographical passage (p. 50 above), as sent by Philisides to Mira. In this poem the following descriptions of the lady's hair and eyes occur :

"Or those golden lockes, those lockes which look me to bondage."
 "Those eyes would shine from a dark cave."

This corresponds, as regards the eyes, with the description "she is the herdess fair that shines in dark" in the second Mira poem just quoted.

In the descriptions of the physical charms of Philoclea in Book I., the same features occur—the bright hair and the shining eyes—with the addition that the eyes are definitely stated to be black.

"her haire (alas too poore a word, why should I not rather call them her beames) . . . with the cast of her blacke eyes; blacke indeed, whether nature so made, that we might be the more able to behold and bear their wonderfull shining, or that she (goddesse like) would worke this miracle in her selfe, in giving blacknes the price above all beauty."

"Her haire fine threeds of finest gould."

"For the black starres those Sphears contain."

¹ A phrase used by Sir Sidney Lee to explain, or explain away, the scheme of *The Tempest* of Shakespeare, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 256.

In the description of Pamela in Book I. (extract p. 16) Pamela's hair also is compared with gold.

In the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets the same features are attributed to "Stella":

"When Nature made her chief work, Stella's eyes,
In colour black why wrapt she beams so bright?
Queen Virtue's Court, which some call Stella's face,
Prepared by Nature's choicest furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaster pure;
Gold is the covering of that stately place."

Extraordinary as it may appear—indeed, so far as I am aware, unexampled in nature—that a woman should have golden hair and black eyes, these seem to have been the features of Lady Rich, if we can believe the description of her in two sonnets by Henry Constable. In one he refers to her head: "the crest was waves of gold"; in another, addressed to Hilliard, the painter, upon the occasion of a picture he had made of her, he writes:

For often sprinckling "her black sparckling eyes"
Her lips and breast taught you the []¹
"To Diamonds, rubies, pearls, the worth of which
Doth make the jewell which you paynt seem rich."

The portrait of the Countess of Pembroke in the National Gallery shows her with grey eyes² and brown hair. With regard to the hair, however, Aubrey says: "Her haire was of a reddish yellowe," and, speaking of Sir Philip, "he much resembled his sister, but his haire was not red, but a little inclining." In making her hair brown, therefore, the artist may have been altering a feature which was not to the taste of the times, or, as the picture was painted in advanced life, the hair may have changed colour. The emphasis on the "golden" colour in the extracts given above would thus be explained, gold having a reddish tinge. The very peculiar image also of "golden wyre," as applied to hair, which is

¹ The brackets denote a "hiatus" in Constable's original manuscript.

² Cf. of "Parthenia"—"Her Great Grey Eye"—p. 19 above.

found in Spenser (and in some other places), may have had its origin from the same model, red hair having a wiry texture. But the "black" eyes I can only regard as part of the disguise, adopted to suit the Sidney impersonation and divert suspicion from the real author and the mistress of his affections. As to the supposed description of Lady Rich, just quoted, I can, as I have said, make nothing of it.

Viewed thus through its disguise the *Arcadia* might be described as the love poem of Shakespeare. At least it is to me more credible that the first falling in love of such a nature should have set up articulate reverberations on an extensive plane, than that it should have stumbled in adolescence into an ordinary physical union without a line to record the experience.

But the evidence for this theory by no means ends here, and it will be pursued in the succeeding chapters.

CHAPTER VIII

PHILISIDES: MIRA, ROSALIND OF SPENSER, AND THE QUEEN

It is generally supposed that under the figure of Philisides, the sad shepherd, the author has represented himself. In Bryskett's inferior poem published with Spenser's *Astrophel*, Sidney is referred to under this name, and Aubrey's correspondent says: "If he did make his owne character high, they sayde Philisides was himself to, but it was all a guesse" (p. 6 above). All the passages in which this personage is introduced show sufficiently clearly that it stands for the author, and it is, of course, therefore assumed that it represents Sidney. The craft of the disguise lies in the feature of melancholy, to which Sidney was subject, probably notoriously. But Sidney's melancholy was partly constitutional, partly the effect of enforced inactivities. The melancholy of Philisides, on the other hand is egotistical, the effect of disappointed passion.

Languet, as we have seen, writing in 1574, alludes to Sidney's tendency to melancholy: "Besides you are not over cheerful by nature," etc., and he advises him to seek cheerful companionship: "Since you are somewhat serious by nature you should choose companions who can enliven you with becoming entertainment." Sidney in his reply says: "I readily allow that I am often more serious than either my age or my pursuits demand," etc. Evidence also of an impulsive irritability—probably largely the result of circumstances—appears in Sidney's correspondence.¹ As I have shown, however, there is no evidence in the story of Sidney's life, so far as it can be traced, to explain this feature

¹ Notably in the ferocious letter written to his father's Secretary, Molyneux, under the suspicion that he was opening his letters.

on the ground of an unsuccessful love affair. On the contrary, the evidence all points to his indifference to such entanglements, and the preoccupation of his mind with schemes of state. Such a character is accurately depicted in the portrait of Argalus, and in that portrait, not in Philisides, I believe Sidney is to be found.

Philisides is only once introduced by name in the first edition of the *Arcadia*, but he appears in several places in the subsequent version. The passage in which he so appears in the first edition (Book II.) is obscure and enigmatical. His name is printed in capital letters, and is accompanied by an allusion to Stella as "the Star"; he is represented as in his first youth. The occasion is the tournament at the Court of Iberia :

" Against him came forth an *Iberian* whose manner of entering was, with bagpipes instead of trumpets ; a shepherds boy before him for a Page, and by him a dosen apparelled like shepherds for the fashion, though rich in stuffe, who caried his launces, which though strong to give a launcely blow indeed, yet so were they coloured with hooks neere the mourn, that they pretily represēted shephooks. His own furniture was drest over with wooll, so enriched with Jewels artificially placed, that one would have thought it a mariage betweene the lowest and the highest. His *Impresa* was a sheepe marked with pitch, with this word *Spotted to be knowne*. And because I may tell you out his conceipt (though that were not done, till the running for that time was ended) before the Ladies departed from the windowes, among them there was one (they say) that was the *Star*, wherby his course was only directed. The shepherds attending upō *PHILISIDES* went amōg thē, & sāg an eclogue ; one of thē answering another, while the other shepherds pulling out recorders (which possēt the place of pipes) accorded their musick to the others voice. The Eclogue had great praise : I onely remember sixe verses, while having questioned one with the other, of their fellow-shepherds sodaine growing a man of armes, and the cause of his so doing, they thus said.

Me thought some staves he mist : if so, not much amisse :
 For where he most would hit, he ever yet did misse.
 One said he brake acrossse ; full well it so might be :
 For never was there man more crosssely crost then he.
 But most cryed, O well broke : O foole full gaily blest :
 Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best.

" Thus I have digrest, because his maner liked me wel : But when he began to run against *Lelius*, it had neere growne (though great love had ever bene betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philisides* breaking

his staves with great commendation, *Lelius* (who was knowne to be second to none in the perfection of that Art) ranne ever over his head, but so finely to the skilfull eyes, that one might well see, he shewed more knowledge in missing, then others did in hitting. For with so gallant a grace his staffe came swimming close over the crest of the Helmet, as if he would represent the kisse, and not the stroke of *Mars*. But *Philisides* was much moved with it, while he thought *Lelius* would shew a contempt of his youth : till *Lelius* (who therefore would satisfie him, because he was his friend) made him know, that to such bondage he was for so many courses tyed by her, whose disgraces to him were graced by her excellency, and whose injuries he could never otherwise returne, then honours."¹

He really, however, first appears in the Eclogues to Book I., though, in the first edition, anonymously. In the second edition the name is supplied, but the passage is altered and transferred to the Eclogues to Book III. The account in the first edition is as follows :

" This Eclogue betwixt *Lalus* & *Dorus*, of every one of the beholders received great commendations. When *Basilus* called to a yong shepheard, who nether had daunced nor song with thē, but layne al this while upō the ground at the foot of a cypresse tree, in so deep a melancholy, as though his mind were banished from the place he loved, to be in prison in his body : & desired him he would begin some Eclogue, with some other of the shepheards, according to the accustomed guise : or els declare the discourse of his owne fortune, unknowne to him ; as being a straunger in that coutry. But he praied the King to pardon him, the time being far too joyful to suffer the rehersall of his miseries. Yet, to satisfy *Basilus* some way, he sange this songe, he had learned before he had subjected his thoughts to acknowledge no maister, but a mistresse."²

Then follows the poem *As I my little flocks on Ister banke*, which contains the well-known allusion to *Languet* :

The songe I sange old Lanquet had me taught,
Lanquet, the shepheard best swift Ister knewe,
For clerkly reed, and hating what is naught,
For faithfull hart, cleane hands, and mouth as true :
With his sweet skill my skillesse youth he drewe,
To have a feeling tast of him that sitts
Beyond the heaven, far more beyond your witts.

¹ p. 284.

² p. 132.

He said, the Musique best thilke powers pleasd
 Was jumpe concorde betweene our wit and will :
 Where highest notes to godlines are raisd,
 And lowest sinke not downe to jote of ill :
 With old true tales he woont mine eares to fill,
 How sheepheards did of yore, how now they thrive,
 Spoiling their flock, or while twixt thē they strive.

He liked me, but pitied lustfull youth :
 His good strong staffe my slippry yeares upbore :
 He still hop'd well, because he loved truth ;
 Till forste to parte, with harte and eyes even sore,
 To worthy Coriden he gave me ore.
 But thus in okes true shade recounted he
 Which now in nights deepe shade sheep heard of me."-

That the writer should introduce the name of Languet in connection with the impersonation is, of course, no proof of the Sidney authorship. It may be, as I suppose it is, only part of the disguise.

In the second and subsequent editions *Philisides* is introduced in the *Eclogues* to Book II :

" A young shepherd, named *Philisides*, who neither had danced nor sung with them, and had all this time lain upon the ground at the foot of a Cypress tree, leaning upon his elbow with so deep a melancholy, that his senses carried to his mind no delight from any of their objects."

And again in the *Eclogues* to Book III :

" Thither came of strange shepherds only the melancholy *Philisides*."

" Who as a stranger sat among them, revolving in his mind all the tempests of evil fortune he had passed."

" without further study began to utter that wherewith his thoughts were then, as always, most busied : and to show what a stranger he was to himself, spoke of himself as of a third person, in this sort."

And he sings the second " *Mira* " song of which I quoted the conclusion at p. 134 above: He then continues with *As I my little flocke*, etc., transferred from Book I. of the first edition.

Sir William Alexander, in his supplement to Book III. kills him off; but that this was not the author's intention is shown in the conclusion of Book V., where he refers to "the poor hopes of the poor Philisides in the pursuit of his affections" as among the subjects which "may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen in that wherewith mine is already dulled."

A parallel, in a lighter vein, to the aloof and melancholy Philisides is found in Shakespeare's "melancholy Jaques," who leaves the scene at the conclusion of the play with the words:

"So to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures."

Audrey of that play bears some resemblance to Mopsa of the *Arcadia*, with the grosser element of personal distaste and ridicule of deformity eliminated.

A Spenser parallel to Philisides, in his withdrawal from the world, is found in the description of the retirement to "idle Cell" of "that same gentle Spirit" in the *Teares of the Muses*, of Colin Clout's similar retirement in the *Ruines of Time*, and that of Ætion, described as "though last not least," in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*. Similarly also of Euphues in the title of Greene's *Menaphon*: "Camilla's alarum to slumbering Euphues in his melancholie Cell at Silixedra."¹

The suppressed autobiographical passage, put into the mouth of Philisides, assigns a reason for his melancholy, which corresponds with the tenour of the passages which bear on it in the *Arcadia*, namely ill success in love:

"But having spent some parte of my youthe in following her . . . and having bin not onely refused all comferte but newe quarrels picked against me, I did resolve by perpetuall absence to choke my owne evil fortunes," etc.

The same melancholy, attributed to the same cause (concealed from the world), is described in the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets:

¹ See *Edmund Spenser*, etc., pp. 165—167, 334. And see also the last chapter of this book.

The curious wits, seeing dull Pensiveness
 Betray itself in my long-settled eyes,
 Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
 With idle pains and missing aim, do guess.
 Some, that know how my spring I did address,
 Deem that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies ;
 Others, because the prince my service tries,
 Think that I think State errors to redress :
 But harder judges judge ambition's rage—
 Scourge of itself, still climbing slippery place—
 Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
 O fools, or otherwise : alas, the race
 Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start
 But only Stella's eyes and Stella's heart."¹

(XXIII).

Throughout Spenser's works there runs a similar complaint of a love-tragedy, which it has been found impossible to reconcile with the story of Spenser's supposed courtship and marriage, as derived, under the accepted interpretation, from his poems. This complaint is accompanied by an appeal, couched in the language of love, for the Queen's favour and a protest that his affection for Rosalind is always subject to his devotion to the Queen. In my book on Spenser I concluded that this was allegorically described under the story of Timias and Belphebe in Book IV., cantos 7 and 8, of the *Faerie Queene*, a story which is commonly supposed to apply to Raleigh, but further historical researches, while strengthening me in my view that the character of Timias could not possibly be intended to apply to him, have brought me to the conclusion that he is not even glanced at in this episode. The opinion which I have reached is that the character of Timias is consistent throughout, and that it is intended for the Earl of Essex under another alternative form, that is under an aspect different from that in which he is portrayed as Arthegal. This question is fully discussed in my book on Shakespeare.²

Bacon paid court to the Queen from his earliest youth

¹ See the discussion on this at pp. 356—366, 503, 504 of *Edmund Spenser*, etc.

² *The Impersonality of Shakespeare* (not yet published. See note to Preface.)

and writes of her in his acknowledged works in most extravagant terms. In his concealed works (as I believe) this habit assumed monstrous proportions. A very early example is, in my opinion, to be found in the anonymous *Partheniades* (addressed to the Queen), which the supposed "Puttenham" refers to in the *Arte of English Poesie* as his own work,¹ and a later one is found in Spenser's *Colin Clout*, where the language used almost passes the bounds of sanity. It is conceivable that Queen Elizabeth was cognizant of the source of all these tributes, but she would naturally not acknowledge them publicly and lay herself open to censure, and even ridicule, for encouraging courtship in a man of comparatively humble position who aspired to official employment. But she would none the less appreciate the apparent devotion to her person which such tributes seemed to imply, and regard with indignation any display of affection in the author of them to another woman about the Court. It is thus possible that Bacon may, in some unguarded moment, have given her offence in this way.

The theory that Bacon in his youth was in love with Mary Sidney, after, if not before, her marriage in 1577 to the Earl of Pembroke ["which though I did with so much covering hyde that I was thought voyde of it as any man"], enables us to reconstruct such a situation. But as I have already suggested the same theory in connection with the indications about "Rosalind" in Spenser's poems², I will here recapitulate the argument under that form.

In the *Shepherds Calender*, an early work, we have the account of Rosalind in the "E.K." glosse, namely that she was "a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners" (*April*), and that "Rosalinde is also a feigned name, which, being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his loue and mistresse whom by that name he coloureth" (*January*). In the *December Eclogue* the author, bidding farewell to Rosalind, writes :

¹ See *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, p. 84 n.

² *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, chapters XIII. and XVII.

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more ;
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

"one" being, as I think, evidently the Queen. Compare the *Amoretti*: "Whom, if I please, I care for other none," said in connection with "that Angel," an expression which, as I think I have conclusively shown, denotes Queen Elizabeth¹.

In *Three Proper Letters*, etc., between Harvey and "Immerito," published in 1580, Harvey writes as follows :

"Imagine me to come into a goodly Kentishe Garden of your old Lords, or some other Nobleman, and spying a flourishing Bay Tree there, to demaunde *extempore*, as followeth :

Arbor vittoriosa, triomfale,
Honor d'Imperadori, e di Poete :

and perhaps it will advaunce the winges of your Imagination a degree higher : at the least if any thing can be added to the loftinesse of his conceite, whom gentle *Mistresse Rosalinde* once reported to haue all the Intelligences at commaundement, and an other time Christened her *Segnior Pegaso*."

The allusion, which without much doubt, in my opinion, is to Penshurst, the house of the Sidneys, suggests that the lady was Mary Sidney, and the direction of "E. K." as to the ordering of the letters of the feigned name confirms this. It is further confirmed by the statement in the glosse to *June* that the author at that time was "abiding" in Kent.

Again, the account of the studies of the author allegorised under the description of "flowres," in the *December* eclogue, and their interruption of love,² corresponds generally with the account of the studies of the author of the "Mira" poem and their similar interruption.³

In *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, written presumably

¹ *Edmund Spenser*, etc., pp. 382—384, 389, 455.

² My boughes with bloomes that crowned were at firste
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst,
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before ;
And rotted, ere they were half mellow ripe :
My harvest wast, my hope away did wbye.

³ See p. 91 above.

between 1591 and 1595, the author thus alludes to his early love, in answer to a suggestion by one of the parties to the dialogue that she was to blame for treating him with coldness :

Indeed (said Lucid) I have often heard
Faire Rosalind of divers fowly blamed,
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,

From Colin's reply :

Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :

Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieffe,
And long affliction which I have endured :

That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
The simple trophe of her great conquest.

In the same poem the writer also expresses his eternal devotion to Rosalind in the following lines, which suggest that she was among the ladies about the Court :

Then spake a louely lasse, hight Lucida,
Shepherd, enough of shepheards thou has told,
Which favour thee, and honour Cynthia :
But of so many Nymphs which she doth hold
In her retinew, thou hast nothing sayd ;
That seems, with none of them thou favour foundest,
Or art ungratefull to each gentlemayd,
That none of all their due deserts resoundest.

Ah far be it (quoth Colin Clout) fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds should ill deserve :
For that my selfe I do professe to be
Vassal to one, whom all my dayes I serve ;
The beame of beautie sparkled from above,
The floure of vertue and pure chastitie,
The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearle of peerlesse grace and modestie :
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize :
To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
To her my life I wholly sacrifice :
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is shee,
And I hers ever onely, ever one :
One ever I all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none.

And he proceeds next to put in the highest place among those "who else vouchsafed him grace," "Urania, sister unto Astrofell."

This was published the year after Spenser was supposed to have been happily married to the subject of the *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamion*!

In the year following (1596) appeared the *Foure Hymnes*, dedicated to "the Ladie Margaret Countesse of Cumberland, and the Ladie Marie Countesse of Warwicke." The mistake in the second name, which should have been Anne, suggests that the author intended the dedication for the Countess of Pembroke and altered it at the last moment, perhaps leaving the "Marie" intentionally. At the end of the "Hymne of Beautie," a work, according to the author, written "in the greener times of my youth," the following lines occur :

In lieu whereof graunt, O great Soueraine,
That she whose conquering beautie doth captive
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live,
And this same life, which first from me she reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you faire Venus dearling, my dear dread,
Fresh flowre of grace, great Goddess of my life,
When your faire eyes these fearfull lines shal read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of dew reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pynning grieffe,
And show what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can restore a damned wight from death.

An example of the outrageous lengths to which the writer was prepared to go in his flattery of the Queen occurs in the "Hymne of Heavenly Beautie," one of the two later hymns, where "Sapience," who is obviously intended for Queen Elizabeth, is represented as seated in the bosom of the Almighty :

There in his bosome *Sapience* doth sit,
The soveraine darling of the *Deity*,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, most fit
For so great powre and peereless majesty.

And all with gemmes and jewels gorgeously
Adorn'd, that brighter then the starres appeare,
And make her native brightnes seem more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of purest gold
Is set, in sign of highest sovereignty,
And in her hand a scepter she doth hold,
With which she rules the house of God on hy,
And menageth the ever-moving sky¹,
And in the same these lower creatures all,
Subjected to her power imperiall.

In Book VI., canto X., of the *Faerie Queene*, published in 1596, two years after Spenser's supposed marriage, Rosalind is again celebrated as dancing among the graces to Colin's pipe. She is not mentioned by name, but the similar figure in the *Shepheards Calender* under *April*, where she is referred to as "a fourth Grace" as well as the general context, render the allusion certain. The lines are as follow :

She was, to weet, that jolly Sheapheards lasse,

... ..

Pype jolly shepheard, pype thou now apace
Unto thy love, that made thee low to lout :

(16)

Yet was she certes but a countrey lasse,

Yet she all other countrey lasses far did passe,

(25)

a similar expression to "The Widdowes daughter of the glenne" of the *April* eclogue, which is explained in the glosse as "that is of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to coloure and concele the person then simply spoken"; and the note proceeds as quoted at p. 144 above.

In the *Amoretti* the same love is evidently alluded to in sonnet LXXX., where the author asks leave, after finishing six books of the *Faerie Queene*, to pause before going on to a second part in order to celebrate his own love, and concludes :—

But let her prayses yet be low and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

¹ *The ever-moving sky*; compare the similar expression in the "Mira" poem, p. 130 above and comment thereon.

In the magnificent stanza in Book VI., X., of the *Faerie Queene*, in which the praise of the Damzel who is represented as the fourth Grace is interwoven with that of the Queen, the latter is referred to in similar terms :

Sunne of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth doest lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greatest Majesty,
Pardon thy shepheard, mongst so many layes,
As he hath sung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poor handmayd,
And underneath thy feete to place her prayse,
That when thy glory shall be faire displayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made.

It will be remembered that "Mira," in the autobiographical poem is similarly described, "the waiting Nympe" to Diana, and it is unlikely that such a description would be applied without intention, or to someone who was not in a position to approach the Queen. On a survey of these passages my conclusion is that "Mira" and "Rosalind" were the same person.

The last point which I have to notice in connection with the suppressed autobiographical passage is the assertion of early rectitude, from which, not having its foundations in character, the author fell away. This is not expressly stated, but it is implied by the emphasis on the words, which are as follows :

"Then being home returned and thought of good hope (for the world rarely bestowes a better tytle upon youthe) I continued to use the benefitt of a quyet mynde. In truthe (I call him to witnesse that knoweth hartes) ever in the secrett of my soule bent to honestye."

and similarly in the "Mira" poem the author describes himself as "a youth, as yet of spotlesse truth."

The same claim is made for Musidorus :

"for indeed thus much I must say for him, . . . that well-doing was at that time his scope, from which no faint pleasure could with-hold him."

Throughout the records of Bacon's life there is a sense of moral deterioration, through contact with the world,

together with a consciousness of it, which was keenly awakened by the tragedy of his fall. On the other hand his early letters show great confidence and self esteem. There is also an account by Bacon of himself, which Spedding refers to as "the only piece of autobiography in which he ever indulged," in his fragment entitled "De Interpretatione Naturæ Proæmium," in which he describes in high terms his early motives.¹ His mother's letters also speak in similar terms of his early promise, and contrast with it his later circumstances, which she largely attributes to his own irregular conduct.

Let us now return to the "Mira" poem with a view to seeing what light it throws on the writer's relations to the Queen. In the first place it is improbable that the two incidents which are run together in that poem, the falling in love with Mira and the Queen's displeasure thereat, belong to the same period, because the poem is retrospective in character and must therefore have been composed after the Author's first youth. This is also suggested by the fact that it is found in its original form in the fourth book. The description also of the Queen suggests a later rather than an earlier period. The autobiographical passage therefore which contains the poem may not have been written until, say, 1585. In discussing the poem I said that it contains, after the manner of Bacon, admissions of extreme candour even where they tell against the writer himself (p. 130 above). From his earliest childhood Bacon had been accustomed to the Queen's attentions. Thus we read that, in his father's house, she took pleasure in "proving him," as a child, with questions. Also, on his return from the Continent, where he had been sent at the early age of fifteen to sixteen (which corresponds with the statement in the autobiographical passage, p. 93 above), there is no doubt that she showed him favour at first. From the "Mira" poem we may infer that the writer had access to the Queen, for he writes that "neere acquaintance dooth diminish reverent feare," and it is evident from the description that he had fully taken the measure

¹ See Spedding, *Works* iii., 507 sq., and *Letters and Life*, iii., 84.

of the Queen's weak points. He even alludes to the "curld knots" of her hair, "which by the helpe of painters cunning shinde." Her feminine vanity and, in certain moods, her spitefulness, and her desire to be courted at an age when such things should have been put aside, all these points are noted and recorded. The whole description is one of disparagement. Now when it is remembered that the same writer, as I suppose, had been making professions of adoration couched in the language of love, the poem convicts him of flagrant insincerity. Nor were these eulogies confined to concealed writings; they find their counterpart in Bacon's *Praise of the Queen* (? 1592) and the eulogy of her composed in the next reign, where he defends her from reproaches brought against her for wishing to be "caressed and extolled with the name of love" "beyond the suitability of her age." But, according to this poem, some incident seems to have occurred at a comparatively early date which struck the Queen in her weakest place, namely her feminine vanity and the intense jealousy which she always felt of any liking shown by her courtiers for other women: the insincerity of her supposed adorer dawns upon her, and she turns from him in haughty displeasure. The poem suggests that this occurred owing to a preference to the Queen shown by the writer for another woman who was in attendance about the Court, and the inference is that it was the Countess of Pembroke.

Evidence of the same insincerity appears, from the record of the Spenser poems, in the writer's relations with Burghley and Leicester. In those cases he had apparently paid court to both parties, and reaped his reward in neglect by both alike. At first there is no doubt that Leicester showed him great favour, though Burghley's attitude was more reserved, being concerned for the career of his son. But that the author of the Spenser *Complaints* gave offence to both is clear from their tenour. I have dealt with this subject fully in Chapter VI. of my "Spenser" volume.

Thus on the very threshold of his career Bacon found his prospects dashed through his own conduct, and that fatal insincerity and indifference to personal obligation

which seems to have been ingrained in his character. And so the process continued all through his life—with Essex, with Raleigh, with Somerset—Cecil and Buckingham were too strong and too wary to be affected by it—always the same fault, which Bacon seems to have imagined could be repaired by words. It is a strange problem.

Looking over the books, and in my view of their authorship, the case with the Queen seems to stand thus. In the *Partheniades* we see the reflection of a young and delighted spirit, exulting in the favour of the dispenser of power. The same note appears in the Kenilworth "Pleasures" and in "Laneham."¹ Later we seem to see the gathering of a cloud, and as the distress and anguish at the loss of favour, and, for a time, entire exclusion, grow, the eulogies take on a different complexion, till they assume monstrous proportions. At last, as a desperate bid, occurs the terrible episode of the Essex trial (1600), and all it did was to tie Bacon to the chariot-wheels of his cousin for the rest of the latter's life. This, I believe, to be the tragic story of Bacon's youth and early manhood, tragic because arising out of defects of character, and it amply accounts for what is known as "the dark period" of the Shakespeare plays, which began (though I suppose most people will say it was a coincidence) after 1601, the year when Essex was executed.

As I have said in other places the weakness of Bacon's moral nature is probably to be attributed largely to the fact that he was so versatile, comprehensive in mind, and emotionally cold, that he was unable to attach himself wholeheartedly to any particular pursuit, individual or line of conduct. For practical success he had too many irons in the fire, and his life was therefore, in appearance, a failure.

These may seem painful conclusions, and, in some respects, I admit that they are. But we must take a great man as we find him, and if we accept the theory of Bacon's concealed writings, as I believe in time we shall have to, we must also accept the conclusion that infirmity of character is not inconsistent with great creative productivity in terms of art.

¹ See my "Spenser" volume.

CHAPTER IX

CLAIUS AND STREPHON: URANIA: THE "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA" SONNETS: THE HARVEY "MARGINALIA."

I come now to the second edition of the *Arcadia*, which was published in 1593.

In the Eclogues to Book I. in that edition two new poems appear which throw further light on the problem of the author's love-motive, one spoken by Dorus and Zelmane, "Lady reserved by the heavens," etc., the other by Lamon, relating to the loves of Claius and Strephon for Urania. We will take the second first.

The *Arcadia*, as originally published, introduces us at the beginning to two shepherds, Claius and Strephon, names formed from the Greek for weeping and agitation of mind, who are lamenting the loss of Urania with whom they are both in love. After a few pages they give place to Pyrocles and Musidorus, and are not heard of again in the first edition; but the Eclogue in the second edition, where they re-appear, shows them in such close analogy with Pyrocles and Musidorus, as representing the author under two aspects, that it seems possible that they were originally designed for a subplot in which the same aspects were to be represented under pastoral forms. As it is, these two characters are left in the air, and (apart from the Eclogue) are only alluded to again at the end of the work—"the strange continuance of Claius and Strephons desire"—as among the subjects which "may awake some other spirit to exercise his pen."

The Eclogue opens:

A Shepherds tale no height of style desires,
To raise in words what in effect is low:

and proceeds on this principle to narrate, in a pedestrian style of poetry under pastoral forms,

The poor-clad truth of loves wrong-ordered lot.

The story which follows will be sufficiently indicated in the following extracts :

There was

A pair of friends, or rather one called two,
 He that the other in some years did pass,
 And in those gifts that years distribute do,
 Was Claius called
 The latter born, yet too soon Strephon height.

Both free of mind, both did clear dealing love,
 And both had skill in verse their voice to move.
 Their cheerful minds, till poisoned was their cheer,
 The honest sports of earthly lodging prove ;

[Pastoral occupations and pleasures follow.]

The poem continues :

While thus they ran a low, but levelled race,
 While thus they lived, this was indeed a life,
 With nature pleased, content with present ease,
 Free of proud fears, brave beggary, smiling strife,
 Of climb-fall court, the envy hatching place.

[A young maid appears on the scene.]

Well for to see, they kept themselves unseen,
 And saw this fairest maide of fairer mind :
 By fortune mean ; in nature born a queen.

She troubled was (alas that it might be !)
 With tedious brawling of her parents dear,
 Who would have her in will and word agree
 To wed Anataxius their neighbour near.
 A herdman rich, of much account was he,
 In whom no evil did reign, nor good appear.
 In some such one she liked not his desire,
 Fain would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.

Kindly (sweet soul) she did unkindness take
 That bagged baggage of a misers mind,
 Should price of her, as in a market, make ;
 But gold can gild a rotten piece of wood ;
 To yield she found her noble heart to ache,
 To strive she feared how it with virtue stood,
 Thus doubtings clouds o'er casting heavenly brain,
 At length in rows of kiss-cheeks tears they rain.

[At the sight of her they both fall in love.]

Claius straight fell, and groaned at the blow,
 And called, now wounded, purpose to his aid :
 Strephon, fond boy, delighted did not know
 That it was love that shined in shining maid :
 But lickrous, poisoned, fain to her would go,
 If him new learned manners had not stayed.
 For then Urania homeward did arise,
 Leaving in pain their well-fed hungry eyes.

Claius " would fain have pulled away this mote from
 out his eye," but Strephon " did leap with joy and jollity."
 Claius purposes to absent himself, but Strephon—

Even unto her home he oft would go,
 Where bold and hurtless many play he tries,
 Her parents liking well it should be so,
 For simple goodness shined in his eyes.
 There did he make her laugh in spite of woe,
 So as good thoughts of him in all arise,
 While into none doubt of his love did sink,
 For not himself to be in love did think.

At a game of " Barley-break," however, he falls in love :

It ended, but the other woe began,
 Began at least to be conceived as woe,
 For then wise Claius found no absence can
 Help him who can no more her sight forego.
 He found mans virtue is but part of man,
 And part must follow where whole man doth go.
 He found that reasons self now reasons found
 To faster knots, which fancy first had bound.

So doth he yield, so takes he on his yoke,
 Not knowing who did draw with him therein ;
 Strephon, poor youth, because he saw no smoke,
 Did not conceive what fire he had within :
 But after this to greater rage it broke,
 Till of his life it did full conquest win,
 First killing mirth, then banishing all rest,
 Filling his eyes with tears, with sighs his breast ;

Then sports grow pains, all talking tedious :
 On thoughts he feeds, his looks their figure change,
 The day seems long, but night is odious,
 No sleeps, but dreams ; no dreams, but visions strange,
 Till finding still his evil increasing thus,
 One day he with his flock abroad did range :
 And coming where he hoped to be alone,
 Thus on a hillock set, he made his moan :

Alas, what weights are these that load my heart,
 I am as dull as winter-starved sheep,
 Tired as a jade in over-laden cart,
 Yet thoughts do fly, though I can scarcely creep.
 All visions seem, at every bush I start :
 Drowsy am I, and yet can rarely sleep.
 Sure I bewitched am, it is even that,
 Late near a cross I met an ugly cat.

For but by charms how fall these things on me,
 That from those eyes, where heavenly apples been,
 Those eyes which nothing like themselves can see,
 Of fair Urania, fairer than a queen.
 Proudly bedecked in Aprils livery,
 A shot unheard gave me a wound unseen ;

Her cherry lips, milk hands, and golden hair
 I still do see, though I be still alone.

Sometimes to her news of myself to tell
 I go about, and then is all my best
 Wry words, and stammering, or else doltish dumb ;
 Say then, can this but of enchantment come ?

Thus lamenting he rose, and looking round,

He saw behind a bush where Claius sat :
 His well-known friend, but yet his unknown mate.
 Claius the wretch, who lately yelden was
 To bear the bonds which time nor wit could break,
 (With blushing soul at sight of judgments glass,
 While guilty thoughts accused his reason weak)
 This morn alone to lovely walk did pass,
 Within himself of her dear self to speak,
 Till Strephons plaining voice him nearer drew,
 Where by his words his self-like case he knew.

Now in a composition of this kind, which, though written with great facility and scope of ideas, has slender artistic merits, there is no point apart from its use as a means of giving expression to some personal experience. That experience is, as I read it, evidently the same as that recorded in the "Mira" poem and in the loves of Pyrocles and Musidorus. Strephon corresponds with Pyrocles and represents the imaginative and youthful side of the author's character, Claius, like Musidorus, standing for his maturer judgment. Before love befell them they were free in mind and taken up with studies of nature; the tenour of their life was even and they loved the clear dealing.

The girl who is described has the same physical features as those specially attributed to Mira, Pamela, Philoclea, and Stella, namely brilliant eyes and golden hair. The evidence of the poem goes to show that this was Mary Sidney. "By fortune mean" is explained by the financial embarrassments of Sir Henry; "in nature born a queen," by her worth and exalted position. The "brawlings" of her "parents" about her marriage, read with what follows, is explicit, and would not apply to Penelope Devereux, whose father was dead. The correspondence of Sir Henry Sidney affords evidence of his anxiety to repair his fortunes through the marriages of his children. The allusion, in this view, is to the marriage of Mary Sidney to the Earl of Pembroke in 1577, who was a widower twenty years her senior.

The author alludes to his early visits to the lady's home, that is to Penshurst, where he was liked by the parents, "for simple goodness shined in his eyes." This use of the term "simple" might only be a coincidence. On the other hand there are so many examples of it in connection with Francis Bacon's writings, acknowledged as well as unacknowledged,¹ that it cannot be passed by without notice. The expression also occurs in the "Mira" poem.

The course of love described in the poem corresponds with that of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets.

Lastly a particular feature in the description of the

¹ See my "Spenser" volume.

girl in the portion about the game of barley-break corresponds with one in the description of Parthenia in the extract given at p. 19 above, and this tends to confirm the view which I have expressed that in Parthenia, under the appearance of a description of Sidney's wife, his sister is really in the writer's thoughts. Parthenia is described as "so attired, as might shew, the mistress thought it either not to deserve, or not to need any exquisite decking, having no adorning, but cleanliness; and so farre from all arte, that it was full of carelesnesse, unlesse that carelesnesse it selfe (in spite of it selfe) grew artificiall." The description of Urania, in the poem from which I have been quoting, is as follows:

Never the earth on his round shoulders bare
 A maid trained up from high or low degree,
 That in her doings better could compare
 Mirth with respect, few words with courtesy,
 A careless comliness with comely care,
 Self-guard with mildness, sport with majesty.

a description which, be it noted, fitly applies to most of Shakespeare's heroines.

It is also a strong point to notice that "Mira," in the poem given at p. 61 above, is described in similar terms:

And so she was attirde, as one that did not prize
 Too much her peerles parts, nor yet could them despise.

At p. 114 above I noticed the fact that Parthenia's eyes are described as grey—"her great graie eye" (see extract, p. 19). This is not a common feature, and it is worthy of remark that in Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* the eyes of Silvia and also of Julia (both beloved by Proteus, who is evidently a representation of the author under one aspect) are similarly described. Thus, commenting on Silvia's portrait, Julia says:

Her hair is auburn, mine a perfect yellow:

Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:

It may, of course, be only a coincidence, but it is a fact that these are the features of the portrait of Sidney's

sister, Mary Countess of Pembroke, in the National Portrait Gallery. As the picture has not been visible since the commencement of the War, I have been unable to verify my recollection of it, but Scharf, who is sure to be correct, says that the eyes are "slaty grey" and the hair a "dark brown." As the picture was painted when the Countess was far on in life, the hair had probably darkened, and Aubrey's account (*Brief Lives*) confirms this, and also gives a description of the lady which goes far to establish the view that she was the inspiration of the typical heroine of Shakespeare's early period:

"Sister to Sir Philip Sidney; married to Henry the eldest son of William, Earle of Pembroke aforesayd; but this subtil old earle did foresee that his faire and wittie daughter-in-lawe would horne his sonne and told him so and advised him to keepe her in the country and not to let her frequent the court.

"She was a beautiful ladie and had an excellent witt, and had the best breeding that the age could afford. She had a pretty sharpe-ovall face. Her hair was of a reddish yellowe."

I consider this view of "Parthenia" to hold good in spite of the fact that the account of her in the passage above referred to is succeeded by one of "Urania":

"But the next picture made the mouth give place to their eyes. It was of a young mayd, which sate pulling out a thorne out of a Lambs foote, with her looke so attentive uppon it, as if that little foote coulde have bene the circle of her thoughts; her apparell so poore, as it had nothing but the inside to adorne it; a shephooke lying by her with a bottle upon it. But with all that povertie, beauty plaid the prince, and commanded as many harts as the greatest Queene there did. Her beautie and her estate made her quicklie to be knowne to be the fair shepheardesse *Urania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, fane in love with her had unluckely defended."¹

This is an ideal description under pastoral forms, and anticipates the portraits of Spenser's Pastorella and Shakespeare's Perdita. In my account of the *Faerie Queene* I accepted, with some misgiving, the recognised view that in "Pastorella" Frances Walsingham, Sidney's wife, is prob-

¹ I. 16 of 1590, p. 104.

ably shadowed.¹ I now think, however, that, in so far as she was intended to represent any living person, the allusion is to "Urania" as above described, in other words to the Countess of Pembroke. This is rendered the more probable by the fact that in the knight, Sir Calidore, not Sidney, but the author himself, under one aspect, is probably represented. It may at the same time contain allusions to the Earl of Essex.

"Urania" is the name under which Spenser, admittedly, refers to the Countess of Pembroke.² It is very improbable, therefore, that this was not the significance attached to it by the author of the *Arcadia*. On the other hand, it is open to those who accept the view that Lady Rich was the object of his affections, to point to the use of the word "rich" in connection with the description of the circumstances of "Urania" in both the Eclogue and the passage in Book I. of the *Arcadia* above quoted, namely, in the Eclogue, "a herdman rich," for whom she was destined in marriage, and in the passage in Book I., "whom a rich knight called Lacemon . . . unluckily defended." The same play on the word is found in the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets, on which I shall have a few remarks to make at the end of this chapter. But the circumstances of Mary Sidney and Penelope Devereux in respect of their marriages to men of means older than themselves, were so much alike that any allusion to either of them under allegory would necessarily be ambiguous.

¹ I suggested there that Sidney's widow is found under the name of "Serena," a word which may have been formed out of the letters of her name, Frances, and I am confirmed in this view. *Edmund Spenser*, etc., pp. 95, 96, 486—488.

² As "the gentlest shepherdesse that lives this day," *Astrophel*; and also in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*:

They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praise, but in the highest place,
Urania, sister unto *Astrofell*,
In whose brave mind, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of *Ynde*, or gold of *Opher*,
And in her sex more wonderfull and rare.

I come now to the Dorus-Zelmana Eclogue, at the end of Book I. of the second edition of the *Arcadia*, in which evidence appears of the author having fallen in love with some one higher in rank than himself. The song is one of those curious experiments in hexameter verse, distributed between Dorus and Zelmana (Musidorus and Pyrocles), and begins "Lady reserved by the heavens," etc. The following passage, which is also interesting as evidence of the author's interest in trees—in which Spenser resembles him—is put into the mouth of Dorus :

But sometimes to the woods, sometimes to the heavens do decipher
 With bold clamour unheard, unmarked, what I seek, what I suffer
 And when I meet those trees, in the earths fair livery clothed,
 Ease do I feel, such ease as falls to me wholly diseased,
 For that I find in them part of my state represented.
 Laurel shows what I seek, by the myrrh is shown how I seek it,
 Olive paints me the peace that I must aspire to by conquest :
 Myrtle makes my request ; my request is crowned with a willow ;
 Cypress promiseth help, but a help where comes no recomfort :
 Sweet juniper saith this, though I burn, yet I burn in a sweet fire.
 Yew doth make me think what kind of bow the boy holdeth,
 Which shoots strongly without any noise, and deadly without smart,
 Fir-trees great and green, fixed on a high hill but a barren,
 Like to my noble thoughts, still new, well placed to me fruitless.
 Fig that yields most pleasant fruits, his shadow is hurtful :
 Thus be her gifts most sweet, thus more danger to be near her.
 Now in a palm when I mark, how it doth rise under a burden,
 And may I not, say then, get up though grief be so weighty ?
 Pine is a mast for a ship, to my ship shall hope for a mast serve.
 Pine is high, hope is as high, sharp leaved, sharp yet be my hopes buds.
 Elm embraced by a vine, embracing fancy reviveth :
 Poplar changeth his hue from a rising sun to setting :
 Thus to my sun do I yield, such looks her beams do afford me.
 Old aged oak cut down, of new work serves to the building :
 So my desires by my fear cut down, be the frames of her honour.
 As he makes spears which shields do resist, her force no repulse takes.
 Palms do rejoice to be joined by the match of a male to a female,
 And shall sensitive things be so senseless as to resist sense ? ,
 Thus be my thoughts dispersed, thus thinking nurseth a thinking.
 Thus both trees and each thing else, be the books of my fancy.
 But to the cedar, queen of woods, when I lift my betared eyes,
 Then do I shape to myself that form which reigns so within me,
 And think there she doth dwell and hear what plaints I do utter :
 When that noble top doth nod, I believe she salutes me,
 When by the wind it maketh a noise, I do think she doth answer.

Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus do I speak to that image :
 Only jewel, O only jewel, which only deservest,
 That mens hearts be thy seat, and endless fame be thy servant,
 O descend for a while, from this great height to behold me,
 But nought else to behold, else is nought worth the beholding,
 Save what a work by thyself is wrought : and since I am altered
 Thus by thy work, disdain not that which is by thyself done,
 In mean caves oft treasure abides, to an hostry a king comes.
 And so behind foul clouds full oft fair stars do lie hidden.

I have commented in several places in my Spenser volume on the writer's instinct for worship, which, in default of a spiritual outlet, finds extravagant expression in connection with some object of sense. The same feature is most noticeable in this passage, and it is irreconcilable with the habit of mind of Sidney. The note of social deference also is incompatible with his bringing up and the greatness of his position. These lines also distasteful as they may be to an English ear as imitations of Latin prosody, are written with great art, and could not have been the work of an amateur who was using his pen in order to get through a few months of enforced retirement.

In my Spenser volume I devoted some space to a discussion of the *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets, in connection with the problem arising out of Spenser's poem, *Astrophel*, in which "Stella" evidently stands for Frances Walsingham, Sidney's widow, by that time married to the Earl of Essex. The conclusion at which I arrived was that the personality underlying the "Stella" of the sonnets attributed to Sidney was Mary, Countess of Pembroke, and that the real author had taken advantage of a parallelism in her married circumstances and those of Penelope, Lady Rich, to express his own feelings under a disguise which was sufficiently applicable for the purpose to either case. I added that "when these sonnets appeared [in 1591] there was no one left to represent Sir Philip Sidney except his brother Robert, who was abroad, and the Countess of Pembroke, whose feelings of resentment on her brother's account would, so far as she entertained them, be mitigated by a tribute so flattering to her as a woman . . . The only serious risk therefore lay in

the resentment of Lord Rich; but he was estranged from his wife, and the author therefore had little to fear."¹

This theme might have been developed at greater length had space permitted, and I will here add a few remarks.

The *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets appeared anonymously in 1591, five years after Sidney's death, with an explanation by the "printer" that it had been his "fortune not many daies since, to light upon the famous device," which he had "thought good to publish," after using the "helpe and advice" of people unnamed "in correcting and restoring it to his first dignitie." The book contained an address purporting to be by Nashe, who was then, according to the dates which are supposed to be applicable, a very young man, written in a style of brilliant effrontery, and containing an extravagant eulogy of Sidney's sister. At some period between July 1591 and July 1592 an entry appears in the Stationers' Register showing that the book was called in by the order of Burghley. The entry is as follows:

"Item paid to John Wolf when he ryd with an answere to my Lord Treasurer beinge with her maiestie in progress for the takinge in of bookes intituled Sir P : S : *Astrophell and Stella*, XVvs."

On the strength of this entry Sir Sidney Lee states in his article on Sir Philip Sidney in the *Dictionary of National Biography* that "Sidney's friends in September, 1591, appealed to Lord Burghley to secure the suppression of this unauthorised venture." But this is only an inference, and it is not by any means certain that it is a correct one. It might equally well have been the friends of Lady Rich. It is even possible that Nashe himself—by whom I mean the person who was using that name—may have moved in the matter, under apprehension of trouble, and in order to divert suspicion from himself, and perhaps also the lady. But, on the whole, I think it most probable that the action taken was by order of the Queen, and this, indeed, is suggested by the entry in the Register. She would have good reason, according to the ideas of that age, for resenting the liberty taken with the memory of one of her favourite courtiers by

¹ *Edmund Spenser, etc.* chapter XIII. and pp. 502—504.

a rascally pamphleteer, and her jealousy of public eulogy directed to anyone but herself—especially any woman about the court—would be particularly aroused in such a case by the phrases applied in the prefatory address to the Countess of Pembroke. And there would also be the feelings excited in her by this public evidence of Sidney's adoration of another woman. Her jealousy on this point, where her younger courtiers were concerned, was an obsession. Compare Spenser :

Ne let *Elisa* royal Sheapheardesse
 The praises of my parted loue enuy,
 For she hath praises in all pleanteousnesse
 Powr'd upon her like showers of *Castaly*
 By her own Shepheard, *Colin* her owne Shepherd,
 That her with heavenly hymnes doth deifie,
 Of rustick music full hardly to be bettered.

Daphnaida.

and compare the stanza from the *Faerie Queene* quoted at p. 149 above.

But, as we have seen, there is no evidence, apart from these poems, that Sidney was in love with anyone but his wife, and the posthumous tributes of Spenser and Bryskett support this conclusion. The Queen's action, therefore—if it was her action—may have been due to her knowledge that the poems did not represent the facts, and even to a suspicion as to their real origin.

The person whom the Queen would naturally consult in such a matter would be Sidney's friend, Fulke Greville, whom she retained always about the Court. It is a curious fact that though he discusses the *Arcadia* in his *Life of Sidney*, he makes no allusion to the Sonnets. Nor is there any trace of his taking up the question of the publication of the Sonnets as he did in the case of the *Arcadia*. It seems, moreover, very improbable that he would have taken any action apart from the Countess of Pembroke, and the fact that she allowed these sonnets to re-appear, practically unaltered and with certain additions, under her name in the third edition of the *Arcadia* published in 1598, seems conclusive evidence that she had no objection to them. Of course it might be

argued that she was not consulted, but this seems improbable, though, of course, it is possible. In that collection there appeared for the first time sonnet XXXVII., where there is a new *rich* allusion of a very offensive character,¹ that : Stella—

Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.

There were also some additions to the "Songs," of a more compromising nature. What can have been the object, at that date, of running the risk of further offence to Lord Rich, and further bringing into public notice the name of his wife, by the insertion of such a piece? It seems to me only possible to explain it in connection with a desire further to disguise the real meaning of these poems, by explicitly (with a capital letter) asserting their connection with the person ostensibly addressed. This would be intelligible if they had already aroused the suspicion of the Queen, otherwise I can see no explanation.

The re-appearance of these poems, in this state, after their suppression in 1591, is rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that, as in the case of the first edition of the *Arcadia*, they were declared at the time, in an address purporting to be by Daniel, to have been "bewraide to the world, uncorrected"—like his own sonnets which accompanied them—by "a greedie Printer"; yet that they "cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised."² It is extraordinary how many books, during the life-time of Francis Bacon, seem to have suffered this fate. I suppose there is nothing like it in any other age or country.

The "Marginalia" of Gabriel Harvey, which have now been collected and published by Prof. Moore Smith, contain some allusions to these poems and their ostensible author, and also to Spenser. They present a difficult problem.

It is, of course, impossible to say for certain, when the notes were made, but there are data from which some opinion

¹ The earlier one is in Sonnet XXIV.

² See the address and remarks thereon in *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, p. 380.

can be formed.¹ Thus the first note in which the name "Astrophilus" appears is in a book called *The Surveye of the World*, published in an English translation in 1572, and procured by Harvey, as an entry of the date against his name on the title page shows, in 1574. The note is as follows :

"Sæpe miratus sum, Chaucerum, et Lidgatum tantos fuisse in diebus illis astronomos. Hodiernos poetas tam esse ignaros astronomiæ : præter Barclæum, Astrophilum, Blagravum : alios perpauços, Urania filios.

"Pudet ipsum Spenserum, etsi Sphaerae, astrolobijque non plane ignarum ; suae in astronomicis Canonibus, tabulis, instrumentisque imperitiæ. Presertim ex quo vidit Blagraui nostri Margaritam Mathematicam. . . ."

The mention of this last book, which appears to have been published in 1585,² suggests that the note was made in that year. But if by "Astrophilum" Sir Philip Sidney is meant there is nothing in the writings attributed to him to justify it.

Earlier in the book appears the following note, evidently in the same series :

"M. Digges hath the whole Aquarius of Palingenius bie hart : and takes mutch delight to repeate it often.

"M. Spenser conceiues the like pleasure in the fourth day of the first Weeke of Bartas. Which he esteemes as the proper profession of Urania."³

But Spenser, according to the accepted view, had been in Ireland since 1580.

In Jerome Turler's *Traveiler*, published in 1575, appears the following note :

"Ex dono Edmundi Spenserij, Episcopi Roffensis Secretarij, 1578."⁴

This is a new biographical fact, of which no account has been taken in the accepted story of Spenser. I have discussed it in my book on Harvey and Nashe, and have regarded it as confirming my conclusion that Spenser, the Irish official,

¹ *Marginalia*, p. 162.

² *Ibid.* p. 211.

³ *Ibid.* p. 161.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 173.

was not the scholar of Pembroke, who is supposed to have been the author of the poems.

In his copy of Gascoigne's *Posies*, 1575, in which Harvey has entered 1577 against his name, we find reference to "M. Spenser" and "Sir Philip Sidney," but these must be later than that date, because there are comments on the versification and vocabulary of the *Faerie Queene*, and the following :

"A special note in Sir Philip's Apologie for Poetrie."

"Sir Philip vseth this kind often : as in Astrophil, Arcadia."¹

In his *Quintilian*, in a note which seems to have been made after 1579—though how long after is hard to say—is the following :

"Tria viridissima Britannorum ingenia, Chaucerus, Morus, Juellus : Quibus addo tres florentissimas indoles, Heiuodum, Sidneium, Spencerum."²

We then come to the notes in a copy of Speght's *Chaucer*, published in 1598, with an entry on the title page, "gabrial haruey, 1598." I take the following from them :

"Amongst the sonnes of the English Muses ; Gower, Lidgate, Heywood, Phaer, and a fewe other of famous memorie, ar meethinkes, good in manie kindes : but abooue all other, Chawcer in mie conceit, is excellent in euerie veine, and humour : none so like him for gallant varietie, both in matter, and forme, as Sir Philip Sidney : if all the Exercises which he compiled after Astrophil, and Stella, were consorted in one volume. Works in mie phansie, worthie to be intituled, the flowers of humanitie. Axiophilus³ in one of the English discourses."⁴

On *Troylus and Creseid*, of Chaucer :—

"A peece of braue, fine, & sweet poetrie. One of Astrophils cordials."⁵

At the end of Chaucer's poems :

"how few Aschams or Phaers, Sidneys or Spensers . . . in this pregnant age."⁶

¹ Ibid. p. 170.

² Ibid. p. 122.

³ Considered by the Editor—in my opinion justly—to stand for Harvey himself.

⁴ Ibid. p. 226.

⁵ Ibid. p. 228.

⁶ Ibid. p. 231.

Further on :

" Amongst which, the Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, and the Faerie Queene are now freshest in request : and Astrophil and Amyntas ar none of the idlest pastimes of sum fine humanists."¹

" His [Dyer's] Amaryllis, and Sir Walter Raleighs Cynthia, how fine and sweet inventions ? Excellent matter of emulation for Spencer, Constable, France, Watson, Daniel, Warner, Chapman, Siluester, Shakespeare, and the rest of owr florishing metricians."²

Is it natural for a man making notes to describe a piece as one of the " cordials " of a man who had been dead twelve years ? A cordial means something which stimulates, and the expression would naturally apply to a living person. Moreover, there is nothing in the writings attributed to Sidney to account for the note. It is worth mentioning, however, that about this time there was a play in preparation on the subject of Troilus and Cressida. I take this from Sir Sidney Lee's account :

" Although the difficulties of determining the date of " Troilus and Cressida " are very great, there are many grounds for assigning its composition to the early days of 1603. In 1599 Dekker and Chettle were engaged by Henslowe to prepare for the Earl of Nottingham's company—a rival of Shakespeare's company—a play of ' Troilus and Cressida,' of which no trace survives. It doubtless suggested the topic to Shakespeare."³

It seems to me, however, very improbable that there can have been two plays written about the same time on such an unpromising subject.

The last of the notes quoted above has given rise to a point of much interest, as will be seen from Prof. Moore Smith's preface, because the time of the entry would determine whether *Hamlet* (just previously mentioned) was written before 1598. As Edmund Spenser died in January 1599, the view has been taken that the entry must have been made in 1598. But Thomas Watson had died in 1592, hence it has been suggested that by " owr florishing metricians " Harvey did not mean *now living* but *now in vogue*. But

¹ Ibid. p. 232.

² Ibid p. 233.

³ *A Life of William Shakespeare*, 3rd edn., p. 225.

the question seems to have been overlooked how writings can be described as "Excellent matter for emulation" for people who are dead. Mr. Parker Woodward has expressed the view that "Watson" was a pen-name,¹ used by Francis Bacon which would dispose of the difficulty as regards him, and my views about Spenser (which he shares) would equally dispose of that difficulty, and at the same time leave the date of the entry uncertain. If the note *was* written in 1598, there was certainly unconscious irony in the description of poor Edmund Spenser, the Irish settler, as a "flourishing metrician" at that time!

¹ *Tudor Problems.*

CHAPTER X

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ARCADIA : GENERAL REMARKS

The story broken off in the first edition of the *Arcadia* in the middle of Book III. is resumed, after a hiatus, in the second edition. I propose to give a few extracts from the continuation and to conclude the volume with some general remarks.

The remainder of the plot is, briefly, that Basilius receives home his daughters, and life is resumed in the "lodges," Dorus and Zelmane continuing, with varying success, to prosecute their loves. In the meantime the passion of Basilius and Gynecia for Zelmane leads to complications which result in Basilius meeting his own wife in a cave under the impression that she is Zelmane. They recognize each other, and, after explanations, Basilius, by mistake, drinks a love-potion intended by Gynecia for Zelmane, which reduces him to a state of seeming death. This brings on disorders in the state, which Euarchus, king of Macedon—who turns out to be the father of Pyrocles and uncle of Musidorus—is called in to settle. Gynecia, Pyrocles, and Musidorus, are put on their trial for murder. This gives the author the opportunity, which he takes at great length, for some elaborate forensic oratory. The prisoners are condemned to death, Gynecia to be buried alive in her husband's tomb, Pyrocles to be "thrown out of a high tower to receive his death by his fall," and Musidorus to be beheaded. At this juncture, Basilius, whose body is lying on a bier in the court, revives, and everything ends happily.

The description of the two Princes at the trial is very interesting :

"But by and by the sight of the other two prisoners drew most of the eyes to that spectacle. Pyrocles came out led by Sympathus,

clothed, after the Greek manner, in a long coat of white velvet reaching to the small of his leg, with great buttons and diamonds all along upon it; his neck without any collar, not so much as hidden with a ruff, did pass the whiteness of his garments, which was not much in fashion unlike to the crimson raiment of Knights of the Order first put on. On his feet he had nothing but slippers, which, after the ancient manner, were tied up with certain laces, which were fastened under his knee, having wrapped about, with many pretty knots, his naked legs. His fair auburn hair, which he wore in great length, and gave at that time a delightful show, with being stirred up and down with the breath of a gentle wind, had nothing upon it but a white ribbon, in those days used for a diadem. Which rolled once or twice about the uppermost part of his forehead, fell down upon his back, closed up at each end with the richest pearls were to be seen in the world. After him followed another nobleman, guiding the noble Musidorus, who had upon him a long cloak, after the fashion of that which we call the apostle's mantle, made of purple satin; not that purple which we now have, and is but a counterfeit of the Getalian purple, which yet was far the meaner in price and estimation, but of the right Tyrian purple, which was nearest to a colour betwixt our murrey and scarlet. On his head, which was black and curled, he wore a Persian tiara, all set with rows of so rich rubies, that they were enough to speak for him that they had to judge of no mean personage.

"In this sort, with erected countenances, did these unfortunate princes suffer themselves to be led. . . .

Musidorus was in stature so much higher than Pyrocles as commonly is gotten by one year's growth. His face, now beginning to have some tokens of a beard, was composed to a kind of manlike beauty. His colour was of a well-pleasing brownness, and the features of it such as they carried both delight and majesty: his countenance severe, and promising a mind much given to thinking. Pyrocles of a pure complexion, and of such a cheerful favour as might seem either a woman's face in a boy, or an excellent boy's face in a woman. His look gentle and bashful, which bred the more admiration, having shewed such notable proofs of courage. Lastly, though both had both, if there were any odds, Musidorus was the more goodly, and Pyrocles the more lovely."

It is evident that the writer has bestowed great pains on this description, which shows the importance that he attached to the characters. Writers on Bacon have remarked on his unlimited capacity for self-idealization, and if my view is correct that in Pyrocles and Musidorus we have an expression of himself under two aspects, this is indeed a remarkable instance of that capacity. The quality which

the description conveys is not personal vanity; for that I think Bacon's mind was too great; but there is in it an enormous self-esteem. Anyone who takes the trouble to compare this description with that of the "Father of Solomon's House" in Bacon's *New Atlantis*—obviously an idealized portrait of himself at a later period of life—cannot fail to be struck by the resemblance.

Awaiting their trial in prison the two princes discourse on death and the future life, and the views expressed correspond with those indicated by Bacon in the passages in his philosophical writings on the nature of the soul¹:

"Take the pre-eminence in all things but in true loving," answered Musidorus, "for the confession of that no death shall get of me." "Of that," answered Pyrocles, soberly smiling, "I perceive we shall have a debate in the other world, if at least there remain anything of remembrance in that place." "I do not think the contrary," said Musidorus, "although you know it is greatly held that with the death of body and senses, which are not only the beginning, but dwelling and nourishing of passions, thoughts and imaginations, they failing, memory likewise fails, which rises only out of them, and then is there left nothing but the intellectual part, or intelligence, which void of all moral virtues which stand in the mean of perturbations, doth only live in the contemplative virtue, and power of the omnipotent good, the soul of souls, and universal life of this great work, and therefore is utterly void from the possibility of drawing it to itself these sensible considerations."

"Certainly," said Pyrocles, "I easily yield that we should not know one another, and much less these passed things, with a sensible or passionate knowledge. For the cause being taken away, the effects follow. Neither do I think we shall have such a memory as now we have, which is but a relic of the senses, or rather a print the senses have left of things past in our thoughts, but it shall be a vital power of that very intelligence: which as vile as it were here, it held the chief seat of our life, and was as it were the last resort to which of all our knowledges the highest appeal came, and so by that means was never ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliously resisted, always with this prison darkened; so much more being free of that prison, and returning to the life of all things, which all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but be a right intelligence which is both his name and being, of things both present and passed, though void of imagining to

¹ See *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, chapter IV., where these views are discussed.

itself anything ; but even grown like to his creator hath all things with a spiritual knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for us to conceive as it was for us when we were in our mother's womb to comprehend. . . . Even such and much more odds, shall there be in that second delivery of ours, when void of sensible memory, or memorative passion, we shall not see the colours, but lives of all things that have been or can be, and shall, as I hope, know our friendship, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendsdip, having both united it, and ourselves, in that high and heavenly love of the unquenchable light." As he had ended his speech, Musidorus, looking with a heavenly joy upon him, sang this song unto him he had made before love turned his muse to another subject.

Since natures workes be good, and death doth serue
As natures worke : why should we feare to dye ?
Since feare is vaine, but when it may preserue,
Why should we feare, that which we cannot flie ?

Feare is more paine, then is the paine it feares,
Disarming humane mindes of native might :
While each conceate an ouglie figure beares,
Which were not euill, well vew'd in reasons light.

Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with passions bee,
And scarce discerne the dawne of comming day,
Let them be clearde, and now begin to see,
Our life is but a step, in dustie way.
Then let vs holde the blisse of peacefull minde,
Since this we feel, great losse we cannot finde."

The elimination of the emotions in this passage is characteristic. The whole of it is, of course, based on Aristotle, but it evidently represents the writer's own speculations, and they are not those which would be naturally entertained, as a considered theory, by a man like Sidney.

The continuation of Book III. contains another well-known poem, which has been set to music, "My true love hath my heart," a highly artificial, but very beautiful piece of work, though appearing in a less admirable setting :

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for the other given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss ;
There never was a better bargain driven.

His heart in me, keeps me and him in one,
 My heart in him, his thoughts and senses guide :
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his, because in me it bides.

His heart his wound received from my sight :
 My heart was wounded with his wounded heart,
 For as from me, on him his hurt did light ;
 So still me thought in me his heart did smart :
 Both equal hurt, in this change sought our bliss,
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

In the Eclogues to Book III. the following, in the mouth of Geron, an old shepherd, in reply to a dispraise of women, is interesting writing :

These fifty winters married have I been,
 And yet find no such faults in womankind.
 I have a wife worthy to be a queen,
 So well she can command, and yet obey :
 In ruling of a house so well she's seen,
 And yet in all this time betwixt us twa,
 We wear our double yoke of such content,
 That neuer passed sour word, I dare well say :
 But these are your love toys, which still are spent
 In lawless games, and love not as you should,
 But with much study learn late to repent.
 How well last day before your prince you could
 Blind Cupid's works with wonder testify ?
 Yet now the root of him abase you would.
 Go to, go to, and Cupid now apply,
 To that where thou thy Cupid may'st avow,
 And thou shalt find in women virtues lie,
 Sweet supple minds which soon to wisdom bow,
 Where they by wisdom's rule directed are,
 And are not forced fond thraldom to allow.
 As we to get are framed, so they to spare :
 We made for pain, our pains they made to cherish :
 We care abroad, and they of home have care,
 O Histor, seek within thyself to flourish :
 Thy house by thee must live, or else be gone :
 And then who shall the name of Histor nourish ?
 Riches of children pass a prince's throne ;
 Which touch the father's heart with secret joy,
 When without shame he says, these be my own.
 Marry therefore, for marriage will destroy
 Those passions which to youthful head do climb,
 Mothers and nurses of all vain annoy.

The disorders of a kingdom on the death of a prince are described, in connection with the supposed death of Basilius, and in reference, evidently, to what might occur in England on the death of the Queen. Apart from its historical interest, the passage is evidence of the detachment of the author's mind from the feelings of average humanity, and of the acuteness of his philosophical judgment. I refer to the way in which he places his finger on the real objection to personal rule as a permanent system of government.

"There was a notable example, how great dissipation monarchical government is subject unto. For now their prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Public matters had ever been privately governed, so that they had no lively taste what was good for themselves. But everything was either vehemently desirous, or extremely terrible. Neighbours' invasions, civil dissension, cruelty of the coming prince, and whatsoever in common sense carried a dreadful show, was in all men's heads, but in few how to prevent: hearkening on every rumour, suspecting everything, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making strange and impossible tales of the king's death, while they thought themselves in danger, wishing nothing but safety; as soon as persuasion of safety took them, desiring farther benefits, as amendment of fore-passed faults, which faults notwithstanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of, all agreeing in the universal names of liking or misliking, but of what in especially points infinitely disagreeing. Altogether like a falling steeple, the parts thereof, as windows, stones, and pinacles were well, but the whole mass ruinous. And this was the general cause of all, wherein notwithstanding was an extreme medley of diversified thoughts, the great men looking to make themselves strong by factions, the gentlemen some bending to them, some standing upon themselves, some desirous to overthrow those few which they thought were over them; the soldiers desirous of trouble, as the nurse of spoil, and not much unlike to them, though in another way, were all the needy sort, the rich fearful, the wise careful."¹

The lament, "Since that to death," etc., which appears in the first edition in Book III. in connection with the presumed death of Amphialus, and, in the second edition, in the Eclogues to Book IV. (to which it is transferred) in connection with the supposed death of Basilius, has several features of interest. It is a violent outcry and remonstrance on the

¹ Book IV.

existence in the world of decay and death, which finds its counterpart, in a precisely similar strain of feeling, in the "Complaints" of Spenser¹ and in certain passages in the plays of Shakespeare. The occasion of its composition, of course, depends on the date, but it seems possible that it may have been suggested by the death of Leicester, which occurred in 1588. Mr. Dobell does not allude to the poem in his paper discussed above, and I infer, therefore, that it appears in the early manuscripts. In that case, and on the assumption that they are anterior to that date, this theory must be rejected. The point is one which deserves investigation. There is however, a close analogy between the feeling of this poem and the lament for Leicester in Spenser's *Ruines of Time*, which was probably composed in 1589 or 1590. The poem, in the first edition, has the following exordium:—

"But *Anaxius* him selfe riding before the litter, with the choyce men of that place, they were affraid even to crie, though they were readie to crie for feare: but (because that they might doo) every bodie forced (even with harming themselves) to doo honour to him: some throwing themselves upon the ground; some tearing their clothes, and casting duste upon their heades, and some even wounding themselves, and sprinkling their owne bloud in the aire. Among the rest, one accounted good in that kinde, and made the better by the true feeling of sorrowe, roared out a song of Lamentation, which (as well as might be) was gathered up in this forme.

Since that to death is gone the shepheard hie,
Whom most the silly shepheards pipe did pryse,
Your dolefull tunes sweete Muses now applie.

The following comes from the latter portion:

Time ever old, and yonge is still revolved
Within it selfe, and never tasteth ende:
But mankind is for aye to nought resolved.
The filthy snake her aged coate can mende,
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flourish:
But unto Man, age ever death doth send.
The very trees with grafting we can cherish,
So that we can long time produce their time:
But Man which helpeth them, helplesse must perish.

¹ Compare also the account of the Gardens of Adonis, *F.Q.*, III. vi. 39 sq.