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*THE CRITICAL HERITAGE*

**SIDNEY**

Edited by  
**MARTIN GARRETT**



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## SIDNEY: THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

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# SIDNEY

*THE CRITICAL HERITAGE*

*Edited by*

**MARTIN GARRETT**



London and New York

*First published 1996  
by Routledge  
11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE*

This edition published in the Taylor & Francis e-Library,  
2003.

*Simultaneously published in the USA and Canada by  
Routledge  
29 West 35th Street, New York, NY 10001*

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*Compilation, introduction, notes, bibliography and index  
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*British Library Cataloguing in Publication Data  
A catalogue record for this book is available from  
the British Library*

*Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data  
Sidney: the critical heritage/edited by Martin Garrett.  
p. cm.—(The Critical heritage series)  
Includes bibliographical references and index.*

*1. Sidney, Philip, Sir, 1554–1586—Criticism and  
interpretation.*

*I. Garrett, Martin. II. Series.  
PR2343.P45 1996  
821'.3—dc20 95–36355*

ISBN 0-203-42077-2 Master e-book ISBN

ISBN 0-203-72901-3 (Adobe eReader Format)  
ISBN 0-415-08934-4 (Print Edition)

## *General Editor's Preface*

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The reception given to a writer by his contemporaries and near-contemporaries is evidence of considerable value to the student of literature. On one side we learn a great deal about the state of criticism at large and in particular about the development of critical attitudes towards a single writer; at the same time, through private comments in letters, journals or marginalia, we gain an insight upon the tastes and literary thought of individual readers of the period. Evidence of this kind helps us to understand the writer's historical situation, the nature of his immediate reading-public, and his response to these pressures.

The separate volumes in the *Critical Heritage Series* present a record of this early criticism. Clearly, for many of the highly productive and lengthily reviewed nineteenth- and twentieth-century writers, there exists an enormous body of material; and in these cases the volume editors have made a selection of the most important views, significant for their intrinsic critical worth or for their representative quality—perhaps even registering incomprehension!

For earlier writers, notably pre-eighteenth century, the materials are much scarcer and the historical period has been extended, sometimes far beyond the writer's lifetime, in order to show the inception and growth of critical views which were initially slow to appear.

In each volume the documents are headed by an Introduction, discussing the material assembled and relating the early stages of the author's reception to what we have come to identify as the critical tradition. The volumes will make available much material which would otherwise be difficult to access and it is hoped that the modern reader will be thereby helped towards an informed understanding of the ways in which literature has been read and judged.

B.C.S.

**TO MY PARENTS**

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## PREFACE

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Will you have all in all for Prose and verse? take the miracle of our age Sir Philip Sidney.

(Richard Carew, No. 34 below)

I do almost think the Tyburn Chronicle a more interesting book than Sydney's *Arcadia*.

(Hannah More, September 1788, in William Roberts, *Memoirs of...*  
*Mrs Hannah More*, 1834, vol. 3, p. 131)

the silver speech

Of Sidney's self, the starry paladin.

(Robert Browning, *Sordello*, 1840, 1. 68–9)

Sidney's reputation grew with remarkable rapidity after his death and the publication of most of his work in the 1590s. Few authors, not even Shakespeare (himself much influenced by Sidney's writings), have been exalted further. And, as has not been generally the case with Shakespeare or other contemporaries, Sidney's life—or heroic constructions of it—continued to affect assessments of the work even after it had ceased to be generally read in the eighteenth century.

The story of Sidney's reception for much of the seventeenth century will already be broadly familiar to most readers. (They will also, however, encounter fresh material here, including the first printing of some manuscript material, most importantly of the bulk of Brian Twyne's notes of *c.* 1599–1600.) I have included extracts from continuations and dramatizations of *Arcadia*, in addition to more direct comment.

Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century responses are, with a few exceptions (Walpole and Hazlitt, for example) less generally known. In view of this—and helped by the relative dearth of responses—I have attempted to cover the eighteenth century in almost as much detail as the earlier periods; space does not permit a very full selection from Victorian writing on Sidney, but entries by Hallam

## PREFACE

(1839), D'Israeli (1841), and William Stigant (1858) have been included as representative. It seemed appropriate to end with Stigant, because he combines traditional and newer approaches to Sidney: he regards the life of the hero as more important than his literary productions, and has certain traditional reservations about *Arcadia*, yet is largely enthusiastic about the works and willing to discuss them in some detail. Part 3 of the Introduction seeks to give a more general impression of tendencies in Sidney criticism up to about 1900.

The work of three Sidney scholars in particular has made editing *Sidney: the Critical Heritage* an easier task: Katherine Duncan-Jones, Dennis Kay and Victor Skretkowicz.

I should like to express my thanks to Jennifer Fellows and Brian Southam for their work on the text, and to Mrs Christine Butler and Dr Hubert Stadler for their help with Brian Twyne's notes on Sidney in Corpus Christi College MS 263, fols 114–20 (no. 29), which are printed here with the permission of the President and Scholars of Corpus Christi College in the University of Oxford.

Extracts from MS. Eng. poet. f. 9, pp. 224–36 (No. 37) and MS. Rawl. poet. 3, fols 9–10 (No. 59) are included by permission of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and those from MS Add. 10309, fols 86v–87v (No. 47), Harleian MS 4604, fols 22<sup>v</sup>–23, 24<sup>v</sup>–25 (No. 28), and MS Egerton 1994 (No. 43) by permission of the British Library. William Temple's *Analysis of A Defence of Poetry*, fols 11–12, is printed by kind permission of Lord De L'Isle.

Special thanks are due to my wife and children for their help and encouragement, and to my parents, to whom this volume is dedicated.



## ABBREVIATIONS

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### Sidney's works:

- AS*      *Astrophil and Stella*  
*CS*      *Certain Sonnets*  
*MP*      *Miscellaneous Prose of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. Katherine  
Duncan-Jones and Jan van Dorsten, Oxford, 1973  
*NA*      *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia (The New Arcadia)*, ed.  
Victor Skretkowicz, Oxford, 1987  
*OA*      *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia (The Old Arcadia)*, ed.  
Jean Robertson, Oxford, 1973  
*OP*      Other Poems  
Ringler    *The Poems of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. William A. Ringler Jr,  
Oxford, 1962  
Feuillerat *The Prose Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. Albert Feuillerat,  
4 vols, Cambridge, 1962

### Other works:

- Beal      *Index of English Literary Manuscripts*, ed. Peter Beal, 2  
vols, London, 1980–93. Beal's classification of his  
Sidney entries (vol. 1, pp. 465–88)—SiP and number—  
is followed.
- Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney    *Sir Philip Sidney: 1586  
and the Creation of a Legend*, ed. Jan van Dorsten,  
Dominic Baker-Smith, and Arthur F. Kinney, Leiden,  
1986
- Kay      *Sir Philip Sidney: An Anthology of Modern Criticism*, ed.  
Dennis Kay, Oxford, 1987. Kay without further title  
refers to Kay's own contribution to this volume,  
'Introduction: Sidney—a Critical Heritage' (pp. 3–41).
- Rota      Felicina Rota, *L'Arcadia di Sidney e il teatro*, Bari, 1966

## Note on the text

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Entries reproduce original texts unless otherwise stated, except that *i/j* and *u/v* have been regularized and contractions mostly expanded. References to Sidney's works are to the Oxford editions listed above. This means that where the authors of entries are in fact quoting from or alluding to the 1593 composite *Arcadia*, I have supplied references to the *equivalent* passages in the Oxford editions of *The Old Arcadia* and *The New Arcadia*. Most readers will find any resulting inconvenience outweighed by the advantages of being directed to the most reliable and usefully annotated modern texts.

References to the works and to Beal are given where possible in parentheses in the body of the text.



# Introduction

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## PART 1 1577–1650

### *Early reputation*

Sidney drew little public attention to his literary endeavours. Whether his few known remarks on his ‘toyful book’ or ‘idle work’ *Arcadia* and his enrolment among the poetic ‘paper blurrers’ (No. 2) are examples more of *sprezzatura* or of religious scruple, in his lifetime only ‘some few of his frends’<sup>1</sup> read these comments and the manuscript works in question. With the possible exception of the two sonnets that may well be Sidney’s which appeared in Henry Goldwell’s account of *The Four Foster Children of Desire* in 1581 (Ringler, pp. 345–6, 518–19), he avoided the perceived ‘stigma of print’.<sup>2</sup> The *Defence of the Earl of Leicester*, with its challenge to the author of *Leicester’s Commonwealth*, must have been intended for wider circulation. (Print would have seemed particularly inappropriate as a vehicle for the views of a proud ‘Dudley in blood’ (*MP*, p. 134).) So too, its wide late sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century dissemination may suggest, was *A Letter to Queen Elizabeth Touching her Marriage with Monsieur* (Beal, SiP 181–215). It is these works, rather than poetry and romance, that Sidney’s less intimate circle are most likely to have known if they were aware of any of his writings; he was early renowned, the commendation of Edward Waterhouse (No. 1) suggests, for the readiness of his pen in practical affairs like the defence of his father’s fiscal policies in Ireland. He was also known to his father’s secretary, Edmund Molyneux, for letters including ‘a large epistle to *Bellerius* a learned divine in verie pure and eloquent Latine’.

Sidney’s poetry, if it is mentioned at all during his lifetime, tends to figure as simply one aspect of the larger construct ‘Sidney’, potential Protestant leader, source of patronage, soldier or military expert. The German scholar Melissus (Paul Schede), hailing ‘Sydneye Musarum inclite cultibus’ in 1577,<sup>3</sup> is as likely to be referring to Sidney’s patronage as to his poetry. Giordano Bruno

(while exempting Englishwomen, conceivably in deference to *Astrophil and Stella*) finds it appropriate to attack Petrarchan devotion to women in dedicating *De gli eroici furori* (1585) to Sidney the public figure.<sup>4</sup> Scipio Gentili calls him ‘that outstanding poet’ in 1579 but provides no details.<sup>5</sup>

Such references did, however, contribute to interest in Sidney’s literary activities. To be an early reader of the works, even to know their names or to allude with at least apparent knowingness to Sidney as ‘Astrophel’ or ‘Philisides’, was to obtain or to appear to obtain privileged access to the great man. (According to Edmund Molyneux (No. 14) ‘a speciall deere freend he should be that could have a sight, but much more deere that could once obtaine a copie’ of *Arcadia*.) Perhaps Thomas Howell (No. 5) simply would, as he claims, like the *Old Arcadia* to be published so that it can reach a wider readership, but since only his own poem responding to Sidney’s romance is printed, the sense of tantalizing, exclusive knowledge is maintained. Gabriel Harvey and Edmund Spenser (Nos 3 and 4) use references to Sidney as writer and theorist of quantitative verse in their published ‘letters’ of 1580 in much the same way. And readers must have been similarly intrigued by the quotations from *The Old Arcadia* printed in Abraham Fraunce’s *The Arcadian Rhetorike* in 1588, George Puttenham’s *The Arte of English Poesie* in 1589 (No. 6), and, after the appearance of the 1590 *Arcadia*, Sir John Harington’s preface to *Orlando Furioso* in 1591 (No. 15).

The process of familiarization with the idea of Sidney as author was continued by brief allusions in the mourning volumes produced by the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and Leiden in 1586–7. There are some specific allusions in the Cambridge *Lachrymae* and the Oxford *Exequiae*: William Temple knows *A Defence of Poetry* (see No. 7), the fact that *Arcadia* was revised, and perhaps—Sidney is ‘patriae stella...tuae’—*Astrophil and Stella*; Matthew Gwynne refers to Sidney as a poet, author of *Arcadia*, and master of ‘Suada’ (possibly an allusion to *A Defence*); Richard Latewar mourns him as Philisides, Edward Saunders and Charles Sonibank refer briefly to *Arcadia*, and George Carleton indicates that it was written at Wilton (‘Pembrochia...in aula’).<sup>6</sup> Again, the writings are subordinate to a larger aim, as ‘part of a wider political campaign to exploit Sidney’s death in favour of an interventionist policy in the Netherlands’.<sup>7</sup> Even Carleton’s mention of Wilton—strongly associated with the

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Leicester/Pembroke political grouping—has its place in this undertaking. But it is also in the interests of the campaign to demonstrate however possible Sidney's greatness, whence the importance of what he stood for and can still be used to promote. Perhaps as significant as the actual references to *Arcadia* and *A Defence* in *Lachrymae* and *Exequiae* is the insistence in all four of the university volumes on Sidney's status as follower equally of Mars and of the Muses (see James VI, No. 11).<sup>8</sup> Sidney is a figure notable in every field, a Protestant achiever some of whose achievements occurred in verse.

Since Sidney is dead, his achievements can now best be preserved either by continued adherence to his political and familial heirs, or in his poems and prose. Even before publication, his work emerges as crucial to both literature and national identity. Because, however, most of the elegies are in Latin and several are in Greek or Hebrew, the work (known, besides, to only a few) retains to an extent the same remoteness as in the references of Melissus or Gentili: *Arcadia* is as much a password as the name of a book readers may wish to read. Poems which celebrated Sidney and his work in English—briefly those of 1586–7 by Geoffrey Whitney, George Whetstone, and Angel Day (Nos 8, 12, 13), and more extensively the poems gathered in *The Phoenix Nest* (1593) and *Astrophel* (1595)—suggest a greater degree of accessibility. This is enhanced, by the time the *Astrophel* collection appears, by the publication of *Arcadia* and *Astrophil and Stella*. Whatever the intention at the time of the individual poems' original composition, the pastoral frame and the use of the names 'Astrophel' and 'Stella' could be interpreted as commentaries on, or developments from, Sidney's use of pastoral and his sonnet sequence. The oblique or transposed references to the works—the 'laves of love' of *Astrophel* itself (No. 18) and of 'The Dolefull Lay of Clorinda',<sup>9</sup> the 'woods of *Arcadie*' in Matthew Roydon's elegy (No. 10), Lodowick Bryskett's Philisides who is also *Astrophil*, carving 'the name of *Stella*, in yonder bay tree' and leaving behind a flock which echoes that of song ix in *Astrophil and Stella*<sup>10</sup>—invite readers both to think of the romance and the sonnet sequence and to experience 'Astrophel'/Sidney as an independent literary creation. Spenser's *Astrophel* flower is at once *Astrophil and Stella* and *Astrophel*; 'verses are not vain' since they have preserved Sidney's memory and, in so doing, created Spenser's poem.

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Publication and criticism of the works, the response of the *Astrophel* authors, and Sidney's still burgeoning reputation as hero and perfect courtier, combined to broaden Sidney's literary fame. Where Puttenham (No. 6, c. 1584) numbers Sidney as a poet who specializes in 'Eglogue and pastorall Poesie', Francis Meres (No. 25, 1598) describes him as a love-poet, a writer of pastoral, and one who wrote his 'immortall Poem' *Arcadia* 'in Prose, and yet our rarest Poet', and Richard Carew (No. 34, c. 1605–14) hails him as 'all in all for Prose and verse'. In some ways, however, detailed responses become more common. The writings themselves, much quoted and extracted, became as indispensable to the authority of the receiving work as references simply to Sidney's name had been in the 1580s. For example, Francis Davison launches *A Poetical Rhapsody* (1602) with a sequence of poems by or connected with Sidney which he claims, disingenuously, has been inserted by the printer in order to 'grace the forefront with Sir *Ph. Sidneys*, and others names, or to make the booke grow to a competent volume'.<sup>11</sup> For at least fifty years after Davison, Sidney's 'toys' continued to bestow such 'competence'.

### *The Lady of May*

Placed at the end of the 1598 folio, and inevitably separated from its original performative, immediate context, the printed version of Sidney's Wanstead entertainment generated little known response. Most of what there is is concerned with Rombus, who seems to have shared some of the popularity of Dametas in the reception of *Arcadia* (see below, p. 18): Brian Twyne (No. 29, c. 1600) is struck by 'Howe the schoole master Rhombus urged Vergill false' and 'What Rhombus saide of the syllogisms the sheparde made'; Henry Peacham gives the fact that 'Sir *Phillip Sydney* made good sport with *Rhombus* his Countrey Schoole-master' as an example of those 'passages of inoffensive Mirth'—like his own *Coach and Sedan*—with which the wise and learned have 'ever season'd, and sweetened their profoundest Studies, and greatest employments';<sup>12</sup> Thomas Bradford, in a commendatory verse to Robert Baron's EPOTO?AIGNION. Or the Cyprian Academy ('an amateur pastoral romance in prose and verse after the fashion of Sidney's *Arcadia*') of 1647 finds Baron superior to Spenser and Jonson and

contrasts his pure style with that of Rombus, whose ‘language is pedantick’.<sup>13</sup> (Rombus had earlier—Shakespeare must presumably have seen a manuscript—served as the main inspiration for Holofernes in *Love’s Labours Lost*). Only Rombus seems to have excited interest outside his original context; the main exception to this, the rival song of Espilus and Therion included in *Englands Helicon* (1600), was felt, unusually, to require the explanation that ‘This song was sung before the Queenes most excellent Majestie, in Wansted Garden: as a contention betweene a Forrester and a Sheeheard for the May-ladie.’<sup>14</sup>

These responses to the script of the entertainment are of a different order from those to the event itself in 1578.<sup>15</sup> The reactions of those present were affected by the costumes, the singing, the shepherds’ recorders and the foresters’ cornets, the kneeling of the Lady and the suitor, the ‘*confused noise*’ in the woods and the unspecified ‘*many special graces*’ which accompany Rombus’ learned oration (*MP*, pp. 21–5). They were also affected, to an extent to which audiences of a play are usually not, by factors about which we have no information: the skill of the performers, their timing, the weather, the mood of the Queen, how well she could see and be seen, hear and be heard, the manner and costumes of her host, Leicester, and the other courtiers present, no doubt watching each other and the Queen as much as the May Lady. Rombus could have been incommoded by any of these factors as much as by the Lady’s dismissal of him as a ‘tedious fool’ (*MP*, p. 24). The conventions of progress entertainments meant that he ran little risk of being mocked out of countenance with his progeny Holofernes, but his last speech, preserved only in the Helmingham Hall manuscript, illustrates the extent to which reactions to the piece are likely to have concerned its occasional function as much as any ‘literary’ qualities: it seems likely that, as Katherine Duncan-Jones suggests on the basis of the ‘unusually chaotic and obscure’ nature of the speech, that ‘it was decided only at the last moment to present the Queen with an agate necklace, and the final speech was rapidly devised as a vehicle for this’ (*MP*, p. 18).

The only part of the entertainment which we know Leicester to have pondered after the event is this last speech. When the Queen visited Wanstead later in 1578 in his absence, he wrote to Sir Christopher Hatton expressing concern at her possible disfavour (he was about secretly to marry Lettice Knollys) and hoping ‘I may



hear that her Majesty doth both well rest, and find all things else there to her good contentment; and that the goodman Robert, she last heard of there, were found at his beads, with all his *aves*, in his solitary walk'.<sup>16</sup> What Leicester remembered about Rombus was not, or not just, his malapropisms and proud loquacity—Peacham's 'passages of inoffensive mirth'—but his role as agate-giver and means of directing attention, through humour, to Leicester's own presence and alignments.

The Queen's reactions have excited the most interest from modern commentators. Her responses were, indeed, an integral part of the event at Wanstead, most obviously in the form of her famous choice of Espilus over Therion. Among the many and various explanations for her decision are that she chose Espilus as a snub to Sidney's own Therion-like ambition and unpredictability, or to Leicester's, or to their desire for intervention in the Netherlands; or that, in David Kalstone's words, 'Sidney's unorthodox treatment of the pastoral convention went unnoticed, and the queen chose the shepherd as the usual representative of the contemplative life', or that Espilus was in fact the intended choice, product of a new liking for the contemplative life on Sidney's part and a desire to elicit 'a preference for her old favourite and his nephew, against other, more threatening advisers or even consorts'.<sup>17</sup>

Perhaps the most convincing piece of evidence that, as Louis Adrian Montrose, Edward Berry and others feel, Therion was the intended choice is the way the script describes the Queen's verdict: 'it pleased her Majesty to judge that Espilus did the better deserve her; but what words, what reasons she used for it, this paper, which carrieth so base names, is not worthy to contain' (*MP*, p. 30). This may be what Berry and Robert Stillman see as a 'sly revenge', a coy refusal to include the royal reasons.<sup>18</sup> Certainly it seems to be the earliest example of Sidney contributing to his own critical heritage in attempting to direct readers' responses towards the Queen's choice. (This may have been more immediately apparent to those among whom the manuscript initially circulated than to buyers of the folio twenty years later). Montrose suggests that *The Four Foster Children of Desire* (1581) enacts another of Sidney's own responses to the earlier event: 'the outcome of the later contest is made to reflect the queen's choice in the earlier dispute. Wild foresters have become the attackers of the Lady; docile shepherds have become her defenders.' In the challenge and submission of the Foster

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Children Sidney tests the 'Therion-Rixus model' and then finally abandons 'the illusion that it can be effective within the constraining ideological system successfully manipulated by the queen'.<sup>19</sup> The *May Lady's* entertainment was part of a process—the Queen might make different choices, the manuscript might subsequently incorporate or exclude her reasons, another show could continue the debate. Only later, printed in 1598 and given the solid title *The Lady of May* in 1725, did it lose this flexibility.

### *Arcadia*

#### Reading *Arcadia*

*Arcadia* prompted not only critical comment but a remarkable number of continuations, 'bridging passages' for the gap between the revised and unrevised portions of Book III, musical settings of the poems, dramatizations, and imitations ranging from whole romances to the letter of 1640 in which Henry Oxinden describes a real marriage entirely in terms borrowed from the wedding of Argalus and Parthenia and other parts of the romance.<sup>20</sup> This fact results not only from the immense popularity of the work, predicated partly on its author's reputation, but from its very nature. What was perceived by many readers at least as its mixed genre—pastoral, romance, epic—and the rhetorical amplitude, the sentences sown with antithesis and alternative, give an impression of inexhaustible riches, possibilities which do not end when the book is finished.

*Arcadia* itself emphasizes the processes of reading, writing, storytelling, listening and argument. In *The Old Arcadia* 'an indulgent Chaucerian narrator'<sup>21</sup> addresses the 'faire ladies' and invites their identification with the lovers; the abandonment of such addresses once the lovers' actions become less unambiguously sympathetic forces the reader to make judgements, perhaps to reinterpret the 'faire ladies' remarks as ironic, insinuating, forcing complicity. Should we listen with the 'deare Countess' or look with 'severer eyes' (No. 2b)? In *The New Arcadia* the use of narratives within narratives foregrounds the process of reading, writing and interpretation. Amphialus' dog, in one of the more complex examples, carries off a 'little book of four or five leaves of paper'

which turns out to be Basilius' *The Complaint of Venus*; Pyrocles/Zelmane reads it, but needs further information, which Pamela supplies by telling the tale of Erona and Antiphilus; since this includes material on the Grecian princes, the reader is aware of Pyrocles as interested listener. The tale of Plangus is then interrupted by Miso's insistence on telling a different tale, of 'what a good woman told me, what an old wise man told her, what a great learned clerk told him, and gave it him in writing; and here I have it in my prayer-book' (*NA*, pp. 195–213). (Again, the mixing of genres and forms increases the sense of multiplicity.)

Participation by the reader—or the reader as writer—is also required because some of the stories are unfinished: the fate of Amphialus is left uncertain; we are, editions from 1593 onwards noted, 'utterly deprived of the relation how...the Ladies by discovery of the approaching forces were delivered and restored to *Basilius*' (see No. 40); and *The Old Arcadia*—and hence the 1593 composite version—ends with an invitation to 'some other spirit to exercise his pen' on such tales outstanding as 'the shepherdish loves of Menalcas' and the 'admirable fortunes' of Pyrophilus and Melidora (*OA*, p. 417). Sir William Alexander (No. 41) and James Johnstoun (No. 44) took up the challenge of filling the gap in Book III; others (see Nos 24, 46, 60) exercised their pens in continuing the story of later events in Arcadia. Editions from 1638 to 1664 contained 'a twofold supplement of a defect in the third Book'—the bridging passages by both Alexander and Johnstoun—implicitly inviting readers to judge between them; Richard Beling's 'Sixt Book' was also printed after Book V in editions between 1627 and 1664. A special element in the supplements, more discernible than might be the case in, say, a completion of *Edwin Drood*, is the extent to which they are biographically charged. Alexander and Johnstoun inscribe their tribute at once to the man and to the work in their accounts of the death of Philisides, whose link with the author was made clear by his name and the fact that he, in *The Old Arcadia* and the 1593 version, is the speaker of 'As I my little flocke on *Ister banke ...*' (*OA*, p. 66). Sidney's patronage, death, elegists and habit of making semi-autobiographical references in his work made Renaissance readers particularly sensitive to anything which could be interpreted in this way. For Gabriel Harvey in 1593 (No. 19c) Sidney himself is 'the two brave Knightes, Musidorus, and Pyrocles, combined in one excellent knight'. For the author of the Draytonian

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imaginary epistles between Sidney and Penelope Rich (No. 37), as later for John Aubrey's friend Tyndale (No. 67), she figured as Philoclea as well as Stella.

Sidney is intimately involved in his own critical heritage in another sense, as reviser. William A. Ringler and Jean Robertson have presented convincing evidence that it was the author—not, as was once often assumed, his sister—who, before he embarked on *The New Arcadia*, introduced a number of changes which reached the later, otherwise unrevised version of the later part of Book III in 1593: these included the significant toning-down of the heroes' and heroines' sexual encounters (Ringler, pp. 375–8; *OA*, pp. lx–lxii).<sup>22</sup> The better-known revision which became *The New Arcadia* followed, involving further shifts of emphasis, one of the most important of which was the change in the role of women as both characters and readers (see below, pp. 20–1). Other readers/ editors, notably Greville and the Countess of Pembroke, whose role will be discussed presently, contributed to what is at once the work's production and its reception as they implemented his supposed intentions or interpreted and added to the 'direction sett down undre his own hand how & why' (see No. 9).

The revision of *Arcadia* entailed a further move in the direction of mixed genre (or of the loose use of 'the patchwork technique of the cento' (*NA*, p. xxv). The mingling of pastoral, romance and epic, is given theoretical underpinning in *A Defence of Poetry*:

some poesies have coupled together two or three kinds, as the tragical and comical, whereupon is risen the tragi-comical. Some, in the manner, have mingled prose and verse, as Sannazzaro and Boethius. Some have mingled matters heroical and pastoral. But that cometh all to one in this question, for, if severed they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful.

(*MP*, p. 94)

Readers saluted the mingling (more noticeable in the 1593 version because of the restoration of the eclogues to their *Old Arcadia* prominence) in *Arcadia*: Meres (No. 25) and Drayton (No. 48) celebrated, and Twyne (No. 29) noted, the combination of verse and prose, and Anne Bradstreet (No. 55) referred to Sidney's 'Tragick Comedies'. Sir William Alexander, contrasting sophisticated Sidneian pastoral with the low 'Bucolick Strain' to

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which other authors had confined themselves, regards pastoral as bucolic reformed into one aspect of ‘an Epick Poem’ (No. 41b). Puttenham’s praise of Sidney as a pastoralist in about 1584 (No. 6) sounds curiously narrow from the perspective of the 1590s onwards and results partly from the more dominantly pastoral nature of *The Old Arcadia*; but pastoral itself, as practised by Sidney and other contemporaries, itself holds mixed elements in balance, as Thomas Howell (No. 5) is aware in his response to *The Old Arcadia* in 1581 as a work which contains (as well as courtly ‘choyce conceits’)

pleasure with profile, both in their guise,  
Discourse of Lovers, and such as folde sheepe,  
Whose sawes well mixed, shrowds misteries deepe.

Pastoral, encoding covert political meanings in Virgilian tradition, is an open form. It is possible to hail Sidney as a ‘shepherd’ without limiting him to a role as spokesman for ‘silly shepherds’, possible to call him a ‘shepherd knight’.<sup>23</sup> Tragicomedy, alluded to by Sidney and Bradstreet, is similarly open: fluid enough, again, to encode rather than to state political views and to embrace a range of forms and contiguous genres. The effect of the mingling is sometimes to dislocate, and thus draw attention to, the reading process as well as to reorientate judgements formed in accordance with the conventions of eclogue or the ‘absolute heroical’. When Harvey (No. 19c) sets out the various apparently separate excellences of *Arcadia*, he is in fact registering a series of complex interactions—for which there was little precedent in English—between different traditions and structures, different sorts of encounter with the reader. As Howell so early in the reception of *Arcadia* observed, there was much interpretative work to be done by the reader, who would appreciate the work fully only having sifted ‘eche sence that couched is in thee’. Characters cannot be judged by the conventions of one genre alone: romantic princes are not usually condemned by the flawless forensic oratory and logic of a virtuous father; the revival of Basilius problematizes the situation further, leaving the issues open in tragicomic manner, rather than simply returning the characters and reader to a safer romance convention.

Fulke Greville saw *Arcadia* as a work which did not shirk from stating unromantic truths. But he reacted against the fluidity or mingling praised by other commentators. *The New Arcadia* is ‘fitter

to be printed' (No. 9) partly because it removes the action to an apparently less ambiguous heroic plane. In introducing or sponsoring the notorious chapter-headings of 1590, his aim was, as Victor Skretkovicz points out, 'to safeguard Sidney's reputation by reducing the complexity of the text into digestible portions, each preceded by a summary of the action'.<sup>24</sup> The aims of the Countess of Pembroke are different, and allow a different degree of freedom to the reader (a dangerous degree of freedom, Greville might say). 'The disfigured face' of *The New Arcadia* is to be cleansed, as the Countess's agent Hugh Sanford declares (No. 20), and replaced by the fullest possible 'conclusion...of *Arcadia*'. The aim was, as Skretkovicz puts it, 'to build a literary monument to her brother'; the concept (stated by Sanford) of 'preserving all her brother's works of a literary nature...opposed Greville's intention [see no. 9] to establish Sidney's reputation on the basis of his epic and religious writings alone'.<sup>25</sup> The vast expansion of the work compared with the old or new versions, the restoration and rearrangement of the eclogues, the insertion of the 'barley-break' poem (*OP*, p. 4) in the first eclogues (among other changes), all contributed to create a work of which the publication, in 1593, ensured that 'Sidney could no longer be regarded simply as the author of an uncompleted work of fiction in the Renaissance heroic mode. He was being marketed now as the creator of a massive and complex work embracing both the heroic and romance traditions.'<sup>26</sup> John Florio's defence of the 1590 text (No. 31), addressed to the possible rivals to the Countess for the position of Sidney's literary heir—his daughter Elizabeth and Penelope Rich—sounds a lone note amid the euphoria surrounding the triumphant appearance of the composite *Arcadia*.

Thomas Moffet (No. 21), much earlier than Greville's most explicit statement of his views on *Arcadia*, had felt it necessary to guide William Herbert towards a right understanding of its moral purpose. But by 1610 or so Greville may have felt that he had more pressing reasons to stress the point. For increasingly *Arcadia* gave the impression less of taking its place in a clear moral, religious and political programme (Mary Sidney found the Sidney Psalms (see No. 26), where she was, besides, author of much of the work, more appropriate for this purpose) than of scope, breadth, multivalency. The version of 1593 gave the sense of treasures miraculously recovered, restoring the 'disfigured face' without having recourse to the words of any but the author. The sense of a work which

continues to grow is enhanced by its inclusion with most of Sidney's other writings in the folio of 1598, 'the first literary collection in English to rival that of the by then old-fashioned Chaucer'.<sup>27</sup> The size of the books was physically increasing, and the Sidneian repertoire continued to expand also in the form of musical settings of the poems and their inclusion (together, sometimes, with prose extracts) in printed miscellanies like *Englands Helicon* (1600, 1614), which includes the Arcadian poems numbered by Ringler (OA 4, 6, 17 and 60), *Englands Parnassus* (1600), where quotations from the work are scattered under various headings, or in the many manuscript anthologies, gathered especially by courtiers, antiquaries, gentlemen, legal officers and students (see Beal). Characters, too, spilled from *Arcadia*, beyond editorial control, into continuations like that of Gervase Markham (No. 24) and into the more turbulent milieu of the theatres, where in 1606 the Children of the Queen's Revels staged an *Arcadia*, in John Day's *The Ile of Gulls* (No. 36), concerned mostly with comic sexual adventures and topical satire. It was partly in response to this proliferation that Greville (No. 39) sought to contain or preserve the interpretation of *Arcadia* as, above all, a sequence of 'morall Images, and Examples' which he believed was also Sidney's. Opponents like Bishop John King found it more difficult to perceive the moral worth of 'such like frivolous stories' (No. 22, 1594). But usually readers did not engage directly with the ethos or justification of the work as a whole. They found it comprehensive, compendious, a storehouse of rhetorical figures and exempla (see below, pp. 14ff.). Lady Anne Clifford was painted with *Arcadia* among her books, had it read to her while playing gecko in August 1617, and applied Musidorus' 'marble bowers, many times the gay harbour of anguish' (OA, p. 13) to her own experiences: 'the marble pillars of Knowle in Kent and Wilton in Wiltshire were to me oftentimes but the gay arbour of anguish'.<sup>28</sup>

#### Classical, rhetorical, exemplary

In the Renaissance to be compendious was, essentially, to be classical. The early elegists had already elevated Sidney the man to classical heroic status. He was Raleigh's 'Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch'<sup>29</sup> (the last a great Latinist as well as a love-poet), the

perfect follower of Mars, Mercury or Apollo, and, later, the English worthy fit (with Chaucer) to join the classical and European dignitaries portrayed in the frieze of the Bodleian Upper Reading Room in Oxford.<sup>30</sup> Classical comparison was central, too, to the description and elevation of Sidney's work. Most famously, George Hakewill in *An Apologie of the Power and Providence of God* (1627) argued: 'Touching *Petrie* for the inventive part thereof, Sir *Phillip Sidneyes Arcadia* is in my judgement nothing inferiour to the choisest peece among the Ancients.'<sup>31</sup> In saying this, Hakewill built on a long tradition. With reference to *Arcadia*, James Cleland in 1607 says that he 'may with out reproach or offence applie Homers e[u] logic unto his prayse; his wit so excellent, his invention so rare, and elocution so ravishing'.<sup>32</sup> In 1609 the essayist Joseph Wibarne places Musidorus and Pyrocles as the climax to a list of six exclusively classical 'paires of noble friends'.<sup>33</sup> And before *Arcadia* had been published in any form, Abraham Fraunce, drawing examples from *The Old Arcadia* for his *Arcadian Rhetorike*, asserts the eminence of English poetry and of Sidney by what Ethel Seaton called 'the simple device of steadily giving Sidney the third place, almost always in large type, next to the semi-divine pair [Homer and Virgil], and before the Italian, French, and Spanish poets'.<sup>34</sup>

Classical *Arcadia*, like—and in combination with—noble Sir Philip Sidney, became a court from which there was no appeal. Sir John Harington (No. 15) is able to defend Ariosto, who 'breaks off narrations verie abruptly' in order to create suspense since 'If *S. Philip Sidney* had counted this a fault, he would not have done so himselfe in his *Arcadia*.' Introducing his continuation of *Arcadia* (probably written in about 1597) in 1607, Gervase Markham (No. 24) shelters behind Sidney's example in order to justify 'allusion and imitation' of Sidney himself: Virgil, Ariosto and Spenser borrowed from their predecessors, and if he were still alive Sidney 'would him selfe confesse the honie he drew both from *Heliodorus*, and *Diana*'. On the other hand, Sidney's example is not always sufficient to make more mortal poets shine: Joseph Hall's Labeo

knows the grace of that new elegance  
Which sweet *Philisides* fetch'd late from *France*,  
That well beseem'd his high-stil'd *Arcady*,  
Tho others marre it with much libertie;  
In Epithets to joyne two wordes in one.<sup>35</sup>



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The most evidently classical element in *Arcadia* was its spectacular display of rhetoric. Renaissance schools and universities, of course, trained students to ‘learn the figures; identify them in whatever you read; use them yourself.’<sup>36</sup> ‘Thys darre I save’, wrote Richard Sherry in 1550, ‘no eloquente writer maye be perceived as he shulde be, without the knowledge of the figures.’<sup>37</sup> Sidney’s rhetorical *tour de force* in *Arcadia* was recognized as a particularly remarkable achievement—it is perhaps the single most important reason for the exaltation of *Arcadia* from the 1590s and through the seventeenth century, and for its unpopularity and neglect from the mid-eighteenth century. Most readers—unlike the specialists Abraham Fraunce and John Hoskyns—did not enumerate the figures to which they were responding. (The trained reader must have been able to identify and appreciate them and their variations almost without pausing to consider.) But the pleasures of such a response must lie behind many a seemingly generalized tribute, from Harvey in 1593 (No. 19c) on Sidney as ‘the Secretary of Eloquence’ to Richard Crashaw in 1646 on

*Sydnaean* showers  
Of sweet discourse, whose powers  
Can Crowne old Winters head with flowers.<sup>38</sup>

One factor in the early enthusiasm for Arcadian rhetoric was its contrast to Lyly’s hitherto fashionable, more heavily decorated manner. John Hoskyns (No. 28) in about 1599, and Drayton (No. 48) looking back in 1627, echo *A Defence of Poetry* on Lyly’s ‘idle similes’, a ‘kind of garnish’ to which ‘Sir Philip Sidney would not have his style be much beholding’. P. Albert Duhamel analysed prose passages from Lyly and Sidney according to the technique recommended in contemporary rhetorical handbooks, assessing both *inventio* and figures, and reached the conclusions summarized by Jean Robertson: ‘[Lyly’s] *Euphues* is shown to be short of argument, matter, and structure, and to be virtually all ornament; the *Arcadia* has far stronger arguments and greater structure; but fewer, though more varied, figures, and often of a more extended kind.’<sup>39</sup>

Already in *The Old Arcadia* there were many opportunities for the reader to observe oratorical technique. Lorna Challis has drawn attention, for instance, to the contrast between the speeches of

Philanax and of Euarchus at the princes' trial: Philanax, in his impassioned indictment, breaks the rules of the forensic oratory appropriate to the occasion, which suggests that even the usually just adviser is blinded by partisanship following Basilius' apparent death.<sup>40</sup> Abraham Fraunce in *The Arcadian Rhetorike* gave readers a wide range of samples of the use of figures in *The Old Arcadia*. But the work became even more conspicuously rhetorical, more flourishing in its *copia* or 'copiousnesse' (Richard Carew, No. 34), as it underwent extension and revision—partly, as Robertson points out, because 'the dramatic presentation of the *Old Arcadia* makes for more dialogue and less description' (*OA*, p. xxxii). It is particularly in *The New Arcadia*, John Carey argues persuasively, that a 'constant move towards deadlock in the rhetoric, produced by opposites pitted against each other' enacts 'a world view which is dominated by reversal of intention, tragic peripeteia'; the rhetoric also creates 'by its subtle figurings, an atmosphere of delicacy and tentativeness in which inner conflict and indecision...can be graphically communicated'.<sup>41</sup>

Sidney's ability to deal in such uncertain, transitional states of mind and language was perhaps apparent to some early readers. John Hoskyns may at least have been sensitive to his command of rhetorical variation and surprise, for, as Skretkowicz notes (*NA*, p. xxxix), his use of the 1590 quarto is probably a reaction against the way in which 'More than one deliberately unbalanced sentence was subjected to balancing, and imaginative flights of verbal relationships grounded into logicity by the editor of the second edition.' But on the whole the influence of rhetorical training was to constitute an *Arcadia* which is firmer in its judgements, clearer in its purpose, than other approaches suggest. Hoskyns's purpose is to give a young man *Directions for Speech and Style* as exemplified by Sidney.<sup>42</sup> (Where interpretation of *Arcadia* more generally is concerned, there was a similar tendency to find its characters, with Sir William Alexander (No. 42b), 'Types of Perfection'. The ubiquity of Sidney as infallible director of other men's speech, author of a book which 'hath in it all the strains of *Poesie*' and 'comprehendeth the universall art of speaking',<sup>43</sup> on occasion gave rise to mockery—as in Fastidius Brisk's account of Saviolina's alleged Arcadian purity of phrase and choiceness of figure in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1599, No. 27a)—or to caution like that of Edmund Bolton, who, in about 1618, praised *Arcadia* as

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'most famous for rich Conceit and Splendour of Courtly Expressions' but 'warily to be used by an Historian, whose style should have gloss and lustre, but otherwise rather Solidarity or Fluency then Singularity of oratorical or Poetical Notions'.<sup>44</sup> Perhaps it was in part because of the assumption that Sidney could provide style for all contexts that Jonson (No. 27c) commented that 'Sidney did not keep a Decorum in making every one speak as well as himself'. There was also a nascent preference for plainer style, which was probably one reason for the popularity of Francis Quarles's *Argalus and Parthenia* (No. 49, 1629).<sup>45</sup>

The practical effect of rhetorical awareness for many readers was a heightened awareness of persuasive, gnomic or elegant statement.<sup>46</sup> This was divided according to topic in compilations like *Englands Parnassus* and Nicholas Ling's immensely popular *Politeuphuia* (1597, and many subsequent seventeenth- and eighteenth-century printings). Ling told the reader that 'every continued speech is of more force and effecacie to perswade, or disswade, being adorned & strengthened with grave sentences, then rude heapes of idle wordes, and that wee ought to have an especiall regard, not howe much we speake, but howe well'. In arranging his 'grave sentences' under 'certaine heads or places', Ling presents the would-be discourser with 'a bundle of good counsailes against vice, and Iliads of prayse for vertue'.<sup>47</sup> Consequently the quotations are removed, often radically, from their original context, all the more so in the first few editions, which identify very few of the sources. The context of 'Ease is the nurse of Poetrie' (*NA*, p. 24) or 'Solitarinesse, the sly enemy that doth most separate a man from well-doing' (*NA*, p. 49) is altered, also, by the fact that most of Ling's examples come from the Church Fathers, later theologians and the classics, and some from the Bible, Erasmus, Luther, Petrarch, Guicciardini and Sir Thomas More. The company is similar to that in the Bodleian frieze; Ling 'presents thee not with matters of love since the world is too apt to baite on vanitie'.<sup>48</sup> In early seventeenth-century editions of *Politeuphuia* Sidney becomes again an authority, the initials 'S.P.S.' recurring after his contributions as a hallmark of excellence. For those who kept notes on the whole work like Brian Twyne (No. 29) the Arcadian context clearly remained more important, but Twyne too selects, without recording their context, statements like 'Unlawfull desires are punished after the effect of enjoynge: but unpossible desires are punished in the desire it selfe' and topics like

'Of Woamen and their excellency'. John Webster, copying notable expressions from *Arcadia* and other works, gave them new context and significance: the parenthetic remark in *Arcadia* 'in such a shadow or rather pit of darkness the wormish mankind lives that neither they know how to foresee nor what to fear, and are but like tennis balls tossed by the racket of the higher powers' prompts Bosola's comments on the 'shadow, or deep pit of darkness' lived in by 'womanish and fearful mankind' and human beings as 'merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded/ Which way please them'.<sup>49</sup>

Readers sought not only striking truths but notable characters, incidents, and stories. Hoskyns (No. 28) says: 'hee that will truely set downe a man in a figured storie, must first learne truely to set down an humor, a passion, a vertue, a vice, and therein keeping decent proporcion add but names, and knitt together the accidents and incounters'. Such a method might be characterized as Aristotelian (as Hoskyns goes on to indicate), Theophrastan—Hoskyns suggests that Sidney had 'much helpe out of *Theophrasti imagines*, and from the 1640s has survived a manuscript index to *Arcadia* including a 'Clavis' on Theophrastan principles 'opening the names and referring to the Charrecters'<sup>50</sup>—or more generally Erasmian. Such concerns inform Twyne's notes on Pamphilus and Dido or the 'perfit niggarde' Chremes, and the listing of Musidorus and Pyrocles as the 'mirror of true courage and friendshipp' by Hoskyns. Sir William Alexander (No. 41b) lists the general 'exquisite Types of Perfection for both the Sexes'. For Gabriel Harvey (No. 19c) Sidney provides not only moral exemplars but 'lively Precepts in the gallant Examples of his valiantest Duellists...whose lusty combats, may seeme Heroicall Monomachies'. Sometimes the behaviour of characters in specific incidents is used: in Richard Nugent's *Cynthia* (1604) a despairing lover draws comfort from the example of Musidorus, '*Sydneys* gentle shepheard', who 'blear'd his jealous hosts mistrustfull eyes/By his kind hostesse handsome industrie';<sup>51</sup> Alexander Craig (No. 35) has similar applications for the behaviour of Philoxenus' dog and for Euarchus' 'rashness' as judge; Sir Thomas Smith in 1605 remembers the Earl of Essex 'of whom many do make in divers kinds, but (as that learned and heroycall Poet *Sir Phil. Sidney* speaks of *Prince Plangus*) never any can make but honorable mention';<sup>52</sup> Sir William Cornwallis, ranging further from the original context in his

essay on 'The Instrumentes of a States-Man' notes that 'the besieged *Amphialus* teacheth the use of servants & inferiours most exactly'.<sup>53</sup>

Collection of references to characters reveals the great popularity of Dametas and the incidents associated with him. For Hoskyns he displays 'feare and fatall subtletie', and he is the type of an unworthy favourite in *The Ile of Gulls* (No. 36, 1606) and *A Draught of Sir Phillip Sidneys Arcadia* (No. 57, 1644). Harvey, perhaps more in keeping with most readers' immediate responses, puts forward 'the ridiculous encounters of Dametas, & Dorus; of Dametas, and Clinias' as a foil for the 'Heroicall Monomachies'. With Miso and Mopsa, Dametas figures largely in most dramatizations and continuations of *Arcadia*, where the story of their gulling by the disguised Musidorus is often retold or expanded. Dametas' duel with Clinias, which was probably a source of that between Viola/Cesario and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, is popular: Twyne notes 'a pretty and pleasant challenge betwixt 2 cowardes Dametas and Clinias...and...their merry cumbat: very well worth the readinge'; Robert Anton (*Moriomachia*, 1613) 'compared the comic duel between the Knights of the Sun and the Moon' with it.<sup>54</sup> In theological debate the Jesuit Henry Fitz-Simon dubs his opponent 'Dameta' with reference to the character's quibbles with Clinias' unexpected acceptance of his challenge; 'Let my Dameta, prove me a Clinias yf, and when he can: For I am suer I can now discover him a Dametas in relenting in the mayne provocation and excepting at trifles, most timorously; and impertinently';<sup>55</sup> Harvey (No. 19c) thought 'Dametas' would be a good name for Thomas Nashe.<sup>56</sup>

Amphialus—whose very name (a f?a???, 'between two seas'), suggests his dilemmas and those of the reader assessing his conduct—probably interested Renaissance readers more than the paucity of comment on him, or Hoskyns's description of him as exemplar simply of 'courteous valour', would suggest. Quarles (no. 49) makes him a less interesting figure—simply a rebel who is known as a lover—but *Love's Changelings' Change* (No. 43, 1621) follows in some detail Sidney's account of Amphialus (and Cecropia, Hoskyns's example of 'a mischievous seditious stomach', who otherwise figures surprisingly little in early responses to *Arcadia*). A more conscious interest, encouraged by the ambiguity of Amphialus' fate in *Arcadia*, is shown in the continuations of Markham, Beling and Weamys. All three describe or refer to his recovery and his marriage to Helen. Beling's version (No. 46)

presents an Amphialus who is, not for the first time, 'divided into many minds by the turbulent working of his thoughts', in this instance as he turns from the task of purging his unresponsiveness to Helen to that of purging his treason to Basilius. In Markham (No. 24) the difficulties come later, when Amphialus falsely suspects Helen of disloyalty; the Helen of *Arcadia*, her love unrequited, is thus reproduced.

Amphialus figures in some works as an agent in the story of Argalus and Parthenia. The manner of Parthenia's death gives her a place as 'a stoute and valiant woman' in William Heale's *Apologie for Women* (No. 38, 1609), where again the need for apt examples yields what to a modern reader may seem a surprising shift in emphasis. More predictably, Hoskyns points to 'mutuall virtuous love, in marriage, in *Argalus and Parthenia*', and Harvey (No. 19c) cites the fight between Argalus and Amphialus as one of the most notable of the 'Heroicall Monomachies'. The epitaph on the two lovers ('His being was in her alone...', *NA*, pp. 399-400) was copied separately by several readers (Beal, *SiP* 63-5, 69) and applied by Peter Heylyn to 'these two *Gemini* Historie and Geographie'.<sup>57</sup> The whole story was versified by Quarles (No. 49) and dramatized by Glaphthorne (No. 53) and continued popular in various versions until the nineteenth century (see headnote to No. 78). Its romantic appeal is evident; the unusual directness of language which characterizes Sidney's telling of it has also been noticed above.

'Argalus and Parthenia' is only one of several separable stories which appealed to readers and, particularly, to dramatists. Most famously, Shakespeare adapted the tale of the blinded Paphlagonian king and his sons Leonatus and Plexirtus (*NA*, pp. 179-86) in that of Gloucester, Edgar and Edmund in *King Lear*.<sup>58</sup> The story of Plangus, Andromana and Erona gave the opportunity for the sorts of ironies, reversals of expectation and role, and confrontations that were common in Jacobean and Caroline drama. This story (and others—that of the King of Lycia is conflated with that of the King of Iberia, and Basilius' infatuation with Zelmane is also used) is the major source for Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cupid's Revenge* and an influence on the plot of their *Philaster*.<sup>59</sup> The more moralistic *Tragedy of Andromana or, the Fatal and Deserved End of Ambition* (c. 1642-60), by 'J.S.', presents a Plangus even more noble, and an Andromana even more vicious, than in *Arcadia*. The torture of the inconstant

Pamphilus (*NA*, pp. 236–43) (whom, with his tormented tormentor Dido, Twyne (No. 29) found especially interesting) was a model for the fate of Ferentes in John Ford's *Love's Sacrifice* (1633).<sup>60</sup>

### Reading women in *Arcadia*

An increasing number of books in the late sixteenth century were directed at women.<sup>61</sup> The dedication (No. 2b) and the title of *Arcadia* publicly endorsed women as readers in a way that a conventional preface in which a client or would-be client addresses a female aristocrat could not: Mary Sidney is an intimate reader, a collaborator in the production of *Arcadia*, even before she becomes involved in the editing of the 1593 edition. Once the preface is published she becomes, paradoxically, publicly 'intimate' with Sidney and *Arcadia*. This, as Mary Ellen Lamb has argued,<sup>62</sup> was an important factor in the empowerment of women authors in the Sidney circle, particularly the Countess herself and her niece Lady Mary Wroth (No. 42). Romance was often regarded as essentially a feminine genre.<sup>63</sup> The importance of Pamela, Philoclea and Gynecia, joined by Cecropia and Parthenia in *The New Arcadia*, in part registers this. Female readers are given an explicit role in *The Old Arcadia* as the 'faire ladies' addressed by the narrator. As Caroline Lucas says, once 'the due bliss of these poor lovers' Pyrocles and Philoclea is consummated (*OA*, p. 243), the fair ladies disappear and the narrator seems to uphold the (male) values of Euarchus, but this conflicts with the already established close relationship developed between the (female) reader and the lovers. 'Sidney uses the dilemma of the dual role of the implied reader to demonstrate the central dilemma of the *Old Arcadia*: whether or not reason and passion can be reconciled.'<sup>64</sup>

The heroic *New Arcadia* could be felt to subordinate women as characters to the exigencies of male derring-do;<sup>65</sup> where women dominate, they are ruthless, destructive figures like Cecropia or Andromana. Women do, however, remain important as storytellers, Miso and Mopsa have almost as important a comic role as Dametas, and, more importantly, Pyrocles as Zelmane has a more extended opportunity than as Cleophila to explore the ambiguities of 'her' male/female position.<sup>66</sup> 'She' encounters a new kind of female heroism in which Pamela's 'majesty' and Philoclea's quieter

determination, compassion, and wit contrast with 'her' outbursts of powerless anger and despair during their captivity. The princesses' passive fortitude, and Parthenia's willed death at the hands of Amphialus—illustrating the victory of romantic love over heroic valour<sup>67</sup>—contrast markedly with the deeds, often futile or destructive, of their male lovers and persecutors alike. 'At a time when opportunities for heroism for women were limited, the *New Arcadia* offered its female audience a means through which they could perceive themselves as heroic in their everyday lives.'<sup>68</sup> William Heale (No. 38), for one, felt that *Arcadia* was a highly suitable source on which to draw when defending women.

But on the whole Lamb is, no doubt, right that the role of the constant heroine was lost on male readers.<sup>69</sup> The enumeration of the virtues of Sidney's female 'Types of Perfection' by Sir William Alexander (No. 41 b)—'Modesty, Shamefastness, Constancy, Contineny, still accompanied with a tender sense of Honour'—might possibly be construed as an acknowledgement of the glories of passive heroism; but, especially when set beside Alexander's male virtues of 'Magnaminy, Carriage, Courtesy, Valour, Judgment, Discretion', it is a list which suggests traditional female submission more than the translation of this into heroism: Griselda rather than Pamela, Philoclea or Parthenia. Bound by contemporary methods of exemplification through character, such female types have little to say to the experience of the female characters as lovers.

The presence of women as sexual beings in *Arcadia* was, however, a major factor in readers' responses, both positive and—as in the attacks of King (No. 22), Powell (No. 50) or Milton (No. 58)—negative. Even the positive responses to the women's 'Blessed *Sidney's Arcady*' (Lovlace, No. 54, 1638) construct women's responses very differently from William Heale. Mary Ellen Lamb suggests that male readers may have taken a voyeuristic pleasure in the sufferings of the princesses and Parthenia.<sup>70</sup> Erotic possibilities more generally appeal to John Day and the audience of *The Ile of Gulls* (No. 36, 1606) and to Brian Twyne in his manuscript notes (No. 29, c. 1600), where he claims, for instance, that in 'What toong can her perfections tell?' (*OA*, p. 62) Sidney 'bids you craftily to kisse Philocleas arse'. Women may have responded similarly, but for obvious reasons no record of this survives. As constructed by men, women readers appreciate, on the whole, *only* or chiefly the



amorous aspects of the work. The manuscript miscellany poem 'Upon Sydneis Arcadia' (No. 47, c. 1625–50) deems *Arcadia* the aptest book to be 'upholden' by his mistress's 'lillie hands'. (Unusually the author does allow that the woman may respond to the more comic passages—'Mopsaes mowes, & Dorus guiles'—as well as the plaints of Plangus and the tears of Parthenia.) Edmund Waller, Richard Lovelace and later Charles Cotton (Nos 52, 54, 62) acknowledge women as primary readers of *Arcadia*, while also turning this to account by implying that they read only as would-be lovers. Cotton's nymph in 'The Surprize' remains chaste in spite of reading *Arcadia* rather than because she has read about Pamela. (This partly results from the exigencies of the lyric genre, but also suggests a common response; amorous possibilities are to the fore not only in *The Ile of Gulls* but in the more refined dramatic versions by Glapthorne, Shirley and the author of *Love's Changelings' Change* (Nos 53, 56, 43) in the 1620s and 1630s.) A male character in Thomas Nabbes's *Tottenham Court* is prepared to go to any lengths for the pleasures of female company: 'I'll spin or threed their needles;/Read *Spenser* and th'*Arcadia*.'<sup>71</sup> In so far as any single reading can be said to have taken the work over (and a book read and referred to in so many different ways must have generated a great deal of testimony now lost to us), *Arcadia* was chiefly 'amatorious' for many seventeenth-century readers.<sup>72</sup>

In two seventeenth-century instances, however, male readers are figured as getting their come-uppance for constructing a purely amorous *Arcadia*. John Stephens's lawyer's clerk expects to be able to woo 'with bawdery in text; and with Jests, or speeches stolne from Playes, or the common-helping *Arcadia*, but if he chooses a woman 'worthily' he will be 'worthily contemned'.<sup>73</sup> And according to an anecdote collected by Sir Nicholas LeStrange (d. 1655):

A gentleman complimenting with a lady in pure Sir Philip Sidney, she was so well verst in his author, as tacitely she traced him to the bottome of a leafe, where (his memorie failing) he brake off abruptly. 'Nay, I beseech you, Sir,' sayd shee, 'proceede and turn over the leafe, for methinke the best part is still behinde;' which unexpected discovery silenc't him for ever after.<sup>74</sup>

He who thinks *Arcadia* is principally made to make maids and wives blush is, Anne Bradstreet (No. 55) says in 1638, 'a beetle head'.

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

Women did succeed, presumably, in reading for the 'world of treasure' which lies 'in that rubbish', or in more complex exploration of Philoclea or Gynecia than Bradstreet's liberal Puritan perspective will allow. Outside *Arcadia*, but in a work in many ways inspired by it, Lady Mary Wroth's *Urania* (No. 42, 1621), romance was reformulated in such a way as to give women greater prominence.<sup>75</sup> But such confident reformulation would have been difficult for a woman outside the Sidney circle to achieve, and even in Wroth's case some of the animus against *Urania* was directed at her gender.<sup>76</sup> More widely acceptable as a work for women readers was Quarles's *Argalus and Parthenia* (no. 49), introduced as a book which will 'choose to lye' in ladies' 'silken laps'. This retains (as 'silken laps' may, intentionally or not, indicate) the appeal of a love-story for male and female readers, but resists the openly erotic and retains a place for female heroism without the distracting presence of Musidorus, Pyrocles or a developed Amphialus. It was perhaps in this simpler, cheaper, more 'middle-brow' work as much as in *Arcadia* that women could perceive themselves as Mary Ellen Lamb's heroes of everyday life. (This, however, may well also have had an effect on readers of the *Argalus and Parthenia* story in *Arcadia*; the audiences of the two works cannot have been mutually exclusive.)

### A Royalist romance?

Several of the writers who use *Arcadia* for its possibilities for poetic wooing were Royalists or 'Cavalier poets'. The love-lyric itself became, in the 1640s, a 'recognised Royalist' genre.<sup>77</sup> There was, as Annabel Patterson has shown, a vogue for *Arcadia* at the Caroline court, with five editions of Sidney between 1627 and 1638, 1630s dramatizations by Glapthorne (No. 53) and Shirley (no. 56), and a fashion for pastoral Arcadianism in which Sidney was clearly an important element.<sup>78</sup> William Prynne attacked 'Arcadiaes, and fained histories that are now so much in admiration', thus striking at the heart of court culture no less than in his more famous words about women actors as 'notorious whores'.<sup>79</sup>

For the romance, even more directly than the lyric, Lois Potter argues, 'belonged specifically to the royalists'.<sup>80</sup> In *The Civil War* Abraham Cowley memorialized Lord Falkland as 'More civill, then Romance ere fancied yet;/Above the noblest draught of Sidneys

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wit'.<sup>81</sup> At the height of the first Civil War the anonymous author of *A Draught of Sir Phillip Sidneys Arcadia* used *Arcadia* as a source for detailed criticism of the management of the Royalist cause (No. 57). As the supporters of Charles I entered a world of beheadings, dispossession, exile, wandering princes, reunions and hopes of restoration and recognition, romance—encountered now in its French as well as its Sidneian manifestation—took on a new meaning. A manuscript continuation of *Arcadia*, now in the Osborn Collection in the Beinecke Library at Yale, ends not with marriages and reunions but with the beheading of a king and several of his lords, and the parliament's decree that no successor is to be proclaimed.<sup>82</sup> The published romance *Theophania* (1655) tells, often in Sidneian tones, the story of 'The *Sicilian Monarchy*' which had been 'Invincible against all foreign assaults...till the people weary of so much felicity, to shew the greatness of their power, destroyed their own happiness...by an intestine war'.<sup>83</sup>

A note of caution does, however, need to be sounded. Romance, like tragicomedy, is a distinctively open form, dealing often, at least where the main characters are concerned, in 'the danger, not the death',<sup>84</sup> in politics rather than political statement. Anne Weamys in 1651 was able to write a continuation which does not seem particularly royalist (see below, p. 44). If *A Draught* (No. 57) could adapt *Arcadia* so ingeniously to its purposes, readers of widely differing beliefs could, probably, have done the same. Given the prevalence of *Arcadia* in contemporary culture (whether at court or at the various levels of those who could afford to buy or had access to a copy, or who knew it through the dramatizations or *Argalus and Parthenia* or the musical settings), given Milton's awareness (No. 58) that *Arcadia* is, as a secular work at least, 'full of worth and witt', it is unlikely that Royalism succeeded even temporarily in monopolizing the interpretation of the work.

### *Certain Sonnets*

Sidney gave his thirty-two *Certain Sonnets* 'some semblance of structure by beginning with two sonnets yielding to love and ending with two others bidding farewell to love' (Ringler, p. xliii). They were usually regarded, however, as a miscellany. This is suggested by its various titles: *Certain Sonnets Written by Sir Philip Sidney: Never*

*before printed* in the 1598 folio; ‘Certein lowse Sonnettes’ in a manuscript of all but five of the poems, now in the Bodleian Library; ‘Dyvers and sondry Sonettes’ in a manuscript of all but the first two poems now in the Folger (Beal, SiP 19–20). It is perhaps suggested also by the lack of contemporary comment of the sort directed at *Astrophil and Stella* and *Arcadia*, and the absence of a printed version of the whole collection until 1598. Both small groups of poems and individual poems were, however, clearly important in the early dissemination of Sidney’s work and reputation.

The most popular poems, to judge by the frequency of manuscript survival, were numbers 3 (‘The fire to see my wrongs...’), 16a and 16 (Dyer’s satyr poem and Sidney’s response), 19 (‘If I could thinke how these my thoughts to leave...’), 23 (‘Who hath his fancie pleased...’) and 30 (‘Ring out your belles...’). They were selected for suitably miscellaneous reasons. Number 3 reappears in the *New Arcadia* (*NA*, p. 392) and owes its popularity to its context there as a song composed by Amphialus and directed at Philoclea by ‘an excellent consort...of five viols and as many voices’ (set by William Corkine in 1612) and to the fashion for ‘correlative or reporting verse’ (Ringler, pp. 597, 406). Number 23 has a straightforward lyric and mnemonic appeal, perhaps increased by familiarity with ‘*the tune of Wilhelmus van Nassaw, &c.*’ supplied as a heading in Robert Thornton’s miscellany of the 1580s–1590s (Beal, SiP 50) and the 1598 folio. Numbers 16a and 16, by contrast, display a more sinewy ‘wit’, enhanced when they are paired. Number 19 (‘correlative’ again) enacts a struggle between ‘rebell sence’ and ‘reason’s law’ which brings it closer to the matter of *Astrophil and Stella* than most of these poems. Number 30 probably attracted through its easy play with repetition and variation and its surprising final turn; it was a copy of this ‘Dyttye’ (Beal, SiP 55) that Sidney saw fit, on 10 December 1584 at Putney, to give Edward Bannister, clearly something of a literary connoisseur (he had persuaded Bartholomew Yong to translate Montemayor’s *Diana*, would later marry Robert Southwell’s sister, and collected ‘books, musical instruments, paintings, and statuary’, Ringler, p. 555).

The chance record of the gift to Bannister hints at some of the processes of reception, of which little is known. How far was the gift intended and received as a tribute to Bannister’s interest in letters, or to a close companionship, or as a statement of neighbourly

feeling (Sidney was living nearby with Sir Francis Walsingham)? Evidently, once separated from the context of the other poems gathered, even loosely, as *Certain Sonnets*, 'Ring out your belles assumes a different function. It is copied among other poems (British Library, MS Add. 28253) collected by Bannister between 1583 and 1603, and then becomes part of a larger loose-leaf collection to which additions go on being made until the eighteenth century.<sup>85</sup> There is no way of knowing in detail how Bannister and other compilers and readers of this miscellany read the poem. Was their way of reading affected by its publication with the other songs and sonnets in 1598, or by its appearance in 1600 in *Englands Helicon* under the heading '*Astrophels love is dead*'?<sup>86</sup> How far did Bannister respond to the poem for its sentiment and technique, and how far—especially after Sidney's death in 1586—as a prestigious mark of favour from the famed Sir Philip? (Bannister is known to have collected. Did he keep the 'Dyttye' at any stage with his music, was it arranged among the books or more carefully locked away, as Elizabethan women locked away love-poems and portrait miniatures to be brought out for fellow-connoisseurs?)<sup>87</sup>

Such speculation may seem extravagant but should serve to indicate some of the areas of Sidney's early reception which existed alongside the known comments. Sometimes it is possible to be more explicit: number 32 ('Leave me o Love, which reachest but to dust...') appealed then as in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries to the moralistically inclined. Samuel Austin, in a rare printed comment of 1629, takes the poem as his text for the advice 'bid the world farewell with *Sydney*';<sup>88</sup> the perceived moral attitude of the poem probably explains why Sir James Murray of Tibbermure or one of his associates chose to write it out at the end of a fifteenth-century manuscript of Lydgate's *Destruction of Troy*<sup>89</sup> It is similarly worth noting that Edward Pudsey places the same poem prominently in his early seventeenth-century compilation mainly of apothegms and moral reflections from historians (Tacitus, Guicciardini, Machiavelli) and playwrights (Jonson, Chapman, Marston, Dekker, Shakespeare).<sup>90</sup>

Pudsey seeks the moral grist; in the context of his miscellany, 'Leave me o Love...' becomes even more sombre and loses its consonance with an immediately preceding poem ('Thou blind man's marke...') and its contrast to most of the *Certain Sonnets*. As the manuscript and printed miscellanies and folio text circulated,

other compilers sought to mould the poems into different shapes. An anthology from the 1580s, probably arranged by the future royal master of the ceremonies Sir John Finett, and Constable's *Diana* (1594–7) each takes in as a group numbers 8–11, 'made when his *Ladie had paine in her face*'<sup>91</sup> The courtly and amatory tone of the receiving work (Finett's includes much from the *Old Arcadia* and from Dyer and the earl of Oxford amongst others; Constable's own poems are supplemented by numbers 1–2, 18 and 20 as well as this group, and by 'divers Quatorzains of honorable and lerned [anonymous] persons') is enhanced, with perhaps a hint of that personal, biographical interest more often found in responses to *Astrophil and Stella*: the 'paine', it is explained in another hand in the Finett collection, is 'the small poxe'.<sup>92</sup> Selection processes vary: Ringler points out that Finett clearly copied from other anthologies; Pudsey, on the other hand, probably drew on the 1598 folio (Ringler, pp. 558, 557). Drummond of Hawthornden went through *Certain Sonnets* in about 1606–9 copying, as he was wont, sometimes whole poems, often a line or two—the opening line 'The scourge of life, and death's extreme disgrace...' (number 8) and 'If rebell sence would reason's law receive;/Or reason foyld would not in vaine contend' from number 19, for example<sup>93</sup>—while Sir John Harington is characteristically more concerned with preserving and even developing whole poems (he copies numbers 1, 3, 27 and 30; working on 27, he omits the title '*To the tune of a Neapolitan Villanell*' and, consistently with this, the 'Fa la la...' refrain, and varies 'And all my life' in the penultimate line to 'and wilst I live'.<sup>94</sup> Again the poem is developed in a new context. *Englands Helicon* (1600) goes some way to inserting its four items from *Certain Sonnets* into a different, if scattered, sequence by giving two of them titles involving 'Astrophel' as author or speaker, and also including four songs from *Astrophil and Stella* itself. Quietly, the reception of *Certain Sonnets* continued.

### *Astrophil and Stella*

The sonnets of *Astrophil and Stella* circulated in manuscript (Beal, SiP 1–6) to a much more restricted extent than *Certain Sonnets* and most of Sidney's verse. The only known extensive manuscript copies, from the late 1580s or early 1590s, belonged to William Briton of

Kelston, a neighbour of Sir John Harington, who also had early access to the sonnets (see Ringler, p. 541), Sir Edward Dymoke, the future hereditary king's champion, and relation by marriage of the Haringtons and Sidneys,<sup>95</sup> and in the case of the 'Bright manuscript' (British Library, MS Add. 15232) probably to the Countess of Pembroke and then to other family members.<sup>96</sup> One reason for this must have been a desire not to draw attention to the potentially scandalous presence of Lord and Lady Rich in some of the sonnets. William Briton of Kelston, one of the few who did have access to a complete manuscript of the sonnets, 'removed all clues to Stella's identity by omitting sonnets 24, 35, and 37, and obscured the love story by omitting the songs and jumbling the order of the remaining sonnets' (Ringler, p. 542). The pirated first edition of the poems in 1591 also omitted 37, presumably with the same aim, although it retained 'the almost equally revealing 24 and 35' (Ringler, p. 473). Sir John Harington, heading sonnet 1 'Sonnettes of S<sup>r</sup> Phillip Sydneys to ["to" replaces the deleted "uppon"] the Lady Ritch' doubtless took the same knowing delight in making this private identification as in revealing it in his *Orlando Furioso* 'in terms which only other people who were also in on the secret would understand' (Ringler, p. 542).

Whether or not they knew about or were interested in the identity of Stella, some early readers, not surprisingly, took *Astrophil and Stella* at face value as love-poetry. Sir Edward Dymoke prefaced his manuscript copy of the poems with his own sonnet celebrating the gods' favours to Sidney in making him a love-poet, having already bestowed on him 'sadd witt, and mylde Speech', knighthood, 'Lawrell', and 'knowledge passing vulgar Sence':

Vertues no vertues are which Love not blesseth  
Well then, he Lov'd to perfect all the rest  
*Cupid* a Quill out of his wing, him tooke  
And *Stella* fayre gave hym the paper-Book.<sup>97</sup>

*Brittons Bowre of Delights* (1591) remembers that 'In all the skie he honoured but a starre,/That was his course of all his kind affection.'<sup>98</sup> Similarly general praises occur in the *Astrophel* volume: Matthew Roydon (No. 10), for instance, says that Stella's beauty is made even more apparent in *Astrophil's* 'Poesies', since 'He that hath love and judgement too,/Sees more than any other doo.' Some

time after 1605 John Davies of Hereford played elaborately in Latin with the love, the names and the inseparability of *Astrophil* and *Stella*.<sup>99</sup> And the name *Astrophil* or *Astrophel* (the form used in the printed editions), particularly after the publication of *Astrophel*, became synonymous with an idealized Sidney, a poet, lover, shepherd or knight as occasion demanded, linked only tenuously with Sidney's poems but helping no doubt to maintain an image of them as straightforward sugared love-sonnets, safely free of the more morally dubious aspects of the male figure in *Astrophil and Stella*.<sup>100</sup> There is, however, ample reason to believe that a love-story (or indeed the 'anatomy of love' which C.S.Lewis famously opposed to the 'love-story')<sup>101</sup> was not all that Renaissance readers sought or found.

*Astrophil and Stella* invites multiple, ambivalent, ironic, paradoxical reading. Within the sequence and within individual poems there are apparent shifts of audience: there are first-person meditations, second-person addresses, third-person narrative, dialogue (as in sonnet 34 or song xi), sometimes in rapid succession. At times *Astrophil* is Sidney, sharing his armorial insignia, name or father (sonnets 65, 83, 30), at times he inhabits a more evidently fictive world. Artificiality is everywhere, just as 'Looke in thy heart and write' and declarations of originality are conventional in Petrarchan poetry. *Stella*—who is sometimes Penelope Rich—sings her lover's 'plaints' (sonnet 57) rather than simply listening to them, and is more likely to 'pity the tale of me' (sonnet 45) than *Astrophil* himself. Types of reader explicitly invoked include 'friends' (sonnet 20), fellow-poets who 'poore *Petrarch's* long deceased woes,/With new-borne sighes and denisend wit do sing' (sonnet 15), 'Envious wits' (sonnet 104), as well as *Stella* and Love. Such is the concentration on 'the proper style, content, originality and method of interpreting love-sonnets', Arthur F. Marotti argues, that to Sidney's sophisticated readers 'the whole work must have begun to take the shape of a metapoem, that is a literary work whose metacommunicative character made the relationship of poet and audience more important than either the ostensible amorous subject-matter or its sociopolitical coordinates'.<sup>102</sup>

Something of the 'metacommunicative' is perhaps to be glimpsed in Thomas Nashe's emphasis (No. 17a) on the poem as 'a Theater of pleasure', an artificial stage 'to encounter your curious eyes, whiles the tragicommodity of love is performed by starlight'—as



performative, as engaged in ‘play’, rather than simply communicative. There were, however, other (overlapping) ways of reading. The deployment of a dazzling variety of arguments, the bold shifts of focus, and the suasive aim of the sequence might well, for example, have commended it to a Ramist reading. It could be studied, John Webster points out, in terms of Ramus’ Prudential Method as adapted to cleverer readers, in which one can ‘change things, make things up, make light, feign the contrary, start over again, avoid showing any semblance of thinking about your real argument...rush past things, be irritating, debate, proceed by arrogance’.<sup>103</sup> One can imagine William Temple (No. 7) or perhaps John Hoskyns (No. 28) taking such an approach more or less seriously. Given a pejorative twist, awareness of Prudential Method could, alternatively, feed a Calvinist reading of the sort explored by Alan Sinfield, who argues that the sequence was read somewhat in the same way as those psalms of rebellion and despair which function, for Calvin, as ‘an aid to self-examination, involving the reader in a range of emotional states so that he comes to appreciate his own fallibility’.<sup>104</sup> On the other hand, as Gary Waller says, it is clear from the contrasts in attitude between *Caelica* and its partial model *Astrophil and Stella* that Fulke Greville saw Sidney’s sequence as ‘potentially highly subversive of sound Protestant belief’.<sup>105</sup> And the idea of such fallibility lends itself to another influential modern suggestion—Roche’s that Astrophil’s love is intended as a negative example, his ‘journey from hope to despair as a fictional device for the analysis of human desire in Christian terms’. Roche’s most convincing contemporary evidence consists of a reading of Nashe’s preface (No. 17a), in which

The ‘paper stage’ betrays the lack of a firmer foundation; the ‘artificial heav’n’ does ‘overshadow the faire frame’ of God’s intended creation; the ‘tragicommodity of love is performed by starlight’ only for lack of better light. The argument is ‘*cruell chastitie*’ only because that chastity will not respond to Astrophil’s desires.<sup>106</sup>

The distinction between grave and light by Thomas Newman, the work’s publisher (No. 16) could also have alerted readers to the dangers of taking Astrophil’s self-valuation uncritically. Seen in this light, Meres’s statement (No. 25) that Sidney and other poets are

passionate 'to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of Love' begins to take on some possible new meanings.

Ramist, Calvinist or negative interpretation were open, in theory at least, to any educated Renaissance reader. They, and the foregrounding of argument and reading in *Astrophil and Stella* itself, were among the influences conditioning the close reading of a Brian Twyne (No. 29), puzzling over why the 'touchstone' of sonnet 9 'wanteth the touchstone of truth'. Political readings were perhaps more likely in the immediate courtly circle among whom the poems were first disseminated. Such 'coterie' readers, Arthur Marotti suggests, would perceive with the aid of Sidney's irony in sonnet 30 'the truth that both this poem and the others deny, that he was politically ambitious, something of which [they] would have been all too aware'; the poems' circulation is restricted because Sidney used their 'environment...as an imaginative and social retreat more hospitable than the larger world'.<sup>107</sup> They would perhaps be alert to the 'set of homologies between lover/loved, suitor/ patron and courtier/prince' identified by Ann Rosalind Jones and Peter Stallybrass,<sup>108</sup> or participate in the disguising or unconscious displacing of personal desire for wealth, status and power 'in metaphors of erotic and spiritual desire' as examined by Louis Adrian Montrose.<sup>109</sup>

The claim 'When I say "*Stella*" I do meane the same/Princesse of Beautie...' (sonnet 28) almost invites the reader to dig for alternatives. Nevertheless, biographical readings are, as indicated near the beginning of this section, a real presence in early responses to the work, and it is difficult to gainsay Katherine Duncan-Jones's view that the new historicists are exaggerating and that 'from the reader's point of view Sidney was exploring sexual rather than political frustration.'<sup>110</sup> Duncan-Jones is aware, however, that this does not necessarily imply, as it did for nineteenth-century critics in particular, a crude and one-dimensional awareness of Penelope Rich. *Astrophil and Stella* is not, as Ringler made clear, 'a versified diary' (Ringler, p. xlv); when, for a time, readers think that it is, they are responding 'to the *enargeia*, or forcefulness, of Sidney's rhetoric'.<sup>111</sup> And the illusion of reality is likely to be shortlived since, as Dennis Kay puts it, with *Astrophil and Stella* as with *Lelius* and *Philisides* in *Arcadia*, there is 'an apparent attempt to declare that fiction has a basis in the world, that it has anchors into the experiences and circumstances of its author, but the nature of those

connections is left teasingly, and it seems deliberately, vague, general, and conventional.<sup>112</sup> As Penelope Rich became more powerful (as Essex's influential sister) and Sidney's memory more idealized in the 1590s, interest in their liaison, whether real or fictive, is unlikely to have been coloured only by a liking for love-stories. For Matthew Gwynne (No. 32, 1603) to hail her in terms borrowed from *Astrophil and Stella* was to salute not only her personal graces but her status as one not simply called beautiful by a poet-lover but 'peerelesse Phoenix' by the revered Sidney, a bright sun still at her mid-day (in spite of the fall of her brother two years previously), able still to 'inspire'—and to reward the inspired dedicator.<sup>113</sup> To be 'Stella' in 1603 is one of her distinctive signs of power, something very different from being the Stella of the poems in a more literal sense. To be Stella was part of her fashioning: this, says Gwynne, is unrepeatable, unless, in a vintage act of 'self-fashioning', she writes about herself ('Unlesse your selfe be of your selfe devising').

For some readers, of course, Stella and Lady Rich were more simply synonymous. An early seventeenth-century manuscript miscellany extracts eight lines from sonnet 37, heads them 'Laydie Rich' and follows them at once with a satirical epitaph on 'Penelope or my ladie Rich/or my ladie of Devonshire I know not which' (Ringler, p. 559). It seems likely that, as Duncan-Jones argues, Sidney's death-bed desire to rid himself of the 'vanity' Lady Rich, reported in one manuscript of *The Manner of Sir Philip Sidney's Death* (MP, p. 169), is the contribution not of a reliable witness but of a reader of *Astrophil and Stella*.<sup>114</sup> More extensively, the imaginary epistles written as between Sidney and Penelope Rich probably at some time between 1607 and 1623 (No. 37), present the characters as real-life versions of Astrophil and Stella. Those songs and sonnets (especially sonnet 92) that suggest biographical details are sometimes drawn on, but are only one source (others include Holinshed, Drayton and a vivid imagination) for a full affair rather than, say, Duncan-Jones's courtly 'game'.<sup>115</sup> The main reaction sought from readers is a sentimental frisson at the lovers' separation, together with a more erotic frisson at the idea of their having consummated their passions and—to judge by Penelope's unfinished letter—continuing to do so. Penelope Rich, probably dead by the time the epistles were written, is reduced to an analogue or offspring of Stella in *Astrophil and Stella*—not, as for Gwynne, one

who garnered her association with the usefully peerless Sidney on the way to future successes. The association with Sidney—whose reputation, unlike Penelope Rich's, remained untarnished—had a somewhat different significance: to be 'yonge Sidneys love' was a much more considerable honour in a Jacobean poem than it would have been, in life, in the 1580s.

The imaginary epistles may have been popular with women. Penelope here, unlike Stella, is allowed to express her feelings at length. Stella, by contrast, has her (occasional) words reported not only by a male author but by a male lover who seems more unreliable than most of his Petrarchan forebears.<sup>116</sup> Song viii, where Stella has twenty-eight lines of her own, is the well-known exception to the norm. With several other of the songs, especially the tenth, this seems to have been more widely known than most of the sonnets.<sup>117</sup> One reason for this was, naturally, that the songs are more easily adapted to musical setting and singing than the sonnets, and perhaps stand more easily alone, 'supplying by lyric implication what the explicit narrative leaves out'.<sup>118</sup> But song viii in particular may have appealed to women. Lamb suggests that it helped Lady Mary Wroth in the 'radical reformulation' of the Petrarchan sonnet sequence necessary for her female-subject *Pamphilia to Amphilanthus* (published with *Urania*, 1621).<sup>119</sup> But, as Josephine Roberts points out, where Stella is perfection, Pamphilia is aware of Amphilanthus' inconstancy, and the tone is often as bitter as the end of Sidney's sequence.<sup>120</sup> (One can only speculate on how the 3rd Earl of Pembroke, who corresponds so evidently to Amphilanthus, read the love-poems of the uncle whom Thomas Moffet (No. 21) had upheld to him as a moral exemplar whose *Astrophil* was 'elegant' and 'pleasing' but who had wished to consign it to the fire. Sidney was also, of course, Wroth's uncle. Did she feel that she was using real people in her verse in just the same way as Sidney, or more sharply, more consistently? Whether or not *Astrophil and Stella* is closely concerned with Sidney and Rich, it set a precedent for such closeness.)

Thomas Nashe might be interpreted as a male author wanting to impinge on female space in his reference to the 'Ladies casks' in which the fame of a poet is 'oftentimes imprisoned'. But this is only one of the 'prisons' he wants to break into; the 1591 quarto, published without the Sidneys' permission, effectively frees the work from courtly control—Nashe writes as if trying, sometimes

apologetically, sometimes with flamboyant confidence, to harness his own incipient fame to Sidney's established reputation. He is at once ushering in a familiar figure and, for the majority of contemporary readers, irrevocably altering his reputation, building on the appearance of the 1590 *Arcadia* to continue the transformation from Protestant hero and Maecenas to man of letters and lover or presenter of love. Nashe stands 'talking all this while in an other mans doore', and makes it the doorway to a different sort of fame in the 'Theater' known to most previously only by report. As Ringler noted, the publication of the first quarto was an event of major literary significance, 'for in addition to presenting for the first time an almost complete though corrupt text of Sidney's sonnets, it marked the first appearance in print of the poetry of Campion, Daniel, and Greville' (Ringler, p. 543). Daniel was 'forced'—or enabled—'to publish that which I never ment' in his corrected version of *Delia* (1592). According to Daniel '*Astrophel*, flying with the wings of his own fame, a higher pitch then the gross-sighted can discern, hath registred his owne name in the annals of eternitie, and cannot be disgraced, howsoever disguised' by unreliable editing,<sup>121</sup> but Sidney had unequivocally entered the world of being edited, being printed and available to the 'gross-sighted' and to the more perspicacious. Newman was required not to abandon his project totally but to reissue a (partly) corrected text without his and Nashe's prefaces. (The work thus retained a little of its pre-publication status, clearly emanating from the milieu of courtiers like the Countess of Pembroke and Lady Rich, and unsullied by association with such more lowly figures as Flower, Newman and Nashe; but the work itself remained in the public domain, republished in further corrected form in 1598.)

There is a sense of excitement in the two 1591 prefaces: *Astrophil and Stella* is newly 'set abroad', a 'rare device' to be freshly discovered, discussed and imitated. Its influence is everywhere in the 1590s, most obviously in the sonnet-sequences which it to a greater or lesser extent inspired, including Daniel's *Delia* (1592, with further editions in 1594, 1595, 1598) and Drayton's *Ideas Mirroure* (1594, reappearing in 1599 and 1600), with its respectfully ironic reference to his great predecessor in the art of drawing on convention while asserting originality: 'Divine Sir *Phillip*, I avouch thy writ/I am no Pickpurse of anothers wit.'<sup>122</sup> Some poets acknowledge their debt in numerological form: there are, as in

*Astrophil and Stella*, 108 poems in the anonymous *Alcilia* of 1595 and in Alexander Craig's *Amorose Songes* of 1606; song viii is the 108th piece in *Englands Helicon* (1600); the *Astrophel* elegists, helping, as Dennis Kay says, to establish Sidney's new reputation as a poet, write *Astrophel* in 216 lines, and *The Lay of Clorinda* in 108; Greville's *Caelica*, no doubt relatedly, has 109.<sup>123</sup> Alistair Fowler was one of the first to draw attention to the importance of numerology to the readers and writers of Elizabethan poetry. The number 108 refers to the 'Penelope game' in which the suitors, in two groups of fifty-four, tried to hit the 'Penelope stone'; 'The absence of a 109th or Penelope stone...confesses Astrophil's failure as a lover.'<sup>124</sup> Shakespeare was much influenced, particularly in his own sonnets.<sup>125</sup> Sidney's sequence—either directly or through the fashion it inspired—also influenced the language of *Romeo and Juliet*, its inclusion and enactment of sonnets, its 'sonnet-like symmetries and intensities of feeling and language'. Song iv provides 'an atmosphere of seclusion, darkness, and tender intimacy' apt to the lovers' first encounters.<sup>126</sup> The association of the sequence with young lovers is put to comic effect when Falstaff says or sings to Mistress Ford his version of the opening of song ii, 'Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel?'<sup>127</sup>

*Astrophil and Stella* continued to be widely read in the early seventeenth century. In addition to its already mentioned importance for Alexander Craig (no. 35) and for Lady Mary Wroth (No. 42), it is used by the quotation-hungry John Webster, whose Duchess of Malfi echoes the second sonnet when she asks: 'Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,/Account it praise to suffer tyranny?', and by George Herbert, who produces in 'Jordan II' a 'sacred parody' of the first sonnet.<sup>128</sup> The sequence has sometimes been seen as a source for the relationship between Penthea, her enforced husband Bassanes and her former betrothed Orgilus in John Ford's *The Broken Heart*.<sup>129</sup> Abraham Cowley may have been influenced by song xi in 'The Change'.<sup>130</sup> But it no longer seems to cause as much excitement as in the 1590s, when Nashe proclaimed its newness, its potential. One reason for this is that with the accession of James I love-poetry was replaced by religious and philosophical writing as the most obvious vehicle for social, economic and political ambition.<sup>131</sup> No doubt it also seemed simply less fresh amid the proliferation of other such sequences through the 1590s. And in the context of the 1598 and subsequent

folios, included with the bulky composite *Arcadia* and other works, it may have seemed more negligible than in the heady days of its first popularity. Even in the 1590s *Astrophil and Stella* is cited and alluded to much less often than *Arcadia*. Later, Craig may acknowledge the sequence numerologically, but writes poems, less cryptically, around characters and incidents in the romance (no. 35). It is perhaps significant that the Sidney of the 'Imaginary Epistles' (no. 37) refers first to *Arcadia* and then to his 'Idle poeme' as connected with Penelope, and that the appended 'Notes of the Cronicle History' assert the universal fame of *Arcadia*, 'cheefly intended to...this lady Penelope', before adding more baldly 'so was his Astrophill *and* Stella'. Perhaps because Astrophil could not be taken as an unambiguous exemplar (as contemporary readers often took Musidorus, Pyrocles, even Amphialus to be), the sequence lacked on the whole that definitive, authoritative status accorded the longer work. Outside the 1590s, the sonnets' period of greatest popularity followed their discovery by Charles Lamb (see below, p. 63).

### *A Defence of Poetry*

Because of the paucity of late sixteenth- and early seventeenth-century comments on *A Defence of Poetry*, and because of the eclecticism of the work, it is difficult to gauge the audience it was intended for. It may have resulted from, and in, discussions with the likes of Harvey and Spenser (the issue of quantitative verse is raised in *A Defence* as in their published letters of 1580 (Nos 3 and 4)), or with continental scholars like the philologist Henri Estienne (see *MP*, pp. 63–4), or even with those 'divers smally learned courtiers' who command 'a more sound style than [is found] in some professors of learning' (*MP*, p. 118). A desire to deal with some of the material also considered by Stephen Gosson, whose *The School of Abuse* or its dedication was, Spenser claims (No. 4), scorned by Sidney, would partly explain the amount of space given to stage-plays. A more intimate context may be suggested by Sidney's insistence on referring to his own poetry (No. 2a): it seems the reader is expected to know something of Sidney's work, which means being, during his lifetime, 'a speciall deere freend' (Molyneux, No. 14). One of the two extant manuscripts belonged

to Philip's brother, Robert Sidney, and William Temple, Sidney's secretary, had access to another (*MP*, pp. 65, 66). But of course references of the 'inky tribute' nature can also be explained convincingly as calculated examples of *sprezzatura*, and there is much in the work—the oratorical manner, the proclamation of the importance of vernacular verse, the discussion of plays, for instance—that suggests a more public context. The transition from manuscript distribution to publication must surely have made less difference to *A Defence* than to the other works. It marks, as A.C. Hamilton says, Sidney's emergence as a public poet.<sup>132</sup>

There is much greater eagerness to consider those other excursions among the 'paper blurrers' which Sidney here describes. (Drayton's friend Henry Reynolds, in 1632, 'could wish' Sidney 'had choze rather to have left us of his pen an Encomiasticke Poeme in honour, then Prose-Apology in defence, of his favorite, the excellent Art of Poesy').<sup>133</sup> Lack of specific response to the digression on English poetry no doubt partly reflects, as has often been noted, the change in its fashions and fortunes between the composition of *A Defence*, probably in 1579–80 (*MP*, pp. 59–63), and its publication in 1595. In 1595 *The Faerie Queene* was in progress, Sidney's own works well known, Shakespeare, Daniel and Drayton becoming famous, Jonson about to follow; Marlowe's whole career occurred during the period between these two dates.

The response that is known in most detail, William Temple's rigorous Latin analysis on Ramist principles (No. 7), however, comes from much nearer the time of composition—some time between 1584 and Sidney's death—and gives some indication of a work still under discussion, recently formed rather than firmly established. Temple's polite but relentless exposure of logical flaws in his employer's arguments, his refusal simply to be dazzled by linguistic brilliance, give precious insight into the reactions of a contemporary reader intimate with the author and his ideas, not subject to the disarming effects of the posthumous Sidney myth. While he understands and analyses Sidney's position in considerable detail, his own premises remain distinct.

Temple's premises also, however, limit his ability to engage with the fundamental nature of the work. He can read only as a logician, examining arguments which are often not, as his modern editor and translator John Webster says, "arguments" at all' but rather 'positions taken, volleys fired, in a war that has less to do with the defence of



poetry than with the declaration of its independence. ...Instead of a defence, Sidney seems more concerned to write a credo.<sup>134</sup> It is the burden of much criticism of *A Defence* that it is itself a demonstration of the art of persuasion, a manifestation of poetic energy or passion, an eclectic gathering of diverse theories united only by the pre-eminence they afford the poet, rather than a logical statement.<sup>135</sup> As Jan van Dorsten says, 'Critics and logicians from William Temple onwards have queried some of [Sidney's] arguments. His powerful prose has had no detractors' (*MP*, p. 64). Most early commentators, not critics and logicians and not writing before the formation of the Sidney myth, respond, accordingly, with blanket praise for 'the sacred pen-breathing words of divine Sir *Phillip Sidney*' (Olney's preface of 1595, No. 23). William Vaughan (No. 30, 1600) refers to 'the glorie of his golden eloquence' in *A Defence*, the martial apologist Dudley Digges (No. 33, 1604) wishes that Sidney had saved him some work by writing equally persuasively in defence of soldiers; and in 1613 William Gamage hopes for patronage from Lady Katherine Mansell for his epigrams because her uncle's 'golden Pen vouchsaefed to Apologize the renowned art of Poetry'.<sup>136</sup> Sidney has defended poesy so well, feels Anthony Stafford in 1611, that 'Poësie will defend [him]'.<sup>137</sup> Francis Meres quotes *A Defence* with approval on 'faining notable images of vertues, vices, or what else, with that delightfull teaching' which distinguishes the poet.<sup>138</sup>

Other writers may have been inhibited from writing about poetics by the existence of *A Defence* and the lack of precedent for it in English: most readers had no basis from which to enter such discussion. William Vaughan breaks off his own 'commendation' of poetry because the 'golden eloquence' just referred to would eclipse 'whatsoever I write'. The veteran poet Thomas Churchyard did try to render the work into his own more homely poetic version, *A Musically Consort of Heavenly Harmonie* (1595), subtitled 'A praise of Poetrie, some notes thereof drawn out of the Apologie, the noble minded Knight, sir Phillip Sidney wrate'. But as Dennis Kay observes, 'he is close to Sidney only spasmodically, and even then reduces Sidney's subtleties to doggerel'.<sup>139</sup> The emphasis is heavily moralistic; the stressed modern reader will find in Sidney, Churchyard assures his readers, 'quietness...And Christian comfort great'.<sup>140</sup> *A Defence* is perhaps better suited to the familiar Renaissance technique of noting salient points and memorable adages in one's 'tables'. The miscellanist Edward Pudsey (1573–1613) selects single remarks which interest him: 'Amongst the

romans a poet was called vates i.e. a Deviner fore seer or Prophet. Poesye is a speaking picture. Our erected wit makes us know our perfections but our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it.<sup>141</sup> Brian Twyne (No. 29) makes similar notes and also, on occasion, ventures to disagree with Sidney (and Horace): Sidney 'holdeth that a history must not begin ab ovo: I thinke otherwise for that a history is about pa?? ata [?occurrences] and therefore must geife all particularities.' But only Sir John Harington (No. 15), the closeness and frequent disrespectfulness of whose engagement with Sidney has been noted before, ventured to disagree in print: T.G.A.Nelson has argued persuasively that where in *A Defence* 'Sidney prefers to stress the moral usefulness of poetry and hence is driven to evasions when discussing the poetry of love' (see *MP*, pp. 103-4), Harington, in a passage from the preface to *Orlando Furioso* (1591) replete with echoes of Sidney, 'more aggressively affirms that an occasional lapse into "wantonnes and love and toying" is harmless enough, and that any way most readers enjoy it more than they admit'. Harington follows Sidney 'closely, almost obsequiously' before deserting his line of argument so abruptly 'as to destroy the effect of all that has gone before'.<sup>142</sup>

### *The religious works*

Sidney's last works—the metaphrase of the first forty-three Psalms, and the lost translations of part of Duplessis-Mornay's *De la verité de la religion Chrestienne* and Du Bartas's *La Sepmaine* (see *MP*, pp. 155-7; Ringler, p. 339) are religious in content. He was evidently beginning the traditional Virgilian progression from the 'toys' of youthful verse to the more serious affairs of maturity.<sup>143</sup> Had more of this work survived, had he lived to write more of it, or had the Psalms been published (no complete text was printed until 1823), the balance between secular and religious considerations in Sidney's reception would have been considerably altered.<sup>144</sup> There would have been more ammunition for moralistic readings, both contemporary and modern, more confirmation of the reputation Thomas Moffet (No. 21, 1593-4), educating William Herbert in the ways of virtue, would like Sidney to have: Moffet's Sidney, fearing that his secular works will corrupt readers in spite of his ameliorating intention, turns to 'worthier subjects' in the three

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works just referred to. George Whetstone (No. 12, 1587), seems to regard Sidney's having 'well begonne' to translate 'Plesses rare worke, of true Religion' as more important than his having written *Arcadia*. (While Whetstone is unlikely to have seen a copy of the unpublished romance, he may have known more about the translation of Duplessis in which Arthur Golding claimed merely to be completing what Sidney had begun.)<sup>145</sup>

For Moffet the moral rightness of the decision to write religious works is complemented by their literary skill: 'let us contemplate the psalms of the Hebrew poet, ah, how choicely set forth... each one, by a new metre'. In Donne's more measured analysis (No. 45), the Sidneys 'tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing'. Both aspects—how and why, stylistic and devotional—were no doubt present in varying degrees among the readers of the fifteen manuscripts of the Psalms which have survived from the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, suggesting wide circulation (Beal, SiP 72–88). Owners included Sir John Harington and Sir Kenelm Digby (Beal, SiP 76, 83), neither of them likely to have kept their knowledge of the work to themselves.

They did not, however, publish their manuscripts. One reason for this may have been the known attitudes of the Countess of Pembroke to the work which, after her brother's death, she revised and completed. As is clear from the dedicatory poems she wrote, probably in 1599 (No. 26), she regarded her own Psalm translation as a tribute to her brother. She figures herself as communicating not simply with her brother as she remembers him, but as he is now:

To thee pure sprite, to thee alone's addres't  
this coupled worke, by double int'rest thine:  
First rais'de by thy blest hand, and what is mine  
inspird by thee, thy secrett power imprest.  
So dar'd my Muse with thine it selfe combine,  
as mortall stuffe with that which is divine.

(Doubleness and fusion, English and Hebrew, heavenly and human, fascinate Donne also in his more baroque celebration.) Accordingly, as Rivkah Zim points out, the Countess's revisions of the first forty-three Psalms are relatively limited, tentative, and also show respect by their continued adherence to Sidney's conception of the work and use of the same biblical and scholarly sources.<sup>146</sup> The intimate note—'to thee alone's addres't'—suggests one reason why the

Countess may have been reluctant to publish. To have done so would perhaps have seemed an uncoupling, an exposure of 'secret power' to vulgar eyes, an admission finally of the heroic sibling's death following the enforced closure of the text by print after the long years of loving handwritten revision. One could read such an attitude sexually, or as an aspect of the psychology of bereavement. One could read it in terms of class—this is the personal work of a countess, fit for circulation in courtly circles, even for presentation to the Queen, and functions so as to elevate Sidney from Oxford's 'puppy' to his sister's own rank or as far beyond it as the angel choir. Gender may also be an important factor: to release the Psalms for publication would open her own role in the work to hostile male criticism—perhaps to unfavourable comparisons between her work and his, or to assumptions like that of Sir John Harington, who felt that she must have had 'her chaplaen's advise, I suppose, for the translation of the psalms... for it was more then a woman's skill to expresse the sence so right as she hath done in her vearse'.<sup>147</sup> (The loyal Pembrokeans Samuel Daniel and Nathaniel Baxter did, together with Michael Drayton and Aemilia Lanyer, praise the Countess's work.)<sup>148</sup>

It is possible that Mary Sidney in fact originally intended to include the Psalms in the Folio of 1598, close enough to 1599, when, preparing to present them to the Queen, she finally regarded them as complete. She might have changed her mind, or failed to complete the revision in time, for any or all of the reasons just given. A more practical explanation, however, is that she saw the Queen's proposed visit to Wilton as an opportunity to make a more forceful statement than in the generalized, diluted context of the Folio. To Elizabethans and Jacobean one of the primary contexts of these versions of French Protestant Psalms was, of course, English policy towards continental Protestantism as interpreted by the Pembrokes and their allies. Margaret Hannay points out that the gift to Elizabeth 'of a Psalter modelled on the Huguenot Psalms could itself be interpreted as a political statement in 1599. When prefaced with a lament for Sir Philip Sidney, already acknowledged as a Protestant martyr, and a dedicatory poem that began with a reference to the Continent, the political intent of her gift would be unmistakable'.<sup>149</sup> This would perhaps have made the Queen and those of her non-interventionist inclinations reluctant to see such works widely available in print. Similar thinking may in part

explain the granting to the Stationers' Company in 1603 of a patent (renewed in 1616 and 1634) of the standard Sternhold and Hopkins Psalms; this was interpreted as applying to all verse translations of the Psalms.<sup>150</sup> Specifically the Queen must be persuaded to listen even in 'these active times', a phrase which itself clearly signals a Protestant, pro-war interest. The dedication, moreover, focuses attention on Sidney, safely dead and idealized, as a shield for his living allies, an alibi for the sister who claims not authorship but the executorship of a will. Friends and allies might be expected to note the contrast between 'Even now that care', dedicating the Psalms to the Queen, and the more emotional 'To the Angell spirit', dedicating them more unreservedly to Sidney.

So the Sidney Psalms were read and used in ways that did not necessitate or encourage publication. Their use was essentially intimate: to be presented to the Queen by her long-known host, to further in the very process of revision and continued composition the closeness of brother and sister, and no doubt, as J.C.A. Rathmell suggested in his edition, to be read and sung in private devotions.<sup>151</sup> (Settings of two of the Countess's Psalms for treble voice and lute have survived; the three Psalms by Sidney, which, it was recently discovered, were actually printed in a composite volume of *All the French Psalm Tunes with English Words* in 1632 and were clearly intended for more public congregational use, were altered 'in the direction of a simpler diction, one more appropriate to be sung by people of all stations'.)<sup>152</sup> Perhaps as a result, the Psalms feature very rarely in Renaissance commentary on Sidney. Uses were still seen for them: the Countess was apparently often asked to publish them during her lifetime,<sup>153</sup> Florio (No. 31) had similarly urged Frances Walsingham and Sidney's daughter, Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland to publish their texts of the Duplessis and Du Bartas translations.

The Psalms did come close to being printed in the 1640s, when a work with such Protestant and heroic credentials was again topical.<sup>154</sup> Aubrey (see No. 63) admired them in manuscript at Wilton. But as print culture became more predominant, the Psalms became even less visible in responses to Sidney. The text which provides the best insight into the Countess's working methods is a transcription made by Dr Samuel Woodford in 1695 from 'the Originall Copy'; this had been 'Given me by my Brother Mr. John Woodford who bought it among other broken books to putt up Coffee powder'.<sup>155</sup>

## PART 2: 1650–1800

Over a period between roughly 1650 and the late eighteenth century Sidney's reputation changed from that of a great hero who was also a great writer of works of continued fecundity to that of a hero whose life might still yield examples but whose works (with the possible exclusion of *A Defence*) were at best an interesting product of their times and at worst tediously outmoded. There were of course exceptions and contrary tendencies. In literary circles there was, for instance, some quickening of interest in the mid-eighteenth century as a result of the growth of antiquarianism and of historicist approaches to the editing of Shakespeare, but in many respects these proved mixed blessings.

As is attested by *A Draught* (No. 57), the quasi-biblical status accorded Pamela's prayer in *Eikon Basilike*, and Milton's consequent protest at the misuse of such 'a Heathenish fiction' in *Eikonoklastes* (No. 58), Sidney's work was still in the 1640s assumed to be not only familiar to all, but current, urgent, demanding to be used and argued about. The morality and possible functions of *Arcadia* are a matter of immediate concern for 'Philophilippos', whose life of Sidney was prefaced to the 1655 edition of the works. The author refutes the charges of 'some surlie, and ill-natur'd Criticks' by presenting *Arcadia* as 'a continual Grove of moralitie', an apparent light romance beneath whose surface is concealed 'a rich bed and bank of the choicest learning'. This was by now something of a commonplace (the immediate source may have been Greville's *Life* (No. 39), first published in 1652) but carried a new immediacy at a time when the staging of plays was prohibited and light literature viewed often with suspicion. The reader who peruses Sidney properly, says Philophilippos, will arise 'as the merrier, so the wiser'. Perhaps as a product of the delicate political balance of 1655, closure is evaded: a choice is not made between 'amatorious' and 'moral' *Arcadia*; similarly, the apocryphal story of Sidney being offered the crown of Poland as a recognition of his personal merit, given considerable prominence here, might suggest either a degree of approval for the institution of monarchy or a belief in Marvell's 'forward youth that would appear',<sup>156</sup>

A rather different set of expectations begins to make itself felt in some other work of the period. Where Quarles (No. 49) had developed the latent popular appeal of a story from *Arcadia*, and

earlier continuations of Sidney's romance had sought to celebrate and perpetuate it, Anne Weamys's sequel of 1651 (No. 60) is an adaptation of Sidney for newer tastes, involving moral, political and linguistic simplification. All suggestion that relationships between Euarchus and the princes have ever been anything but harmonious are suppressed, the debate element and the irony are much decreased, and the language becomes sparer and less overtly patterned. The political simplification reflects the difficult conditions of 1651 (closure is the alternative response to Philophilippos' keeping options open) but also heralds Sidney's coming diminution from one whose work should be read, discussed, applied and imitated to a figure from the past, 'that illustrious person' Sir Philip Sidney who wrote, notes John Evelyn, at Penshurst, and whose picture one might, Evelyn told Samuel Pepys, expect to come across in the lumber-room.<sup>157</sup>

Sidney still had many readers after 1660. Editions of the works were published in 1655, 1662 and 1674. In some quarters he retained his rank as honorary classical author. In January 1660 John Evelyn sent Sir Thomas Browne a summary of his proposed 'Elysium Britannicum', including 'Romantique [i.e. romance-derived] and poetically gardens out of Sidney, Spencer, Achilles Statius, Homer, Poliphelle, & c.',<sup>158</sup> since 1654 it had been possible to admire the panels illustrating scenes from *Arcadia* in the Single Cube Room at Wilton, completed by Emanuel de Critz at the same time as his 'Story of Perseus' for the ceiling of the Double Cube Room and Giuseppe Cesari's 'Daedalus and Icarus' for the centre of the Single Cube Room ceiling.<sup>159</sup> According to Anthony Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses* (No. 69, 1691–2) *Arcadia*, 'the most celebrated Romance that ever was written', is still 'taken into the hands of all ingenious Men'. Sir William Temple (No. 68, 1690) still regards Sidney's writing as unequivocally important; he is the inheritor of the true ancient vein in romance, 'both the greatest Poet and the Noblest Genius...in ours or any other modern Language', an ideologue and an exemplar.

But the responses of Wood and Temple were unusual. Dryden's scattered remarks (No. 64) probably give a more accurate picture of—and no doubt affected—Sidney's esteem among Restoration men of letters. Dryden shows evident familiarity with *Arcadia*, but does not feel obliged to treat works of the increasingly remote 1580s with uniform respect, particularly, perhaps, when their author does not

obviously belong to the succession or progression of great poets—the line of descent through Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, or Harington, Fairfax, Waller and Denham—regarded by Dryden as his inheritance.<sup>160</sup> Sidney's prestige and ever-mentioned knighthood act as something of an automatic brake on criticism—'Connection of Epithetes' was attempted 'unluckily', and the author remains 'admirable' even when he is 'that admirable wit, Sir Philip Sidney, perpetually playing with his words'<sup>161</sup>—but the casualness and muted criticism of these remarks suggests the extent to which Sidney's work no longer seems current.

From Dryden's day onwards praise of Sidney is rarely completely unalloyed. Edward Phillips (No. 65) proclaims his virtues as 'the Glory of the English Nation in his time', a Maecenas, and author (in *Arcadia*), of 'a Poem in design, though for the most part in Solute Oration'. But then Phillips seems to hesitate slightly: Sidney's '*Astrophil and Stella*, with other things in Verse' has 'if I mistake not, a greater Spirit of Poetry, than to be altogether disesteem'd.' There is a certain caution here, a desire not to give offence but not altogether to authorize the poems. The same tendency is perhaps evident in Joseph Addison's approach to Sidney in *The Spectator* of 25 May 1711, where he cites approvingly Sidney's response to *Chevy Chase* in *A Defence of Poetry* (*MP*, p. 97) but

must however beg Leave to dissent from so great an Authority as that of Sir *Philip Sidney*, in the Judgement which he has passed as to the rude Stile and evil Apparel of this antiquated Song; for there are some Parts in it where not only the Thought but the Language is majestick, and the Numbers sonorous.<sup>162</sup>

Sidney's authority must be reckoned with and can be used, but modern judgement is ultimately superior. (John Dennis, disputing Addison's evaluation of *Chevy Chase*, suggests that 'some martial Notes' in the 'old *Gothick Tune*' sung by the blind crowder 'very much contributed to the working that Effect upon Sir *Philip Sidney*').<sup>163</sup> Swift goes nearer—still not too near—open mockery in *A Letter of Advice to a Young Poet* (1721) when he refers to Sidney's praise of rhyme, 'which is an Authority, either without Exception, or above any Reply'.<sup>164</sup>

Educated readers know their *Defence* and find it on the whole too useful to criticize too severely, but other works by Sidney are now



more often marginalized: *Astrophil and Stella* is very rarely mentioned; *Arcadia*, clearly a book from a remote age, is rendered into modern English in 1725 by Mrs Stanley (No. 71). She omits the eclogues with the backing of ‘most of my Subscribers’ and generally reduces the complexity of the work. Stanley’s book is clearly intended as leisure reading, a harmless version of the time-wasting, amatorious work sometimes constructed by earlier seventeenth-century readers. It was as innocuous spare-time reading that *Arcadia* itself had been defended by Thomas Fuller: those who say that it ‘is the *occasion* that many *pretious hours* are otherwise spent no *better*, must acknowledge it also the cause, that many *idle hours* are otherwise spent no *worse*, than in reading thereof.’<sup>165</sup> (‘These temperate words,’ as Dennis Kay observes, ‘record Sidney’s diminished status.’)<sup>166</sup> In particular it was regarded as a ‘woman’s book’, more often in a limiting and pejorative sense than had been the case in the seventeenth century. In 1711 Addison places it in Leonora’s library and values it, by implication at least, as ‘of little more use than to divert the Imagination’.<sup>167</sup> Such remarks suggest that reference to female readers of Sidney’s romance as well as to popular prose versions of Quarles’s poem may be understood when Lettice in Steele’s *The Lying Lover* (1704) tries to read by candle-light the ‘pitious Story’ of faithful Argalus, renowned throughout ‘Arca–Arca–Arcadia’ and his ‘charming Paramour, Parthenia’.<sup>168</sup> Seven years later, in *The Spectator*, Steele recommends girls going to masquerades dressed as shepherdesses to ‘read the *Arcadia*, or some other good Romance, before they appear in any such Character at my House’.<sup>169</sup>

In the 1740s women in the circle of Elizabeth Montagu (No. 72) were indeed keen readers of *Arcadia*, but engaged in affectionate parody of the style; they seem to have regarded reading it together as a pleasant social activity, perhaps a rest from the heavier reading often expected among the ‘blue-stockings’. Less sophisticated and well-connected women—and men—no doubt took *Arcadia* more at face value, and are more likely, besides, to have been reading Quarles and the cheaper and more contemporary prose renderings of his *Argalus*. There were still enough readers to warrant a reprint of the 1724 Sidney in 1739, still dissenting voices like that of John Campbell, who in 1741 declared that ‘I am naturally fond of such Poets as discover a strong Fancy, and therefore admire *Sidney, Spenser, and Drayton*, more than many of the Moderns’;<sup>170</sup> McNamara

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Morgan's play *Philoclea*, based on *Arcadia*, was performed in 1754 (No. 74); but men of letters rarely now discussed the work in print.

Samuel Richardson printed the 1739 edition, which, partly as a result of his subsequent role as author of several of the novels which supplanted the romance in popular affection and esteem, was the last collected Sidney until Feuillerat's of 1912–26. (*Arcadia* was the source for his Pamela's name and predicament and for a number of her remarks.)<sup>171</sup> In the mid-eighteenth century, according to one of Hugh Blair's Edinburgh lectures, heroic romance 'dwindled down to the familiar Novel' because 'The characters were discerned to be strained; the adventures incredible: the books themselves were voluminous and tedious.'<sup>172</sup> By the time Horace Walpole made his much-discussed attack on *Arcadia* in 1758 (No. 77) the number of those qualified to argue with him on the basis of experience as readers must have decreased compared with a generation before.

As the reputation of Sidney's work diminished, that of his life remained constant. A core of stories repeated in various combinations by Greville, Wood, Philophilippos and 'Orator' Henley ('stealing and combining' material from his predecessors for the introduction to the edition of 1724–5)<sup>173</sup> firmly established the heroic myth which would remain popular into the twentieth century. Nathaniel Lee, for instance, is one of those who alludes to the Polish kingship story, claiming, in a eulogistic dedication to the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, that his kinsman was 'so extravagantly great, that he refused to be a King'.<sup>174</sup> Sidney's military, diplomatic and saintly achievements were sometimes seen as intimately related to his work: according to David Lloyd's *State-Worthies* (1670), 'His representations of Vertue and Vice, were not more lively in his Books, than in his Life: his Fancy was not above his Vertue: his Humours, Counsels and Actions, were renowned in the Romancer, Heroick in the States-man.' But the attraction of writing about the life was more obvious; as Lloyd said, 'His Book is below his spirit: a spirit to be confined with Kingdomes, rather than Studies; to do what was to be written, than onely to write what was to be done.'<sup>175</sup> Sidney was not charged with being *personally* 'amatorious' or idle (*Astrophil and Stella* was little regarded, and Aubrey's comments about Sidney's sexual activities did not achieve the dignity of print). He was too useful as a moral and national exemplar to be downgraded with his work. And, provided one concentrated on the hero's life instead of his work, he could retain

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his status, his universality, without becoming too completely of his time. (Playing with one's words, hexameter, reiteration simply need not be mentioned.) What might be called this 'heroic option' was encouraged by, among others, Alexander Pope and James Thomson. In *An Essay on Man* Pope lists Sidney among the glorious dead:

But fools, the good alone unhappy call,  
For ills or accidents that chance to all.  
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just!  
See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust!  
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife!  
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?<sup>176</sup>

In the 1730 version of *Summer* Thomson added Sidney to the roll of British worthies:

Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,  
The plume of War! with early Laurels crown'd,  
The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay.<sup>177</sup>

Sidney is included here partly because Thomson's revision is intended to give the roll 'a more distinctly political and Whiggish cast; two preachers are deleted and Hampden, Algernon Sidney, Russell, and (the philosopher) Shaftesbury are added, together with Sir Philip Sidney, Walsingham, Drake, and Raleigh'.<sup>178</sup> Philip Sidney joins the group as an upright, independent-spirited Elizabethan, no doubt to be contrasted with modern placemen, and perhaps in an early instance of radicalism by association with his great-nephew. (The association seems rarely to have been made in Algernon Sidney's own time. His final paper of self-vindication was alluded to ironically in the title of a rebuttal as 'Coll. Sidney's Arcadia', but the reference is not pursued further.)<sup>179</sup>

Sidney's perennial association with Spenser might be expected to have directed more attention to the nature of his writing. On the whole it stressed, rather, the biographical element. In the early 1680s Spenser's ghost appears to John Oldham to dissuade him from writing more poetry, and cites Sidney not as his fellow-poet but as his patron only, asking him: 'What *Scipio*, what *Maecenas* would'st thou find,/What *Sidney* now to thy great Project kind?'<sup>180</sup>

Sidney was already, of course, well known as Spenser's patron, but he was becoming all the more so as a result of the introduction to the Spenser edition of 1679 (No. 66), which told a colourfully expanded version of the story of Sidney's being so enraptured with some lines from *The Faerie Queene* that he gave its hitherto unknown author huge sums of money and used all his influence on the poet's behalf. The tale was much repeated; eventually in the 1750s editors rejected it on the grounds of chronology—Sidney knew Spenser and *The Shepheardes Calender* before *The Faerie Queene*—but in the process quoted much or all of it.<sup>181</sup> Sidney figured in other ways also as an adjunct of Spenser, whether as patron, critic of *The Shepheardes Calender*, dedicatee, or object of elegy. John Upton in his 1758 *Faerie Queene* imagined Spenser writing parts of *The Shepheardes Calender* at Penshurst, and felt that Calidore 'typically represents the Arcadian Shepheard'; in *A Letter Concerning a New Edition of Spenser's Faerie Queene* Upton had followed the tradition (established by Dryden (No. 64c) among others) that Prince Arthur was Sidney, 'our poet's great friend and patron', and that the Redcrosse Knight gives him the New Testament 'because he thought that the author of the *Arcadia* wanted such a present', but later announced that Arthur was in fact Leicester, who had much greater need of the gift.<sup>182</sup> Lists of such identifications, or 'keys', had once been popular among readers of Sidney as well as Spenser, to judge by Philophilippos' refusal to provide one in 1655 (No. 61) and the attempt to supply one by John Aubrey's correspondent D. Tyndale (No. 67) in 1687. But while Sidney may have had readers still, Spenser was of more interest to the scholars and key-makers. It was he, said Hughes in his edition of 1715, who provided allegory, which is

indeed the *Fairy Land* of Poetry, peopled by Imagination; its Inhabitants are so many Apparitions; its Woods, Caves, Wild Beasts, Rivers, Mountains, and Palaces, are produc'd by a kind of magical Power, and are all visionary and typical; and it abounds in rich Licenses as wou'd be shocking and monstrous, if the Mind did not attend to the mystick Sense contain'd under them.

The fables of romance would appear trifling 'if Spenser had not found a way to turn them all into Allegory'.<sup>183</sup> Decoding Spenser became the profession of successive editors and commentators. Thomas Warton the Younger celebrated the moment when

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Sage Upton came, from every wonderous tale  
To clear the mists that hung o'er fairy ground:  
His wisard hand unlocks each magic vale,  
And opes each flowery forest's guarded bound.

In unlocking the allegory, Spenserians made Spenser less subject to the 'dim disguise' which, said Warton, envious Time had formerly cast over his 'lov'd strain'.<sup>184</sup> Sidney's work shared to a degree this 'dim disguise', but lacked the code-breaking, restorative appeal; generalized references to the work, and eulogy of the life, did not, besides, give much opportunity for detailed investigation. An anonymous poem, 'On Spenser', of 1792, notes in passing that 'Gloriana rul'd the state,/While Sidney bled, and Shakespeare rous'd the stage'.<sup>185</sup> Nevertheless, the association with Spenser helped to retain Sidney's special rank amongst Elizabethan writers and to prepare the way for a rekindling of interest in the later part of the century. (Earlier, in 1758, Spenser's name and work helped into print the pale imitations of 'the select Pastorals of Spencer, and Sir Philip Sidney' included in *The Shepherd's Calender*, by one 'Philisides' (No. 76).)

Sidney had more to gain from Shakespeare studies, especially following the new historical emphasis on Shakespeare's contemporaries from Theobald's edition (1733) onwards. For the Shakespeare editors and commentators Sidney's statements, language and plots are more important than his life. John Holt in 1749 thinks that Gonzalo's ideal commonwealth may perhaps 'be look'd upon as a compliment to Sir *Philip Sidney's Arcadia*, and Lord Bacon's *New Atlantis*'; in 1754 Charlotte Lennox identifies and extracts as the source of the Gloucester plot in *King Lear* 'the History of the old Prince of *Paphlagonia* in Sidney's *Arcadia*'; and her friend Samuel Johnson notes that Rombus in *The Lady of May* is a source for Holophernes in *Love's Labours Lost* in the 1760s.<sup>186</sup> Less surprisingly, debating the unities, critics including Upton (1746) and Peter Whalley (1748) quote *A Defence* ('You shall have *Asia* o the one side...').<sup>187</sup> Comparison with Shakespeare at this time of new zeal for his achievements could, however, be dangerous: for instance, John Upton in 1746 (No. 73) contrasted Shakespeare's unerring choice of metres with Sidney's lack of metrical ear. The days were gone when Lee could conclude the dedication of *Caesar Borgia* (1680): 'I have paid just Veneration to [Sidney's] Name, and

methinks the Spirit of *Shakespear* push'd the commendation.<sup>188</sup> Sometimes discussions of Shakespeare simply list Sidney and Spenser, with Surrey, as poets with a common currency of Petrarchan imagery or fashionable knowledge of Italian.<sup>189</sup> Edmond Malone in 1790 groups Sidney in a long list of other poets who cannot match Shakespeare.<sup>190</sup>

Association with Spenser and Shakespeare kept Sidney's life and, marginally at least, *Arcadia* known. Usually he seems to have been regarded as too familiar to warrant inclusion in anthologies aimed, like William Oldys's *The British Muse* of 1738, at reviving 'neglected and expiring merit' in Renaissance literature. In his preface Oldys refers twice, briefly, to *A Defence*, used as so often rather as a commentary on Elizabethan and other literature than as itself the product of its age.<sup>191</sup> Eventually in 1790 George Ellis published four pieces from *Astrophil and Stella* in *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, together with the misattributed 'Faint amorist...' (Ringler, p. 350). One might expect weightier consideration of Sidney in Thomas Warton's *History of English Poetry* (1774–81), but here again established fame, in combination with Warton's more passionate interest in Spenser, produce disappointing results: there are the usual type of *Defence* references to *Gorboduc* and *A Mirror for Magistrates*, the suggestion of Heliodorus in translation as a source of *Arcadia*, and a more interesting remark on how some Heliodorus and Italian pastoral were 'engrafted on the feudal manners'.<sup>192</sup> Warton's unpublished continuation of the *History* contains a whole chapter on the sonnet which, puzzlingly, fails even to mention *Astrophil and Stella*.<sup>193</sup> Possibly Warton intended to treat Sidney separately, but as it is the impression that Sidney was now emphatically a worthy to be read about or tactfully ignored rather than read is increased. In the absence of eighteenth-century publication of the works other than *A Defence* (1752, 1787)<sup>194</sup> after 1739, many readers must have known Sidney chiefly through what they could glean from such other writers as Spenser, Waller, Lennox, Upton or, from 1758, Horace Walpole.

This lack of direct modern commentary was one of the factors that had attracted so much attention to Walpole's attack on Sidney (No. 77): it filled a vacuum. It spoke directly, provoking new debate after years of vague eulogy, faint praise, passing mention, and tactful silence, openly questioning the heroic myth and gathering together various traditions and objections in an incisive, quotable

and much-reprinted form. *Arcadia* was directly and robustly described as ‘a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance’. If it is a woman’s book, it is not a very helpful one: ‘the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade though’ it. The poems—without complicating exceptions—are ‘some absurd attempts to fetter English verse in Roman chains’. *A Defence*, where Sidney’s reputation is less easily assailable, is again simply not referred to. (A protest from David Hume elicited a grudging exemption for this work in a note added in the second edition of *A Catalogue*.)

Instead of these works, Walpole recommends the letter in defence of Leicester, which ‘defends his uncle with great spirit’. This preference is partly a matter of calculated perversity, but partly also a result of Walpole’s historical and antiquarian interests. He had first come across the defence of Leicester in the Sidney papers published in 1746: there are old wills full of bequeathed *owches* and ‘*goblets of rare enamel*’ and ‘a little tract...in defence of his uncle of Leicester’. In this context he had at once, as publicly twelve years later, preferred it to ‘the dolorous *Arcadia*’. Later he owned, and displayed in a glass case in the Great North Bedchamber at Strawberry Hill, ‘the billiard-sticks with which the Countess of Pembroke and *Arcadia* used to play with her brother Sir Philip’. And in 1771, speculating (wrongly) on the possibility that Sidney built Houghton Park Lodge, Walpole said: ‘Though, as a critic, I have taken liberties with Sir Philip; as an antiquary I venerate him, there being a clear distinction between the ideas we have from our sense, and those we have from our nonsense.’<sup>195</sup>

The divide between Walpole the critic and Walpole the antiquarian may be taken as summing up the mixed nature of responses to Sidney in the mid- and late eighteenth century. Elizabeth Montagu (No. 72) affectionately mocking Arcadian reiteration is half-way—only the affection needs to be removed—to the position of Walpole the critic; Walpole, as antiquarian, is nearer than expected to Thomas Gray enthusing to Thomas Warton about the Park at Warwick, ‘whose ancient Elms seem to remember S<sup>r</sup> Philip Sidney (who often walk’d under them) and talk of him to this day’.<sup>196</sup> Neoclassical values survive in the critique of Arcadian prolixity (and spare *A Defence* from similar strictures) alongside a Gothic love of the old and curious (whether in *The Faerie Queene* or Walpole’s antique *Otranto*.) The growing belief of the school of Warton, Hurd<sup>197</sup> and Percy that literature of different times is to be taken on different terms—as, for instance, by *The Gentleman’s*

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*Magazine* replying to Walpole in 1767 (No. 79)—was beginning to break down the barrier between ‘sense and nonsense’ but was not as yet very surefooted.

Amid such mixed attitudes, what Michael Lort called Walpole’s ‘free, bold, and just criticism’<sup>198</sup> remained to be reckoned with. Where Thomas Warton the Younger had little to say about Sidney, his brother Joseph agreed on some points with Walpole: in his comments that Sidney is a good example of those great writers who have not ‘been able to express themselves with beauty and propriety in the fetters of verse’ and that *Arcadia* is ‘a tedious and unnatural ...Romance’.<sup>199</sup> Even in the nineteenth century many writers on Sidney felt obliged to trounce Walpole, fearing, perhaps, that there was at least an element of truth in what he said. (Hazlitt’s attack on Sidney (No. 89) reinforced Walpole’s while supplying more detail and a less impeachable engagement with Renaissance literature). Clara Reeve, in *The Progress of Romance* (No. 81, 1785) considers Walpole carefully, and while allowing cautious admiration for Sidney does not entirely dismiss the objections. *Arcadia* is neither better nor worse than other romances of its period; like them, it has a dangerous tendency to ‘give a romantic turn’ to the young female reader’s mind. (Walpole’s young virgin in love may, after all, be in danger.) In the end it seems safest ‘to leave his works to their repose, upon the shelves of the learned, and curious in old writings’.

The curious in old writings were about to become more influential than they had been, but in the meantime many late eighteenth-century references make Sidney sound rather a marginal interest. Sheridan (No. 80, 1772) expects Thomas Grenville to be surprised (but interested) at his taste for reading the ‘unfashionable’ *Arcadia*. Reeve’s Sophronia ‘lov’d this book in my youth’ as did the poet and playwright Benjamin Victor.<sup>200</sup> Sidney, Cowper says in *The Task* (No. 82, 1785), warbled ‘poetic prose’, but in a lost golden age of pastoral innocence.

### PART 3: 1800–1900

#### *‘An epic representation’*

The nineteenth century took Sidney, in many ways, more seriously than the eighteenth century: Coleridge read and re-read *Arcadia* and made the characteristic notebook observation that Sidney ‘dwells in



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our thoughts as in an element of his own effluvia, a divine Empyræum of Love and Wonder' (No. 86, headnote); in 1806 Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy and the foremost historical painter of the day, produced his large-scale and dramatic representation of the moment when, in Greville's account (No. 39), Sidney put by his drink for the dying soldier's sake; in 1809, in *The Convention of Cintra*, William Wordsworth puts Sidney forward as a national hero, one of England's 'long train of deliverers and defenders, her Alfred, her Sidneys, and her Milton';<sup>201</sup> Hazlitt (No. 89) demolishes the works with wit and passion and stings Charles Lamb (No. 90) into pleading the case for the poems with candour; Victorian writers gravely censure or defend him against charges of sexual dalliance in *Astrophil and Stella*, or further develop the national hero of *Cintra* and West's painting into an early apostle of Britain's imperial destiny. According to John Addington Symonds, whose book about Sidney was published in the English Men of Letters series in 1886,

We who study his biography...derive from Sidney the noblest lesson bequeathed by Elizabethan to Victorian England. It is a lesson which can never lose its value for Greater Britain also, and for that confederated empire which shall, if fate defeat not the high aspirations of the Anglo-Saxon race, arise to be the grandest birth of future time.<sup>202</sup>

National heroes are made more easily from striking deeds and virtues than from complex writings. West concentrates his resources on creating an image of sublimity, an icon of self-sacrifice. The background is full of military activity, banners, Leicester in dark armour on horseback, Sidney's restive horse held by a servant; the faces of those around him, tending his thigh, supporting the dying soldier, pouring the water, express grief, shock, amazement or awe; Sidney himself, in the brightest light, with an air of calm and of slight melancholy, a Christ-like expression, raises one hand, to refuse the water but also in the traditional gesture of blessing, and spreads out the other, almost touching the dying man. And in the foreground, suggesting the appropriate reaction of the viewer, the artist appears as a balding, grave, contemplative onlooker: he seems to be learning from, as well as offering us, the hero's example.<sup>203</sup>

Writers too held fast to the moment when 'bleeding Sidney from

the cup retir'd'.<sup>204</sup> 'Often as this circumstance has been repeated', says the *Annual Review* piece (No. 85) on Thomas Zouch's 1808 *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney*, 'it would be wronging the memory of Sidney not to repeat it here'.<sup>205</sup> On discovering that Lamb had been reading the account of Sidney in Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* shortly before his death in 1834, Henry Cary is moved to comment: 'Thou too, like Sydney, wouldst have given/The water, thirsting, and near heaven.'<sup>206</sup> (Shelley, in a draft reply to one of William Godwin's requests for money, says: 'It would have been not generosity but folly had [Sidney] poured [the water] on the ground, as you would that I should the wrecks of my once prosperous fortune.'<sup>207</sup> Zouch's Sidney (No. 84) reads like background material for West's painting (a description of which Zouch supplies approvingly in an appendix): he is a consistently devout figure, moderating his own passions and restraining those of others, a gentle being who allegedly 'bore patiently and without resentment the language of abuse which was uttered against him' by the Earl of Oxford. Most contemporary Sidneys sound a little more robust than this, but few stray far from the uncomplicated figure suggested by West or from the Sidney of *Adonais*, who is made slightly more interesting by the reference to love: as one of the 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown',

Sidney, as he fought  
And as he fell and as he lived and loved  
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot,  
Arose.<sup>208</sup>

There is 'no other way of representing the death of a Hero', West wrote to Joseph Farrington in 1807, 'but by an Epic representation of it'. Everything (even if this involves some factual distortion) should be 'proportioned to the highest idea conceived of the Hero'.<sup>209</sup> Looking through such eyes—like West the awed presenter in the foreground of his picture—Thomas Campbell was able to conclude in 1819 that Sidney's life was 'poetry put into action',<sup>210</sup> and 'W.S.' (William Stigant, No. 96) in 1858 that 'Sidney's real poem was his life, and his teaching was his example.' Others, as in the eighteenth century, praised Sidney as Spenser's patron or inspiration. In 1796 Lamb imagined for Coleridge how Spenser's 'tunes' took 'the delicate ear/Of Sidney and his peerless maiden

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Queen'; in 1826 Coleridge himself declared to Lady Beaumont that 'Edmund Spenser sang and Sidney realized the Idea' of a perfect gentleman; and in 1810 Lord Thurlow, in a poem attached to his edition of *A Defence of Poetry*, has 'Divinest Spenser' inspired by either the hero or his 'portraiture...in the Gallery at Penshurst'—he

would admiring look  
And, framing thence high wit and pure desire,  
Imagined deeds that set the world on fire.<sup>211</sup>

*Arcadia*

Moving Spenser, being a living poem or possessing unfulfilled renown are qualities sufficiently lofty and unadulterated to admit of 'Epic representation'. But such treatment is less easy when it comes to the works, which conspicuously lack singleness of impact. Sir Egerton Brydges (No. 87) is among those who suspect that 'the variety of Sydney's attainments tended to modify, distract, and weaken the force of any single faculty.'<sup>212</sup> Hazlitt (No. 89) finds the singleness more precisely lacking in *Arcadia*:

Out of five hundred folio pages, there are hardly, I conceive, half a dozen sentences expressed simply and directly, with the sincere desire to convey the image implied, and without a systematic interpolation of the wit, learning, ingenuity, wisdom and everlasting impertinence of the writer, so as to disguise the object, instead of displaying it in its true colours and real proportions.

In a battery of similar remarks, Hazlitt himself adeptly demonstrates the manner he accuses *Arcadia* of lacking in such measure. He seeks to give the impression of one who must express his honest judgement and must drive it home by whatever instances occur to him. He is disarmingly candid: 'This is not, as far as I can judge, an exaggerated description: but as near the truth as I can make it'; there are some beauties in *Arcadia*. Hazlitt's metaphors are to the point, while 'the fantastic pretender' is forever translating 'every thing out of itself into something else'. Direct engagement with the reader is sought (as it was not by Hazlitt's Sidney), and emphatic singleness of purpose manifested.

One of Hazlitt's motives for, as Lamb saw it (No. 90), taking 'every

occasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydney' and preferring Milton's sonnets to Sidney's was that 'Milton wrote Sonnets, and was a king-hater; and it was congenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot'. In the post-war climate of 1820 Hazlitt reacts to the upsurge of interest in Sidney, and particularly in his status as a national hero, during the Napoleonic wars. (West's painting, Zouch's book and *The Convention of Cintra* appeared between 1806 and 1809, and Lamb, Coleridge, Sir Egerton Brydges and Southey were also much interested in Sidney at this time).<sup>213</sup> Most of the authors just mentioned either stressed the life and death of Sidney rather than his works or (Zouch and Brydges, for instance), praised the latter in somewhat muted tones. None wrote about Sidney with Hazlitt's combination of passion and incisiveness. Wordsworth uses Sidney as a type of martial valour, and wonders if he wrote some of *Arcadia* while visiting Brougham Castle;<sup>214</sup> Coleridge focuses more on the work, but leaves it unclear how exactly his 'Empyræum' is constituted, and imagines Sidney and Spenser 'in high converse...on the *Idea* of Supersensual beauty... and on Music and Poetry as its living *Educts!*' (No. 86c)—terms which recall only dimly passages in *A Defence*.<sup>215</sup> One would not, of course, expect much analysis of the works in poems and notebook entries. It would, however, be interesting to know how other Romantic writers would have reacted to Hazlitt's allegations that 'the moving spring of Sidney's mind...likes to owe everything to its own perverse efforts rather than the sense of power in other things.... It never leaves the mind in a wise passiveness', or to Sir Egerton Brydges' earlier (No. 87, 1810) claim: 'His mind exhibits an astonishing fund of acquired wealth: but images themselves never seem to overcome him with all the power of actual presence.'

Lamb did look at Sidney's work in more detail than his friends Wordsworth and Coleridge. To him Elizabethan elaboration had its own appeal: *Arcadia* brought to its height the 'way of description which seems unwilling ever to leave off, weaving parenthesis within parenthesis'. It was a style of the age when 'these bountiful Wits always gave full measure, pressed down and running over' (No. 83, 1808). Later, in his essay on Sidney's sonnets (No. 90, 1823), he goes some way to answering Hazlitt explicitly: he makes the point about political prejudice and finds 'noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delicacies of character, scattered all over the *Arcadia* (spite of some stiffness and encumberment)'. Unusually among those who praise Sidney in this period, he rivals Hazlitt's tone of honest, passionate integrity. Yet it is interesting that most of

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the defence is concerned with arguing and demonstrating the merits of the sonnets, which Hazlitt barely mentions.

James Crossley's unsigned article in *The Retrospective Review*, published later in the year of Hazlitt's lecture (1820), was conceived more explicitly as an answer to it. Like the *Arcadia* which it constructs, this piece is more often effusive than analytical:

The silvery glittering of the language, the unearthly loftiness of its heroes, the ethereality of their aspirations, and the sweet tones of genuine and unstudied feeling which it sounds forth, all combine to embue our souls with a soft and pleasing melancholy.

Such an *Arcadia* is whole, uniformly exalted rather than diffuse. Crossley returns periodically to this ideal, but, thanks probably to Hazlitt and Walpole, he cannot but qualify it. Sidney fulfils the ideal except when 'want of judgement...led him sometimes to adopt the forced conceits and quaintness of his contemporaries, and often induced him to desert, in the imitation of others, his own never-failing and unequalled fountain of invention and thought'.<sup>216</sup>

Lamb and Crossley fail to grapple in detail with Hazlitt's points. In the latter case at least, there is a degree of sympathy for them. Sympathy, and the difficulty of confuting Hazlitt with appropriate incisiveness, probably explain why writers on Sidney after 1820 prefer to maintain the tradition of citing and debating not Hazlitt's lecture but Walpole's more briefly expressed, more evidently opinionated views.<sup>217</sup> Zouch (No. 84) had already given the impression that he was basically in agreement with Walpole: not only Walpole's 'young virgin in love' but 'any reader of modern times' would find it 'a tedious and painful employment' to read the whole romance. There are 'useful observations on life and manners', animated descriptions, sage moral lessons, 'proper use of compound epithets', but only by voyaging through joyless regions' can such 'charming objects' be sometimes experienced. Henry Hallam (No. 94), thirty years later, is also prepared to concede something to the Walpole against whom he is consciously defending *Arcadia*: it is no more 'tiresome' than most long romances, 'proverbially among the most tiresome of all books'.<sup>218</sup>

Against such verdicts should be set the less equivocal praise of Nathan Drake, one of the best-known critics of the earlier part of the century (No. 92) and of *The Annual Review*, whose 1809 review of Zouch (No. 85) blamed him for giving too much to Walpole and delighted in the

'consummate skill' with which 'the fable is wound up'. Another *Annual Review* writer (Robert Southey, suggests D'Israeli), paused in his 1805 piece on Todd's edition of Spenser to note:

'Nobody,' it has been said, reads the *Arcadia*: we have known very many persons who have read it, men, women, and children, and never knew one read it without deep interest, and an admiration at the genius of the writer, great in proportion as they were capable of appreciating it.<sup>219</sup>

Doubtless there were other such readers throughout the century. *Arcadia* seems to have been popular in Shelley's circle: he owned a copy, Claire Clairmont quotes briefly from it in her journal in 1821, and in 1823 Mary Shelley recommended it to Jane Williams because 'its exquisite sentiments and descriptions would have delighted you in happier days, perhaps they will now'.<sup>220</sup> Scott drew on *Arcadia* in *Ivanhoe* (1819).<sup>221</sup>

But clearly the tide was running the other way. Most Victorian and early twentieth-century commentators expected readers not to admire *Arcadia* so much 'in proportion as they were capable of appreciating it' as in proportion to various allowances that should be made: it is an unfinished work, there are beauties as well as defects, the graces of Sidney's poetic prose 'are rather those of artful elaboration than of a vivid natural expressiveness'.<sup>222</sup> Allowances have to be made above all for a work which, preceding the establishment of the great tradition of the realistic novel, could never measure up to it. 'There are faults of composition', announced Julius Lloyd in 1862, 'which would be intolerable in a modern novel.'<sup>223</sup> Sidney's romance was imitated 'until Defoe showed that it is possible to tell a story in direct and simple language without useless circumlocutions, images and inversions' (Edith Morley, 1901).<sup>224</sup> Considered in its significance 'in the evolution of English fiction', *Arcadia* is to be found either deficient or of some value as a transitional work: the Elizabethan 'poetic novelists' suffered under the deluded belief that there was no necessary distinction between prose and verse; their work was 'just ceasing to be poetry, but had not yet become the new form of art to which it was the harbinger' (Ernest Baker, 1907).<sup>225</sup> The constant appearance of new characters distorts and postpones the natural denouement, so that 'the work is merged in a succession of

detached episodes and ceases to be an organic tale' (Sidney Lee, 1907).<sup>226</sup> As in poetry, but not in Defoe, we are carried away, says Baker,

to a flowery meadow in a land of Arcady that has no existence save in the fancy of the poets and those under their spell. There is no effort to make the story credible, or the characters real, by attaching them with the bands of verisimilitude to the world of familiar things.<sup>227</sup>

It was a pity, as William Stigant had put it in 1858 (No. 96), that *Arcadia* should have been set 'in some cloud cuckoo-land', instead of among the flesh-and-blood Elizabethans of Merry England.

Symonds's 1886 judgement of *Arcadia* could stand for many novel-based readings of this period: there is 'fairly correct characterdrawing', abundance of sententious maxims, and 'richness of descriptive colouring', but the work is crucially lacking in humour and 'solid human realism'. Works without these qualities are doomed to 'ever-gradually-deepening oblivion.'<sup>228</sup> Where the romance did win favour and escape such oblivion was in its more novel-like areas. Jusserand in 1887, for instance, enjoys the variety of the different lovers, and is particularly struck by the portrayal of Gynecia, who deserves 'a place by the side of the passionate heroines of Marlowe and Webster' rather than in the 'gallery of Lancret-like characters' which readers have been led to expect.<sup>229</sup> (The comparisons are with plays and paintings, but the traditions of the French novel perhaps go further to explain Jusserand's interest in Gynecia as what W.J.Courthope calls 'the passion-stricken wife with a respectable elderly husband, a favourite figure in the modern French novel'.<sup>230</sup>)

A new climate, more favourable to rhetoric, more attuned to genre, had to arrive before *Arcadia* was restored to official favour in the mid-twentieth century.

### *The Lady of May and A Letter to Queen Elizabeth*

The size and thoroughness of Victorian literary histories and biographies meant that attention was paid to works which might otherwise have been quietly ignored. *The Lady of May* was one such. Just as *Arcadia* failed as a novel, *The Lady of May* failed as a play. It showed that Sidney 'had no talent for dramatic writing' (Bourne);<sup>231</sup> 'of dramatic conception or of

power in dialogue it shows nothing', and 'the only character which reveals force of portraiture and humor is that of Rombus', who at least has the merit of being 'a very rough sketch for the picture of master Holofernes' (Symonds).<sup>232</sup> Before detailed study in the twentieth century, of masques and entertainments and their functions, and before the reaction against realism in drama, the work was most frequently dismissed as 'nauseous...adulation'.<sup>233</sup>

A 'minor' work which seemed truer to its genre was *A Letter to Queen Elizabeth*. Here Fox Bourne finds 'unusual boldness and bluntness'; for Symonds, in its skilful marshalling of arguments the *Letter* 'is a gem in its own species of composition'; for Edith Morley, it is distinguished by its 'reasoning power, mastery of thought, and utterance'.<sup>234</sup> Its opposition to the French marriage, moreover, contributed to the image of Sidney as stalwart Englishman.

### *A Defence of Poetry*

*A Defence of Poetry* appealed to many nineteenth-century readers less ambiguously than did *Arcadia* and the poems. Casual allusions to it are, as in previous centuries, common.<sup>235</sup> Its comparative brevity and clarity of purpose were in evident contrast to other works, and its genre presented no difficulties. Introducing a discussion of it in 1824, *The Retrospective Review* declares that Sidney's 'somewhat cold and metaphysical' poetry, and the 'high fantastical' style of *Arcadia*

however they might be suited to the taste of the times in which he lived, were pretty sure to sink his writings generally into an undeserved obscurity, in an age like the present, the characteristic of whose literary style is simplicity—not to say an affectation of it. And in withdrawing themselves from that general gaze which they never courted...the above works ...have carried with them one which in fact *was* written expressly for the public, and which, as far as its style is concerned, might have been written for the public of the present day.

Fervidly sincere, *A Defence* speaks '*from the heart to the heart*'.<sup>236</sup> According to Peter George Patmore, writing in *The New Monthly Magazine* in 1823 (No. 91), young lovers and the young in general will plunge headlong into the sweet sea of words, high thoughts and beautiful imaginations of *Arcadia*, but those who have arrived at



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years of discretion will prefer the poetry and, above all, *A Defence*. Nathan Drake in 1817 says: 'the style is remarkable for amenity and simplicity', and 'the cause of poetry is strenuously and successfully supported against the calumny and abuse of the puritanical scowlers'.<sup>237</sup> Even Hazlitt (No. 89) allows it to be Sidney's 'most readable performance; there he is quite at home, in a kind of special pleader's office, where his ingenuity, scholastic subtlety, and tenaciousness in argument stand him in good stead'. For Isaac D'Israeli (No. 95, 1841), 'Sidney, in this luminous criticism, and effusion of poetic feeling, has introduced the principal precepts of Aristotle, touched by the fire and sentiment of Longinus.' For Symonds, too, in 1886, this work is a happy combination of qualities, this time 'the quaintness and the blitheness' of Elizabethan literature and 'the urbanity and reserve of a later period'.<sup>238</sup> It is both of historical interest and, says an editor in 1891, 'delivers sober judgments which are as applicable now as when Sidney penned them'.<sup>239</sup> (A rare exception to the continued admiration and the general acceptance that *A Defence* is at least analogous to a modern critical essay comes from the rigorously classically minded Hallam (No. 94, 1839), who categorizes it as a specimen of 'polite writings' rather than criticism, since 'Sydney rarely comes to any literary censure, and is still further removed from any profound philosophy. His sense is good, but not ingenious, and the declamatory tone weakens its effect.' In 1858 Stigant (No. 96) admires its sportive tone and 'many choice expressions' but finds it wanting when measured against Shelley's *Defence*, which 'analyses the very inner essence of poetry and the reason of its existence'.

### *The Poems*

The traditional dismissal of the poems in *Arcadia* was much repeated. D'Israeli's comment (No. 95) that 'The narrative... is obstructed by verses, in which Sidney never obtained facility or grace' is representative; Hain Friswell, whose somewhat abridged version of the work was published in 1867, found the eclogues 'laborious and fantastical' and followed Mrs Stanley's example by omitting them.<sup>240</sup> Quantitative verse continues to be considered 'a strange freak' (Bourne, 1862).<sup>241</sup> Longfellow, anticipating the appearance of his *Nattardsbarnen*, worried that 'There have been

such desperate failures in English Hexameters, and by such men as Sir Philip Sidney and Robert Southey.<sup>242</sup> The poems more generally are 'jejune, far-fetched and frigid' for Hazlitt (No. 89), and 'often little more than a jingle of words, or a collection of strange and ill-assorted ideas' for Crossley (No. 88). Hazlitt's remarks, and perhaps Crossley's, did, however, provoke Charles Lamb's essay of 1823 (No. 90) in defence of the sonnets as 'full, material, and circumstantiated' poems where 'transcendent passion' pervades and illuminates action, pursuit, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. Informed by such passion, the words and style of the sonnets cannot be dismissed as 'a jingle of words'. Lamb's essay, reprinted in *Last Essays of Elia* from 1833, and extensively quoted by Alexander Grosart in his edition of 1873 (much reprinted from 1877 onwards), was influential in the recovery of the reputation of *Astrophil and Stella* towards the end of the century. It prefigured the later Victorian emphasis on sincerity of feeling in the sonnets. By reproducing twelve sonnets it laid down, together with those quoted by Brydges (No. 87) and Campbell's *Specimens of the British Poets* (1819), a foundation for later knowledge.<sup>243</sup>

Probably the main stimulus to read Sidney's poems was, however, biographical interest in the correspondences between Astrophil and Stella and Sidney and Penelope Rich, and, relatedly, argument over the moral propriety of representing such subjects. This was a favourite topic of Victorian critics, but the idea of *Arcadia* as amorous and immoral was, of course, much older (see above, p. 21). Zouch (No. 84, 1808) goes out of his way to assure readers that in Sidney's romance they will meet 'no tale of obscenity, no dark attempt of lawless lust to destroy the purity of virgin innocence, or to corrupt the chastity of the marriage bed', and passes somewhat disingenuously over the 'several' sonnets in praise of 'the lady whom he celebrates under the name of Stella'. Others look at what Zouch averts his eyes from: dressing up as Zelmane and its consequences are 'not a safe subject in *any* hands' as far as Henry Kingsley is concerned,<sup>244</sup> this is a risky subject which goes far to justify Milton's characterization of the book.<sup>245</sup> Coleridge (No. 86d) worries rather over the homoerotic possibilities of the friendship between Pyrocles and Musidorus. Hallam (No. 94) prefers to stress the tender and innocent love of Pyrocles and Philoclea, but regards it as 'rather a singular circumstance that, in [Lady Rich's] own and

her husband's lifetime, this ardent courtship of a married woman should have been deemed fit for publication. Sydney's passion seems indeed to have been unsuccessful, but far enough from being platonic.'

The attention once bestowed chiefly on Sidney's public career is increasingly given to his personal life. It matters to the Victorians that what Lloyd called the 'blot upon the purity of Sidney's name'<sup>246</sup> should if possible be expunged, so that the public and private images will continue to match, and Sidney be able to take his appropriate part in the humanizing enterprise of English letters. For, as Chambers' *Cyclopaedia* averred in 1844, 'A regard for our national authors enters into and forms part of the most sacred feelings of every educated man, and it would not be easy to estimate in what degree it is to this sentiment that we are indebted for all of good and great that centres in the name of England.'<sup>247</sup> One method of placating official morality was to foreground the Countess of Pembroke, rather than Penelope Rich, as the important woman in Sidney's life. According to Drake, she probably worked on *Astrophil and Stella*<sup>248</sup> as well as *Arcadia*, of which she 'assiduously corrected every page' (No. 92). Bourne and others have her 'sisterly affection' at Wilton helping to divert Sidney's mind from Stella.<sup>249</sup> Henry Kingsley dwells on Mary Sidney as a writer of purer English, freer of 'archaisms and Latinisms' than either Spenser or her brother, partly no doubt because, retailing the biography, he is about to be forced to deal, within a few pages, with 'the only dark spot in Sidney's life—his courtship of Stella'.<sup>250</sup> And Anna Stoddart, addressing *Sir Philip Sidney: Servant of God* to the general reader and to 'boys and girls in Sidney's England' in 1894, explains that it was while his sister was 'invalided' after childbirth at Wilton that he had the leisure to work on his romance; it was written 'to read to the gentle mother in the quiet hours of her convalescence'.<sup>251</sup>

A more direct way of dealing with questions of sexual propriety in *Astrophil and Stella* was to constitute the sequence as an orderly progression away from the dangerous passions it depicts. 'It must never be forgotten,' says the Reverend Alexander Grosart in his edition of the poems (1873), 'that the chronology of these Love-Sonnets and Poems [*Astrophil* and *Certain Sonnets*, which Grosart rechristens *Sidera* to emphasize the closeness of the two groups] is at present perplexing':

upon the date of these Sonnets and Poems is contingent our verdict of shame or praise; and shame has been too readily pronounced. *E.g.* there are Sonnets that, though placed onward, seem to belong to a very early period, when 'Stella' in heart and hand was still free and to be wooed.

(Sonnets 24, 35 and 37 are placed too early, 25 too late.) Correctly organized, the sequence would reach an unequivocal rejection of earthly passions with 'Thou blind man's marke...' and 'Leave me o Love...' (*Certain Sonnets* 31 and 32) taking their position as 'the fitting, and by the Author the intended, close of Astrophel and Stella'.<sup>252</sup> Grosart works, like Fox Bourne before him and Symonds and others afterwards, to constitute the sequence as the novel which *Arcadia* had failed to be. They guide the reader, through authorial intervention and intonation, to see the hero's character and progress. At first, explains Fox Bourne, 'He liked the society of the beautiful maiden. He paid her high and honest compliments. He did not object to being talked of as her worshipper. But that was all...'. 'Philip's Error', as the page-heading novelistically terms it, deserves to be condemned, but 'He himself soon learnt to condemn it in some of the finest poetry that ever found utterance through his pen'. After 'much brave battling with himself, he achieved moral rectitude. Subsequently he returned to more 'manly' concerns, and, cured by Frances Walsingham, wrote 'Leave me o Love'.<sup>253</sup> The commentator's job is to relate biography, style and content in such a way as not only to assuage moral doubts but to produce the coherent, organic whole which critics of the age of Arnold were increasingly seeking. Sidney's life is still a poem for Symonds and his readers,<sup>254</sup> but the poems are also part of the life and demand the same scrutiny.

The Victorian narratives established Astrophil and Stella—often simply elided with Sidney and Penelope Rich—as basically honourable figures, and the sonnets as expressions of 'very genuine emotion'.<sup>255</sup> Blatant artificiality is to be censured—there are still objections to the use of what William Gray in 1829 had called Petrarch's 'foreign prototype',<sup>256</sup> and 'Queen Virtue's court is much reprov'd as a sample of 'the vicious style of his time'<sup>257</sup>—but in general by Symonds's time, 'However artificial and allusive may appear the style of these love poems', it is more important that 'real feeling and substantial thought [are] expressed in them'. 'Come sleepe, o sleepe...' and 'With how sad

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steps, o Moone ...' (full, like many a nineteenth-century poem, of 'splendid melancholy') are particularly popular.<sup>258</sup> In 1842 Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in her survey 'The Book of the Poets', found Sidney a 'fantastic' and rather shallow poet who nevertheless 'left us in one line, the completest "Ars Poetica" extant,—"Foole, sayde my Muse to mee, looke in thine [*sic*] heart, and write".<sup>259</sup> Later in the century Sidney was more often perceived as having followed his muse's advice. For Ernest Rhys in 1895, in *Astrophil and Stella*, by contrast with the brilliant amateurism of *Arcadia*, 'he writes, not because it is a pleasant and accomplished thing to do, but because he must; his sonnets let blood'.<sup>260</sup>

The emphasis on 'sincerity', together with the habit, pioneered by Grosart, of dividing *Astrophil and Stella* into phases or stages, encourages—in spite of Grosart's intentions—concentration on the poems themselves rather than their moral stature. One of the first works of the period to exhibit this tendency was William Minto's *Characteristics of the English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley* of 1874. As the book's title suggests, it is an early example of the attempts at 'objective' criticism attendant on the incipient professionalization of English studies. Minto divides *Astrophil and Stella* into various stages including the 'statical' and the 'dynamical'. There is some emotional biography, but there is also analysis of the sonnet form and its variations, and of the songs, where 'our poet is happier than in the more confined measures'. There may have been 'not a little make-believe passion' where Stella was concerned, and Sidney probably took delight 'at finding such an amount of literary capital' for his sonnets.<sup>261</sup> The way towards Lewis's 'anatomy of love' was beginning to be marked out.

There is further evidence of increased awareness of Sidney's poetry in the Victorian period. Tennyson was at least perceived as echoing 'Ring out your belles...' (*Certain Sonnets* 30) in *In Memoriam* 106, 'Ring out, wild bells...'; 'They will not allow one to say, "Ring the bells", without finding that we have taken it from Sir P.Sydney', he complained in 1882.<sup>262</sup> It has been suggested that Dickens may have owed the title *Great Expectations*, Estella's name and her relationship with Pip, to *Astrophil and Stella*.<sup>263</sup> John Ruskin was enthusiastic about Sidney as author of love-poems 'none so lovely' since Dante, and adapted 'for school service' the more rarely mentioned Pembroke/Sidney Psalms as *Rock Honeycomb* in 1877. Although those Psalms 'in which quaintness of thought or word

have been carried beyond the utmost I could ask of the patience of existing taste' are omitted, for the most part the work is 'of peculiar value as a classic model of the English language at the time of its culminating perfection'; of Psalms 14 and 15 he says: 'You may not like this old English at first; but if you can find anybody to read it to you who has an ear, its cadence is massy and grand, more than that of most verse I know, and never a word is lost.'<sup>264</sup>

Continued interest in *A Defence of Poetry*, and renewed interest in *Astrophil and Stella*, are suggested by the increased frequency of their republication from about 1870 onwards. The prose work appeared in separate editions nine times between 1868 and 1919, and the sonnet sequence in various editions and collections at least twelve times between 1873 and 1909. The main explanation for this is probably the growth of English as an academic subject and the concomitant expansion of academic publishing.

The less readily digestible *Arcadia* remained less popular. Hain Friswell's abridgement appeared in 1867 and 1893, and H. Oskar Sommer's facsimile in 1891. Increased interest in Sidney's other works was likely eventually, however, to redirect attention to what had so long been regarded as his principal literary achievement. An early sign of the change in the fortunes of *Arcadia* is discernible, again, in the opinions of William Minto. In *A Manual of English Prose Literature* (1872) he shows an unusual degree of appreciation of the different styles and contexts of different elements. He is tolerant towards elaboration (the usually sweet and graceful fancies pall 'only from overmuch repetition'), relishes the contrast between passages of vigorous action and of 'gentler elements', and even appreciates—as had Stigant (No. 96)—the humour of the Dametas family which had been pronounced vulgar, incongruous or unfunny by D'Israeli (No. 95) and others.<sup>265</sup> (Sidney was, said Kingsley, 'about as funny as Mr. Gladstone'.)<sup>266</sup>

Some traditions died hard. T.S. Eliot was still labelling *Arcadia* 'a monument of dullness' in 1933.<sup>267</sup> Virginia Woolf, a year earlier, was more positive, finding in *Arcadia* 'Beauty of scene; stateliness of movement; sweetness of sound' and occasional 'moments where Sidney stopped, and thought, like any other novelist, what a real man or woman in this particular situation would say'. Less predictably, Woolf also admires the 'realism and vigour of the verse', but the work as a whole is more often characterized by

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'drowsy langour', lack of apparent purpose or design, endless stories which 'fall on each other like soft snowflakes, one obliterating the other'.<sup>268</sup> Already, however, academic study had brought with it, from Grosart onwards, 'Notes and Illustrations' and comparison of texts. Consideration of sources began to replace suspicion of foreign elements.<sup>269</sup> *Arcadia* was paid increasingly serious attention, founded in the study of genre rather than the statement of value judgements only, in works including W.W.Greg's *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama* (1906) and S.L.Wolff's *The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction* (1912). The finding (1907) and publication (1926) of *The Old Arcadia* opened new areas of research and gave back to Sidney studies, at least in some degree, the sense of freshness and discovery experienced by a wider audience in the 1590s.

By mid-century C.S.Lewis could declare that the revised *Arcadia* is a kind of touchstone. What a man thinks of it, far more than what he thinks of Shakespeare or Spenser or Donne, tests the depth of his sympathy with the sixteenth century.<sup>270</sup> Other scholars and critics of the period (and later) argued vigorously the claims of the original, completed version as against the revised and unfinished one, but the very existence of such a debate suggests something of Sidney's increased importance in Renaissance studies. From the 1950s onwards the contextual work of scholars like Greg and Wolff was built on and extended in works of a variety of persuasions, including Walter R.Davis's *A Map of Old Arcadia* of 1965, useful particularly on pastoral romance, and John Buxton's more comprehensive *Sir Philip Sidney and the English Renaissance* (1954, 1964). The growing interest in and understanding of rhetoric at this time was also instrumental in restoring Sidney's critical fortunes (see, for instance, the work printed with that of Davis, Richard A.Lanham's *The Old Arcadia*). It was, however, the advent of New Historicism (as applied to Sidney by, among others, Louis Adrian Montrose) that put Sidney in a position almost to rival Spenser's. New Historicism and gender studies each (sometimes in combination) opened new perspectives on *Astrophil and Stella* in particular (see above, pp. 29–34).

Undoubtedly a major factor in the extension of the range of Sidney studies in recent decades has been the provision of textually reliable and thoroughly annotated Oxford editions of the works (published between 1962 and 1987). The *Sidney Newsletter and*

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*Journal* (originally *Sidney Newsletter*) first appeared in 1980. Several substantial volumes of essays were published in or soon after 1986 to mark the four-hundredth anniversary of Sidney's death. Publication of selections from the poems, Penguin and World's Classics *Arcadias* in paperback, and Katherine Duncan-Jones's *Sir Philip Sidney: Courtier Poet* (1991)—a biography by a respected Sidney scholar, but directed at a wider audience—suggest some renewal of interest even in less purely academic circles.

## NOTES

- 1 Sir John Harington's heading in his copy of *The Old Arcadia* (Beal, SiP 94).
- 2 J.W.Saunders, 'The Stigma of Print: A Note on the Social Bases of Tudor Poetry', *Essays in Criticism*, vol. 1, 1951, pp. 139–64.
- 3 Paulus Melissus Schedius, 'Ad Philippum Sydnaeum' (1577), in *Schediasmata poetica*, Paris, 1586, p. 265. See Jan van Dorsten, *Poets, Patrons, and Professors: Sir Philip Sidney, Daniel Rogers and the Leiden Humanists*, Leiden, 1962, pp. 50–1, and John Buxton, *Sir Philip Sidney and the English Renaissance*, London, 1987, p. 91.
- 4 Giordano Bruno, *Di gli eroici furori*, Paris, 1585, sig. 8<sup>v</sup>. It is, however, as Dennis Kay points out, 'most unlikely that Bruno is referring to *Astrophil and Stella*' in his appreciation of the English 'stelle' (Kay, p. 6 n. 14).
- 5 Scipio Gentile, *In XXV Davidis Psalmos epicae paraphrases*, Daniel Rogers, in his manuscript 'Elegia XIII a. Ad Philippum Sydnaeum Illustrissime Indolis ac Virtutis Iuvenem' (1579), praised Sidney's eloquence in Latin, French and Italian and continued: 'But when your [poetic] passion seizes our arts, then how abundant are the streams in which your wits flow forth' (Van Dorsten, *Poets, Patrons, and Professors*, p. 63). Van Dorsten collects other examples of what may be references to lost poems by Sidney in Latin, French, Greek and Italian: *ibid.*, pp. 102–3 and Appendix 1, nos 2, 4, 6, 7, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19, 21, 28.
- 6 *Academiae Cantabrigiensis lachrymae*, ed. Alexander Neville, London, 1586 [i.e. 1587], sig. M1; *Exequiae illustrissimi equitis, D.Philippi Sidnaei* [ed. William Gager], Oxford, 1587, sigs D2–D2<sup>v</sup>, E1<sup>v</sup>, D4, I3<sup>v</sup>, L1<sup>v</sup>–L2.
- 7 Dominic Baker-Smith, "'Great Expectation": Sidney's Death and the Poets', in Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney, p. 90. *Lachrymae* and *Exequiae* were dedicated to Leicester, Oxford's *Pepus* to Pembroke.



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- 8 See also, e.g., Matthew Gwynne, *Exequiae*, sig. D2; *Epitaphia...in Mortem D.Philippi Sidneii*, Leiden, 1587, pp. 4, 8.
- 9 'The "Dolefull Lay of Clorinda"', in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, London, 1595, sig. G1<sup>v</sup>. The 'lay' is probably by Mary, Countess of Pembroke. See Margaret P.Hannay, *Philip's Phoenix: Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke*, Oxford, 1990, pp. 63-7.
- 10 Lodowick Bryskett, 'A Pastorall Aeglogue Upon the Death of Sir Phillip Sidney Knight, in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, sig. H4.
- 11 *A Poetical Rapsody 1602-1621*, ed. Hyder Edward Rollins, Cambridge, Mass., 1931, p. 5. The poems are OP 6 and 7, which are soon followed by the Countess of Pembroke's *Dialogue Between Two Shepherds*, and three poems by Walter and Francis Davison concerning Urania, Strephon and Klaius.
- 12 Henry Peacham, *Coach and Sedan*, London, 1636, sig. A2<sup>v</sup>.
- 13 Robert Baron, EPOTO?AIGNION, or *The Cyprian Academy*, London, 1647, sig. a2<sup>v</sup>; Charles R.Forker, 'Robert Baron's Use of Webster, Shakespeare, and Other Elizabethans', *Anglia*, vol. 83, 1965, p. 176. A 1670s miscellany (British Library, MS Sloane 161, ff. 29-30), selects from *The Lady of May* only 'The Speech of Rombus a School master.'
- 14 *England's Helicon 1600, 1614*, ed. Hyder Edward Rollins, 2 vols, Cambridge, Mass., 1935, vol. 1, p. 109.
- 15 For this dating, see Edward Berry, 'Sidney's May Game for the Queen', *Modern Philology*, vol. 86 (1988-9), pp. 252-3 n.4.
- 16 Helen Cooper, *Pastoral: Mediaeval into Renaissance*, Ipswich, 1977, p. 150, quoting from *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir Christopher Hatton*, ed. Sir Harris Nicolas, London, 1847, p. 69.
- 17 See Louis Adrian Montrose, 'Celebration and Insinuation: Sir Philip Sidney and the Motives of Elizabethan Courtiership', *Renaissance Drama*, n.s. vol. 8, 1977, pp. 3-35; Berry, 'Sidney's May Game'; Ringler, p. 362; David Kalstone, *Sidney's Poetry: Contexts and Interpretations*, Cambridge, Mass., 1965, p. 46; Stephen Orgel, *The Jonsonian Masque*, Cambridge, Mass., 1967, p. 54; Katherine Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Courtier Poet*, Oxford, 1991, p. 150.
- 18 Berry, 'Sidney's May Game', p. 259; Robert E.Stillman, 'Justice and the "Good Word" in Sidney's *The Lady of May*', *Studies in English Literature 1500-1900*, vol. 24, 1984, pp. 37-8.
- 19 Montrose, 'Celebration and Insinuation', pp. 27-8. On Sidney as the probable deviser of *The Four Foster Children*, see *Entertainments for Elizabeth I*, ed. Jean Wilson, Woodbridge, 1980, pp. 62-3.
- 20 See E.E.Duncan-Jones, 'Henry Oxinden and Sidney's *Arcadia*', *Notes and Queries*, vol. 198, 1953, pp. 322-3; *The Oxinden Letters 1607-1642*, London, 1933, Letter cxliii.
- 21 Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney*, p. 261.

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- 22 Sukanta Chaudhuri, 'The Eclogues in Sidney's *New Arcadia*', *Review of English Studies*, vol. 35, 1983, pp. 185–202, argues that, similarly, the 1590 version of the Eclogues has 'much more authorial sanction behind it than has generally granted'.
- 23 John Fletcher, 'To the Reader', in *The Faithful Shepherdess* (1608), ed. Cyrus Hoy, in *The Dramatic Works in the Beaumont and Fletcher Canon*, ed. Fredson Bowers, 8 vols, Cambridge, 1966–92, vol. 3, p. 497; on the combination of shepherd and knight (and lover), see Cooper, *Pastoral*, p. 151.
- 24 Victor Skretkowitz, 'Building Sidney's Reputation: Texts and Editions of the *Arcadia*', in Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney, p. 111.
- 25 *Ibid.*, p. 120.
- 26 *Ibid.*, p. 122.
- 27 *Ibid.*
- 28 *The Diary of the Lady Anne Clifford*, ed. Vita Sackville-West, London, 1923, pp. 76, 40. On the Clifford 'Great Picture' at Appleby Castle, see Barbara Kiefer Lewalski, *Writing Women in Jacobean England*, Cambridge, Mass., 1993, p. 137. Clifford also records reading Sidney's works in 1651 in an autograph note on her copy of the folio of 1605 (see Bent Juel-Jensen, 'Sir Philip Sidney, 1554–1586: a Check-List of Early Editions', in Kay, pp. 294–5).
- 29 Sir Walter Raleigh, 'An Epitaph Upon the Right Honourable Sir Phillip Sidney Knight', in Edmund Spenser, *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, London, 1595, sig. K3.
- 30 See J.N.L. Myres and E. Clive Rouse, 'Further Notes on the Painted Frieze', *Bodleian Library Record*, vol. 5, 1956, pp. 294–5; Ringler, p. xv; Kay, p. 5.
- 31 George Hakewill, *An Apologie of the Power and Providence of God*, Oxford, 1627, p. 236.
- 32 James Cleland, *H?pa?de?a or the Institution of a Young Noble Man*, Oxford, 1607, p. 152.
- 33 Joseph Wibarne, *The New Age of Old Names*, London, 1609, p. 71.
- 34 Abraham Fraunce, *The Arcadian Rhetorike* (1588), ed. Ethel Seaton, Oxford, 1950, p. xix. Moffet (No. 21) claims that Sidney's very letters to his sister outshone the work of Horace, Cicero and Ovid. Drayton (No. 48), echoing *A Defence of Poetry*, praises Sidney for showing that 'The plenteous English hand in hand might goe/With Greeke and Latine.'
- 35 Joseph Hall, *Virgidemiarum*, London, 1598, VI.i., p. 93.
- 36 Brian Vickers, *In Defence of Rhetoric*, Oxford, 1988, p. 258.
- 37 *A Treatise of the Schemes and Tropes gathered out of the best grammarians and oratours*, 1550, II. 36, quoted in Vickers, *In Defence of Rhetoric*, p. 259.
- 38 Richard Crashaw, *Steps to the Temple*, London, 1646, p. 137. The 'flowers' may in part be rhetorical *florae*.

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- 39 P. Albert Duhamel, 'Sidney's *Arcadia* and Elizabethan Rhetoric', *Studies in Philology*, vol. 45, 1948, pp. 134–50; *OA*, p. xxx.
- 40 Lorna Challis, 'The Use of Oratory in Sidney's *Arcadia*', *Studies in Philology*, vol. 62, 1965, pp. 570–2.
- 41 John Carey, 'Structure and Rhetoric in Sidney's *Arcadia*', in Kay, pp. 263–4. See also, on the differential structuring of character through rhetoric, Michael McCandles, 'The Rhetoric of Character Portrayal in Sidney's *New Arcadia*', *Criticism*, vol. 25, 1983, pp. 123–39.
- 42 Hoskyns seems the most likely candidate for identification with Richard Zouch's person 'who hath undertaken to illustrate by places of the *Arcadia*, all the points of the Art of speaking', in *The Dove: or, Passages of Cosmographie*, London, 1613, sig. E5.
- 43 Peter Heylyn, *Cosmographie*, London, 1652, Book II, p. 222.
- 44 Edmund Bolton, *Hypercritica* (1618?), in *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. J.E. Spingarn, 3 vols, Oxford, 1908–9, vol. 1, p. 107.
- 45 Dennis Kay, "'She was a Queen, and therefore beautiful": Sidney, his Mother, and Queen Elizabeth', *The Review of English Studies*, vol. 43, 1992, p. 34, points out that Sidney's own account of Argalus and Parthenia uses plainer language than most of *Arcadia*.
- 46 One influence on this was the teaching of Erasmus in *De ratione studii*. See Kay, pp. 16–17.
- 47 [Nicholas Ling], *Politeuphuia. Wits Commonwealth*, London, 1597, sig. A3.
- 48 *Ibid.* Acknowledged Sidney references occur in the 1626 edition on pp. 69, 74, 97, 223, 261, 285, 287, 288, 301, 302, 303, 305, 315, 345, 359, 423, 443, 491.
- 49 *The Duchess of Malfi*, ed. John Russell Brown, London, 1964, V.v. 101–2 and V.iv. 63–4.
- 50 See John Buxton, 'Sidney and Theophrastus', *English Literary Renaissance*, vol. 2, 1972, pp. 79–82. Contrast the more narrative emphasis of 'An Alphabetical Table, Or, CLAVIS, whereby the Reader is let in to view the principal Stories contain'd in the *Arcadia*', in *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*, London, 1655.
- 51 *Rich: Nugents Cynthia*, London, 1604, sig. C2.
- 52 *Sir Thomas Smithes Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia*, London, 1605, sig. D4.
- 53 *E sayes*, 1601, sig. Ll<sup>v</sup>.
- 54 Robert Anton, *Moriomachia*,; *NA*, p. xlix.
- 55 Henry Fitz-Simon, *A Catholike Confutation of M. John Riders Claime of Antiquitie*, Rouen, 1608, p. 282.
- 56 Jackson Boswell and H.R. Woudhuysen, 'Some Unfamiliar Sidney Allusions', in Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney (where many of the above allusions to characters were first cited), p. 236, supplies examples from 1615 and 1623 of writers' quotation of Dametas'

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- closing couplet in *OA* 5: 'So if my man must praises have,/What then must I that keepe the knave?' Parts of the same poem were set to music in the early seventeenth century. See Beal, SiP 118–19.
- 57 Peter Heylyn, *Microcosmus*, Oxford, 1621, p. 11.
- 58 There is influence also on the main plot and atmosphere of the play: it is the depth of a very cold winter, 'suddenly grown to so extreme and foul a storm that never any winter, I think, brought forth a fouler child; so that the princes were even compelled by the hail that the pride of the wind threw in their faces to seek some shrouding place, which, a certain hollow rock offering it unto them, they made it their shield against the tempest's fury' (*NA*, p. 179).
- 59 See James E. Savage, 'Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* and Sidney's *Arcadia*', *ELH: a Journal of English Literary History*, vol. 14, 1947, pp. 194–206; *Philaster*, ed. Andrew Gurr, London, 1969, pp. xxxii–iv.
- 60 John Ford, *Love's Sacrifice*, III.iv, noted in *NA*, p. xlix. The Dido and Pamphilus episode also influenced Shakespeare: see Jean Rees, 'Sidney and *A Lover's Complaint*', *The Review of English Studies*, vol. 42, 1991, pp. 157–67.
- 61 See Caroline Lucas, *Writing for Women: The Example of Woman as Reader in Elizabethan Romance*, Milton Keynes, 1989, pp. 9–10.
- 62 Mary Ellen Lamb, *Gender and Authorship in the Sidney Circle*, Madison, Wis., 1990, p. 21.
- 63 See Linda Woodbridge, *Women and the English Renaissance: Literature and the Nature of Womanhood, 1540–1620*, Urbana, Ill., 1984, p. 120; and Helen Hackett, 'Yet Tell Me Some Such Fiction: Lady Mary Wroth's *Urania* and the "Femininity" of Romance', in *Women, Texts, and Histories 1575–1760*, ed. Clare Brant and Diane Purkiss, London, 1992, pp. 40–1, for a more complex account of the ironies and ambiguities of a situation in which men write for women and 'a professed intention to write for women serves as an announcement to readers of both sexes that the work in question is light and frivolous', but where women succeed in enjoying romance, reading against the grain.
- 64 Lucas, *Writing For Women*, pp. 125–7; cf. Lamb, *Gender and Authorship*, pp. 75 ff.
- 65 Cf. Anne Shaver, 'Woman's Place in the *New Arcadia*', *Sidney Newsletter*, vol. 10, 1989, pp. 3–15.
- 66 On the ambiguities attendant on Pyrocles' disguise, and attitudes to the 'softened man' and 'toughened woman' as either monsters or 'symbols of human weakness', see Woodbridge, *Women and the English Renaissance*, pp. 158–9.
- 67 Lamb, *Gender and Authorship*, p. 106.
- 68 *Ibid.*, p. 112.

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- 69 Ibid.
- 70 Ibid., p. 109.
- 71 Thomas Nabbes, *Tottenham Court*, London, 1638, p. 32.
- 72 Sidney as author of *Arcadia* has a prominent position in John Johnson's *The Academy of Love*, London, 1641, pp. 98–9; Lord Herbert of Cherbury wrote an epitaph on Sidney in which he figures as the 'saint' of lovers as well as the soldiers' martyr ('Epitaph on Sir *Philip Sidney* lying in *St. Paul's* without a Monument', in *The Poems*, ed. G.C. Moore Smith, Oxford, 1923, p. 53). Among the most popular poems from *Arcadia* in the period were OA 31, 'Over these brookes trusting to ease mine eyes ...' (see Beal, SiP 131–4); 51, 'Locke up, faire liddes, the treasures of my harte...' (see Beal, SiP 149–52, and, under Thomas Vautor and Martin Peerson, Ringler, p. 567); and especially 62, 'What toong can her perfections tell...' (see Beal, SiP 155–63, Twyne (No. 29), and Ringler, p. 410).
- 73 John Stephens, *Satyrical Essayes, Characters and Others*, London, 1615, p. 276.
- 74 British Library, MS Harley 6395, no. 484; *Anecdotes and Traditions*, ed. W.J. Thomas, Camden Society Series 1, vol. 5 [1839], p. 64.
- 75 See below, headnote to No. 42; *The Poems of Lady Mary Wroth*, ed. Josephine Roberts, Baton Rouge, La, 1983, p. 50; in *Pamphilia to Amphilanthus*, the sonnets related to and printed with *Urania*, Pamphilia addresses Amphilanthus. A radical extension of the possibilities for investigating a female point of view in love is thus achieved.
- 76 See Paul Salzman, *English Prose Fiction 1558–1700: A Critical History*, Oxford, 1985, p. 139.
- 77 See *The Collected Works of Abraham Cowley*, vol. 2, ed. Thomas O. Calhoun, Laurence Heyworth, and J. Robert King, London, 1989, pp. 226–7.
- 78 Annabel Patterson, *Censorship and Interpretation: The Conditions of Writing and Reading in Early Modern England*, Madison, Wis., 1984, p. 171.
- 79 William Prynne, *Histrio-mastix*, London, 1633, p. 913.
- 80 Lois Potter, *Secret Rites and Secret Writing: Royalist Literature, 1641–1660*, Cambridge, 1989, p. 74.
- 81 *The Civil War* 597–8, in *The Collected Works of Abraham Cowley*, vol. 1, ed. Thomas Calhoun, Laurence Heyworth and Allan Pritchard, London, 1989, p. 160.
- 82 See Potter, *Secret Rites*, pp. 93 ff.
- 83 *Theophania: or, Severall Modern Histories Represented by Way of Romance: and Politically Discours'd Upon; by an English Person of Quality*, London, 1655, p. 1. A major influence on royalist readings of *Arcadia* and other romances in the mid-seventeenth century was the more transparently topical *Argenis* (1621) by John Barclay. See Potter, *Secret Rites*, pp. 74ff.; Salzman, *English Prose Fiction*, pp. 151–2.

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- 84 Giambattista Guarini, *Il compendio della poesia tragicomica*, in *Il pastor fido*, Bari, 1914, p. 231.
- 85 British Library, MS Add. 28253.
- 86 *England's Helicon*, ed. Rollins, p. 12.
- 87 Patricia Fumerton, *Cultural Aesthetics: Renaissance Literature and the Practice of Social Ornament*, Chicago, Ill., 1991, pp. 86–7.
- 88 Samuel Austin, *Austins Urania, or, The Heavenly Muse*, London, 1629, sig. A7.
- 89 Cambridge University Library, MS Kk.5.30 (II), ff. 71<sup>v</sup>–72; Beal, SiP 61.
- 90 Bodleian Library, MS Eng. poet. d. 3, f. 1; a slightly earlier miscellanist, John Lilliat, felt it appropriate to the beginning of his collection to translate the *Splendidis longum valedico nugis* which follows CS 32: 'ffowle vanities, to you/for evermore adiuē' (Bodleian Library, MS. Rawl. poet. 148, f. 1; also included are CS 15 and OA 21 and 68).
- 91 Ringler, p. 140.
- 92 Bodleian Library, MS Rawl. poet. 85, f. 55.
- 93 National Library of Scotland, MS 2059 (Hawthornden VII).
- 94 *The Arundel Harington Manuscript of Tudor Poetry*, ed. Ruth Hughey, 2 vols, Columbus, Ohio, 1960, vol. 1, pp. 239–40.
- 95 See Mary Ellen Lamb, 'Three Unpublished Holograph Poems in the Bright Manuscript: A New Poet in the Sidney Circle?', *The Review of English Studies*, vol. 35, 1984, p. 304.
- 96 See *ibid.*, pp. 303–5.
- 97 Edinburgh University Library, MS De.5.96, f.3.
- 98 *Brittons Bowre of Delight*, London, 1591, sig. A2.
- 99 John Davies of Hereford, 'Ad Stellam et Philastrum amantes', privately printed by Bent Juel-Jensen, Oxford, 1966, from sig. Bbb3 of Davies's copy of the 1605 *Arcadia*.
- 100 References to Sidney as Astrophil or Astrophel include Thomas Watson, *The First Sett of Italian Madrigals Englished*, London, 1590, xxvii; Samuel Daniel, *Delia. Containing certeyne sonnets*, London, 1592, sig. A2, and *Delia and Rosamond augmented*, 1594, sigs H5<sup>v</sup>, H6.
- 101 C.S.Lewis, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century, excluding Drama*, Oxford, 1954, p. 329.
- 102 Arthur F. Marotti, 'Love is not Love: Elizabethan Sonnet Sequences and the Social Order', *ELH: a Journal of English Literary History*, vol. 49, 1982, p. 406.
- 103 Petrus Ramus, *Dialectique*, 1555, translated by John Webster in 'The Method of a Poet: an Inquiry into Tudor Conceptions of Poetic Sequence', *English Literary Renaissance*, vol. 11, 1981, p. 27. For the distinction between Natural and Prudential method, see *ibid.*, pp. 26–9.
- 104 Alan Sinfield, 'Sidney and Astrophil', *Studies in English Literature 1500–1900*, vol. 20, 1980, p. 38.

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- 105 Gary Waller, *English Poetry of the Sixteenth Century*, Harlow, 1986, pp. 156, 128–30.
- 106 Thomas P. Roche, 'Astrophil and Stella: A Radical Reading', in Kay, pp. 188–9.
- 107 Marotti, 'Love is not Love', pp. 401, 406.
- 108 Ann Rosalind Jones and Peter Stallybrass, 'The Politics of *Astrophil and Stella*', *Studies in English Literature 1500–1900*, vol. 24, 1984, p. 64.
- 109 Louis Adrian Montrose, 'Celebration and Insinuation: Sir Philip Sidney and the Motives of Elizabethan Courtiership', *Renaissance Drama*, n.s. vol. 8, 1977, p. 26.
- 110 Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney*, p. 239.
- 111 Katherine Duncan-Jones, 'Sidney, Stella, and Lady Rich', in Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney, p. 174.
- 112 Dennis Kay, "'She Was a Queen, and Therefore Beautiful": Sidney, his Mother, and Queen Elizabeth', *Review of English Studies*, vol. 43, 1992, p. 28. Cf. Fumerton, *Cultural Aesthetics*, pp. 89–90.
- 113 See Duncan-Jones, 'Sidney, Stella, and Lady Rich', for an account of her patronage and literary and musical interests; Hoyt H. Hudson, 'Penelope Devereux as Sidney's Stella', *Huntington Library Bulletin*, vol. 7, 1935, pp. 89–129.
- 114 Duncan-Jones, 'Sidney, Stella, and Lady Rich', pp. 172–4.
- 115 Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney*, p. 247.
- 116 Sinfield, 'Sidney and Astrophel', pp. 27–8, points out that it was unprecedented for the male poet-lover to assume a name. Clear separation between Sidney and Astrophil is indicated. On the ambiguous position of women in sonnet sequences, given only apparent 'mastery', see Jones and Stallybrass, 'Politics of *Astrophil and Stella*', pp. 54 ff.
- 117 See Beal, SiP 7–18. Songs iii, iv, viii and ix are included in *Englands Helicon*, 1600; for some printed (and manuscript) musical settings of iv, vi, and viii–xi from the late sixteenth and early seventeenth century, see Ringler, pp. 566–8. Song xi was also copied, probably from memory, by Henry Colling of Bury St Edmunds some time before December 1596 (Cambridge University Library, MS Mm.3.29); Colling had links with 'a small coterie of poetry-lovers in late sixteenth-century Cambridge' (Hilton Kelliher, 'Unrecorded Extracts from Shakespeare, Sidney, and Dyer', *English Manuscript Studies*, vol. 2, 1990, pp. 163–87).
- 118 Winifred Maynard, *Elizabethan Lyric Poetry and its Music*, Oxford, 1986, p. 83.
- 119 Lamb, *Gender and Authorship*, p. 22. Female authors did not, however, always find it easy to adapt, or adapt to, the traditional courtly discourse: Lamb examines the conflict between sober moralism and urbane courtiership in

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- poems by an unknown Sidneyan female in the Bright MS (British Library, MS Add. 15232), which also contains sonnets from *Astrophil and Stella* and imitations of song viii (beginning 'In a green woode thicke of shade...', f. 11) and *Certain Sonnets* 27 (Lamb, *Gender and Authorship*, pp. 22, 195, and 'Three Unpublished Holograph Poems'.)
- 120 *The Poems of Lady Mary Wroth*, ed. Josephine A. Roberts, Baton Rouge, La, 1983, p. 46.
- 121 Samuel Daniel, 'To the Right Honourable the Ladie *Marie*, Countesse of Pembroke', *Delia*, London, 1592, sigs A2-2v.
- 122 Michael Drayton, dedication 'To Mr. Anthony Cooke', (1594), in *The Works of Michael Drayton*, ed. J. William Hebel, 6 vols, Oxford, 1961, vol. 1, p. 96. See AS 74.
- 123 Alistair Fowler, *Triumphal Forms: Structural Patterns in Elizabethan Poetry*, Cambridge, 1970, pp. 175-6; Roche, 'Astrophil and Stella: A Radical Reading', pp. 185-6, 221 n. 28; Dennis Kay, *Melodious Tears: The English Funeral Elegy from Spenser to Milton*, Oxford, 1990, p. 53.
- 124 Fowler, *Triumphal Forms*, p. 175.
- 125 Anne Ferry, *The 'Inward' Language: Sonnets of Wyatt, Sidney, Shakespeare, Donne*, Chicago, Ill., 1983, pp. 170-214, 251-5, studies in detail Shakespeare's complex and extensive use of *Astrophil and Stella*. Ferry sees Sidney's work as a base for Shakespeare's exploration of the gap between poetic language and inner experience. More tenuously, John Buxton, *Sir Philip Sidney and the English Renaissance*, 2nd edn, 1964, p. 186, supports F.P. Wilson's conjecture that Shakespeare's sonnet 55 is conceived as an introduction to *Astrophil and Stella*.
- 126 *Romeo and Juliet*, ed. Brian Gibbons, London, 1980, pp. 43, 44.
- 127 *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, ed. H.J. Oliver, London, 1971, III.iii.38. See John P. Cutts, 'Falstaff's "Heavenlie Jewel": Incidental Music for *The Merry Wives of Windsor*', *Shakespeare Quarterly*, vol. 11, 1960, pp. 89-92.
- 128 John Webster, *The Duchess of Malfi*, ed. John Russell Brown, London, 1964; see *The English Poems of George Herbert*, ed. C.A. Patrides, London, 1974, pp. 116, 209-11; Louis L. Martz, *The Poetry of Meditation: A Study in English Religious Literature*, New Haven, Conn., 1954, p. 261. Martz (*ibid.*, pp. 261-73) sees *Astrophil and Stella* as a whole as influencing Herbert in the direction of simplicity.
- 129 The real Penelope is, however, at least as important to Ford as *Astrophil and Stella*. Sidney's main influence on the play is through Argalus and Parthenia in *Arcadia*, whose story celebrates 'similar restraints and renunciations' to those of Penthea and Orgilus, and in the favourably viewed Greek setting. See *The Broken Heart*, ed. T.J.B. Spencer, Manchester, 1980, pp. 15-17, 19-20.
- 130 *The Mistress*, 1656, poem 9; *The Collected Works of Abraham Cowley*, vol. 2, ed. Thomas O. Calhoun, Laurence Heyworth and J. Robert King, London, 1989, pp. 248-9.
- 131 Marotti, "'Love is not Love'", pp. 420-1. Cf. Maureen Quilligan,



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- 'Sidney and his Queen', in *The Historical Renaissance: New Essays on Tudor and Stuart Literature and Culture*, ed. Heather Dubrow and Richard Strier, Chicago, Ill., 1988, pp. 182–3.
- 132 A.C.Hamilton, *Sir Philip Sidney: A Study of his Life and Works*, Cambridge, 1977, p. 17.
- 133 Henry Reynolds, *Mythomystes*, London, 1632, p. 8.
- 134 William Temple's 'Analysis' of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Apology for Poetry', ed. and tr. John Webster, Binghamton, NY, 1984, p. 37.
- 135 See, e.g., Ronald Levao, 'Sidney's Feigned Apology', in Kay, pp. 127–46. (See also Ronald, Levao, *Renaissance Minds and their Fictions*, Berkeley, Calif., 1985).
- 136 William Gamage, *Linsie-Woolsie: or, Two Centuries of Epigrammes*, Oxford, 1621 [1613], sig. A3.
- 137 Anthony Stafford, *Staffords Niobe...A Second Part*, London, 1611, p. 159.
- 138 Francis Meres, *Palladis Tamia. Wits Treasury*, London, 1598, p. 279. See also p. 276.
- 139 Kay, p. 16.
- 140 A Musicall Consert, sig. G2.
- 141 Bodleian Library, MS Eng. poet. d. 3, f. 73–73<sup>v</sup>.
- 142 T.G.A.Nelson, 'Sir John Harington as a Critic of Sir Philip Sidney', *Studies in Philology*, vol. 67, 1970, pp. 48–9; see Ludovico Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso in English Heroical Verse*, trans. Sir John Harington, London, 1591, fols v<sup>r</sup>–vi. For the possible influence of *A Defence on Poetry* on Shakespeare, Jonson, Daniel and Drayton, see Alwin Thaler, *Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney*, Cambridge, Mass., 1947.
- 143 See Katherine Duncan-Jones, 'Philip Sidney's Toys', in Kay, pp. 78–80.
- 144 For Sidney's own views on religious poetry, and especially the Psalms, see *MP*, pp. 77, 80.
- 145 Arthur Golding, *A Worke Concerning the Trewnesse of the Christian Religion*, London, 1587, title-page and sig. \*4; see *MP*, pp. 155–7.
- 146 Rivkah Zim, *English Metrical Psalms: Poetry as Praise and Prayer 1535–1601*, Cambridge, 1987, pp. 186–7.
- 147 *Nugae antiquae*, ed. Henry Harington, 2 vols, 1804, vol. 2, p. 173.
- 148 See Margaret P.Hannay, *Philip's Phoenix: Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke*, Oxford, 1990, p. 89.
- 149 Hannay, *Philip's Phoenix*, p. 95. See *ibid.*, pp. 85–98 for further discussion of the political context of the dedicatory poems and of the Psalms, including their inflammatory Huguenot background.
- 150 See Jim Doelman, 'A Seventeenth Century Publication of Three of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalms', *Notes and Queries*, vol. 236, 1991, p. 163.
- 151 *The Psalms of Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke*, ed. J.C.A. Rathmell, New York, 1963, pp. xiii–xiv.
- 152 Doelman, 'A Seventeenth Century Publication', pp. 162–3. This is the

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- apparently lost volume described by William Drummond of Hawthornden (National Library of Scotland, MS 2060, f. 150). It received a licence exempting it from the Stationers' Company monopoly on 5 September 1631.
- 153 *The Psalms*, ed. Rathmell, pp. xiii–xiv.
  - 154 Michael Brennan, 'Licensing the Sidney Psalms for Press in the 1640s', *Notes and Queries*, vol. 229, 1984, pp. 304–5.
  - 155 Bodleian Library, MS Rawlinson poet. 25, f. 131<sup>v</sup>.
  - 156 Andrew Marvell, 'An Horatian Ode Upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland' (1650). The first recorded reference to the story of Sidney's being offered the crown of Poland is Robert Dow's poem in *Exequiae illustrissimi equitis, D.Philippi Sidnaei*, Oxford, 1587, sigs D2–D2<sup>v</sup>.
  - 157 *The Diary of John Evelyn*, ed. E.S. de Beer, 6 vols, Oxford, 1955, vol. 3, p. 72; Evelyn to Samuel Pepys, 12 August 1689, in *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*, ed. Spingarn, vol. 2, p. 316.
  - 158 Sir Thomas Browne, *Works*, ed. Geoffrey Keynes, vol. 6, p. 305 (28 January 1660).
  - 159 See Sidney, 16th Earl of Pembroke, *A Catalogue of the Paintings & Drawings in the Collection at Wilton House*, London, 1968, p. 91.
  - 160 See Dustin Griffin, *Regaining Paradise: Milton and the Eighteenth Century*, Cambridge, 1986, pp. 138–9.
  - 161 Gerard Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, Oxford, 1691, p. 150, replied that Dryden himself played with his words.
  - 162 *The Spectator*, ed. Donald F. Bond, 5 vols, Oxford, 1965, vol. 1, p. 316.
  - 163 'On Simplicity in Poetical Compositions' (1711), in *The Critical Works of John Dennis*, ed. Edward Niles Hooker, Baltimore, Ma, 1943, vol. 2, p. 33.
  - 164 Jonathan Swift, *Prose Writings*, ed. H. Davis, 14 vols, Oxford, 1939–68, vol. 9, p. 335.
  - 165 Thomas Fuller, *The History of the Worthies of England*, London, 1662, sig. L12.
  - 166 Kay, p. 30. Fuller was possibly also, however, the author of the more robust defence by 'Philophilippos' (see below, headnote to No. 61).
  - 167 *The Spectator*, ed. Bond, vol. 1, pp. 155–8.
  - 168 *The Lying Lover*, IV.ii, in *The Plays of Richard Steele*, ed. Shirley Strum Kenny, Oxford, 1971.
  - 169 *The Spectator*, ed. Bond, vol. 1, p. 63. In *The Guardian*, ed. John Calhoun Stephens, Lexington, Ky 1982, no. 18, pp. 95–6, Steele prints Mary Sidney's Psalm 137 as by 'Our gallant Countryman, Sir Philip Sidney'.
  - 170 John Campbell, *Polite Correspondence* (1741), quoted in Earl R. Wasserman, *Elizabethan Poetry in the Eighteenth Century*, Urbana, Ill., 1947, p. 44.
  - 171 Kay, p. 32; *NA*, p. li.
  - 172 Hugh Blair, *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*, 2 vols, London, 1783, pp. 307–8.

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- 173 Graham Midgley, *The Life of Orator Henley*, Oxford, 1973, p. 48.
- 174 Nathaniel Lee, 'The Epistle Dedicatory', *Caesar Borgia*, London, 1680, sig. A2<sup>v</sup>.
- 175 David Lloyd, *State-Worthies: or, The Statesmen and favourites of England Since the reformation*, London, 1670, pp. 502–3.
- 176 *An Essay on Man*, IV. 97–102, in *The Poems of Alexander Pope*, ed. John Butt, London, 1963, p. 539. Pope owned a copy of the Sidney Folio of 1613, for the absent title of which he substituted his own 'beautifully drawn, calligraphic' version (see Bent Juel-Jensen, 'Sir Philip Sidney 1554–1586: A Check-List of Early Editions of his Works', in Kay, p. 294).
- 177 James Thomson, *The Seasons*, ed. James Sambrook, Oxford, 1981, p. 128 (*Summer* 1511–13).
- 178 James Sambrook, *James Thomson 1700–1748: a Life*, Oxford, 1991, p. 97.
- 179 *Reflections Upon Coll. Sidney's Arcadia*, London, 1684. In 1658 Algernon Sidney himself connected his enmity for tyrants with that of Sir Philip Sidney. See John Carswell, *The Porcupine: The Life of Algernon Sidney*, London, 1989, pp. 110–11.
- 180 John Oldham, 'A Satyr...Dissuading the Author from the Study of POETRY (c. 1682–3), lines 126–7, in *The Poems of John Oldham*, ed. Harold F. Brooks, Oxford, 1987, p. 242.
- 181 See, e.g., *Spenser's Faerie Queene*, ed. John Upton, London, 1758, pp. v–vii. The story is also referred to by Aubrey (No. 63) and by Matthew Prior: 'For now no *Sidney* will three hundred give, / That needy *Spencer*, and his Fame may live' (*Satyr of the Poets. In Imitation of the Seventh Satyr of Juvenal* (1687), lines 184–5, in *The Literary Works of Matthew Prior*, ed. H. Bunker Wright and Monroe K. Spears, 2 vols, Oxford, 1971, vol. 1, p. 34). Samuel Johnson noted that it had inspired another tale of a noble patron's discovery and sponsorship of an indigent poet in the case of the Duke of Wharton and Edward Young (*Lives of the English Poets*, ed. George Birkbeck Hill, 3 vols, Oxford, 1935, vol. 3, p. 372).
- 182 *Spenser's Faerie Queene*, ed. Upton, p. xv; John Upton, *A Letter Concerning a New Edition of Spenser's Faerie Queene*, London, 1751, p. 7. See Jewel Wurtsbaugh, *Two Centuries of Spenserian Scholarship*, Baltimore, Md, 1936, p. 84.
- 183 Edmund Spenser, *Works*, ed. J. Hughes (1715), quoted in Wasserman, *Elizabethan Poetry in the Eighteenth Century*, p. 97.
- 184 Thomas Warton, 'Ode V. Sent to Mr. Upton, on his Edition of the Faerie Queene', in *Poems*, London, 1777, p. 40.
- 185 *Poems, Chiefly by Gentlemen of Devonshire and Cornwall*, 2 vols, Bath, 1792, vol. 1, p. 143.
- 186 John Holt, *Remarks on 'The Tempest'*, London, 1749, Remark XXI; Charlotte Lennox, *Shakespeare Illustrated*, vol. 3, London, 1754, pp.

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- 291–301; *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, ed. Samuel Johnson (1765), in *Shakespeare: The Critical Heritage 1623–1801*, ed. Brian Vickers, 6 vols, London, 1974–81, vol. 5, p. 140. See also *The Plays of William Shakespeare*, ed. George Steevens, 10 vols, London, 1778, vol. 10, p. 602.
- 187 John Upton, *Critical Observations on Shakespeare*, London, 1746, pp. 75–6; Peter Whalley, *An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare*, London, 1748, pp. 19–20.
- 188 Nathaniel Lee, ‘The Epistle Dedicatory’, *Caesar Borgia*, London, 1680, sig. A2<sup>v</sup>.
- 189 Richard Farmer, *An Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* (1767) and *Mr. William Shakespeare his Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies*, ed. Edward Capell (1768), in *Shakespeare: The Critical Heritage*, ed. Vickers, vol. 5, pp. 271, 314.
- 190 *The Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare*, 11 vols, London, 1790, vol. 10, p. 72. Spenser is excepted from the list.
- 191 In Elizabeth Cooper’s *The Muses’ Library* (1737), probably also edited by Oldys, ‘After the innumerable Compliments paid to this Great Man’s Writings, it would be Presumption in me, to attempt their Character’, but two poems—‘Poor painters oft...’ (OA 8) and ‘A neighbour mine not long ago there was...’ (OA 64)—are included. Manuscript miscellanists and collectors were still active in the Restoration and eighteenth century. See Beal, SiP 22, 100, 176; Jessie A. Coffee, ‘Arcadia to America: Sir Philip Sidney and John Saffin’, *American Literature* vol. 45, 1973–4, pp. 100–4.
- 192 Thomas Warton, *The History of English Poetry*, 3 vols, London, 1774–81, vol. 3, pp. 169, 273, 363, 419, 496.
- 193 Thomas Warton, ‘A History of English Poetry’: *An Unpublished Continuation*, ed. Rodney M. Baine, Los Angeles, Calif., 1953. There is one mention of *Arcadia*, in connection with pastoral: ‘Sir Philip Sydney had made everything Arcadian’ (p. 11). Warton had quoted AS 6 in *Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser*, London, 1754, p. 263.
- 194 *The Defense of Poesy*, London, 1752; *Sir Philip Sydney’s Defence of Poetry. And, Observations on Poetry and Eloquence, From the Discoveries of Ben Jonson*, [ed. Joseph Warton], London, 1787.
- 195 Horace Walpole, letter to George Montagu, 22 May 1746, *Correspondence*, ed. W.S. Lewis et al., New Haven, Conn., 48 vols, 1937–83, vol. 9, pp. 25–6; to Henry Seymour Conway, 16 September 1777, *ibid.*, vol. 39, p. 294; to the Earl of Ossory, 23 June 1771, *ibid.*, vol. 32, p. 47.
- 196 Thomas Gray, *Correspondence*, ed. Paget Toynbee and Leonard Whibley, 3 vols, Oxford, 1935, vol. 1, p. 409.
- 197 In *A Letter To Mr. Mason; On the Marks of Imitation*, Cambridge, 1757, p.

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- 19, Hurd asks why *Arcadia* and *The Faerie Queene* were 'so unnatural' as to have the story proceed 'as it were, by snatches, and with continual interruptions? How was the good sense of those writers, so conversant besides in the best models of antiquity, seduc'd into this preposterous method?' and replies: 'The answer, no doubt, is, that they were copying the design, or disorder rather, of ARIOSTO, the favourite poet of that time.'
- 198 Michael Lort, letter to Richard Cumberland, 22 December 1759, in Walpole, *Correspondence*, ed. Lewis et al., vol. 16, p. 367.
- 199 Joseph Warton, *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*, London, 1756–82, vol. 1, pp. 270–1.
- 200 *Sambrook*, *James Thomson*, p. 40.
- 201 *The Prose Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. W.J.B.Owen and Jane Smyser, 3 vols, Oxford, 1964, vol. 1, pp. 257, 288, 339. Co-option of both Sidneys, Philip and Algernon, to various political causes is probably at its commonest in this period. See also *The Letters of John Keats*, ed. Maurice Buxton Forman, 4th edn London, 1960, p. 234 (14–31 October 1818).
- 202 John Addington Symonds, *Sir Philip Sidney*, London, 1886, pp. 199–200; 'Sidney died in the Netherlands in defence of ideals strangely similar to those for which the British nation is to-day engaged in a life-and-death struggle' (Malcolm William Wallace, *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, Cambridge, 1915, p. vii). On Sidney's Englishness, see also Algernon Charles Swinburne, 'Astrophel After Reading Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* in the Garden of an Old English Manor-House', in *Astrophel and Other Poems*, London, 1894, pp. 1–10.
- 203 See Helmut von Erffa and Allen Staley, *The Paintings of Benjamin West*, New Haven, Conn., 1986, p. 204. *The Death of Sir Philip Sidney* is now in the Woodmere Gallery, Philadelphia.
- 204 See William Wordsworth, *Descriptive Sketches*, ed. Eric Birdsall and Paul M.Zall, Ithaca, NY, 1984 (lines 352–65 in the 1793 version; lines 304–17 in that of 1836).
- 205 Cf. *Specimens of the English Poets*, ed. Thomas Campbell, London, 1819, vol. 2, pp. 154–5.
- 206 See *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. E.V.Lucas, 7 vols, London, 1903–5, vol. 7, pp. 942–3.
- 207 *The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Frederick L.Jones, 2 vols, Oxford, 1964, vol. 2, p. 212 (7 August 1820).
- 208 Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Adonais* (1821), p. xlv.
- 209 Erffa and Staley, *Paintings of Benjamin West*, p. 222.
- 210 *Specimens*, ed. Campbell, vol. 1, p. 121.
- 211 Charles Lamb, 'To the Poet Cowper', in a letter to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 5–7 June 1796 (*Letters*, ed. Marrs, vol. 1, p. 41); Samuel

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- Taylor Coleridge, letter to Lady Beaumont, 26 April (i.e. March) 1826 (*Collected Letters*, ed. Griggs, vol. 6, p. 572); Edward Thurlow, 'On Beholding the Portraiture of Sir Philip Sidney, in the Gallery at Penshurst' (in *The Defence of Poesy*, [ed. Edward Thurlow], London, 1810).
- 212 *Specimens*, ed. Campbell, vol. 2, p. 154.
- 213 For Southey, see below, n. 243. Lamb lent Coleridge a copy of *Arcadia* (Lamb, *Letters*, ed. Marrs, vol. 3, p. 13, 7 June 1809), and Coleridge lent Wordsworth his 1627 *Arcadia* between about 1810 and 1830 (C.L. and A. Shaver, *Wordsworth's Library*, New York, 1979, p. x). Jane Porter's *Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney* was published in 1807.
- 214 See above, n. 204; 'A Squib on Colonel Evans' (1838), in *Poems*, ed. John O. Hayden, 2 vols, Harmondsworth, 1977, vol. 2, p. 816; *The Prelude* (1805 version), VI.220–6, where the idea of Mary Sidney at Brougham results from confusion with Anne Clifford, one of her successors as Countess of Pembroke. (*The Prelude: a Parallel Text*, ed. J.C. Maxwell, Harmondsworth, 1971, p. 549).
- 215 Similarly, it is unclear how far Robert Browning is thinking about Sidney's work in his reference to 'the silver speech/Of Sidney's self, the starry paladin' in *Sordello* (1840), I. 68–9.
- 216 Imitation, and especially imitation of foreign sources, was often held in the nineteenth century to be one of Sidney's and his period's besetting sins. It was fit neither for an English hero nor a coherent, 'sincere' writer. See, e.g., Gray (No. 93); H.R. Fox Bourne, *A Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney*, London, 1862, p. 412; Sidney Lee, *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*, London, 1907, pp. 112–14.
- 217 In the twentieth century, however, Hazlitt clearly influenced the remarks of T.S. Eliot ('Apology for the Countess of Pembroke') and Virginia Woolf ('The Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*'). See Kay, pp. 39–40.
- 218 Symonds, *Sidney*, p. 83, still feels in 1886 that Walpole was 'not far wrong' about the difficulty of wading through *Arcadia*, and summarizes and excerpts the tale 'since it is not very likely that any readers of my book will be impelled to turn the pages of the original'.
- 219 *The Annual Review*, vol. 4, 1805, p. 547.
- 220 Shelley, *Letters*, ed. Jones, vol. 2, p. 212 (?7 July 1820); *The Journals of Claire Clairmont*, ed. Marion Kingston Stocking, Cambridge, Mass., 1968, p. 206 (28 January 1821); *The Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, ed. Betty T. Bennett, Baltimore, Md, 3 vols, 1980–8, vol. 1, p. 305 (12 January 1823). Sidney's *Defence* is often cited as a source of Shelley's.
- 221 See R.T. Kerlin, 'Scott's *Ivanhoe* and Sidney's *Arcadia*', *Modern Language Notes*, vol. 22, 1907, pp. 144–6; S.L. Wolff and H.N. MacCracken, 'The Sources of *Ivanhoe*', *The Nation*, no. 92, 1911, pp. 11, 60.

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- 222 George L.Craik, *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*, 6 vols, London, 1844–5, vol. 3, p. 58.
- 223 Julius Lloyd, *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, London, 1862, p. 100.
- 224 Edith J.Morley, *The Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, London, 1901, p. 7.
- 225 *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, ed. Ernest A.Baker, London, 1907, p. xvi.
- 226 Lee, *Great Englishmen*, p. 136.
- 227 *Arcadia*, ed. Baker, p. xvi.
- 228 Symonds, *Sidney*, pp. 88–9.
- 229 J.J.Jusserand, *The English Novel in the Time of Shakespeare*, trans. Elizabeth Lee and 'enlarged and revised by the author', London, 1890, p. 249. The French text of Jusserand's work had been published in 1887.
- 230 W.J.Courthope, *A History of English Poetry*, 6 vols, London, 1895–1910, vol. 2, p. 225.
- 231 Bourne, *Memoir of Sidney*, p. 229.
- 232 Symonds, *Sidney*, p. 54.
- 233 William Gray, *The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, Oxford, 1829, p. 214; cf. Symonds, *Sidney*, p. 54; Anna M.Stoddart, *Sir Philip Sidney: Servant of God*, Edinburgh, 1894, p. 68.
- 234 Bourne, *Memoir of Sidney*, p. 257; Symonds, *Sidney*, p. 70; Morley, *Works of Sidney*, p. 10.
- 235 See, e.g., *The Letters of Sir Walter Scott*, ed. H.J.C.Grierson, 12 vols, London, 1932–7, vol. 1, p. 146, and vol. 2, p. 264; William Godwin, *Letter of Advice to a Young American*, London, 1818, p. 7; *The Brownings' Correspondence*, ed. Philip Kelley and Ronald Hudson, Winstone, Kan., vol. 4, pp. 261, 262n.; *The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning 1845–1846*, ed. Elvan Kintner, Cambridge, Mass., 1969, p. 23; *The Letters of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, ed. Andrew Hilen, 6 vols, Cambridge, Mass., 1966, vol. 2, p. 532 (30 April 1843).
- 236 'The Defence of Poetry', in *The Retrospective Review*, vol. 10, 1824, p. 43.
- 237 Nathan Drake, *Shakespeare and his Times*, 2 vols, London, 1817, vol. 1, p. 467.
- 238 Symonds, *Sidney*, p. 156.
- 239 *An Apologie for Poetrie*, ed. Evelyn S.Shuckburgh, Cambridge, 1891, p. xxxi.
- 240 *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, ed. Hain Friswell, London, 1867, p. xxix.
- 241 Bourne, *Memoir of Sidney*, p. 241.
- 242 *Letters of Longfellow*, ed. Hilen, vol. 2, p. 355 (20 November 1841).
- 243 Earlier, in 1804, Southey proposed to write an essay 'on his metres' and to provide 'corresponding specimens of my own to every practical metre which Sir Philip has used'. In his *Commonplace Book* he also quoted lines from *AS* 35 and *CS* 18, 19, and 31. See

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- Southey's CommonPlace Book*, ed. John Wood Warter, London, 1851, pp. 483, 456, 457.
- 244 Henry Kingsley, *Fireside Studies*, 2 vols, London, 1876, vol. 2, p. 249.
- 245 Symonds, *Sidney*, p. 87; cf. Wallace, *Life of Sidney*, p. 237.
- 246 Lloyd, *Life of Sidney*, p. 125.
- 247 *Cyclopaedia of English Literature*, ed. Robert Chambers, 2 vols, Edinburgh, 1844, vol. 1, p. v.
- 248 Nathan Drake, *Mornings in Spring: or, Retrospectives, Biographical, Critical, and Historical*, 2 vols, London, 1828, vol. 1, pp. 168–9.
- 249 Bourne, *Memoir of Sidney*, pp. 285–6.
- 250 Kingsley, *Fireside Studies*, pp. 221, 223.
- 251 Stoddart, *Sidney: Servant of God*, pp. viii, 80, 82.
- 252 *The Complete Poems of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, 2 vols, 1873, vol. 1, p. 153. Cf., e.g., Stigant (No. 96); Lloyd, *Life of Sidney*, pp. 126–30; Sidney Lee, *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*, London, 1907, p. 114. Many subsequent editions followed Grosart in printing the two poems as *AS* 109 and 110.
- 253 Bourne, *Memoir of Sidney*, pp. 284–91, 375.
- 254 See, e.g., the review of Symonds's book by Oscar Wilde (1886) in *The Critic as Artist: Critical Writings of Oscar Wilde*, ed. Richard Ellmann, New York, 1968, pp. 38–42. In his poem 'Pan' Wilde calls England 'A land of ancient chivalry/Where gentle Sidney saw the day' (*Complete Works of Oscar Wilde*, introd. Vyvyan Holland, 2nd edn, London, 1973, p. 813).
- 255 Symonds, *Sidney*, p. 121.
- 256 See, e.g., Bourne, *Memoir of Sidney*, p. 350; Frederic Taylor Payne, *Essays on Sir Philip Sydney and Alfred Tennyson*, n.p., 1879, p. 6; Lee, *Great Englishmen*, p. 114.
- 257 Bourne, *Memoir of Sidney*, p. 350.
- 258 Symonds, *Sidney*, pp. 131, 122. See also Stigant (No. 96).
- 259 *Elizabeth Barrett Browning's Poetical Works*, 5 vols, London, 1873, vol. 4, p. 330 (originally published in *The Athenaeum*, 1842).
- 260 *The Lyric Poems of Sir Philip Sidney*, ed. Ernest Rhys, London, 1895, p. xix; 'Stella is alive to us, she was alive to Sidney: Strephon and Klaius, Dorus and Dicus, are shadows created by the poet's brain' (Morley, *Works of Sidney*, p. 30).
- 261 William Minto, *Characteristics of the English Poets from Chaucer to Shirley*, Edinburgh, 1874, pp. 246, 249, 243.
- 262 *The Letters of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, ed. Cecil Young and Edward F. Shannon Jr, Oxford, 3 vols, 1982–90, vol. 3, p. 240.
- 263 See Annabel Endicott, 'Pip, Philip and Astophil: Dickens's Debt to Sidney?', *The Dickensian*, vol. 63, 1967, pp. 158–62; James Neil Brown, 'Gentility and Love in *Great Expectations*', *Sidney Newsletter*, vol. 1, 1980.



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- 264 John Ruskin, *Rock Honeycomb. Broken Pieces of Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter. Laid Up in Store for English Homes* (1877), in *Works*, ed. E.T.Cook and Alexander Wedderburn, 39 vols, London, 1903–12, vol. 31, pp. 107, 112; *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 23, November 1872 (*ibid.*, vol. 27, p. 416). The Psalms had been published in an edition by S.W.Singer in 1823, and praised by Henry Cotton, owner of one of the manuscripts, for their 'passages of considerable beauty' and possession of 'a nerve and energy, a poetic spirit that might have disarmed...the fastidious Warton himself' (*The Christian Remembrancer*, vol. 3, 1821, p. 330). See also John Holland, *The Psalmists of Britain*, 2 vols, London and Sheffield 1843, vol. 1, pp. 195–8. In general, however, the Psalms were little discussed.
- 265 William Minto, *A Manual of English Prose Literature*, Edinburgh, 1872, pp. 237–9, 243.
- 266 Kingsley, *Fireside Studies*, vol. 2, p. 246.
- 267 T.S.Eliot, 'Apology for the Countess of Pembroke', *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism*, London, 1933, p. 51.
- 268 Virginia Woolf, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia', in *Collected Essays*, ed. Leonard Woolf, vol. 1, London, 1966, pp. 21, 22, 24, 25. Hazlitt, as Kay (pp. 39–40) shows, is an evident source for the views expressed or discussed by both Eliot and Woolf.
- 269 See, e.g., *Euphues... To Which is Added the First Chapter of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia*, ed. Friedrich Landmann, Heilbronn, 1887, p. xxviii.
- 270 Lewis, *English Literature in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 339.

# 1. Edward Waterhouse

1577

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Edward Waterhouse was Secretary of State for Ireland. His account of Sidney's *A Discourse on Irish Affairs* serves as a reminder that during Sidney's lifetime he was, outside an intimate circle, at least as likely to be known and regarded for his practical, argumentative writing skills as for poetic prowess. See Introduction, p. 1. The *Discourse* 'was written for a specific purpose: to reinforce the case of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland when he came over in October 1577 to vindicate to the Privy Council Sir Henry Sidney's administration of the "cess", or land tax, in the Irish Pale' (*MP*, p. 3).

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Letter to Sir Henry Sidney, 30 September 1577, in *Letters and Memorials of State of the Sidney Family*, ed. Arthur Collins, 2 vols, London, 1746, vol. 1, p. 228.

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I have obtainid that at my Lord Chancellors Coming, your Lordships Matters shall have present hearing: And I think that to the *Cess* Rates, Mr. *Philip*, Mr. *Whitten*, and I, shalbe called to assist him. Before the Arrival of Mr. *Whitten*, Mr. *Philip* had gatherid a Collection of all the Articlis, which have been enviously objectid to your Government, whereunto he had framid an Answer in way of Discours, the most excellently (if I have eny Judgement) that ever I red in my Lief; the Substance wherof is now approved in your Letters, and Notes, by Mr. *Whitten*. But let no Man compare with Mr. *Philips* Pen. I know he will send it your Lordship, and when you read it, you shall have more Cause to praye [praise?—*MP*, p. 4] God for him, then to impute Affection to me, in this my Opinion of him.

## 2. Philip Sidney<sup>1</sup>

1579–80?; 1580?

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(a) How far Sidney expects to be taken at face value in his attitude to his own work is uncertain. See headnote below. From *A Defence of Poetry*, in Feuillerat, vol. 3, pp. 3, 36.

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But thus much at least, with his no few words he [John Pietro Pugliano on the pre-eminent glories of horsemanship] drave into me, that selfelove is better then any guilding, to make that seem gorgious wherin our selves be parties. Wherin if *Pughianos* strong affection and weake arguments will not satisfie you, I wil give you a nearer example of my selfe, who I know not by what mischance in these my not old yeares and idlest times, having slipt into the title of a Poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my unelected vocation, which if I handle with more good will, then good reasons, beare with me, since the scholler is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his maister.

But I that before ever I durst aspire unto the dignity, am admitted into the companie of the *Paper-blurrers*, do finde the verie true cause of our [English poets'] wanting estimation is want of desert, taking upon us to be *Poets*, in despite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want desert were a thank woorthy labour to expresse. But if I knew I should have mended my selfe, but as I never desired the title, so have I neglected the meanes to come by it, onely over-mastered by some thoughts, I yeelded an inckie tribute unto them.

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(b) 'To My Deare Ladie and Sister' was first printed with *Arcadia* in 1590 and 1593 and in subsequent editions, and there is no absolute proof that it was not written as a preface to the *New Arcadia*, but most modern readers have felt it to be more appropriate in spirit to the *Old Arcadia*. This may be confirmed by the fact that Sidney's main opportunity to write 'in your presence' was probably between March and August 1580 (Robertson, p. xvi).

Sidney's attitude to his work as expressed here has excited

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much speculation. Is calling it 'idle' simply an instance of *sprezzatura*, a courtly version of the more extreme authorial view that *Arcadia* should be incinerated, or, as Annabel Patterson suggests, ironic, part of 'a clever and specious disclaimer' designed to indicate the work's political content as concealed beneath the traditional veil of Virgilian pastoral? ('Under...Pretty Tales': Intention in Sidney's *Arcadia*', in Kay, pp. 269 ff.). Sidney adopts a similar attitude to *Arcadia* in a letter to his brother Robert of 18 October 1580: 'My toyfull booke I will send with God's helpe by February' (Feuillerat, vol. 3, p. 132).

From *Feuillerat*, vol. 1, pp. 3-4.

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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 fear (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 woont 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 trifle, 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 goodwill do not deceave me) is worthy

## SIDNEY

to be a sanctuary 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 judgement wil finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuff then, as in an Haberdashers shoppe, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth excedinglie 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

## NOTE

- 1 Sidney was not knighted until January 1583. The tendency to think of him always as ‘Sir Philip’ has been a powerful ingredient in the Sidney myth. (See Katherine Duncan-Jones, ‘Philip Sidney’s Toys’, in Kay, p. 62.)

## 3. Gabriel Harvey

1580

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Harvey first knew Sidney in 1576–7, and was invoking him as the type of the ideal courtier as early as Book IV of *Gratulationes Valdinenses* (1578). Clearly he saw the ‘new reformed versifying’ as the way forward in the production of an English literature worthy to stand comparison with classical works. By the time of the publication of *Three Letters* in 1580, however, Sidney’s (and Spenser’s) main period of experimentation with quantitative syllabics was over; one of the main motives for printing the *Letters* was evidently Harvey’s desire to associate himself whenever possible with Sidney. (This is, of course, a frequent allegation in Thomas Nashe’s later attacks on Harvey: see particularly *Have with you to Saffronwalden. Or, Gabriell Harveys Hunt is up* (1596), in *The*

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*Works of Thomas Nashe*, ed. Ronald B. McKerrow, 5 vols, Oxford, 1958, vol. 3, pp. 35, 49–50, 76, 92, 116). Harvey's links with Spenser remained much closer.

For Harvey's later writing on Sidney, see No. 19.

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(a) Manuscript notes in *The Posies of George Gascoigne*, London, 1575, pp. 2–3 (Bodleian Library, MS Malone 792). Harvey acquired the book, he records on its title-page, in September 1577. Since he mentions 'Sir Philips Apologie for Poetrie', which can be dated (tentatively) to 1579–80 (see *MP*, pp. 59–63), the marginalia were probably written at this period or later. The reference to the 'Apologie' could, however, be a later addition.

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[On passing from one measure to another in the same poem:]  
An error (if an error) in sum few Eclogues of Sir Philip Sidney...

[On failure to observe natural emphasis:]  
The reason of manie a good verse, marred in Sir Philip Sidney, M. Spenser, M. Fraunce, & in a manner all our excellentest poets: in such words, as heaven, evil, diuel, & the like; made dyssyllables, contrarie to their natural pronounciation.

[On Gascoigne's observation that Chaucer's lines have a varying number of syllables, but that the verse which is longest to the ear will correspond with that which has fewer syllables:]  
So M. Spenser, & Sir Philip, for the most part.  
Our poems only Rymes, and not Verses.  
Aschami querela. [Roger Ascham had experimented with quantitative verse a generation before Harvey, Spenser, and Sidney].  
Et mea post illum Reformatio: post me, Sidneius, Spenserus, Francius.

[Opposing Gascoigne's preference for monosyllables:]  
Non placet. A greate grace and Majesty in longer wordes, so they be current English. Monasyllables are good to make upp A hobling and hudling verse.

Sir Philip Sidney, & M. Spenser of mie opinion.

SIDNEY

A pithie rule in Sir Philips Apologie for Poetrie. The Invention must guide & rule the Elocution: non contrà.

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(b) *Three Proper and wittie, familiar Letters*, London, 1580, pp. 31-2, 36-7.

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I cannot choose, but thanke and honour the good Aungell, (whether it were *Gabriell* or some other) that put so good a notion into the heads of those two excellent Gentlemen *M.Sidney*, and *M.Dyer*, the two very Diamondes of her Maiesties Courte for many speciall and rare qualities: as to helpe forwarde our new famous enterprise for the Exchanging of Barbarous and Balductum [=trashy, rubbishy] Rymes with Artificiall Verses: the one being in manner of pure and fine Goulde, the other but counterfet and base ylfavoured Copper. I doubt not but their livelie example, and Practise, will prevaile a thousand times more in short space, then the dead Advertizement and persuasion of *M.Ascham* to the same Effecte: whose *Scholemaister* notwithstanding I reverence in respect of so learned a Motive. I would gladly be acquainted with *M.Drants* Prosodye, and I beseeche you, commende me to good *M.Sidneys* iudgement, and gentle *M.Immeritos* [Spenser's] Observations.

[Harvey prints his poem *Speculum Tuscanismi*, disclaiming it as 'a bolde Satyricall Libell lately devised at the Instaunce of an old friend (p. 35). It mocks Sidney's enemy the Earl of Oxford. (See Katherine Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Courtier Poet*, London, 1991, pp. 166-7.)]

Tell me in good sooth, doth it not too evidently appeare, that this English Poet wanted but a *good patterne* before his eyes, as it might be some delicate, and choyce elegant Poesie of good *M. Sidneys*, or *M.Dyers* (ouer very *Castor*, & *Pollux* for such and many greater matters) when this trimme geere was in hatching: Much like some *Gentlewooman*, I coulde name in England, who by all Phisick and Physiognomie too, might as well have brought forth all goodly faire children, as they have now some ylfavoured and deformed, had they at the tyme of their *Conception*, had in sight, the amiable and gallant beautifull Pictures of *Adonis*, *Cupido*, *Ganymedes*, or the like, which no doubt would have wrought such deepe impression in their

fantasies, and imaginations, as their children, and perhaps their Childrens children to, myght have thanked them for, as long as they shall have Tongues in their heades.

## 4. Edmund Spenser 1580

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Spenser's acquaintance with Sidney, like his interest in writing quantitative verse, must have been brief. They had 'only occasional opportunities for meeting one another during a period of less than six months' in late 1579 and early 1580 (Ringler, p. xxxii). In December 1579 Spenser dedicated *The Shepheardes Calender* to Sidney. (The Earl of Leicester had been originally intended as the dedicatee).

Virginia F. Stern, in *The Spenser Encyclopedia*, ed. A.C. Hamilton et al., Toronto, 1990, p. 347, points out that whether the 'Areopagus' 'is literal or figurative is a moot question' and that the Harvey/Spenser letters (see No. 3 for Harvey's contribution) were instigated by the desire to bring [the authors] to public notice. For Spenser's later reactions to Sidney, see No. 18.

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*Two Other very commendable letters*, London, 1580, p. 54.

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As for the twoo worthy Gentlemen, Master *Sidney* and Master *Dyer*, they have me, I thanke them, in some use of familiarity... And nowe they have proclaimed in their a?e??p??f, a generall surceasing and silence of balde Rymers, and also of the verie beste to: in steade whereof, they have by authoritie of their whole Senate, prescribed certaine Lawes and rules of Quantities of English sillables for English Verse; having had thereof already great practise, and drawn mee to their faction. Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one, that writing a certaine Booke, called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister *Sidney*, was for hys labor scorned:<sup>1</sup> if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne.



SIDNEY

NOTE

- 1 See *MP*, p. 62, for discussion of Stephen Gosson's book as the possible occasion of *A Defence of Poetry*.

## 5. Thomas Howell 1581

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Howell's *Devises* is dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke, in whose household he was 'a humble ladies' man-servant' who 'regarded himself virtually as the Herberts' honorary family versifier' (Michael Brennan, *Literary Patronage in the English Renaissance: The Pembroke Family*, London, 1988, p. 74). The invitation to *Arcadia* to 'shewe they [=thy] selfe' has sometimes been interpreted as a call to Sidney to print his work, but at this early date Howell is more likely to be requesting further manuscript exposure. (The 'stigma of print' did not, of course, attach to one of Howell's own social status.)

The importance of Howell's poem has been well summed up by Dennis Kay: it 'confirms the existence of the *Old Arcadia*, suggests the centrality of the Eclogues to its structure, and reinforces the text's private status as well as implying parallels with Chaucer and Spenser'. Howell 'anticipates many later readings of the *Old Arcadia* by indicating that Sidney's urbane tragicomedy contains a didactic sense and also requires active participation on the reader's part' (Kay, pp. 8–9).

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*Howell His Devises, for his owne exercise, and his Friends pleasure*, London, 1581, sigs. E4<sup>v</sup>-F1.

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Written to a most excellent Booke, full of rare invention  
Goe learned booke, and unto *Pallas* sing,  
Thy pleasant tunes that sweetely sownde to hie  
For *Pan* to reache, though *Zoylus* thee doth sting,<sup>1</sup>

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And lowre at thy lawde, set nought thereby.  
Thy makers Muse in spight of envics chinne,  
For wise devise, deserved praise shall winne.

Who views thee well, and notes thy course aright,  
And syftes eche sence that couched is in thee:  
Must needes extoll the mind that did thee dight,  
And wishe the Muse may never weary bee.  
From whence doth flowe such pithe in filed phrase,  
As worthiest witte may joy on thee to gase.

How much they erre, thy rare event bewrayes,  
That stretch their skill the Fates to overthrow:  
And how mans wisdom here in vaine seeks wayes,  
To shun high powers that sway our states below,  
Against whose rule, although we strive to runne,  
What Jove foresets, no humaine force may shunne.

But all to long, thou hidste so per fit worke,  
Seest not desyre, how faine she seekes to finde:  
Thy light but lost, if thou in darknesse lurke?  
Then shewe they selfe and seeme no more unkinde.  
Unfolde thy fruite, and spread thy maysters praise,  
Whose prime of youth, grave deeds of age displaies.

Go choyce conceits, *Minervas* Mirrour bright,  
With Rubies rich yfret, wrought by the wise:  
Puffed [i.e. parflod?] with Pearle, and decked with delight,  
Where pleasure with profile, both in their guise,  
Discourse of Lovers, and such as folde sheepe,  
Whose sawes well mixed, shrowds misteries deepe.

Goe yet with speede I say thy charge delyver,  
Thou needst not blushe, nor feare the foyle of blame:  
The worthy Countesse see thou follow ever,  
Till Fates doe fayle, maintaine her Noble name.  
Attend her wyll, if she vouchsafe to call,  
Stoope to her state, downe flat before her fall. And

ever thanke thou him, that fyrst such fruite did frame,  
By whome thy prayse shall live, to thy immortall fame.

## NOTE

1 Zoilus: a proverbially severe critic who dared to censure even Homer.

## 6. George Puttenham

c.1584

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Puttenham (generally accepted as the author of *The Arte of English Poesie*) had access to at least some of Sidney's work in manuscript; he quotes or alludes to *CS* 27 and *OA* 61, 45, and 62 to illustrate the figures of 'Prosonomasia, or the Nicknamer', 'Epithonema, or the Surclose', 'Epimone, or the Loveburden', and 'Icon, or Resemblance by imagerie' (pp. 169, 181, 188–9, 204). Examples are also, however, drawn from many other poems of the period. As in the lists below, Sidney is only one among other notable Elizabethan poets, all with their own special skills. Such a position became almost unthinkable once the literary element in the 'Sidney myth' had begun to solidify in the early 1590s. (Meres, No. 25 mentions Sidney with others, but, significantly, usually places him at the beginning of a list).

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*The Arte of English Poesie*, London, 1589, pp. 49–51.

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And in her Majesties time that now is are sprong up an other crew of Courtly makers Noble men and Gentlemen of her Majesties owne servauntes, who have written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest, of which number is first that noble Gentleman *Edward Earle of Oxford*. *Thomas Lord of Bukhurst*, when he was young, *Henry Lord Paget*, *Sir Philip Sydney*, *Sir Walter Rawleigh*, *Master Edward Dyar*, *Maister Fulke Grevell*, *Gascon*, *Britton*, *Turberville* and a great many other learned Gentlemen, whose names I do not omit for envie, but to avoyde tediousnesse, and who have deserved no little commendation....

I repute them [Surrey and Wyatt]...for the two chief lanternes of light to all others that have since employed their pennes upon English Poesie, their conceits were loftie, their stiles stately, their conveyance cleanelly, their termes proper, their meetre sweete and well proportioned, in all imitating very naturally and studiously

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their Maister *Francis Petrarcha*...Of the later sort I thinke thus. That for Tragedie, the Lord of Buckhurst, & Maister *Edward Ferrys* for such doings as I have sene of theirs do deserve the hyst price: Th'Earle of Oxford and Maister *Edwardes* of her Majesties Chappell for Comedy and Enterlude. For Eglogue and pastorall Poesie, Sir *Philip Sydney* and Maister *Challenmer*, and that other Gentleman who wrate the late shepheardes Callender. For dittie and amourous *Ode* I finde Sir *Walter Rawleyghs* vayne most loftie, insolent, and passionate. Maister *Edward Dyar*, for Elegie most sweete, solempne and of high conceit. *Gascon* for a good meeter and for a plentifull vayne. *Phaer and Golding* for a learned and well corrected verse, specially in translation cleare and very faithfully answering their authours intent.<sup>1</sup> Others have also written with much facillitie, but more commendably perchance if they had not written so much nor so popularly. But last in recitall and first in degree is the Queene our soveraigne Lady, whose learned, delicate, noble Muse, easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sence, sweetness, and subtiltie.

## NOTE

- 1 Puttenham's authors include Edward de Vere, 17th earl of Oxford (1550–1604), poet, Sidney's enemy; Sir Edward Dyer (1543–1607), poet, friend of Sidney and Greville; George Gascoyne (c. 1534–77), poet, playwright and miscellaneous author; Nicholas Breton (c. 1555–1626), poet and miscellaneous author; George Turberville (c. 1544–c. 1597), poet and translator; 'Edward Ferrys' probably refers to George Ferrers (c. 1500–79), one of the contributors to *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1559); Richard Edwardes (?1523–66), Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal from 1561, author of *Damon and Pithias*; Sir Thomas Chaloner (1521–65), poet in Latin and English, translator; Thomas Phaer (c. 1510–60), translator of nine books of Virgil's *Aeneid* (1558–62; completed by Thomas Twyne, 1573); Arthur Golding (?1536–?1605), translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (1565–7).

## 7. William Temple

c.1584–6

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Temple (1555–1627) became known to Sidney through sending and dedicating to him his *P.Rami Dialecticae...*, Cambridge, 1584, and became his secretary in November 1585. According to tradition Sidney died in his arms. Much later (1609) Temple became Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and was knighted in 1622.

The *Analysis* is a rigorous Latin critique of *A Defence of Poetry* on Ramist principles (on which see further the helpful introduction and notes in *William Temple's 'Analysis' of Sir Philip Sidney's 'Apology for Poetry'*, ed. and trans. John Webster Binghamton, NY, 1984). Latin was the habitual written tongue of the academic, but the choice of a different language from the one Sidney uses and promotes in *A Defence* aptly suggests the considerable divergence between the two authors' points of view. As Webster says (*ibid.*, pp. 28, 35) Sidney's view of poetry was certain to please poetry readers but also 'to elicit scepticism from those scholars who practised any of the arts which suffered in Sidney's artful comparisons', including the logician and moral philosopher Temple; further, in accordance with Temple's view that poetry is a logical art, 'where Sidney emphasizes poetry's power to move, Temple consistently shifts this focus to issues of truth and understanding'. Whereas Sidney argues that 'poetry is essentially different from all other arts, Temple insists that it is to be valued for what it shares with those arts'.

Evidently meant to be read and reacted to by Sidney himself, the *Analysis* allows some insight into a period when the works were circulating in manuscript, subject to suggestions for qualification and improvement, open to disagreement and debate. 'The brilliance of Sidney's work may at times make us think of Sidney's as the only possible Tudor aesthetic; Temple's positions remind us it was not' (*Analysis*, ed. Webster, pp. 37–8).

The passage of *A Defence* which Temple discusses below is *MP*, pp. 78–80.

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Translated from William Temple, *Analysis tractationis de Poesi contextae a nobilissimo viro Philippe Sidneio equite aurato*, fols 11–12. (The present whereabouts of the manuscript (Historical Manuscripts Commission, *Report on the Manuscripts of Lord De L'Isle and Dudley preserved at Penshurst Place*, 6 vols, London, 1925–66, vol. 1, p. 304 (no. 1095) is unknown. Fortunately, however, it was microfilmed at an earlier date and can most easily be consulted in the edition by Webster cited above).

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The Antapodosis of the dissimilitude [between poetry and those arts which are rooted inescapably in nature] consists of two parts: of which the first is concerned with nature's having actually been outdone by poets in the polish of the work produced by them; the other is concerned with the making of a thing which never existed. You urge this second part with the aid of special examples formulated as a contracted syllogism. The whole syllogism runs thus:

Heroes, demi-gods, the Cyclops, and chimaeras never existed.  
Heroes, demi-gods, the Cyclops, and chimaeras are made by poets.  
And consequently certain things which have never existed are made by poets.

I shall demonstrate presently the fundamental error in this Assumption when I show how this sort of fiction is not produced through the agency of the poetic faculty.

The first part of the Antapodosis is amplified by a varied comparison from the lesser:

The poet has rendered a more ornately feigned world than nature has.

Nature has fashioned a world of brass, the poet a golden one.

Nature has elegantly moulded the lover, the general, the prince; but the poet has done this with much greater elegance.

You now move on to anticipate and refute an objection. For a possible objection would be that whereas a work of nature actually exists, the work of the poet exists only in the image of a thought, and therefore nature is of no less worth than the poet. You refute

this objection in advance when you point out the subject in which the excellence and worth of the artist resides. It resides (you say) in the idea of the work, not in the work itself. But how would you demonstrate that this explication of an idea is not itself in all parts a fiction?

First a dissimilitude is argued, in order to make clear the explication of an idea: the explication of an idea is not fictional in the same sense that it is to build a castle in the air.

Next you add a comparison from the greater in order to explain the characteristics of this fiction:

Poetry expresses notable images not only as specific but as generic: 'it worketh not only to make a Cyrus...' [*MP*, p. 79].

You conclude the comparison of Nature and poetry with the refutation of an objection: 'Neither let it bee deemed...' [*MP*, p. 79]. The objection is resolved by invoking differences:

It is not fitting that any person should be accused of rashness for setting up a comparison of this kind. One should instead give the honour to God, who allowed poetry this power. You praise God from effect. The effect of God is argued by means of a comparison from the lesser: [analytically paraphrases *MP*, p. 79, lines 21–6].

Up to this point, you have distinguished poetry by its three-fold adjuncts, that is to say by antiquity, by community, and by names. What follows is praise of the poetic faculty first from definition, next from Distribution.

Poetry is an art of imitation, or of feigning. Its aim is to teach and delight.

This is the definition (most illustrious Philip) which contains the whole controversy: and on which, as if on the foundations of a building, this discussion of poetry which you have undertaken almost completely rests. Let us see, therefore, whether it explains and defines rightly the nature of the thing defined.

You wish the nature of poetry to be understood as a kind of feigning. But is such a feigning anything but the invention of a thing which never existed? Whoever feigns makes logical arguments, namely causes, effects, subjects, adjuncts, contraries, comparisons, or the other things which have their origin in these. Thus Ovid,

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when he feigned the realm of the sun, feigned an efficient cause by which it was constructed, material from which it was put together, and adjuncts with which it was embellished. Because of this, feigning will be the same as the invention of a thing which does not yet exist. If this is so, then the art of feigning will pertain not to poetry but to dialectical invention: through which not only true, but also fictitious things, are conceived. I acknowledge that those things which are feigned come under a different discipline—that of ethics, to a great extent, or that of natural philosophy—no less than the arguments which are discernible in matters pertaining to nature and are there held in good esteem. But this same feigning, in the same manner as the thinking out of these arguments, is the action of either native or artificial reason in invention. Therefore when Aristotle defines poetry as feigning, he places poetry as if in the domain of logical invention, thereby violating the law of  $\alpha\theta\eta\tau\iota\sigma\mu\sigma$ .<sup>1</sup> And whenever poets feign, they do this not through some function available only to poetry, but by the faculty of the art of dialectic.

Now because Aristotle wants 'To Teach and Delight' to be the ends of poetry, he wants (it must be emphasized) that which in the one case is not  $\alpha\theta\eta\tau\iota\sigma\mu\sigma$ , and in the other is not  $\alpha\theta\eta\tau\iota\sigma\mu\sigma$   $\rho\alpha\theta\eta\tau\iota\sigma\mu\sigma$ .<sup>2</sup> Since the faculty of teaching consists of arguments disposed by proposition, syllogism, and method, it comes under dialectic rather than poetry: and for this reason the definition of poetry does not accord at all with the law of justice. Although delight can be derived from the sweetness of poetry, it also flows from other sources: namely from tropes, from figures in the repetition of sound and from those of wise *sententiae*, from dignity of action [i.e. oratorical delivery], from wise and grave judgement. Therefore 'to delight', in the definition of poetry, is contrary to the law of wisdom. In other words praise of the faculty of poetry from Aristotle's definition is invalid.

## NOTES

- 1 I.e. the law of justice: see *William Temple's 'Analysis'*, ed. Webster, pp. 46–7.
- 2 I.e. in accord with the law of wisdom: see *ibid.*



## 8. Geoffrey Whitney

1586

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Whitney (1548?–1601?) was a follower of the Earl of Leicester and, when he collected and published *A Choice of Emblemes*, a student at the University of Leiden. His emphasis on honey-sweet verse as a thing of Sidney's youthful past, and on his foreign fame, accord with the sense of hope for purposeful Anglo-Dutch Protestant action in the early part of 1586. The reality proved more complicated. Leicester's popularity rapidly declined, as Governor-General he mismanaged his relationship both with Dutch leaders and with the queen, and Sidney was fatally wounded in September. On Whitney in Leiden, see Jan van Dorsten, *Poets, Patrons, and Professors: Sir Philip Sidney, Daniel Rogers, and the Leiden Humanists*, Leiden, 1962, pp. 131–8.

Whitney's poem appears under the emblem of 'Fame armed with a pen', which was dedicated to Edward Dyer, Sidney having modestly refused it. (See *ibid.*, p. 137).

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*A Choice of Emblemes*, Leiden, 1586, pp. 196–7.

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When frowning fatall dame, that stoppes our course in fine,  
The thred of noble SURREYS life, made hast for to untwine,  
APOLLO chang'd his cheare, and lay'd awaie his lute, And  
PALLAS, and the Muses sad, did weare a mourninge sute.  
And then, the goulden pen, in case of sables cladde, Was  
lock'd in chiste of Ebonie, and to Parnassus had. But, as all  
times do chaunge, so passions have their space;  
And cloudie skies at lengthe are clear'd, with Phoebus  
chearfull face.

For, when that barren verse made Muses voide of mirthe;  
Behoulde, LUSINA sweetelie sounge, of SIDNEYS joyfull  
birthe.

Whome mightie IOVE did blesse, with graces from above:  
On whome, did fortune frendlie smile, and nature most did  
love.

And then, behoulde, the pen, was bij MERCURIUS sente,  
Wherewith, hee also gave to him, the gifte for to invente.

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

That, when hee first began, his wayne in verse to shoue  
More sweete then honie, was the stile, that from his penne  
did flowe.

Wherewith, in youthe he used to bannishe idle fittes; That  
nowe, his workes of endlesse fame, delighte the worthie  
wittes.

No hauling verse hee writes, but matcheth former times,  
No Cherillus,<sup>1</sup> he can abide, nor Poëttes patched rimes.  
What volume hath hee writte that rest among his frendes,  
Which needs no other praise at all, eche worke it selfe  
comendes.

So, that hee famous lives, at home, and farre, and neare;  
For those that live in other landes, of SIDNEYS giftes doe  
heare.

And such as MUSES serve, in darkenes meere doe dwell;  
If that they have not seene his workes, they doe so farre excell.  
Wherefore, for to extoll his name in what I might, This  
Embleme lo, I did present, unto this worthie Knight.

### NOTE

- 1 'Horat. lib. 2 epist.1. ad Augustum.'

## 9. Fulke Greville

1586

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Greville wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham (Sidney's father-in-law) soon after hearing the news of Sidney's death (see Victor Skretkowitz, 'Building Sidney's Reputation: Texts and Editions of the *Arcadia*', in Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney, p. 113). How far Greville had already formulated his later view of *Arcadia* as a weighty, morally unambiguous warning to 'Sovereign Princes [who] to play with their own

## SIDNEY

visions, will put off publique action' (No. 39) is uncertain; it was perhaps influenced by the frequency of more liberal responses to the work in the years between 1586 and 1610. It seems likely, however, that his belief (implemented in 1590) that *The New Arcadia* is 'fitter to be printed then that first' proceeds from a view of the revision as dealing more extensively and emphatically with matters of state and, as such, fulfilling Sidney's intentions more closely than the *Old Arcadia*.

Robertson, pp. lx–lxii, suggests plausibly that the 'direction sett down undre' Sidney's 'own hand' was equivalent to the 'known determinations' referred to by Sanford (No. 20), contained 'a few redrafted passages and some notes' for intended changes in the *Old Arcadia* Books III–V, and was sent by Greville to the Countess of Pembroke, who incorporated the alterations—including the significant modification of sexual conduct of Pyrocles, Philoclea and Musidorus—in the 1593 text.

The translations of Du Bartas and Duplessis-Mornay to which Greville refers are now lost; Florio (No. 31) was still calling for their publication in 1603. The version of Duplessis 'since don by an other' is Arthur Golding's *A Work Concerning the Trueness of the Christian Religion*, which, the title-page claims, Golding had finished for Sidney 'at his request' (see *MP*, pp. 155–7).

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Letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, November, 1586, in Ringler, p. 530, and Public Record Office, SP 12/195/33.

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Sir this day one ponsonby a booke bynder in poles [=Paul's] church yard, came to me, and told me that ther was one in hand to print, Sir philip sydneys old arcadia asking me yf it were done, with yor honors consent or any other of his frends, I told him to my knowledge no, then he advised me to give warning of it, either to the archebishope or doctor Cosen, who have as he says a copy of it to peruse to that end. Sir I am lothe to reneu his memori unto you, but yeat in this I might presume, for I have sent my lady yor daughter at her request, a correction of that old one don 4 or 5 years since which he left in

trust with me wherof there is no more copies, & fitter to be printed then that first which is so common, notwithstanding even that to be amended by a direction sett down undre his own hand how & why, so as in many respects espetially the care of printing it is to be done with more deliberation,—besydes he hathe most excellentli translated among divers other notable workes monsieur du plessis book against Atheisme, which is since don by an other, so as bothe in respect of the love between plessis and him besyds other affinities in ther courses but espetially Sir philips uncomparable Judgement, I think fit ther be made a stei of that mercenary book to [i.e. so] that Sir philip might have all those religous honors which ar wortheli dew to his life and death, many other works as bartas his semayne, 40 of the psalms ['spalm'] translated into Myter &c which requyre the care of his friends, not to amend for I think it fales within the reache of no man living, but only to see to the paper and other common errors of mercenary printing. Gayn ther wilbe no doubt to be disposed by you, let it helpe the poorest of his servants, I desyre only care to be had of his honor who I fear hathe caried the honor of thes latter ages with him.... Sir I had way ted on you my selfe for aunswer because I am Jelous of tyme in it, but in trothe I am nothing well. Good Sir think of it.

Foulk Grevill

## 10. Matthew Roydon

c.1586–9

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Roydon was associated at various times with Spenser, Marlowe and Chapman. Nashe says, in his preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589) that he 'hath shewed himselfe singular in the immortall Epitaph of his beloved *Astrophell*, besides many other most absolute Comike inventions' (*The Works of Thomas Nashe*, ed. Ronald B. McKerrow, 5 vols, Oxford, 1958, vol. 3, p. 323). If the epitaph was the same as the elegy, and if it was not revised between composition and publication (for which see below) it constitutes

SIDNEY

the earliest known account of *Astrophil and Stella*. As in Spenser's elegy—as a source of which it should perhaps be classed—the boundary between Sidney and Astrophil, life and work, is unclear and Stella idealized rather than 'identified'.

The 'Elegie' was first published, with those of Raleigh and Dyer, in *The Phoenix Nest* (1593), and then in the *Astrophel* collection. It is 'a *faux-naïf*, semi-allegorical account of Sidney's death' (Katherine Duncan-Jones, 'Astrophel', in *The Spenser Encyclopedia*, ed. A.C.Hamilton et al., Toronto, 1990, p. 74). The 'friend' of the title 'is unlikely to be Roydon himself, but may be some loftier figure such as Essex or Robert Sidney' (*ibid.*, p. 75).

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From 'An Elegie, or friends passion, for his *Astrophill*', in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, London, 1595, sigs I3–I4<sup>v</sup>.

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Within these woods of *Arcadie*,  
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,  
And on the mountaine *Parthenie*,  
Upon the chrystall liquid brooke,  
The Muses met him ev'ry day,  
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,  
His personage seemed most divine,  
A thousand graces one might count,  
Upon his lovely cheerful eie,  
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,  
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweete attractive kinde of grace,  
A full assuraunce given by lookes,  
Continuall comfort in a face,  
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,  
I trowe that countenance cannot lie,  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was never eie, did see that face,  
Was never eare, did heare that tong,  
Was never minde, did minde his grace,  
That ever thought the travell long,

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But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,  
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,  
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,  
Desired thus, must leave us than,  
And we to wish for him in vaine,  
O could the stars that bred that wit,  
In force no longer fixed sit.

Then being fild with learned dew,  
The Muses willed him to love,  
That instrument can aptly shew,  
How finely our conceits will move,  
As *Bacchus* opes dissembled harts,  
So love sets out our better parts.

*Stella*, a Nymph within this wood,  
Most rare and rich of heavenly blis,  
The highest in his fancie stood,  
And she could well demerite this,  
Tis likely they acquainted soone,  
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our *Astrophill* did *Stella* love,  
O *Stella* vaunt of *Astrophill*,  
Albeit thy graces gods may move,  
Where wilt thou finde an *Astrophill*,  
The rose and lillie have their prime,  
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,  
In common sight of ev'ry eie,  
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,  
It is apparant more thereby,  
He that hath love and judgement too,  
Sees more than any other doo.

Then *Astrophill* hath honord thee,  
For when thy bodie is extinct,  
Thy graces shall eternall be,  
And live by vertue of his inke,  
For by his verses he doth give,  
To short livde beautie aye to live.

SIDNEY

Above all others this is hee,  
Which erst approved in his song,  
That love and honor might agree,  
And that pure love will do no wrong,  
Sweet saints it is no sinne nor blame,  
To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breath  
In any mortall brest before,  
Did never Muse inspire beneath,  
A Poets braine with finer store:  
He wrote of love with high conceit,  
And beautie reard above her height.

Then *Pallas* afterward attyrde,  
Our *Astrophill* with her device,  
Whom in his armor heaven admyrde,  
As of the nation of the skies,  
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,  
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

## 11. King James VI of Scotland

1587

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James's poem stands in pride of place immediately after Alexander Neville's dedication of *Lachrymae* to the Earl of Leicester. It is followed by a Latin version of the poem, and other connected pieces, some by Scottish courtiers. While several of the elegies gathered in *Lachrymae* and the Oxford *Exequiae* refer somewhat more specifically to Sidney's work (see Introduction, p. 2), the many poems which, like James's, establish Sidney as excellent in every field—servant of Mars,

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

Minerva, Apollo and the Muses—are equally important in pointing the way towards exaltation of his writing as well as his noble life and death.

The king probably saw his contribution ‘as a chance to commend his name to those, in England and abroad, who looked for a fit successor to Elizabeth, one equipped to serve the Protestant interest’ and, more immediately, to confirm ‘his adherence to the Anglo-Scots alliance which had just been negotiated by Sir Thomas Randolph’ (Dominic Baker-Smith, “‘Great Expectation’: Sidney’s Death and the Poets’, in Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney, p. 94). James VI was probably—Baker-Smith feels certainly (p. 95)—the ‘King James of Scotland’ of *A Defence of Poetry* (MP, p. 110).

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‘In Philippi Sidnaei interitum...’, *Academiae Cantabrigiensis lachrymae tumulo nobilissimi equitis, D.Philippi Sidneii sacraetae*, ed. Alexander Neville, London, 1586 [i.e. 1587], sig. k.

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Thou mighty *Mars* the Lord of Souldiers brave,  
And thou *Minerve*, that dois in wit excell,  
And thou *Apollo* who dois knowledge have,  
Of every art that from *Parnassus* fell  
With all your *Sisters* that thaireon do dwell,  
Lament for him, who duellie serv’d you all  
Whome in you wisely all your arts did mell,  
Bewaile (I say) his unexpected fall,  
I neede not in remembrance for to call  
His race, his youth, the hope had of him ay  
Since that in him cruell death appall  
Both manhood, wit, and learning every way,  
But yet he doth in bed of *honor* rest,  
And evermore of him shall live the best.



## 12. George Whetstone 1587

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Whetstone (1550–87) was a soldier, a poet, and author of the play *Promos and Cassandra* (1578). He served in the Netherlands in 1586, and his poem in memory of Sidney is partly intended to justify and glorify the conduct of Leicester's 'stoute small bande'. Although Whetstone is at least vaguely aware of the 'sweete devise' of *Arcadia*—he knows that it contains pastoral elements, hence his assumption that *The Shepheardes Calender* is Sidney's—the main emphasis is moralistic. The Duplessis-Mornay translation is at least as important as *Arcadia* (the author's desire to 'suppresse' which accords with his parting advice to his brother: 'Feare God, and live: love well my frendes; and knowe,/That worldly hopes, from vanitie doe flowe' (sig. C1<sup>v</sup>). Sidney's fame is built 'on Hope, truth, zeale, Learning, and the Launce' (sig. B3).

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George Whetstones [*sic*], *Sir Phillip Sidney, his honorable life, his valiant death, and true vertues*, London [1587], sigs B1<sup>v</sup>–B3.

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Whom to revive, *Mars and the Muses meete*,  
In Armor faire, his hearse, the[y] have arayde:  
And on the same, a robe downe to the feete,  
About his healme, a Lawrell wreath is brayde,  
And by his Swoord a Silver penne is layd,  
And either saide, that he their glory was:  
And either sight [=sighed], to see him vade [=fade (away)] like

Grasse.... In Court he liv'de, not like a Carpet knight,  
Whose glory is in garments, and his tongue:  
If men but knew, the halfe that he did write,  
Enough to tyre, a memory so young  
Needes must they say the Muses in him soung,  
His *Archadia*, unmatched for sweete devise:  
Where *skill* doth judge, is held in Soveraigne price.

What else he wrote, his will was to suppress,  
But yet the dark, a *Dyomond* cannot drowne:

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

What be his workes, the finest wittes doe gesse,  
The Shepherdes notes, that have so sweete a sounde,  
With Lawrel bowghes, his healme, long since, have  
Cround,<sup>1</sup>

And not alone, in Poesie he did passe:  
But ev'ry way, a learned Knight he was.  
Plesses rare worke, of true Religion,  
Confuting those, which no Religion holde:  
In vulgar speech, by him was well begonne,<sup>2</sup>  
A Learned worke, more pretious farre then Gold.  
Worthy his paynes: and worthie double folde,  
If his penne might, the [w]hole with English fitte:  
Whose wordes are waied by Judgement, Arte and witte.

## NOTES

- 1 'The last shepards calenders the reputed worke of S.Phil. Sydney a worke of deepe learning, judgment & witte disguised in Shep. Rules.'
- 2 'Phil, de Pless. *de veritate relig. Chr.* undertaken & a great part translated by S.Phil. Sidney, and at his request ended by M.Arthur Golding' (marginal gloss). See *MP*, pp. 155–7 for the evidence that Sidney did translate part of Duplessis-Mornay's work, but that there is little or no trace of him in the version published under Sidney's and Golding's names in 1587.

## 13. Angel Day 1587

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Angel Day 'apparently did not know Sidney personally and based his elegy on common knowledge and hearsay' (*Elegies for Sir Philip Sidney (1587)*, ed. A.J.Colaianne and W.L. Godshalk, Delmar, NY, 1980, p. xi). But he seems to have heard more about *Arcadia* than many of the elegists: it contains 'sondry meeters' and elements of pastoral and, the (conventional) 'sugred' may indicate, deals with love.

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SIDNEY

*Upon the Life and Death of the Most Worthy, and Thrise Renowned Knight, Sir PHILLIP SIDNEY*, London [1587], sig. A3<sup>v</sup>.

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*Archadia*<sup>1</sup> now, where is thy soveraigne guide,  
Who stately *Penbrooke* erst did to thee knit,  
Where be the notes, his skill did earst devise,  
In sondry meeters, wounde from finest wit.  
Where be the pipes, the deintiest shepheards sound:  
That ever erst, within thy woods were found.

Sugred *Sidney*, *Sidney* sweete it was,  
That to thy soile, did give the greatest fame:  
Whose honny dewes, that from his quill did passe,  
With honny sweetes, advaunst thy glorious name.

NOTE

- 1 'A book by him penned, called the Countesses of Penbrooks *Archadia*' (marginal note).

## 14. Edmund Molyneux

1587

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As a coda to his laudatory account of Sir Henry Sidney, his secretary Edmund Molyneux commended the 'manie rare gifts, singular vertues, and other ornaments both of mind and bodie' of Sir Philip and gave details of his diplomatic experience and (in the first passage below) of *Arcadia*. (There is no way of telling which version or versions Molyneux had seen.) This account was 'brought and delivered to the impression', the writer then explains, 'before there was either speech, or could be imagination

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

of his fatall end'. Having heard the news, Molyneux inserted a longer tribute to the younger Sidney's deeds and virtues, including the second and third passages printed below. That later generations would value Sidney more for *Arcadia* than for a (now lost) 'large epistle...in verie pure and eloquent Latine' or for his skill in inventing appropriate 'devices' would perhaps have surprised Molyneux; it is interesting, however, that he does in the earlier passage, while nodding in the direction of dismissal of *Arcadia* as 'a mere fansie, toie, and fiction', consider it worthy of such high praise and so prominent a position among the deeds and virtues of the Sidneys.

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From Edmund Molyneux, 'Historical Remembrance of the Sidneys, the father and the son', in Raphael Holinshed, *The Third Volume of Chronicles*, London, 1587, fols 1554–5b.

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Not long after his return from that jorneie, and before his further imploiment by her majestie, at his vacant and spare times of leisure (for he could indure at no time to be idle and void of action) he made his booke which he named *Arcadia*, a worke (though a mere fansie, toie, and fiction) shewing such excellencie of spirit, gallant invention, varietie of matter, and orderlie disposition, and couched in frame of such apt words without superfluitie, eloquent phrase, and fine conceipt, with interchange of devise, so delightfull to the reader, and pleasant to the hearer, as nothing could be taken out to amend it, or added to it that would not impaire it, as few works of like subject hath beene either of some more earnestlie sought, choisely kept, nor placed in better place, and amongst better jewels than that was; so that a speciall deere freend he should be that could have a sight, but much more deere that could once obtaine a copie. Which his so happie and fortunat beginnings so ample set out both his sufficiencie for the publike, and what he can doo in exercise privat, that manie mens eies are drawn unto exceeding hope and expectation of his speedie further advancement, which to the honor of himselfe and his house I dailie prairie for, and most heartilie with him.

Not manie daies before he sent these words here before recited [Sidney's letter to Johan Wier on the eve of his death], he wrote a

large epistle to *Belerius* a learned divine in verie pure and eloquent Latine (in like sort as manie times he had done before to some great ones (upon occasions) and to others of learning and qualitie) the copie whereof was not long after, for the excellencie of phrase, and pithinesse of the matter, brought to her majesties view. And surelie rare he was, aswell in that kind, as in manie other qualities of equal raritie.

And here behold the end of two worthie persons, who for that their devises answered in a sort the state of both their fortunes, I think it not impertinent in this place to speake of. The father bare for his devise, placed under his armes: *Qyo me fata vacant* [Whither the Fates call me]: applieng the same to his good hap in his yonger yeares when fortune smiled, & time and friends flattered, and none more accounted of and esteemed than he. The sonne, suspecting future haps, and not trusting over much in present fortune, bare for his devise, placed in like maner under his armes: *Vix ea nostra voco* [I scarcely call these my owne]: signifieng thereby, that he would not call those his owne, which he knew not how worthie he was to beare, nor how long he should injoye and keepe them; sith that both states and persons are subject to mutation, as by his untimelie death appeared. And albeit this was his last word and devise, which accompanied his funeral; yet not sealed [=seldom] before, as occasion fell out, & as time wrought alteration in his deepe and noble concept, at justs, torneis, and other such roiall pastimes (for at all such disports he commonlie made one) he would bring it such a livelie gallant shew, so agreeable to everie point, which is required for the expressing of a perfect devise (so rich was he in those inventions) as if he surpassed not all, he would equall or at least second the best. Wherein (as he rightlie deserved) he ever gained singular commendation.

There grew some diversitie of opinion (amongst their well affected friends) in one point of comparison touching the helps of nature, that were distinctlie placed in them both. Some gave commendation to the father for his gallant toong, and others to the sonne for his readie pen; both were rare gifts in them both, and both two gifts placed in both.

## 15. Sir John Harington

1591

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Harington (c. 1561–1612) had family connections with Sidney (Harington’s cousin had married Sidney’s aunt). He owned, or had access to, manuscripts of the *Old Arcadia*, *A Defence of Poetry*, *Astrophil and Stella*, and the Sidney/Pembroke Psalms (Ringler, p. 553). The miscellany ‘Arundel Harington Manuscript’ includes *OA* 51 and 74, *CS* 1, 3, 27 and 30, and *AS* 1 and x, and the preface to the translation of Ariosto draws frequently on *A Defence*. In addition to the remarks below, Harington quotes *AS* 75 as ‘a pleasant sonnet’ testifying to Edward IV’s ‘facetious and affable, and a litle to amorous’ nature (*A Tract on the Succession to the Crown*, ed. Clements R. Markham, London, 1880, p. 78), refers to ‘an ugly Mopsa’, quotes *AS* 15. 5–6, and alludes to *OA* 5 (Dametas’ ‘Now thanked be the great god Pan...’) (*The Metamorphosis of Ajax* (1596), ed. Elizabeth Story Donno, London, 1962, pp. 79, 200, 203).

Harington’s attitude to Sidney is ambivalent. On the one hand he respects his work, alluding to it frequently, using it as a stick with which to beat actual or potential critics on behalf of his own or Ariosto’s practice; on the other, as T.G. A. Nelson points out, he has a tendency to mock or parody Sidney, although ‘always...unobtrusively, and usually in such a way that only a reader who knew Sidney’s work well would realize what was going on’ (‘Sir John Harington as a Critic of Sir Philip Sidney’, *Studies in Philology*, vol. 67, 1970, pp. 41–56). See also Peter Croft’s discussion of the way in which Harington’s expansions, additions and omissions in the Phillipps manuscript of the *Old Arcadia* tend to “lower the tone”, to inject some ordinary humour—and some ordinary human tenderness—into a work whose heroic tone tends to exclude the ordinary’ (‘Sir John Harington’s Manuscript of Sir Philip Sidney’s *Arcadia*’, in Stephen Parks and P.J. Croft, *Literary Autographs*, Los Angeles, Calif., 1983, p. 68).

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*Ludovico Ariosto’s Orlando Furioso Translated Into English Heroical Verse by Sir John Harington* (1591), ed. Robert McNulty,

SIDNEY

Oxford, 1972, 'A Preface, or Rather, a Briefe Apologie of Poetrie...', pp. 13, 15; Moral to Book XI, pp. 130–1; to Book XVI, pp. 183–4; to Book XLVI, p. 556.

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[It has been objected that Ariosto] breaks off narrations verie abruptly, so as indeed a loose unattentive reader, will hardly carrie away any part of the storie: but this doubtlesse is a point of great art, to draw a man with a continuall thirst to reade out the whole worke and toward the end of the booke, to close up the diverse matters briefly and cleanly. If *S. Philip Sidney* had counted this a fault, he would not have done so himselfe in his *Arcadia*.

[Replying to critics who 'find fault' with 'two syllabled meeters':] But in a word to answer this, and to make them for ever hold their peaces of this point; *Sir Philip Sidney* not only useth them, but affecteth them: *signifie, dignifie: shamed is, blamed is: hide away, bide away*. [See *OA* 7, 'Come, Dorus, come, let songs thy sorrows signify'.] Though if my many blotted papers that I have made in this kind, might affoord me authoritie to give a rule of it, I would say that to part them with a one syllable meeter between them, wold give it best grace.

...it hath ever bene counted a great signe of modestie and chaste disposition in women, to be rather cleanly then sumptuous in apparell for the vaine expence therein hath bene often occasion both to corrupt the minds and maners of many not ill disposed. And therefore that excellent verse of *Sir Philip Sidney* in his first *Arcadia* (which I know not by what mishap is left out in the printed booke [*Arcadia*, 1590]<sup>1</sup>) is in mine opinion worthie to be praised and followed to make a good and vertuous wife. [Quotes the whole of *OA* 65, 'Who doth desire that chaste his wife should be...'.] In which you see his opinion of the two extremities of want and vaine expence.

[With reference to Ariosto's 'Yet so his heart and thoughts be highly placed,/He must not mourne, no though he die disgraced' and some similar lines by Dyer:] To which purpose all that have written of this common place of love, and chiefly *Petrarke* in his infinite sonets, in the midst of all his lamentation, still had this comfort, that his love

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was placed on a worthie Ladie, and our English *Petrarke*, *Sir Philip Sidney* or (as *Sir Walter Raulegh* in his Epitaph worthely calleth him) the *Scipio* and the *Petrarke* of our time<sup>2</sup> often comforteth him selfe in his sonets of *Stella*, though despairing to attaine his desire and (though that tyrant honor still refused),<sup>3</sup> yet the nobilitie, the beautie, the worth, the graciousnesse, and those her other perfections as made him both count her and call her inestimably rich, makes him in the midst of those his mones rejoyce even in his owne greatest losses, as in his eighteenth sonet which many I am sure have read [quotes the whole sonnet].

Onely one note I may not omit, yea, though I were sure to be chidden by some of you (faire Ladies) for my labor, namely, the strong ambition of your sex, which we call weake. For you see how my author in the 55. staffe of this Canto hath delivered to us that *Beatrice*, the mother of *Bradamant*, would never be wonne to accept *Rogero* for her sonne-in-law, neither for his gentry, nor his personage, nor his vallew, nor his wit, no nor yet her daughters owne choise and affection, till she heard he was chosen a king; with which aspiring humor of women it seemed how that (never too much praised) *Sir Philip Sidney* was wel acquainted with, making in his *Arcadia* not onely the stately *Pamela*, to reject the naked vertue of *Musidorus* till she found it well clothed with the title to a scepter, but even Mistris *Mopsa*, when she sate hooded in the tree to begge a boone of *Apollo*, to aske nothing but to have a king to her husband, and a lustie one to and when her pitifull father *Dametas* (for want of a better) plaid *Apollo*s part, and told her she should have husbands enough, she praid devoutly they might be all kings.

## NOTES

- 1 'He might have been expected to have observed that the text ends before the Third Eclogues' (Robertson, *OA*, p. 463).
- 2 Sir Walter Raleigh, 'An Epitaph Upon the Right Honorable Sir Phillip Sidney, Knight', in Edmund Spenser, *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, London, 1595, sig. K3.
- 3 Ringler, (p. 563) points out that this quotes AS viii, ll. 95–6, while the 'following words paraphrase AS 37 which tells us that Stella's name is Rich'.



## 16. Thomas Newman

1591

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Thomas Newman published the unauthorized and swiftly suppressed 'bad quarto' of *Astrophil and Stella* in the summer of 1591 and the subsequent partly corrected version which omitted his own preface, that by Thomas Nashe (No. 17), and the additional poems by Campion, Daniel and Greville. Newman is at least partly aware of the literary importance, and certainly of the sales potential, of publishing a 'famous device' of 'so rare [a] man'. But his fear that 'the Argument may perhaps seeme too light' for Flower's 'grave viewe' sounds a more cautious (or disingenuous) note.

Francis Flower of Gray's Inn was 'a Gentleman Pensioner to the queen, a follower of Sir Christopher Hatton, and in 1587 had collaborated in writing *The Misfortunes of Arthur*' (Ringler, p. 543).

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'To the worshipfull and his very good Freende, Ma. *Frauncis Flower* Esquire, increase of all content', *Syr P.S. His Astrophel and Stella. Wherein the excellence of sweete Poesie is concluded*, London, 1591, sigs A2-2<sup>v</sup>.

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It was my fortune (right worshipfull) not many daies since, to light upon the famous device of *Astrophel* and *Stella*, which carrying the generall commendation of all men of judgement, and being reported to be one of the rarest things that ever any Englishman set abroach, I have thought good to publish it under your name, both for I know the excellencie of your worships conceipt, above all other to be such, as is onely fit to discerne of all matters of wit, as also for the credite and countenance your patronage may give to such a worke. Accept of it I beseech you, as the first frutes of my affection, which desires to aproove it selfe in all dutie unto you: and though the Argument perhaps may seeme too light for your grave viewe, yet considering the worthines of the Author, I hope you will entertaine it accordingly. For my part, I have bene very carefull in the Printing of it, and where as being spred abroade in written Coppies, it had gathered much corruption by ill Writers: I have used

their helpe and advice in correcting & restoring it to his first dignitie, that I knowe were of skill and experience in those matters. And the rather was I moved to sette it forth, because I thought it pittie anie thing proceeding from so rare man, shoulde bee obscured, or that his fame should not still be nourisht in his works, whom the works [=world?] with one united griefe bewailed. Thus craving pardon for my bold attempt, & desiring the continuance of your worshippinges favour unto mee, I ende.

Yours alwaies to be commaunded.

*Tho: Newman.*

## 17. Thomas Nashe 1591, 1594

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(a) In his preface to *Astrophil and Stella* Nashe, near the beginning of his career, aims to make his mark through flamboyant proclamation of the excellence of Sidney's poetry and the inferiority of other writers. In boldly addressing the Countess of Pembroke he hopes again to promote both Sidney and himself, but in his own case miscalculates, since the Countess was probably responsible for the suppression of the 1591 quarto and its replacement by an edition which omits the prefaces by Nashe and Thomas Newman (No. 16).

In attributing to *Astrophil and Stella* a dramatic structure, moving from prologue to epilogue, Nashe set an important precedent for later discussion of the work not as a series of individual poems but as a sequence. The emphasis on theatricality also, it has been argued by Thomas Roche, registers the falseness of Astrophil's position (see Introduction, p. 30).

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'Somewhat to reade for them that list', in *Syr P.S. His Astrophel and Stella. Wherein the excellence of sweete Poesie is concluded,*

London, 1591 (*The Works of Thomas Nashe*, ed. Ronald B. McKerrow, 5 vols, Oxford, 1958, vol. 3, pp. 329–33).

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*Tempus adest plausus aurea pompa venit*,<sup>1</sup> so ends the Sceane of Idiots, and enter *Astrophel* in pompe. Gentlemen that have scene a thousand lines of folly drawn forth *ex uno puncto impudentie*, & two famous Mountains to goe to the conception of one Mouse, that have had your eares deafned with the eccho of Fames brasen towres, when only they have been toucht with a leaden pen, that have scene *Pan* sitting in his bower of delights, & a number of *Midasses* to admire his miserable hornepipes, let not your surfeted sight, new come from such puppet play, think scorne to turn aside into this Theater of pleasure, for here you shal find a paper stage streud with pearle, an artificial heav'n to overshadow the faire frame, & christal wals to encounter your curious eyes, whiles the tragicommodity of love is performed by starlight. The chiefe Actor here is *Melpomene*,<sup>2</sup> whose dusky robes dipt in the ynke of teares, as yet seeme to drop when I view them neere. The argument cruell chastitie, the Prologue hope, the Epilogue dispaire, *videte, queso, et linguis animisque favete*.<sup>3</sup> And here peradventure my witles youth may be taxt with a margent note of presumption, for offering to put up any motion of applause in the behalfe of so excellent a Poet, (the least sillable of whose name, sounded in the eares of judgement, is able to give the meanest line he writes a dowry of immortality,) yet those that observe how jewels oftentimes com to their hands that know not their value, & that the cockscombes of our daies, like *Esops* Cock, had rather have a Barly kernell wrapt up in a Ballet [=ballad paper] then they wil dig for the welth of wit in any ground that they know not, I hope wil also hold me excused, though I open the gate to his glory & invite idle eares to the admiration of his melancholy.

*Quid petitur sacris nisi tantum fama poetis?*<sup>4</sup>

Which although it be oftentimes imprisoned in Ladyes casks & the president bookes of such as cannot see without another mans spectacles, yet at length it breakes foorth in spight of his keepers, and useth some private penne (in steed of a picklock) to procure his violent enlargement.

The Sunne, for a time, may maske his golden head in a cloud; yet in the end, the thicke vaile doth vanish, and his embellished

blandishment appeares. Long hath *Astrophel* (England's Sunne) withheld the beames of his spirite from the common veiw of our darke sence, and night hath hovered over the gardens of the nine Sisters, while *Ignis fatuus* and grosse fatty flames (such as commonly arise out of Dunghilles) have tooke occasion, in the middest eclipse of his finest perfections, to wander a broade with a wispe of paper at their tailes like Hobgoblins, and leade men up and downe in a circle of absurditie a whole weeke, and never know where they are. But nowe that cloude of sorrow is dissolved which fierie Love exhaled from his dewie haire, and affection hath unburthened the labouring streames of her wombe in the lowe cesterne of his grave: the night hath resigned her jettie throne unto *Lucifer*,<sup>5</sup> and cleere daylight possesseth the skie that was dimmed; wherefore breake of your daunce, you Fayries and Elves, and from the fieldes with the torne carcasses of your Timbrils, for your kingdome is expired. Put out your rush candles, you Poets and Rimers, and bequeath your crazed quarterzayns [=sonnets] to the Chaundlers; for loe, here he commeth that hath broken your legs. *Apollo* hath resigned his Ivory Harp unto *Astrophel*, & he, like *Mercury*, must lull you a sleep with his musicke. Sleepe *Argus*, sleep Ignorance, sleep Impudence, for *Mercury* hath *Io*, and onely *Io Pean* belongeth to *Astrophel*. Deare *Astrophel*, that in the ashes of thy Love livest againe like the *Phœnix*; ô might thy bodie (as thy name) live againe likewise here amongst us: but the earth, the mother of mortalitie, hath snatcht thee too soone into her chilled colde armes, and will not let thee by any meanes be drawne from her deadly imbrace; and thy divine Soule, carried on an Angels wings to heaven, is installed, in *Hermes* place, sole *prolocutor* to the Gods. Therefore mayest thou never returne from the *Elisian* fieldes like *Orpheus*; therefore must we ever mourne for our *Orpheus*.

Fayne would a seconde spring of passion heere spend it selfe on his sweete remembrance: but Religion, that rebuketh prophane lamentation, drinks in the rivers of those dispaireful teares which languorous ruth hath outwelled, & bids me looke back to the house of honor, where from one & the selfe same roote of renowne, I shal find many goodly branches derived, & such as, with the spreading increase of their vertues, may somewhat overshadow the griefe of his los. Amongst the which, fayre sister of *Phoebus*, & eloquent secretary to the Muses, most rare Countesse of *Pembroke* thou art not to be omitted: whom Artes do adore as a second *Minerva*, and our Poets

extoll as the Patronesse of their invention; for in thee the *Lesbian Sappho* with her lirick Harpe is disgraced, & the Laurel Garlande which thy Brother so bravely advaunst on his Launce, is still kept greene in the Temple of *Pallas*. Thou only sacrificest thy soule to contemplation, thou only entertainest emptie handed *Homer*, & keepest the Springs of *Castalia* from being dryed up. Learning, wisdom, beautie, and all other ornaments of Nobilitie whatsoever, seeke to approve themselves in thy sight, and get a further scale of felicitie from the smiles of thy favour:

*O Jove digna viro ni Jove nata fores.*<sup>6</sup>

I feare I shall be counted a mercenary flatterer, for mixing my thoughts with such figurative admiration, but generall report, that surpasseth my praise, condemneth my rhetoricke of dulnesse for so colde a commendation. Indeede to say the truth, my stile is somewhat heavie gated, and cannot daunce trip and goe so lively, with oh my love, ah my love, all my loves gone, as other Shepherds that have been fooles in the Morris time out of minde; nor hath my prose any skill to imitate the Almond leape<sup>7</sup> verse, or sit tabring five yeres together nothing but to bee, to hee, on a paper drum. Onely I can keep pace with Gravesend barge, and care not if I have water enough to lande my ship of fooles with the Tearme (the tyde I shoulde say.)<sup>8</sup> Now every man is not of that minde, for some, to goe the lighter away, will take in their fraught of spangled feathers, golden Peebles, Straw, Reedes, Bulrushes, or any thing, and then they beare out their sayles as proudly, as if they were balisted with Bulbiefte [=bull beef]. Others are so hardly bested [=bestead] for loading that they are faine to retaille the cinders of *Troy*, and the shivers of broken trunchions, to fill up their boate that else should goe empty: and if they have but a pound weight of good Merchandise, it shall be placed at the poope, or pluckt in a thousande peeces to credit their carriage. For my part, every man as he likes, *Mens cuiusque is est quisque.*<sup>9</sup> Tis as good to goe in cut fingerd Pumps as corke shooes, if one were [=wore] Cornish diamonds on his toes. To explain it by a more familiar example, an Asse is no great statesman in the beastes commonwealthe, though he weare his eares *upsevant muffe*,<sup>10</sup> after the Muscovy fashion, & hange the lip like a Capcase halfe open, or looke as demurely as a sixpenny browne loafe, for he hath some imperfections that do keepe him from the

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common Council: yet of many he is deemed a very vertuous member, and one of the honestest sort of men that are; So that our opinion (as *Sextus Empiricus* affirmeth) gives the name of good or ill to every thing. Out of whose works (latelie translated into English, for the benefit of unlearned writers) a man might collect a whole booke of this argument, which no doubt woulde prove a worthy commonwealth matter, and far better than wits waxe karnell: much good worship have the Author.

Such is this golden age wherein we live, and so replenisht with golden Asses of all sortes, that if learning had lost it selfe in a grove of genealogies, wee neede do noe more but sette an old goose over halfe a dozen pottle pots, (which are as it were the egges of invention,) and wee shall have such a breede of bookes within a little while after, as will fill all the world with the wilde fowle of good wits; I can tell you this is a harder thing then making gold of quicksilver, and will trouble you more then the Morrall of *Aesops* Glow-worme hath troubled our English Apes,<sup>11</sup> who, striving to war me themselves with the flame of the Philosophers stone, have spent all their wealth in buying bellowes to blowe this false fyre. Gentlemen, I feare I have too much presumed on your idle leysure, and beene too bold, to stand talking all this while in an other mans doore; but now I will leave you to surveye the pleasures of *Paphos*, and offer your smiles on the Aulters of *Venus*.

*Yours in all desire to please,*

Tho: Nashe.

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(b) The tournament at Florence in *The Unfortunate Traveller*, in which the Earl of Surrey and his followers tilt victoriously in tribute to the beauty of Geraldine, draws on and parodies Phalantus' tournament in Book I of the revised *Arcadia* (*NA*, pp. 98–104). The details of the knights' costumes and *imprese* are inspired mostly by those in Sidney's Book III: the horse dressed as an ostrich, for instance, takes its point of departure from Argalus' 'furniture...cut out into the fashion of an eagle' (*NA*, p. 374), and Musidorus, like another of the knights here, is 'the Black Knight' (who has also, earlier, killed a bear). Katherine Duncan-Jones, 'Nashe and Sidney: The Tournament in *The Unfortunate Traveller*', *Modern Language*

*Review*, vol. 63, 1968, pp. 3–6, gives a comprehensive account of other similarities. As Duncan-Jones says (p. 3) here Nashe shows ‘more knowledge of Sidney’s writings, and less unqualified respect for them, than the references alone would suggest’ (see McKerrow edn, vol. 1, p. 159, and vol. 3, pp. 238, 271, in addition to (a) above).

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*The Unfortunate Traveller*, London, 1594; ed. McKerrow, Vol. 2, pp. 271–3.

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The right honorable and ever renowned Lord *Henrie Howard*, earle of Surrie, my singular good Lord and master, entered the lists after this order. His armour was all intermixed with lillyes and roses, and the bases thereof with nettles and weeds, signifieng stings, crosses, and overgrowing incumberances in his love; his helmet round proportioned like a gardners water-pot, from which seemed to issue forth small thrids of water, like citterne strings, that not onely did moisten the lyllyes and roses, but did fructifie as well the nettles and weeds, and made them overgrow their liege Lords. Whereby he did import thus much, that the teares that issued from his braines, as those arteficiall distillations issued from the well counterfeit water-pot on his head, watered and gave life as well to his mistres disdain (resembled to nettles and weeds) as increase of glorie to her care-causing beauty (comprehended under the lillies and roses). The simbole thereto annexed was this, *Ex lachrimis lachrimæ*.<sup>12</sup> The trappings of his horse were pounced [=embossed] and bolstered out with rough plumed silver plush, in full proportion and shape of an Estrich. On the breast of the horse were the fore-parts of this greedie bird advanced, whence, as his manner is, hee reacht out his long necke to the raines of the bridle, thinking they had bin yron, & styll seemed to gape after the golden bit, and ever as the courser did raise or corvet, to have swallowed it halfe in. His wings, which he never useth but running, beeing spread full saile, made his lustie steed as proud under him as he had bin some other *Pegasus*, & so quiveringly and tenderly were these his broad wings bound to either side of him, that as he paced up and downe the tilt-yard in his majesty ere the knights were entered, they seemed wantonly to fan in his face and made a flickering sound, such as Eagles doe, swiftly pursuing their prairie in the ayre. On either of his wings, as the Estrich hath a sharpe

goad or pricke wherewith he spurreth himselfe forward in his saile-assisted race, so this arteficiall Estrich, on the inbent knuckle of either wing, had embossed christall eyes affixed, wherein wheelewise were circularly ingrafted sharpe pointed diamonds, as rayes from those eyes derived, that like the rowell of a spur ran deep into his horses sides, and made him more eager in his course.

Such a fine dim shine did these christall eies and these round enranded diamonds make through their bone swelling bowres of feathers as if it had bin a candle in a paper lanterne, or a gloworme in a bush by night, glistening through the leaves & briers. The taile of the estrich, being short and thicke, served verie fitly for a plume to tricke up his horse taile with, so that every parte of him was as naturally coapted [=fitted together] as might be. The worde to this device was *Aculeo alatus*, I spread my wings onely spurd with her eyes. The morall of the whole is this, that as the estrich, the most burning sighted bird of all others, insomuch as the female of them hatcheth not her eggs by covering them, but by the effectual rayes of her eyes, as he, I say, outstrippeth the nimblest trippers of his feathered condition in footmanship, onely spurd on with the needle quickning goad under his side, so he, no lesse burning sighted than the estrich, spurde on to the race of honor by the sweete rayes of his mistres eyes, perswaded himselfe he should outstrip all other in running to the goale of glorie, onely animated and incited by her excellence. And as the estrich will eat yron, swallow anie hard mettall whatsoever, so woulde he refuse no iron adventure, no hard taske whatsoever, to sit in the grace of so fayre a commander. The order of his shielde was this: it was framed lyke a burning glasse, beset rounde with flame coloured feathers, on the outside whereof was his mistres picture adorned as beautifull as arte could portrature; on the inside a naked sword tyed in a true love knot; the mot, *Militat omnis amans*.<sup>13</sup> Signifieng that in a true love knot his sword was tied to defend and maintaine the features of his mistres.

Next him entered the blacke knight, whose bever was pointed all torne & bloudie, as though he had new come from combatting with a Beare; his head piece seemed to bee a little oven fraught full with smothering flames, for nothing but sulphur and smake voided out at the clefts of his bever. His bases were all imbrodred with snakes and adders, ingendred of the aboundaunce of innocent bloud that was shed. His horses trappings were throughout bespangled with hunnie spottes, which are no blemishes, but ornaments. On his



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shield he bare the Sunne full shining on a diall at his going downe;  
the word, *sufficit tandem*.<sup>14</sup>

The fift was the forsaken knight, whose helmet was crowned with nothing but cypresse and willow garlandes: over his armour he had *Himens* nuptiall robe, died in a duskie yelow, and all to be defaced and discoloured with spots and staines. The enigma, *Nos quoque florimus*, as who should say, we have bin in fashion: his sted was adorned with orange tawnie eies, such as those have that have the yellow jandies, that make all things yellow they looke uppon, with this briefe, *Qui invident egent*, those that envy are hungry.

## NOTES

- 1 'Now is the time for applause; the golden procession is coming' (Ovid, *Amores*, III.ii.44).
- 2 The muse of tragedy.
- 3 A request for silence and attention (see Ovid, *Amores*, III.ii.43).
- 4 'What, if not fame alone, is sought by the sacred poets?' (Ovid, *Ars amatoria*, III.403).
- 5 The daystar.
- 6 'O worthy to have Jupiter for your husband were you not his child' (Ovid, *Heroides*, XVI.274).
- 7 Probably a German dance (Allemande or Almaine): see McKerrow, vol. 4, pp. 459–60.
- 8 The popular image of the ship of fools derives from Alexander Barclay, *The Ship of Fools* (1509, 1570), adapted from the *Narrenschiff* of Sebastian Brant. 'Tearme' refers to the beginning of term for the law courts and Inns of Court.
- 9 'The mind [or spirit] is the [true] self' (Cicero, *De re publica*, VI.xxiv.26).
- 10 The meaning of *upsevant muffe* is uncertain; *muffe* is perhaps a sort of hat: see McKerrow, vol. 4, p.460.
- 11 See McKerrow, vol. 4, p.29.
- 12 'Out of tears, tears'.
- 13 'All lovers are soldiers' (Ovid, *Amores*, I.ix.1).
- 14 '[It is] sufficient to the last.'

## 18. Edmund Spenser

1591–5

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Dedicating *The Ruines of Time* to the Countess of Pembroke in 1591, Spenser says that friends had upbraided him for not having shown ‘anie thankefull remembrance towards’ Sidney and his family (*Complaints*, 1591). Accordingly lines 281–343 of *The Ruines* remember Sidney, chiefly as a ‘blessed spirite’ and Arcadian shepherd, but with only oblique reference to his writing. ‘I.O.’, in *The Lamentation of Troy for the Death of Hector*, London, 1594, sig. B2, again calls on Spenser to ‘declare the fame’ of Sidney. In 1595, possibly in response to such criticism, he included Sidney allusions, among them one to Stella and the ‘verse of noblest shepheard lately dead’ (lines 532–4) in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe* and published *Astrophel*

The excerpt below characterizes Sidney as a poet of the pastoral and of love, alluding in a generalized, idealized fashion to *Astrophil and Stella*. Later in the poem Stella expires immediately after *Astrophel*; there is no suggestion that she represents Penelope Rich. (The whole *Astrophel* collection was dedicated to Sidney’s widow, Frances Walsingham.) Most of the poem is concerned with the martial Protestant achievements of Sidney in the guise of a shepherd, who hunts the ‘brutish nation’ (sig. F2) and is riven through the thigh by ‘A cruell beast of most accursed brood’ (sig. F2’).

*Astrophel*, together with the other elegies printed with it under Spenser’s guidance, was influential in the establishment of Sidney’s reputation as a poet. Dennis Kay, *Melodious Tears: The English Funeral Elegy from Spenser to Milton*, Oxford, 1990, p. 59, notes that the numerical tribute to the 108 sonnets of *Astrophil and Stella–Astrophel* has 216 lines and the ‘Dolefull lay of Clorinda’ 108—is ‘a silent demonstration of the sequence’s survival, as well as of its capacity to structure subsequent writing’. The use of feminine rhyme also salutes Sidney (Kay, *Melodious Tears*, p. 53).

Here and in his other references to Sidney—see also No. 4 and the dedicatory sonnet to the Countess of Pembroke

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attached to *The Faerie Queene*—Spenser constructs Sidney as a mixture of patron and precursor.

For the other *Astrophel* contributors, see No. 10 and Introduction, pp. 3–4.

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From *Astrophel*, in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, London, 1595, sigs E4<sup>v</sup>–F1<sup>v</sup>.

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His sports were faire, his joyance innocent,  
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:  
And he himselfe seemd made for meriment,  
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.  
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,  
When *Astrophel* so ever was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,  
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast:  
As Somers larke that with her song doth greet  
The dawning day forth comming from the East.  
And layes of love he also could compose,  
Thrise happie she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often him did woo,  
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,  
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,  
For her that did his heart with love inflame.  
For which they promised to dight for him,  
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph both of the wood and brooke,  
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:  
Both christall wells and shadie groves forsooke,  
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.  
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,  
Or mellow fruit if it were harvest time.

But he for none of them did care a whit,  
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:  
Ne for their gifts unworthie of his wit,  
Yet not unworthie of the countries store.  
For one alone he cared, for one he sight,  
His lifes desire, and his deare loves delight.

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*Stella* the faire, the fairest star in skie,  
As faire as *Venus* or the fairest faire:  
A fairer star saw never living eie,  
Shot her sharp pointed beames through purest aire.  
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,  
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her.

To her he vowd the service of his daies,  
On her he spent the riches of his wit:  
For he made hymnes of immortall praise,  
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.  
Her, and but her of love he worthie deemed,  
For all the rest but litle he esteemed.

Ne her with ydle words alone he wowed,  
And verses vaine (yet verses are not vaine)  
But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed,  
And bold atchievements her did entertaine.  
For both in deeds and words he nourted was,  
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas).

## 19. Gabriel Harvey 1592, 1593, 1598–1600

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Since his remarks on Sidney in 1579–80 (No. 3) Harvey had praised ‘Astrophil’ for pictorial skill exceeding that of Homer, Livy and Chaucer in the manuscript ‘De tribus scriptoribus Epigramma’ (written in James VI’s *Essayes of a Prentise* (1585), Magdalene College, Cambridge, Lect. 26 (1)) and contributed the title eulogy and two other Latin poems to the 1586 *Academiae Cantabrigiensis lachrymae*.

In (a) Harvey continues doggedly to pursue the topic of ‘the English Hexameter’ and, as in (b) and (d), to associate Sidney and Spenser, a pairing vital to the establishment of an Elizabethan ‘Golden Age’ canon in the twentieth century. The

extract from *Pierces Supererogation* (d) encapsulates the most common critical response to *Arcadia* in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries: it is a comprehensive and multivalent work, full of both ‘pleasurable accidents, and proffitable discourses’, of models for morality but also for martial arts, statecraft and ‘amorous Courting’. Dametas’ antics are an important foil to such matter, as in many sequels to and stage versions of *Arcadia*.

The division of *Arcadia* in a copy of the 1613 folio into chapters with summaries, some corrections against the 1590 version, and notes of two sources in Virgil, are clearly not, as was once supposed, Harvey’s. See W.L.Godshalk, ‘Gabriel Harvey and Sidney’s *Arcadia*’, *Modern Language Review*, vol. 59, 1964, pp. 497–9.

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(a) *Four Letters, and Certain Sonnets*, London, 1592, pp. 19–20, 26, 48.

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I wis, the English is nothing too good to imitat the Greeke, or Latine, or other eloquent Languages, that honour the Hexameter, as the soveraigne of verses, and the high Controwler of Rimes. If I never deserve anye better remembraunce, let mee...be Epitaphed, The Inventour of the English Hexameter; whom learned M.Stanihurst imitated in his Virgill; and excellent Sir Phillip Sidney disdained not to follow in his Arcadia, & elsewhere.

Even *Guicciardines* silver Historie, and *Ariostos* golden Cantoos, grow out of request & the Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia is not greene inough for queasie stomackes, but they must have *Greenes* Arcadia:<sup>1</sup> and I beleeve, most eagerlie longed for *Greenes* Faerie Queene: ô straunge fancies: ô monstrous newfanglednesse.

Good sweete Oratour, be a devine Poet indeede: and use heavenly Eloquence indeede: and employ thy golden talent with amounting usance indeede: and with heroicall Cantoos honour right Vertue, & brave valour indeede: as noble Sir Philip Sidney, and gentle Maister Spencer have done, with immortall Fame.

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(b) *A New Letter of Notable Contents*, London, 1593, sig. A4<sup>v</sup>.

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[Urging the possibility of suitably qualified authors producing poetry on the Turkish defeat at Sysseck:] who can tell, what comparison this tongue might wage with the most-flourishing Languages of Europe: or what an inestimable crop of most-noble and souveraine fruite, the hand of *Art*, and the spirite of *Emulation* might reape in a rich, and honorable field? Is not the Prose of *Sir Philip Sidney*, in his sweet *Arcadia*, the embroidery of finest *Art*, and daintiest *Witt*? Or is not the Verse of *M. Spencer* in his brave *Faery Queene*, the *Virginall* of the divinest *Muses*, and gentlest *Graces*? Both delicate *Writers*: alwayes gallant, often brave, continually delectable, sometimes admirable. What sweeter tast of *Suada*, than the Prose of the *One*: or what pleasanter relish of the *Muses*, then the Verse of the *Other*?

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(c) *Pierces Supererogation: or, a New Prayse of the Old Asse*, London, 1593, pp. 51–3.

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What should I speake of the two brave *Knights*, *Musidorus*, and *Pyrocles*, combined in one excellent knight, *Sir Philip Sidney*; at the remembrance of whose woorthy, and sweete *Vertues*, my hart melteth? Will you needes have a written *Pallace of Pleasure*, or rather a printed *Court of Honour*? Read the *Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia*, a gallant *Legendary*, full of pleasurable accidents, and proffitable discourses; for three thinges especially, very notable; for amorous *Courting*, (he was young in yeeres;) for sage counselling, (he was ripe in judgement;) and for valorous fighting, (his souveraine possession was *Armes*;) and delightfull pastime by way of *Pastorall exercises*, may passe for the fourth. He that will *Loove*, let him learne to loove of him, that will teach him to *Live*; & furnish him with many pithy, and effectuall instructions, delectably interlaced by way of proper descriptions of excellent *Personages*, and common narrations of other notable occurrences; in the veine of *Salust*, *Livy*, *Cornelius Tacitus*, *Justine*, *Eutropius*, *Philip de Comines*, *Guicciardine*, and the most sententious *Historians*, that have powdred their stile with the salt of discretion, and seasoned their judgement with the leaven of experience. There want not some suttile *Stratagemes* of importance, and some *Politique Secretes* of privitie; and he that would skillfully, and bravely manage his

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weapon with a cunning Fury, may finde lively Precepts in the gallant Examples of his valiantest Duellists; especially of Palladius, and Daiphantus; Zelmane, and Amphialus; Phalantus, and Amphialus; but chiefly of Argalus, and Amphialus; Pyrocles, and Anaxius; Musidorus, and Amphialus, whose lusty combats, may seeme Heroicall Monomachies. And that the valour of such redoubted men, may appeere the more conspicuous, and admirable, by comparison, and interview of their contraries; smile at the ridiculous encounters of Dametas, & Dorus; of Dametas, and Clinias; and ever when you thinke upon Dametas, remember the Confuting Champion [i.e. Thomas Nashe], more surquidrous then Anaxius, and more absurd then Dametas: and if I should alwayes hereafter call him Dametas, I should fitt him with a name, as naturally proper unto him, as his owne. Gallant Gentlemen, you that honor Vertue, and would enkindle a noble courage in your mindes to every excellent purpose; if Homer be not at hand, (whom I have often tearmed the Prince of Poets, and the Poet of Princes) you may read his furious Iliads, & cunning Odysseys in the brave adventures of Pyrocles, and Musidorus; where Pyrocles playeth the dowty fighter, like Hector, or Achilles; Musidorus, the valiant Captaine, like Pandarus, or Diomedes; both, the famous errant Knightes, like Æneas, or Ulysses. Lord, what would himselfe have proved in fine, that was the gentleman of Curtesy, the Esquier of Industry, and the Knight of Valour at those yeeres? Live ever sweete Booke; the silver Image of his gentle witt, and the golden Pillar of his noble courage: and ever notify unto the worlde, that thy Writer, was the Secretary of Eloquence; the breath of the Muses; the hoony-bee of the dayntiest flowers of Witt, and Arte; the Pith of morall, & intellectual Vertues; the arme of Bellona in the field; the tongue of Suada in the chamber; the spirite of Practise in esse; and the Paragon of Excellency in Print.

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(d) Notes in *The Workes of our Antient and Lerned English Poet, Geffrey Chaucer*, ed. Thomas Spaght, London, 1598, pp. ciii, 394<sup>v</sup>. (British Library Add. MS. 45218). These marginalia date probably from 1598–1600 (see Virginia F. Stern, *Gabriel Harvey: His Life, Marginalia and Library*, Oxford, 1979, pp. 127–8).

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Amongst the sonnes of the English Muses; Gower, Lidgate, Heywood, Phaer, & a fewe other of famous memorie, ar meethinkes,

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good in manie kindes: but aboove all other, Chawcer in mie conceit, is excellent in everie veine, & humour: & none so like him for gallant varietie, both in matter, & forme, as Sir Philip Sidney: if all the Exercises which he compiled after Astrophil, & Stella, were consorted in one volume. Works in mie phansie, worthie to be intituled, the flowers of humanitie. Axiophilus [i.e., probably, Harvey himself] in one of his English discourses.

Amongst which [the best English works, ancient and modern], the Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia, & the Faerie Queene ar now freshest in request: and Astrophil, & Amyntas [translations from Tasso's Italian and Thomas Watson's Latin in Abraham Fraunce's *The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch*, 1591] ar none of the idlest pastimes of sum fine humanists. The Earle of Essex much commends Albion's England [by William Warner].... The Lord Mountjoy makes the like account of Daniels peece of the Chronicle, touching the Usurpation of Henrie of Bullingbrooke.... The younger sort takes much delight in Shakespeares Venus, & Adonis: but his Lucrece, & his tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke, have it in them, to please the wiser sort. Or such poets: or better: or none.

### NOTE

- 1 Robert Greene's *Menaphon* (1589) had a setting in Arcadia and characters called Samela and Doron. It was in fact published as *Greenes Arcadia, or Menaphon* in 1610.

## 20. Hugh Sanford 1593

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For discussion of the editorial activities of Hugh Sanford, secretary to the 2nd Earl of Pembroke, see W.L. Godshalk, 'Sidney's Revision of the *Arcadia*, Books III-V', *Philological Quarterly*, vol. 43, 1964, pp. 171-84.



As Sanford makes clear, he edited the 1593 *Arcadia* under the direction of the Countess of Pembroke. The ‘disfigured face’ is that of the *Arcadia* of 1590, edited by Fulke Greville, John Florio and Matthew Gwynne. This was textually more accurate than Sanford implies, but confined itself to the revised books, where Pembroke and Sanford added ‘as much as was intended’ from the *Old Arcadia* to supply ‘the conclusion...of *Arcadia*’. (There are also personal slurs on Florio, including perhaps the ‘disfigured face’ reference and certainly the puns involving ‘flowers’ and ‘roses’—Rose was the name of Florio’s wife and apparently “the proper name of a whore” in Italian proverbs’ (see Frances A. Yates, *John Florio*, Cambridge, 1934, pp. 55, 167–8, and Skretkovicz, p. lix). For Florio’s response, see No. 31.

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‘To the Reader’, in Feuillerat, vol. 1, p. 524.

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The disfigured face, gentle Reader, wherewith this worke not long since appeared to the common view, moved that noble Lady, to whose Honour consecrated, to whose protection it was committed, to take in hand the wiping away those spotted 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.<sup>1</sup> Which part with what advice entred into, with what successe it hath beene passed through, most by her doing, all by her directing, if they may be entreated not to define, which are unfurnisht of meanes to discern, the rest (it is hoped) will favourably censure. But this they shall, for theyr better satisfaction, understand, that though they finde not here what might be expected, they may finde neverthesse as much as was intended, the conclusion, not the perfection of *Arcadia*: and that no further then the Authours own writings, or knowen determinations could direct. Whereof who sees not the reason, must consider there may be reason which hee sees not. Albeit I dare affirme hee either sees, or from wiser judgements then his owne may heare, that *Sir Philip Sidneies* writings can no more be perfected without *Sir Philip*

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*Sidney*, then *Apelles* pictures without *Apelles*.<sup>2</sup> There are that thinke the contrary; and no wonder. Never was *Arcadia* free from the comber of such *Cattell*. To us, say they, the pastures are not pleasaunt: and as for the flowers, such as we light on we take no delight in, but the greater part growe not within our reach. Poor soules! what talk they of flowers? They are Roses, not flowers, must doe them good, which if they finde not here, they shall doe well to go feed elsewhere. Any place will better like them: For without *Arcadia* nothing growes in more plenty, then *Lettuce* sutable to their *Lippes*. If it be true that likenes is a great cause of liking, and that contraries, inferre contrary consequences: then is it true, that the worthles Reader can never worthely esteeme of so worthy a writing: and as true, that the noble, the wise, the vertuous, the curteous, as many as have had any acquaintaunce with true learning and knowledge, will with all love and dearenesse entertaine it, as well for the affinity with themselves, as being child to such a father. Whom albeit it do not exactly and in every lineament represent; yet considering the fathers untimely death prevented the timely birth of the childe, it may happily seeme a thanke-worthy labour, that the defects being so few, so small, and in no principall part, yet the greatest unlikenes is rather in defect then in deformity. 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 everlasting love of her excellent brother, will make her consecrate to his memory.

H.S.

## NOTES

- 1 Skretkowicz, p. lxi n. 24, points out the echo of Sidney's 'remembering what might have been done to considering what was now to be done' (OA, p. 237).
- 2 Court painter to Alexander the Great; traditionally regarded as the greatest of Greek artists.

## 21. Thomas Moffet

1593–4

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*Nobilis* was written for the young William Herbert, subsequently 3rd Earl of Pembroke. Thomas Moffet came to Wilton in 1592 as the 2nd Earl's physician, 'with his social position already secured through a distinguished career in medicine which had included treating Philip Sidney himself' (Michael Brennan, *Literary Patronage in the English Renaissance: the Pembroke Family*, London, 1988, p. 76). He later dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke a narrative poem, *The Silke Worms and Their Flies* (1599); *Nobilis* 'was as much an expression of allegiance to Philip's surviving relatives and friends as a tribute to the man himself (ibid.).

Like Whitney (No. 8), Moffet pushes Sidney's secular writing back to his youth. He allows Sidney to reject such work while himself praising it and pointing out its didactic elements (cf. Greville, No. 39). Moffet also stresses the importance of the religious works, the logical and traditional successor to worldly *juvenilia* (see Introduction, p. 11). The destruction, or intended destruction, of *Astrophil and Stella* and *Arcadia* varies the tradition that Sidney asked for *Arcadia* to be burned, as reported by John Owen, *Epigrammatum libri tres*, 2nd edn, London, 1607, II, 67; Greville (No. 39); and Edward Leigh, *A Treatise of Religion and Learning*, London, 1656, p. 324.

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From *Nobilis: or, A View of the Life and Death of a Sidney and Lessus Lugubris*, ed. and trans. Virgil B. Heltzel and Hoyt T. Hudson, San Marino, Calif., 1940, pp. 73–5, 80–1, 91.

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Hence it twice occurred that, overstimulated by his prolonged studies in early adolescence, he fell ill of a fever attended by the greatest peril; and was forced to slacken the reins in sports, until, the breakdown of his health having been repaired, more fit and more active he returned to the Muses. Let them who may have the power tell how, meanwhile, unsettled spirits strove within that single

soul; for at one moment he judged it inhuman to abjure the care of the body; at another moment not to proceed with his studies he deemed a reproach; he considered that care could not be given to both without impairing one or the other; he reckoned that a higher consideration could not be given to one and at the same time the soundness of the other be complete. And, to be sure, since he craved to be wise rather than to be strong, he would almost have failed in both had he not given himself over, though unwillingly, to recreation, and mingled, by way of spice, certain sportive arts—poetic, comic, musical—with his more serious studies. He amused himself with them after the manner of youth, but within limits; he was somewhat wanton, indeed, but observed a measure and felt shame. On that account he first consigned his *Stella* (truly an elegant and pleasant work) to darkness and then favoured giving it to the fire. Nay, more, he desired to smother the *Arcadia* (offspring of no ill pen) at the time of its birth. And in it he so cultivated the comic that he avoided the scurrilous; he so pursued the dramatic that he shunned the obscene; he so composed satires that he nicely ridiculed satyrs full of vices and their little grandsons full of wantonness. The blindness, vanity, and fickleness of Cupid, the harlots (allurements and banes of adolescents), parasites evilly gained, procurers evilly conditioned, the slippery ways of adolescence, the weak ways of youth, the wretched ways of age (upon which we cannot enter without peril, stand without irksomeness, or run without falling)—how cleverly in that work, illustrious Herbert, has he presented these for us, decked out and made odious! How, and with how sharp a sting, in a sort of dithyramb he has described, and censured, those Demaenetuses<sup>1</sup> with white hair, goatish beard, phlegmy nostrils who pursue pleasures of love at an unseasonable age and do not put away voluptuousness from them until their property, business, love, and lust are at once extinguished, together with life! Having come to fear, however, that his *Stella* and *Arcadia* might render the souls of readers more yielding instead of better, and having turned to worthier subjects, he very much wished to sing something that would abide the censure of the most austere Cato. For, truly, let us read the *Week* of the great Bargas, made English by Sidney; let us contemplate the psalms of the Hebrew poet, ah, how choicely set forth, first explicitly and then paraphrastically, each one, by a new metre. When others, with dirty hands, strive to cleanse these

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psalms, they seem to seek a knot in a bulrush and (to put the matter in a word) while they polish they pollute. I pass over letters of most elegant style, in metrical and prose form, which he addressed to the Queen, to friends, but particularly to your honoured mother (inheritor of his wit and genius); if it shall be deemed well to let these epistles go into the everlasting memory of his race and of the republic of letters, may I die if, compared to them, Horace will not seem stupid, Cicero mediocre, and Ovid simply nothing at all, or weak.

Having merely refreshed himself by these pursuits, Sidney devoted the greater share of his time and energy to philosophy and the arts of observation, in which within a few years he so excelled that, having been crowned with the first and second laurels of the literati at Oxford, he both magnified and adorned the name of his ancestors.

Later, when he had begun to enter into the deliberations of the commonwealth, he did not cling to his own pleasures, but gave up love, poetry, sport, trappings, lackeys, pages, carriages inlaid with ivory, and the other clogs upon the mind and a more favourable fortune.

Hear, I say, those last words, like the song of a swan! They can work to your advantage and to that of all men, and ought to be taken by each one as a model. First, enraged at the eyes which had one time preferred *Stellas* so very different from those given them by God, he not so much washed them as corroded them away with salt tears, and exhausted them in weeping, as if it were a set task. He blushed at even the most casual mention of his own Anacreontics, and once and again begged his brother, by their tie of common birth, by his right hand, by his faith in Christ, that not any of this sort of poems should come forth into the light. He repeatedly warned his brother of human weakness, and urged him to run in the course of piety.

## NOTE

- 1 Demaenutus is 'a lustful old man in Plautus' *Asinaria*: Heltzel and Hudson, p. 118.

## 22. John King

1594

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John King (1559?–1621) was Archdeacon of Nottingham when he gave his *Lectures upon Jonas* (published in 1597 and reissued four times to 1618) at York in 1594. He was one of James I's favourite preachers and, from 1611, bishop of London. His public branding of *Arcadia* as a frivolous story is the earliest known such attack; in the seventeenth century, however, cf. Nos 50 and 58 and Wye Saltonstall, quoted below, p. 225. It was a point of view expressed by people as diverse in opinion as Milton and the recusant Alexander Baillie, who inveighs against the way in which 'our Ministers trimme & culoure their hereticall sermons with the termigant tearmes & affectate language of *Arcadia* or *Amadis de Gaul*' (*A true information of the unhallowed offspring...of our Scottish Calvin-ian gospel*, Würzburg, 1628, p. 219).

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*Lectures Upon Jonas*, London, 1597, p. 355.

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And it may be *the sinne of Samaria*, the sinne of this land and age of ours...to commit idolatry with such bookes [as those by Tasso and Ariosto], that instead of the writings of Moses and the pro-phets, and Evangelists, which were wont to lie in our windowes as the principall ornaments, & to sit in the uppermost rounes as the best guests in our houses, now we have *Arcadia*, and the Faëry Queene, and Orlando Furioso, with such like frivolous stories.

## 23. Henry Olney

1595

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Henry Olney's edition of *An Apologie for Poetrie* was entered in the Stationers' Register on 12 April 1595. It was, however,

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soon discovered that William Ponsonby (publisher of both the 1590 and the 1593 *Arcadia* and of the 1598 folio) had already registered the same work with the title *The Defence of Poesie* and ‘an agreement is made between them wherby Master Ponsonby is to enjoy the copie according to the former Entrance’ (*MP*, pp. 66–7). Olney’s edition also includes Henry Constable’s ‘Four Sonnets...to Sir Phillip Sidneys soule’.

The language and general manner in which ‘this ever-to-be-admired wits miracle’ is announced derive at least in part from Nashe’s preface to *Astrophil and Stella* (No. 17a).

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‘To the Reader’, *An Apologie for Poetrie*, London, 1595, sigs A4–4<sup>v</sup>.

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The stormie Winter (deere Chyldren of the Muses,) which hath so long held backe the glorious Sun-shine of divine Poesie, is heere by the sacred pen-breathing words of divine Sir *Phillip Sidney*, not onely chased from our fame-inviting Clyme, but utterly for ever banisht eternitie [i.e. eternally]: then graciously regrette the perpetuall spring of ever-growing invention, and like kinde Babes, either enabled by wit or power, help to support me poore Midwife, whose daring adventure, hath delivered from Oblivions wombe, this ever-to-be-admired wits miracle. Those great ones, who in themselves have interr’d this blessed innocent, wil with *Aesculapius* condemne me as a detractor from their Deities: those who Prophet-like have but heard presage of his comming, wil (if they wil doe wel) not onely defend, but praise mee, as the first publike bewrayer of Poesies *Messias*. Those who neither have scene, thereby to interre [i.e. infer], nor heard, by which they might be inflamed with desire to see, let them (of duty) plead to be my Champions, sith both theyr sight and hearing, by mine incurring blame is seasoned. Excellent Poesie, (so created by this Apologie), be thou my Defendresse; and if any wound mee, let thy beautie (my soules Adamant) recure mee: if anie commend mine endeavored hardiment, to them commend thy most divinest fury as a winged encouragement; so shalt thou have devoted to thee, and to them obliged

*Henry Olney.*

## 24. Gervase Markham

1597?

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Markham (?1568–1637) was, Caroline Lucas says, a middle-class writer who used the title of the *Arcadia* to attract attention (Caroline Lucas, *Writing for Women: The Example of Woman as Reader in Elizabethan Romance*, Milton Keynes, 1989, p. 51). His origins were not, in fact, particularly middle-class: Sir John Harington was his father's cousin, as was Sir Griffin Markham, who conspired to make Arabella Stuart queen in 1603, and whose father had been standard-bearer to Queen Elizabeth's Gentlemen Pensioners. He may, however, have been regarded as somewhat *déclassé* as a result of his very public career as a writer on many subjects, particularly agriculture and horsemanship. He was notorious (see *DNB*) for plagiarizing his own work as well as that of others.

*The English Arcadia* is attentive to Sidney's style, but its story ranges further from *Arcadia* than do most of the continuations. As Paul Salzman points out, it is more pastoral and yet more bitter; evil is present even in Markham's 'innocent' Tempe (Paul Salzman, *English Prose Fiction 1558–1700: A Critical History*, Oxford, 1985, pp. 126–30). Musidorus and Pamela are dead, and a Demagoras figure (identical in nature, if not apparently in fact, with Parthenia's persecutor) attempts to rape their daughter Melidora (pp. 54–5). Helen (see the final extract below) is, as in Beling and Weamys (Nos 47 and 61), married to Amphialus, but he wrongly suspects her of infidelity.

Markham's work may date from around 1597, since in his preface he speaks of not having published it 'any time this halfe-score yeares'. *The Second and Last Part of the First Booke of the English Arcadia* followed in 1613, but there were no further books.

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*The English Arcadia, Alluding his beginning from Sir Philip Sidnes ending, The First Part of the First Booke*, London, 1607.

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(a) 'To the Reader', sigs A2–A2<sup>v</sup>.

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...for mine allusion and imitation...mine excuse must onely bee the worthinesse of former presidents, as *Virgill* from *Homer*, *Ariosto* from *Baiardo*, famous *Spencer* from renowned *Chaucer*, and I with as good privilege, from the onely to be admired Sir *Philip Sydney*, whose like, though never age hath or shall present to memorie, yet shall it be renoune to the meanest that indeavour to live by the crummes of his Table: who were our age but blest with his living breath, he would him selfe confesse the honie hee drew both from *Heliodorus*, and *Diana*.<sup>1</sup>

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(b) pp. 2<sup>v</sup>-3. Markham establishes the Sidneian credentials of his work.

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Heere an extreame violence to speake much in the praises of devine *Cinthia* (whom with equall ardor they both most sincerely adored) over-came the power of much speaking, and with dumbe Oratorie converted his language to dumbnesse; whilst *Carino* thus replied.

What needes (my *Credulo* said he) this inditement against the hope of our contentment, whose desperate resolution long since hath pleaded guiltie before the greatest judge of our Fortunes? To reckon our cares, were to number the starres: to measure our loves, were to make a circle greater then the greatest either is or can bee: and to unlade our affectionate desires, were by spoonfulls to convey the Sea into some contrary Channell: what they are we feele, and when they shall determine, the all-seeing all-thinges only hath knowledge: as easie can the Sunne be remooved from his diurnall passage, as our thoughts from her remembrance, or our hearts from the love of her vertues: Have not we succeeded both in our loves and admirations, the truely loving *Strephon* and *Claius* whose induring constancies, and forlorne indurances, heaved their *Urania* beyond the degree of superlative? And is there likelyhood we will either seeke the abridgement of our woes (which is the badge of our sufferance) or the end of our love (which is the heaven of our cogitations) no, no my *Credulo*, it was Vertue that brought foorth wonder, wonder knowledge, knowledge love, and love the eternitie of our never to be slaine affection: Be then the world by us fil'd full of the praises of devine *Cinthia*, and every Mothers child taught to adore the Starre can lead to so heavenly perfections. But whether

are we carried with the force of her remembrance, and the violence of our owne duties? arose wee thus early for this? came we to complaine to the Ocean for this? wette we our un-dride cheekes with new teares for this? or are our moanes sencelesse to all bemoanings, but this only? Indeed as every place is for ornament beholding to this subject; so is this subject indebted to every place for a gratefull relenting, and inticing acceptance. But we came as I remember, to remember that being the Vassals, & bondslaves to Beauty; we owe some rent of greife to the over-throw of a rare Beauty. Ah *Hellen*, faire *Hellen*, unhappily happy in thy fairenes, who having all the possible meanes of allurements in thy perfections, findest nothing but impossibilities in attaining the meanest of thy wishes! thou art unhappy, thou art unhappy.

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(c) pp. 28–29<sup>v</sup>. The Laconian lords' and senate's sentence that Helen should be cast away in a boat has been delivered in a vigorous Philanax-style speech by 'one of hie place (called *Cosmos*)'.

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The whole assembly whose minds were variously carried up and downe with a desire and feare, or a fearfull desire to wish nothing that might put them in feare of ensuing good fortune; And even those betwixte whose lippes yet stucke the word of safe tie, to the never-ill deserving Queene *Hellen*, were so inchaunted with the plaine Rhetoricke of this honest-seeming Oration, that as if all their severall bodies had had but one mind, that mind one head, that head but one tongue to utter their cogitations, cast up their caps, and cried the judgement was excellent, and not to be reversed: all be even at the beginning of the speech scarce any two agreed one in opinion, some consenting more for feare then conscience, some dissenting as much upon will as loyaltie, some to bee reported strickt performers of Justice, some to bee thought charitable in pitying the innocent, some to seeme to understand deeper misteries then were hid in plaine dealing; and some to picke a thanks-giving of such as might pursue like hard fortune: All in such mutinie of censures, that it was impossible to discerne either Pitie, Mercy, or Justice, untill the colours of this speech (as alwayes the eyes of common multitude are bleared with showfull reportinges) had

brought them to concurre and agree in one Opinion and consent of her destruction, the fearefull fearing the scourge of disobedience, the wilfull willing to have their willes performed; the severe as delighting in crueltie; the charitable for a counterfaite love to their Country; the wise to be renowned for their deepnesse; and the flatterers to draw to them a good opinion of well meaning; which no sooner was perceived by the most politike Queene *Euronusa*, whose heart enkindled her braine with a fierie wisdom, to see the desperate estate where-unto the ayre of wordes drew her dearest beloved, but breaking through the multitude, and opposing face to face with the Nobilitie of *Laconia*, lifting up a well tuned voyce, guarded with so reverent a countenance of glorious Majestie, as did not onely intice but astonish the beholders, drawing their attentions to a silent dumbnes, she thus made answer to the former Oration.

You Princes, Lords, and Commons of *Laconia*, let neither my presence (how greatly so ever at this time unexpected) nor my wordes (though farre unsutable to this voluntarie consent you have given for the killing of a worthe innocent) breede in you so much wonder, as your inconsideracie (never till this time knowne, or attached) stirreth in me an admiration beyond the compasse of common admiring, the rather when I behold your gravities directed and led by the blinde eye of no reason; why, whither are your Noble judgements fled? (till now the Schooles of other Nations) where are your faiths? where are your loves? and where are your wisdomes? Are all slaine with insubstantiall wordes, with broken arguments, and ungrounded supposes? O that it were as lawfull for me to chide you, as it were most necessarie for your selves, in your selves, to condemne your selves as blame-worthy; you have this day by your consentes hurt onely *Amphyalus*, dishonoured onely *Amphyalus*, and adjudged to death not *Hellen*, but in *Hellen* the living soule of *Amphyalus*; in-so-much that if the backe-looking eye of your understanding doe not recall that unadvised evill of your too-suddaine verdite, it will be too manifestly true (as this Gentleman hath over-well delivered with an ill intention) that your losse will be unspeakable, your redresse unrecoverable, and no satisfaction (though the sacrifices of your owne wives and children) will in the eye of the world be esteemed available, for it is most certaine, that in loosing her, you loose that Prince, that vertue, that power, that strength, that wisdom, that honour, that Lion, that Lambe, and that goodnesse he hath spoke of; nay that hade, that ornament, that

maintenance and colombe of your safeties...what is this you now undertake, other then such proceeding seeking to cure his sick honor with a mortal Apoplexie? nay, let me descend nearer into your errors, and tell me (O you Laconians) who hath accused her, where are the testimonies of her evill, or who dare to affirme with an unblushing face that she is guiltie? can your lawes of *Laconia* by fore-poynted doomes prescribe Princes in generall consultations, & find a treason where there is neither fealtie nor allegiance? strange law of a strange senate. But be all things as you will, shall not the just hand of the infinite justice be stretched against you, and your successions, even to the last generation, if you violate the lawes of Justice? be assured it will; therefore for your own sakes and safeties, repeale your sentence, or at least deferre it for some dayes, in which if she procure not a champion that shall with a well ordered sword defend her innocence; let the persecution of her fortune pursue her faultinesse.

At that worde the whole assemblie, with an infinite clamor stopt the further passage of her wordes, and flocking about her like a swarme of Sommer Bees, on the Mount of *Hybla*, cryed, she had but well spoken, and that there was nothing but justice and reason in all shee had spoken; turning all the raysors of their opinions agaynst that judgement, for whose maintenance before they were onely whetted; so variable are the resolutions of the multitude, and so apt to delight in the last sound, how discordante soever.... [Euronusa wins the deferment; as a result of it, Prince Pirophylus has time to visit Tempe in a digression which occupies the rest of Markham's first and only book.]

#### Note

- 1 In 'To the Understanding Reader', prefixed to the sequel of 1613 (sigs A2-A2<sup>v</sup>), Markham replies to those who would, apparently, charge him with high treason for saying that Sidney knew these works, that if alive Sidney 'would repine at their curiosity, and tell them, that his contemplative labour first brought him to active worthinesse'.

## 25. Francis Meres

1598

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*Palladis Tāmia* was published in the same year as the Sidney Folio of 1598, the triumphant statement of Sidney's reputation as the most important writer of the age. His prominence (only increased by the number of newer writers listed) contrasts instructively with his place in Puttenham's work of the 1580s (No. 6).

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*Palladis Tāmia. Wits Treasury*, London, 1598, pp. 279–80, 284.

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[As Greek and Latin authors have made their tongues 'famous and eloquent'] so the English tongue is mightily enriched, and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent abilitments by sir *Philip Sidney*, *Spencer*, *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Warner*, *Shakespeare*, *Marlow* and *Chapman*.

As *Xenophon*, who did imitate so excellently, as to give us *effigiem iusti imperii*, the portraiture of a just Empire under the name of *Cyrus* (as *Cicero* saith of him) made therein an absolute heroical Poem; and as *Heliodorus* writ in prose his sugred invention of that picture of Love in *Theagines* and *Clariclea*,<sup>1</sup> and yet both excellent admired Poets: so Sir *Philip Sidney* writ his immortal Poem, *The Countesse of Pembrookes Arcadia*, in Prose, and yet our rarest Poet.

...these are most famous among us to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of Love, *Henrie Howard* Earle of Surrey, sir *Thomas Wyat* the elder, sir *Francis Brian*, sir *Philip Sidney*, sir *Walter Rawley*, sir *Edward Dyer*, *Spencer*, *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Shakespeare*, *Whetstone*, *Gascoyne*, *Samuell Page* sometimes fellowe of *Corpus Christi* Colledge in *Oxford*, *Churchyard*, *Bretton*.

...amongst us the best in this kind [pastoral] are sir *Philip Sidney*, master *Challener*, *Spencer*, *Stephen Gosson*, *Abraham Fraunce* and *Barnefield*.

NOTE

- 1 The point about Xenophon and Heliodorus is taken almost word for word from *A Defence of Poetry* (MP, p. 81). Thus Sidney's prose is saluted even before *Arcadia* is mentioned.

## 26. Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke 1599

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Mary Sidney's manuscript poems, introducing the Sidney/Pembroke Psalms, were prepared for presentation to Elizabeth I at Wilton in 1599. The visit did not, in the event, take place. 'Even now that Care' in particular aims to take advantage of the opportunity publicly to associate the Queen, the Protestant hero Sidney and hoped-for interventionist deeds in Europe in these 'active times' (words with established Protestant, pro-war connotations). Margaret P.Hannay points out that the poem 'continues the tradition of admonitory dedications of vernacular Scriptures to the sovereign, following the example provided by the Great Bible, the Bishops' Bible, and the Psalters of Miles Coverdale, Richard Taverner, and Robert Crowley (Margaret P.Hannay, *Philip's Phoenix: Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke*, Oxford, 1990, p. 85).

'To the Angell spirit' is a more intimate piece, important for an understanding of the author's posthumous relationship with her brother and his work. (On this, and for a fuller discussion of the two poems more generally, see Introduction, pp. 40-2). The poem also perhaps, as Hannay says (p. 90), seeks to remind the Queen 'that she had not favoured "the wonder of men, sole borne perfection's kinde" as she ought, and, by implication, that she was not fulfilling her godly duties by defending the faith as Sidney had done'.

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(a) From 'To the thrise sacred QUEENE ELIZABETH', in *Two Poems by the Countesse of Pembroke*, ed. Bent Juel-Jensen, Oxford, 1962 (Beal, SiP 81). The manuscript date 1600 was corrected, possibly by the Countess herself, to 1599.

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Even now that Care which on thy Crowne attends  
 and with thy happy greatnes dayly growes  
 Tells me thrise sacred Queene my Muse offends,  
 and of respect to thee the line out goes,  
 One instant will, or willingly can shee lose  
 I say not reading, but receiving Rimes,  
 On whom in chiefe dependeth to dispose  
 what Europe acts in these most active times?

Yet dare I so, as humblenes may dare  
 cherish some hope they shall acceptance finde;  
 not waighing less thy state, lighter thy care,  
 but knowing more thy grace, abler thy minde.  
 What heav'nly powrs thee highest throne assign'de,  
 assign'd thee goodness suiting that Degree:  
 and by thy strength thy burden so defin'de,  
 To others toile, is Exercise to thee.

Cares though still great, cannot be greatest still,  
 Busines must ebb, though Leasure never flowe:  
 Then these the postes of Dutie and Goodwill  
 Shall presse to offer what their Senders owe;  
 Which once in two, now in one Subject goe,  
 the power left, the richer reft awaye:  
 Who better might (O might ah word of woe,)  
 have giv'n for mee what I for him defraye.

How can I name whom sighing sighes extend,  
 and not unstopp my teares eternall spring?  
 but hee did warp, I weav'd this webb to end;  
 the stufte not ours, our worke no curious thing,  
 Wherein yet well wee thought the Psalmist King  
 Now English denizend, though Hebrue borne,  
 would to thy musicke undispleas'd sing,  
 Oft having worse, without repining worne;

THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

And I the Cloth in both our names present,  
A liverie robe to be bestow'd by thee:  
small parcell of that undischarged rent,  
from which nor paines, nor paiments can us free.  
And yet enough to cause our neighbours see  
we wil our best, though scanted in our will:  
and those nighe feelds where sow'n thy favors bee  
Unwalthy doo, not else unworthie till.

For in our worke what bring wee but thine owne?  
What English is, by many names is thine.  
There humble Lawrells in thy shadowes growne  
To garland others woorld, themselves repine.  
Thy brest the Cabinet, thy seat the shrine,  
Where Muses hang their vowed memories:  
Where Wit, where Art, where all that is divine  
Conceived best, and best defended lies.

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(b) 'To the Angell spirit...', in *Two Poems*, ed. Juell-Jensen.

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To the Angell spirit of the most excellent Sir Phillip Sidney

To thee pure sprite, to thee alone's addres't  
this coupled worke, by double int'rest thine:  
First rais'de by thy blest hand, and what is mine  
inspird by thee, thy secrett power imprest.  
So dar'd my Muse with thine it selfe combine,  
as mortall stuffe with that which is divine,  
Thy lightning beames give lustre to the rest,

That heavens King may daigne his owne transform'd  
in substance no, but superficiall tire  
by thee put on; to praise, not to aspire  
To, those high Tons, so in themselves adorn'd,  
which Angells sing in their coelestiall Quire,  
and all of tongues with soule and voice admire  
These sacred Hymnes thy Kinglie prophet form'd.

Oh, had that soule which honor brought to rest  
too soone not left and reft the world of all  
what man could showe, which wee perfection call



SIDNEY

This halfe maim'd peece had sorted with the best.  
Deepe wounds enlarg'd, long festred in their gall  
fresh bleeding smart; not eie but hart teares fall.  
Ah memorie what needs his new arrest?

Yet here behold, (oh wert thou to behold!)  
this finish'! now, thy matchlesse Muse begunne,  
the rest but peec't, as left by thee undone.  
Pardon (oh blest soule) presumption too too bold:  
if love and zeale such error ill-become  
'tis zealous love, Love which hath never done,  
Nor can enough in world of words unfold.

And sithe it hath no further scope to goe,  
nor other purpose but to honor thee,  
Thee in thy workes where all the Graces bee,  
As little streames with all their all doe flowe  
to their great sea, due tribute's grateful fee:  
so press my thoughts my burthened thoughts in mee,  
To pay the debt of Infinitis I owe

To thy great worth: exceeding Nature's store,  
wonder of men, sole borne perfection's kinde,  
Phoenix thou wert, so rare thy fairest minde  
Heav'nly adorn'd, Earth justly might adore,  
where truthfull praise in highest glorie shin'de:  
For thee alone was praise to truth confin'de;  
And where but there, to live for evermore?

Oh! when to this Accompt, this cast upp Summe,  
this Reckoning made, this Audit of my woe,  
I call my thoughts, whence so strange passions flowe:  
Howe workes my hart, my sences stricken dumbe?  
that would thee more, then ever hart could showe,  
and all too short who knewe thee best doth knowe  
There lives no witt that may thy praise become.

Truth I invoke (who scorne else where to move  
or here in ought my blood should partialize)  
Truth, sacred Truth, thee sole to solemnize  
Those precious rights well knowne best mindes approve:  
and who but doth, hath wisdom's open eies,  
not owly blinde the fairest light still flies  
Confirme no lesse? At least 'tis seal'd above.

THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

Where thou art fixt among thy fellow lights:  
my day put out, my life in darkenes cast,  
Thy Angells soule with highest Angells plac't  
There blessed sings enjoying heav'n-delights  
thy Maker's praise: as farr from earthy last  
as here thy workes so worthilie embrac't  
By all of worth, where never Envie bites.

As goodly buildings to some glorious ende  
cut of by fate, before the Graces hadde  
each wondrous part in all their beauties cladde,  
Yet so much done, as Art could not amende;  
So thy rare workes to which no witt can adde,  
in all mens eies, which are not blindly madde,  
Beyond compare above all praise, extende.

Immortall Monuments of thy faire fame,  
though not compleat, nor in the reach of thought,  
howe on that passing peece time would have wrought  
Had Heav'n so spar'd the life of life to frame  
the rest? but ah! such losse hath this world ought  
can equall it: or which like greivance brought?  
Yet there will live thy ever praised name.

To which these dearest offrings of my hart  
dissolv'd to Inke, while penne impressions move  
the bleeding veines of never dying love:  
I render here: these wounding lynes of smart  
sadd Characters indeed of simple love  
not Art nor skill which abler wits doe prove,  
Of my full soule receive the meanest part.

Receive these Hymnes, these obsequies receive;  
if any marke of thy sweet sprite appeare,  
well are they borne, no title else shall beare.  
I can no more: Deare Soule I take my leave;  
Sorrowe still strives, would mount thy highest sphere  
presuming so just cause might meet thee there,  
Oh happie change! could I so take my leave.

By the Sister of that Incomparable Sidney

## 27. Ben Jonson

1599, 1609, 1619, c. 1623–37

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The range of Jonson's references to Sidney suggests the cultural centrality—or inescapability—of *Arcadia* during his adult life. In addition to the material extracted here, Quarlous in *Bartholomew Fair* (1614) chooses 'Argalus', 'out of the *Arcadia*', for his 'word' (III.iii.68–9), the Lady in *The New Inn* (1629) lists Sidney among 'Loves Fathers' (III.ii.205–6), and there are brief complimentary mentions in poems celebrating Sidney's relations: Epigrams 103 and 114 and 'To Penshurst', lines 13–14. For some examples of Sidney's possible influence on Jonson, see Alwin Thaler, *Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney*, Cambridge, Mass., 1947, pp. 11–13.

Already fairly disrespectful in his dramatic references, Jonson is more iconoclastic in his remarks to William Drummond about Sidney's pimples and the superiority of his daughter's poetry. One should perhaps bear in mind, however, that 'much of what he said to Drummond must have been deliberately provocative' (Ben Jonson, *The Complete Poems*, ed. George Parfitt, Harmondsworth, 1975, p. 605).

Text from *Ben Jonson*, ed. C.H.Herford and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, 11 vols, Oxford, 1925–52.

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(a) *Every Man Out of His Humour* (1599), II.iii.221–6, III.v.28–9.

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*Fastidius Briske*: [Saviolina's wit] flowes from her like *nectar*, and shee doth give it, that sweet, quick grace, and exornation in the composure, that...shee does observe as pure a phrase, and use as choise figures as any be i' the *Arcadia*.

*Fungoso* [awaiting his new suit]: He sit i my old sute, or else lie a bed, and reade the *Arcadia*.

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(b) *Epicoene* (1609), III.iii.115–18.

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*Dauphine*: A knight live by his verses? he did not make 'hem to that ende I hope.

*Clerimont*. And yet the noble SIDNEY lives by his, and the noble family not asham'd.

(c) From *Informations be Ben Johnston to W.D. when he came to Scotland upon foot (Conversations with Drummond)*, 1619, in Herford and Simpson, vol. 1, pp. 132, 136–9, 149. Contractions have been silently expanded.

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Sidney did not keep a Decorum in making every one speak as well as himself.

...for a heroic poeme he [Jonson] said ther was no such Ground as King Arthurs fiction & that Sir P.Sidney had ane intention to have transform'd all his *Arcadia* to the stories of King Arthure.

That Sir J.Davies played in ane Epigrame [*Epigram* 25] on Drayton, who in a Sonnet [*Ideas Mirrour* 18] concluded his Mistris might [have] been the ninth Worthy & said he used a phrase like Dametas in Arcadia, who said for wit his mistresse might be a Gyant.

Sir P.Sidney had translated some of the Psalmes, which went abroad under the name of the Countesse of Pembrock.

The Countesse of Rutland was nothing inferior to her Father Sir P.Sidney in Poesie.

Sir P.Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoiled with Pimples & of high blood and Long.

...the King said Sir P.Sidney was no poet neither did he see ever any verses in England to the Scullors.<sup>1</sup>

Lucan, Sidney, Guarini make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum, for Dametas sometymes speaks Grave sentences.

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(d) From *Timber: or, Discoveries*, in Herford and Simpson, vol. 8, pp. 591, 618. *Timber* was first printed in the Jonson folio of 1640; the observations collected in it presumably date from some time between the fire which destroyed Jonson's papers in 1623 (Herford and Simpson, vol. 11, p. 213) and his death in 1637.

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Sir *Philip Sidney*, and Mr *Hooker* (in different matter) grew great Masters of wit, and language; and in whom all vigour of Invention, and strength of judgement met.

## SIDNEY

And as it is fit to reade the best Authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest, and clearest. As *Livy* before *Salust*, *Sydney* before *Donne*.

## NOTE

- 1 That is, those of the 'Water Poet' John Taylor (?1578–1653), Thames boatman and prolific popular author.

## 28. John Hoskyns c. 1599–1600

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Hoskyns (1566–1638) was prominent as a lawyer (sergeant-at-law 1623, whence his frequent designation as 'Sergeant Hoskyns') and was on intimate terms with Raleigh, Camden, Jonson, Donne and Selden. He contributed to the *Peplus* volume of elegies on Sidney (Oxford, 1587). For his life, see Baird C. Whitlock, *John Hoskyns, Serjeant-at-Law*, Washington DC, 1982.

Hoskyns' title-page indicates that his work contains 'all the figures of Rhethorick and the Art of the best English exemplyfyed either all out of Arcadia, which it censureth, or by Instances...the quotations being taken out of Sir Phillip Sidneys Arcadia, the first edition in quarto without Samford's Additions'. (On the use of the 1590 quarto, see *NA*, p. xxxix; quoted above, Introduction, p. 15).

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From *Directions for Speech and Style* (British Library, MS Harley 4604, fols 22<sup>v</sup>–23, 24<sup>v</sup>–25). (Some editorial punctuation has been silently added, including the quotation marks in the second passage.)

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*To Illustrate*

Illustracion consists in thinges or wordes; in the discription of thinges living or dead; of living thinges, either reasonable, as of men and of personages, and quallities, of unreasonable, as of horses, shippes, ilands, castles and such like.

Men are discribed most excellentlie in *Arcadia*, Basilius, Plexirtus, Pirocles, Musidorus, Anaxius, etc. but hee that will truely set down a man in a figured storie, must first learne truely to set down an humor, a passion, a virtue, a vice, and therein keeping decent proporcion add but names, and knitt together the accidents and incouters. The perfect expressing of all quallities is learned out of Aristotles 10 bookes of morrall philosophy; but because as Machiavile saith, perfect virtue, or perfect vice is not seene in our tyme, which altogether is humorous and spirting, therefore the understanding of Aristotle's *Rhetorique*, is the directest meanes of skill to discribe, to appease, to move, or to prevent any mocion whatsoever; whereunto whosoever can fitt his speech shalbe truely eloquent. This was my oppinion ever; and Sir *Phillip Sidney* betrayed his knowledge in this booke of Aristotle to me, bifore ever I knewe that hee had translated any parte of it, for I found the 2 first bookes englished by him in the handes of the noble studious Henry Wotton, but lately I thinke alsoe that he had much helpe out of *Theophrasti imagines*. For the webb, as it were of his storie, hee followed three: *Heliodorus* in greeke, Sanazarus *Arcadia* in Itallian, and *Diana de montemaior* in Spanish.

But to our purpose what personages and affections are set forth in *Arcadia* for men; pleasant idle retirednesse in kinge *Basillius*, & the dangerous end of it, unfortunate vallor in *Plangus*; courteous valor in *Amphialus*; proud vallor in *Anaxius*; hospitalitie in *Kallander*; the mirror of true courage and friendship in *Pirocles* and *Musidorus*; miserableness and ingratitude in *Chremes*; feare and fatall subtletie in *Clinias*; feare and rudenesse, with ill affected civillity in *Dametas* & through the storie mutuall virtuous love, in marriage, in *Argalus* And *Parthenia*; out of marriage in *Pirocles* and *Philoclea*, *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, true constant love unrespected in *Plangus* and *Helena*; in the true *Zelmana*; inconstancie and envie, suspicion and tyranny in a kinge and his councillors; generally false love in *Pamphilus*; & light courage & credulity in *Chremes* daughter; base dotage on a wife in *Plangus* father. But in women a mischievous seditious stomack in

*Cecropia*, wise courage in *Pamela*, mylde discretion in *Philoclea*, *Pamela's* praier, her discourse; squeamish cunning unworthines in *Artesia*, respectless and restless dotage in *Gynecia's* love, proud illfavoured sluttish simplicity in *Mopsa*. Nowe in these persons is ever a stedfast decencie & uniforme difference of manners observed, where ever you finde them and howsoever each interrupt the others storie and actions. And for actions of persons, there are many rarely discribed, as a mutiny in a shipp; causes of an uproar; the garboile (=tumult, confusion); an armed skirmish; pollicie and preparation, but pollicy generally in all particular actions is noted in your booke *pc*; managing a horse is discribed; tilting shewes... many other notable & lively portraits are, which I will not lay downe to save you soe sweet a labour, as the reading of that which may make you eloquent, & wise. Sir *Philip Sidney's* course was (besides reading Aristotle and *Theophrastus*) to imagine the thing present in his owne brayne, that his pen might the better present it to you, whose example I would you durst followe till I pulld you backe.

This I have written of illustration in conveyance & well gayning of the substance of a treatise. Where evident & lively discriptions are in *Arcadia*, you have this noate *des* [i.e. notable description]: where the person is aptly fitted with speech & action: *dc* [i.e. example of poetic decorum]; both these give light to the handling, & growe into very pleasant acquaintance with the understanding & memorie of the reader.

#### *Periphrasis, & Paraphrasis*

There is in the best writers sometymes a vaine of speech, wherein the vulgar conceits are exceedingly pleased, for they admire this most, that there is some excellencie in it and yet they themselves suspect that it excells their admiration. In some examples I would gladlie discover the reason thereof. It cannot bee but if either the meaning or the wordes be obscure or unfamilliar unto a mans mynde that the speech soe consisting should be much accepted, and yet it is impossible that there should be any extraordynarie delight in ordinarie wordes, & plain meaning. Howe then shall we determine? It is as it is in many dishes at our tables, our eyes and tast give them commendation, not for the substance, but for the dressing & service. What playner meaning then 'sleepe amongst theeves', and verily 'sleep', 'life', 'trust', are common English wordes,

yet it is not a common fashion of speech to say, 'trust a sleeping life amongst theeves'; in the same sence, 'when they had slept awhile' is ordynary: but 'when they had a while hearkened to the perswasion of sleepe' is extraordinarie; though all the wordes of it by themselves, are most knowne & familiar, yet the bringing in and fetch of it is strange and admyrable to the ignorant, we therefore call it *Periphrasis*, or circumlocution, & it is much helped by metaphores as before, 'inclyned to sleepe' is expressed by a metaphore taken from an Orator, whoe moves & inclynes by perswasion, & to be so moved it is 'to hearken'. In this sort *Sir P.S.* being to speake his usuall meanings yet notwithstanding shunned usuall phrases as, for 'it is absurd, in my conceit' saith hee: 'it hath a great incongruitie'. But let us have one bouthe more with (our adversary) sleepe. For 'having risen early', he saith 'having stryven with the sunnes earlynes', instead of, '*Mopsa* wept illfavourdly', '*Mopsa* disgraced weeping with her countenance'; instead of saying, 'they that guarded *Amphialus*, were killed themselves', it is said, 'seeking to save him, they lost their fortresses which nature placed them in', instead of '*Plangus* speech began to bee suspected' it is said '*Plangus* speech began to be translated into the language of suspicion', & this of purpose did he write to keepe his style from basenes as, being to name 'a thresher' he called him 'one of *Ceres* servants', instead of 'his name was knowne to high and lowe', he saith that 'noe Prince could pretend height nor beggar lownesse to barr him from the sounds thereof'. For 'old and yonge malecontents', hee saith 'such whome youthfull age or youthfull myndes had filled with unlymitted desires', & this is by going *a Concreto ad abstraction*, and divers other wayes.

## 29. Brian Twyne

c. 1600?

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Twyne (?1579–1644), who spent most of his life in Oxford following matriculation in 1594, was 'the earliest and most



indefatigable of Oxford antiquaries' (*DNB*). The sizeable collection of his manuscripts at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, is wide-ranging in its interests: the volume from which the extracts below are taken also includes material on or from Chaucer, Erasmus, Ramus, philology, the Oxford statutes and 'Notae opticae.'

Twyne's notes and comments give unusual insight into the habits and methods of an early reader of Sidney, and of *Arcadia* in particular. He records, and sometimes comments on, striking images, *sententiae* and incidents, erotic and comic elements, allusions to Virgil, and lapses of logic and expression on the part of the author. He reads actively, often paraphrasing rather than copying (for instance Dido's words—below, p. 163—are rendered more conversationally than in the original), sometimes developing Sidney's images, sometimes conflating them. (See, e.g., the interpretation of Basilius' table, which turns like a water-mill, below, p. 160, as 'The mill of love...where Pyrocles did grinde his affections by the milstone of Philocleas beauty', or the combination of two Sidneian phrases in 'A swarme of thoughts imprisoned within the paradise of my minde', p. 162). Where *A Defence of Poetry* and *Astrophil and Stella* are concerned, Twyne is usually content more simply and briefly to note arguments and tropes, but here too he is at times prepared to contest a point with his author.

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Corpus Christi College, Oxford, MS 263, fols 114<sup>v</sup>–120. Page numbers in square brackets have been supplied from *MP* (for *A Defence of Poetry* and *The Lady of May*), *NA* and *OA*.

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Out of S<sup>r</sup> Philip Sidneys defence of poetry

He commendeth poetry in 2 folde name: first that poetry hath set forth the earth in richer tapistry then ever nature did or could: 2<sup>o</sup> ratione hominis, because nature never bred such excellent men as poetry hath, witnesse Cyrus, Æneas &c: [pp. 78–9].

All poets are either Divine as Orpheus &c or are philosophicall

Philosophicall either:	{	Morall as Phocylides; Cato
		Naturall as Lucretius, Virg: Georg:
		Astronomicall, as Manilius
		Historicall as Lucan

of these it is doubted, whether they are to be termed poets or not because they are tied to a certaine purpose and take not the free course of their owne invention. A third kinde there is that range, within the Zodiack of their owne wit and are tied to nothinge, and these he saith are properly called poets and vates [pp. 80, 78, 81].

Hearsay, the foundation of Historians: [p. 83].

The difference betwixt History & Morall philosophy [pp. 83–5].

He holdes with enterminglinge verse and prose together [p. 94] because if they be good friend, the conjunction cannot be hurtfull.

Alexander and Darius strived who should be cockes of this worldes dunghill [p. 95]. In the dust and cobwebs of uncivill age [p. 97]. A sense rather mistie then mysticall, darke, cloudy, foggy.

The same author sheweth howe faulty our tragedies be in circumstances of time & place [p. 113]. The same author holdeth fol: *ibid* [p. 114] that a history must not begin *ab ovo*: I thinke otherwise for that a history is about *pa??pata* [occurrences, things which happen] and therefore must geife all particularities.

The difference betwixt delight & laughter: [p. 115].

He likens those that catch up swellinge phrases and wordes to od fellowes, he saith that these wordes hang together like him [who said] the winde was North West and by South, bicause he woulde be sure to name Windes enough [p. 117].

Why old men are praters: *Arcad: lib: 1* [p. 23].

Of solitarinesse and contemplation: [pp. 50–1] *Pyrocles* his speech: and *Musidorus* his speech against it [p. 52].

Poets how liberall in penninge: *ibid* [p. 52].

Love what affection it bred in *Pyrocles* as soone as he hearde it named, *ibid* [p. 53].

Oft it fals out, that while one thinkes to much of his doinge, he leaves to do the effect of his thinkinge [p. 53].

S<sup>r</sup> Philip: Sid: sayenge, spoken in the person of old *Kalander*, against *Pyrocles* his sadnesse. *Kalander* declares *ibid* and complains that good fellowship was decayd in *Arcadia*, [pp. 53–4].

The universall lamenting his absented presence, assured him of his present absence: *ibid*: [p. 67]. What construction is there here. [I]t is said of *Diaphantus* or *Pyrocles* whom when *Musidorus* sought for so inquisitively, founde his fame every where, but every body lamentinge *Diaphantus* his absented presence assured *Palladius* of his present absence (*i[e.]*) assured *Palladius*

that sought for him, that his freinde Pyrocles was absent indeede. Of takinge woamens apparrell Palladius his speech to Pyrocles when he finds him in a Wood cloathed like to a woaman. [p. 70f.].

Of Loves originall. [pp. 71–2].

Of Woamen and their excellency ibid [pp. 72–3].

When Musidorus had urged to Pyrocles that he had broke the rule of guesthed with Kalander, he answered him that nowe he was an host himselfe to a certaine guest within him [p. 73]: and that was love, wherefore seeinge that he intertained gieste himselfe, he was not to be a guest to Kalander.

Pyrocles his grammaticall sense of loving vertue: [p. 74] and Dametas his sense [p. 80], am not I Dametas? I swear by the pantable of Pallas and Diana her combe case: Dametas his oathes ibid, that looked like an ape that had newly taken a purgation.

He likens Pamela her dug to 2 faire mountain netts [i.e. mountainets] in the Valley of Tempe, [p. 84]: but he likeneth Philoclea her dug to apples, for he saith that the apples of the tree fell downe to doe homage to the apples of her brest [p. 84].

Here is another grammar pointer for Pyrocles: Arcad: lib: 1: [pp. 85–6] discribinge kinge Basilius his lodgings where his daughters were kept: saith that the lodge was built in forme of a star: the smaller lodge where Pamela lived hard by: so that the whole lodge seemed not unlike a faire commet, whose tayle stretched it selfe to a star of less greatness: there is less greatness: howe can greatness be litle: and besides howe was it the forme of a star: but of that after.

The mill of love was the rounde moovinge table in Basilius his lodge, where Pyrocles did grinde his affections by the milstone of Philocleas beauty: a fine fiction: [p. 86] Pyrocles saith that the beere of violent love did run thorough him [p. 88].

They are like the blind dove, who the blinder she was, the higher she strove.<sup>1</sup> ibid [p. 90].

To set to much by your selfe, S<sup>r</sup> Philip: calls to, peacocke your selfe. [p. 92].

The matachin daunce, 3 fightinge together and every one havinge 2 adversaries [p. 102].

Musidorus that so often mocked at Pyrocles his love at length fell into it himselfe: [p. 105 f.].

Philocleas hande put to Zelmanes lips was like a hande in the margine of a booke, to note some sayenge worthy, to be noted: as S<sup>r</sup> Philip saith [p. 111] this should be done by the grammar rules of affection.

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Of Dametas his cowardise and hidinge himselfe when the beare came: [pp. 115–16].

Of lovers runninge at Barley breake you may reade a fine description: [Ringler, *OP* 4—in the 1593 *Arcadia* but not the 1590].

Arcadiae lib: secund:

The degrees of love: in Philoclea towarde Zelmane: [p. 144 f].

Unlawfull desires are punished after the effect of enjoyinge: but impossible desires are punished in the desire it selfe. [p. 149].

Speakinge of Pamelas weepinge fol:56, he saith that her handkerchiffe dranke up the teares, leaving in steade of them, crimson circles, like red flakes in the element when the weather is hottest, [p. 150].

Of Ridinge a gallant example in Dorus [pp. 153–4].

He saith [p. 179] that Aeneas and Ulysses were brought to Heroicall effects by fortune and necessity, Musidorus and Pyrocles by their owne choice and workinge. but this is false for was not Aeneas led to those valiant acts in Italy by his owne choice?

He bids you craftily to kisse Philocleas arse: for there, when Zelmane saw Philoclea naked, she is brought in makinge a songe in the commendation of the parts of her body where is a very elegant description of the curiosity of a fayre woamans members: and at the latter ende of the songe he saith

No tunge can her perfections tell  
In whose ech part all tungen may dwell [p. 195].

What is that but your tunge in her Albion clives[?] [See p. 193].

Of the dog that fet Philocleas glove & paper booke to a gentleman that lay in secret to see her naked when she bathed herselfe in Ladon:ibid. [p. 195].

Philocleas grammar of congrueties; for that was the booke which the dog tooke away, for there in was written the Dialogue betwixt Basilius and Plangus: Plangus mourninge the passions of love; Basilius comfortinge him

For what can breed more peevishe incongruities,  
Then man to be yeelde to femal lamentation  
let us some grammar learne of more congruities [p. 203]

here you se the grammar of congruities of passion, which I would wishe you learne, lest some Erona make you slide into a solecisme as passions as it did P[l]angus.

This history me thinkes is like the dialogue betwixt Plangus and Basilius of which Zelmane saide a man shoulde be little the wiser for readinge it them as it was in Philocleas booke, because it sets not forth who P[l]angus is or who Erona, nor what the cause is of his sorrowe, or death of Erona. fol. 73 [p. 204]

Mipsas [*sic*; i.e. Miso's] tale of love. *Arcad.*: 2. [pp. 210–13].

The divells picture, *ibid.* [p. 211].

Mopsa tells of a gentleman of the nature [i.e. nurture?] of water nimphs, of that nature and so bewitched by them that if he were ever askt his name, he must presently vanish away [p. 214].

The active passion of love [p. 225] he cals it a passion and yet an action.

And there follows on an other as Miso followed Philoclea, or Alecto Proserpina [p. 228]

The minde the felde of fancies [p. 228].

Howe Zelmane manifested her love to the river Ladon and howe her teares dropt in [pp. 228–9]. A swarme of thoughts imprisoned within the paradise of my minde [pp. 229, 230].

Dido when she met with Æneas in hell, she might have served him as we read *Arcad.*: 2 [p. 236 f.] the nine ladies served Pamphilus... that tied him to a tree stripping him, and cam round about him prickinge him with bodkins and he lay tumblinge like a cony in a net: the cause of that punishment was because he was so inconstant in his love: one of these nine ladies was cald Dido by name. [p. 240].

Pamphilus his argument to prove his constancy in love may be applied to constancy in opinions: [pp. 239–40].

Howe woamen principally respect their beauty it may prettily appeare of the tale that Zelmane tells of Pamphilus howe he was tied to a tree first with nine Ladies garters because he would not put one [=on] Venus her girdle, and pricked him with bodkins like so many Cupids darts, because he was unfaithfull to Ladies loves, where one Lady tells the causes why this Pamphilus did forsake so many Ladies and got their ill will, the only fault (saith she) that he findes

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in me, is because he knewe diverse fairer: ah saith she am not I fayre? who can deny? to him againe she went when the other Ladies were fled.... She stayed last to torment him; she would never give him over [pp. 236–41].

A description of a perfit niggarde, Chremes and howe that beinge taken by his kinge, in a riot (where Pyrocles was betrayed by him) and the kinge commandinge he should be hanged, as he was leadinge to execution he bewayled nothinge but his goods [pp. 244–8].

Of Andromana, the Kinge of Iberias wife that ruled the state and her husbände, and what mischife fell out in it: [pp. 248–54].

He advanced the Scutchion of his desires by many helps of his freindes [p. 249].

We will stay no longer in the suburbs of this but enter into the halls of the matter [see p. 249].

Unsettled opinion like a gluttons eye wandringe at a feast from dish to dish. [p. 250].

Howe woamen woee men, and howe Andromana queene of Iberia wooed Musidorus and Pyrocles [pp. 249–51] and what desires she had.

Of an artificiall birde that was made to fly out of a tent and carry writings to ladies windowes and that it burned it selfe after like the Pheonix. [see p. 256]. The frozen knight whose armour seemed to be made of ice. *ibid* [p. 256].

Philisides his verse against old age: pastorall verse against Gerons old age, for ????? indeed is Senex: he likens old men to a sacrifice of which there is nothinge left but a tunge and a belly: [*OA* 9, Ringler p. 24. This poem was included in the *Second Eclogues* in 1593, but omitted in 1590].

Arcad lib: tert.

Many when they pen, they pen like Dorus the counterfet Musidorus of whom you may reade lib: 3 Arcad. [p. 310] what a doe he kept in penninge of a letter to Pamela when she was displeased with him for kissinge of her. The fall is greater from the first to the seconde then from the seconde to the undermost saith Cecropia [p. 319].

A pretty perswasion of Cecropia to perswade Philoclea to marry when she saide she had vowed virginity [p. 332]. the fruits of marriage [pp. 332–3]. A prayer of Pamelas [pp. 335–6].

The ambiguity of oracles you may see in Basilius, howe foolishly he interpreted the oracle of his nephewe succeedinge him. [H]owe Æschylus the old knight interpreted the oracle saienge he should die in his sons armes: and so he did, but yet kild by another, Amphialus [p. 341].

Howe valiant Polycrates was after his heade was strooke of: a pretty jest: [p. 342].

Of a pretty and pleasant challenge betwixt 2 cowardes Dametas and Clinias. [p. 380 ff.] and of their merry cumbat: very well worth the readinge.

Howe lightly Anaxius esteemed of woamen [p. 391].

Anaxius kept the watchworde, if any grace was granted the meanes was to be made by Anaxius [p. 392] where S<sup>r</sup> Philip useth our Academicall phrase about grauntinge graces.

No, is no negative in a wommans mouth [p. 402] where is a pretty exhortation of Cecropia to her sun Amphialus that he should get Philocleas love by force after the manner of Theseus and Hercules where she bringes other reasons also that a woaman is mans servant and therefore not to be entreated [pp. 402-3].

Howe Basilius his daughters were restored: uncertaine: the history unperfit.

Vergill talkes of a golden tree, and 3 Arcad: you may reade of the tree that had golde at the roote: it bare golden akorns at the roote, whither Dorus sent Dametas to digge when he ment to steale away Pamela, [p. 187]. He tolde Mopsa also of another tree of wishes [p. 194].

The description of Pamelas beauty: and howe Musidorus plaid the Cameleon in suckinge of her breath [p. 201].

Dido & Æneas were in a cave together as Gynecia Basilius his wife and Zelmane.

Where Gynecia discoverd some parts of her body [p. 205].

Woamen are not wont to appoint secrete meetings in the night with men for purchasing of landes, saide Basilius when Zelmane promised him his desire in the cave [p. 221].

S<sup>r</sup> Philip [p. 225] saith of him [Basilius] that for passion he would start when he was demaunded any thinge, and make answers far

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out of grammar: you may se it there: lib: 3 Arcad: which is the best booke amongst the rest: as Verg: fourth.

Arcad: lib: 4

Howe Dametas digged for treasure and founde verses [p. 265].

He held up his face as if he had a tooth drawinge [p. 267].

He followed close like the chime followes the clocke [see p. 267].

[Paraphrases in some detail Musidorus' duping of Dametas, Mopsa, and Miso and its aftermath, concluding 'there is a great adoe amonge them &c.'].  
Dametas his resolute wordes when he determined to hange himselfe: [p. 272].

He saved him as Dametas saved his dogge, of whom S<sup>r</sup> Philip saith, that beinge desirous to save his dog from dienge, he dasht out his braines [p. 283].

Of killinge ones selfe: when a man may doe it and for what cause. When Pyrocles would [have] slayne himselfe, Philocleas arguments of that matter, provinge that killinge of ones selfe proceedeth not from courage but feare: Pyrocles his answer to it [pp. 291 f.].

Arcad: lib 5  
Pyrocles discusseth whether after death we shall knowe one another or no: [pp. 372–3]. S<sup>r</sup> Philip saith fol: 219 that we have not the true purple Tyriah colour, of which he saith Musidorus his mantle was, but the counterfet Getulian purple: for the true Tyrian cullour of purple, is a cullour betwixt our murrey and skarlet [p. 377].

I am like a tennis ball tossed by the racket of fortune [p. 386].

Out of Astrophel and Stella  
He likens his loves face to the court of Vertue: the front built with Alabaster, the coveringe of gold: her lips he likens to the doore made of redd Porphyre: her teeth to locks (for the doore) made of pearle: the porch (i [e.]) the cheeks; made of red and whit marble: the windowes are her eyes made of touchstone, and therfore he likens himselfe to the strawe which it draweth: but this is improper for the touchstone doth not drawe strawe but iron: it hath no like sympathy with strawe: wherefore indeed this touchstone wanteth the touchstone of truth [AS9].<sup>2</sup>

Howe Cupid played at bopeepe in Stellas eyes and brest [AS 11]

Of the scutchions and armes of Jupiter, Mars, and Cupid: a fine conceit:

for he makes Stellas face to be Cupids scutchin &c: [AS 13].

Of diverse sorts of poets and Rimers [AS 15].



SIDNEY

His love Stella saide, no, no, whenes he concludes that according to  
grammer rules 2 negatives make an affirmative. [AS 63].

The pickepurse of anothers wit [AS 74] .

She was the very breakefast of love [AS 79] : and the highway [AS  
84] to passion.

He likens Stella his love to an English theife

[From *The Lady of May*] .

Howe the schoole master Rhombus urged Vergill false, haec olim  
memonasse iuvebit [p. 23].<sup>3</sup>

What Rhombus saide of the syllogisms the sheparde made [p. 29]  
the question beinge whether Espilus were to be preferred before  
Therion; whether the shepardes life were to be preferred before  
Therion i.e. the forester's life, from θηριον.<sup>4</sup>

NOTES

- 1 Gynecia uses the dove to figure her plight in loving Pyrocles/Zelmane.
- 2 Twyne confused the 'touchstone...with the loadstone', says Ringler, p. 464. But James J. Yoch, 'Brian Twyne's Commentary on *Astrophil and Stella*, *Allegorica*, vol. 2, 1978, pp. 114–15, argues that the reference is rather to jet, 'which in renaissance English and Italian usage could, when rubbed, attract straw to itself'.
- 3 'Perhaps one day you will look back even on this with joy' (*Aeneid*, I.203).
- 4 θηριον ('wild beast'), cognate with verbs meaning 'to hunt'.

### 30. William Vaughan

1600

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William Vaughan, of Jesus College, Oxford, dedicated his religious and moral work *The Golden-Grove* to his brother, Sir John Vaughan of Goldengrove.

Vaughan may group Sidney and James VI together as poets in deference to the praise of the king in *A Defence* (*MP*, p. 110; it is sometimes argued that Sidney's reference is to James I of Scotland, but readers are unlikely to have taken it so). Works linking the two men are, however, unlikely to ignore the possibility of winning grace from the heir apparent to the English throne and associating him, hopefully, with the Protestant hero of the Sidney myth. (For other examples of the association of Sidney with the king, see Jackson Boswell and H.R. Woudhuysen, 'Some Unfamiliar Sidney Allusions', in Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney, p. 222; and James Johnstoun (No. 44).

For similar instances of the possibly inhibiting effect of the 'golden eloquence' of *A Defence*, see Introduction, p. 38.

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*The Golden-Grove*, London, 1600, sig. Y6.

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[Earlier authors including Chaucer and More are worthy of praise]. Neither is our owne age altogether to bee disprayed. For the old Earle of Surrey composed bookes in verse. Sir Philip Sydney excelled all our English Poets, in rarenesse of stile and matter. King James the Sixt of Scotland, that now raigneth, is a notable Poet and daily setteth out most learned Poems, to the admiration of all his subjects.

Gladly I could goe forward in this subject, which in my stripling yeeres pleased mee beyond all others, were it not I delight to bee briefe: and that Sir Philip Sydney hath so sufficiently defended it in his Apologie of Poetrie; that if I should proceede further in the commendation thereof, whatsoever I write would be eclipsed with the glorie of his golden eloquence.

## 31. John Florio

1603

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The 1590 *Arcadia*, which Florio had edited with Fulke Greville and Matthew Gwynne, was attacked as incomplete by Hugh Sanford (No. 20), editor of the 1593 version under the

direction of the Countess of Pembroke. Florio, in response, points out the discrepancies which result from the 1593 splicing together of material from the New and Old *Arcadia* to create a book 'not answerable to the precedents'. (He abuses Sanford more openly in the preface to *A Worlde of Wordes*, London, 1598.)

Florio's dedication to Sidney's daughter and Penelope Rich suggested—or encouraged—their rivalry with the Countess of Pembroke for the position of Sidney's literary heir and executor. In keeping with this (and in order, no doubt, to further his own career as likely editor), Florio calls on the dedicatees to publish Sidney's translations of DuplessisMornay and Du Bartas, virtually the only works by him not already included in the folio of 1598.

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Epistle to the Second Book, dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland and Lady Penelope Rich, *The Essayes or Morall, Politike and Millitarie Discourses of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne ...now done into English by... John Florio*, London, 1603, sig. R3.

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I know, nor this [Montaigne's *Essayes*], nor any I have scene, or can conceive, in this or other language, can in aught be compared to that perfect-unperfect *Arcadia*, which all our world yet weepes with you, that your all praise-exceeding father (his praise-succeeding Countesse) your worthy friend (friend-worthiest Lady) lived not to mend or end-it: this end we see of it, though at first above all, now is not answerable to the precedents: and though it were much easier to mend out of an originall and well corrected copie, than to make-up so much out of a most corrupt, yet see we more marring that was well, then mending what was amisse. And if not any principall invention, much lesse may any translation at second hand come neere it: yet as that *Worthie* did divinely even in French translating some part of that excellent *du Plessis*, and (as I have seene) the first Septmaine of that Arch-Poet *du Bartas* (which good Ladies, be so good to all, as all this age may see, and after-ages honor) so though we much more meanely do in meaner workes (for still I say none can anneare him) yet when our Protonotaries do hold the chaire, let us poore Secondaries not to be thrust out of doores.

## 32. Matthew Gwynne

1603

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Gwynne contributed to the Oxford *Exequiae* of 1587 (see Introduction, p. 2), subsequently edited the 1590 *Arcadia* with Fulke Greville and John Florio, and became ‘Doctor in physick, fellow of S.Johns in Oxford’ (see *NA*, pp. lviii–ix).

Gwynne’s open identification of Penelope Rich as the Stella of the poems is probably less a biographical observation than a statement about the powerfulness of her position and of Sidney’s posthumous reputation (see Introduction, p. 32). It could also (like Florio’s dedicatory epistle (No. 31) in the same volume) reflect a desire to establish, in spite of the Countess of Pembroke and Hugh Sanford, that the Countess is not the only figure with a title to Sidneian intimacy and eminence.

The quotations or allusions from line 4 onwards are to *Astrophil and Stella* 71, 42 (‘whose beames be joyes’), 68, 24, 9, 68 again (‘heav’n of my delight’), 7, 71 again; *Certain Sonnets* 22 (anticipating the nineteenth-century tendency to believe that these poems were also addressed to Penelope Rich); and *Astrophil and Stella* 92 (‘Phenix Stella’) and 1.

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‘To the Honorably-vertuous Ladie, La: Penelope Riche’ (signed ‘Il Candido’, the Italian equivalent of Gwynne, ‘white’), in *The Essayes or Morall, Politike and Militarie Discourses of Lo: Michaell de Montaigne... now done into English by... John Florio*, London, 1603, sig. R4.

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Madame, to write of you, and doe you right,  
What meane we, or what meanes to ayde meane might?  
Since HE, who admirably did endite,  
Entiteling you Perfections heire, Joyes light,  
Loves life, Lifes gemme, Vertues court, Heav’ns delight,  
Natures chiefe worke, Fair’st booke, his Muses spright,  
Heav’n on earth, peerelesse Phoenix, *Phoebe* bright,  
Yet said, he was to seeke, of you to write.  
Unlesse your selfe be of your selfe devising;  
Or that an other such you can inspire.  
Inspire you can; but ô none such can be:

SIDNEY

Your selfe as bright as your mid-day, as rising.  
Yet, though we but repeate who would flie higher,  
And though we but translate, take both in gree [i.e.  
favourably].

### 33. Dudley Digges

1604

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Digges's father, Thomas, soldier and military surveyor, had been at Zutphen with Sidney (see his *A Briefe Reporte of the Militarie Service Done in the Low Countries, by the Erle of Leicester*, London, 1587, sig. D1).

So inextricably are Sidney as hero and as man of letters linked by 1604 that the younger Digges can venture only semihumorously to suggest that it might have been preferable if the military element had prevailed.

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'Præludium to the Third Paradox', in Thomas and Dudley Digges, *Four Paradoxes, or Politique Discourses*, London, 1604, pp. 74-5.

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I will neither deny, nor commend, my love to *Poetry*, some little idle time spent in it for my private recreation I repent not, it hath good use, and is a good exercise for busie yonge heads: The noble adorning of that practise Sir *Phillip Sidney* though he lived an age before me, I yet honor, I love his memorie, and in my best wishes to my COUNTRY, I sometimes sadly wish our Nobility and Gentry would be his followers: yet being as he was a man of Armes by nature, *quem Pallas nutrit in antris*, of *Pallas* bringing up, one that suckt milk from both her breasts, a learned souldier: I would he had left the Patronage of *Poetrie* to some more private spirit, and saved me a labor by bestowing his much better witte on some requisite Apologie for Souldiers, whose profession is now as much contemned as to be a *Græcian*, or as a Scholer was wont to be in *Rome*.

### 34. Richard Carew 1605–14

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Carew (1555–1620), Cornish antiquarian and topographer, had been ‘called to dispute *ex tempore*...with the matchless Sir Ph. Sidney’ when they were both studying at Oxford, probably in 1569 (Richard Carew, *Survey of Cornwall*, London, 1602, f. 102”; Katherine Duncan-Jones, *Sir Philip Sidney: Courtier Poet*, London, 1991, p. 42).

Carew was a friend of Camden, in whose *Remaines* his essay was published in 1614. It was probably written some time after 1605, when Camden’s first edition appeared without it (William Camden, *Remains Concerning Britaine*, ed. R.D.Dunn, Toronto, 1984, p. 376).

Sidney had proclaimed the potential of the English language in *A Defence of Poetry* (*MP*, p. 119). A quarter of a century later Carew can second him with a confidence born in great measure of Sidney’s own influence and example, and cite the fulfilment of the potential in Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Shakespeare and Marlowe, as well as the achievement of some earlier authors.

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From R[ichard] C[arew], ‘The Excellencie of the English Tongue’, in William Camden, *Remaines Concerning Britaine*, London, 1614, pp. 43–4.

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And in a word, to close up these proofs of our copiousnesse, looke into our Imitations of all sorts of verses afforded by any other language, and you shall finde that Sir *Philip Sidney*, Maister *Puttenham*, Maister *Stanhurst*, and divers more have made use how farre wee are within compasse of a fore imagined impossibility in that behalfe.

Again, the long words that we borrow being intermingled with the short of our owne store, make up a perfect harmonie, by culling from out which mixture (with judgement) you may frame your speech according to the matter you must work on, majesticall, pleasant, delicate, or manly more or lesse, in what sort you please.

## SIDNEY

Adde hereunto, that whatsoever grace any other language carrieth in verse or Prose, in Tropes or Metaphors, in Ecchoes and Agnominations [=word-play, alliteration], they may all bee lively and exactly represented in ours, will you have *Platoes* veine? reade Sir *Thomas Smith*,<sup>1</sup> the *Ionicke*? Sir *Thomas Moore*. *Ciceroes*? *Ascham*, *Varro*? *Chaucer*, *Demosthenes*? Sir *John Cheeke* (who in his treatise to the Rebels, hath comprised all the figures of Rhetorick).<sup>2</sup> Will you read *Virgill*? take the Earle of *Surrey*, *Catullus*? *Shakespeare* and *Marlowes* fragment,<sup>3</sup> *Ovid*? *Daniell*, *Lucan*? *Spencer*, *Martial*? Sir *John Davies* and others: will you have all in all for Prose and verse? take the miracle of our age Sir *Philip Sidney*.

## NOTES

- 1 Sir Thomas Smith (1513–77), scholar, statesman, and author of *De republica Anglorum* (1548).
- 2 Sir John Cheke's *The Hurt of Sedition* (1549).
- 3 *Hero and Leander*.

## 35. Alexander Craig

1606

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Alexander Craig of Rose-Craig, 'Brito-Scotus' (c. 1567–1627) dedicated his *Amorose Songes* to Anne of Denmark and to Idea, Cynthia, Lithocardia, Kala, Erantina, Lais, Pandora, and Penelope, to one of whom each poem is either addressed or refers. Kala's name suggests *Arcadia*, and there are brief allusions to Musidorus, Pyrocles and the constancy of Argalus, as well as the more extended treatments included here. (For the incident used in 'Pandora refuseth his Letter', see *NA*, pp. 66–7).

Craig's sequence contains 108 poems, almost certainly in homage to *Astrophil and Stella*.

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Alexander Craig, *The Amoroſe Songes, Sonets and Elegies*,  
London, 1606, E1, E2.

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PANDORA refuseth his Letter

The faikles [=feckless] foule *Philoxenus* was slaine  
By courtes kind *Amphialus* the Knight,  
(Who for the faire *Corinthian* Queens disdainē  
Borne to his foresaid friend had tane the flight:)  
But when his Dog perceiv'd the sorie sight,  
He fawn'd upon his maisters fatall foe:  
Who then with hart and hand full of despight,  
Beats backe the Dog with manie bitter bio.  
My dearest Dame and seemlie Sainct even so,  
For whose sweet sake I daylie die and dwins [*sic*],  
Hath slaine her slave with all the wounds of woe,  
And loaths allace, to looke upon my Lins:  
That with the Dog my Ditties must returne,  
And helpe their martird Maister for to murne.

*Quis Deus opposuit nostris sua numina notis.*

To LITHOCARDIA

Good cause hadst thou *Euarchus* to repent,  
The reakles rashness of thy bad decret:  
Thy crueltie did spring from good intent,  
The grounds whereof were tedious to repeat:  
Yet when thy Sonne fell downe before thy feet,  
And made thine eyes confesse that he was thine,  
Thou wept for woe, yet could thou not retreat  
The sentence said, but sigh'd and sorow'd sine:  
So may it be that once those eyes divine,  
Which now disdainē and loath to looke so low,  
As to behold these miseries of mine,  
Shal weepe when they my constant trueth shal know  
And thou shalt sigh (though out of time) to see,  
By thy decret thine owne *Pirocles* die.



## 36. John Day

1606

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While it is debatable how far the audiences of most *Arcadia-inspired* plays were aware of the original work, the Prologue to John Day's *The Ile of Gulls* announces that its 'argument' is a 'little string or Rivolet, drawne from the full streine of the right worthy Gentleman, Sir Phillip Sydneys well knowne Archadea' (sig. A2<sup>v</sup>); 'to read [or see] it without some familiarity with the *Arcadia* would be an experience almost comparable to reading *Shamela* without a prior acquaintance with *Pamela*' (Michael C. Andrews, 'The Isle of Gulls as Travesty', *The Yearbook of English Studies*, vol. 3, 1973, p. 79). Basilius and his retinue have withdrawn from the world—to a 'desart Ile'—but with very different motives from Sidney's king. He has 'sent a generall challenge/To all the youthfull bloods of Affrica'. Whichever of them can somehow win his daughters 'Shall with their loves wear my imperiall crowne' (sig. A4). Most of the play is taken up with the farcical consequences of this situation, including a bawdier, jokier version of Pyrocles/ Zelmane's much-loved predicament, and a version of the trick played by Dorus on Dametas and his family (sigs F2<sup>v</sup>–F3<sup>v</sup>, G1<sup>v</sup>–G4), popular in most dramatic *Arcadias*.

*The Ile of Gulls* was performed at the Blackfriars Theatre in February 1606 by the Children of the Queen's Revels, a company (like other boys' troupes) with a reputation for burlesque and political satire. Sir Edward Hoby reported that all the male parts were 'acted of two diverse nations' (English and Scottish obviously, given the contemporary resentment at James I's Scottish favourites and followers). Basilius may have been played in such a way as to bring out resemblances with James himself. As a result, the company lost the patronage of Queen Anne of Denmark, and several of the older 'boys' were imprisoned (see E.K. Chambers, *The Elizabethan Stage*, 4 vols, Oxford, 1923, vol. 3, p. 286; Andrew Gurr, *The Shakespearean Stage 1574–1642*, 3rd edn, Cambridge, 1992, p. 53; *The Ile of Gulls*, ed. R.S. Burns, London, 1980, p. 15).

In the following extract Prince Lisander, disguised as Zelmane, faces a Basilius and Gynecia even more openly amorous than in *Arcadia*. Like Pyrocles, he exploits this situation, but in a manner

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fitting his function as one of 'a pair of rogues whose conduct resembles that of Sidney's heroes only when seen from a wholly cynical and unsympathetic point of view' (Andrews, p. 81). Crucial differences include the Duke's love of 'sport' at all costs, and the fact that his Duchess is old.

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*The Ile of Guls*, London, 1606, sigs D1–D2<sup>v</sup>.

---

- Basilus.* Shall I be short with thee? My Ladie's in love with thee.
- Lisander.* With me my Lord[?]
- Basilus.* With thee my Lady: her amorous glances are her accusers, her very lookes write Sonnets in thy commendations, she carves thee at boord, and cannot sleepe for dreaming on thee in bedde, shee's turnd sunne-riser, haunts private walkes, & like a disgract Courtier, studies the Art of melancholy.
- Lisander.* Now alas good Lady.
- Basilus.* Nay never pittie her, she deserves none, rather lets bend our indevors to intangle her more. To see the kindnes of Fortune, who fearing we should be acquainted with sollitude in this our 12 month retirement, hath begot a domesticall merriment, and made our own thoughts actors int, and as bad a Poet as I am, He ha one sceane int of mine owne invention.
- Lisander.* *Danetas* will storme at that, for he cannot indure Poetrie should be countnanst: but how ist my Liege?
- Basilus.* Tis ready plotted already, and that the Dutches may not find thee unprovided when she comes to court thee.
- Lisander.* Court me, court a woman my Liedge[?]
- Basilus.* Why thats the very happinesse of the jest, but in any case confesse thy selfe a man.
- Lisander.* A man my liedge, I ha no colour fort.
- Basilus.* Tush He furnish thee, say thou art some Prince, no matter who, & hast to do with this disguise of purpose to court my daughter *Violetta*.
- Lisander.* Is this sceane of your own inventing my liege?
- Basilus.* Mine own yfaith, and to confirmt the rather, use more oft & private conference with my daughter, interchange discourse and amorous dalliance, oh twill set my Dutches affections a fire, to thinke her rivald by her daughter, and give us smooth passage to our love.

- Lisander.* How occasion plaies the wanton with me. Well my liedge, do you worke my admittance to your daughter, & Ile bestow al the art I am woorth in courting her, and see, as if Fortune had a hand in our Comedy, she hath entred the Dutches just at her que [=cue], shadowe your selfe in your Arke, & leave me to give her entertainment.
- Basilus.* Forget not to personate some Prince in any case.
- Lisander.* He warrant you, He play the Prince with much art. *Enter the Dutches.*
- Dutches.* This way he went, on this sweet violet bed Still dwells the print of his enamourd tread, The deprest flowers have strengthened their sweete By stealing amorous kisses from his feete.
- Basilus.* Absolute Poet, *Penelope* was a ballet-maker to her.
- Dutches.* O doe not flie my presence, gentle wanton stay. What have I found you, faith you run-away Ile tye a chaine about your wast for this, And make you buy your freedome with a kisse.
- Lisander.* Fie madam, this curtesie is more then needes.
- Dutches.* Be not so coy, let not a loving Dame Find thee less kind then sencelesse elements, Thou never walkst, but the enamourd ayre, Like an officious lover beares thy traine, Whilst the coole wind doth with his velvet wing Fanne the thinne ayre upon thy sweatie cheeke, Stealing sweet kisses from thy silken lip.
- Lisander.* Shield this vaine breath, beate at some ladies eare.
- Dutches.* But you are none, you are not, come you are not, Your valor, lookes, and gesture shew you are not, Your manly brow, and your commaunding eye, Where war and fortune dwell in majestie, Your private walkes, and varied passions, Your glances to my daughter, sure you are not, And my firme love is confident you are not.
- Basilus.* There's a lover of a right temper, sheele outface the name of her sexe instantly.
- Lisander.* Well madam, sith your observation hath discoverd mee, upon promise of your secresie I confesse my selfe a man.
- Basilus.* Good, excellent, how truly she takes my directions.
- Dutches.* I knew my judgement could not be deceivd, Nor durst proud love have done me so much wrong To cast my thoughts unto a womans eye.
- Basilus.* Love durst not, good, good, excellent, what next?

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- Lisander.* But madam, now I am knowne to you, what further request you.
- Dutches.* Exchange of lookes, and freedome of thy bed, Thy presence, thy embracements, thy kind love, For which mine amorous thoughts have long line sicke.
- Basilius.* Thanke you good wife, nay & a Dutches long to give her husbands the horning, let it never greeve butchers to doe homage at Cuckolds haven.
- Lisander.* Well madam, to give content to your affections, and in a strong hope you will mediate my sute to your daughter, sort out but fit time and opportunitie, and master your desires.
- Basilius.* And he were a man now I might be rarely tupt.
- Dutches.* Give me thy hand then, with this amorous kisse I scale thee mine.
- Lisander.* And I confirme with this.
- Basilius.* Rare, rare, rare, she's his seald and deliverd in the presence of her husband.
- Dutches.* Now leas't my husband should suspect our love,
- Basilius.* Now, what shadow for that now[?].
- Dutches.* Hear a good jest, perswade him th'art a woman.
- Lisander.* That's not to doe now madam, for he as confidently believes and ardently courts me for a woman, as you for a man.
- Dutches.* Good, excellent, maintaine that humor still, Seeme coy, looke nice, and as we weomen use, Be mild and proud, imbrace, and yet refuse.
- Basilius.* Excellent vertues in a woman.
- Dutches.* I prethe doe, twill be a sceane of mirth For me to quote his passions and his smiles, His amorous haviour, and how his eye Will beget strange varietie of lookes, And shoote em into thine, but the cheefe sports this To see an old man with a young man kisse. *Exit Dutches.*
- Basilius.* To see an old Dutches a young Lady kisse. Now the plot packs the sceanes all comicall, I cannot speake for laughter, to see these women That would be counted wonders for their wit, Lay plots to gull themselves, silly conceit,
- Lisander.* To take me for a man.
- Basilius.* And arme herselfe To laugh at me, make jests and scoffes at me, But sooth her humor, the revenge sheede throw Upon my head, shall fall on her owne brow. *Exit.*
- Lisander.* Upon you both, so, so, so, how greedily their inventions like bugles<sup>1</sup> followes the sent of their own gullery, yet these are no fooles, God forbid, not they: but to the drift,

SIDNEY

mirth in my warme blood sits, laughing at this division of  
theyr wits.

NOTE

- 1 'Bugles' are usually wild oxen, but here possibly beagles are intended.

**37. Heroical Epistles**

1607-?23

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These manuscript poems, closely modelled on Michael Drayton's much reprinted *Englands Heroicall Epistles* of 1597-9, were first published in Josephine A. Roberts, 'The Imaginary Epistles of Sir Philip Sidney and Lady Penelope Rich', *English Literary Renaissance*, vol. 15, 1985, pp. 59-77. They achieve what Roberts calls 'artful immediacy' by their frequent incoherence and by reference to actual events (derived mostly from Holinshed's *Chronicles*) like the Fortress of Perfect Beauty tournament of 1581. There is, however, much romantic invention: the role of the queen, the existence of a prior contract between the lovers, Sidney's surprise at the news of Penelope's marriage. There are occasional echoes of *Astrophil and Stella* (sonnet 41, 'Having this day my horse, my hand, my launce...'; influences the description of the tournament), but the work is intended for a different audience, one that appreciates sustained emotional statement rather than the complex and ironic self-presentation of an Astrophil. This audience may also, if more sympathetically than the readers and writers of satirical epitaphs on Lady Rich (see above, p. 32), be eager for a degree of scandal; Kay, p. 25, feels that the epistles, together with the frequent attribution to Sidney of the cynical *Valour Anatomized in a Fancie* (probably by Donne; see *MP*, p. 159), 'exemplify a counter-myth spawned by the

Sidney legend, by suggesting a dark, possibly disreputable reality underneath Arcadian ideals’.

The manuscript is dated 1623. Roberts, p. 61, suggests that it postdates the death of Lady Rich in 1607 since she is referred to in the past tense in the prose argument.

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Bodleian Library, MS Eng. Poet, f.9, pp. 224–36. The second poem is incomplete. The first poem is followed by prose ‘Notes of the Chronicle History’. Some of the more interesting or informative of these are given below as endnotes. Some punctuation—mostly full stops—has been silently added.

---

Sir Phillip Sidney to the Lady Penelope Rich

Penelope seconde daughter to walter Devereux: Earle of Essex; and sister to the noble Robert Earle of Essex; doomed (as in deede shee was) for her sweetnes of beauty; witt and demenhour, incomparable; amongst many that admired her perfections; she was ardently affected of Sir Phillip Sidney, sonne to Sir Henry Sidney Lord Deputy of Ireland; his Love she againe answered with Love equally entire, from which frendship grewe a secrett contract betweene them, But here uppon the Queene Elizabeth (for what cause is unknowne) Employed Sir Phillip Sidney beyond the sea; and in the meane time marieth the Lady Penelope to Robert Lord Rich of which Sir Phillip Sidney understandinge thus writt to her:

If yet a choyce more worthy, cause more new  
 Make not pore me despised deigne to view  
 These lines of care; whome Care enditinge sent  
 Compos’d by sorrowes; writt by discontent.  
 And doe not you (o) you your selfe disdain  
 my greefes; or thinke my earnest woes in vaine:  
 Truth in the Cronicles of heaven records  
 my constant vowes my unsuspected wordes  
 Succeedinge ages never shall renewe.  
 That I was cause of breach nor was untrue:  
 Death, torment, horror; prudence, endurance  
 shall never drawe mee from my loves assurance  
 No threate of frendes; no Princes angry browe.  
 No change of state should force mee breake my vow  
 with what sad power did my hopes reward,

SIDNEY

that loveing: I should purchase no regard.  
 so that the after times may justly prove  
 that Sidneys were unfortunate in love  
 unfortunate are they whose dazeled eye  
 sees not approachinge mischiefe, such am I;  
 Yet when myne Eye did first perswade my hart  
 that I did love indeede and felt the smart  
 of Deepe affection; then I learnt t'admire  
 that all like mee did not thy love desire  
 But when my thoughts could bee no longer hid  
 then I grew Jealois that indeed they did:  
 and to say trueth they did; for tis a beauty  
 that Princes liv'd to serve; since tis a duety  
 to be of all desired, and such was thine  
 as could not bee term'd mortall but divine.<sup>1</sup>  
 When great Avergne and Arthur Cossay came<sup>2</sup>  
 with other Peeres of France of Princely name  
 To great Elisabeth; to grace the French  
 I amongst others fram'd a rowlinge trench<sup>3</sup>  
 and undertooke in kindled by loves fier  
 the names of Foster children to desire  
 Where what wee did there by can censuer lest  
 Since all my strength by seeing thee was blest  
 Else had it not withstoode the furious course  
 of haughty Legh doomed matchlesse for his force.<sup>4</sup>  
 The day was gracious and abhord the night  
 Onely because it did debarre thy sight  
 But O how happy, mee what shall I say  
 Shall I first curse the night, abhorre the day  
 Exclaime on and mee accuse ungentle fate  
 abandon fortune; or bewayle my state.  
 No lady; no; day, night, time, fate, agree,  
 Tis onely thou hast beene unkinde to mee  
 Else had I liv'd more happy; thou more free  
 But thou hast lost thy shame, I thee a wife  
 thou loosing honnor I have lost my wife.  
 Thy honnor was my life; so was my shame  
 my Joyes which thou hast shipwrackt with defame.  
 Examine well thy soule; name mee to hir  
 Looke on thy hart and thou shalt find mee there  
 ther and not ther; thence by thy conscience forc't

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not there thence by thy levity divorc't.  
Whome shall I blame?<sup>2</sup> but say twas natures sinn  
To lodge such beauty in so weake an Inne  
Two peerelesse Peeres; Warwicke and Leicester<sup>5</sup>  
and would I bee so Idle I might vaunt  
I might have had a queene unto myne Aunt<sup>6</sup>  
But bloud of ancesters and former Powers  
wee cannot claime; wee cannot call them cur[s]t  
From that Just honnord house of Huntington.

[Several lines are missing at this point.]

But had'st thou added trueth to thy degree  
all might have rather drawn their line from thee  
and old Carmarden<sup>7</sup> needed not repent  
the League with Penshurst notable in Kent  
Tell mee thou sweetest fairnes; fairest sweetnes  
have I lesse lov'd; have I lesse prays'd thy neatnes  
have I not toyld my braines over tyr'd my wittes  
to print thy name in everlastinge writtes?<sup>2</sup>  
So longe as doth Arcadias name survive<sup>8</sup>  
so longe thy graces in that name shall live  
By which all readers shall deride as strange  
My constant love, and thy unconstant change.  
If Idle poeme make us live forever  
then Stella shall in Astrophel dy never  
for I have sacred [=consecrated] to thy fame a tombe  
which shall remaine untill thy day of doome  
unlesse some abler quill which heaven forbid  
should note thy publicke fame, I would have hid  
I would have hid for shall I tell thee yett  
I cannot thinke thou canst so soone forgett  
with what an union of delight to eyther  
were plighted love and joi'd to love together  
whil'st I with thee was absent, (ô that day  
That I went from thee often would I say  
that now the worst of fortune did agree  
to make divorce betwixt my love and mee).  
And when an English post did first present  
The letters which a frend of mine had sent  
first I demaunded, of thy health and thee  
that life of my desires Penelope  
Lives she and lives she well (Quoth I) he (loath  
to speake;) sayd yes and bound it with an oath



SIDNEY

for I imputed it an Imputation  
 to trust thy lives health without protestation  
 when onely happy in conceipt I strive  
 to view those lines which mee of joy deprive  
 for there I red with what conjugall pride  
 (I being widdowed) thou art made a bride  
 the vowes exceeded credit and my greefe  
 would not admitt such possible beleefe.  
 I blam'd my frend and much mislik't that triall  
 which mov'd my patience by my loves deniall  
 untill the post confirm'd in weeping sort  
 the Terror which hir letters did import  
 Passion was overcome and suddaine wonder  
 parted my reason and my sence sunder  
 Nor could my powers naturall beare sway  
 till pittie of my selfe, first made mee say  
 O happy men that have no cause to greeve them  
 women deceave them most that most beleve them  
 For I can verify my hard mishape  
 that I found much weakenes in an angels shape.  
 Why hast thou joyned (o great alseinge brightnes)  
 beauty to falshood, pretious witt to lightnes?  
 Can you remember (Lady once most deare  
 ever beloved) the oathes that you did sweare  
 the white hand strokinge my smooth hair the while?  
 How love within my lookes did weepe and smile?  
 Have you forgott how kindly you would chide mee  
 whiles you saw feare and reverence dand[]e mee  
 assuring mee that I was made most fervent  
 to bee Loves majestie not to bee his servaunt  
 and how it ill beseem'd the faire and wittye  
 rather to take a pride in pride then pittye  
 Ading what glory it in you did move  
 when folkes should say there goes yonge Sidneys love  
 which name would give more honnor more delight,  
 Then any Title any Epithite.  
 If vowes, if oathes, if plighted faith, or signe  
 of vertuous shame prevayld you had beene mine  
 and mine you were had you beene true to fate.  
 But now your troth is made adulterate  
 Adulterate; that blood of Essex heires  
 Disclaimes which greefe to challinge prove of theirs  
 Penelope a name of yore most chast<sup>9</sup>

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In you is now become a name disgract  
Never was that in Greece more nobly named  
but that in England is as much defamed  
Have I for you unworthy, unworthy as I am  
refus'de the goodly heir of Walsingham<sup>10</sup>  
A lady in whose cheekes, a gracefull couloure  
Ingraines a blush, of modest vertue fuller  
then that of thine; though justly to compare  
sweetnes or beauty; I nor can nor dare.  
for in divinest fairnesse tis noe fault  
though change doe her divinity assault.  
Where a fair lady takes a spott upon her  
that is no sinn in beauty but the owner.  
But you will say report it selfe doth say it;  
you must obay it; must? no, no; unkind  
Princes may force the body not the mind  
The mind's a temple, free and hallowed Cell.  
which Tirantes cannot raze, nor strength compell.  
Church-men, who doe their rules from scripture draw  
will say forc't marriage is against the law.  
But matchlese fair how was that mariage forc't  
which was by thine owne tongue and will endorst?  
Had you not beene sweet changing but content  
your owne tongue nere therto had given consent  
but thus tis now and I am sorrowes cheefe  
whome pearled Medway cannot washe from greefe  
and being thus since twill no other bee  
live you in pleasure leave all care to mee  
Ile sigh discomfort out and with mine eyes  
to thy remembrance tribute sacrificise  
stilling my discontentes and tell them this  
I was not worthy of such earthly blisse  
and therefore heaven knowing it more fitt  
deprived mee of my desires and it.  
Poore hart content thee though thou art berefte  
of life, thou didst not leave, but thou wert left  
heere is all my owne (O beauty rarely witty)  
remember mee if not with love, with pittie  
so time to time shall tell in sad discourse  
our mutuall choyce and our unhop'd divorce.

The Lady Penelope Rich to Sir Phillipe Sidney  
Martyrd in thought but martyr'd more in soule

SIDNEY

by sinn made depravd; and by shame made foule  
In sinn with shame; I beg (even I forlorne,)  
read yet those lines though not with love with scorne.  
With scorne? ay mee, that I have sinde/so late  
in love, most I strove for love to purchase hate  
Just hate most just, and though I could not lett itt  
you ar too gentle if you could forgett it.  
The fault was mine I should have beene tormented  
even unto death and yet not have consented.  
Tis true but heaven that vengeance did defer  
to make mee mine owne Executioner  
thou bad I dide as ever but now I breath  
continuall paines; oath honnor gives a death.  
A hart that hates mee most if it would crave  
new tormentes cannot wish worse then I have.  
A wounded conscience a distempered head,  
a mind divided a most loathsome bead  
Disgrace behind mee and before mee doubter  
Oppressing greefes within contempte without.  
Thoughts with despair, despair with thoughts doth strive  
and thus I live and thus I dye alive.  
and thus I dy alive but ah I feare  
my wounds with thee cann little creditte beare.  
O Sidney Sidney couldst thou see my hart.  
their I would tell thy judgment of my smart:  
why did the heavens permitt so to impose  
uppon a silly wretch so many woes.  
so many woes such mischeefe to undoe her  
as have made vengeance and confusion poore.  
If yet a choice more worthy cause more new  
Make not poore mee despised, vouchsafe to view  
these lines of care whome care enditing sent  
composed by sorrow, writ by discontent  
these ar the wordes your letter so beginnes  
by which I feele that wrongs and mine own sinnes  
My sinns for mine they ar whose hideous staine  
is by adulterate match even dide in graine.  
Excuse I cannot make but with as common  
pleading the captive fraylty of a woman  
unable to sustaine the angry scene  
and wrathful fury of an Angry queene  
to which you answer calling me unkind  
how princes force the body not the mind;

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Most true thou feare not for though fate confine  
my body to disgrace my hart is thine  
free from the Jailour whose obseruing duetye  
enjoyes the shadow of my outward beauty.  
Then may those wordes some pittie in thee move  
Rich hath my body Sidney hath my love  
Sidney hath both alas I neede not tell  
what powre thou hast; thy selfe dost know too well  
too well thou know'st the man who holdes mee deare  
had but the after harvest of the yeare  
god knowes how much I blush to tell the trueth  
thou hadst the crop and Conquest of my youth  
how can thy hart then yeelde against lives nature  
to play the Tyrant on a Ravisht creature  
ravisht, twice ravisht, by thy merc'lesse power  
first of my hart next of my mayden dower  
and now O strangly cruell dost thou seeke  
new quarrelles; occasions of dislike  
That men use harmelese maydes, who once berefte  
of spotlesse shame too soone in shame are lefte:  
were I a mayde againe thou shouldst not leave mee  
Yet fayth and if I were thou wouldst deceave mee.  
I doe confesse my weakenesse is too younge  
to counterchecke the virtue of thy tounge  
But say that I am married as I am  
Can that forbidd mee to bee still the same?  
I love thee as I did nay better, better  
and will though I give still still bee thy debter.  
I am too plaine but this with you is nothing  
Concealed love, you thinke forsooth a loathing  
so with concepte, you force poore maydes to greeve them  
and say they most deceave who most beleeve them  
Idly imputing height of mind to mee  
as if I should have scorn'd your pedegree  
wherby my great ambition to prevent  
you largely draw a line of your descent  
and which of it weakest of all other shifts  
Impute my winning to gay cloths or gifts.  
Are these the stronge objects can be alleadge  
to make those vowes in vaine which you have pleadge?

## SIDNEY

### NOTES

- 1 'It is certaine that neyther Rosamund, Alice Perrers [mistress of Edward III], nor any since the creation did surpasse this Lady Rich, whose beauty was so sweetned by the graces of her witt and her witt so adorned by her beauty, as she myght rather have bene wondred at as an Angell then reputed as a humane cature (MS note).'
- 2 'Francis of Burbon Prince Dolphin of Avergne, Arthur Cossay Marshall of France' (MS note).
- 3 A moving mount, concealing musicians, which represented the Fortress of Perfect Beauty (See Raphael Holinshed, *The Third Volume of Chronicles*, London, 1587, p. 1316; Roberts, 'Imaginary Epistles', p. 76.
- 4 Sir Henry Leigh, Queen's Champion.
- 5 Sidney's uncles, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.
- 6 Lady Jane Grey.
- 7 The Earl of Huntingdon.
- 8 'No Man is so ignorant as hath not at least heard of the excellent worke of Sir Phillip Sidney called Arcadia which was cheefly intended to the honorable memory of this Lady Penelope, so was his Astrophill & Stella.'
- 9 'During the 10 years warr of Troy the chast wife of Ullises Penelope wald by no mans tormentes be enticed to sins against her owne honnor or her husbands bed' (MS note).
- 10 Frances Walsingham, whom Sidney married in 1583.

## 38. William Heale

1609

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Heale (1581?-1627), of Exeter College, Oxford, argues in favour of mutuality in marriage on moral, legal and religious grounds. The many examples and references are drawn chiefly from Latin authors, although Chaucer (*The Legend of Good Women*) and Du Bartas are also cited. *Arcadia* is mentioned more often. This accords with Sidney's familiar quasiclassical status (see Introduction, p. 12-13). Also, however, *Arcadia* is clearly perceived as likely reading for

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women themselves: Heale's *Apologie* is addressed to 'the Ladie M.H.', and, while citations are often given in Latin in the margin, English paraphrase and translation dominate in the main body of the text.

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W[illiam] H[eale], *An Apologie for Women. An Opposition to Mr. Dr. G[ager] his assertion who held in the Act at Oxforde. Anno 1608. That it was lawfull for husbands to beate their wives*, Oxford, 1609, pp. 14, 15, 19, 34. (Marginal references have been transferred to the body of the text.)

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And howbeit al women are not beautiful, neither hath nature bestowed al perfections on every wife: yet a true-loving husband must imagine them al in his truly beloved wife. For love esteemes not a thing beloved, as in it selfe it is; but as it appears in the lovers eie. <S.Phillip Syd. Arcad. lib. 2.>

...if I shoulde chauce to marrie with a stoute and valiant woman, such as either *Pentheselæa* was amongst the *Amazons*, or the Lady *Parthenia* of *Greece* <Sr Phil. Syd. Arch. lib. 3.>, or the Empresse *Livia* in *Rome*, or some other of farre lesse valour: & after a while from *Cupids* warres fal unto Martial armes, I doubt my learning would not save mee from some unlearned blowes.

[...wives are more closely linked to their husbands than are even the dearest of friends.] Shee sits at thy table; she lies in thy bosome; she shares of thy grievances and lessens the burden: she participates thy pleasures and augments the joy: in matters of doubt she is thy counsellor; in case of distresse thy comforter: she is a com-partner with thee in al the accidents of life. *Neither is there any sweeter taste of friendship, then the coupling of soules in this mutuallity either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed minde findes it selfe not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery.* <S.Phill. Syd. Arcad. lib. 3.>

[In jealousy] (contrary to al other actions of man) we bend al our diligence, and carefulnesse to obtaine the full sight and perfitt assurance of our owne misery. We would needs forsooth, know

SIDNEY

our selves to be such Becoes, as we feare to be. For of prevention there is no hope. Our English worthie can tell us.

*Sure tis no jealousie can that prevent,  
Whereto two persons once be full content.*

<S.Phil. Sydn. Arc. lib. 3.> [OA 64].

### 39. Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke c. 1610–12

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Greville's work, printed in 1652 as *The Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney*, is more appropriately entitled 'A Dedication to Sir Philip Sidney' in Trinity College, Cambridge, MS R.7.32. (See further *The Prose Works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke*, ed. John Gouws, Oxford, 1986, pp. xiii ff.). Greville had been responsible for the publication of the 1590 *Arcadia* (see No. 9) as 'fitter to be printed' than the *Old Arcadia*; here his firm convictions about the nature and intention of the work are further developed. Sidney's 'moralities' (like his active virtue) contribute, with Greville's account of his own career and unpublished tragedies and of foreign policy under Elizabeth I, to the work's statement of broadly anti-Catholic, anti-Spanish, and anti-Jacobean principles. Such sentiments, however carefully expressed, were clearly too topical to print during the reign of James I. Implied criticism of the Stuarts, and promotion of an active Protestant foreign policy, remained appetizing to many readers in the climate of 1652. For the possibility that the work was published with the 'collaboration and approval' of the Sidney family, see John Carswell, *The Porcupine: A Life of Algernon Sidney*, London, 1989, p. 81.

I have used the 1652 edition, although it has little authority compared with the extant manuscripts, because it was in this

form that readers encountered Greville's influential version of Sidney, including the 'water-bottle' incident (below, p. 192). (John Gouws points out that Greville does not specify the contents of the bottle—the 'water' is a later inference—in 'Fact and Anecdote in Fulke Greville's Account of Sidney's Last Days', in Van Dorsten, Baker-Smith, and Kinney, p. 73.) The more significant manuscript readings are, however, supplied within brackets. For the relationship between the 1652 text and the three manuscripts, see Gouws edn pp. xlvi–liii.

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*The Life of the Renowned Sir Philip Sidney* 1652, pp. 2–3, 12–21, 144–5, 244–6.

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[In Sidney] the life it self of true worth, did (by way of example) far exceed the pictures of it in any moral Precepts. So that (if my creation had been equal) it would have proved as easie for me, to have followed his patern, in the practice of reall vertue, as to engage my self into this *Characteristical<sup>l</sup>* kind of Poesie: in defence whereof he hath written so much, as I shall not need to say any thing. For that this representing of vertues, vices, humours, counsells, and actions of men [in] unfeigned, and unscandalous Images, is an inabling of free-born spirits to the greatest affaires of States: he himself hath left such an instance in the too short scene of his life, as I fear many Ages will not draw a line out of any other mans sphere to parallel with it.

Now...to goe on with Sir *Philips* life: though he purposed no monuments of books to the world, out of this great harvest of knowledge; yet doe not his Arcadian Romanties ['romantiae', 'romanzas'] live after him, admired by our soure-eyed Criticks? who, howsoever their common end upon common arts be to affect reputation by depraving<sup>2</sup> censure; yet where nature placeth excellencie above envie, there (it seemeth) she subjecteth these carping eyes to wander, and shewes the judicious reader, how he may be nourished in the delicacy of his own judgement.

For instance; may not the most refined spirits, in the scope of these dead images (even as they are now) finde, that when Sovereign Princes, to play with their own visions, will put off



publique action, which is the splendor of Majestie, and unactively charge the managing of their greatest affaires upon the second-hand faith, and diligence of Deputies, may they not (I say) understand, that even then they bury themselves, and their Estates in a cloud of contempt, and under it both encourage, and shaddow the conspiracies of ambitious subalternes to their false endes, I mean the ruine of States and Princes?

Again, where Kingly Parents will suffer, or rather force their wives and daughters, to descend from the inequality and reservednesse of Princely education, into the contemptible familiarity, and popular freedome of Shepherds; may we not discern that even therein they give those Royall birthes warrant, or opportunity, to break over all circles of honor, safeguards to the modesty of that sex; and withall make them frailly, apt to change the commanding manners of Princely Birth, into the degrading images of servile basenesse? Lastly, where humor<sup>3</sup> takes away this pomp, and *apparatus* from King, Crown, and Scepter, to make fear a Counsellor, and obscurity a wisdom; be that King at home what the current, or credit of his former Government, for a while, may keep him: yet he is sure among forrain Princes to be justly censured as a Princely Shepherd, or Shepherdish King: which creatures of scorn seldome fail to become fit sacrifices for home-born discontentments, or ambitious forrain spirits to undertake, and offer up.

Againe, who sees not the chanceable arrivall of *Euarchus* into *Arcadia*; his unexpected election to the temporary Sovereignty of that State; his sitting in a cloudy seat of judgement, to give sentence (under a mask of Shepherds) against his Son, Nephew, Neeces, the immediate Successors to that Scepter; and all accused and condemned of rape, paricide, adulteries, or treasons, by their own Lawes: I say who sees not, that these dark webs of effeminate Princes be dangerous forerunners of innovation, even in a quiet, and equally tempered people? So that if Sir *Philip* had not made the integrity of this forrain King an image of more constant, pure, and higher strain, than nature makes those ordinary mouldes, wherein she fashioneth earthly Princes, even this opportunity, and map of desolation prepared for *Euarchus*, wherein he saw all the successors of this Province justly condemned under his own sentence, would have raised up specious rights, or pretences for new ambition in him; and upon the never-failing pillars of occasion, amasednes of people, and sad offer of glorious novelties, have tempted him to

establish this Election for a time, successively, to him and his for ever?

To be short, the like, and finer moralities offer themselves throughout that various, and dainty work of his, for sounder judgements to exercise their Spirits in; so that if the infancie of these *Ideas*, determining in the first generation, yield the ingenuous Reader such pleasant & profitable diversity, both of flowers, and fruits, let him conceive, if this excellent Image-maker had liv'd to finish, and bring to perfection this extraordinary frame of his own Common-wealth: I meane, the return of *Basilius*, from his dreames of humor, to the honor of his former Estate; the marriage of the two sisters with the two excellent Princes; their issue; the warres stirred up by *Amphialus*; his marriage with *Helena*; their successions; together with the incident Magnificences, pompes of state, providences of counsellors in treaties of peace, or alliance, summons of warres, and orderly execution of their disorders; I say, what a large field an active able spirit should have had to walk in, let the advised Reader conceive with grief. Especially if he please to take knowledge, that in all these creatures of his making, his intent, and scope was, to turn the barren Philosophy precepts into pregnant Images of life; and in them, first on the Monarch's part, lively to represent the growth, state, and declination of Princes, change of Government, and lawes: vicissitudes of sedition, faction, succession, confederacies, plantations [=colonies], with all other errors, or alterations in publique affaires. Then again in the subjects case; the state of favor, disfavor, prosperitie, adversity, emulation, quarrell, undertaking, retiring, hospitality, travail [=travel], and all other moodes of private fortunes, or misfortunes. In which traverses (I know) his purpose was to limn out such exact pictures, of every posture in the minde, that any man being forced, in the straines of this line, to pass through any straights, or latitudes of good, or ill fortune, might (as in a glasse) see how to set a good countenance upon all the discountenances of adversitie, and a stay upon the exorbitant smiling of chance.

Now, as I know this was the first project of these workes, rich (like his youth) in the freedome of affections, wit, learning, stile, form, and facilitie, to please others: so must I again (as ingenuously) confess, that when his body declined, and his piercing inward powers were lifted up to a purer Horizon, he then discovered, not onely the imperfection, but vanitie of these shadowes, how daintily

soever limned: as seeing that even beauty it self, in all earthly complexions, was more apt to allure men to evill, than to fashion any goodness in them. And from this ground, in that memorable testament of his, he bequeathed no other legacie, but the fire, to this unpolished Embrio. From which fate it is onely reserved, untill the world hath purged away all her more gross corruptions.

Again, they that knew him well, will truly confess, this *Arcadia* of his to be, both in form, and matter, as much inferior to that unbounded spirit of his, as the industry and Images of other mens works, are many times raised above the writers capacities: and besides acknowledge, that howsoever he could not choose but give them many aspersions of spirit, and learning from the Father; yet that they were scribled rather as pamphlets, for entertainment of time, and friends, than any accompt of himself to the world. Because if his purpose had been to leave his memory in books, I am confident, in the right use of Logick, Philosophy, History, and Poesie, nay evn in the most ingenuous of Mechanicall Arts, he would have shewed such tracts [=traits] of a searching, and judicious spirit; as the professors of every faculty would have striven no less for him, than the seaven Cities did to have *Homer* of their Sept [=sect, tribe]. But the truth is: his end was not writing, even while he wrote; nor his knowledge moulded for tables, or schooles; but both his wit, and understanding bent upon his heart, to make himself, and others, not in words or opinion, but in life, and action, good and great.

In which Architectonical art he was such a Master, with so commanding, and yet equall waies amongst men, that whersoever he went, he was beloved, and obeyed: yea into what Action soever he came last at the first, he became first at the last: the whole managing of the business, not by usurpation, or violence, but (as it were) by right, and acknowledgment, falling into his hands, as into a naturall Center.

[A]n unfortunate hand out of those forespoken Trenches, brake the bone of Sir *Philip's* thigh with a Musket-shot. The horse he rode upon, was rather furiously cholleric, than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest, and fittest biere to carry a Martiall Commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the Army, where his Uncle the Generall was, and being thirstie with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was

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putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor Souldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same Feast, gastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir *Philip* perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, *Thy necessity is yet greater than mine*. And when he had pledged this poor souldier, he was presently carried to *Arnheim*.

Againe, for the Arguments of these [Greville's own] Tragedies they be not naked, and casual, like the Greeke, and Latine, nor (I confesse) contrived with the variety, and unexpected encounters of the Italians, but nearer Level'd to those humours, counsels, and practices, wherein I thought fitter to hold the attention of the Reader, than in the strangeness, or perplexedness of witty Fictions; In which the affections, or imagination, may perchance find exercise, and entertainment, but the memory and judgement no enriching at all; Besides, I conceived these delicate Images to be over-abundantly furnished in all Languages already.

And [though] my Noble Friend had that dexterity, even with the dashes of his pen to make the *Arcadian* Antiques beautifie the Margents of his works;<sup>4</sup> yet the honour which (I beare him record) he never affected, I leave unto him, with this addition, that his end in them was not vanishing pleasure alone, but morall Images, and Examples, (as directing threds) to guide every man through the confused *Labyrinth* of his own desires, and life: So that howsoever I liked them<sup>5</sup> too well (even in that unperfected shape they were) to condescend that such delicate (though inferior) Pictures of himselfe, should be suppressed; yet I do wish that work may be the last in this kind, presuming no man that followes can ever reach, much lesse go beyond that excellent intended patterne of his.

For my own part, I found my creeping Genius more fixed upon the Images of Life, than the Images of Wit, and therefore chose not to write to them on whose foot the black Oxe had not already trod,<sup>6</sup> as the Proverbe is, but to those only, that are weather-beaten in the Sea of this World, such as having lost the sight of their Gardens, and groves, study to saile on a right course among Rocks, and quick-sands.

## NOTES

- 1 Gouws glosses 'indicating the essential nature or quality of some thing'.
- 2 Gouws glosses 'defaming, disparaging'.

- 3 Gouws glosses 'inclination, whim, caprice'.
- 4 Gouws, p.247, suggests that this is a reference to the Eclogues.
- 5 The 1652 edition, unlike the manuscripts and clearly in error, reads 'not too well'.
- 6 Proverbial expression for adversity and old age (Gouws, edn, p. 247).

## 40. 'Thus far the worthy Author...'

1613

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It is uncertain why—and by whom—the edition of 1613 was felt to need a further explanation of the break in the plot of Book III and the process by which the composite 1593 *Arcadia* had first been created. The passage to some extent takes the place of Sanford's preface (No. 20), which is omitted in 1613 (but restored in subsequent editions). 'Thus far the worthy Author...' is an expanded version of the note supplied at this point in other editions since 1593, which mostly corresponded to the closing paragraph below.

This fuller description of the 'unfortunate mayme' seems to have prompted Sir William Alexander to write his 'bridging passage' (No. 41). This was inserted in a later issue of the 1613 edition (see Bent Juel-Jensen, 'Sir Philip Sidney, 1554–1586: A Check-List of Early Editions of his Works', in Kay, pp. 295–7).

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*The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia...Now the Fourth Time Published,*  
London, 1613, sig. Ee5.

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Thus far the worthy Author had revised or enlarged that first written *Arcadia* of his, which onely passed from hand to hand, and was never printed: having a purpose likewise to have new ordered, augmented, and concluded the rest, had he not beene prevented by

untymely death. So that all which followeth here of this Work, remainyng as it was done and sent away in severall loose sheets (beeing never after reviewed, nor so much as scene all together by himself) without any certaine disposition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his, howsoever deprived of the just grace it should have had, [it] was held too good to be lost: & therefore with much labour were the best coherencies, that could be gathered out of those scattred papers, made, and afterwards printed as now it is, onely by hir Noble care to whose deare hand they were first committed, and for whose delight and intertaynement only undertaken.

What conclusion it should have had, or how far the Work have beene extended (had it had his last hand thereunto) was onely knowne to his owne spirit, where only those admirable Images were (and no where else) to bee cast.

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

## 41. Sir William Alexander (Earl of Stirling) 1616?; c.1634

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(a) Alexander's 'Supplement' was evidently prompted by the expanded account of the 'unfortunate mayme' in *Arcadia* in the Sidney Folio of 1613 (No. 40). It both fulfils the practical function of providing a 'bridging passage' and incorporates a reader's response to a work unusually directly in the work itself. (Alexander's piece was printed in the appropriate position in Sidney editions between 1621—it was inserted in some copies of the 1613 edition—and 1664. See Bent Juel-Jensen, 'Sir Philip Sidney, 1554–1586: A Check-List of Early Editions of his Work', in Kay, pp. 295–305).

Alexander's readers are invited to revisit their favourite

characters. The disabusing of Pamela about Zelmane's gender is an affectionately humorous reaction to Pamela's much stated 'majesty'. Basilius, Gynecia, and Dametas are similarly reintroduced (pp. 344–5). As Alexander explains at the end of the supplement, he aims to honour Sidney as much as *Arcadia* in the death of Philisides, which is the subject of the excerpt here. 'It is a nice touch to make Sidney in love with his own Philoclea' (*The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, ed. Maurice Evans, Harmondsworth, 1977, p. 864).

For the 'Tilting in *Iberia*', see *NA*, pp. 255–7. On the dating of the supplement, see further Alison Mitchell and Katharine Foster, 'Sir William Alexander's *Supplement* to Book III of Sidney's *Arcadia*', *The Library* 5th series, vol. 24, 1969, pp. 234–41.

Philisides, disguised as the Knight of the Sheep, has, while fighting with Anaxius, been fatally wounded in the thigh by an enemy dart (p. 328).

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From S[ir] W[illiam] Alexander], 'A Supplement of the Said Defect', *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*, London, 1621, pp. 337–8, 346.

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Being met and all others retired, hee with these wordes deeply wounded their soules. Deare friends, whom I may justly call so, though none of us as yet doth know another; I see I have acted my part, and the Curtaine must quickly bee drawne. Death, the onely period of all respects, doth dispense with a free speech. At a Tilting in *Iberia* (where I was borne) dedicated to the memorie of the Queene *Andromanes* marriage: a novice in armes (amongst others) I ranne in a Pastorall shew against the Corinthian knights, whom the successe had preferred in the opinion of the beholders: till the worthily admirable Princes, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, drawn forth by the yong Prince *Palladius*, brought back the reputation to our partie, and there did such things as might have honoured *Mars*, if he had beene in any of their places; and made eyther of them worthie of his. Thereafter being drawne away from that countrey by an accident, the report whereof craves a longer time, and a stronger breath than the heavens are like to afford mee, their glorie tyrannizing over my rest, did kindle such flames in my bosome, that

burning with a generous ardour, I did resolve (leaving mine owne cuntry, as too strict a bound for my thoughts) to trie my fortune where I might eyther live famous or die unknowne: vowing withall to travell, till those Princes were eyther the Subject or witnesses of my valour. What passed in my way, I passe over: perchance others may remember. At last, invited by fame, I came to this fatall COUNTRY: the band of my heart [it] was, and must bee of my bodie: where first carried with curiositie, the fever of youth, I went to the Arcadian Pastoralls for my recreation; but found the ruine of my rest. There, blinded with beholding and tormented with delight, my earnest eyes surfeited on the patterne of perfection, the quintessence of worth, even the most divinely divine *Philoclea*. Ah, too adventurous eyes! Neyther could this content them, but they would needes offer up her picture on the Altar of my heart; where, by my thoughts their choice might be allowed, yea, and Idolatrously advanced. For they, scorning the simple rudenesse of the eyes (as easily defrauded of their too forwardly affected object) would securely entreasure it in a more precious Place, by a piercing apprehension sinking it in the soule for ever. For a time, suffered as a stranger and a Sheepheard, knowne (as you know) by the name of *Philisides* amongst the rest I had the meanes to poure forth my complaints before her; but never to her; and (though ore-thrown, not rendred), I had concluded never to have thrown the Dice betwixt hope and despair, so betraying my estate to the tyrannie of anothers will. No, I was resolved she should never know her power in mee, till I had knowne her minde of mee: so that if she would not raise mee, she should not have meanes to insult over mee. Thus if I had not procured pitie, I should not have exposed my selfe to disdaine.

In the haughtinesse of my heart (thinking nothing impossible) I durst promise my selfe that (my deedes having purchased reputation) with wordes, worthy of respect, I might venter the processe of my affection. In the meane time I joined joyfully with you in this late warre now ended: though professing a general desire of glorie, yet for a particular end, and happie end, since I end for her. But since, whilst I lived, I had not the meanes (as I wished) to content her, I crave not, by knowledge of this, after death to discontent her. It shall satisfie mee that I die before my hopes: and shee cannot grieve for the loss of that which shee never knew to be hers.

With this, the other sliding apart to beare and burie his sorrow privately, the blacke Knight weeping embraced him in his armes,



and told him what hee was: saying hee was glad that his vow was performed; hee being a benefited witsse, not the endangered subject of his valour. Then contentment, budding forth in his countenance, flourished in a smile: and having kissed his friendes, desiring to live in their memorie, wished them as contented lives, as his was a death. Hee died as joyfully as hee left them sorrowfull, who had knowed him a mirrouer of courage, and courtesie, of learning and armes; so that it seemed, that *Mars* had begotten him upon one of the Muses.

If this little Essay have not that perfection which is required for supplying the want of that place for which it was intended, yet shall it serve as shadow to give luster to the rest. I have onely heerein conformed my selfe to that which preceeded my beginning, and was knowne to be that admirable Authors owne, but doe differ in some things from that which followes, specially in the death of *Philisides*, making choise of a course, whereby I might best manifest what affection I beare to the memorie of him, whom I tooke to be alluded unto by that name, and whom I onely by this imperfect parcell (designing more) had a minde to honour.

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(b) From *Anacrisis: or, A Censure of Some Poets Ancient and Modern*, in *The Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden*, Edinburgh, 1711, pp. 161–2. (Alexander wished ‘this Piece [to] appear to the World with your Name’ as a testimony to their friendship and to Drummond’s diligent perusal of the poets; *ibid.*, p. 158).

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But I confess that the *Arcadia* of S.P.Sidney (either being considered in the whole, or in several Lineaments) is the most excellent Work that, in my Judgment, hath been written in any Language that I understand, affording many exquisite Types of Perfection for both the Sexes; leaving the Gifts of Nature, whose Value doth depend upon the Beholders, wanting no Virtue whereof a Humane Mind would be capable. As for Men, Magnanimity, Carriage, Courtesy, Valour, Judgment, Discretion; and in Women, Modesty, Shamefastness, Constancy, Continency, still accompanied with a tender sense of Honour. And his chief Persons being Eminent for some singular Virtue, and yet all Virtues being united in every one

of them, Men equally excelling both for Martial Exercise and for Courtyl Receptions, showing the Author, as he was indeed, alike well versed both in Learning and Arms: It was a great Loss to Posterity, that his untimely Death did prevent the Accomplishing of that excellent Work.

Long since, being young, I adventured a Piece with him, beginning at the very half Sentence, where he left with the Combat betwixt *Zelmane* and *Anaxius*, and continuing till the Ladies were returned to their Father, intending further, if I had not been otherways diverted, meerly out of my Love to the Author's Memory, which I celebrated under the Name of *Philisides*; intending to have altered all that followed after my Addition, having conformed my self only to that which went before; and though being there but an Imitator, I could not really give the Principall it self, but only as it were the Pourtrait, and that done by too gross a Pencil, *Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum*.<sup>1</sup> It were enough to be excellent by being Second to *Sidney*, since who ever could be that, behoved to be before others.

This Kind of Invention in Prose, hath been attempted by sundry in the Vulgar Languages, as (leaving, as not worthy to be named here, those ridiculous Works composed of Impossibilities, and considering the best,) *Sanazarius's Arcadia* in *Italian*, *Diana de Montemajor* in *Spanish*, *Astrea* in *French*, whose Authors being all of excellent Wits, in a Bucolick Strain disguising such Passions of Love, as they suffered or devised under the Persons of Shepherds, were bound by the Decorum of that which they profess'd, to keep so low a Course, that though their Spirits could have reach'd to more generous Conceptions, yet they could not have delivered them in Pastorals, which are only capable of Affections fit for their Quality; where *S.P.Sidney*, as in an Epick Poem did express such things, as both in War and in Peace were fit to be practised by Princes. The most lofty of the other is the Marquis *d'Urfee* in his *Astrea*, and the choise Pieces there, representing any of the better Sorts, do seem borrowed from ancient Histories, or else Narrations that hapned in modern Times, rather than true Discourses showing Persons such as they were indeed, though with other Names, than for the framing of them for Perfection, they should have been devised to be.

SIDNEY

NOTE

- 1 'Not every man has the good fortune to go to Corinth' (Horace, *Epistolae*, I.xli.36).

## 42. Lady Mary Wroth 1621

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The title-page of *Urania* proclaims its literary credentials: it is 'Written by the right honorable the Lady Mary Wroath. Daughter to the right Noble Robert Earle of Leicester. And Neece to the ever famous, and renowned Sr Phillips Sidney knight.' Barbara Kiefer Lewalski suggests some of the ways in which Wroth responds to her uncle's work: 'the interspersed songs and complaint poems assigned to characters at moments of special emotional crisis; the eclogues ending book one; the opening *locus amoenus* passage; the first episode focusing on a shepherdess, Urania;...a knight [Leonius] who cross-dresses as a nymph to woo a shepherdess [Veralinda]; the counterfeit death of a captive lady staged to deceive her lover' (Barbara Kiefer Lewalski, *Writing Women in Jacobean England*, Cambridge, Mass., 1993, p. 264). Two of these examples are given in part below. The first, in comparison with the opening of the revised *Arcadia*, illustrates the extent to which female characters and viewpoints are emphasized by Wroth (see further Introduction, p. 23; *Urania* 'begins with generic allusion to, and reversal of, the opening of Sidney's *Arcadia*, where two shepherds lament the absence of their beloved Urania; here Urania is present but absent to herself' (ibid., p. 274). The second extract draws loosely on the apparent executions of Pamela and Philoclea (*NA*, pp. 425ff.).

The Countess of Montgomery of the title is Wroth's friend Susan Herbert.

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*The Countesse of Mountgomerie Urania*, London, 1621, pp. 1-2, 30-4.

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When the Spring began to appeare like the welcome messenger of Summer, one sweet (and in that more sweet) morning, after *Aurora* had called all carefull eyes to attend the day, forth came the faire Shepherdesse *Urania*, (faire indeed; yet that farre too meane a title for her, who for beautie deserv'd the highest stile could be given by best knowing Judgements). Into the Meade she came, where usually she drave her flocks to feede, whose leaping and wantonnesse shewed they were proud of such a Guide: But she, whose sad thoughts led her to another manner of spending her time, made her soone leave them, and follow her late begun custome; which was (while they delighted themselves) to sit under some shade, bewailing her misfortune; while they fed, to feed upon her owne sorrow and teares, which at this time she began againe to summon, sitting downe under the shade of a well-spread Beech; the ground (then blest) and the tree with full, and fine leaved branches, growing proude to beare, and shadow such perfections. But she regarding nothing, in comparison of her woe, thus proceeded in her griefe: Alas *Urania*, said she, (the true servant to misfortune); of any miserie that can befall woman, is not this the most and greatest which thou art falne into? Can there be any neare the unhappinesse of being ignorant, and that in the highest kind, not being certaine of mine own estate or birth? Why was I not still continued in the beleefe I was, as I appeare, a Shepherdes, and Daughter to a Shepherd? My ambition then went no higher then this estate, now flies it to a knowledge; then was I contented, now perplexed. O ignorance, can thy dulnesse yet procure so sharpe a paine? and that such a thought as makes me now aspire unto knowledge? How did I joy in this poore life being quiet? blest in the love of those I tooke for parents, but now by them I know the contrary, and by that knowledge, not to know my selfe. Miserable *Urania*, worse art thou now then these thy Lambs; for they know their dams, while thou dost live unknowne of any. By this were others come into that Meade with their flocks: but shee esteeming her sorrowing thoughts her best, and choycest companie, left that place, taking a little path which brought her to the further side of the plaine, to the foote of

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the rocks, speaking as she went these lines, her eies fixt upon the ground, her very soule turn'd into mourning.

Unseene, unknowne, I here alone complaine  
To Rocks, to Hills, to Meadows, and to Springs,  
Which can no helpe returne to ease my paine,  
But back my sorrowes the sad Echo brings.  
Thus still encreasing are my woes to me,  
Doubly resounded by that monefull voice,  
Which seemes to second me in miserie,  
And answeere gives like friend of mine own choice.  
Thus onely she doth my companion prove,  
The others silently doe offer ease:  
But those that grieve, a grieving note doe love;  
Pleasures to dicing eies bring but disease:  
And such am I, who daily ending live,  
Wayling a state which can no comfort give.

[Urania later discovers that she is of royal blood.]

[Rosindy is besieging Thessalonica, where the rebel Clotorindus holds Queen Meriana captive. Clotorindus concludes his speech to Rosindy from the walls:]

...farewell, doe thy worst proud Prince, and all thy fond companie: but take this with thee before the Towne bee wonne, thy heart shall ake more, then ever any wound would come neare thee to bring it, or the wound of thy fond love.

With that he went from the wall, and in stead of the white Flag, presently a bloody one was hung forth, which continued till the next day, when as to the same place *Meriana* was brought, with an infinite number of armed men, dressed as to her Wedding, a Crowne on her head, and her haire all downe. To this sight was most of the Army drawne, but *Rosindy*, with most hast greedily beholding her beauty, and hearkening to her speech, which was this.

*Clotorindus*, thou hast now (I confesse) some pittie in thee, since thou wilt free mee from my miserable living, I thanke thee for it, and *Rosindy* I hope shall requite it, to whom I commend my best and last love; farewell brave Prince, but bee thus confident that I am just. With that they inclosed her round in a circle, often before seeking to hinder her last speech.

Presently was shee out of *Rosindies* sight, and presently againe

brought into it to his extreamest miserie, for onely that peerelesse head was scene of him, being set upon a pillar, and that pillar being upon the top of the Pallace, the haire hanging in such length and delicacie, as although it somewhat covered with the thickness of it, part of the face, yet was that, too sure a knowledge to *Rosindie* of her losse, making it appeare unto him, that none but that excellent Queene was mistrisse of that excellent haire. His soule and heart rent with this sight, and the seeing it a farre off, rising with such speed it seemd a Comet to show before their ruine, or like the Moone, having borrowed the Sunnes beames to glorifie her pale face with his golden rayes.

[Led by the distraught *Rosindy* the besiegers take the town 'with furious rage, and mercilesse crueltie'. But they cannot find the head, whose 'deare, though pale dead lipps' he wishes one last time to kiss. Clotorindus jeeringly deprives *Rosindy* of the satisfaction of killing him by taking his own life.]

Then went *Rosindy* on further, hoping in despaire to know how his soule was parted from him, and where the bodie did remaine, meaning on that place to make his Tombe, and in it to consume, pine, and die. With this hee went into many roomes, but found no bodie: then went hee to the Gallerie where hee first spake with her, throwing himselfe upon the ground, kissing the place, and weeping out his woe. *Selarinus* staid with him to hinder anie rash, or sudden attempt, hee might make upon himselfe; *Leandrus* and the rest made safe the Towne, and tooke all the people that were left (which were but few) to mercie in *Rosindies* name, who lying thus, at last start up, crying, hee heard his Lady call for helpe. *Selarinus* doubting it had beene but some unrulie passion, mistrusting more his friend, seeing the vehemency of his passion, then hoping the truth of this, followed him, till he came into a Tower at the end of the Gallery, where hee also heard a voice pitifully complaining, at last hearing it bring forth these words, O *Rosindy*, how justly hast thou dealt with me, and royally performed thy word? but wretch that I am, I shall not doe soe with thee, for heere must I consume my dayes unknowne to thee, and wald up with misery, and famine die.

This was enough for the two brave men to make new comfort, in new strength to relieve her, wherefore *Rosindy* cry'd out, dost thou live my *Meriana*? heere is thy faithfull love, and servant come to rescue thee.

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O my Lord, said shee, never in a happyer time, quickly then give me life with your sight. Then ran *Selarinus* downe with joy to call for helpe, *Rosindy* examining every place, where he might find the fittest to come to throw downe the wall; but then a new feare tooke him, how they might doe that, and not hurt her; but the greatest danger must be avoyded, and the lesse taken, so the soldiers came and threw down the wall, *Rosindy* still crying to her to take heed; and when they came to the last blow, that there was a place appear'd (though small) into the roome, none then must worke there but himselfe, least dust, or any the least thing might offend her.

But when the wall was so much downe as she was able to come out, with what joy did he hold her, and she embrace her love? Imagine excellent lovers, what two such could doe, when after the sight of one dead, the other wall'd to certaine death, seeing both taken away, and mett with comfort, what could they say? what joy possess'd them? heavenly comfort, and all joyes on earth knit in this to content them.

Then did *Rosindy* as much weepe with joy, as hee did before with mourning, and shee weeped to see his teares, so as joye not being able to expresse it selfe, was forced to borrow part with sorrow to satisfie it.

[The illusion of the severed head had been achieved by the ingenious construction of a pillar within which Meriana was raised 'as no more appeared above it then her chinne comming over it'. The impression was enhanced by 'the greife and her owne complection naturally a little pale'.]

### 43. *Love's Changelings' Change*

1621>

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This anonymous play was probably written after 1621, since Act IV, scenes iv–vi adapt material from Alexander's supplement (No. 41 (a)), first published with *Arcadia* in that year. (For further discussion, see Rota, p. 98.) The plot closely follows Sidney's treatment of the stories of the Arcadian royal family, including

Cecropia and Amphialus. (Other stories, like that of Argalus and Parthenia, are mostly omitted.) Among the most prominent scenes are the arguments between Cecropia and the princesses, and the princes' trial; if staged, the serious jousting and its comic analogue in the duel between Dametas and Clinias (III. xi–xii), both announced by drums and trumpets, would also have been important. The eclogues are omitted, with the exception of 'Wee love and are beloved again...' (II.ii.363 ff.), a version of the statements and replies at the beginning of the First Eclogues (see John P. Cutts, 'More Manuscript Poems by Sidney', *English Language Notes*, vol. 9, 1971–2, pp. 3–12). A version of 'Transform'd in shew...' (OA 1) is also included (II.i.23ff.). (a) III.xix.553–95. Pyrocles' reaction to the apparent execution of Philoclea has evident theatrical appeal. (For methods of presenting decapitation in the theatre see Andrew Gurr, *The Shakespearean Stage 1574–1642*, 3rd edn, Cambridge, 1992, pp. 183–4). This scene is preceded by a sequence of more rapid action in which the Basilians and Amphialans fight, Cecropia issues threats from the battlements and Basilius and Gynecia respond, and Cecropia confronts the princesses once more; it is followed by Cecropia's death, Amphialus' attempted suicide, and Anaxius' oath of revenge, ending Act III. The present from Pamela (lines 589–91 below) is, as Rota, p. 299n., points out, the dramatist's addition.

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British Library, MS Egerton 1994, III.xix.553–95

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*Enter Pyrocles, musing; a shreeke from within, while he looks about a head in a bloody basin is set.*

*Pyrocles.* Ha—whence is this!  
 What's this—Philoclea's head?  
 Sure 'tis alive, or death hath stolne her beauty  
 T' appeare more lovely in't; but oh—thoust robd  
 The world of her best Jemme to decke thy pride,  
 And make me miserable: o heav'n, rebell earth,  
 Blind fortune, justice injustice,  
 Damnable caytiffe that did it, divilish Spirit that procur'd it,  
 Accursed light that beheld it, and worst of all  
 O lothed sight of mine that sees it now,



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And doe I see Philoclea dead? Yet live  
 And did I live not to prevent it, but  
 Now 'tis donne, wish it were undonne and stand  
 Thus wishing still? But is Philoclea dead? 'tis soe  
 Unhappy word? and yet most happy, when  
 'Tshall soe bee sed of mee and long I knowe  
 It cannot bee. *Falls. Enter Philoclea.*

*Philoclea.* I've found the noyse disquieted my thoughtes  
 This whole night. *Pyrocles.* Whats there? *Philoclea.* A  
 freind. *She goes to him.*

*Pyrocles.* Theres none left. *Philoclea.* Noe?  
 What if youre freind you soe lament, live still?

*Pyrocles.* Are you a spirit, sent mee from beelowe,  
 To mocke the remnant of my life away?  
 Shees dead, I say, and saw it to—o wretch!

*Philoclea.* What though, be comforted: Nature was not  
 Asleepe when shee was formd: your liking may  
 Find her superior and thinke soe to.

*Pyrocles.* How her superior?

*rises and offers to strike her; she startles.*

What still thus mockt? noe, tis Philoclea's face  
 Her sweetness grace and beauty.

*goes neerer her, hee kneels to her.*

Good Angell, nowe my Guardian, since thou deignest  
 To take that shape, than which a more Angelicall  
 Thou couldst not find, I am emboldened to—

*Philoclea.* Stay—keepe thy prayers to an other time.

I am a mortall—and thy dead supposed—  
 Philoclea, witnes this hand, th'other  
 S'Imployd in this due service from yet living  
 Pamela: pray tak't, this will confirme my words.  
*gives him the present.*

*Pyrocles.* Dare I yet trust mine eyes? I sawe your heads  
 And live you still?

*Philoclea.* Yet trust my faith which speakes us both alive.

*Pyrocles.* Yet I must see it, er I can revive.

*Philoclea.* Then goe with mee.  
*Exeunt.*

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(b) Euarchus responds to the revelation of the identity of the condemned princes. Rota, p. 372n., points out that in *Arcadia* Basilius' manner is much sterner: there he dwells on the

princes' guilt rather than his grief, which shows itself in tears more than words (see further Rota, p. 102).

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V.vi.514 SD-34.

*Euarchus kisses [Pyrocles and Musidorus] and weepes*

Euarchus. I knowe you now—o greife—both for mine owne  
But you have anticipated my blessing,  
And that Drawes teares; o yee immortall powers  
And yee Arcadian Lawes witnes with mee  
I have not past the bounds of Justice nor  
Your rightes, beeing meerey ignorant how neere  
My loynes they lay; yet since, past expectacon,  
I find they prove my sonne and nephewe,  
In whom I plact all momentary joyes,  
And thought my selfe, now neere my grave, to live  
A second life in them. But Justice shall  
Not hault, I doe prefer those staves [the princes] beefore  
My life, but Justice fore 'm both.  
It is Decreed, and long I knowe I shanot  
Survive them, but shall sigh away the remnant  
Of my life not yet past Dayes: and when they'r gone  
Let one urne holde our ashes—oh—  
*weepes*  
Tis past it cannot be recalld, I have  
Pronounc with yours my death, Lord Philinax  
Pray sect performd and speedily.

## 44. James Johnstoun

1621–5?

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Nothing is known of James Johnstoun. His supplement was not published until 1638, but since it is dedicated to James VI it could date from between 1593, when the composite *Arcadia*

## SIDNEY

appeared, and James's death in 1625. Possibly Johnstoun was inspired by his fellow Scot Sir William Alexander (No. 41), whose supplement was first inserted in the Sidney narrative in the edition of 1621. Johnstoun's version was added only as an appendix, which may suggest Alexander's priority (but, again, this could be priority of publication rather than composition). Johnstoun's reference below to James's 'great accompt' of 'the Writer' contrasts with Ben Jonson's assertion that the King 'said Sir P.Sidney was no poet' (No. 27c), but possibly recalls his youthful elegy for the servant of Mars, Minerva, Apollo and the Graces, in *Academiae Cantabrigiensis lachrymae* (No. 11).

Johnstoun is less conspicuously interested than Alexander in the detailed recreation of Sidney's style. (A more general form of imitation is, however, clearly intended, as in the development of the explicitly Kalander-like Xerxenus and his ideal home towards the end of the second extract below.) His approach is sometimes more moralistic, as when Anaxius pleads with Pyrocles/Zelmane to spare him 'that I may live to amend my wicked life; acknowledging now, that there is a God, that disposeth of worldly things, according to his pleasure' (sigs aa2<sup>v</sup>-3). The death of Johnstoun's Knight of the Star/Philisides is less prominent than that of Alexander's Knight of the Sheep/Philisides, but is again evidently conceived as a tribute to Sidney, dependent on the reader's knowledge of the manner of his fatal wounding, his 'most sumptuous and magnificent' funeral, and his place in 'the everlasting monuments of fame' (sig. bb). Dametas and his family, as in Alexander and most contemporary dramatic versions of *Arcadia*, remain to the fore.

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From 'A Supplement to the third booke of Arcadia', sigs aa1-1<sup>v</sup>, bb2-2<sup>v</sup>, in *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*, London, 1638.

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'To the Most Potent, High, and Invincible Prince, K.James the Sixt, King of Scotland, &c....'

Having, Sir, at some idle houres, oft and oft evolved [*sic*] the worke of Sir *Philip Sidney*, intituled his *Arcadia*, I was carried with such

pleasure in praising the same, that I could never find an end of reading: while at length my braine transported with the Idea's of his conceit, brought forth a little complement, of what was rather desired than wanting in him: desired, I say, because there is nothing missing but himselfe; and yet his person is so well represented in his worke, that if he any wayes could be absented from the assertion of the Ladies [the princesses'] liberty, it was needfull, because he left in the midst; that by that want his want should be livelier deciphered. True it is, that whatsoever is wanting in him, can no more be filled up but by himselfe, than one man can invest anothers mind: yet I have assayed to play the Ape, albeit I cannot represent the author. However it be, I can not thinke how it shall be better censured, than by your Majesties owne tryall; who, beside the great accompt your Majesty hath of the Writer, could better supply your selfe his default, than any other that I know.... The language, so far as I could, I have borrowed from himselfe; and if I be more compendious herein, than need were, I am bound within the limits of his owne conceits, which I durst not exceed: further your Majesty in censuring may better conjecture, then I can informe thereabout.

[Mopsa has been called away by the agonies of her parents, who have mistaken hemlock for parsnips.] *Dorus*, catching the occasion thus presented, with griefe in his mind, and tears in his eyes; Deare Lady (saith he) suffer not to escape so happy an occasion, in bestowing your comfortable *Nepenthe* on him, who, since your last justly conceived hatred, tasted of no kind of comfort. Be not ingrate in giving me life, who have beene at so neere a period of my life, in the defence of your honours, and affection of your liberties: The Sword of *Amphialus* thirsting for victorious blood, and forces of the *Anaxians*, (while I alone sustained their fury) could not bereave me thereof, which the force of love makes me to sacrifice at your feet. If my rash attempts, and heedlesse folly, inflamed with the fiercenesse of love, made me presumptuous, and my presumptuousnesse hath procured your wrath, pardon me, and punish love: but if your Princely heart can be voide of Compassion, then doe me this honour, that in your sight I may punish the body, that durst offend the divine *Pamela*: and with that falling on his knees, he pulled out his dagger, and holding the point against his brest, would have offered his soule for expiation of his fault; when

the noble *Pamela* pulling him off his knees, and softly taking the dagger from him, delivered to him by the Point, saying, Reserve thy weapons, *Dorus*, to a better use: if thou hast done so much as thou saist, for my reliefe, I freely pardon thee thy folly, providing thou abstaine in time comming from the like. Onely recount to me your adventures, and what Knights they were that accompanied you, and whence ye obtained those forces; and then, if you list, I will heare your other purpose. *Dorus* as much content, as they that finde unexpected reliefe in extreme miserie, kissing those hands that had lately redeemed him from voluntary death, was for a while transported with such unspeakable joy, that silence was the best signe of his sicknesse: yet being returned to himselfe, with humble reverence, and hearty thankes, fetching his sight from *Pamela's* eyes, and breath from her breath, liking better the conclusion than the beginning of his speech, hasted to the period with such speedy diligence, as he might without marring the prologue.

[Musidorus begins his narrative. He fought as the Black Knight, withdrew 'fearing to be knowne', and had ridden two or three miles when:] I had the sight of a faire Castle standing in a pleasant vallie, neere a wood, and not farre from the River *Erimanthus*; which castle, I understood of some shepheards neere by, that it belonged to an aged Lord, who in that part of the countrey was no lesse famous for hospitalitie than *Kalander*, and was beside a man of no mean account. Thither I desired the shepheards to lead me, loving the very name of *Kalander* so well, that I longed for that aged mans acquaintance: which they performed very willingly, the rather, because they knew the Gentlemans disposition to be enclined to the courteous entertainment of strangers, wherein *Arcadia* more then any other countrey is notable. This aged mans name was *Xerxenus*; who after most friendly salutations conveyed mee to his castle, beautiful indeed to the eye, and strong for defence: It was built of hewen stone, and environed with ditches; the lights were few, yet so artificially placed, that no time of the yeere, nor houre of the day, the Sunne shining envied his beams to those windowes: and yet they were onely on two sides of the tower, which being so situate according to the shape of the Isle, as two corners pointing towards the South and North, the other two towards the East and West, the lights were on the South east and South-west sides of the whole edifice. Joined to the tower were other buildings, as galleries, parlors, chambers, and other houses necessary for finenesse of

workmanship and cleanliness within, comparable to Ivory palaces: on each side of the tower were large vaults, with swelling pyramids at every corner, planted above with all kindes of fruitfull trees, and herbes of faire shew and odoriferous smell, with many other such singularities, as may farre better be divined than exprest by tongue. But all the singularities of the place were farre surmounted by the friendly invitations and entertainment of more than courteous *Xerxenus*.

## 45. John Donne 1621–31

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Donne's poem on the Sidney Psalms, first published in 1635, must have been written between the death of the Countess of Pembroke in September 1621 (she has been 'translated' to Heaven in line 53) and Donne's own death in March 1631. His awareness that Psalms are better 'attyr'd' abroad than at home probably reflects an awareness of the Sidneys' use of the Protestant Psalms of Marot and Bèze as their principal source. Helen Gardner (*John Donne, The Divine Poems*, Oxford, 1952, p. 103) gives a different explanation: "Abroad", that is in "chambers", the Psalms can be found in this admirable version; "at home", that is in Churches, they are sung in a bad version.'

'Upon the translation of the Psalmes by Sir *Philip Sydney*, and the Countesse of Pembroke his Sister', in *The Complete English Poems of John Donne*, ed. C.A.Patrides, London, 1985, pp. 467–9.

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Eternall God (for whom who ever dare  
 Seeke new expressions, doe the Circle square,  
 And thrust into strait corners of poore wit  
 Thee, who art cornerlesse and infinite)

SIDNEY

I would but blesse thy Name, not name thee now;  
 (And thy gifts are as infinite as thou:)  
 Fixe we our prayes therefore on this one,  
 That, as thy blessed Spirit fell upon  
 These Psalmes first Author in a cloven tongue;  
 (For 'twas a double power by which he sung  
 The highest matter in the noblest forme;)  
 So thou hast cleft that spirit, to performe  
 That worke againe, and shed it, here, upon  
 Two that make one *John Baptists* holy voyce;  
 And who that Psalme, *Now let the Iles rejoyce*,  
 Hath both translated, and apply'd it too,  
 But told us what, and taught us how to doe.  
 They shew us Ilanders our joy, our King,  
 They tell us *why*, and teach us *how* to sing.  
 Make all this All, three Quires, heaven, earth, and sphears;  
 The first, Heaven, hath a song, but no man heares,  
 The Spheares have Musick, but they have no tongue,  
 Their harmony is rather danc'd than sung;  
 But our third Quire, to which the first gives Eare,  
 (For, Angels learne by what the Church does here)  
 This Quire hath all. The Organist is hee  
 Who hath tun'd God and Man, the Organ we:  
 The songs are these, which heavens high holy Muse  
 Whisper'd to *David*, *David* to the Jewes:  
 And  *Davids* Successors, in holy zeale,  
 In formes of joy and art doe re-reveale  
 To us so sweetly and sincerely too,  
 That I must not rejoyce as I would doe,  
 When I beholde that these Psalmes are become  
 So well attyr'd abroad, so ill at home,  
 So well in Chambers, in thy Church so ill,  
 As I can scarce call that reform'd, untill  
 This be reform'd; Would a whole State present  
 A lesser gift than some one man hath sent?  
 And shall our Church, unto our Spouse and King  
 More hoarse, more harsh than any other, sing?  
 For *that* we pray, we praise thy name for *this*,  
 Which, by this *Moses* and this *Miriam*, is  
 Already done; and as those Psalmes we call  
 (Though some have other Authors)  *Davids* all:  
 So though some have, some may some Psalmes translate,  
 We thy Sydnean Psalmes shall celebrate,

And, till we come th'Extemporall song to sing,  
(Learn'd the first hower, that we see the King,  
Who hath translated those translators) may  
These their sweet learned labours, all the way  
Be as our tuning, that, when hence we part,  
We may fall in with them, and sing our part.

## 46. Sir Richard Beling

1624

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Richard Beling or Bellings (d. 1677), later well known as an Irish landowner, Royalist and historian, wrote his continuation of *Arcadia* while a student at Lincoln's Inn. It first appeared in a separate quarto edition (Dublin, 1624).

Beling's work is 'primarily a brief exercise in tying up loose ends' (Kay, p. 22), and in the imitation of Sidneian rhetoric.

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*A Sixth Booke, to the Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia, Written by R.B. of Lincolnes Inne, Esq.,* London, 1628, with *The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia*, London, 1627, pp. 494–7.

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[Amphialus, disguised as 'the Naked Knight', has defeated all comers in a tilt in celebration of the wedding of the Arcadian princesses. He fights in the name of Helen, whom he believes to be dead, and whose love he now at last reciprocates. Helen, believing Amphialus to be a captive, has just arrived from Delphi, where she has been told that a naked knight will fulfil her hopes and bring her peace of mind. Basilius tells her of the knight and his success, and brings him to her.]

The Queene gathering comfort from his promise [to endeavour anything for her sake] and seeing faire likelihood of the Oracles accomplishment; with the oratory of love, who thinkes no words but his owne able to expresse his minde, began in this manner. Sir,



ill fortune my awfull governess, as in the most of my actions she is pleas'd to keepe a hard hand over me, so in this (distrustfull belike of my willingnesse) she forces me to repeat my wonted lesson of receiving courtesies without power of requitall; making one undeserved favor from you become the cause of further beholdingness to you: But the glory that followes your good success in this adventure (the best spur to set forward brave spirits to noble actions) hath almost assur'd me, that the love you profess, and a distressed Ladies cause, neede not joyne petitioners in a request your vertue must be willing to grant. The reward of your victory, is the releasing of *Amphialus*; of whom I may speake, and the world with me, all praise-worthy things. Madam, replied the naked Knight, I thought the gods could not have favour'd me more, than in giving you respite of life, and mee power to be serviceable to you: but when I consider the end I must employ my endeavours to, it buries my conceited happinesse in the grave of a certaine misfortune. Should I labour to preserve that monster of men, whose story (if the world will needs reade) contains nothing but a volume of disasters, & a vaine discourse of a few adventures, cast upon him by the blindness of chance? Shall I hazzard my life for him, against whom, had I lives innumerable, I would venture them all? Shall I live to make another happy in your favour, and crosse mine own desires? No Madam, I will sooner leave my blood here before you, as a testimony that feare hath no interest in my disobedience to your command, than I will make my after-life truly miserable in the burden of a hopelesse affection. To this the Queen awhile in teares, as if her eies strove to speak for her, made a silent answer: but when her sighs had breath'd forth the overcharge of her brest, first she kneeled, then faintly said; O eternall president of this Court of cares, when will thy just pitie commiserate my distresse? Alas Sir, what new way have the gods found to vent their malice on me! Have I made disdain my only mishap, and must now affection to mewards be another undeserved misfortune? Behold Sir, and if you can, with pitie, a Queene, borne to command, a suppliant at your feete, begging what goodnesse sollicites you to grant; Release *Amphialus*: and if your jealousie thinkes hee hath too much interest in my love, restore him to the world that wants him; I will vow a Virgins life. Stay, vertuous Queene, replied the naked Knight, and lifting up his Beaver, Receive, said he, thou best of women thy overjoy'd *Amphialus*.

The Queene, as when the Ocean swells with the rage of a tempest, if on a sudden, the blasts be appeas'd, yet the proud waves, mindefull of their forepast injurie, and indispos'd to so speedie a reconcilment, some while retain the rough remembrance of the windes malice: so were her thoughts, before mov'd with the storme of despaire, though now she had cause of contented quiet, on a sudden, incapable of so unlook't for a happinesse; first doubt, then amazement, lastly excesse of joy, by succession were admitted to the Helm of her distressed heart. But when joy had once got to be the steers-man, his want of practice (by his long absence from that employment) soon brought a confusion: here the warme teares of sorrow, there the cold drops of a present comfort, did strive whether should shewe himselfe most officious in drowning her pale blushing cheekes. At length they both, no longer able to resist this powerfull invasion of their mindes (as by mutuall consent) fell, the one intwin'd in the others armes, and made the earth happy in bearing such matchlesse lovers: But their senses being soon restor'd to their wonted function, after some passionate words (to which their eies and the touch of their hands gave the life of expression) *Amphialus*, divided into many minds by the turbulent working of his thoughts (turning towards his Uncle) with his eies fixt on the ground, stood with the grace of a man condemned, who, having led a lothsome life in an ugly dungeon, is now brought to a freedome of looking upon the open aire, but sees the day is but a Taper to light him to his execution. Of the one side he was brought from the hell of despaire, wherein he liv'd, in the assurance of *Hellens* death, to the certainty of her life & presence: on the other, what was his treason to his Uncle, to expect but an infamous death, & a divorce from his new-born happiness. The shame also of a crime as foule as his rebellion, was not the least torment to his minde, unwillingly beaten from a settled course of vertue by *Cecropia's* practices. At length (when these thoughts, that almost overcame all the powers of life in him, were themselves overcome by his resolution) casting himselfe at *Basilus* his feet, he thus said: Great Sir, if treason in a subject, and unnaturalnesse in a nephew be punishable, here you have before you a fit exercise for your justice: I am that subject, whose rebellion interrupted the contented quiet of my Kings solitarie life, & brought him to behould the bloody tragedy of a civill dissension in his divided State: I am that nephew, whom a wilful disobedience made a traitor to the nearness of his blood. Hither did I come (*Orestes-like*

tormented by the inward fright of my guilty conscience) with my bloud to wash away (if good fortune, in the defence of the cause I under tooke, would draw death upon me) the staines of such unpardonable faults: but now that I have found what I least look't for (and then he cast a sidelook on *Hellen*) for her, I confesse, I should desire to live, if your just indignation might finde mercie for so hainous offences: which I will not strive to mitigate (how ever justly I may:) for I would thinke such faults ill excus'd, with which (to ease my selfe) I must have burdened my nearest friends.

[Basilus pardons Amphialus, pleased with his 'vertuous acknowledgement' and having, besides, 'long since...buried in oblivion, the thought of your rashnesse, because I knew (by what after happened) that the gods had made you an instrument to worke their ends'. Amphialus then salutes Gynecia, Euarchus and the former 'black Knight' Musidorus. To have been overcome by Musidorus is, Amphialus assures him, an honour.]

Courteous *Amphialus*, repli'd the Prince, whose side the advantage of Fortune did then incline to, if it may bee determined; with greater reason, and more desert should the honour bee given you, than bestowed on mee: but however, such tryall I then made of your manhood, that hereafter I shall desire to bee of your part. Worthie Prince, said *Amphialus*, your vertue will always chuse to bee of the weaker side: and so turning to *Philoclea*, Divine Lady, said hee, in your excellent choyce of the famous *Pyrocles*, you have (besides the happinesse gain'd to your selfe, for which the world may envie you) shew'd mee the way to my best hopes, by grafting my affection in the stocke of my *Hellens* constancie. Deare Cousin, replied *Philoclea*, I am glad it was in my power, and your fortune so much to better your choise in so excellent a remove. And so casting a bashfull look towards *Pyrocles*; Sir, said she, we may joyne in thanksgiving: This is my Cousin, whose vertuous disposition during our imprisonment, was our safest defence against my Aunt *Cecropia's* crueltie. I doe acknowledge it, said *Pyrocles*, and besides this favour (in which we have a common interest) Sir, I must crave pardon for a wound given you at such a time, when belike you made Patience your only defence. *Amphialus* stood with his eye fixed on *Pyrocles*: for his memory supply'd him with a confused remembrance of such a face. *Zelmane* hee could not take him to bee; her sexe and this change, at

their first birth destroy'd these apprehensions. *Pyrocles*, his heart swore he was not, whose youth and beauty God wot were no fit liverie for such atchievements as the world fam'd him for. Thus a while hee continued, troubled with the uncertain tie of conjectures, untill *Pyrocles* (happily conceiving the cause of his amazement) stopt his further admiration, by letting him know, that the then *Zelmane* was the now *Pyrocles*. Whereat *Amphialus*, as one newly wak't out of a dreame, cryed out, *Anaxius*: *Anaxius*, said hee, 'twas the Prince of *Macedon* (not a woman) overcame thee. Wheresoever thy soule be, let it keep this time festivall, as the birth day of thy glory. And so after mutuall embraces, together with the rest of the Princes, they entred the Palace.

## 47. Upon Sydneis Arcadia c. 1625–50

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This poem is included in an anonymously compiled manuscript miscellany which also contains (f. 45<sup>v</sup>; printed in Ringler, p. 431) a paraphrase of *Certain Sonnets* 25.30–4. For similar examples of the association of *Arcadia* with lovers and similar use of some of the characters, see Introduction, pp. 17, 21–2.

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'Upon Sydneis Arcadia sent to his m.<sup>rs</sup>', British Library, MS Add. 10309, ff. 86<sup>v</sup>–87<sup>v</sup>. ('Thee' below replaces the 'the' used throughout in the original.)

---

Goe happie booke, the fates to workes thee blisse,  
Doe match thy worth, with this rare happinesse;  
That thou the most delicious booke that is  
unto the fayrest soule should have accesse.  
Henceforth be stil'd a peereles happy booke,  
(Thy dainty happinesse if she doe brooke). Thrise

SIDNEY

happie thou when with her lillie hands  
 Her neatest hands, thou shall upholden be.  
 Whose tender touch shall hold in sweetest bands  
 Thee to thy joy, (those joyes continue thee.)  
 Then shalt thou swim in seas of blessednesse,  
 In sweetest sweets, & heavens delightfulnessse. More  
 happie thou when as the sparkling beames,  
 Of her bright eyes shall on thy letters shine  
 That far more glorious, then the planets seemes,  
 Thee doth illuminate, with light divine,  
 Those lovely eyes that boyles with fresh desires  
 Each noble hart in Cupids burning fires. Most happy  
 thou if with thy quaint conceits,  
 Her quick & high conceits thou hap to please,  
 That in those things, her pleasing wit invents,  
 By shewing like thou maist her fancies ease.  
 So shalt thou service doe, to this sweet Saint  
 And with her selfe, thy selfe shalt oft acquaint. If she  
 delight in Love, and in loves layes  
 Of Philocleas, & Pamela's Love  
 And of their paynes, in proes and roundelayes  
 So it expresse, as it her sences move  
 And when to mirth she will her selfe dispose  
 Then Mopsaes mowes, & Dorus guiles disclose; But if  
 to tragicke humours she be lent  
 Of Plangus cryes and eke Partheniaes teares,  
 Basilius sleep, his wives astonishment,  
 Pamelaes scorne, and Philocleaes feares.  
 And if thou figure any strange passion  
 Be sure thou doe it in the aptest fashion. Farewell I  
 feare least I too long delay  
 Thee from that good the gods ordeyns for thee  
 And doe not me upbraid another day,  
 That thy good happes, were envied of me.  
 But when of too much favour thou dost vaunt  
 Devolve some part to me that suffers waunt.

## 48. Michael Drayton

1627

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Michael Drayton's conversational history and critique of English poetry honours Chaucer, Surrey, Wyatt, Spenser, Sidney, Warner, Marlowe, Nashe, Jonson, Alexander, Drummond and (as translators) Chapman, Sylvester, and Sandys. Gower, Gascoigne, Churchyard and Daniel receive somewhat less favourable mention. Drayton's friend Henry Reynolds, to whom the poem is addressed, himself wrote on poetry in *Mythomystes. Wherein a Short Survey is Taken of True Poesy*, London, 1632, and saluted 'the smooth and artfull Arcadia' (p. 8).

Drayton's praise of 'plenteous' English and its parity with Latin and Greek, and the censure of Lyly's style, at least partly derive from, and pay tribute to, *The Defence of Poetry* (MP, pp. 118, 119).

Where Harvey (No. 19) had recommended Sidney for prose and Spenser for verse, Drayton (like Richard Carew, No. 34), finds Sidney a 'Heroe for numbers, and for Prose'. He seems, nevertheless, to accord Spenser pre-eminence. (For another instance of Drayton's response to Sidney, see Introduction, p. 34.)

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From 'To my most dearely-loved friend HENERY REYNOLDS Esquire, of *Poets and Poesie*', in *The Battaile of Agincourt... Elegies Upon Sundrie Occasions*, London, 1627, pp. 205–6.

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Grave morrall *Spencer* after these came on  
Then whom I am perswaded there was none  
Since the blind *Bard* his *Iliads* up did make,  
Fitter a task like that to undertake,  
To set downe boldly, bravely to invent,  
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.  
The noble *Sidney*, with this last arose,  
That *Heroe* for numbers, and for Prose.  
That throughly pac'd our language as to show,  
The plenteous *English* hand in hand might goe

With *Greeke* and *Latine*, and did first reduce  
 Our tongue from *Lillies* writing then in use;  
 Talking of Stones, Stars, Plants, of fishes, Flyes,  
 Playing with words, and idle Similies,  
 As th' *English*, Apes and very Zanies be  
 Of every thing, that they doe heare and see,  
 So imitating his ridiculous tricks,  
 They spake and writ, all like meere lunatiques.

## 49. Francis Quarles

1629

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Quarles (1592–1644) was ‘probably the most popular English poet of the seventeenth century’ (Karl Josef Höltgen, *Francis Quarles 1592–1644...Eine biographische und kritische Studie*, Tübingen, 1978, p. 340). He became known especially for *Emblemes* (1635) and other religious works. *Argalus and Parthenia* was envisaged as ‘one play-day in sixe’ (‘To the Reader’), but shares their interest in situations of moral conflict, in the *bellum intestinum* (ibid., p. 119).

Quarles’s main additions and changes to the story of Argalus and Parthenia in *Arcadia* are summarized in *Argalus and Parthenia*, ed. David Freeman, Washington, DC, 1986, pp. 19–22. Where Sidney’s account is complex, distributed amongst different narrators and different areas of the book and enmeshed with other narratives, Quarles’s is direct, continuous and more consistently emotionally engaged. Description, as the extracts below demonstrate, is richer and more extensive.

The poem was immensely popular. It went through twenty-nine editions between 1629 and 1726 (see John Horden, *Francis Quarles (1592–1644): A Bibliography of his Works to the Year 1800*, Oxford, 1953, pp. 20–30) and inspired two derivative prose versions first published in 1690 and 1691 (see also No. 78). Quarles’s son John described the punishment of Demagoras in *The History of the Most Vile Diamagoras* in 1658. *Argalus and Parthenia* was explicitly addressed to women:

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'Ladies (for in your silken laps I knowe this booke will choose to lye...) my suit is, that you would be pleased to give the faire *Parthenia* your noble entertainment' ('To the Reader'). Its appeal more generally may be explained by the fact that it is simultaneously 'rooted in popular culture' and offers 'for the more sophisticated reader...affinities with classical, medieval, and Renaissance literary texts, combining the romantic with the heroic, the playful and erotic with the moralistic, the pathetic and tragic with the comic' (Freeman edn, pp. 29-30).

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From *Argalus and Parthenia*, ed. David Freeman, Washington, DC, 1986.

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(a) Book I, lines 115-38

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Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land  
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord; Of proud command,  
Lord of much people, youthfull, and of fame,  
More great then good; *Demagoras* his name,  
Of stature tall, his body spare, and meager,  
Thicke shoulder, hollow cheek'd, and visage eager,  
His gashfull countenance swarthy, long and thinne,  
And downe each side of his reverted chinne  
A locke of blacke neglected haire (befriended  
With warts too ugly to be scene) descended;  
His rowling eyes were deeply suncke, and hiew'd  
Like fire; Tis said, they blisterd where they view'd.  
Upon his shoulders, from his fruitfull crowne,  
A rugged crop of *Elfelocks* dangled downe:  
His hide all hairy; garish his attire,  
And his complexion meere Earth and Fire;  
Perverse to all; extenuating what  
Another did, because he did it not:  
Maligning all mens actions but his own,  
Not loving any, and below'd of none:  
Revengefull, envious, desperately stout,



And in a word, to paint him fully out,  
 That had the *Monopolie* to fulfill  
 All vice; the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.

---

(b) Book II, lines 561–602. Freeman notes that Parthenia's speech is prompted by 'the fearful imaginings of Shakespeare's Juliet' (*Romeo and Juliet*, IV.iii). The Triumph of Death is a foil for the epithalamia and wedding masque in Book III.

---

A Bride? (*said she*) such Brides as I, can have  
 No fitter bridall Chamber, then a Grave;  
*Death* is my bridegroom; and to welcome Death,  
 My loyall heart shall plight a second faith;  
 And when that day shall come, that joyfull day,  
 Wherein transcendent Pleasures shall allay  
 The heat of all my sorrowes, and conjoyne  
 My palefac'd *Bridegrooms* lingring hand, with mine;  
 These Ceremonies, and these Triumphs shall  
 Attend the day, to grace that *Day* withall.

*Time* with his empty Howreglasse shall lead  
 The Triumph on; His winged hoofes shall tread  
 Slow paces; After him, there shall ensue,  
 The chast *Diana*, with her *Virgin crew*,  
 All crown'd with Cypresse girlands; After whom  
 In ranke, th'impartiall *Destinies* shall come;  
 Then, in a sable *Chariot* faintly drawne  
 With harnast *Virgins*, vail'd with purest lawne,  
 The *Bride* shall sit; *Despaire* and *Griefe* shall stand,  
 Like heartlesse bridemaids, upon either hand.  
 Upon the Chariot top, there shall be plac'd,  
 The little winged *god*, with arme unbrac'd,  
 And bow unbent; his drooping wings must hide  
 His naked knees; his *Quiver* by his side  
 Must be unarm'd, and either hand must hold  
 A *banner*; where, with *Characters* of gold  
 Shall be decipher'd, (fit for every eye  
 To read, that runs) *Faith*, *Love*, and *Constancy*.  
 Next after, *Hope*, in a discoloured weed,  
 Shall sadly march alone: A slender *reed*  
 Shall guide her feeble steps; and, in her hand,  
 A broken *Anchor*, all besmear'd with sand.

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And after all, the *Bridegrooms* shall appear  
Like *Joves Lieutenant*, and bring up the Reare;  
He shall be mounted on a Coale-black steed;  
His hand shall hold a *Dart*; on which, shall bleed  
A pierced heart; wherein, a former wound  
Which *Cupids* Javelin entred, shall be found.  
When as these Triumphes shall adorne our feast,  
Let *Argalus* be my invited guest,  
And let him bid me nuptiall *Joy*; from whom  
I once expected all my joyes should come.

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(c) Book II, lines 966–1015.

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It hapned now, that twise six months had run,  
Since wandring *Argalus* had first begun  
His toylesome progresse; who, in vaine, had spent  
A yeare of houres, and yet no event,  
When fortune brought him to a goodly *Seat*  
(Wall'd round about with Hills) yet not so great  
As pleasant; and lesse curious to the sight,  
Then strong; yet yeelding even as much delight,  
As strength; whose onely outside did declare  
The masters Judgement, and the builders care.  
Around the *Castle*, nature had laid out  
The bounty of her treasures; round about,  
Well fenced meadowes (fill'd with summers pride)  
Promis'd provision for the winter tide,  
Neere which the neighb'ring hills (well stockt and stor'd  
With milkewhite flocks) did severally afford  
Their fruitfull blessings, and deserv'd encrease  
To painfull husbandry, the childe of peace;  
It was *Kalanders* seat, who was the brother  
Of lost *Parthenia's* late deceased mother.  
He was a *Gentleman*, whom vaine ambition  
Nere taught to undervalue the condition  
Of private *Gentry*; who preferr'd the love  
Of his respected neighbours, farre above  
The apish congies of th'unconstant *Court*;  
Ambitious of a good, not great report.  
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending  
Upon his favours so, as to be tending  
Upon his person: and, in briefe, too strong

SIDNEY

Within him selfe, for fortunes hand to wrong:  
Thither came wandring *Argalus*; and receiv'd  
As great content, as one that was bereav'd  
Of all his joyes, could take, or who would strive  
T'expresse a welcome to the life, could give:  
His richly furnisht table more exprest  
A common bounty, then a curious feast;  
Whereat, the choice of precious wines were profer'd  
In liberall sort; not urg'd, but freely offer'd;  
The carefull servants did attende the roome,  
Noe need to bid them either goe or come:  
Each knew his place, his office, and could spy  
His masters pleasure, in his masters eye.  
But what can relish pleasing to a taste  
That is distemper'd? Can a sweete repast  
Please a sick pallate? no, there's no content  
Can enter *Argalus*, whose soule is bent  
To tyre on his owne thoughts: *Kalanders* love,  
(That other times would ravish) cannot move  
That fixed heart, which passion now incites  
T'abjure all pleasures, and forswear delights.

## 50. Thomas Powell

1631

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Powell (1572?-1635?), a miscellaneous writer, worked on legal and public records amongst much else, and was solicitor general of the Welsh Marches in 1613-22. His remarks below are from the section of *Tom of all Trades* dealing with how to manage 'Your three Daughters'. On attitudes to women as readers of *Arcadia*, see further Introduction, pp. 20-3. Powell 'associates women readers and writers alike with sexuality and frivolity' (Mary Ellen Lamb, *Gender and Authorship in the Sidney Circle*, Madison, Wis., 1990, p. 114).

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*Tom of All Trades: or, The Plaine Path-way to Preferment. Being a Discovery of a Passage to Promotion in all Professions, Trades, Arts, and Mysteries*, London, 1631, sig. G3.

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In stead of Song and Musicke, let them learne Cookery and Laundrie. And in stead of reading Sir *Philip Sidney's Arcadia*, let them read the grounds of good huswifery. I like not a female Poetresse at any hand. Let greater personages glory their skill in musicke, the posture of their bodies, their knowledge in languages, the greatnesse, and freedome of their spirits: and their arts in arreinuing of mens affections, at their flattering faces. This is not the way to breed a private Gentlemans Daughter.

## 51. Antony Stafford

1634

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Stafford (1587–c.1645) wrote mostly devotional works. His sympathies were Laudian, and his most controversial work was *The Female Glory: or, The Life and Death of the Virgin Mary* (1635). For his praise of Sidney and reference to *A Defence of Poetry* in an earlier work, see Introduction, p. 38.

Stafford's observations on 'Chambermaids' and 'Kitchenmaids' are probably aimed at Wye Saltonstall's 'Maide' who, since 'she would not willingly dye in Ignorance...reades now loves historyes as *Amadis de Gaul* and the *Arcadia*, & in them courts the shaddow of love till she know the substance' (*Picture Loquentes. Or Pictures Drawne forth in CHARACTERS*, London 1631, sig. E6<sup>v</sup>). *The Guide of Honour* addresses a more elevated audience: it includes sections on discourse, study and how to run an estate; according to the title-page, it is 'A Discourse written (by way of humble advice) by the Author then residing in Forreigne parts, to a truely Noble Lord of England his most honour'd Friend [George,

Baron Berkeley]. Worthy the perusall of all who are Gently or Nobly borne, whom it instructeth how to carry themselves in both Fortunes with applause and security.'

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'To the Noble Reader', *The Guide of Honour, Or the Ballance wherein she may weigh her Actions*, London, 1634, sigs A6<sup>v</sup>-A8.

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They [the 'detracting broode' to whom the book is not addressed] raile at the Ages past, condemne the Present, and already judge the Future. These severe Judges will have a man as serious in his first Booke as his last Will. Some of them lately have not spared even *Apollo's* first borne, incomparable, and inimitable Sir *Phillip Sydney*, whose *Arcadia* they confine onely to the reading of Chambermaids; a censure that can proceede from none but the sonnes of Kitchinmaids. Let me perish, if I thinke not his very Skull yet retaines more: witt then the passive braines of these wretched things, betweene whose Soules, and Knowledge, there is a Gulfe. But how come I to descend to these poore Abjects, whose inflexible dullnesse, and obstinacy, Reason her selfe cannot bend. I confesse nothing could make me voutsafe them a word, were I not fired with their undervaluing of that truth [*sic*] Worthy who (next her Kings) is the first glory this Iland can boast of. A man deserving both the Lawrels, and the Crowne to boote, design'd him by the Votes of many brave Spirits, who discovered in him all the requisits of a King but the title.

This is no digression, Noble Reader; for the Guide I have given you, is also the Champion of Honor and of her sacred seed, of which he was the first in worth, though not in time. Are you enflamed with a Desire of Domesticall Glory? Imitate the truly great *Sydney*, whose onely Example is far above all my Precepts. Can you with the Arcadians boast your selfe ancienter than the Moone? If you live out of vertues Shine, your Antiquity does not illustrate, but obscure you.... Shame forbids that your inward, and outward sight, should have one and the same Horizon. Which ignominie that you may eschew, emulate the ever famous, ever blessed *Sydney*, who is as far above the Envy, as the Understanding of his Detracters, more capable of a Bastinado then an Apology.

## 52. Edmund Waller

c. 1634–9

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Waller (1606–87), whose poems were immensely popular between the 1640s and the mid-eighteenth century, addressed in verse as ‘Sacharissa’ (and sought in marriage) Lady Dorothy Sidney, subsequently Countess of Sunderland, who was Sir Philip Sidney’s great-niece. In ‘At Penshurst’ (‘Had *Dorothea* [*Sacharissa* in the 1664 edition] liv’d...’), there is a reference to ‘yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark /Of noble Sidney’s birth’ (1645 edn, p. 41).

Although Waller changed his political allegiance several times between the 1630s and the Restoration (at this period he was a member of the Falkland circle), his lyric verse belongs to a genre which came to be regarded as Royalist almost by definition. (See Introduction, p. 23.)

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*Poems*, London, 1645, pp. 38, 33–4; punctuation has, where necessary, been silently supplied from *Poems... Upon Several Occasions*, 1664.

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(a) From ‘At Pens-hurst’ (‘While in this Parke I sing...’)

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Loves foe profest, why dost thou falsly feign  
Thy selfe a *Sidney*, from which noble straine  
Hee sprung, that could so far exalt the name  
Of Love, and warme our nation with his flame,  
That all we can of Love or high desire  
Seemes but the smoake of amorous *Sidneys* fire?

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(b) ‘On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys Picture’

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Such was *Philocleas*, such *Dorus*’s flame,  
The matchlesse *Sidney* that immortall frame  
Of perfect beauty on two pillars plac’t;  
Not his high fancy could one patterne grac’t

SIDNEY

With such extreames of excellence compose,  
Wonders so distant in one face disclose.  
Such chearefull modesty, such humble State,  
Moves certaine love, but with a doubtfull fate  
As when beyond our greedy reach, we see  
Inviting fruite on too sublime a tree.  
All the rich flowers through his *Arcadia* found,  
Amaz'd we see in this one garland bound.  
Had but this copy which the Artist took  
From the faire picture of that noble book,  
Stood at *Calanders*, the brave friends had jar'd,  
And rivals made, th' insuing story mar'd:  
Just nature first instructed by his thought  
In his owne house thus practis'd what hee taught.  
This glorious piece transcends what he could think:  
So much his blood is nobler than his Ink.

### 53. Henry Glapthorne

c. 1637–9

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The story of Argalus and Parthenia, well known from *Arcadia*, was made even more popular by Quarles's poem (No. 49). In Glapthorne the sort of heroics excerpted below (similar in kind to those in other Caroline love-and-honour plays like William Davenant's, or in Glapthorne's own *The Lady's Privilege*) are punctuated by scenes involving a group of shepherds and shepherdesses very unlike those in *Arcadia*: mostly comic, foolish, amorous, and users of ridiculous language. (It is not always, however, easy to tell when Glapthorne intends to be ridiculous; on the problems the play encounters in its pastoral/chivalric blend, see Rota, p. 154.)

Glapthorne's play was performed at the Cockpit playhouse by Beeston's Boys at some time between February 1637 and 1639, and possibly before this by Christopher Beeston's earlier company, Queen Henrietta's Men (see Gerald Eades Bentley, *The Jacobean and Caroline Stage*, 6 vols, Oxford, 1941–68, vol. 4, p. 480). After

the Restoration there were performances at the Vere Street theatre in January, February and October 1661 (see *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, ed. Robert Latham and William Matthews, 11 vols, Cambridge, 1970–83, vol. 2, pp. 27, 31, 203). Other stagings of the story include a Bartholomew Fair ‘Fars’ at Smithfield in 1717, and a May Fair version in 1745 (see *The London Stage 1660–1800*, Part Two, ed. Emmett L. Avery, Carbondale, Ill., 1960, p. 459, and Part Three, ed. Arthur H. Scouten, Carbondale, Ill., 1961, p. 1174).

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*Argalus and Parthenia*, London, 1639, Act IV, pp. 43–6.

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*Argalus.*

But *Amphialus*,

Since we are mutuall friends, and yet must seeme  
 Mutually enemies, to testifie  
 ’Tis by our fate, not malice, we are foes,  
 I’le make thee my full Executour; bestow  
 A gift upon thee of that pricelesse worth  
 Posterity shall never boast its parallell.  
 When I am ashes, if there be a wretch  
 (For some there are that dare blaspheme the Gods)  
 Does injure my *Parthenia*; prithee friend,  
 Let be thy Care to punish that contempt  
 ’Gainst vertuous purity; and as the last  
 And most supreme inducement of my love,  
 If by thy hand I perish, let my heart  
 Be sent to my *Parthenia*.

*Amphialus.*

The same justice

I beg of thee, my *Argalus*, to have mine  
 Convey’d to my *Philoclea*; and if fame  
 (As it may chance) traduce me after death,  
 Noblest *Argalus*, justifie thy friend,  
 Thy poore *Amphialus*; and defend the deare  
 Authour of my misfortune, sweet *Philoclea*; otherwise  
 Posterity inform’d by bad report,  
 May black her precious memory; and say  
 A worthlesse man fell by thy sword.  
 Let us embrace, my *Argalus*, and take  
 A true, though sad, farewell; and once  
 Let us employ our hands against our hearts.



- Argalus.* Kill our selves mutually; for who first does fall  
Leads but the way to th'others funerall. *Fight.*  
*Enter Parthenia.*
- Parthenia.* Eternal darknesse seaze me; O my Lord,  
You are reported to be thrall to love;  
For her sake you affect most, doe not make  
A breach in ebbing nature; More! This bloud  
Clothing the grasse in purple, does convert  
My heart to Alablaster. O *Argalus!*
- Argalus.* O *Parthenia!* Never till now unwelcome. Have I liv'd  
To such an abject lownesse, that my life  
Must (like a malefactors) be by prayers  
Redeem'd from death. Let us renew the fight.  
Ha! Me thinks I tread on slippery glasse, my  
unsupporting feet  
Dance measures on light waves, and I am sinking  
Into the watery bosomes, there to rest for all eternity.
- Amphialus.* I have scene  
So dying tapers, as it were, to light  
Their own sad funerall; expiring, dart  
(Being but stirr'd) their most illustrious beames,  
And so extinguish.
- Parthenia.* Angels, if ye have charity, afford  
Some surgery from heaven. Now I see the cause  
Why my sad heart (fill'd with propheticke feare)  
Sought to have stopt your journey: and why I  
Compell'd by power of overruling Fate,  
Follow'd you hither. Oh *Argalus!*
- Argalus.* *Parthenia,* I doe feele  
A marble sweat about my heart, which does  
Congeale the remnant of my bloud to Ice;  
My Lord, I doe forgive you, friend, farewell.  
*Parthenia,* showre on my pale lips a kisse,  
'Twill waft my soule to its eternall blisse.  
*Parthenia,* O *Parthenia.* *Dies.*
- Philarchus.* So cracks the cordage of his heart, as Cables  
That guide the heavie Anchors, cut by blasts  
Of some big tempest. My Lord, your wounds are many,  
  
And dangerous, 'tis fit you doe withdraw  
And have'm cur'd.
- Amphialus.* I am carelesse growne, my life  
Is now more odious to me than the light  
Of day to Furies; Madam, I am past  
The thought of griefe for this sad fact, and am

Griefes individuall substance: pray forgive me, heaven knowes  
 It was not malice that be tray'd  
 Your Lords lov'd life; but a necessitous force  
 To save my owne. Joy comfort you: thus Fate  
 Forces us act what we most truly hate.

*Exit.*

*Philarchus.* Deare Madam, calme your passion, and resolve  
 To arme your soule with patience.

*Parthenia.* Patience, Sir?

Doubt not so much my temper, I am calme.  
 You see o'th sudden as untroubled seas.  
 I could stand silent here an age to view  
 This goodly ruine. Noblest *Argalus*,  
 If thou hadst died degenerate from thy selfe,  
 I should have flow'd with pity, till my teares  
 Had drown'd thy blasted memory; but since  
 Thou perish'd nobly, let thy soule expect  
 A joy, not sorrow from me: the greene oake  
 Lawrell, and lovely mirtle shall still flourish  
 About thy sepulchre, which shall be cut  
 Out of a mine of Diamonds; yet the brightnesse  
 Proceeding from thy ashes shall out-shine  
 The stones unvalew'd substance.

*Philarchus.* Sure she is growne insensible of her griefe  
 Or fallen into some wilde distraction.

*Parthenia.* You mistake;

Tis not a fury leads me to this strange  
 Demeanour; but conceit that I should sinne  
 Against my *Argalus*. Should I lament  
 His overthrow? No blest soule,  
 Augment th' illustrious number of the starres,  
 Outshine the *Ledan* brothers; Ile not diminish  
 Thy glory by a teare, untill my brest  
 Does like the pious Pellican's break forth  
 In purple fountains for thy losse, and then,  
 It shall diffuse for every drop thou shed'st  
 A Crimson river, then to thee Ile come:  
 To die for love's a glorious martyrdome.

*Exit.*

## 54. Richard Lovelace

1638

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Lovelace (1618–57/8), courtier and supporter of Charles I, contributed to *Clitophon and Leucippe* with other Oxford friends or connections of the translator. ‘Astrophil’ is also saluted in a Chaucerian poem ‘To his Friend A.H.’ by Francis James (sig. A7); the name ‘Clitophon’ must also have reminded readers inescapably of the character in *Arcadia*.

For similar use of *Arcadia* and the combined virtues of the princesses, see Nos 52, 62, 35.

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From ‘To the Ladies’, in Achilles Tatius, *The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe*, [trans. Anthony Hodges,] Oxford, 1638, sig. A5<sup>v</sup>.

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Faire ones, breathe: a while lay by  
Blessed *Sidney’s Arcady*:  
Here’s a Story that will make  
You not repent *Him* to forsake.

Brave *Pamela’s* majestie,  
And her sweet Sisters modestie,  
Are fixt in each of you, you are  
Alone, what these together were.

## 55. Anne Bradstreet

1638

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Bradstreet (c. 1612–72), born in England, settled in Massachusetts in 1630. Often in her elegy, praise for the work is held in tension with an awareness of possible scruples: *Arcadia* is ‘penn’d in his youth’ (cf. Moffet, No. 21) and ‘was thy shame’ (cf. Whetstone, No. 12, and Greville, No. 39), and

its amorous content or associations can, taken wrongly, make 'modest Maids, and Wives, blush at thy story' (see Introduction, pp. 21-3). Sidney the hero and writer are sometimes separate, sometimes distinct, and mingle uneasily in the account of Stella.

For *Several Poems* (1678) Bradstreet abbreviated the references to Stella, providing a four-line allusion to Spenser's *Astrophel*, in which 'Stella the fair' is evidently Sidney's wife. Sidney is no longer addressed, as occasionally in 1638, in the second person, and the less extravagant 'mong the most renowned of men' replaces 'the quintessence of men' in the last line (see Ann Stanford, 'Anne Bradstreet's Picture of Sir Philip Sidney', in *Critical Essays on Anne Bradstreet*, ed. Pattie Cowell and Ann Stanford, Boston, Mass., 1983, p. 99). For the reading of *Arcadia* by other New England settlers in the seventeenth century, see S.E.Morrison, 'The Reverend Seaborn Cotton's Commonplace Book', *Publications of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts*, vol. 32, 1937, p. 323, and Jessie A.Coffee, 'Arcadia to America: Sir Philip Sidney and John Saffin', *American Literature*, vol. 45, 1973, pp. 100-4.

'An Elegie upon that Honourable and Renowned Knight, Sir *Philip Sidney*, who was untimely slaine at the Seige of *Zutphon*, Anno 1586', in *The Complete Works of Anne Bradstreet*, ed. Joseph R.McElrath Jr and Allan P.Robb, Boston, Mass., 1981, pp. 149-52.

When *England* did injoy her Halsion dayes,  
 Her noble *Sidney* wore the Crown of Bayes;  
 No lesse an Honour to our *British* Land,  
 Then she that sway'd the Scepter with her hand:  
*Mars* and *Minerva* did in one agree,  
 Of Armes, and Arts, thou should'st a patterne be.  
*Calliope* with *Terpsechor* did sing,  
 Of Poesie, and of Musick, thou wert king;  
 The Rhethorick it struck *Polimmia* dead,  
 Thine Eloquence made *Mercury* wax red:  
 Thy Logick from *Euterpe* won the Crown,  
 More worth was thine, then *Clio* could set down.  
*Thalia*, and *Melpomene*, say th' truth,

(Witness *Arcadia*, penn'd in his youth)  
 Are not his Tragick Comedies so acted,  
 As if your nine-fold wit had been compacted;  
 To shew the world, they never saw before,  
 That this one Volumne should exhaust your store.  
 I praise thee not for this, it is unfit,  
 This was thy shame, O miracle of wit:  
 Yet doth thy shame (with all) purchase renown,  
 What doe thy vertues then? Oh, honours crown!  
 In all records, thy Name I ever see,  
 Put with an Epithet of dignity;  
 Which shewes, thy worth was great, thine honour such,  
 The love thy Country ought thee, was as much.  
 Let then, none dis-allow of these my straines,  
 Which have the self-same blood yet in my veines:<sup>1</sup>  
 Who honours thee for what was honourable,  
 But leaves the rest, as most unprofitable:  
 Thy wiser dayes, condemn'd thy witty works,  
 Who knowes the Spels that in thy Rethorick lurks?  
 But some infatuate fooles soone caught therein,  
 Found *Cupids* Dame, had never such a Gin;  
 Which makes severer eyes<sup>2</sup> but scorn thy Story,  
 And modest Maids, and Wives, blush at thy glory;  
 Yet, he's a beetle head, that cann't discry  
 A world of treasure, in that rubbish lye:  
 And doth thy selfe, thy worke, and honour wrong,  
 (O brave Refiner of our *Brittish* Tongue;)  
 That sees not learning, valour, and morality,  
 Justice, friendship, and kind hospitality;  
 Yea, and Divinity within thy Book,  
 Such were prejudicate, and did not look:  
 But to say truth, thy worth I shall but staine,  
 Thy fame, and praise, is farre beyond my straine:  
 Yet great *Augustus* was content (we know)  
 To be saluted by a silly Crow;<sup>3</sup>  
 Then let such Crowes as I, thy praises sing,  
 A Crow's a Crow, and *Cæsar* is a King.  
 O brave *Achilles*, I wish some *Homer* would  
 Engrave on Marble, in characters of Gold,  
 What famous feats, thou didst, on *Flanders* coast,  
 Of which, this day, faire *Belgia* doth boast.  
 O *Zutphon*, *Zutphon*, that most fatall City,  
 Made famous by thy fall, much more's the pitty;  
 Ah, in his blooming prime, death pluckt this Rose,

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Ere he was ripe; his thred cut *Atropos*.  
 Thus man is borne to dye, and dead is he,  
 Brave *Hector* by the walls of *Troy*, we see:  
 Oh, who was neare thee, but did sore repine;  
 He rescued not with life, that life of thine,  
 But yet impartiall Death this Boone did give,  
 Though *Sidney* dy'd, his valiant name should live;  
 And live it doth, in spight of death, through fame,  
 Thus being over-come, he over-came.  
 Where is that envious tongue, but can afford,  
 Of this our noble *Scipio* some good word?  
 Noble *Bartas*, this to thy praise adds more,  
 In sad, sweete verse, thou didst his death deplore;<sup>4</sup>  
 Illustrious *Stella*, thou didst thine full well,  
 If thine aspect was milde to *Astrophell*;  
 I feare thou wert a Commet, did portend  
 Such prince as he, his race should shortly end:  
 If such Stars as these, sad presages be,  
 I wish no more such Blazers we may see;  
 But thou art gone, such Meteors never last,  
 And as thy beauty, so thy name would wast,  
 But that it is record by *Philips* hand,  
 That such an omen once was in our land,  
 O Princely *Philip*, rather *Alexander*,  
 Who wert of honours band, the chief Commander.  
 How could that *Stella*, so confine thy will?  
 To wait till she, her influence distill,  
 I rather judg'd thee of his mind that wept,  
 To be within the bounds of one world kept,  
 But *Omphala*, set *Hercules* to spin,  
 And *Mars* himself was ta'n by *Venus* gin;  
 Then wonder lesse, if warlike *Philip* yield,  
 When such a *Hero* shoots him out o' th' field,  
 Yet this preheminance thou hast above,  
 That thine was true, but theirs adult'rate love.  
 Fain would I shew, how thou fame's past did tread,  
 But now into such Lab'rinth am I led  
 With endlesse turnes, the way I find not out,  
 For to persist, my muse is more in doubt:

SIDNEY

Calls me ambitious fool, that durst aspire,  
 Enough for me to look, and so admire.  
 And makes me now with *Sylvester* confesse,<sup>5</sup>  
 But *Sydney's* Muse, can sing his worthinesse.  
 Too late my errour see, that durst presume  
 To fix my flatering lines upon his tomb:  
 Which are in worth, so far short of his due,  
 As *Vulcan* is, of *Venus* native hue.  
 Goodwill, did make my head-long pen to run,  
 Like unwise *Phaeton* his ill guided sonne [=sun],<sup>6</sup>  
 Till taught to's cost, for his too hasty hand,  
 He left that charge by *Phoebus* to be man'd:  
 So proudly foolish I, with *Phaeton* strive,  
 Fame's flaming Chariot for to drive.  
 Till terrour-struck for my too weighty charge.  
 I leave't in brief, *Apollo* do't at large.  
*Apollo* laught to patch up what's begun,  
 He bad me drive, and he would hold the Sun;  
 Better my hap, then was his darlings fate,  
 For dear regard he had of *Sydney's* state,  
 Who in his Deity, had so deep share,  
 That those that name his fame, he needs must spare,  
 He promis'd much, but th' muses had no will,  
 To give to their detractor any quill.  
 With high disdain, they said they gave no more,  
 Since *Sydney* had exhausted all their store,  
 That this contempt it did the more perplex,  
 In being done by one of their own sex;  
 They took from me, the scribling pen I had,  
 I to be eas'd of such a task was glad.  
 For to revenge his wrong, themselves ingage,  
 And drave me from *Parnassus* in a rage,  
 Not because, sweet *Sydney's* fame was not dear,  
 But I had blemish'd theirs, to make't appear;  
 I pensive for my fault, sat down, and then,  
*Errata*, through their leave threw me my pen,  
 For to conclude my poem two lines they daigne,  
 Which writ, she bad return't to them again.  
 So *Sydney's* fame, I leave to *England's* Rolls,  
 His bones do lie interr'd in stately *Pauls*.

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### *His Epitaph.*

Here lies intomb'd in fame under this stone,  
*Philip* and *Alexander* both in one.  
Heire to the Muses, the son of *Mars* in truth,  
Learning, valour, beauty, all in vertuous youth:  
His praise is much, this shall suffice my pen,  
That *Sidney* dy'd the quintessence of men.

## NOTES

- 1 Bradstreet's father, Thomas Dudley, was related, according to tradition, to Sidney's maternal ancestors.
- 2 See Sidney's preface to *Arcadia* (No. 2a).
- 3 See Macrobius, *Saturnalia*, II.iv.29; Kitty Chisholm and John Ferguson (eds), *Rome and the Augustan Age: A Source Book*, Oxford, 1981, p. 75. In Macrobius the bird is a raven.
- 4 *Bartas His Devine Weekes and Workes*, trans. Joshua Sylvester, London, 1605, p. 433.
- 5 Ibid.
- 6 For Phaeton's attempt to 'guide' the sun, see Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, II.151ff.

## 56. James Shirley

1639

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Shirley was one of the most prolific and popular dramatists of the Caroline period, and his *Arcadia* has often been regarded as the most theatrically viable of dramatic adaptations of *Arcadia*. (For Alfred Harbage's doubts about Shirley's authorship and some counter-arguments, see Gerald Eades Bentley, *The Jacobean and Caroline Stage*, 7 vols, Oxford, 1941–68, vol. 5, p. 1074). The basic *Arcadia* story is retold with dramatic economy. (For evidence that Shirley may have drawn on a manuscript of the *Old Arcadia*, see Rota, pp. 123–4, 125.)



The action of the play is swift and often farcical. Pyrocles early on admits to both Gynecia and Philoclea that he is a man (prompting, in the latter case, the cry ‘A man, good heaven—’ (sig. C4). Moralizing is not to the fore; the play ends rapidly, with Basilius happy but still amazed—‘All is strange’—and Musidorus proclaiming ‘Never was day so full of happy change’ (I4<sup>v</sup>). Dametas’ role is expanded at every possible opportunity: he leads the ‘gambolls, to please my Lady Salamandor’ (as he terms Zelmane, sig. B4<sup>v</sup>)—inspired by his supervisory role at the beginning of Sidney’s First Eclogues—responds comically and at some length to his punitive appointment as hangman (sig. I3<sup>v</sup>), and, as the extract below attests, is rarely at a loss for words. This is clearly a good role for the clown of the company.

Shirley’s *Arcadia* has sometimes been dated 1632, chiefly on the basis of a remark in Nabbes’s *Covent Garden*, performed by the same company, Queen Henrietta’s Men: ‘Me thinks shee’s very beautifull; what pinken-eyes; what a sharpe chin! Why her features transcend *Mopsa’s* in the *Arcadia*’ (*Covent Garden*, London, 1638, sig. C3<sup>v</sup>; see Bentley, op. cit., vol. 4, p. 933, and vol. 5, p. 1075). But *Mopsa* was popular in other plays and continuations of *Arcadia*, which itself, besides, was widely familiar still in the 1630s. Shirley’s work was entered in the Stationers’ Register on 29 November 1639. It was reprinted in 1754 on the grounds that it was ‘Founded on the Same Story, with the New tragedy, call’d *PHILOCLEA* [see No. 74], Now acting at the Theatre Royal in *Covent-Garden*’ (*The Arcadia. A Pastoral*, London, 1754, title-page).

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*A Pastorall Called the Arcadia. Acted by Her Majesties Servants at the Phœnix in Drury Lane, London, 1640, Act IV, sigs G3<sup>v</sup>–H1.*

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*Enter Dametas and a Shepherd.*

*Shep.* Treason treason.

*Dam.* Doe set out your throate here, and let me alone to rore treason in the eares of my Lord *Philonax*—I should ha’ beene the towne cryer.

*Shep.* Make hast.

*Dam.* Oh yes treason.

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- Gyn.* When you have spent your voyces, let your eyes  
Speake a more killing language.
- Dam.* Ha, the Queene, Madam *Pamela*, is gon.
- Gyn.* No matter for *Pamela*, looke here, shepheards  
Here lies the King.
- Dam.* No matter for *Pamela*? I am glad of that. Is his majestie a  
sleepe?
- Gyn.* Never to awake, hee's deade poyson'd by this violl [=vial].
- Dam.* Oh base violl, why here is more treason then we look'd for,  
this is admirable, did he dye against his will, or was he kill'd  
a natural death.  
Let us sit upon him.
- Gyn.* For beare, I can direct you to the murderer.  
Looke here, you shepheards, it was I that kill'd him.
- Dam.* You, your Majestie is very merry.
- Gyn.* Will you not trust me?
- Dam.* Yes, for more then I am worth, but if you kill'd him your  
selfe, your majesty must pardon me for that, I have nothing  
to say to you but,  
treason treason!
- Exit.*
- Gyn.* Yet flie *Gynecia* and save thy life!  
Betray not thine owne, life; why doe I talke  
Of safety, can there be in all the world  
A confort, when my honour and *Basilus*  
Have both forsaken me?
- Enter Philonax and Dametas, with a guard.*
- Philon.* *Pamela* gone, how does the King take it?
- Dam.* The king, would he could take it any way, good gentleman,  
hee's in a pittifull taking himselfe.
- Philon.* What saies the screech-oule?
- Dam.* The truth is, he is sent of an errand to *Erebus*, hee's dead,  
and for my Lady *Philoclea*, whom I suspect—
- Philon.* Ha!
- Dam.* And you make hast you may take her napping, there is a  
thing in the likenes of a man with her, whom very valiantly  
I dis-arm'd, and brought away his naked weapon.
- Philon.* What traytor? didst disarm him?
- Dam.* Did I? and there had been twentie of 'em I would not have  
cared arush though they had been as valiant as *Hector*, had I  
not treason a'my side so soone as I came in.
- Philon.* Thou dost amaze me. What said he?
- Dam.* Never a word, my friend quoth I to his sword.
- Philon.* Ideot didst speake to his sword?
- Dam.* Why he was fast a sleepe my Lord,  
And never somuch as dreamt of me.

*Philon.* A sleepe, we loose time; go you along with *Dametas*, seize upon that Traytor, oh I am rent with sorrow.

*Dam.* Come my Masters be not afraid. As long as I have a sword you shall goe before, and follow my example. Ther's the King my Lord.

*Exeunt Dametas and Guard.*

*Philon.* Madam.

*Gyn.* Oh *Philonax!*

*Philon.* Be comforted.

*Gyn.* You shannot neede to mocke me, when you know By whom he dye'd thou wilt call in thy charity And curse me, it was I that poysoned him.

*Philon.* Good Madam, speake that I may understand, You poysoned him? He was *Basilus*, Your husband and your King, it cannot be. You are the Queene his wife.

*Gyn.* His murderer.

The horror of my sinne dwells round about me.  
I neede no more accusers then my Conscience.  
Doe with me what you please, the wicked reasons  
That mov'd me to it you shall know hereafter.

*Philon.* Blesse me eternitie, Ile not beleeve  
That any woman after this can love  
Her husband, oh my Lord, mercilesse woman  
For heere all other titles lost, away  
With her; see her lodg'd within the Castle.

*Enter Dametas and a guard with Philoclea and Pyrocles at one doore, at the other, Enter the Rebels [and their Captain] with Musidorus and Pamela.*

*Dam.* Heere they are my Lord.

*Cap.* Where is the King?

*Philon.* New uprores!

*Dam.* My charge, 'tis *Pamela*, my Lord *Philonax* 'tis *Pamela*.

*Philon.* *Pamela*, and *Philoclea!*

*Cap.* Yes my lord we suspected they were running away together, and therefore in hope of his majesties pardon—

*Pyr.* *Musidorus* and thy sister under guard?

*Mus.* *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea* prisoners too?

*Philon.* Looke heere, unnaturall children, for I cannot pronounce you Innocent, this circumstance betrayes your guilt, see where your king and father lyes a cold patterne for a tombe.

*Pam.* Dead?

*Philocl.* Oh we are miserable!

*Pyr.* *Basilus* dead?

- Mus.* Slaine!
- Philon.* He was murder'd, and you are accessaries.  
Sure I have scene your face; were not you call'd  
*Zelmane* the *Amazon*?
- Pyr.* I was.
- Philon.* Disguises, injurious villaine,  
Prophaner of all hospitable lawes.
- Pyr.* I am not loose to answer thee.
- Dam.* And this was my man *Dorus* my Lord. Aha have I found you,  
sirrah, you sent me abroad to be a gold-finder.
- Philon.* [to the rebels]  
You have done good service worthy all your pardons.  
Now in my rage I could prevent the Law  
And sacrifice their treacherous bloods my selfe  
To this reverend hearse.
- Mus.* You are transported *Philonax*.  
But that I have compassion for the death  
Of that good King, I could laugh at thee.
- Philon.* Hence, load them with Irons!

## 57. *A Draught of Sir Phillip Sidney's Arcadia* 1644?

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This topical Royalist manuscript poem was identified by John Buxton as an attack on the House of Palatine by a supporter of Lord Digby. Rumour had it that there was a plot to establish Prince Charles Louis (elder brother of Princes Rupert and Maurice) as successor to Charles I (John Buxton, '*A Draught of Sir Phillip Sidney's Arcadia*', in *Historical Essays Presented to David Ogg*, ed. H.E.Bell and R.L.Ollard, London, 1963, pp. 60–77).

On Royalism and *Arcadia*, see Introduction, pp. 23–4.

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From *A Draught of Sir Phillip Sidney's Arcadia*, ed. John Buxton, Oxford, 1963, pp. 7–11, 16–23. (In the marginal references

page numbers from *MA* replace those from one of the early seventeenth-century folios.)

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Hee that would read and understand  
 What this best Author tooke in hand,  
 Must I suppose have such a witt  
 That's knowne to his, who framed it.  
 A worke as 'tis surpassing good,  
 So better if well understood.  
 'Tis like some building, where the nice  
 Eie dwells upon the frontispiece  
 Wherein such art hath used bin,  
 Men ne're examine what's within.  
 Or like a Curtaine under which  
 A picture drawne exceeding rich  
 Meerely to tell the standers by  
 The author studied secrecie.  
 A feign'd discourse framed to shew  
 Things that are reall; thus wee knowe  
 The fables *Æsop* did devise  
 Fictions, left us to moralize.  
 And *Ovid* that best *Roman* witt,  
 A Metamorphosis once writt  
 Wherein hee shadowed forth in h's mind  
 Things incident to humane kind.  
 And *Virgill* when hee would relate  
 What did concerne persons of State,  
 Least truth too plaine should danger call,  
 Did sport it in a Pastoral.  
 And here our Author is soe wise  
 Hee walks the world in a disguise.  
 Unmaske him, and you'l clerely see  
 The rise, growth, fall of *Monarchie*.  
 What 'tis that doth uphold a state,  
 And what the same doth ruinate.  
 He shewed what danger in a *Court*  
 When wholly given up to sport. lib. 1.  
 When nursed up in vanitie [p. 23].  
 It doth presage a chang draw nigh.  
 He shews when Kings themselves forsake lib. 1.  
 And others trust they pitt-falls make [pp. 17 ff].  
 To their owne ruine: innocence  
 In them disarm'd is noe defence.

THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

- Hee shewes the peasant and the Clowne lib. 1.  
 But poore guardians of a Crowne. [pp. 17-19, 22, 25].  
 And Princes doe but tottering stand lib. 2.  
 Who pull the power out of their hand. [pp. 288-9].  
 When Kings their favours doe bestowe  
 On some, because their humors soe,  
 And raise up those about their Throne  
 In whom desert was never knowne.  
 Like to earth-gendred vapours they  
 Darken the Sunn they're raised by.  
 Besides these favorites thus drest lib. 1.  
 With honours, soe orelooke the rest, [pp. 17, 80-1].  
 And Lord it in their new Commaund  
 Thus they beget odium i' the Land.  
 Thus odium breeds complaint, thence springs  
 Warr arming subjects against Kings. lib. 1. [p. 23].  
 Warr once denounc'd, then pollicie lib. 1. [pp. 91-2, 12].  
 Fills all men's heads with jealousie, lib. 2. [p. 284].  
 And sends her agents in all parts  
 For to distill in people's hearts  
 Desire of Change. Thus faction bred  
 Growes to a body, gets a head. lib. 2.  
 This *Heterogeneous* body made [pp. 275-89].  
 Of allmost some of every trade,  
 But cheifly those whom discontent  
 Under the former government,  
 Hath soe spurr'd up, that they will range  
 Through worst of hazards for a change.  
 With others, whom their well knowne want  
 In hopes of prey, make valiant.  
 With the Ambitious who disdain  
 Any besides themselves should raigne....  
 Nor long in Citing will I stand  
 Who fall under their fatall hand,  
 Religion, Hospitality, lib. 1.  
 Are first that suffer Massacre, [pp. 60-5].  
 Here one, and there the other lies,  
 Though used a while for a disguise  
 Patience stands out to the last Cast lib. 1. [pp. 27-31].  
 That alsoe overthrowne at last, [pp. 42-5].  
 Vertue not brookeing base deniall  
 Made better by its often triall  
 At length ith dust doth huddled lye, lib. 3.

And trophies of impietic [pp. 366-74, 390].  
 Erected over it, nay more  
 The Temples are with Mosse growne ore  
 The Alter and the Sacrifice  
 Most doe neglect, and some despise  
 Whil'st Machivilian policie  
 Cries there's noe God but destinie  
 Perswading vulgar ignorance  
 All things are carried on by Chance,  
 Soothing men up there is noe god  
 Hath either eies to see, or rod  
 To punish....  
 Things at this passe yow then shall heare  
 The King traduced every where.  
 All mouths are open to let flie  
 Their malice against Majestie,  
 Some raile against his heavie hand  
 Imposing tribute on the Land,  
 Others amidst't their cupps doe prate  
 against the officers of state  
 Some to have things reformed content  
 Others for chang of government  
 Thus doe they vote confusedly  
 In one thing scarcely two agree.  
 But (because god will have it soe  
 To bring such men to overthrowe),  
 And that doth bring to light the plott  
 A Clineas falls oft and hee  
 of them makes full discoverie.  
 Nowe whilest such things are in debate  
 Within the bowells of one state  
 In peices torn by inbred jarrs  
 Subjects and King at Civill warrs,  
 There lurke unknowne within the Court  
 Which daylie to the King resort,  
 Some forreigne Agents, who...  
 ...wind themselves like Serpent slie  
 I'th bosomes of all companie,  
 They carry it faire on either hand  
 To gaine respect ore all the Land  
 That by their meanes the Crowne at last  
 May on the forreigner bee plac'd  
 And then a forreigne state shall sitt

THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

In the King's seat as heire of it,  
And bring't about againe to bee  
An independing Monarchie  
A King of absolute Commaunds  
Settled by wise *Evarchus* hands  
Theise forreigners a Compass goe  
Before they can complete it though  
They change there habit and their name  
And *Proteus* like themselves they frame  
To be whatever is the best,  
To forward their owne interest;  
Their first acquaintance they begin  
With men of worth the Realme within,  
Such as *Kalender* act it soe  
That they erect where ere they goe  
*Trophies* of vertue leave a name  
Behind them for to speake their fame.

[The foreigners go on to gain the confidence of the king, the queen and 'the Kings clownish minion *Damet*'. Having defeated the rebels they will:]

cheate *Damet* of small know [=knowledge]  
His *Miso* and his *Mopsa* too,  
Beefoole *Guinecia*, and they bring,  
Such a strange slumber on the King,  
That he doth sleepe untill hee see  
A forreigner where hee should bee;  
This if men seriously but looke  
Is the thinge hinted in this booke,  
By which this nation might have learned  
And at distance something discerned  
Threatning a change in church and state,  
Not forseene, but scene when too late,  
The phrase soe high that all can tell  
Hee was the first that did excell,  
And in our young gallants are content  
from him to learne their complement:  
His similies soe proper are  
That they alone would speake him rare.  
His sentences soe pithie too  
They may for *Apothegms* goe,  
He's excellent throughout the booke  
In whatsoever hee undertooke.



SIDNEY

Within this booke described youle find  
Everie passion in its kind,  
Places, persons in ech degree  
According to their qualitie;  
Their vertues, vices proper graces  
Fitted, and answereing their places.  
Ruins, and change of States, withall  
The previall [=previous] causes of their fall,  
The travailour hee will yow shew,  
The statesman, and the souldier too,  
The sheeheard yeoman and the clowne,  
The coward, and man of Renowne  
For fenceing duell; here yow shall  
Meete with the complete generall  
The Artist, Atheist, every thing  
Even from the peasant to the king:  
The complete Judge; the single life,  
Blest couples, and the marriage strife,  
The rebel, Traitour, Covetous,  
Conceited, and Ambitious,  
The Jealouse; and those men that goe  
About sedition for to sow,  
The Martir and the patient,  
The man resolved, the Malecontent,  
The inconstant, whom nothing can please  
Still tumbling in uncertainties,  
The hidebound miser, and the free  
Patron of Hospitality.  
All kinds of sports that doe belonge  
To gentry, or to vulgar throng.  
In this *Arcadia* men may find  
Whatever they fancie in mind,  
And weomen too even to the dresse  
That shadowes ore their nakednes,  
Court follies he discovers, and  
What makes comotions in a Land.  
To head a faction who are  
The likest men hee doth declare,  
How great ones are to faction bent  
Meerely stirred on by discontent,

How Jealousies 'mongest them are sure  
 Unhappie mischeifes to procure,  
 Those Mistrisses which hee in sport  
 Brings in for worthy Knights to Court,  
 Are vertues, honours, and those things  
 Which either marr, or else make kings.  
 It is a worke, which if men knowe  
 T'wil learne them wit, and wisdome too.  
 Closetts of Ladys entertaine it,  
 The Statemen too may not disdain it.  
 Of England Sidney was the glorie  
 And his the best of feigned storie.

## 58. John Milton

1649

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Milton's reply to John Gauden's (ostensibly Charles I's) *Eikon Basilike* censures Charles's use of Pamela's prayer in captivity (*NA*, pp. 335–6) for several reasons. With Calvin, Milton objects to set forms of prayer apart from the Lord's Prayer (*Complete Prose Works of John Milton*, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes, vol. 3, New Haven, Conn., 1962, p. 159). He is aware that 'Pamela's prayer...which stands so strangely at the head of Charles' prayers on the eve of his execution in the *Eikon*, ends in the original with a passionate plea for God's mercy on her lover' (*ibid.*, p. 362 n. 38). It is not, however, *Arcadia* itself that is primarily under attack; Milton's *Commonplace Book* (ed. Ruth Mohl in *Complete Prose Works of John Milton*, vol. 1: 1624–1642, ed. Don M. Wolfe, New Haven, Conn., 1953, pp. 371, 372, 463, 464), cites Sidney's romance on suicide ('whether lawfull, disputed with exquisite reasoning'), drunkenness, 'an excellent description of such an Oligarchy of nobles abusing the countenance to the ruin of royal sovranity', and the political cunning of Plangus' stepmother (see also E. G. Fogel, 'Milton and Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*', *Notes and Queries*, vol. 196,

1951, pp. 115–17). *Arcadia* is discussed in *Eikonoklastes* less for its ‘amatorious’, heathen nature than as an object of royal plagiarism at a time when there was a radical-Protestant-led growth in the concept of originality (see Elisabeth M. Magnus, ‘Originality and Plagiarism in *Areopagus* and *Eikonoklastes*’, *English Literary Renaissance*, vol. 21, 1991, pp. 87–8). This has far-reaching political as well as ethical implications, for, as Magnus shows (ibid., pp. 88–9), Milton ‘attacks Charles I’s authority through his authorial practice in *Eikon Basilike*, singling out the king’s instances of “plagiarism” to characterize the thefts, ill stewardship, and bankruptcy of his rule’.

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*Eikonoklastes*, in *Complete Prose Works of John Milton*, Merritt Y. Hughes vol. 3, New Haven, Conn., 1962, pp. 362–7.

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Who would have imagin’d so little feare in him of the true all-seeing Deitie, so little reverence of the Holy Ghost, whose office is to dictat and present our Christian Prayers, so little care of truth in his last words, or honour to himself, or to his Friends, or sense of his afflictions, or of that sad howr which was upon him, as immediatly before his death to popp into the hand of that grave Bishop who attended him, for a special Relique of his saintly exercises, a Prayer stol’n word for word from the mouth of a Heathen fiction praying to a heathen God; & that in no serious Book, but the vain amatorious Poem of Sr *Philip Sidneys Arcadia*; a Book in that kind full of worth and witt, but among religious thoughts, and duties not worthy to be nam’d; nor to be read at any time without good caution; much less in time of trouble and affliction to be a Christians Prayer-Book. They who are yet incredulous of what I tell them for a truth, that this Philippic Prayer is no part of the Kings goods, may satisfie their own eyes at leasure in the 3d. Book of Sir *Philips Arcadia* p. 248 [*NA* pp. 335–6]. Comparing *Pammela’s* Prayer with the first Prayer of his Majestie, deliverd to Dr. *Juxton* immediatly before his death, and Entitl’d, *A prayer in time of Captivity* Printed in all the best Editions of his Book.... I shall proceed in my assertion; that if only but to tast wittingly of meat or drink offerd to an Idol, be in the doctrin of St. *Paul* judg’d a pollution,<sup>1</sup> much more must be his sin who takes a prayer, so dedicated, into his mouth, and offers it to God. Yet hardly it can be thought upon (though how sad a

thing) without som kind of laughter at the manner, and solemn transaction of so gross a cousenage: that he who had tramp'l'd over us so stately and so tragically should leave the world at last so ridiculously in his exit, as to bequeath among his Deifying friends that stood about him such a pretious peece of mockery to be publisht by them, as must needs cover both his and their heads with shame, if they have any left. Certainly they that will, may now see at length how much they were deceiv'd in him, and were ever like to be hereafter, who car'd not, so neer the minute of his death, to deceive his best and deerest friends with the trumpery of such a prayer, not more secretly then shamefully purloind; yet given them as the royall issue of his own proper Zeal. And sure it was the hand of God to let them fal & be tak'n in such a foolish trapp, as hath exposd them to all derision; if for nothing els, to throw contempt and disgrace in the sight of all men upon this his Idoliz'd Book, and the whole Rosarie of his Prayers: thereby testifying how little he accepted them from those who thought no better of the living God then of a buzzard [=senseless, stupid] Idol, fitt to be so servd and worshipt in reversion, with the polluted orts and refuse of *Arcadia's* and *Romances*, without being able to discern the affront rather then the worship of such an ethnic [i.e. pagan, Gentile] Prayer. But leaving what might justly be offensive to God, it was a trespass also more then usual against human right, which commands that every Author should have the property of his own work reservd to him after death as well as living...being at a loss himself what to pray in Captivity, he consulted neither with the Liturgie, nor with the Directory,<sup>2</sup> but neglecting the huge fardell of all thir honeycomb devotions, went directly where he doubted not to find better praying, to his mind with *Pammela* in the Countesses *Arcadia*. What greater argument of disgrace & ignominy could have bin thrown with cunning upon the whole Clergy, then that the King among all his Preistery, and all those numberles volumes of thir theological distillations, not meeting with one man or book of that coate that could befreind him with a prayer in Captivity, was forc'd to robb Sr. *Philip* and his Captive Shepherdess of thir Heathen Orisons, to supply in any fashion his miserable indigence, not of bread, but of a single prayer to God.

Thus much be said in generall to his prayers, and in speciall to that *Arcadian* prayer us'd in his Captivity, enough to undeceive us what esteeme we are to set upon the rest. For he certainly whose mind could serve him to seek a Christian prayer out of a Pagan Legend, and assume it for his own, might gather up the rest God

knows from whence; one perhaps out of the French *Astræa*, another out of the Spanish *Diana*; *Amadis* and *Palmerin* could hardly scape him.<sup>3</sup> Such a person we may be sure had it not in him to make a prayer of his own, or at least would excuse himself the paines and cost of his invention, so long as such sweet *rapsodies* of Heathenism and Knighterrantry could yeild him prayers.

## NOTES

- 1 I Corinthians viii.
- 2 The Anglican *Book of Common Prayer* (1559, 1604) and the English Presbyterian *Directory for the Publique Worship of God* (1644).
- 3 *L'Astrée* (1607–27) by Honoré d'Urfé; *Diana* (1559) by Jorge de Montemayor; *Amadis de Gaula* (late fifteenth century) by Garcia de Montalio; *Palmerin of England* (sixteenth century), perhaps by Francisco de Moraes.

## 59. Thomas Moore

c. 1650–60?

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*The Arcadian Lovers* follows the main story of the princes' arrival in *Arcadia* and how they win the princesses, with other *New Arcadia* plots kept mostly on the side-lines. The prose style is imitated fairly closely, while the eclogues—as in the example below, based on 'We love, and have our loves rewarded (*OA* 6) and 'Come, *Dorus*, come, let songs thy sorowes signifie ...' (*OA* 7)—are drastically simplified, presumably in the attempt to please more modern taste (see Rota, p. 107). But exactly when the play was written is far from clear. There is no evidence that it was ever performed; the detailed stage-directions could suggest either an intention to use the full resources of the Restoration stage, or a desire to help a reader (or the writer) to imagine the scenes more fully or to retain as much as possible of the descriptive rather than dialogic material in

*Arcadia*. (On the problems of dating and of authorial identity, see further Rota, pp. 76–7.)

In addition to the prose *Arcadian Lovers*, the manuscript book includes an untitled revised version (ff. 46–46<sup>b</sup>, 58<sup>b</sup>–78), in verse and dispensing with the eclogues and with the earlier detailed stage directions and setting-specifications. The revision is preceded by a dedication to Moore's cousin 'Madam Honora Lee', who 'peticularly know[s] the true Morral of this Pastoral which is a shadowing fancie' (f. 46<sup>a</sup>). The 'true Morral' is probably Royalist (see Introduction, pp. 23–4), but again detailed interpretation is hampered by the uncertainty of the dating.

*The Arcadian Lovers: or, Metamorphoses of Princes* (Bodleian Library, MS Rawlinson Poet. 3, ff. 9–10). Italics have been added for stage directions and speech headings.

*The King and Ladys seat themselves as on a green bank. Four of the shepherds dance like satyrs shewing such leaps, & gambols as might imitate their God Pan, then the eight shepherds take hands & dance as in a broul, the one half singing one verse the other answering with the other verse.*

*First four sing      The Musick playes*

We Cupid serve are not regarded,

*Answer*

We him contemn, & are rewarded,

*First*

We're caught in true affections snare,

*Answer*

We have our hopes, & dont dispare,

*All joyn their voices, & dance*

As to the grasse the sheep do move,

So we rejoyce in our true love.

*They dance severall forms, or figures after divers sorts of inventions then Thirsis provokes Dorus to sing, the rest lying down as on the grass.*

*Thyrsis*

Come Dorus, let thy sorrow boyl,

And buble forth a song,

Rehearse to us thy too great toyl,

That hath thee greived long.

*Dorus*

My deadly wounds do inward bleed,  
 My sence is bankrupt still.  
 My outward sense my thoughts do feed,  
 Inflam'd against my will.

*Thyrsis*

If thou deniest thy greife to tell,  
 Begone, & from us flie,  
 Or else her beauty blazon well,  
 Which makes thee worse then die.

*Dorus*

Sing then, thy health I shall infect,  
 My infecting greif avoid:  
 High are my thoughts, my Muse neglect  
 Me not by greife distroy'd.

*Thyrsis*

Hold Muse, & Pan my fancy rayse;  
 She's mild as any lamb,  
 Who can enough my Kala prayse?  
 She does my Capons Cram.

*Dorus*

Alas! my fancies raysed high,  
 Her name's to any bad to name:  
 Why then, the Gods, her form desire,  
 She is above all fame.

*Thyrsis*

My Sire lov'd wealth before the fair;  
 But who can ritchee bee,  
 Then I, having her lock of hair;  
 No greater wealth then she.

*Dorus*

Reason was put to flight, her pow'r  
 Is above reasons might  
 Above my thoughts her fame doth tow'r  
 And I am toke the first fight.

*Thyrsis*

Once measuring her fathers Corn  
 I Kala did espie,  
 Measure my case I cried forlorn  
 Let me not wretched die.

*Dorus*

Once I espied the Nimph as dead:  
 But I the cause remov'd,

And she on me her rayes did spread  
Which my sweet act approv'd.

*Thyrsis*

Yet still she spends her youth invain,  
I would enchant her sprite.  
Thus would I make her ease my pain,  
Haunting me day, & night.

*Dorus*

Can I charm her, that charmeth me,  
Whose sprite can kill or save,  
Her excellence inchantments bee [*sic*],  
That make me still her slave.

*Thyrsis*

Kala be kind, though I am brown.  
I've many hundred sheep,  
That feed upon the grassie down,  
Yet still for thee I weep.

*Dorus*

Lady, though nameless hear my woes,  
My food is brinish tears,  
My heart labring with endless throes,  
Thoughts full of carefull fears.

*Thyrsis*

My heart growes faint, my voice is hoarse,  
Tis thou hast wone the prayse,  
Others would sing their loves discourse,  
Telling their mournefull dayes.

*Dorus*

Tis thou hast wone the prayse, I yeild,  
My heart seeks not that fame,  
When most I winn, I lose the feild,  
Fear my high thoughts doth tame.

## 60. Anne Weamys

1651

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Weamys's work fills in a number of gaps in *Arcadia*, for instance describing (pp. 25–30) the encounter between Plangus and



Euarchus only expected in Sidney (*NA*, pp. 306–7), and going on to complete the story of Plangus and Erona. The love of Helena for Amphialus is eventually returned, and the princes judge Strephon rather than Claius worthy of Urania. Claius, an old shepherd in this version, dies of a broken heart, and Philisides dies of deep melancholy on his tomb (p. 196).

As Paul Salzman points out, although Weamys intends to imitate Sidney's manner, his 'elaborate, complex sentences have been shortened, and a plainer style is evident' (Paul Salzman, *English Prose Fiction 1558–1700: A Critical History*, Oxford, 1985, p. 130). There is a moral and political simplification also. Emotional outpourings tend to replace the Elizabethan debates. The story of the disguised love of Pyrocles and Musidorus is embroidered by Erona's maids as a present for Pamela and Philoclea (p. 113), and we later meet the happily united lovers, with Euarchus, Basilius and Gynecia (Genecea), but there is no mention of the trial, and no suggestion that anyone could have blamed the princes for their conduct. The lovers' enemy was only 'the former cruelty of *Fortune*' (p. 120). Amphialus' rebellion is dealt with chiefly as a personal aberration which can be atoned for by marrying Helena.

In presenting these comforting pictures Weamys is perhaps evading the strife of parent against child in the fact and the imagery of the recent Civil Wars. More generally, the exclusion of the trial (one of the 'many strange accidents' vaguely alluded to below) removes the danger of renewed ethical debate. Although the concluding remark that at the end of their lives the heroes 'resigned their Crowns to their lawful Successours' (p. 199) might conceivably still be taken as provocative in the climate of 1651, on the whole controversy is avoided. The work's dedicatees were Ladies Anne and Grace Pierrepont, daughters of Henry Pierrepont, 1st Marquess of Dorchester (1606–80), once a prominent supporter of the king who 'surprised Hyde and the more rigid royalists by compounding for his estate in March 1647' (*DNB*) and had since then returned to his medical and legal studies. (Nothing is known of Weamys herself.)

There was a second printing of *A Continuation* in 1690. In this extract Clytifon arrives at the Arcadian Lodge carrying letters from Amphialus and Helena.

*A Continuation of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia*, London, 1651, pp. 57-64.

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[A] she went gazing about him, [Clytifon] discerned *Evarchus* King of *Macedon*, who signified his joy for his Sons and Nephews, to him, revived lives, by his lifted up hands and eyes, which with great devotion he rendered to the Gods in thankfulness.

For it happened after *Plangus* departure from *Macedon* with an Armie, *Evarchus* fearing his love-lines would give opportunitie for sadness to overcome his languishing spirit, made a journey into *Arcadia* to visit his antient Friend *Basilus*. And after many strange accidents had apparently been discovered, as the famous Sir *Philip Sydney* fully declares, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were found to be alive; and now he tarried in *Arcadia* to see his blessednes compleated in their Marriages. And in the mean time he dispatched a messenger to *Plangus* to encourage him with those welcom tidings. And then the good King confined himself wholly to the continual praises of the Divine providence for his unlocked for comfort. And now straying from the rest of the Princely companie, he fell to his wonted contemplations, and never moved from his devout posture, till *Clytifon's* suddain approach into his sight, made him start, and withall raised him.

*Evarchus*...brought him into that solitary Arbor where *Pyrocles* in his disguisement had the priviledge to resort: There sate *Basilus* with *Genecea* his Queen, and he lovingly condoling with her former sufferings that she was then a sounding in his attentive ears, but at *Evarchus* and *Clytifons* enterance they rose up, and graciously saluting *Clytifon*, they commanded him to repeat those Adventures that had befallen him at *Corinth*, if they were remarkable; but *Evarchus* prevailed with them to have patience, that *Philoclea*, whom it most concerned, might hear as soon as any; then they all went to the young Princes, and found them so well employed, that had they not espied them, they would in pitie have passed by, and not disturbed them.

*Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* being seated upon a Fountaines brim, where in the middle *Cupids* Image was placed, ready the second time to have wounded them; but they not minding him, strived who should with the comeliest grace, and highest Rhetorick extoll their Mistresses; whilst the fair *Pamela*, with lovely *Philoclea* tied the truest Lovers knot in grasse, that ever yet was tied; and now and then

would pick a Flower to shew their Art, to tell the vertue of it; in these harmless pleasures their Parents found them busied.

Then *Basilus* comming to *Philoclea*, told her that *Clytifon* had brought her news of her servant *Amphialus*, & she modestly blushing, replied, that she should be glad to hear of her Cosins health; then *Basilus* desired them all to sit down.... [*Clytifon*] presented *Philoclea* with *Helena's* and *Amphialus* Letters, which she courteously received, & when she had broken them open, she read them, but with such Crystall streames all the time dropping down her Rosie cheeks, that had *Venus* been by, she would have preserved them in a Glasse to wash her face withall, to make her the more beautifull; and then her Servant *Pyrocles* gently wiped them away; but seeing them yet distil, he was angry, and shewed it on this manner. It is a hard Riddle to me, said he, that a Lover should write such a regardless Letter, to grieve and mar that face that he so much adored. [*Pyrocles* reads the letter, in which *Amphialus* places himself in *Philoclea's* hands to punish as she sees fit his past misdeeds.]

Then they all persuaded *Philoclea* not to grieve for that which she might remedie, and adviced her to go and write a letter to *Amphialus*, and in it to command him to put in execution *Helena's* demands [that *Amphialus* should return her love. *Philoclea* writes the letter, which persuades *Amphialus* with remarkable efficacy and prepares the way for the multiple wedding of the princes and princesses, *Helena* and *Amphialus*, and *Erona* and *Plangus*.]

## 61. 'Philophilippos'

1655

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The name 'Philophilippos' (or 'Philophilipo-os'—*Philophilippos*—as it is actually spelt in the 1655 folio) means 'Philip-lover'. It perhaps recalls the use of 'philophilosophos' in *A Defence of Poetry* (*MP*, p. 91).

The author vigorously defends *Arcadia* from those who brand it as merely 'amatorious' and vice-breeding (Milton—see No. 58—may be one of these 'surlie, and ill natur'd Criticks'). The Stuart support for 'lawfull recreations' is, arguably, alluded to, and some readers may have noted with interest the inclusion in the volume of an epitaph and prose commendation by Peter Heylyn, notable as a Laudian apologist in the 1640s (but now, in theory at least, confining himself to geographical studies). There is, however, little in 'The Life and Death of Sir Philip Sidney' that could be construed as strongly Royalist. Stress is laid on the fact that the crown of Poland, offered according to tradition to Sidney, was elective, and that although the 'Rise may seem improbable, and *per saltum*, from a private Gentleman of another Nation, to commence King on a sudden...we confess it is no whit above his deserts' (sigs b2–b2<sup>v</sup>).

Kathleen Coburn, in her edition of *The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, 3 vols, London, 1957–73, vol. 1, 1013n., suggests that 'Philophilippos' may be Thomas Fuller. This view is not incompatible with Fuller's known defence of *Arcadia* (see Introduction, p. 46) and his generally acknowledged position as a moderate.

'The Life and Death of Sir Philip Sidney', in *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, London, 1655, sigs b2<sup>v</sup>–b3<sup>v</sup>.

During Sir *Philip's* youthful years, and his Martial employments, it is much his minde could be at leisure, by recreation, to imploy it selfe in lighter studies; when composing his rare piece of prose-poëtrie, known by the name of *Arcadia*: for though it observeth not numbers and rhyme; Yet the invention is wholly spun out of phansie, but conformable to possibilitie of truth in all particulars.

His Credit hath suffered in the censure of som 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 som sage piece of policie, or remarkable observations, the results of his travels; or som historical discours, which like a marble monument, would have perpetuated him, and profited his Reader, whilst these

ludicrous things, like crumbling stone daily moulder's away, and usually lesseneth in all discreet verdicts thereof.

Yea, I have heard a Divine, even in a sermon, planting all the artillerie of his wit and eloquence, to batter down the esteem thereof, as not onely useless, but noxious, for youth especially in the reading thereof. What his Text was, it matters not, as having no warrant thence for his extravagant excursion, condemning that pastime to bee lost time, expended in the perusing of this book, lushious onely to the palate of wanton appetites, and disposing them unto vitious inclinations; to which humane corruption doth post without any spurring unto it.

But by the leav of his gravitie, hee was herein non-resident from truth it self, in denying a work so useful in the kinde thereof, for honest and civil delectation. The ready way to make the mindes of youth grow awry, is to lace them too hard, by denying them just and due libertie. Surely the soul, deprived of lawful delights, will, in way of revenge, (to enlarge it self out of prison) invade and attempt unlawful pleasures. Let such bee condemned alwaies to eat their meat with no other sawce, but their own appetite, who deprive themselvs and others of those sallies into lawfull recreations, whereof no less plentie than varietie is afforded in this worthe *Arcadia*.

And as the antient *Egyptians* presented secrets under their mystical hieroglyphicks, so that an easie figure was exhibited to the eye, and an higher notion tendred, under it, to the judgment: so all the *Arcadia* is a continual Grove of moralitie; shadowing moral and politick results under the plaine and easie emblems of Lovers: So, that the Reader may bee deceived, but not hurt thereby, when surpriz'd on a sudden to more knowledge than hee expected. Children indeed may rest in the shell, whilest men, through and under it, disclose a rich bank and bed of the choicest learning concealed therein: so that it is his own fault, if hee ariseth not, as the merrier, so the wiser from the perusing thereof.

I will not here endeavor to offer the Reader a *Key*, to unfold what persons were intended under such and such denominations: herein most men shoot at the wilde rovers of their own conjectures: and many have forged Keys out of their own fancies, all pretended to bee the right, though unlike one to another. But, besides it is an injurie to impose guesses for truths on any belief; such applications, rather made than meant, are not without reflexions on families, as

may justly give distaste. I dare confidently averr that the wards of this lock are grown so rustie with time, that a modern key will scarce unlock it, seeing in eighty years and upward (such the age of this book from the Nativitie thereof) many criticisms of time, place and person, wherein the life and lustre of this storie did consist, are utterly lost, and unknown in our age.

## 62. Charles Cotton

c. 1655–60

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Cotton (1630–87) uses the traditions of women as *Arcadia-readers*, and of its amorous associations. Poems by his older friend Lovelace (No. 54) and by Waller (No. 52 (b)) may have been sources for the ‘united grace’ of Pamela and Philoclea. The speaker comes upon a nymph in a cool grove and ‘There stole my passion from her killing Eyes.’ She will not give way to his desires, which remain fulfilled only in the romance, perhaps appropriately for a poet with royalist sympathies writing probably during the Interregnum.

‘The Surprise’, in *Poems on Several Occasions*, London, 1689, pp. 392–3.

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The happy *Object* of her Eye  
 Was *Sidney’s* living *Arcady*;  
 Whose amorous tale had so betrai’d  
 Desire in this all-lovely *Maid*;  
 That, whilst her Cheek a blush did warm,  
 I read *Loves* story in her form:  
 And of the *Sisters* the united grace,  
*Pamela’s* vigour in *Philoclea’s* Face.

She read not long, but clos’d the Book,  
 And up her silent Lute she took,  
 Perchance to charm each wanton thought,  
 Youth, or her reading had begot.

## 63. John Aubrey

c. 1670–85, c. 1680

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Aubrey (1626–97) gathers more and less plausible stories and facts about Sidney. In keeping with his usual emphases, but also with developments in Sidney's reputation at this time (see Introduction, p. 44), this Sidney is primarily a figure of antiquarian interest, a 'character' as much as an author whose works remain current.

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a) *The Natural History of Wiltshire*, ed. John Britton (from Bodleian Library, MS Aubrey 1 and 2), London 1847, pp. 89, 108.

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I shall now passe to the illustrious Lady Mary, Countesse of Pembroke, whom her brother hath eternized by his Arcadia; but many or most of the verses in the Arcadia were made by her Honour, and they seem to have been writt by a woman. 'Twas a great pity that Sir Philip had not lived to have put his last hand to it. He spent much, if not most part of his time here [at Wilton], and at Ivychurch, near Salisbury, which did then belong to this family, when he was in England.

[T]he Arcadia and the Daphne is about Vernditch and Wilton, and these romancy plaines and boscages did no doubt conduce to the hightening of Sir Philip Sydney's phansie. He lived much in these parts, and his most masterly touches of his pastoralls he wrote here upon the spott, where they were conceived. 'Twas about these purlieus that the muses were wont to appeare to Sir Philip Sydney, and where he wrote down their dictates in his table book, though on horseback. [Aubrey's note adds 'I remember some old relations of mine and old men hereabout that have scene Sir Philip doe thus.'] For those nimble fugitives, except they be presently registred, fly away, and perhaps can never be caught again.

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b) From '*Brief Lives, chiefly of Contemporaries, set down by John Aubrey, between 1669 and 1696*, ed. Andrew Clark, 2 vols, Oxford 1898, vol. 2, pp. 247–9; vol.1, pp. 311–12.

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Sir Philip Sydney, knight, was the most accomplished cavalier of his time.

He was not only of an excellent witt, but extremely beautifull; he much resembled his sister, but his haire was not red, but a little inclining, viz. a darke amber colour. If I were to find a fault in it, methinkes 'tis not masculine enough; yett he was a person of great courage.

My great uncle, Mr. Thomas Browne, remembred him; and said that he was often wont, as he was hunting on our pleasant plaines, to take his table booke out of his pocket, and write downe his notions as they came into his head, when he was writing his Arcadia (which was never finished by him).

He was the reviver of poetry in those darke times, which was then at a very low ebbe,—e.g. 'The Pleasant Comoedie of Jacob and Esau,' acted before King Henry VIII's grace (where, I remember, is this expression, that *the pottage was so good, that God Almighty might have putt his finger in't*); 'Grammar Gurton's Needle'; and in these playes there is not 3 lines but there is 'by God', or 'by God's wounds.'

He was of a very munificent spirit, and liberall to all lovers of learning, and to those that pretended to any acquaintance with Parnassus; in so much that he was cloyed and surfeited with the Poetasters of those dayes. Among others, Mr. Edmund Spencer made his addresse to him, and brought his *Faery Queen*. Sir Philip was busy at his study, and his servant delivered Mr. Spencer's booke to his master, who layd it by, thinking it might be such kind of stuffe as he was frequently troubled with. Mr. Spencer stayd so long that his patience was wearied, and went his way discontented, and never intended to come again. When Sir Philip perused it, he was so exceedingly delighted with it, that he was extremely sorry he was gone, and where to send for him he knew not. After much enquiry he learned his lodging, and sent for him, mightily caressed <him>, and ordered his servant to give him [blank] pounds in gold. His servant sayd that that was too much. 'No,' sayd Sir Philip, 'he is [blank] and ordered an addition. From this time there was a great friendship between them, to his dying day. [Cf. No. 66.]



## SIDNEY

At Wilton is a good library...which was collected in this learned ladie's [the Countess of Pembroke's] time. There is a manuscript very elegantly written, viz. all the Psalmes of David translated by Sir Philip Sydney, curiously bound in crimson velvet.

This curious seate of Wilton and the adjacent countrey is an Arcadian place and a paradise. [Aubrey deletes, and Clark suppresses most of, the following remark in Bodleian Library, MS Aubrey 6, f. 81.] Sir Philip Sydney was much here and there was so great love between him and his faire sister that I have heard old Gentlemen say that they lay together and it was thought that the first Philip Earle of P[embroke] was begot by him. [The 'old Gentlemen' are specified in a marginal note as 'Old Sr. Wr. Long of Draycot and old Mr. [Thomas] Tyndale.']

[The Countess of Pembroke on her (rumoured) second marriage, to Sir Matthew Lister] built then a curious house in Bedfordshire called Houghton Lodge neer Ampthill. The architects were sent for from Italie. It is built according to the Description of Basilius's house in the first booke of the *Arcadia* (which is dedicated to her). [Cf. William Camden, *Britannia*, ed. Edmund Gibson, London, 1722, vol. 1, p. 340; Horace Walpole, Introduction, p. 52].

## 64. John Dryden

1672, 1677, 1693

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Dryden still expects readers and audiences to have some knowledge of Sidney's work. For Isabelle in *The Wild Gallant* (1663), III.i.14, 'Damætas' is a familiar tern of abuse; in the dedication to *The Rival Ladies* (1664) there is a reference to *A Defence of Poetry* (MP, pp. 100–1) on 'the help [rhyme] brings to Memory'. But, as the remarks below suggest, Sidney is becoming very much a figure from an earlier, less refined age.

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(a) *Defence of the Epilogue: or, An Essay on the Dramatique Poetry of the Last Age* (printed with *The Conquest of Granada. The Second Part*, London, 1672), in *The Works of John Dryden*, vol. 11, ed. John Loftis and David Stuart Rhodes, Berkeley, Calif., 1978, pp. 213–14.

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[Even Jonson] was not free from the lowest and most groveling kind of Wit, which we call Clenches.... This was...the mode of wit, the vice of the Age and not *Ben. Jonson's*: for you see, a little before him, that admirable wit, Sir *Philip Sidney*, perpetually playing with his words.

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(b) 'The Authors Apology for Heroique Poetry and Poetique Licence', prefaced to *The State of Innocence, and the Fall of Man*, London, 1677, sig. c2

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That which would be allow'd to a *Grecian* Poet, *Martial* tells you, would not be suffer'd in a *Roman*. And 'tis evident that the *English*, does more nearly follow the strictness of the latter, than the freedoms of the former. Connection of Epithetes, or the conjunction of two words in one, are frequent and elegant in the *Greek*, which yet Sir *Philip Sidney*, and the Translator of Du Bartas, have unluckily attempted in the *English*; though this I confess, is not so proper an Instance of *Poetique Licence*, as it is of variety of Idiom in languages.

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(c) *A Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satire* (printed with Dryden's translation of Persius and Juvenal, London, 1693), in *The Works of John Dryden*, vol. 4, ed. A.B. Charlton and William Frost, Berkeley, Calif., 1974, p. 14.

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The Original of every Knight [in *The Faerie Queene*], was then living in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*: And [Spenser] attributed to each of them that Virtue, which he thought was most conspicuous in them.... But Prince *Arthur*, or his Chief Patron, Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom he intended to make happy, by the Marriage of his *Gloriana*, dying before him, depriv'd the Poet, both of Means and Spirit, to accomplish his Design.

## 65. Edward Phillips

1675

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Phillips (1630–96?), miscellaneous writer, did not share the political and religious views of his uncle and tutor, John Milton (No. 58). His possible hesitation over the merits of *Astrophil and Stella* may suggest, rather, that it seemed more old-fashioned than *Arcadia* to Restoration readers. Certainly it is mentioned much less often in the period. Elsewhere in *Theatrum Poetarum* (p. 3) Phillips censures the ‘Latin Measures’ in the eclogues, as unsuitable to English and other modern languages (p. 3).

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*Theatrum Poetarum: or, A Compleat Collection of Poets*, London, 1675, ‘The Modern Poets’, p. 152.

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Sr *Philip Sidney*, the Glory of the English Nation in his time, and Pattern of true Nobility, [was] as equally addicted both to Arts and Arms, though more fortunate in the first.... He was the great English *Mecenas* of Vertue,<sup>1</sup> Learning and Ingenuity, though in his own Writings chiefly if not wholly Poetical; his *Arcadia* being a Poem in design, though for the most part in Solute [=free, discursive] Oration, and his *Astrophil* and *Stella*, with other things in Verse, having, if I mistake not, a greater Spirit of Poetry, than to be altogether disesteem’d.

### NOTE

- 1 Gaius Maecenas, friend of Augustus and patron of Horace and Virgil.

## 66. Life of Spenser

1679

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Earlier biographical accounts had stated that Sidney advanced Spenser at court; this much expanded and intensified version contributed another strand to the Sidney myth. It continued to be cited in eighteenth century lives of Spenser; John Upton dismisses the story, but quotes the whole of it (*Spenser's Faerie Queene*, London, 1758, pp. v–vii). Aubrey reports it more briefly (No. 63b). By the mid- to late eighteenth century it is probable that many readers were more closely familiar with Sidney as an adjunct of Spenser than with *Arcadia*.

For a suggestion that the author of the life was Brooke Bridges (1630–1702), see Alexander C. Judson, 'The Seventeenth Century Lives of Edmund Spenser', *Huntington Library Quarterly*, vol. 10, 1946–7, p. 45.

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From 'A Summary of the Life of Mr. Edmond Spenser', in *The Works of that Famous English Poet, Mr. Edmond Spenser*, London, 1679, sigs A1–A1<sup>v</sup>

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Mr. *Sidney* (afterward Sir *Philip*) then in full glory at *Court*, was the Person, to whom [Spenser] design'd the first Discovery of himself; and to that purpose took an occasion to go one morning to *Leicester-House*, furnish't only with a modest confidence, and the Ninth *Canto* of the First Book of his *Faery Queen*: He waited not long, e're he found the lucky season for an address of the Paper to his hand; who having read the Twenty-eighth *Stanza of Despair*, (with some signs in his Countenance of being much affected, and surpris'd with what he had read) turns suddenly to his Servant, and commands him to give the Party that presented the Verses to him Fifty Pounds; the Steward stood speechless, and unready, till his Master having past over another *Stanza*, bad him give him an Hundred Pound; the Servant something stagger'd at the humour his Master was in, mutter'd to this purpose, That by the semblance of the Man that brought the Paper, Five Pounds would be a proper Reward; but Mr.

## SIDNEY

*Sidney* having read the following *Stanza*, commands him to give Two Hundred Pounds, and that very speedily, least advancing his Reward, proportionably to the height of his Pleasure in reading, he should hold himself oblig'd to give him more than he had: Withal he sent an invitation to the Poet, to see him at those hours, in which he would be most at leasure. After this Mr. *Spenser*, by degrees, so far gain'd upon him, that he became not only his Patron, but his Friend too; entred him at *Court*, and obtain'd of the Queen the Grant of a Pention to him as *Poet Laureat*: But in this, his Fate was unkind; for it prov'd only a *Poetical Grant*, the payment, after a very short time, being stopt by a *great Councillour*, who studied more the Queen's Profit than her Diversion, and told Her, 'twas beyond Example to give so great a Pention to a *Ballad-maker*.

## 67. D. Tyndale

1687

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For the Tyndale family, friends and neighbours of John Aubrey, see David Tylden-Wright, *John Aubrey: A Life*, London, 1991, pp. 133–4. The first name of this member of the family, probably a son of Thomas (1588–1671) and Dorothy, and brother of Stafford Tyndale, seems not to be known.

The idea that such a 'key' can or should be provided is rejected by 'Philophilippos' (No. 61).

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'Key of Pembroke's Arcadia', in a letter from D. Tyndale to John Aubrey, 18 February 1687, in *Brief Lives, chiefly of Contemporaries, set down by John Aubrey, between 1669 and 1696*, ed. Andrew Clark, 2 vols, Oxford 1898, vol. 2, pp. 250–1.

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I wishe I could give 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,<sup>1</sup>

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

Philoclea my lady Rich, 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. Lord Rich being then his friend, he perswaded her mother to the match, though he repented afterwards: she then very young and secretly in love with him but he no concern for her. Her beauty augmenting, he says in his *Astrophell and Stella*, he didn't think 'the morn would have proved soe faire a daye' [see *AS* 33]. Their mother [Lettice Knollys, Countess of Essex and then of Leicester] was beautiful and gallant (whether he meant Ginesia by her or noe, I know not); but their father died, they being young.... It was thought he meant himself by Amph[ialus] and his lady, Sir Francis Walsingham's daughter and heire, the queen of Corinth. If he did make his owne character high, they sayd Philisides was himself to, but it was all a guesse. He made it young, and dying desired his folies might be burnt.

Some others I have heard guessed at, but have forgot. Therefore cannot satisfie the lady, which I would for your sake.

### NOTE

- 1 Penelope Rich's sister Dorothy.

## 68. Sir William Temple

1690

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The diplomat and essayist Temple (1628–99) was the grandson of Sidney's secretary and friend (see No. 7). Family tradition perhaps had some influence on his valuation of Sidney, unusually high for its time.

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'Essay IV. Of Poetry', in Sir William Temple, *Miscellanea. The Second Part*, London, 1690, p. 33.

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## SIDNEY

The last kind of Poetry in Prose, is that which in later Ages has overrun the World, under the Name of Romances, which tho' it seems Modern, and a Production of the *Gothick* Genius, yet the Writing is antient.... The true Spirit or Vein of antient Poetry in this Kind, seems to shine most in Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom I esteem both the Greatest Poet and the Noblest Genius of any that have left Writings behind them, and published in ours or any modern Language; a Person born capable not only of forming the greatest *Ideaes*, but of leaving the noblest Examples, if the length of his Life had been equal to the Excellence of his Wit and his Virtues.

### 69. Anthony Wood

1691

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Wood (1632–95), historian of the University of Oxford, gathered information and opinions on writers and bishops for *Athenae Oxonienses*. John Aubrey (see No. 63) was one of his main sources.

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*Athenae Oxonienses*, 2 vols, London, 1691–2, vol. 1, pp. 182–4.

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PHILIP SIDNEY, the short-liv'd Ornament of his noble Family, and the *Marcellus* of the English Nation, hath deserv'd, and without dispute or envy enjoyed, the most exalted praises of his own and of succeeding Ages. The Poets of his time, especially *Spencer*, reverenc'd him not only as a Patron, but a Master; and he was almost the only Person in any age (I will not except *Mecænas*)<sup>1</sup> that could teach the best rules of Poetry, and most freely reward the performances of Poets. He was a Man of a sweet nature, of excellent behaviour, of much, and withall of well digested, learning; so that rarely wit, courage, breeding, and other additional accomplishments of conversation have met in so high a degree in

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

any single Person. It is to be wish'd that his life might be written by some judicious hand, and that the imperfect essay of Sir *Fulk Grevill* L. Brook might be supply'd; In the mean time I am forc'd to consider him only as an Author, and to give him these short notes of his life and education.

In the year 1579 he, though neither Magistrate or Counsellour, did shew himself, for several weighty reasons, opposite to the Queens matching with the Duke of *Anjou*, which he very pithily expressed by a due address of his humble reasons to her...The said address was written at the desire of some great personage, his Uncle Robert (I suppose) Earl of *Leycester*; upon which a great quarrel hapned between him and *Edw. Vere* Earl of *Oxford*. This as I conceive, might occasion his retirement from Court next Summer, *an.* 1580, wherein perhaps he wrot that pleasant Romance called *Arcadia*.

What can be said more? He was a Statesman, Soldier, and Scholar, a compleat Master of matter and language, as his immortal Pen shews. His Pen and his Sword have rendred him famous enough. He died by the one, and by the other he'll ever live, as having been hitherto highly extolled for it by the Pens of Princes. This is the happiness of art, that although the sword doth atchieve the honour, yet the arts do record it, and no Pen hath made it better known than his own, in that book called *Arcadia*. Certain it is, he was a noble and matchless Gentleman; and it may be justly said without hyperboles of fiction, as it was of *Cato Uticensis* that *he seemed to be born to that only which he went about*. [In a list of Sidney's work Wood notes that *Arcadia*, 'the most celebrated Romance that ever was written', is still 'taken into the hands of all ingenious Men', and that *Astrophil and Stella* is 'Said to be written for the sake of one whom he entirely loved, viz. the Lady *Rich*, by whom was understood *Philoclea* in the *Arcadia*' (cf. Nos 37 and 67).]

## NOTE

- 1 See above, n. 1 to No. 65



## 70. 'J.N.'

1701

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This popularization of *Arcadia* greatly reduces its length and complexity by concentrating on narrative rather than debate and removing most of the heroic sub-plots (one of which, the story of Argalus and Parthenia, was already widely available in chapbook form). Much of the text is taken verbatim, or almost so, from Sidney, but the omissions make for some very different emphases. For instance, the orations at the trial of Gynecia and the princes are subject to ruthless cutting, while the doings of Dametas and his family, which have obvious popular appeal, are more extensively retained. (See, for instance, Dametas' combat with Clinias (pp. 53–65) and his, Miso's and Mopsa's deception by Dorus/Musidorus (pp. 84ff., 96ff.). The concluding part of *The Famous History* is derived from Beling's Sixth Book (No. 46).

The second passage below is the much abbreviated equivalent of *OA*, pp. 309–18. The abbreviation is achieved by the exclusion of all elements which tend to slow the narrative or to elaborate on the characters' feelings, including the death of the rebels and several long reflective or hortatory speeches by Pamela and Musidorus.

The address to the reader is signed 'J.N.'

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*The Famous History of Heroick Acts: or, The Honour of Chivalry. Being an Abstract of Pembroke's Arcadia*, London, 1701, title-page and pp. 109–11.

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The Famous History of Heroick Acts or, the Honour of Chivalry. Being an Abstract of Pembroke's Arcadia. Containing many strange and wonderful Adventures that happened to the two young Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, Disguised, one under the habit of a Mazonian Woman, and the other in Shepherd's Dress: With their Success in LOVE, towards the two incomparable Princesses, *Philoclea* and *Pamela*, the *Arcadian King's* only Daughters. The whole being a compleat Series, interwoven with the Heroick Actions of many

Valiant Men, as Kings, Princes, and Knights, of undoubted Fame; whose matchless Deeds, have won to them immortal Honour, Fame, and everlasting Renown.

Illustrated and lively set forth with many curious Cuts, the like as yet not Extant.

Then began these Villains to consult what they should do; some would rob them of their Jewels, and let them go on their Journey; others preferring their own homes above any thing, desired to bring them to *Basilius*, as Pledges of their Surety. Thus having either by Fortune, or the force of these two Lovers inward working Vertue, settled their cruel Hearts to this course, they took the two Horses, and having set upon them their Princely prisoners, they returned towards the Lodge; the Villains having decked all their Heads with Lawrel Branches, thinking they had done a notable Act, singing and shouting for very Joy; and being come within the Plain, near to the Lodges, espied a Troop of Horsemen kept on their way towards the Lodge; the Horsemen were some of those that *Philanax* had sent out in search of *Pamela*, who came riding up to them, demanding who they were, that in such a general manner durst sing joyful Tunes, and in so publick a Ruine, wear the Lawrel in token of Victory? And that which seemed strange, they might see two among them Unarmed like Prisoners, but riding like Captains. But when they came near, they perceived the one to be the Lady *Pamela*, and the other to be *Dorus*. The Soldiers hastened to carry them to their Lord *Philanax*, to whom they came just as he was coming out of the Lady *Philoclea's* Chamber, who had taken *Pyrocles* before, and had deliver'd him to a Noble Man of that Country. As they were leading *Pyrocles* to Prison, he beheld his Friend *Musidorus* in company with the Noble and Beautious Lady *Pamela* in that unexpected sort returned, which much augmented his Grief, for besides some small hope he had if *Musidorus* was but once out of the confines of *Arcadia*, did not doubt but he would bring his Desires to a good and speedy Issue; the hard Misfortune of his Friend did more grieve him than his own. But as soon as *Musidorus* was brought unto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles*, (who not knowing whether ever he might see his Friend again) leap'd suddenly from them that held him, embracing him as fast as he could in his Arms; and therewith kissing his Cheeks, said, O my *Palladius*, let not our vertue abandon us! and let us prove that our Lives are not slaves to Fortune. Dear *Diaphantus*, answer'd

*Musidorus*, (who see [*sic*] by his Habit his being a Man was revealed) I thank you for this care of me. *Philanax* finding by their speech that they were of near Acquaintance, began to Examin them apart; but such resolution he found in them, that he could learn no farther of them than it pleased them to declare. So he thought that it would be most fit to put them both in one Place, and for that purpose, gave them both unto the Noble man *Simpatheus*, who before had the Custody of *Pyrocles*.

## 71. D.Stanley

1725

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The list of subscribers to this re-writing of *Arcadia* includes Sir Hans Sloane. Since Sloane's daughter Sarah had married in 1719 George Stanley of Paultons (*DNB*, s.nn. 'Sir Hans Sloane' and 'Hans Stanley'), 'D.'—Dorothy?—Stanley was perhaps a relation of his. (I have been unable to trace the Edward and Hester Stanley also listed as subscribers.)

The parting of Argalus and Parthenia, in the extract chosen here, typifies Stanley's style and attitudes. Speech from *Arcadia* (*NA*, pp. 372–3) is expanded, inflated and made generally to conform to the standards of decorum established by Sentimentalism as exemplified in the tragedies of Nicholas Rowe. 'Mine you are' becomes 'you've given your self to me by the most solemn Tyes'; 'your blood must be bled by Parthenia' becomes 'nor can your breast be pierced, but through her Heart'. Correct sentiment is to be spelt out: additions include the reference to 'The righteous Heavens' and their justice. The narrator, too, sometimes provides a moral lead: 'the tyranny of honour' in the original becomes 'mistaken Notions of tyrannick Honour', and in Stanley's concluding sentence, also given below, happy closure substitutes for the sense of future possibilities and unanswered questions at the end of *Arcadia*. The eclogues are simply omitted: 'I have the opinion of most of my Subscribers for it' (Preface, sig. b<sup>v</sup>).

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*Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, Moderniz'd by Mrs. Stanley, London, 1725, pp. 316-17, 511.*

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But by that Time he was arm'd, and upon the Point of going, she had just recover'd Strength enough to come out to him; and seeing him in such a Posture, she flung her self upon her Knees, catching hold of him, regardless who was a Witness of her Behaviour: My *Argalus*, cry'd she, Source of my Joy, and Fountain of my Bliss, you will not sure in earnest then abandon me; you cannot be so cruel; nay, you have not a Power of being so: Alas! you must remember you are no longer in your own Disposal; I have an Interest in you, which I will never yield to such a cruel Hazard; you have already fix'd a thousand Standards of your Courage: Your Valour stands confess'd by the most envious; what Reason then can you pretend for bartering Happiness for Fame? You are no way indebted to your Country; your gallant Arm has long since pay'd what'er you ow'd to that; something is due to me, more to your self; 'tis now requir'd of you to discharge those Obligations; there are enough less valuable Lives to be exposed in this unhappy Cause, who are accountable to none but to themselves for their Behaviours: Do but reflect on what a Rack I shall remain, if you thus cruelly abandon me; when you was free from any Ties, and cou'd but suffer in your own Person, then indeed you had a Right to expose it, then was your Time to prove your Courage and to raise your Fame; but now you are no more your own: O! Pardon me, my Lord, if I pretend a much superior Claim, and you must give me Leave to urge it; you've given your self to me by the most solemn Tyes; you can't divide your self from me; I must share all your Dangers; *Parthenia* will be with you in the Combat, feel all your Wounds; nor can your breast be pierced, but through her Heart. The righteous Heavens, whose Justice we so awfully revere, can ne'er demand it of you; your Honour nor your Duty can require it, and Love and Happiness entirely forbid it. No, no my *Argalus*, 'tis only you that can exert this Cruelty against your hapless Wife; therefore let me conjure you, if yet that tender Name has Power to move, to change this cruell Purpose, nor leave me groaning upon present Racks, and possibly expos'd to future Agonies, too great for humane Nature to support. Joy of my Soul, and Treasure of my Life! reply'd the

unhappy Youth, cease, O cease to wound my Heart with thy foreboding Sorrows, which strike much deeper than any Sword can ever have Power of doing; exert thy natural Magnanimity, nor be a Coward only for thy *Argalus*: Assure thy self I have not yet so much offended Heaven, that it shou'd bless me with thy Beauties, and give me the Possession of thy wondrous Merit, only to tear me thus in a Moment from thee, and make my Fall the greater: No, no, believe me, my *Parthenia*, I still shall live; live long to pay thee back an endless Store of Love and Gratitude; therefore dry up those Tears, whose every falling Drop gives me far greater Pain, than if I felt the trickling Blood distilling from my aching Heart: Believe me, my prophetick Soul informs me that I shall soon return; return possess'd with joyful Victory, to meet my Triumph in the Circle of thy Arms, and lay my Laurels at my fair One's Feet.

While he was thus speaking, *Parthenia's* Colour chang'd at every Sentence; but when he clos'd his Lips with the dreadful Confirmation of his going, Amazement and Despair usurp'd her every Sense, and put her past the Power of making a Reply; which *Argalus* perceiving, he caught her in his Arms to take a last Adieu, with so much Eagerness, as if he meant to print his Soul upon her Lips, and leave it as a Pledge of his Return. But they were cold, and quite insensible of the Impression, the mighty Shock having entirely overcome her Spirits, and laid her in a welcome Swoon, which for some Moments gave a Respite to her Grievs. *Argalus* thought staying till she recover'd, wou'd only serve to renew in both of them the Pangs of parting; and therefore delivering her to her Attendants, hurry'd away by the mistaken Notions of tyrannick Honour, he hasted to the Camp.

[The concluding sentence:] Thus on all sides their late Misfortunes turned to Blessings: the Royal Lovers received the Recompence of their past Cares; and found the Truth of what has been so long asserted, that Time and Assiduity (at least in Love) will conquer every Difficulty, and pay us double Interest for every Disappointment which we have or can endure.

## 72. Elizabeth Montagu

1742

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Elizabeth Robinson (1720–1800) married the wealthy Edward Montagu (cousin of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu’s son, Edward) in August 1742. She was later famous as a leading ‘blue-stocking’ and literary hostess, and the author of *An Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare* (1769). *Arcadia* seems to have been a frequent topic of semi-serious conversation and entertainment in the circles in which she moved, especially among the women (as in the days of Anne Clifford). These included Montagu’s correspondent Mary Pendarves (later Mrs Delany, 1700–88): in 1740, ‘I have laid aside the *Arcadia* till Mrs. Pendarves comes, who is so fond of it, and ...she shall read it to us’ (*Elizabeth Montagu, Queen of the Blue-Stockings, Her Correspondence from 1740 to 1761*, ed. Emily J. Climenson, London, 1906, vol. 1, p. 56). Many years later, in 1774, Pendarves was still adopting the same tone as her friend where Sidney was concerned, so often using ‘delight’ and its cognates in describing her joy in seeing a friend’s children that ‘Sir Phillip Sidney in his *Arcadia* cannot be more guilty of reiteration!’ (*The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs Delany*, ed. Lady Llanover, Second Series, London, 1862, vol. 2, p. 64). Sidney’s is no longer ‘the language of the heart’.

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Letter to Mary Pendarves, 16 August 1742, in *The Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville, Mrs Delany*, ed. Lady Llanover, First Series, London, 1861, vol. 2, pp. 191–2.

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After breakfast we employ ourselves as you imagine; we are reading Sir Philip Sidney’s famous Romance, which is *far exceeding* the *exceedingness* of the most *exceeding imagination*, as if, the things of which he spoke *exceeded* all imagination, or the imagination with which he wrote, *exceeded* all things; so much more *excellent* are the things of which he writes as that the things which he writes are far

SIDNEY

*exceeding* all other excellence, for art therein does borrow the appearance of nature, and nature the excellence of art, so the eye doth not know whether to praise skilful art or happy chance therein, but surely both together does greatly delight the mind's eye, and work in the beholder a goodly admiration! Seriously it is a pity, two such excellent Geniuses in Queen Elizabeth's days as Spenser and Sir Philip should write of only such feigned imaginary beings as fairies and lovers; now that the world is not superstitious and credulous, such personages are not so well received as they used to be. We do not only remember you *in our happy hours*, but the *remembrance* of you *gives us hours!* Surely by *mimicry* I *have fallen* into the style of Sir Philip; but to you I need speak no language but the language of the heart to assure you I am your very sincere and faithful friend,

ELIZA ROBINSON

### 73. John Upton

1746

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John Upton (1707–60), Prebendary of Rochester, published his edition of *The Faerie Queene* in 1758.

The common criticism of Sidney's experiments with classical metres is sharpened by contrast with Shakespeare, whose reputation reached a new height both in criticism and the theatre in the 1740s (see *Shakespeare: The Critical Heritage, 1623–1801*, ed. Brian Vickers, 6 vols, London, 1974–81, introduction to vol. 3, pp. 12–14 and *passim*; vol. 4, p. 26).

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*Critical Observations on Shakespeare*, London, 1746, pp. 335, 343–4.

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The greatest beauty in diction is, when it corresponds to the sense. This beauty our language, with all its disadvantages, can attain; as I could easily instance from Shakespeare and Milton. We have

harsh, rough consonants, as well as the soft and melting, and these should sound in the same musical key.

These measures [those used by Shakespeare] are all so agreeable to the genius of our language, that Shakespeare's fine ear and skill are seen in what he gives us, as well as in what he omits. Sir Philip Sydney, who was a scholar (as noblemen were in Queen Elizabeth's reign) but wanted Shakespeare's ear, has dragged into our language verses, that are enough to set one's ear an edge: thus for instance the elegiac verses,

Förtünelnāturellöve lōnglhāve cōnltēndēd ālboūt mē  
Whīch shoūldmōst mīsēlrīescāst ōn ālwōrme thāt ī lām.

Sir Philip Sydney thought, like Vossius, that such a number of syllables was the only thing wanting, and that we had no long or short words in our language; but he was much mistaken. His saphics are worse, if possible, than his elegiacs:

if mīne eys cān spēak tō dō heārtȳ ērrānd.

So much mistaken oftentimes are learned men, when they don't sufficiently consider the peculiar genius, and distinguishing features, as it were, of one language from another.

## 74. McNamara Morgan

1754

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Morgan (d. 1762) wrote satires and *Florizel and Perdita* (1754), 'a particularly mindless adaptation of *The Winter's Tale* which enjoyed, nevertheless, much success in the theatre' (*Shakespeare: the Critical Heritage 1623–1801*, ed. Brian Vickers, 6 vols, London, 1974–81, vol. 4, p. 53). In *Philoclea*, according to the Preface, he 'was obliged to alter' Sidney's fable 'very considerably to render it dramatic.' Pyrocles disguises himself as a shepherd, not an Amazon; Gynecia becomes an unpleasant stepmother, and Amphialus simply a villain. Amphialus and Basilius are both killed in the battle at the end: there is no trial and no Euarchus, and the story is mainly concerned



SIDNEY

with removing obstacles to the exalted love of Pyrocles and Philoclea and, secondarily, Musidorus and Pamela. There is much dwelling on 'the Passions'. Thanks to the actors playing Pyrocles and Philoclea, Spranger Barry and Maria Isabella Nossiter, 'the more tender and sensible parts of the audience could not fail being affected by the passionate scenes of love' in the play (David Erskine Baker and Isaac Reed, *Biographia dramatica*, 3 vols in 4, London, 1812, vol. 3, p. 144).

*Philoclea* did not on the whole, however, please contemporary reviewers. It is 'crowded with an immense number of absurdities, both in language and plot; the first being alternately bombastic and puerile, and the other incorrect, imperfect, and contradictory' (*ibid.*); it fails to observe the unities, and lacks all probability (Paul Hiffenan, *The Tuner*, 21 January 1754).

The play was performed nine times at Covent Garden in January-February 1754 (*The London Stage 1660-1800*, ed. George Winchester Stone Jr., Part Four: 1747-1776, Carbondale, Ill., 1962, pp. 404-7).

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*Philoclea: A Tragedy*, London, 1754, sig. A4; Act II, pp. 24-7.

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Prologue.

When great ELIZA fill'd the *British* Throne, She  
mark'd the matchless SIDNEY for her own; Around  
whose Temples ev'ry Laurel twin'd, In early Youth, the  
Glory of Mankind! With Genius, Birth, Wit, Fortune,  
Fame inspir'd, He plann'd this Tale, which WALLER  
since admir'd;<sup>1</sup> In gay *Arcadia* let his Fancy rove, And  
form'd another Paradise for Love: Where blooming  
still, in his immortal Page, His PHILOCLEA charm'd  
thro' ev'ry Age. Nor think the Story Fiction, drawn  
with Art, 'Tis a true Hist'ry of the human Heart.

SCENE, *the Garden*

*Pyrocles.* You see to what a Strait I am reduc'd;—  
For, I must hence, this very Night, before  
The curs'd appointed Hour. And, if you'll not  
Consent to share my Fate, and with me fly

- This desert Solitude, alas! I fear  
 I ne'er shall see my *Philoclea* more.
- Philoclea.* O talk not so! I cannot live without thee!—  
 But, my sweet Prince, wilt thou be faithful to me?  
 Wilt thou, for ever, be as kind as now?  
 There's such a lovely Terror in thy Looks,  
 Such Strength and Softness mingled in thy Frame,  
 That my whole Sex, I'm sure, will grow my Rivals.  
 And, Oh! I fear some wond'rous Beauty's Charms  
 May make thee to neglect thy *Philoclea*,  
 And then, I know, my Heart wou'd break with Grief.
- Pyrocles.* Give me thy Hand; (*Kneels*) and thus I summon all  
 The Pow'rs presiding o'er Connubial Rites.  
*Hymen*, thou God of ever-chaste Desire!  
 Bright *Cytherea*! and thou God of Love!  
 Celestial *Graces*! Heav'n-born *Concord*! hear;  
 And thou, great Thunder-bearer *Jove*! look down,  
 Be thou the Witness of my holy Vow!  
 If ever, ev'n in Thought, my Heart shall stray  
 From this sweet Virgin's Love, then let your Bolts  
 Strike this false Breast, and hurl my Soul to Hell.  
 (*Philoclea kneels.*)
- Philoclea.* And here, on my Part, I repeat the same;  
 And in the presence of the Gods, I swear,  
 That, as my *Pyrocles* has been my first,  
 So shall he be my last, my only Love.—(*Rises.*)  
 Now I'll go with thee to the utmost Earth,  
 To the bleak North, or to the Torrid Zone,  
 O'er snowy Mountains, or o'er scorching Sands;  
 Where'er you go, it is the Land of Love,  
 A magic Spring shall bloom beneath our Feet.
- Pyrocles.* Come, I will sit thee on the Throne of *Macedon*,  
 Whence *Alexander* rul'd the subject Globe.  
 My Joy! my Life! my Happiness! my Bride!  
 A brighter Queen than e'er shone there before,  
 Tho' the fair Pride of *Asia* fill'd it once.
- Philoclea.* And thou shalt sit inthroned in my Heart,  
 My Lord! my Prince! my Sovereign! my Love!  
 Here shalt thou reign, with most despotic Sway,  
 (*Embraces him.*)  
 And ev'ry Passion, Appetite and Wish  
 Shall, as true Subjects, own thee for their King:  
 Rebel Inconstancy shall fly the State,

SIDNEY

- While tender Love, thy faithful firm Ally,  
 Shall guard the Blessings of thy peaceful Reign.
- Pyrocles.* How poor a Kingdom's *Macedon* to thine!  
 Thy precious Heart is more than Worlds to me!—  
 But, ere we go, I have another Care,  
 A Care, that's second to my Love alone.  
 I have a Friend, that's dearer than my Life;  
 One, whom I love, almost as well as thee,  
 And, when thou know'st him, thou shalt love him too.  
 'Tis *Musidorus*, 'tis my valiant Kinsman,  
*Bellona's* fav'rite Son! the Prince of *Thessaly*!  
 O he's a gallant and a Godlike Youth!  
 A Soul compos'd of Majesty! Yet he,  
 (Such is the Power of Beauty, and of Love)  
 Now lurks, like me, beneath a Shepherd's Weeds,  
 And is that *Dorus*, who subdu'd *Amphialus*.
- Philoclea.* My Sister almost did suspect as much;  
 For, from his Dignity of Soul, and Port  
 Sublime, she thought he was no vulgar Being.
- Pyrocles.* Know, 'twas her Beauty that transform'd him so:  
 (We sympathize in Love as all Things else).  
 And now, my Princess, I would have thee tell her,  
 Ere we escape, his Quality and Name.
- Philoclea.* I'll fly, the gladsome Messenger of Love,  
 And pour the soft Infection to her Heart.—  
 'Tis Death to leave thee.
- Pyrocles.* But we'll meet at Night,  
 To part no more.—You know the Hour and Place.
- Philoclea.* It is an Age till then.
- Pyrocles.* O *Philoclea!*  
 Shou'd you forget, a Moment may destroy us.
- Philoclea.* My Heart shall cease to beat, my Nerves to feel,  
 And ev'ry Sense grow careless of its Charge,  
 When I forget to wish myself with thee.
- Pyrocles.* Adieu, thy fairest, kindest Excellence;  
 Till next we meet, I'm banish'd from myself. (*Exeunt.*)

NOTE

- 1 See No. 52

## 75. Samuel Johnson

1755, 1765, 1770

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Johnson's considerable familiarity with *Arcadia*, no doubt increased by his research for the Dictionary (see (a) below), is further evidenced by two passing references in *The Letters of Samuel Johnson*, ed. Bruce Redford, 5 vols, Oxford, 1992-4, vol. 3, p. 57, and vol. 4, p. 198. To Boswell (1 September 1777; later quoted in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*) he writes whimsically that he will leave plans for 'some other little adventure' like the Hebridean journey 'To vertue, fortune, wine, and woman's breast' (OA 65, with 'wine' for 'time'). To Hester Thrale's daughter Susanna (9 September 1783) he instances the fate of the painter who 'mingled in the battle, that he might know how to paint it', only to have his hands cut off (see NA, p. 282), to show that 'it is better to know vice and folly by report than by experience'.

Johnson did not, however, grant Sidney and his contemporaries the accolade of inclusion in *The Lives of the Poets*. For many in the mid-eighteenth century Sidney's language, and his work more generally, are frontier country: 'the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions.' (See George Ellis, *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, London, 1790, pp. ii-iii, for one expression of the view that Johnson could have recommended the works of Surrey, Wyatt, Sidney and Raleigh 'as justly and successfully' as those of Blackmore, Sprat and Yalden.)

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(a) Preface to *A Dictionary of the English Language*, London, 1755, sig. C1.

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...as every language has a time for rudeness antecedent to perfection, as well as of false refinement and declension, I have been cautious lest my zeal for antiquity might drive me into times too remote, and crowd my book with words now no longer understood. I have fixed *Sidney's* work for the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions. From the authours which rose in the time of

## SIDNEY

*Elizabeth*, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and eloquence. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Shakespeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of *English* words, in which they might be expressed.

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(b) *Mr. Johnson's Preface to his Edition of Shakespear's Plays*, London, 1765, p. xxi.

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*Shakespeare*, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age *Sidney*, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet and security, with those of turbulence, violence and adventure.

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(c) Letter to Hester Thrale, 20 July 1770, *The Letters of Samuel Johnson*, ed. Bruce Redford, 5 vols, Oxford, 1992–4, vol. 1, p. 348.

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If Sidney had gone, as he desired, the great voyage with Drake,<sup>1</sup> there would probably have been such a narrative as would have equally satisfied the Poet and Philosopher.

## NOTE

- 1 See *The Prose Works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke*, ed. John Gouws, Oxford, 1986, p. 132.

## 76. 'Philisides'

1758

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The modernized blank verse pastorals of the unidentified 'Philisides' seem to have attracted little attention. As early as 1725 Mrs Stanley (No. 71) had left out the eclogues in accordance with 'the opinion of most of my Subscribers'; later in the century Clara Reeve (No. 81) said that '*Sidney's* Pastorals, are dull and unintelligible, and are generally skipped over by those who still read and admire the *Arcadia*'.

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*The Shepherd's Calender. Being 12 Pastorals. Attempted in Blank Verse. The Subjects partly taken from the select Pastorals of Spencer, and Sir Philip Sidney, Dublin, 1758. From the Sixth Pastoral, pp. 17-19 (see OA71).*

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STREPHON and CLAIUS, *lament their hopeless state thro' Love.*

By this the Night, out of the darksome Reign  
*Of Erebus*, had call'd her teemed Steeds;  
And lazy *Vesper*, in his timely Hour,  
From golden *Æta*, had ascended Heav'n;  
When *Strephon*, an undone forsaken Swain,  
And hap'less Pastor *Claius*, Woe begone,  
Thus in a dreary Forest mourn'd their Plight.

STREPHON.

Ye Goat-herd Gods, that love the grassie Hills,  
Ye rural Nymphs that haunt the Vallies green,  
Ye Satyrs that in quiet Woods delight;  
Vouchsafe your silent Ears to my love Song;  
Which to my Sorrows gives an early Day,  
And to the Night my Misery prolongs.

CLAIUS.

Oh, *Mercury*, forerunner of the Night!  
*Dian!* Sweet Huntress of the savage Wilds!  
Oh, lovely Star, the Morning's Harbinger!  
While with my Voice the Forests wild I fill,  
Vouchsafe your silent Ears unto my Plaint,  
Which oft hath tired Echo in her Cave.

SIDNEY

STREPHON.

I, that was once a free and jolly Swain,  
And rul'd the Noon-tide Shade and Ev'ning Sport;  
I, that was once esteemed for my Song,  
Am banish'd now among the desert Hills  
Of huge Despair: Affliction is my Life,  
And my sweet Voice is like an hooting Owl's.

CLAIUS.

I lov'd the gratefull Fragrance of the Morn,  
Haunting the wild Inhabitants of Woods;  
I once was all the Musick of the Plain;  
Now I am dark! my Day is turn'd to Night;  
Heart-broken so, that all I see I fear,  
And fill the Plain with Cries instead of Songs.

STREPHON.

Long since, alas! like to a dying Swan  
I usher in the Morning with Complaint:  
Now, on the Mountain Tops, I sit and wail.  
Long since the Ev'ning of my Joys is come,  
And all my Honours trodden into Dust.

CLAIUS.

Long since the happy Dwellers of these Vales  
Have prayed me to cease my strange Laments;  
Which interrupt their Work and marr their Joys:  
Long since my Thoughts pursue me like wild Beasts,  
That oft I wish the Hills to cover me....  
Dire Imprecations are my daily Prayer,  
My Flames are more than wou'd the Trees consume,  
My State is baser than the basest Thing,  
I never wish to see another Hour;  
I hate myself in the Excess of Shame,  
And stop my Ears till I grow mad with Grief.

STREPHON.

ANNA the sweetest Virgin of the Plain,  
Whose Beauty doth out-shine the Morning Sun;  
Who doth in Stateliness surpass all Trees,  
Hath cast me forth, unhappy, from her Love.

CLAIUS.

*Phillis*, the far most cruel of her Sex,  
At whose Approach the Sun with Pleasure rose;

Is gone for ever, hath forsook me quite,  
And to a Desert turn'd our pleasant Fields.

STREPHON.

With these Complaints I'll fill the Woods and Plains.

CLAIUS.

Ev'ning and Morning, this shall be my Song.

## 77. Horace Walpole

1758

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Walpole's outspoken protest against Sidney's style and reputation was the starting-point for discussion in much eighteenth- and nineteenth-century criticism of *Arcadia*. (Further editions of *A Catalogue* appeared in 1759, 1763, 1787, 1792, 1796 and 1806.)

For contemporary disagreement with Walpole's strictures from Thomas Robinson, Lord Tavistock, Henry Headley, and Lady Mary Coke, see *Correspondence*, ed. W.S. Lewis et al. 48 vols, New Haven, Conn., 1937-83, vol. 32, p. 47 n.18, and vol. 31, pp. 200-1; for agreement from Michael Lort in a letter to Richard Cumberland, see *ibid.*, vol. 16, p.367. See also No. 79 below. Walpole wrote to David Hume, who had also taken exception to 'the freedom I have taken with Sir Philip Sidney', mainly to reiterate his point that Sidney 'was not a great man in proportion to his fame'; compared with the undeservedly less celebrated Bacon, he was 'a puny child in genius' (15 July 1758, *ibid.*, vol. 40, pp. 136-7). In the letter to Hume and a note added to the second edition of *A Catalogue* (vol. 1, p. 183) he goes some way grudgingly to exempt *A Defence of Poetry* from his attack.

For Walpole's distinction between his interests as antiquarian and as critic, see Introduction, p. 52.

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## SIDNEY

From 'Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke', in Horace Walpole, *A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England*, 2 vols,

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Strawberry Hill, 1758, vol. 1, pp. 163–5. A thousand accidents of birth, court-favour or popularity, concur sometimes to gild a slender proportion of merit. After ages who look when those beams are withdrawn, wonder what attracted the eyes of the multitude. No man seems to me so astonishing an object of temporary admiration as the celebrated friend of the Lord Brooke, the famous Sir Philip Sidney. The learned of Europe dedicated their works to Him; the Republic of Poland thought him at least worthy to be in the nomination for their crown. All the muses of England wept his death. When we at this distance of time inquire what prodigious merits excited such admiration, what do we find?—Great valour.—But it was an age of heroes.—In full of all other talents we have a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through; and some absurd attempts to fetter English verse in Roman chains; a proof that this applauded author understood little of the genius of his own language. The few of his letters extant are poor matters; one to a steward of his father,<sup>1</sup> an instance of unwarrantable violence. By far the best presumption of his abilities (to us who can judge only by what we see) is a pamphlet published amongst the Sidney-papers, being an answer to the famous libel called *Leicester's common-wealth*. It defends his uncle with great spirit: What had been said in derogation to their blood seems to have touched Sir Philip most. He died with the rashness of a volunteer [note: *Queen Elizabeth used to say of Lord Essex 'We shall have him knocked o' the head like that rash fellow Sidney'*], after having lived to write with the *sang froid* and prolixity of Mademoiselle Scuderi.

Let not this examination of a favourite character be taken in an ill light. There can be no motive but *just criticism* for calling in question the fame of another man at this distance of time. Were Posterity to allow all the patents bestowed by cotemporaries, *The Temple of Fame* would be crowded with worthless dignitaries.

## NOTE

- 1 *Letters and Memorials of State of the Sidney Family*, ed. Arthur Collins, 2 vols, London, 1746, vol. 1, p. 256.

## 78. *The History of Argalus and Parthenia*

c. 1760–85?

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This work tells the basic story of Argalus and Parthenia in twenty-three duodecimo pages. It is bound with popular versions of Aesop's Fables, Patient Grissel, Drake's travels, 'The History of Sir Richard Whittington', 'Robinson Crusoe of York, Mariner', and the like as *The Ballad-Singers Basket. A Choice Collection of Pretty Pennyworths* (1809), 'collected by Mr. Haslewood.' Chapter 1, reproduced here, is representative of the style and content of the whole. The main sources are Quarles's poem (No. 49) and its prose derivatives.

This may be the version of the story which, according to Julius Lloyd (*The Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, London, 1862, p. 101), 'is still sold in a cheap form by hawkers'.

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*The History of Argalus and Parthenia. Being a Choice Flower Gathered Out of Sir Phillip Sidney's Rare Garden.* London, n.d., pp. 2–3.

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In the pleasant country of *Arcadia*, a place noted for rural delights and sweetness of air, reigned a prince named Basilius; a man possessed of all those amiable qualifications which rendered him beloved, honoured, and esteemed by all ranks of subjects. This good King married a young princess, named Cyrecia, daughter to the king of Cyprus, a lady of beauty, wit, virtue, and unspotted chastity; with whom there came to the court of Basilius a cousin German of her's, called Argalus, led with her by the humour of youth to observe the manner and customs of strange countries; a gentleman both learned and valiant.—He had not long resided in that place, before the fame of a gallant lady's virtues and beauty reached his ears, and so affected his heart, that he could not but take an opportunity to see her, and in seeing he could not avoid liking, and loving so matchless a piece of nature's perfection. Her name was Parthenia, daughter to a great lady of the court; endowed with every accomplishment to render the man happy to whose lot she should fall.

Such rare perfections meeting with those of Argalus soon found out each other, and to be short, they kindled a fire in each others breast, which was attended with many trials and disappointments: as the sequel of this history will prove.

## 79. *The Gentleman's Magazine*

1767

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This anonymous attempt to defend *Arcadia* against Walpole's strictures appeals for careful reading rather than generalization and, more briefly, for literature of different periods to be judged according to different standards. See Introduction, pp. 52–3.

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*The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 37, 1767, pp. 58–60.

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It is but justice to the illustrious dead, and in some cases a duty to the public, to endeavour to vindicate their fame, and rescue it from any unfair attacks, that may be made upon it.

'There can be no motive, [Walpole] observes, but just criticism, for calling in question the fame of another man at this distance of time.' But surely it cannot be accounted just criticism, to aggravate the supposed defects in any character, and entirely suppress what may be found in it of the reverse. He professes to scrutinize this favourite character. But a scrutiny is an exact and impartial examination on both sides; which does not seem to be the case here: The only thing he mentions as tolerable in Sir *Philip's* writings, is his answer to the libel called *Leicester's Commonwealth*; in which he acknowledges he defends his uncle with great spirit. But no man will imagine from the manner in which he has treated the *Arcadia* that there was any thing of spirit to be found in that performance; which so far from being the production of the greatest poet, and noblest genius, that have wrote in any modern language (as Sir *William Temple* represents him) Mr *W.* pronounces a tedious, lamentable, pedantick, pastoral Romance.

Upon which I must observe, that the pastoral is the most inconsiderable part of the work, which may be read without it; and is not necessary to the main design. Why he calls it pedantick, appears from what he observes of two tragedies written by Sir *Fulke Greville*, which have the chorus, after the manner of the ancients; a pedantry (says he) like Sir *Philip's English Hexameters*. The whole of

which, I believe may be contained in two or three pages, and were, in all probability, some of the *Lusus* of his younger days.

If, because it touches the tender passions with a masterly hand, it is therefore to be called lamentable; it must be allowed. As to its being a romance, the romance is only the vehicle of fine sentiments and judicious reflections, in morals, government, policy, war, &c. and perhaps as animated descriptions as are any where to be met with, in which the idea is not barely raised in the mind, but the object itself rises to the eye. Tedious indeed it may be in some parts, and so tedious that the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now, (as Mr *W.* complains) wade through it; which may be owing to the different taste and customs of the different ages: The age in which Sir *Philip* wrote, was very different from the present. Tilts and Tournaments, Justs and Running at the Ring; and the Furniture, Caparisons, Armour and Devices of the Knights and their Horses in those martial exercises, were as much the entertainment and attention of ladies then, as the never ending variety of fashions now. All this to a young virgin in love, must now have lost its attraction. And indeed what are fine sentiments or judicious reflections in war, or government, or policy, or any descriptions, foreign to the point, to a young virgin, or (I may add) young gentleman, in love, reading, what is considered only as a Love-story, the patience, every step, hastening to the end?

It must be acknowledged, we sometimes meet with extravagancies, and odd quaintnesses in the expressions; in which there seems no other view (at first sight) but to play upon words. But even in these, no expression is barren, every word has its idea. And this was, in a great measure, the humour of the times.

The way is now, by length of time, grown in some places, a little rugged and uneven; and we may be obliged, now and then (as Mr *W.* speaks) to wade a little. But the prospects that frequently present themselves, might perhaps make the passenger amends, if the ways were deeper; and if the beauties he may take notice of in his first passage should dispose him to attempt a second, he may discover many things worthy, that escaped him in the first.

The great variety and distinction of characters, preserved throughout with most remarkable exactness, deserve particular attention; as well as the metaphors and allusions; adapted to the quality and condition of the several speakers; to the flock when the shepherd speaks; the war, when the hero.

## SIDNEY

Sidney was so far from writing with *sang froid* [as Walpole claimed] ...that he was apt rather to run into the other extreme; his blood seems now and then to boil too high, and his imagination almost always places him in the situation of the very persons he describes.

### 80. Richard Brinsley Sheridan

1772

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Sheridan expresses his enthusiasm for *Arcadia* in an early letter from the period just before his emergence as a successful dramatist. As he is aware, this is an (uncharacteristically) unfashionable interest. The novel was increasingly dominant, as testified by the reference to Fielding and Smollett here and by the many recent examples of the genre borrowed by Lydia Languish from the circulating library (*The Rivals* (1775), Act I, Scene ii).

Sheridan considers Sidney further in a draft letter to the Queen, also probably written in 1772 (*Letters*, ed. Price, vol. 1, p. 58): 'How different is the character of Sidney and Agrippa, from that of the modern man of fashion and gallantry. In one there is the Soul of Honour, the true Spirit of Love, the dear delightful extravagance of Gallantry, the romance of Virtue. His Friend is as himself. His honour his God. His life is the active separation of the nobler passions, and luminous feelings.'

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Letter to Thomas Grenville, 30 October 1772, in *The Letters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, ed. Cecil Price, 3 vols, Oxford, 1966, vol. 1, pp. 61–2.

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*My Heart* made me wish to be your Friend, before my *Judgement* could inform me of your Character. And if I did not feel a Confidence that I am not mistaken, I would never trust either Heart or Judgement again.—My Speaking on this Subject in so

unfashionable a Style, brings to my mind as unfashionable a Performance. I mean *Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia*. If you have not read it (and ever read Romances) I wish you would read it. I am sure there is much of it that would charm you. For my own Part when I read for Entertainment, I had much rather view the Characters of Life as I would wish they *were* than as they *are*: therefore I hate Novels, and love Romances. The Praise of the best of the former, their being *natural*, as it is called, is to me their greatest Demerit. Thus it is with Fielding's, Smollet's etc. Why should men have a satisfaction in viewing only the mean and distorted figures of Nature? tho', truly speaking not of *Nature*, but of Vicious and corrupt Society. Whatever merit the Painter may have in his execution, an honest Mind is disgusted with the Design.

But what made me mention this Book was, that you will there find *Friendship* as well as Love in their own Noble Forms. If anyone thinks that the colouring of the Former is too high, I will deny that He can have a Soul for the Latter. He that drew them we know had for both. If you read it now, you must tell me your Opinion of some Observations I will make to you.

## 81. Clara Reeve

1785

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Clara Reeve (1729–1807), herself a novelist, sums up the feelings of many late eighteenth-century readers who are reluctant either to endorse, or wholly to reject, Walpole's diagnosis of the tediousness of *Arcadia*. There is a similar ambivalence about *Arcadia* as a book for women: Sidney 'paid us great deference upon all occasions', yet romances have an insidious tendency to 'give a romantic turn to the [young and, traditionally, female] reader's mind'.

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'C.R.', *The Progress of Romance...In a Course of Evening Conversations*, Colchester, 1785, pp. 75–80.

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- Euphrasia.* The next work of merit I shall mention, is Sir *Philip Sidney's* Arcadia, which has been highly celebrated, by his contemporaries; and indeed by many later writers. This Romance is of a mixed kind, partaking of the heroic manners of the old Romance, and the simplicity of pastoral life.
- Hortensius.* This book has been excepted from the general censure passed upon others of the same class. The Author was reckoned one of the first characters of his Age,—or rather the Phoenix of it. [Euphrasia reads Horace Walpole's judgement on *Arcadia* (No. 77).]
- Hortensius.* Truly I think he has undervalued it [Sidney's character]. His credit as a writer, out of the question; there will remain qualities enough, to justify the respect paid to Sir *Philip* by his contemporaries.
- Euphrasia.* You will recollect that his merits as a *writer*, was the point that fell under Mr. *Walpole's* consideration, and also that it is a *man* who is the author of this *critique*.
- Hortensius.* I understand you:—but has a *woman* nothing to say in defence of a work that has always been a favourite with her sex?
- Euphrasia.* Our sex are certainly obliged to Sir *Philip*, who paid us great deference upon all occasions. The Arcadia is addressed to his accomplished sister the Countess of Pembroke, and is commonly called, Pembroke's Arcadia.
- Hortensius.* Still you are silent as to the merits of it.
- Euphrasia.* Since you will oblige me to speak out, I think it equal, but not superior to any of the Romances of the same period. The prose part of it, is much superior to the poetry; as will appear by comparing it with that of his contemporaries. *Spenser's* Shepherd's Calender is still intelligible, and pleasant: but *Sidney's* Pastorals, are dull and unintelligible, and are generally skipped over by those who still read and admire the Arcadia.
- Sophronia.* I confess that is exactly the case with me, who still have the courage to declare I think it a very fine Romance.
- Euphrasia.* So do many others, and I do not see any reason why people should be ashamed to avow their taste.... In 1725, it [*Arcadia*] underwent a kind of translation by Mrs. *Stanley* [No. 71], by which it was thought to lose more beauties than it gained.—It is now time for us to leave his works to their repose, upon the shelves of the learned, and the curious in old writings.

- Sophronia.* I shall come and awaken the Arcadia, in order to refresh my memory. I lov'd this book in my youth, and shall not forsake it now.
- Euphrasia.* My friend, what you say is one of the strongest objections to books of this class. If read and liked early in life, they are apt to give a romantic turn to the reader's mind, unless she has as much discretion as *Sophronia*.
- Sophronia.* I do not deserve the compliment,—I had really the turn of mind you mention, till a little knowledge of the world, and my experience in it, corrected the absurd ideas I had conceived.

## 82. William Cowper

1785

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These reflections on 'Arcadian scenes' and manners follow an attack on modern drunkenness and its consequences. 'Cowper bears faithful witness to the decline of paternalist order that accompanied the Agrarian Revolution' (Martin Priestman, *Cowper's Task: Structure and Influence*, Cambridge, 1983, p. 120).

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*Poems by William Cowper, Esq. Vol. 2: The Task, a Poem in Six Books*, London, 1785, Book 4, pp. 163–4 (lines 513–39).

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Would I had fall'n upon those happier days  
 That poets celebrate. Those golden times,  
 And those Arcadian scenes that Maro sings,  
 And Sydney, warbler of poetic prose.  
 Nymphs were Dianas then, and swains had hearts  
 That felt their virtues. Innocence it seems,  
 From courts dismiss'd, found shelter in the groves.  
 The footsteps of simplicity impress'd  
 Upon the yielding herbage (so they sing)  
 Then were not all effac'd. Then, speech profane,  
 And manners profligate were rarely found,  
 Observ'd as prodigies, and soon reclaim'd.



SIDNEY

Vain wish! those days were never. Airy dreams  
Sat for the picture. And the poet's hand,  
Imparting substance to an empty shade,  
Imposed a gay delirium for a truth.  
Grant it. I still must envy them an age  
That favor'd such a dream, in days like these  
Impossible, when virtue is so scarce  
That to suppose a scene where she presides,  
Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief.  
No. We are polished now. The rural lass  
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,  
Her artless manners and her neat attire,  
So dignified, that she was hardly less  
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,  
Is seen no more. The character is lost.

### 83. Charles Lamb

1808

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Lamb's *Specimens* (reprinted six times between 1813 and 1907) had considerable influence on nineteenth-century attitudes to Renaissance drama. (Webster and Ford were among the playwrights most effectively promoted.) His taste for description 'weaving parenthesis within parenthesis' was, however, less widely shared.

For Lamb's more detailed essay on *Astrophil and Stella*, see No. 90.

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*Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, Who Lived About the Time of Shakspeare*, London, 1808, pp. 63, 181, 351, 383.

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[On 'the humour of a frantic Lover' in Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*]. We have gone retrograde in the noble Heresy since the days when Sidney proselyted our nation to this mixed health and disease.

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

[On the description of an (allegedly) drowned man in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, II.i.72ff.]. This way of description which seems unwilling ever to leave off, weaving parenthesis within parenthesis, was brought to its height by Sir Philip Sidney. He seems to have set the example to Shakspeare. Many beautiful instances may be found all over the *Arcadia*. These bountiful Wits always give full measure, pressed down and running over.

[On *The Maid's Tragedy*]. One characteristic of the excellent old poets is their being able to bestow grace upon subjects which naturally do not seem susceptible of any. I will mention two instances: Zelmane in the *Arcadia* of Sidney, and Helena in the *All's Well that Ends Well* of Shakspeare. What can be more unpromising at first sight than the idea of a young man disguising himself in woman's attire, and passing himself off for a woman among women? and that too for a long space of time? yet Sir Philip has preserved such a matchless decorum, that neither does Pyrocles' manhood suffer any stain for the effeminacy of Zelmane, nor is the respect due to the princesses at all diminished when the deception comes to be known. In the sweetly constituted mind of Sir Philip it seems as if no ugly thought nor unhandsome meditation could find a harbour. He turned all that he touched into images of honour and virtue. Helena in Shakspeare, is a young woman seeking a man in marriage. The ordinary laws of courtship are reversed; the habitual feelings are violated. Yet with such exquisite address this dangerous subject is handled, that Helena's forwardness loses her no honour; delicacy dispenses with her laws in her favour, and Nature in her single case seems content to suffer a sweet violation. ...[Aspatia, in *The Maid's Tragedy*, is in a similar situation to Helena but we feel sorry for her weakness and there is 'some abatement of the full lustre of the female character'.] After all, Beaumont and Fletcher were but an inferior sort of Shakspeares and Sidneys.

[But for the inclusion of the wanton Cloe, John Fletcher's *The Faithful Shepherdess* would have been] a Poem fit to vie with *Comus* or the *Arcadia*, to have been put into the hands of boys and virgins.

## 84. Thomas Zouch

1808

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Zouch (1737–1815), scholar, clergyman, and editor of Izaak Walton, pays lengthy tribute to Sidney's biographical virtues. (Zouch is, as *The Quarterly Review*, vol. 1, 1809, p. 89, noted, 'oppressed by a flux of phrases'.) His criticism, staid and uninspiring in comparison with Walpole's outrageousness or Hazlitt's wit and cogency, struck some reviewers as damning Sidney with faint praise. For Zouch, Sidney's main merits as a writer are his orthodox religious soundness, lack of obscenity, classical knowledge and allusions, and the fact that many other writers have praised him in the past (an argument from authority that was now beginning to wear rather thin). *Astrophil and Stella* is mentioned only once and very briefly (see below), with no hint as to Stella's traditional 'identity' and marital status.

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*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney*, York, 1808, pp. 143, 145–6, 155–62, 334–5, 362–3, 369.

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It must affix no small degree of merit to the *Arcadia* to reflect, that the reader of it will meet with no tale of obscenity, no dark attempt of lawless lust to destroy the purity of virgin innocence, or to corrupt the chastity of the marriage bed—no wicked artifice to poison the mind with the principles of irreligion, and thus to leave it a prey to the violence of passion, the blandishments of vice, or the enchantments of pleasure. Sidney's shepherds are the pattern of that simplicity and innocence, which once adorned the pastoral life.

Would it not be ungenerous to examine this posthumous volume by the rules of rigid criticism? It now lies neglected on the shelf, and has almost sunk into oblivion. Yet the reception it obtained from the public, having gone through fourteen impressions, and having been translated into the French, the Dutch, and other European languages, clearly evinces that it was once held in very high

estimation. It was read with attention by Shakespeare, Milton and Waller. Lord Orford has also represented the *ARCADIA* as 'a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through.' How far this description is just, it is scarcely worthwhile to decide. It must surely be a tedious and painful employment, not only to the love-sick nymph, but to any reader of modern times, to be under the necessity of reading the whole of this romance. The taste, the manners, the opinions, the language of the English nation, have undergone a very great revolution, since the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Yet there are passages in this work exquisitely beautiful—useful observations on life and manners—a variety and accurate discrimination of characters—fine sentiments expressed in strong and adequate terms—animated descriptions, equal to any that occur in the ancient or modern poets—sage lessons of morality, and judicious reflexions on government and policy. A reader who takes up the volume, may be compared to a traveller, who has a long and dreary road to pass. The objects, that successively meet his eye, may not in general be very pleasing; but occasionally he is charmed with a more beautiful prospect—with the verdure of a rich valley—with a meadow enamelled with flowers—with the murmur of a rivulet—the swelling grove—the hanging rock—the splendid villa. These charming objects abundantly compensate for the joyless regions he has traversed. They fill him with delight, exhilarate his drooping spirits—and at the decline of day he reposes with complacency and satisfaction.

It must be owned that no Author has depicted in more true and lively colours the characters of the persons, whom he introduces. [Quotes the descriptions of characters including Kalander and the princesses (*NA*, pp. 9–10, 16–17)]. An instance of descriptive excellence of another kind occurs in the representation of a tempest with all its horrors of accumulated distress. ['There arose even with the sun a veil of dark clouds...', *NA*, pp. 165–6.]

The classic reader will be highly gratified with those frequent and happy allusions to the writings of antiquity, which he will meet with in the *ARCADIA*. The noble author has beautified and enriched his mother-tongue by the introduction and proper use of compound epithets: such as Hymen's *saffron-coloured* coat—*false-hearted* life, *death-threatening* trumpet—*eye-pleasing* colour of green—*many-headed* tyranny—*double-shining* day—*rosy-moistened* lips—*heavenly-dewed*

## SIDNEY

tongue—*honey-flowing* eloquence—*rose-enamelled* skies—*heart-ravishing* knowledge—*death-bringing* sin.

In his earlier years [Sidney] indulged his genius for poetry, by exercising it on subjects of gaiety and mirth. His Anacreontics, interspersed in different parts of the *Arcadia*, are little inferior to those of Cowley, and are written with that ease and elegance, which we admire in the festive work of the Teian Bard,<sup>1</sup> those songs which Julius Caesar Scaliger pronounces to be ‘sweeter than the sweetest Indian sugar.’ In a maturer age he diverted his thoughts to more serious topics, raising them from earthly to heavenly objects. The following valedictory sonnet cannot be read with indifference. [Quotes ‘Leave me, O Love...,’ *Certain Sonnets* 32.]

The sonnet, a species of poetical composition, invented by Petrarch, was no sooner introduced into England, than it obtained many imitators. Sidney composed several in praise of the lady whom he celebrates under the name of *Stella*. The following sprightly one, addressed by him to those who attempted this kind of writing, has been much admired. [Quotes ‘You that do search for ev’ry purling stream...,’ *Astrophil and Stella* 15.]

...it is pleasing to reflect that the most accomplished gentleman and most complete scholar of his age was deeply impressed with a sense of Religion—that he delighted in contemplating the doctrines of Revelation—the existence of one supreme Being—the creation of the world by him, and his providential government of it—the immortality of the soul of man—the prospect of future blessedness—the redemption of mankind by the Messiah, who was promised to the Jews for the salvation of the whole world. These and other truths of Christianity are happily illustrated and powerfully enforced in this excellent volume of Du Plessis, the translation of which into his native language was the last work of Sir Philip Sidney, bequeathed by him to posterity as a durable monument of his piety and his learning. [Sidney is unlikely to have provided any part of Golding’s translation of Duplessis-Mornay. See *MP*, pp. 155–7.]

## NOTE

1 The lyric poet Anacreon (of Teos, in Ionia).

## 85. *The Annual Review and History of Literature for 1808*

1809

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*The Annual Review* (among whose contributors were Southey and possibly Coleridge—see *The Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb*, ed. Edwin Marris Jr, 3 vols, Ithaca, NY, 1975–8, vol. 3, p. 12) was generally more liberal in its politics and more catholic in its tastes than Thomas Zouch (No. 84). The unnamed reviewer counters Zouch's protest at the 3rd Earl of Leicester's support for regicides: the Sidneys acted 'as Sir Philip would himself have done' (p. 233; compare Lamb's sentiments, No. 90).

Like Zouch, *Annual Review* insists on the importance of Greville's 'water bottle' story. 'Often as this circumstance has been related, it would be wronging the memory of Sidney not to repeat it here' (p. 229).

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*The Annual Review and History of Literature for 1808*, London, 1809, pp. 233–5.

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Dr Zouch perceives some of the beauties of this work [*Arcadia*], but he concedes too much to the despicable criticisms which have been passed upon it, if those persons can be said to criticise who pass censure upon what they have not perused. Lord Orford [No. 77] calls it a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance! No man who had read this romance would have called it a pastoral. It is an heroic romance with pastoral interludes, but not pedantic;—not tedious, not lamentable. Never was there a story in which the light and shade were more happily blended and proportioned, nor one which more delightfully excited interest, or more irresistibly maintained it. The fable is wound up with such consummate skill, the events follow so naturally, and yet the issue is so well concealed, that the suspense of the reader almost amounts to pain. They who admire Shakespear, and despise the *Arcadia*, admire they know not what, and only because such admiration is the fashion. Dr Zouch is just in his commendations: we differ from him only in the censure

## SIDNEY

at which the weight of authority (such authority!) seems to have intimidated him.

There is nothing wearying except the interludes. They indeed come in like bad music between the acts of Macbeth, but as little do they spoil the piece.

In his attempt to model English verse by Latin rules of quantity, Sidney has egregiously failed, beyond a doubt. Had he and his associates substituted accent for quantity, instead of torturing the established pronunciation to new laws, they would probably have succeeded. His sonnets, tainted as they are with the original sin of their subject, abound with beauty in spite of that subject. Were it not for the feebleness with which they usually conclude, there are few in the language which would bear comparison with them. These which follow will amply justify this commendation to all who are capable of appreciating poetry. [Quotes *Astrophil and Stella* 31, 39, 23, 84, and extracts from *OA* 66 ('As I my little flocke on Ister banke...')].

Ruined as these sonnets usually are by their lame and impotent conclusions, there are no poems of the age which approach so nearly to the strength of Milton's language.

It is dishonourable to our literature, that there is no compleat and well edited collection of the works of this great man. A very fine portrait after Velasquez is prefixed to these praise-worthy memoirs.

## 86. Samuel Taylor Coleridge

1809, 1811, 1816, 1833

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The first record of Coleridge's reading Sidney—or at least the life by 'Philophilippos' (No. 61) prefaced to his works—is in November 1801 (*The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. Kathleen Coburn, 4 vols, London, 1957–90, nos 1011–15). He frequently mentions Sidney thereafter: see, e.g., in addition to the references below, *Biographia Literaria*, ed. James Engell and W. Jackson Bate (*The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*,

ed. Kathleen Coburn and Bart Winer, 16 vols, Princeton, NJ 1969– , vol. 7, 1983), I, p. 56; *Notebooks*, ed. Coburn, nos 1998, 2598, 4034 (Sidney ‘dwells in our thoughts as in an element of his own effluvia, a divine Empyræum of Love and Wonder, ever like some rare Balsam insulated by an atmosphere of its own delightful Odors’), 4669, 4810 (citation of images from *Arcadia* (*NA*, p. 5), including a verse rendering of ‘her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind which comes creeping over flowery fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer’, which was adapted in Coleridge’s poem ‘First Advent of Love’ (c. 1824)).

At various times Coleridge owned or borrowed the 1590, 1627 and 1674 editions of *Arcadia*, and the illustrated German translation by von Hirschberg (Martin Opitz) in the edition of 1638 (see Ralph J. Coffman, *Coleridge’s Library*, Boston, Mass., 1987).

(a) *The Friend*, ed. Barbara E. Rooke, no. 7, 28 September 1809 (*Collected Works*, vol. 4, 1969), II, pp. 107–8. For other versions of this reference to Sidney’s letter of 24 March 1586 to Walsingham, see *Collected Works*, vol. 6, 1972, p. 16; vol. 10, 1976, pp. 140–1; vol. 14, 1990, I, p. 379. Coleridge’s source for the letter was, Carl Woodring points out (*Collected Works*, vol. 14, I, p. 379), Thomas Zouch’s *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney*, York, 1808, pp. 238–9. Cf. William Wordsworth, *The Convention of Cintra* (1809), in *The Prose Works*, ed. W. J. B. Owen and Jane Worthington Smyser, 3 vols, Oxford, 1974, vol. 1, p. 339.

Sir Philip Sidney, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, the paramount Gentleman of Europe, the Nephew (and, as far as a good Man could be) the Confident of the intriguing and dark-minded Earl of Leicester, was so deeply convinced that the Principles diffused through the majority of a Nation are the true Oracles from whence Statesmen are to learn wisdom, and that ‘when the People speak loudly it is from their being strongly possessed either by the Godhead or the Dæmon,’ that in the Revolution of the Netherlands he considered the universal adoption of one set of Principles, as a proof of the divine Presence. ‘If her Majesty,’ says he, ‘were the



fountain; I would fear, considering what I daily find, that we should wax dry. But she is but a means which God useth.’

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(b) *Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, in *Lectures 1808–1819 on Literature*, ed. R.A.Foakes (*Collected Works*, vol. 5, 1987), I, pp. 267–8, 327. From Coleridge’s notes on Lecture 5 (2 December 1811) and John Payne Collier’s notes on Lecture 8 (12 December 1811).

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The Style of Narration in [Shakespeare’s] Plays as in Egeon in the Com. of Er.—and the Captain in the 1<sup>st</sup> Act of Macbeth seems imitated with Defects & beauties from Sir P.Sidney—whose *Arcadia*, tho’ not published, was already well known in Manuscript Copies, & could hardly have escaped the notice & admiration of Shakespeare as the Friend and Protegee of the Earl of Southampton/—The Defect consists in the Parenthesis and parenthetic Thoughts & Descriptions which neither suit the passion of the Speaker or the purpose of the Person to whom the Information is to be given, King or Judge perhaps, but manifestly betray the Author himself—not as a sort of continuous running undersong—but palpably—& can be addressed only to the collected Reader/

[Shakespeare] of all his contemporaries, Sir Philip Sydney alone excepted, entertained a just conception of the female character. Certainly that ‘Gentleman of Europe’ that all-accomplished man and our great Shakespeare were the only writers of that age who pitched their ideas of female perfections according to the best researches of philosophy and compared with all those who followed them they stood as mighty mountains in a deluge, remaining islands—while all the rest had been buried by the flood of oblivion.<sup>1</sup>

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(c) *The Statesman’s Manual* (1816), in *Lay Sermons*, ed. R.J. White (*Collected Works*, vol. 6, 1972), pp. 101–2. For a later (1829) version of this passage, see *Collected Works*, vol. 10, 1976, pp. 64–5.

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The magnificent son of Cosmo was wont to discourse with Ficino, Politian, and the princely *Mirandula*<sup>2</sup> on the *Ideas* of Will, God, and Immortality. The accomplished author of the *Arcadia*, the star of

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serenest brilliance in the glorious constellation of Elizabeth's court, our England's Sir Philip Sydney! He the paramount gentleman of Europe, the poet, warrior, and statesman, held high converse with Spenser on the *Idea* of Supersensual beauty; on all 'earthly fair and amiable' as the *Symbol* of that Idea; and on Music and Poesy as its living *Educts*.<sup>6</sup> With the same genial reverence did the younger Algernon commune with Harrington and Milton on the *Idea* of a perfect state.

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(d) *Table Talk*, ed. Carl Woodring (*Collected Works*, vol. 14, 1990), I, pp. 376–7:13 May 1833.

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I believe it possible that a man may, under certain states of the moral feeling, entertain something that deserves the name of Love towards a male object—an affection beyond Friendship and wholly aloof from Appetite. In Elizabeth's and James's time it seems to have been almost fashionable...Certainly the language of the two friends in the *Arcadia* is such as we could not now use except to women, and in Cervantes the same style is sometimes adopted, as in the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent*.

## NOTES

- 1 Foakes notes: 'In the 1856 text Collier added a footnote here recalling a conversation at some later period when C "made a willing exception in favour of Spenser; but he added that the notions of the Author of the 'Faery Queen' were often so romantic and heightened by fancy, that he could not look upon Spenser's females as creatures of our world; whereas the ladies of Shakespeare and Sidney were flesh and blood, with their very defects and qualifications giving evidence of their humanity: hence the lively interest taken regarding them.'"
- 2 Lorenzo the Magnificent and the Florentine Neoplatonists Marsilio Ficino, Angelo Poliziano and Giovanni Pico della Mirandola.
- 3 White, ed., p. 65, suggests that Coleridge is thinking of *A Defence of Poetry* (*MP*, pp. 77, 79, 100) on 'heavenly poesy...that unspeakable and everlasting beauty to be seen by the eyes of the mind', 'the *idea* or foreconceit', and 'music...the most divine striker of the senses'.

## 87. Sir Egerton Brydges

1810

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Sir [Samuel] Egerton Brydges (1762–1837) sought to make earlier literature better known through *The British Bibliographer* (1810–14) and *Censura Literaria* (1805–9, 1815). Henry Southern, while criticizing Brydges' works for being 'almost entirely adapted to the purposes of the curious book-collector, or literary antiquary' (*The Retrospective Review*, vol. 1, 1820, p. xiv) had to confess their usefulness.

There is some justice in the frequent contemporary claim that Brydges' principal aim was to draw attention to his own high connections and alleged genius; in the notes to his essay on Sidney he is at pains to point out that he is related both to the Sidneys and to Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset. His Sidney is a lofty, melancholy figure, an early nineteenth-century 'man of genius' with an added degree of aristocratic refinement. The 'rude grandeur' of Penshurst, 'its immense hall, its castellated form, its numerous apartments, well accord with the images of chivalry, which the memory of Sydney inspires' (p. 293).

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'Memoir of Sir Philip Sidney', *The British Bibliographer*, vol. 1, 1810, pp. 89, 93–105, 289–92.

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Lord O[rford] speaks as if Sir Philip's writings alone were considered as the basis of his fame. Does he wish us to forget him as a man of romantic gallantry, a general, a statesman, a courtier, a man of manners exquisitely refined, of a heart of the purest virtue and the nicest sensibility, and actuated by the most sublime principles of religion?

The '*Arcadia*' is called by Lord Orford 'a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance'. Had this honourable critic exercised his candour instead of his love of censure, and looked for beauties instead of faults, he might have found an abundant harvest in this work. Its tediousness to a modern reader arises in a great measure not from the fault of the

writer, but from the vast change of manners since it has ceased to keep up the attention. I am afraid that most readers would think Spenser himself tedious, were they condemned to read the *Fairy Queen* regularly through! And how few other productions of that day are there, enriched by the same extent of observation, the same variety and delicacy of sentiment, and the same purity and copiousness of style? [Quotes 'This man called Pamphilus...easily gave us opportunity to do', *NA*, pp. 237-9.]

The *Arcadia* is full everywhere with poetry, in which there are many pieces of great merit; and the whole are proofs of great talent, though sometimes misapplied. [Provides extracts from *OA* 59, 'Get hence foule Griefe, the Canker of the minde...', and *OA* 52, 'Why doost thou haste away...'.]

Sir Philip, as appears from a passage in one of Languet's Letters to him, was naturally melancholy: 'Cum es natura minus hilaris,' says he, 'quærendi sunt tibi sodales, quorum honestâ consuetudine exhilareris.'<sup>1</sup> But is not this melancholy always, if not constantly, the attendant of high genius? It is not necessary here to enter into the causes which produce this characteristic; but perhaps the acute feelings, without which genius cannot exist, are alone sufficient to account for it. The perpetual chills which that noble flame of ambition encounters in a coarse world; the murmurs of that solitude, which is the only field for the expanded thoughts it loves, must necessarily cherish the propensity.

I select the following poem on Solitude, because it is in coincidence with these ideas, and appears to me forcibly expressed, though the attempt to adapt the English language to Latin metres, which has been much censured, may offend the English reader. It is an endeavour to imitate *Asclepiadiacs*. [Quotes *OA* 34, 'O sweete woods the delight of solitarines...', followed by *AS* 27, 41, 47, 53, 90, 99, 103, viii and ix, and *OA* 32.]

Though there are many who deem the attempted distinction between great talents and genius to be a fanciful refinement, I cannot but consider Sir Philip Sydney with all his wonderful assemblage of excellencies to have possessed more of the former than of the latter. In poetry, praise-worthy as he was, he was far inferior to his countryman and neighbour Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, whose imagination more picturesque, more solemn, more elevated, and more pathetic, exceeded in some respects even

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the force of Spenser, whom he preceded. Sydney displays more of the artifices, and less of the inspiration of poetry. His command of language, and the variety of his ideas are conspicuous. His mind exhibits an astonishing fund of acquired wealth: but images themselves never seem to overcome him with all the power of actual presence. The ingenuity of his faculties supplies him with a lively substitute; but it is not vivid, like the reality.

It is probable that the variety of Sydney's attainments tended to modify, distract, and weaken the force of any single faculty. I am perfectly convinced that he who would reach excellence in poetry, should not only be endowed by nature with the peculiar gift, but should give himself up exclusively to that one art. It is true that Sackville afterwards became a statesman; but we know, that from the time he became so, he wrote no more poetry. We do not know, that up to that time, he cultivated any other talent than that sublime one, on which his fame is founded. We are ignorant of his excellence as a statesman: we are sure that he was in that respect at least inferior to many of his cotemporaries. But who could have equalled him in the divine gift, which he chose to neglect, and forego, for more worldly accomplishments?

The same blame is not imputable to Sydney. Nature had constituted him of other and more varied materials. His astonishing assemblage of talents was more fitted to shine in the numerous complicated situations of active life. In him alternate intercourse with mankind and retirement, fed, cherished, and brightened into flame his opposite talents. His *Arcadia* is full of axioms and sentiments, which exhibit such a mixture of speculative and practical wisdom, as must fill the patient and intelligent reader with admiration. At that period the mere accomplishments of the body must have consumed no inconsiderable portion of the day. To this we may add the great sacrifice of time required by the parade of a fantastic though glorious court. Then let us recollect how much must have been consigned to the acquisition of languages, to his travels, and employments of state; and shall we not glow with esteem and wonder at the intellectual fruits which he found leisure to leave behind him?

But what are mere mental excellencies, uncombined with those of the heart? (even if they could exist without them, which, in the

highest degree, they surely cannot!). Sydney is recorded to have possessed every gentle, and every generous quality of the bosom. Bold as a lion, yet tender as pity itself; bountiful, yet not indiscreet; profuse to others, yet sparing to himself; full of religious hope and awe, yet trembling with delight at all the virtuous pleasures of this world; fond therefore of life, 'yet not afraid to die,' the eminent charms of his disposition and personal conduct kept pace with those of his head.

NOTE

- 1 'Since you are somewhat serious by nature, you should choose companions who can enliven you with becoming entertainment' (*The Correspondence of Sir Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet*, ed. Stuart A. Pears, London, 1845, p. 26).

## 88. James Crossley

1820

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James Crossley (1800–83), Manchester lawyer, bibliophile, and writer, was closely involved in the foundation of *The Retrospective Review* (1820–8). Under the editorship of Henry Southern this set out, according to its first Introduction (vol. 1, 1820, p. iv) to remedy a situation whereby 'The old and venerable literature of the country, which has...tended to make us what we are, is treated with distant reverie' and 'much oftener talked about than read'. The focus will be on those works (mainly from the fifteenth to seventeenth centuries) 'from which any thing original in design, profound in thought, beautiful in imagination, or delicate in expression, can be extracted' (p. xi). This concentration on the 'old authors' was influential in increasing the general awareness of

seventeenth century poetry in particular (see Jane Campbell, *The Retrospective Review (1820–1828) and the Revival of Seventeenth-Century Poetry*, Toronto, 1972). Readers of the *Retrospective* included Charles Lamb, Nathan Drake, Southey, Wordsworth and Shelley (*ibid.*, p. 20).

Many pieces in the *Retrospective* were written 'by those who had a decided partiality for the author they were reviewing, whose beauties had long been intimately known to them, and had often, perhaps, afforded a consolation and a resource' (vol. 6, 1822, p. 337). Crossley upholds, at some length, Sidney's ethereal virtues. He likes him to be sincere and inspired, and refers frequently to 'naturalness', 'feelings' and 'outpourings.' (The essay itself is written more as an outpouring than as a disciplined analysis.) Conversely, he rejects humour, distracting episodes, the poems, and anything that can disrupt the pallid heroic image. Sidney's 'whole aim in writing was to make his readers wiser and better men' (p. 3).

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From '*The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia...*', *The Retrospective Review*, vol. 2, 1820, pp. 3–43. (The essay was reprinted separately, under Crossley's name, in 1839.)

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But the works of Sir Philip Sidney stand in no need of indulgence from considerations of compassion. With a mind glowing with images of heroism, and filled with the brightest creations and the fairest visions of human and more than human excellence; with a fancy which, delicately beautiful and pensively sweet, overspread the emanations of his genius with an envelope not less delightfully tinted than the covering of the yet unopened rose-bud, and which breathed over all his productions an exquisite finish and relief; he possessed all the essential qualities, from whose operation the everlasting monuments of the mind are fabricated. Unfortunately for the world, the variety of his power and the diversity of his employments prevented him from bestowing on literature the whole energy of his mind, and thus such of his compositions as remain were rather the fruits of his leisure, than the full-wrought and elaborate performances of his study. He has, however, left enough to the world, to demonstrate that the name of Sir Philip Sidney has an indisputable right to a place amongst those of our countrymen, who have been

most distinguished for virtue or memorable for genius; and that, amongst the contemporaries of Shakspeare, no one has so closely approached his peculiar excellencies, or so nearly resembled him in some of his superlative endowments, as the author of the *Arcadia*. Without launching forth into an hyperbolical exuberance of praise, we may safely affirm, that in the art of attracting interest and exciting compassion, in the art of ruling over and awaking the best sympathies of our nature, and of chaining the feelings of his readers to the fate and the fortunes of the personifications of his fancy—in the power of clothing and adorning every subject he treated upon, with the fairest flowers and sweetest graces of poetry, and of giving the charm of his inimitable diction to descriptions fresh from nature, and sentiments marked with the dignified and noble character of his mind—in the power of delighting and enchanting his readers, as with some strange and unearthly melody, which, once heard, is never forgotten, and whose remembered notes still continue to entrance the senses as long as their perceptions are alive—he is inferior to no writer in his own age, or in any which has gone before or succeeded it. His great defect was the want of judgement, which led him sometimes to adopt the forced conceits and quaintness of his contemporaries, and often induced him to desert, in the imitation of others, his own never-failing and unequalled fountain of invention and thought. From this defect, his poetry is perhaps the least valuable part of his works, and is often little more than a jingle of words, or a collection of strange and ill-assorted ideas—where the magnificent and the ridiculous, the ingenious and the mean, are mingled in one mass of incongruity together. He was not, indeed, qualified to shine in the cold and languid tameness of amatory poetry—his power lay in the representation of all that is most lovely in nature, or the resulting harmony of her productions; in the delineations of those of his species, whose high aspirations seem to point out a loftier and less terrene original, and whose pure flame of affection appears rather to have been kindled at the sacrifice of the altar, than at the grosser fires of love. In short, his forte lay in the description of beings, like himself, romantically generous and enthusiastically constant; of whom he gives us pictures, which must always please as long as high-mindedness is attractive; pictures, gratifying because they are exalted, and interesting because they are true.

But to proceed from his person to his works.—His *Defence of Poetry*, which may, at some future time, form a subject for our Review,<sup>1</sup> has



received an universal tribute of admiration, and would be sufficient of itself, were there no other fruits of his genius extant, to give him a very high place among the authors of our country. It is, perhaps, the most beautifully written prose composition of the Elizabethan age, impregnated with the very soul and spirit of poetry, and abounding with the richest adornments of fancy. It is, in truth, merum sal, 'the sweet food of sweetly uttered knowledge' [*MP*, p. 80], a production the most felicitous of its kind that ever came 'from Nature's mintage stamp in extacy'.<sup>2</sup> There is nothing equal to it in the whole circle of critical exposition, nothing which is at once so judicious, yet so poetical; so inimitable, yet so easy. What has been said of the criticisms of Longinus may, with much more justice, be applied to this composition, that it is itself a living exemplification of the highest excellence of the art it treats of. To those who can read it without feelings of delight and admiration, we can only apply the malediction against the contemners of poesie, with which Sir Philip concludes it.

His *Arcadia*, the present subject of our remarks, if not so uniformly pleasing and satisfactory, is, after all, the great foundation on which his fame must rest, and to which his right to a place amongst the great masters of the human mind must depend for its allowance. Like all other works of genius, it is irregularly and unequally written, diversified by occasional risings and falls, ascents to grandeur and sinkings to littleness: yet, from beginning to end, there is perceptible an air of gentle pensiveness, and of melancholy yet not gloomy moralization, which diffuses over all his work a seductive charm, and is always fascinating, from the train of mind which it brings along with it.—The *Arcadia* is a mixture of what has been called the heroic and the pastoral romance: it is interspersed with interludes and episodes, which, it must be acknowledged, rather encumber than aid the effect of the work itself: the main story is worked out with much skill; though interwoven, it is lucid and perspicuous; and though intricate, it is far from being perplexed.

[The middle of the essay gives 'a short outline of the story, without regarding the various incidental episodes which connect themselves with it'. The omitted episodes include those of Argalus and Parthenia, Artaxia, and Pamphilus.]

Of the poetry interspersed in the *Arcadia*, there is much good, but much more bad in its composition. It is not, however, our present

design to consider Sir Philip in his poetical character. We shall only observe, by the way, that, in general, his prose is much superior to his poetry. There is frequently about the latter, and particularly in his sonnets, a kind of clogged and cumbrous restraint, which appears to shackle and confine the natural and accustomed play of his thoughts, in attempting to bound himself within the limits of verse. The breathings of his feeling do not proceed in their usual unobstructed manner, and his spirit does not seem to move at large under the incumbrance to which it is subjected. There is, also, a more frequent recurrence of conceit, and mean and unsuited images, disgracing sentiments lofty and elevated, by their juxtaposition. The success of his injudicious attempt to model the English metre after the example of the Roman is well known, and the reasons of his failure are too evident to need any exposition. Of his poetry, the following specimen, part of a very beautiful song, shall suffice. [Quotes 'What tongue can her perfections tell...?', *OA* 62, lines 1-36.]

The character of Sir Philip Sidney, as a writer, is thus given by his friend, Lord Brook, with more, perhaps, in it of justice, than such characters generally possess.—'His end was not writing, even when he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables and schools: but both his wit and understanding beat upon his heart, to make himself and others not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great.' Sir Philip Sidney appears to have been possessed of a quick and lively sensibility, of a noble and generous heart, whose emotions, unrestrained by fear, and unobstructed by dissimulation, gushed forth, with a spirit of joyous gladness, from their sacred fountain of feeling. To think loftily and to act magnanimously, to speak eloquently and to write poetically, appear in him, prerogatives not derived, but inherent: as if, of all that was elevated or extraordinary in man, he was the sole and rightful proprietary. His most heroic actions were done without any apparent consciousness of their greatness: his most exquisite productions were finished without any apparent effort or labour, and yet are such as no effort or labour may mend. Like the sudden and delightful breathings of the Æolian harp, his overflowings of thought seem to burst forth unstimulated and unexcited, deriving none of their melody from the promptings of a musician's finger, and having in them nothing of earthly aid or human operation. His power does not seem to lie so much in the intellect as in the

heart; not so much in the conflicting strife of martial prowess, or in the gigantic grasp of mental mightiness, as in the deep-drawn sighings of the soul—as in officiating as the high priest of its sanctuary—as in exhaling from thence its imprisoned clouds of myrrh and frankincense to heaven. The current of his emotions flows on in unperturbed and imperturbable serenity, undisturbed by troublous eddy or agitated ferment, catching and reflecting all the beauties which expanded nature presents, and receiving splendour and brightness from the silvery gleams which his fancy sheds upon his course. Around it are all the luxuriant delights of earth, above it is all the varied grandeur of heaven, and the voice of sadly pleasing and melancholy inspiration is heard along its shores. He appears, indeed, to have followed the counsel which he reports his muse to have given him—‘Looke in thy heart and write;’ and never was that writing unworthy of his character, when he gave utterance to the voice of inspiration within. When left to his own delightful windings along the green and bowery bye-paths he loved to frequent, when undriven from his haunts to join and commune with the vulgar herd of pilgrims to the sacred fountains of Castaly,<sup>3</sup> when uncontaminated by bad example and uncorrupted by imitation, he never fails to awaken in the mind those feelings of ineffable transport, so seldom called forth to refresh and resuscitate it. Inferior as he must be acknowledged to be, to his contemporary, Shakspeare, it was not in the province of tenderness or the art of exciting pity. There, Sidney reigns pre-eminent and almighty, established on the eternal foundations of nature. With all the sweetness of Fletcher, without his fantastical wildness; with all the lovely pensiveness of Spenser, without his allegorical hardness; with much of the delicacy of Carew, and of the fanciful richness of Jeremy Taylor; our author possessed a kind of peculiar and subtle spirit so completely his own, as to be equally indescribable and inimitable. We may compare it to that finishing touch which evening gives to a beautiful landscape, where the want of glare and distinctness is well compensated by the mellowing softness of twilight’s first approach; or to that fairy-like and round-circling line which appears, to the wanderer on the waves of the ocean, to connect and join its distant blue waters to the sky, thus uniting the opposite harmonies and assimilating the amalgamating tints of earth and heaven. This, whether proceeding from some perfection of fancy or exquisite refinement of nature,

is, perhaps, the cause which renders the perusal of Sir Philip Sidney's works so exceedingly soothing and delicious in the open presence of nature; when, upon some green bank or near some shady fountain, we hang enamoured over his pages, and, dividing ourselves between the sequestered delights of nature herself and the deep-toned inspirations of her favoured prophet, enjoy the rich draughts of intellectual luxury. There is also another circumstance which perhaps contributes to heighten our satisfaction in his compositions, and this is, the constant recurring recollection of the author which forces itself upon our minds, and compels us with his writings continually to associate the memory of the writer. Every great and noble sentiment, every peaceful image of happiness, and touching expression of sadness, which his works contain, seem so manifestly and closely identified with his own feelings, so undeniably the outpourings and workings of his own soul, that it is as impossible, in reading the productions of Sidney, not to revert to and remember himself, as in the dark and gloomy personifications of Byron not to recognize his own personal and individual character.

That [*Arcadia*] has many faults, we do not deny; but they are faults to which all the writers of his time were subject, and generally in a greater degree. It has been said, that his language is very quaint; but we may safely ask, what author is there of his age in whose language there is in reality so little of quaintness?...With [*Euphues*] let us compare Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*—the style he introduced, with the style he contributed to banish; and we shall then regard him as the restorer of the purity of our language, and as meriting our eternal gratitude and respect. The language of the *Arcadia* is, indeed, as much superior to that of the *Euphues*, as is the varied melody of the nightingale to the monstrous harshness of the jay.

Another radical fault in the *Arcadia* is the defect of the species of writing of which it is a part—the heroic and pastoral romance, either disjunctively or commixed. But so far from lowering, the primary disadvantage ought rather to increase our admiration of his genius, who has been able to give attraction to so preposterous a kind of composition. Who would not applaud the ingenuity of him, who could engraft with success the apricot on the sloe, or the nectarine on the crab? When we see a structure irregular and clumsy, but

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built of massy gold; however we may censure its defective plan, yet surely we must admire the richness of its materials.

In the creations of intellectual beauty, no writer is more successful than Sir Philip Sidney. His heroes are all cast in the mould of perfection, the repositories of 'high-erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesie,' the souls of gallant constancy and spotless honour. Though different, they are but the different modifications of human excellence, of mental and incorporeal loftiness, breathing itself into, as it were, and giving a transformed beauty to the person.... The character of a hero, Sir Philip Sidney always described *con amore*—it was his own proper and natural character; and to delineate it, he had only to transcribe the workings of his own mind, and to give expression to its romantic emotions. His heroines are not less faultlessly designed; they are, in truth, the beaming personifications of virtue, with all the chaste effulgence of heaven-derived and heaven-directed purity—such fair creations of loveliness as the minds of fancy's dreamers love to picture.

Equally successful is our author in picturing the soft and gentle emotions of love and friendship; in describing those scenes where the heart pours itself forth in the bosom of some sympathetic listener, or those quarrels and reconciliations which only for awhile stop the pulse of affection, to make it return again to its accustomed beating. Of this, the dialogues between Pyrocles and Musidorus in the first book, and between Pyrocles and Philoclea in the fourth, are delightful examples. Sir Philip Sidney's fairy pencil was principally formed to delineate the pensive and milder workings of feeling. His transparent mirror reflected the emotions of the human mind; but it was not the mind awakened by crime and exasperated by scorn; it was not the mind preyed upon by remorse or tormentors generated within himself. His province was not to pourtray the dark and horrible in nature, or the dark and horrible in man. His was not the gloomy colouring of Dante or Salvator Rosa.<sup>4</sup> His abode was not on the precipice or the mountain, or the eyrie of the eagle or the birth-place of the storm, but in the bosoms of soft and ethereal moulding, in hearts of loved and loving tenderness, in groves of silent and sacred quiet, and in plains illumined by perpetual spring.

The feeling which the perusal of the *Arcadia* excites, is a calm and pensive pleasure, at once full, tranquil, and exquisite. The satisfaction we experience is not unsimilar to that of meditation by moonlight, when the burning fervor of the day has subsided, and every thing which might confuse or disorder our contemplation is at rest. All is peaceful and quiet, and clear as a transparency. The silvery glittering of the language, the unearthly loftiness of its heroes, the ethereality of their aspirations, and the sweet tones of genuine and unstudied feeling which it sounds forth, all combine to embue our souls with a soft and pleasing melancholy.

It has been remarked, that the comic parts of the *Arcadia*, which relate to Dametas and his family, are amongst the worst parts of the book. This is in some measure true, and yet the dislike which we feel in reading them arises not so much out of their own inferiority, as from their unsuitableness and unfitness to form part of such a work. There is an incongruity in their association with the true and natural pictures of his genius, which cannot but excite our displeasure. Our feeling is the same as in seeing the ale-house paintings of Teniers<sup>5</sup> by the Transfiguration of Raphaël. Besides this, we feel it a kind of debasement in the mind of Sir Philip Sidney, to descend from its native height and dignity to the low subjects of burlesque and humour. We feel that he was designed for other purposes than to make us laugh, and that such an attempt is little better than a prostitution of his powers. In so doing, he dissipates all the enchantment which rivetted us to him.

The conceits and quaintnesses of Sir Philip Sidney's language had their origin from the Italian school; and, indeed, whatever was bad or unworthy of him in his writings was occasioned by imitation. When he gives free play to his own power of expression, he never disgusts or disappoints his readers. Then he delights us with passages of such unrivalled and inexpressible beauty, that all petty censures and preconceived disgusts are in a moment overwhelmed, and we are compelled to acknowledge him as a great and unequalled master of language, who had the power to modify and mould it to every degree of passion and

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thought, and unlock and open all its diversified resources and inexhaustible stores.

[*Arcadia*] first taught to the contemporary writers that inimitable interweaving and contexture of words—that bold and unshackled use and application of them—that art of giving to language, appropriated to objects the most common and trivial, a kind of acquired and adscititious [=supplementary, borrowed] loftiness; and to diction, in itself noble and elevated, a sort of superadded dignity; that power of ennobling the sentiments by the language, and the language by the sentiments, which so often excites our admiration in perusing the writers of the age of Elizabeth. It taught them to transcribe their own thoughts, and to give to the transcription all the working animation of its original; to paint the varieties of nature, and to make their paintings not copies from the strainers of imitation, but actual and living resemblances, glowing, as in the reflections of a mirror, with all the fidelity of verisimilitude and all the reality of truth.... [N]ever, then, ought we to forget, while perusing the works of his contemporaries, that it is to Sidney their greatest excellencies are owing—to Sidney, the protecting planet of Spenser, and morning star of Shakspeare.

## NOTES

- 1 See vol. 10, 1824, pp. 43–59, where Crossley finds in *A Defence* examples of skill, eloquence and ‘felicitous simplicity’ (marred only occasionally by an ‘idle jingle of words’), and evidence that ‘acute penetration and thorough good sense are in no degree incompatible with the most fervid enthusiasm and the most lofty imagination’.
- 2 Unidentified.
- 3 I.e. when not writing derivatively. The fountain of Castalia, near Delphi, was sacred to the Muses.
- 4 Salvator Rosa (1615–73), Italian painter well known, especially in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, for his desolate landscapes.
- 5 David Teniers the Younger (1610–90), Flemish painter known for depictions of peasant life.

## 89. William Hazlitt

1820

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Hazlitt discussed Sidney on several occasions after his 1820 lecture: in *Table-Talk* (1821–2) he says that Sidney’s sonnets are, by contrast with Milton’s, ‘elaborately quaint and intricate, and more like riddles than sonnets’, and in *Select British Poets* (1824) he allows that Sidney is ‘an affected writer, but with great power of thought and description. His poetry, of which he did not write much, has the faults of his prose without its recommendations’ (*The Complete Works of William Hazlitt*, ed. P.P.Howe, 21 vols, London, 1930–4, vol. 8, p. 175; vol. 9, p. 236). Somewhat more favourable verdicts are also sometimes delivered: ‘notwithstanding the adventitious ornaments with which their style is encumbered, there is more truth and feeling in Cowley and Sir Philip Sidney, than in a host of insipid and merely natural writers’ (*ibid.*, vol. 16, p. 43); of Annibale Carracci’s *Silenus Teaching a Young Apollo to Play on the Pipe* Hazlitt says that ‘the only image we would venture to compare with it for innocent artless voluptuousness, is that of the shepherd-boy in Sir Philip Sidney’s *Arcadia* [*NA*, p. 11], “piping as though he should never be old”’ (*ibid.*, vol. 10, p. 9; see also vol. 5, p. 98; vol. 6, p. 300; vol. 20, p. 119).

Sidney’s defenders in the nineteenth century found it easier to answer the generalized attack of Walpole (No. 77) than Hazlitt’s energetic persuasiveness. Lamb (No. 90) took exception to his continual ‘insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydney’ and suggested that it was politically motivated, but considered only *Astrophil and Stella*, not Hazlitt’s main target, *Arcadia*. Hazlitt’s influence endured for a century, informing hostile criticism of Sidney by T.S.Eliot and Virginia Woolf (Kay, pp. 39–40).

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From *Lectures Chiefly on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*, Lecture 6, 1820, in *The Complete Works of William Hazlitt*, ed. P.P.Howe, 21 vols, London, 1930–4, vol. 6, pp. 318–26.

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SIDNEY

Sir Philip Sidney is a writer for whom I cannot acquire a taste. As Mr. Burke said, 'he could not love the French Republic'<sup>1</sup>—so I may say, that I cannot love the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*, with all my good-will to it. It will not do for me, however, to imitate the summary petulance of the epigrammatist.

The reason why I cannot tell,  
But I don't like you, Dr. Fell.<sup>2</sup>

I must give my reasons 'on compulsion,'<sup>3</sup> for not speaking well of a person like Sir Philip Sidney—

'The soldier's, scholar's, courtier's eye, tongue, sword,  
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;<sup>4</sup>

the splendour of whose personal accomplishments, and of whose widespread fame was, in his life time,

—'Like a great gate of steel,  
Fronting the sun, that renders back  
His figure and his heat'<sup>5</sup>

a writer who was universally read and enthusiastically admired for a century after his death, and who has been admired with scarce less enthusiastic, but with a more distant homage, for another century, after ceasing to be read.

We have lost the art of reading, or the privilege of writing, voluminously, since the days of Addison. Learning no longer weaves the interminable page with patient drudgery, nor ignorance pores over it with implicit faith. As authors multiply in number, books diminish in size; we cannot now, as formerly, swallow libraries whole in a single folio: solid quarto has given place to slender duodecimo, and the dingy letter-press contracts its dimensions, and retreats before the white, unsullied, faultless margin. Modern authorship is become a species of stenography: we contrive even to read by proxy. We skim the cream of prose without any trouble; we get at the quintessence of poetry without loss of time. The staple commodity, the coarse, heavy, dirty, unwieldy bullion of books is driven out of the market of learning, and the intercourse of the literary world is carried on, and the credit of the

great capitalists sustained by the flimsy circulating medium of magazines and reviews. Those who are chiefly concerned in catering for the taste of others, are not forgetful of themselves: they are not scrupulously solicitous, idly inquisitive about the real merits, the *bona fide* contents of the works they are deputed to appraise and value, any more than the reading public who employ them. They look no farther for the contents of the work than the title page, and pronounce a peremptory decision on its merits or defects by a glance at the name and party of the writer.

At the time that Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* was written, those middle men, the critics, were not known. The author and reader came into immediate contact, and seemed never tired of each other's company. We are more fastidious and dissipated: the effeminacy of modern taste would, I am afraid, shrink back affrighted at the formidable sight of this once popular work, which is about as long (*horresco referens!*) as all Walter Scott's novels put together; but besides its size and appearance, it has, I think, defects of a more intrinsic and insuperable nature. It is to me one of the greatest monuments of the abuse of intellectual power upon record. It puts one in mind of the court dresses and preposterous fashions of the time which are grown obsolete and disgusting. It is not romantic; but scholastic; not poetry, but casuistry; not nature, but art, and the worst sort of art, which thinks it can do better than nature. Of the number of fine things that are constantly passing through the author's mind, there is hardly one that he has not contrived to spoil, and to spoil purposely and maliciously, in order to aggrandize our idea of himself. Out of five hundred folio pages, there are hardly, I conceive, half a dozen sentences expressed simply and directly, with the sincere desire to convey the image implied, and without a systematic interpolation of the wit, learning, ingenuity, wisdom and everlasting impertinence of the writer, so as to disguise the object, instead of displaying it in its true colours and real proportions. Every page is 'with centric and eccentric scribbled o'er';<sup>6</sup> his Muse is tattooed and tricked out like an Indian goddess. He writes a courthand, with flourishes like a schoolmaster; his figures are wrought in chain-stitch. All his thoughts are forced and painful births, and may be said to be delivered by the Cæsarian operation. At last, they become distorted and ricketty in themselves; and before they have been cramped and twisted and swaddled into lifelessness and deformity. Imagine a

writer to have great natural talents, great powers of memory and invention, an eye for nature, a knowledge of the passions, much learning and equal industry; but that he is so full of a consciousness of all this, and so determined to make the reader conscious of it at every step, that he becomes a complete intellectual coxcomb or nearly so;—that he never lets a casual observation pass without perplexing it with an endless, running commentary, that he never states a feeling without so many *circumambages*, without so many interlineations and parenthetical remarks on all that can be said for it, and anticipations of all that can be said against it, and that he never mentions a fact without giving so many circumstances and conjuring up so many things that it is like or not like, that you lose the main clue of the story in its infinite ramifications and intersections; and we may form some faint idea of the Countess of Pembroke's *Arcadia*, which is spun with great labour out of the author's brains, and hangs like a huge cobweb over the face of nature! This is not, as far as I can judge, an exaggerated description: but as near the truth as I can make it. The proofs are not far to seek. Take the first sentence, or open the volume any where and read. I will, however, take one of the most beautiful passages near the beginning, to shew how the subject-matter, of which the noblest use might have been made, is disfigured by the affectation of the style, and the importunate and vain activity of the writer's mind. The passage I allude to, is the celebrated description of *Arcadia*. [Quotes 'So that the third day after...*Arcadia*' (see *NA* p. 10, line 30—p. 11, line 27)].

One would think the very name [*Arcadia*] might have lulled his senses to delightful repose in some still, lonely valley, and laid the restless spirit of Gothic quaintness, witticism and conceit in the lap of classic elegance and pastoral simplicity. Here are images too of touching beauty and everlasting truth that needed nothing but to be simply and nakedly expressed to have made a picture equal (nay superior) to the allegorical representation of the Four Seasons of Life by Georgioni. But no! He cannot let his imagination or that of the reader dwell for a moment on the beauty or power of the real object. He thinks nothing is done, unless it is his doing. He must officiously and gratuitously interpose between you and the subject as the Cicerone of Nature, distracting the eye and the mind by continual uncalled-for interruptions, analysing, dissecting, disjointing, murdering every thing,<sup>7</sup> and reading a pragmatistical, self-sufficient lecture over the dead

body of nature. The moving spring of his mind is not sensibility or imagination, but dry, literal, unceasing craving after intellectual excitement, which is indifferent to pleasure or pain, to beauty or deformity, and likes to owe everything to its own perverse efforts rather than the sense of power in other things. It constantly interferes to perplex and neutralise. It never leaves the mind in a wise passiveness. In the infancy of taste, the forward pupils of art took nature to pieces, as spoiled children do a watch, to see what was in it. After taking it to pieces they could not, with all their cunning, put it together again, so as to restore circulation to the heart, or its living hue to the face! The quaint and pedantic style here objected to was not however the natural growth of untutored fancy, but an artificial excrescence transferred from logic and rhetoric to poetry. It was not owing to the excess of imagination, but of the want of it, that is, to the predominance of the mere understanding or dialectic faculty over the imaginative and the sensitive. It is in fact poetry degenerating at every step into prose, sentiment entangling itself in a controversy, from the habitual leaven of polemics and casuistry in the writer's mind. The poet insists upon matters of fact from the beauty or grandeur that accompanies them; our prose-poet insists on them because they are matters of fact, and buries the beauty and grandeur in a heap of common rubbish, 'like two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff.'<sup>8</sup> The true poet illustrates for ornament or use: the fantastic pretender, only because he is not easy till he can translate every thing out of itself into something else. Imagination consists in enriching one idea by another, which has the same feeling or set of emotions belonging to it in a higher or more striking degree; the quaint or scholastic style consists in comparing one thing to another by the mere process of abstraction, and the more forced and naked the comparison, the less of harmony or congruity there is in it, the more wire-drawn and ambiguous the link of generalisation by which objects are brought together, the greater is the triumph of the false and fanciful style.

The artificial and natural style do not alternate in this way [as in Jonson's lines 'Have you felt the wool of the beaver,/Or swan's down ever...'] in the *Arcadia*: the one is but the Helot, the eyeless drudge of the other. Thus even in the above passage [*NA*, pp. 10-11], which is comparatively beautiful and simple in its general structure, we have 'the bleating oratory' of the lambs, as if anything could be more unlike oratory than the bleating of lambs; we have a young shepherdess knitting, whose hands keep

time not to her voice, but to her 'voice-music', which introduces a foreign and questionable distinction, merely to perplex the subject; we have meadows enamelled with all sorts of 'eye-pleasing flowers,' as if it were necessary to inform the reader that flowers pleased the eye, or as if they did not please any other sense: we have valleys refreshed 'with *silver* streams,' an epithet that has nothing to do with the refreshment here spoken of: we have 'an accompaniable solitariness and a civil wildness,' which are a pair of very laboured antitheses; in fine, we have 'want of store, and store of want.'

Again, the passage describing the shipwreck of Pyrochles, has been much and deservedly admired: yet it is not free from the same inherent faults. [Quotes 'But a little way off they saw the mast... extremity', *NA*, p. 7, line 34—p. 8, line 9].

If the original sin of alliteration, antithesis, and metaphysical conceit could be weeded out of this passage, there is hardly a more heroic one to be found in prose or poetry.

Here is one more passage marred in the making. A shepherd is supposed to say of his mistress ['Certainly, as her eyelids are more pleasant to behold, than two white kids climbing up a fair tree... best-builed fold', *NA* p. 5, lines 3–14].

Now here are images of singular beauty and of Eastern originality and daring, followed up with enigmatical or unmeaning commonplaces, because he never knows when to leave off, and thinks he can never be too wise or too dull for his reader. He loads his prose Pegasus, like a pack-horse, with all that comes and with a number of trifling little circumstances, that fall off, and you are obliged to stop to pick them up by the way. He cannot give his imagination a moment's pause, thinks nothing done, while any thing remains to do, and exhausts nearly all that can be said upon a subject, whether good, bad, or indifferent. The above passages are taken from the beginning of the *Arcadia*, when the author's style was hardly yet formed. The following is a less favourable, but fairer specimen of the work. It is the model of a love-letter, and is only longer than that of Adriano de Armado, in *Love's Labour Lost*. [Quotes 'Most blessed paper, which shalt kiss that hand...heavenly will shall be accomplished', *NA*, p. 155, line 15—p. 156, line 8.]

This style relishes neither of the lover nor the poet. Nine-tenths of the work are written in this manner. It is in the very manner of those books of gallantry and chivalry which, with the labyrinths of their style, and 'the reasons of their unreasonableness,' turned the fine

intellects of the Knight of La Mancha. In a word (and not to speak it profanely), the *Arcadia* is a riddle, a rebus, an acrostic in folio: it contains about 4000 far-fetched similes, and 6000 impracticable dilemmas, about 10,000 reasons for doing nothing at all, and as many more against it; numberless alliterations, puns, questions and commands, and other figures of rhetoric; about a score good passages, that one may turn to with pleasure, and the most involved, irksome, improgressive, and heteroclite subject that ever was chosen to exercise the pen or the patience of man. It no longer adorns the toilette or lies upon the pillow of Maids of Honour and Peeresses in their own right (the *Pamelas* and *Philocleas* of a later age), but remains upon the shelves of the libraries of the curious in long works and great names, a monument to shew that the author was one of the ablest men and worst writers of the age of Elizabeth.

His Sonnets, inlaid in the *Arcadia*,<sup>9</sup> are jejune, far-fetched and frigid. I shall select only one that has been much commended. It is to the High Way where his mistress had passed, a strange subject, but not unsuitable to the author's genius. [Quotes *AS* 84, 'Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be...']

The answer of the High-way has not been preserved, but the sincerity of this appeal must no doubt have moved the stocks and stones to rise and sympathise. His *Defence of Poetry* is his most readable performance; there he is quite at home, in a kind of special pleader's office, where his ingenuity, scholastic subtlety, and tenaciousness in argument stand him in good stead; and he brings off poetry with flying colours; for he was a man of wit, of sense, and learning, though not a poet of true taste or unsophisticated genius.

## NOTES

- 1 Hazlitt is referring to Edmund Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* (1790), but gives 'a paraphrase, apparently, rather than a quotation' (Howe edn, vol. 6, p. 398).
- 2 Thomas Brown (1663-1704), *Miscellanies*, in *The Works of Mr Thomas Brown*, 4 vols, London, 1715-20, vol. 4, p. 113.
- 3 *I Henry IV*, II.iv.236.
- 4 *Hamlet*, III.i.150-3.
- 5 See *Troilus and Cressida*, III.iii.121-3.
- 6 *Paradise Lost*, VIII.83.

- 7 See Wordsworth, 'The Tables Turned': 'We murder to dissect'.  
 8 *The Merchant of Venice*, I.i.116.  
 9 I.e. printed in the same volume?

## 90. Charles Lamb

### 1823

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Lamb's essay is explicitly intended as a protest against Hazlitt's valuation of Sidney (No. 89). His anger results from a long-held belief in Sidney's stylistic and moral virtues (see No. 83); his first known mention of Sidney is in a letter to Coleridge of July 1796 (*The Letters of Charles and Mary Anne Lamb*, ed. Edwin W. Marris Jr, 3 vols, Ithaca, NY, 1975–8, vol. 1, p. 41), and he is said to have been reading the account of Sidney in Phillips's *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum* shortly before his death in 1834 (see Introduction, p. 55 and n. 206).

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*Nugae criticae: By the Author of Elia*. No. 1: 'Defence of the Sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney', *The London Magazine*, vol. 8, September 1823, pp. 248–52 (reproduced as 'Some Sonnets of Sir Philip Sydney' in *Last Essays of Elia*, 1833).

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Sydney's Sonnets—I speak of the best of them—are among the very best of their sort. They fall below the plain moral dignity, the sanctity, and high yet modest spirit of self-approval, of Milton, in his compositions of a similar structure. They are in truth what Milton, censuring the *Arcadia*, says of that work (to which they are a sort of after-tune or application), 'vain and amatorious' enough, yet the things in their kind (as he confesses to be true of the romance) may be 'full of worth and wit.' They savour of the Courtier, it must be allowed, and not of the Commonwealthsman. But Milton was a Courtier when he wrote the *Masque at Ludlow*, and still more a Courtier when he composed the *Arcades*. When the national

struggle was to begin, he becomingly cast these vanities behind him; and if the order of time had thrown Sir Philip upon the crisis which preceded the Revolution, there is no reason why he should not have acted the same part in that emergency, which has glorified the name of a later Sydney.<sup>1</sup> He did not want for plainness or boldness of spirit. His letter on the French match may testify, he could speak his mind freely to Princes. The times did not call him to the scaffold.

The Sonnets which we oftenest call to mind of Milton were the compositions of his maturest years. Those of Sydney, which I am about to produce, were written in the very hey-day of his blood. They are stuck full of amorous fancies—far-fetched conceits, *befitting his occupation*; for True Love thinks no labour to send out Thoughts upon vast, and more than Indian voyages, to bring home rich pearls, outlandish wealth, gums, jewels, spicery, to sacrifice in self-depreciating similitudes, as shadows of true amiabilities in the Beloved. We must be Lovers—or at least the cooling touch of time, the *circum præcordia frigus*,<sup>2</sup> must not have so damped our faculties, as to take away our recollection that we were once so—before we can duly appreciate the glorious vanities, and graceful hyperboles, of the passion. The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve for the loves of Catullus<sup>3</sup> or the dear Author of the Schoolmistress;<sup>4</sup> for passions that creep and whine in Elegies and Pastoral Ballads. I am sure Milton never loved at this rate. I am afraid some of his addresses (*ad Leonoram* I mean) have rather erred on the farther side; and that the poet came not much short of a religious indecorum, when he could thus apostrophise a singing-girl. [Quotes Milton's ten-line poem *Ad Leonoram Romae canentem*.]

This is loving in a strange fashion; and it requires some candour of construction (besides the slight darkening of a dead language) to cast a veil over the ugly appearance of something very like blasphemy in the last two verses. I think the Lover would have been staggered, if he had gone about to express the same thought in English. I am sure, Sydney has no flights like this. His extravaganzas do not strike at the sky, though he takes leave to adopt the pale Dian into a fellowship with his mortal passions.

[Reproduces, numbered I–XII, *AS* 31 ('With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies...'), noting 'The last line of this poem is a little obscured by transposition; he means: 'Do they call



ungratefulness there a virtue?'; 39 ('Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace...'); 23 ('The curious wits, seeing dull pensiveness...'), changing 'smooth' in line 9 to 'sweet'; 27 ('Because I oft in dark abstracted guise...'); 41 ('Having this day, my horse, my hand, my lance...'); 53 ('In martial sports I had my cunning tried...'); 64 ('No more, my dear, no more these counsels try...'); 73 ('Love still a boy, and oft a wanton, is...'); 74 ('I never drank of Aganippe well...'); 75 ('Of all the kings that ever here did reign...'); 103 ('O happy Thames, that didst my STELLA bear...'), changing 'thee with full many a smiling line' to 'thysself, with many a smiling line'; 84 ('Highway, since you my chief Parnassus be...').]

Of the foregoing, the 1st, the 2d, and the last sonnet, are my favourites. But the general beauty of them all is, that they are so perfectly characteristical. The spirit of 'learning and of chivalry',—of which union, Spenser has entitled Sydney to have been the 'president',<sup>5</sup>—shines through them. I confess I can see nothing of the 'jejune' or 'frigid' in them; much less of the 'stiff' and 'cumbrous'—which I have sometimes heard objected to the *Arcadia*.<sup>6</sup> The verse runs off swiftly and gallantly. It might have been tuned to the trumpet; or tempered (as himself expresses it) to 'trampling horses' feet' [*AS* 84]. They abound in felicitous phrases—

O heav'nly Fool, thy most kiss-worthy face—  
[*AS* 73]

—Sweet pillows, sweetest bed;  
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light;  
A rosy garland, and a weary head.

[*AS* 39]

—That sweet enemy—France—  
[*AS* 41]

But they are not rich in words only, in vague and unlocalised feelings—the failing too much of some poetry of the present day—they are full, material, and circumstantiated. Time and place appropriates every one of them. It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them; marks the *when* and *where* they were written.

## THE CRITICAL HERITAGE

I have dwelt the longer upon what I conceive the merit of these poems, because I have been hurt by the wantonness (I wish I could treat it by a gentler name) with which a favourite critic of our day takes every occasion of insulting the memory of Sir Philip Sydney. But the decisions of the Author of Table Talk, &c., (most profound and subtle where they are, as for the most part, just) are more safely to be relied upon, on subjects and authors he has a partiality for, than on such as he has conceived an accidental prejudice against. Milton wrote Sonnets, and was a king-hater; and it was congenial perhaps to sacrifice a courtier to a patriot. But I was unwilling to lose a *fine idea* from my mind. The noble images, passions, sentiments, and poetical delicacies of character, scattered all over the Arcadia (spite of some stiffness and encumberment), justify to me the character which his contemporaries have left us of the writer. I cannot think with the Critic, that Sir Philip Sydney was that *opprobrious thing* which a foolish nobleman in his insolent hostility chose to term him.<sup>7</sup> I call to mind the epitaph of Lord Brooke to guide me to juster thoughts of him; and I repose upon the beautiful lines in the 'Friend's Passion for his Astrophel', printed with the Elegies of Spenser and others. [Quotes from Roydon, No. 10, italicizing 'A sweet attractive kind of grace;/A full assurance given by looks;/Continual comfort in a face,/The lineaments of Gospel books'.]

Or let any one read the deeper sorrows (grief running into rage) in the Poem,—the last in the collection accompanying the above,—which from internal testimony I believe to be Lord Brooke's,—beginning with 'Silence augmenteth grief',<sup>8</sup>—and then seriously ask himself, whether the subject of such absorbing and confounding regrets could have been *that thing* which Lord Oxford termed him.

## NOTES

- 1 Algernon Sidney.
- 2 'The cold blood around the heart' (cf. Virgil, *Georgics*, II. 484).
- 3 'Tibullus' in *Last Essays of Elia*.
- 4 William Shenstone.
- 5 The 'president/Of noblesse and of chevalree', 'To his Booke', lines 3–4, in *The Shepherds Calender*.

SIDNEY

- 6 See No. 89.
- 7 According to Greville the Earl of Oxford called Sidney 'a puppy' (*The Prose Works of Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke*, ed. John Gouws, Oxford, 1986, p. 39).
- 8 Now more often attributed to Sir Edward Dyer.

## 91. Peter George Patmore?

1823

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Patmore (1786–1855), who almost certainly wrote this piece (see *The Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals 1824–1900*, ed. Walter E. Houghton, Toronto, 1979, vol. 3, p. 186) was later (1841–52) editor of *The New Monthly*. He was the father of the poet Coventry Patmore.

The magazine had been founded in 1814 to oppose the 'Jacobinism' of *The Monthly Magazine* (see the 'address to the public' in the first volume). There was an increase in the coverage of literature from 1820 under the editorship of the poet Thomas Campbell.

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'Penshurst Castle, and Sir Philip Sydney,' *The New Monthly Magazine* vol. 8, 1823, pp. 546–7.

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Does the reader, perchance not yet arrived at 'years of discretion,' love to sigh forth sweet breath over the sorrows of romance, or feel his heart's blood dance in unison with its joys?—or does he yearn to act those joys and sorrows over again in fancy—to melt his soul into bright thoughts, and coin those thoughts into burning words, and pour them forth, clothed in the purple hue of love, into the reluctant or not reluctant ear of some ideal lady, with a Greek visage and mellifluous name, beneath the shade of 'Arcadian forests old,' or in some rich glade of Tempé, where he may lie at her feet on the green turf by the hour together, without the previous precaution of wrapping himself up in lamb's wool?—Or is he albeit a year or two

older, but still in the rear of those 'years of discretion' aforesaid, smitten with the love of the chase—not as it is pursued in these base and degenerate times, when the hunters and not the hunted are the beasts of prey—but when there was glory in the sport, because there was good in the end of it and danger in the means? Or, best of all, perhaps, does he believe and exult in those times—whether imaginary or not, no matter—when men held their lives but 'at a pin's fee,'<sup>1</sup> and were content to see their best blood flow from them like water, in search of 'that bubble, reputation'—not indeed 'in the cannon's mouth,'<sup>2</sup>—for the cannon and its cursed kindred had not then blown courage into the air, and made skill a mockery—but when nothing but courage could cope with courage, and nothing but skill could hope to overthrow skill?—Does the reader, I say, chance to possess any or all of these propensities, and seeing that they are proscribed and exploited in practice, would fain practise them in idea? Then let him forthwith close his eyes to all things about him, and plunge headlong into that sea of sweet words in which are floating, like flowers in a crystal fountain, all high thoughts and beautiful imaginations—'the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.'

But perhaps the majority of my readers *have* arrived at the 'years of discretion' just referred to; in which case they neither possess nor desire to possess the above-named amiable weaknesses: so that I must not urge *them* even to embark on the ocean I have named; lest, having neither 'youth at the prow,' nor 'pleasure at the helm,'<sup>3</sup>—neither Passion to fill the sails of their vessel, nor fancy to endue it with a self-moving power within itself—they may presently chance to find themselves becalmed and lying like a log upon the water, unable either to proceed or to return. But even these persons, though they may have outlived the sentiment of intellectual beauty, which was born and lies buried within their breasts—though they may have ceased to consider mental love as any thing more than a subject of belief, or honour as any thing else than a word made up of mortal breath, or beauty as any thing less than 'an association of ideas'—still they may like to recall the time when 'nothing was but what was not,'<sup>4</sup>—as the grown man loves to remember when he was a schoolboy, not because he liked to be what he then *was*—but because he *dis*-likes to be what he now *is*—still they may not object to look upon the express images of what they *cannot* be, by 'the light that *never was*,'<sup>5</sup> rather than remain for ever the discontented

denizens of that darkness which they believe to exist *because they feel it*, though they refuse to believe in the brightness that is passed away from them, for the same reason. If, I say, the above class of persons choose to renew their intercourse with these 'airy nothings' in default of those substantial somethings which cannot fill their place—let them fly to the *Astrophel and Stella*—to the songs and sonnets—and, above all, to the *Defence of Poesy*, of Sir Philip Sydney.

When the above-named classes of persons have followed this first part of my counsel, I shall probably have little occasion to urge on them that to which it is intended to lead—namely, that they pay a visit, either by themselves or with me, to Penshurst Castle. But there is still another class for whom imaginary realities, so to speak, are not enough—but they must have tangible ones in addition, they are not satisfied with Mr. Coleridge for having written the *Ancient Mariner*, and the *Stanzas to Love*, but they would have had him distinguish himself at the *Battle of Waterloo*! To them, the most convincing proof that Byron has written poetry is, that he has swam across the *Hellespont*. And they did not believe that Mr. Kean could play *Lear* till they heard that he could play *Harlequin*! but as my charity somewhat exceedeth, and as moreover I hold that our reason is never better employed than when it is accounting for the unreasonableness of others, I can excuse even *these* persons, and would willingly entice them to perform a pilgrimage with me through the desolate courts, the deserted halls, and the mouldering chambers of Penshurst Castle. I must therefore remind them, that the distinguished person in virtue of whose birth these halls have become sacred enclosures, and these courts classical ground, was not only one of the most accomplished scholars and writers of his day—(of which day the like has not been seen, either before or since)—but that he was the 'observed of all observers'<sup>6</sup> in all other things 'that may become a man:' that he not only *wrote* a story that young hearts may alternately sigh and smile over till they grow old, and old ones till they grow young again, but that his whole life was employed in *acting* such an one:—that whether in the court or the camp, in hall or in bower, in counsel or in the field, Sir Philip Sydney bore the field from all competitors—or rather all competition, for it ceased to be so when *he* came among them, and waived their claims in token of his undisputed supremacy;—that, in fact, if it were asked, by an enquirer into that most brilliant period

of our English annals, who was the most finished gentleman and courtier of the day? who was the wisest counsellor? who the bravest soldier? who the pink of knighthood and flower of chivalry? who the favourite of a monarch whose favourites were her *friends*?—In short, who was *par excellence* the glory of England, and the admiration of surrounding nations?—The answer to all must be—SIR PHILIP SYDNEY. Let us then pay a visit to his birth-place with the same reverence that we should feel in standing beside his grave; but without a tinge of that melancholy which his grave, however triumphant a one, might inspire.

NOTES

- 1 *Hamlet*, I.iv.65.
- 2 *As You Like It*, II.vii.152–3.
- 3 See Thomas Gray, ‘The Bard’, line 74.
- 4 See *Macbeth*, I.iii.142.
- 5 Wordsworth, ‘Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle’, line 15.
- 6 *Hamlet*, III.i.163.
- 7 *Macbeth*, I.vii.46.

## 92. Nathan Drake

### 1828

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Drake (1766–1836) had also discussed Sidney more briefly in the work for which he was best known, *Shakespeare and his Times*, 2 vols, London, 1817. There (vol. 2, pp. 550, 551) he followed Zouch in contrasting licentious Italian tales with the ‘unblushworthy’ *Arcadia*, but had to concede that even ‘the beautiful reveries of Sidney’ no longer charm the reading public. (His opinion of Sidney had, however, improved since his conclusion that his ‘literary productions are unfortunately

remarkable for little else than their feebleness, tautology, and conceit': *Essays...Illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian*, 3 vols, London, 1805, vol. 2, p. 9).

Drake credits the Countess of Pembroke with undertaking a wholesale revision of *Arcadia*, which becomes the memorial of their 'blended genius and affection' (p. 159). This shift in emphasis away from the oft-repeated tales of Sidney's male heroism mirrors the exaltation of Shakespearean heroines by Drake and other contemporaries, and in this instance is intended to increase the sense of the work's 'thoroughly-sustained tone of practical morality'. Cf. Introduction, p. 64.

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*Mornings in Spring; or, Retrospections, Biographical, Critical, and Historical*, 2 vols, London, 1828, vol. 1, pp. 160-4

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However neglected in the present day, the *Arcadia* of sir Philip Sidney and his sister is, beyond all doubt, a production of very superior talent. It is, in truth, to the prodigious change of manners, and of modes of thinking, which has occurred in the lapse of more than two centuries, rather than to any radical defect in the work itself, that we are chiefly to attribute its loss of popularity; for, if we examine either the construction or execution of the narrative, we shall find much both to admire and to treasure up. The fable is not only skilfully contrived, but the interest increases with its progress, and is maintained to the last. The incidents are striking and diversified, and, what is still more indicative of genius, the characters are strongly drawn, and admirably discriminated.

To these claims to reconsideration may be added what is of yet higher import, that in no work of fiction, either of its own, or any subsequent age, is there to be found a loftier and more thoroughly-sustained tone of practical morality; nor, extraordinary as it may appear for the period in which it was written, sentiments more chastely delicate and pure.

Another and very prominent excellence of the *Arcadia*, and one in which it has been scarcely surpassed by any effort of ancient or modern times, is the singular beauty and fidelity of its descriptions. Almost every page, in short, exhibits proof of the painter's pencil, and the poet's imagination; and, as numerous instances of superior merit in these provinces will admit of insulation without injury, I

cannot resist the temptation of placing one or two of them before my readers, as specimens of what they may expect from turning over the leaves of this neglected folio. Can there, for example, be found a more exquisite delineation of female beauty of feature, than what the following passage affords us? The Sidneys are describing the gorgeous celebration of the marriage between Argalus and Parthenia. [Quotes the description of Parthenia, *MA*, pp. 47–8.]

Nor could the pencil of Poussin or Claude have embodied upon their canvas a more delightful picture of rural loveliness and solitude, than that which has been drawn for us by the sweet fancy of Sidney and his sister. [Quotes Pyrocles on the delights of Arcadia, *MA*, p. 51.]

The style of these extracts, which cannot be altered for the better, will probably surprise the reader; and, indeed, that of the entire Arcadia, though it be not in every part equal to the above-quoted specimens in purity and simplicity, yet displays, considering the era at which it was written, a very masterly piece of composition. For this merit I am persuaded we are, in a great measure, indebted to the countess of Pembroke, who not only assiduously corrected every page of her brother's Arcadia, but has herself proved to the world, in a work translated from the French, and undertaken after sir Philip's death, how admirably she was qualified for the task.

## 93. William Gray

1829

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Gray (1802?–35) compiled the first extensive Sidney edition since the publication of the 1739 *Works*. It includes *A Defence of Poetry*, *Astrophil and Stella*, a considerable number of 'miscellaneous Poems', the spurious *Valour Anatomized*, the letters to the queen and the defence of Leicester, some personal letters and *The Lady of May* (which 'like the other similar productions of the period...is remarkable for little else than the nauseous seasoning of adulation in which that



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extraordinary woman took such exquisite delight', p. 214). A collection which does not contain *Arcadia* contributes to the growing tendency to regard *Astrophil and Stella*, rather than a romance whose merits had so repeatedly to be discussed in Walpole's terms, as Sidney's most interesting work. But *Astrophil* also, increasingly, had to be defended, in this case against charges of immorality.

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'The Life of Sir Philip Sidney', in *The Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Philip Sidney*, Oxford, 1829, pp. 42-5.

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[Defending *Astrophil and Stella* against charges of 'shocking sensuality':] No criminal intercourse was ever imputed to the parties; neither did their conduct or flirtations excite any sentiments of reproof in the age when they occurred. Nay, sir Philip himself declares, that 'he cannot brag of word, much less of deed,' by which his charmer could be construed to have encouraged his flame: and the unhappy course of their loves, and the notoriously brutal character of lord Rich, may be received as some excuse, if not as a perfect justification, of the passionate, yet rarely indecorous, regard, which Sidney continued to express in his verses for the object of his earliest and most vehement attachment.

But, though we cannot admit for a moment that the poetry of Sidney is debased by the vile alloy of licentiousness and pruriency, we are not blind to many other vices with which it may most justly be charged. Our author was styled, by Raleigh, the English Petrarch; and without doubt he derived many of his faults as well as excellencies from the bard of Arezzo, whom he frequently imitated both in his manner and in his exaggerated turn of expression. It was from this foreign prototype that he was probably smitten with the love of antithesis and conceit, and the other fashionable absurdities in which our best writers of sonnets then abounded. In seeking to embellish their essays by the choicest gems of thought, they were caught by far-fetched allusions and incongruous metaphors.... In this way they completely destroyed the chasteness and simplicity of their compositions, without adding aught of value to their brilliancy and effect. But our author liberally compensated for his occasional aberrations from true taste, by frequent displays of a degree of elegance and facility to which few of his contemporaries, in the

same species of writing, have succeeded in establishing any claim. At the same time he uniformly speaks of his own proficiency in the exalted art of song, with a modesty no less amiable than it is disarming to critical severity. And, if his sonnets possessed no other merit, it is in them that his various feelings, as they arose in his heart, are distinctly to be traced, and that we learn the little peculiarities by which his heroic character was discriminated and shaded. It is there that we are told of his constitutional melancholy, inherited in all likelihood from his mother; and of the 'abstracted guise' which he was wont unconsciously to fall into in the largest companies, whereby many had been induced to suppose that he was wholly possessed by egotism and 'bubbling pride'—a charge which he takes the opportunity most pointedly to deny, while he pleads guilty to a headlong ambition that made him 'oft his best friends overpass' [*Astrophil and Stella* 27].

## 94. Henry Hallam

1839

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Hallam (1777–1859) exhibits a neoclassical preference, somewhat unusual among his contemporaries, for clarity (before intensity) of language and ideas. Among Sidney's works, he sees most to applaud in *A Defence of Poetry*, but is disposed to look tolerantly on *Arcadia* as a product of its time; Hallam's comprehensive *Introduction* takes a 'synoptical view of literature' which 'displays its various departments in their simul-taneous condition through an extensive period, and in their mutual dependency' (vol. 1, sig. A2). The remarks on *Astrophil and Stella* are an early indicator of what would soon become one of the main topics of nineteenth-century Sidney criticism.

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*Introduction to the Literature of Europe, during the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, 4 vols, London, 1837–9, vol. 2, pp. 312, 373–4, 431, 439–40.

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These songs and sonnets recount the loves of Sydney and Lady Rich, sister of Lord Essex; and it is rather a singular circumstance that, in her own and her husband's lifetime, this ardent courtship of a married woman should have been deemed fit for publication. Sydney's passion seems indeed to have been unsuccessful, but far enough from being platonic. *Astrophel and Stella* is too much disfigured by conceits, but is in some places very beautiful.

It is amusing to reflect, that this contemptuous reprehension of the English theatre [*A Defence of Poetry*, *MP*, pp. 112–16] (and he had spoken in as disparaging terms of our general poetry) came from the pen of Sydney, when Shakspeare had just arrived at manhood. Had he not been so prematurely cut off, what would have been the transports of that noble spirit, which the ballad of Chevy Chase could 'stir as with the sound of a trumpet' [*MP*, p. 97], in reading the *Fairy Queen* or *Othello*!

[The] *Defence of Poesy* has already been reckoned among the polite writings of the Elizabethan age, to which class it rather belongs than to that of criticism; for Sydney rarely comes to any literary censure, and is still farther removed from any profound philosophy. His sense is good, but not ingenious, and the declamatory tone weakens its effect.

[Refuting the censures of Walpole (No. 77):] the *Arcadia* is more free from pedantry than most books of that age; and though we are now so accustomed to a more stimulant diet in fiction, that few would read it through with pleasure, the story is as sprightly as most other romances, sometimes indeed a little too much so, for the *Arcadia* is not quite a book for 'young virgins,' of which some of its admirers by hearsay seem not to have been aware. By the epithet 'pastoral,' we may doubt whether Walpole knew much of this romance beyond its name; for it has far less to do with shepherds than with courtiers, though the idea might probably be suggested by the popularity of the *Diana*. It does not appear to me that the *Arcadia* is more tiresome and uninteresting than the generality of that class of long romances, proverbially among the most tiresome of all books; and, in a less fastidious age, it was read, no doubt, even as a story, with some delight. It displays a superior mind, rather complying with a temporary taste than affected by it, and many pleasing passages occur, especially in the tender and innocent

loves of Pyrocles and Philoclea. I think it, nevertheless, on the whole inferior in sense, style, and spirit, to the Defence of Poesy.

## 95. Isaac D'Israeli

1841

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In *The Quarterly Review*, vol. 1, 1809, pp. 77–92, D'Israeli (1766–1848) had contributed a rather unenthusiastic review of Zouch's *Life* (No. 84). His enthusiasm for Sidney has increased markedly in the interim, but he remains aware that most of his contemporaries, however convincing his advocacy, will continue to regard *Arcadia* as tedious and remote.

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*Amenities of Literature, Consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature*, 3 vols, London, 1841, vol. 2, pp. 352–6, 358–64.

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What innocent lover of books does not imagine that 'The Arcadia' of Sidney is a volume deserted by every reader, and only to be classed among the folio romances of the Scuderies, or the unmeaning pastorals whose scenes are placed in the golden age? But such is not the fact. 'Nobody, it is said, reads "The Arcadia;" we have known very many persons who read it, men, women, and children, and never knew one who read it without deep interest and admiration,' exclaims an animated critic, probably the poet Southey.<sup>1</sup> More recent votaries have approached the altar of this creation of romance.

It may be as well to remind the reader that, although this volume, in the revolutions of times and tastes, has had the fate to be depreciated by modern critics, it has passed through fourteen editions, suffered translations in every European language, and is not yet sunk among the refuse of the biblioplists. 'The Arcadia' was long, and it may still remain, the haunt of the poetical tribe. SIDNEY was one of those writers whom Shakespeare not only

studied but imitated in his scenes, copied his language, and transferred his ideas.<sup>2</sup> SHIRLEY [No. 56], BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, and our early dramatists turned to 'THE ARCADIA' as their text-book. SIDNEY enchanted two later brothers in WALLER [No. 52] and COWLEY; and the dispassionate Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE [No. 68] was so struck by 'The Arcadia,' that he found 'the true spirit of the vein of ancient poetry in Sidney.' The world of fashion in Sidney's age culled their phrases out of 'The Arcadia,' which served them as a complete 'Academy of Compliments.'

The reader who concludes that 'The Arcadia' of Sidney is a pedantic pastoral, has received a very erroneous conception of the work. It was unfortunate for Sidney that he borrowed the title of 'The Arcadia' from Sannazaro, which has caused his work to be classed among pastoral romances, which it nowise resembles; the pastoral part stands wholly separated from the romance itself, and is only found in an interlude of shepherds at the close of each book; dancing brawls, or reciting verses, they are not agents in the fiction. The censure of pedantry ought to have been restricted to the attempt of applying the Roman prosody to English versification, the momentary folly of the day, and to some other fancies of putting verse to the torture.

'The Arcadia' was not one of those spurious fictions invented at random, where an author has little personal concern in the narrative he forms.

When we forget the singularity of the fable, and the masquerade dresses of the actors, we pronounce them to be real personages, and that the dramatic style distinctly conveys to us incidents which, however veiled, had occurred to the poet's own observation, as we perceive that the scenes which he has painted with such precision must have been localities. The characters are minutely analysed, and so correctly preserved, that their interior emotions are painted forth in their gestures as well as revealed in their language. The author was himself the tender lover whose amorous griefs he touched with such delicacy, and the undoubted child of chivalry he drew; and in these finer passions he seems only to have multiplied himself.

The narrative of 'The Arcadia' is peculiar; but if the reader's fortitude can yield up his own fancy to the feudal poet, he will find the tales diversified. Sidney had traced the vestiges of feudal

warfare in Germany, in Italy, and in France; those wars of petty states where the walled city was oftener carried by stratagem than by storm, and where the chivalrous heroes, like champions, stepped forth to challenge each other in single combat, almost as often as they were viewed as generals at the head of their armies. Our poet's battles have all the fierceness and the hurry of action, as if told by one who had stood in the midst of the battle-field; and in his 'shipwreck,' men fight with the waves, ere they are flung on the shore, as if the observer had sat on the summit of a cliff watching them.

He describes objects on which he loves to dwell with a peculiar richness of fancy; he had shivered his lance in the tilt, and had managed the fiery courser in his career; that noble animal was a frequent object of his favourite descriptions; he looks even on the curious and fanciful ornaments of its caparisons; and in the vivid picture of the shock between two knights, we see distinctly every motion of the horse and the horseman. But sweet is his loitering hour in the sunshine of luxuriant gardens, or as we lose ourselves in the green solitudes of the forests which most he loves. His poetic eye was pictorial; and the delineations of objects, both in art and nature, might be transferred to the canvas.

There is a feminine delicacy in whatever alludes to the female character, not merely courtly, but imbued with that sensibility which St. Palaye has remarkably described as 'full of refinement and fanaticism.'<sup>73</sup> And this may suggest an idea not improbable, that Shakespeare drew his fine conception of the female character from Sidney. Shakespeare solely, of all our elder dramatists, has given true beauty to woman; and Shakespeare was an attentive reader of 'The Arcadia.' There is something, indeed, in the language and the conduct of Musidorus and Pyrocles, two knights, which may startle the reader, and may be condemned as very unnatural and most affected. Their friendship resembles the love which is felt for the beautiful sex, if we were to decide by their impassioned conduct and the tenderness of their language. Coleridge observed that the language of these two friends in the 'Arcadia' is such that we would not now use, except to women; and he has thrown out some very remarkable observations [No. 86 d]. Warton, too, has observed that the style of friendship between males in the reign of Elizabeth would not be tolerated in the present day; sets of sonnets, in a vein of tenderness which now could only express the most ardent affection

for a mistress, were then prevalent. They have not accounted for this anomaly in manners by merely discovering them in the reigns of Elizabeth and James. It is unquestionably a remains of the ancient chivalry, when men, embarking in the same perilous enterprise together, vowed their mutual aid and their personal devotion. The dangers of one knight were to be participated, and his honour to be maintained, by his brother-in-arms. Such exalted friendships, and such interminable affections, often broke out both in deeds and words which, to the tempered intercourse of our day, offend by their intensity. A male friend, whose life and fortune were consecrated to another male, who looks on him with adoration, and who talks of him with excessive tenderness, appears nothing less to us than a chimerical and monstrous lover! It is certain, however, that in the age of chivalry, a Damon and Pythias were no uncommon characters in that brotherhood.

It is the imperishable diction, the language of Shakespeare, before Shakespeare wrote, which diffuses its enchantment over 'The Arcadia;' and it is for this that it should be studied; and the true critic of Sidney, because the critic was a true poet, offers his unquestioned testimony in Cowper [No. 82]—

**'SIDNEY, WARBLER OF POETIC PROSE!'**

Even those playful turns of words, caught from Italian models, which are usually condemned, conceal some subtlety of feeling, or rise in a pregnant thought. A lady who has become enamoured of the friend who is pleading for her lover, and suddenly makes the fatal avowal to that friend, thus expresses her emotion—'Grown bolder or madder, or bold with madness, I discovered my affection to him.' 'He left nothing unassayed to disgrace himself, to grace his friend.' The intellectual character of Sidney is more serious than volatile; the habits of his mind were too elegant and thoughtful to sport with the low comic; and one of the defects of 'The Arcadia' is the attempt at burlesque humour in a clownish family. Whoever is not susceptible of great delight in the freshness of the scenery, the luxuriant imagery, the graceful fancies, and the stately periods of 'The Arcadia,' must look to a higher source than criticism, to acquire a sense which nature and study seem to deny him.

I have dwelt on the finer qualities of 'The Arcadia;' whenever the volume proves tedious, the remedy is in the reader's own hands,

provided he has the judgment often to return to a treasure he ought never to lose.

It is indeed hardly to be hoped that the volatile loungers over our duodecimos of fiction can sympathise with manners, incidents, and personages which for them are purely ideal—the truth of nature which lies under the veil must escape from their eyes; for how are they to grow patient over the interminable pages of a folio, unbroken by chapters, without a single resting-place? And I fear they will not allow for that formal complimentary style, borrowed from the Italians and Spaniards, which is sufficiently ludicrous.

The narrative too is obstructed by verses, in which Sidney never obtained facility or grace. Nor will the defects of the author be always compensated by his beauties, for 'The Arcadia' was indeed a fervent effusion, but an uncorrected work. The author declared that it was not to be submitted to severer eyes than those of his beloved sister, 'being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in her presence, the rest by sheets sent as fast as they were done.' The writer, too, confesses to 'a young head having many fancies begotten in it, which, if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more sorry might I be that they came in, than they gat out.' So truly has Sidney expressed the fever of genius, when working on itself in darkness and in doubt—absorbing reveries, tumultuous thoughts, the ceaseless inquietudes of a soul which has not yet found a voice. Even on his death-bed, the author of 'The Arcadia' desired its suppression; but the fame her noble brother could contemn was dear to his sister, who published these loose papers without involving the responsibility of the writer, affectionately calling the work, 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia;' and this volume of melodious prose, of visionary heroism, and the pensive sweetness of loves and friendships, became the delight of poets.

There is one more work of Sidney, perhaps more generally known than 'The Arcadia'—his 'Defence of Poetry.'...Sidney, in this luminous criticism, and effusion of poetic feeling, has introduced the principal precepts of Aristotle, touched by the fire and sentiment of Longinus; and, for the first time in English literature, has exhibited the beatitude of criticism in a poet-critic.

## NOTES

- 1 See review of Todd's edition of Spenser, *The Annual Review*, vol. 4,



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- 1805, p. 547. The article goes on to find the eclogues superfluous, but praises 'the skill with which the incidents are woven together and unravelled...the Shakespearian power and character of language with which they are painted'.
- 2 D'Israeli's note traces 'More sweet than a gentle south-west wind...' (*NA*, p. 5) in *Twelfth Night* I.i, Coleridge's 'First Advent of Love', and *Don Juan*, II.168.
  - 3 Jean-Baptiste La Curne de Sainte-Palaye, *Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry*, [trans. Susannah Dobson], London, 1784. Sainte-Palaye does not use the phrase quoted, but he frequently describes chivalry in similar terms. This is possibly a reference to *ibid.*, p. 332.

## 96. William Stigant

1858

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Stigant (1827–1915), who changed his name to 'Stigand' some time after 1858, was a Cambridge-educated translator, poet, essayist and member of the Consular Service (see *Alumni Cantabrigienses*, ed. J.A.Venn, Part II, vol. 6, 1954; *Men of the Time*, London, 1865 and later editions).

Stigant's mixed feelings about Sidney are typical of the mid-Victorian period. The life remains more completely approvable than the work. *A Defence* and *Astrophil and Stella* are to be preferred on the whole to *Arcadia*, where the plot is too complicated and the setting too unrealistic. But there are 'beautiful passages', and much more to be said for Sidney's work than Walpole (or Hazlitt) suggested. More unusually for the period, Stigant perceives the ludic element in *A Defence* and finds Dametas and Mopsa funny.

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'W.S.', *Sir Philip Sidney*, in *Cambridge Essays* (vol. 4), Cambridge, 1858, pp. 107–24.

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It remains for us to give some account of Sidney's literary productions. Beautiful and chaste as these are for the most part, delicate both in language and conception, we have here a very small portion of Sidney—we have merely Sidney in his hours of ease writing for the amusement of himself and his friends. Sidney's real poem was his life, and his real teaching was his example.

The *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney is a book which everybody has heard of, but which everybody does not now certainly read. Its popularity must have been very great, when an ancient censor could say of the ladies, 'Instead of songs and musick, let them learn cookerie and launderie, and instead of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, let them read the grounds of good housewifery' [Thomas Powell, No. 50].

Few books ever enjoyed a wider popularity in their day than the *Arcadia*, or have included so many suffrages of minds of every character and every capacity. Not only did maids of honour about the court and burgesses' daughters devour its pages with rapture, but it was the favourite of Spenser, of Shakespeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Ben Jonson, and of Waller and Milton; it was the prison companion of Charles I.; gentle Cowper delighted to wile away the hours with Sidney, 'warbler of poetic prose.' Its popularity and its neglect are easily accounted for. Sidney—and this should always be remembered—was the first writer of good English prose; and it is marvellous, reading the book in the present day, to see with what a delicate tact he had divined the capacity of the English language for prose composition, and how few obsolete words he has made use of, writing in advance of the great Elizabethan epoch; he reads, indeed, more modern than any writer of that century. His style was easy, legible, and copious, after the cramped and crabbed authors who had preceded him, full of their inkhorn terms and old, withered, and Latinated words. Nor was it in style alone that he was an inventor.... People wanted no more *Guy's of Warwick*, *Bevises of Hampton*, *Knights of the Sun*, *Huons of Bordeaux*. They knew quite enough of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, of...the dolorous deaths of all the *Knights of the Round Table*, at Camelot...now that the revival of learning and the Reformation had chased the shades and spectres wan of the dark ages from the minds of men, something more than endless stories of adventures, enchanted castles, infidel magicians, and monotonous combats with dragons, giants, and

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knights was required. Something was wanted which morally and intellectually should correspond to the advancing phase of the European mind. Translations from the classics and Italian and Spanish tales had thrown the old literature of chivalry into the background. Spenser allegorized the old fictions, and by putting into them more than met the ear, delighted and elevated the mind by the transformation. But Sidney, rejecting most of the old machinery, and retaining somewhat of adventurous incident, carried along by a constant play of chivalrous feeling, animated by his own 'high erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesie', introducing a delicacy of taste and sentiment that was quite new, constructed a tale, the nature of which admitted of discourses on the affections, passions, and events of life, observations on human nature, and social and political relations of men, and all the deductions which a richly endowed and cultivated mind had drawn from actual experience. The *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney is not a mere pastoral romance, like the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro, the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, or the *Arcadia* of Lope de Vega.

But Sidney's romance bears no trace of any servile imitation—the plan, the characters, and incidents are fully original; and his audience at Wilton might trace any resemblances in the portraits and events, which proved that Sidney had largely drawn, as every artist must, from the men and history of his time. His own life-long friendship with Fulke Greville was in his mind when he portrayed the loving unity of Musidorus and Pyrocles. Indeed, in the chivalrous, sensitive, and beautiful Pyrocles we trace a resemblance to Sidney, and in the somewhat severer and haughtier Musidorus to Fulke Greville. In the two sisters, the sweet and bashful Philoclea and the majestic and noble Pamela, the image of his accomplished sister and the daughter of Essex, his own Stella, were doubtless not absent from his mind. In the treacherous, ambitious, and cruel Cecropia, Catherine de' Medici may perhaps be portrayed; in the good and wise governor Euarchus, and his pacification of rebel states, many doubtless saw the likeness to his own father, Sir Henry Sidney; and for the revolts of the clowns and the popular commotions, we doubt not he profited by the stories of the rebellion of Ket the tanner, and Wyatt's attempt of the Northern insurrection.<sup>1</sup> The story, moreover, had a moral end.

A slight sketch of the tale will show how unjustly Walpole termed it a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance. [Summarizes the plot in rather novelistic fashion, beginning 'Pyrocles and Musidorus were cousins...']

Had he lived to perfect it, to turn 'precepts of philosophy into pregnant images of life', to embody in it the matured results of his observations on men and governments, and public and private virtues and duties—had he retrenched its prolixities and toned down its improbabilities,—the *Arcadia* would, doubtless, have been a book for all times and all countries. As it is, the first part, which afforded the least scope for his genius, is the best written, because the most finished by him. The story is woven together with too great art, and is so complex that the mind has great difficulty in catching up all the threads of the story, more especially when the two heroes of the tale, are, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, three gentlemen at once,<sup>2</sup> for they make use of three different names, and slip them off and on with perplexing rapidity; and as there is hardly one proper name, however strange, among the large number introduced in the book, which has not in some way to do with the story, we should find our way through the labyrinth of the 400 folio pages more easily if a biographical dictionary was at hand of all the inhabitants of this strange land. Stories are dovetailed on to stories, and the names of the personages are so similar, that the reader finds himself far more bewildered than in Ariosto.

And we must regret altogether that Sidney preferred to set the scene of his story in some cloud-cuckoo land, inhabited by knights and ladies, whose manners are taken from chivalry, whose talk is platonic, and whose religion pagan. Why did he not lay the scene in the 'merrye England' of his own time, and give us the flesh-and-blood man and women of the court, and the rustic life of the country of Elizabeth? When all the nobler impulses of chivalry yet survived, and the courtesy, gaiety, and generosity of knightly manners were refined and heightened by the accomplishments of literature and art; when country life was constantly varied with its festivals and antique usages, and was vigorous, hearty, and joyous; when the masques and revels were still frequent in the old halls...?

That Sidney was equal to the task of writing a romance which should have been the very mirror of his time, he has fully shown in his *Arcadia*. Few sides, even of the humblest details of life, escaped

his notice, and what humour he could have thrown into his sketches of clowns and rustics, he has shown in his characters of Dametas, with his head always full of wine-presses in repair and loads of hay, and Mopsa, the attendant on the heroines, who made such a noise sometimes while the long stories of the others were going on, that nobody could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge,—upon whom he has sometimes placed touches of quite Shakesperian truth. Witness Mopsa's tale, which is very humorous after the high-flown romances of Pamela and Musidorus, about how the mighty king of a great country had the fairest daughter that did ever eat pap [*NA*, p. 214]...every sentence beginning either with *and so*, or *now forsooth*, or *so then*.

To give a somewhat more complete notion of the *Arcadia*, we will not part from it without giving entire one or two of the beautiful passages in which it abounds. The following description of a horse and rider in tilting at the ring, from so accomplished a horseman as Sir Philip, who had 'learnt his horsemanship at the Emperor's court, under John Pietro Pagliano [*sic*; *MP*, p. 73]' has high interest. [Quotes *NA*, pp. 153–4.]

The bathing of the princesses in the river Ladon has some pretty details. [Quotes *NA*, pp. 189–90.]

But with all our admiration for Sidney's romance and the scattered beauties which adorn it, it must be confessed that it is tedious. Those who read it attentively will not fail to be charmed with its romantic spirit, gentle feeling, and fine sensibility; but the characters are too many, the stories are too much spun out; there is too much absence of reality, too little keeping, too little simplicity in the narrative; the main current of interest is at times scattered too broadly and flows too slowly for it ever again to become popular. It was popular at a time when the literature of English growth was scanty, and when, too, readers possessed far more patience than they do now, accustomed, as they were, to read ponderous folios, and living, as they did, so near the times of manuscript and black letter, when reading was a *labor improbus* indeed. It is a fact not sufficiently dwelt on, that the facility and rapidity with which modern type can be read has destroyed in great measure that dogged pertinacity which enabled readers of old to fight their way through tough and crabbed folios. Advocates for unpopular books as well as unpopular reputations will always be found, but we fear Sidney, though he may often be found on the shelf, will not so often

be found in the hands of any reader who is not a more than ordinary student of literature and literary history.

The *Defense of Poesie*, that 'ink-wasting toy' of his, as Sidney calls it, has usually been criticised in too serious a manner. It is half-sportive, half-serious effusion, replete with the gentlest touches of humour. We are surprised that judicious critics have found it too declamatory. The commencing story about John Pietro Pagliano [*sic*], and Sidney being saved by logic alone from wishing himself to be a horse, strikes the key-note of the whole. What humour there is, too, in the allusion to Zopyras, where he is arguing that fiction is better than history, 'because you may save your nose by the bargain' [*MP*, p. 89]. The essay does not by any means go so profoundly into the question as Shelley in his beautifully written *Defence of Poetry*, which analyses the very inner essence of poetry and the reason of its existence,—its development from, and operation on, the mind of man, and gives us such an ethereal and beautiful disquisition on the subject as none but the poet of poets could produce. It has many choice expressions, as when he speaks of the poet as 'not limited to nature, but ranging freely within the zodiack of his own wit.' The termination is charmingly pleasant. [Quotes the last lines of *A Defence* from 'But if (fie of such a But) you be born so near the dull-making cataract of Nilus...'.]

This *Defense* forms an important document in our literary history. England had need then of a defence of poetry. Sidney said she was a very step-mother of poets, and little suspected the great burst of poetic genius which was at hand. Chaucer, 'that well of English undefiled', was the only great poet whom Sidney really admired, and lamented 'that wee, in this clear age, go so stumblingly after him.' The Earl of Surrey for his sonnets, and Sackville for his powerfully written and lugubrious *Induction*, and his bombastic *Gorboduc*, were the only poets Sidney could bring forward against the bards of Italy and Spain. France, with Ronsard, Bellay, and Du Bartas, seemed to promise a richer harvest of poetic fame.

[Sidney] stands at the entrance of the great literary epoch—a befitting herald of the long line of inspired writers who came after him. An attentive reader of Dante and Petrarch, the strains inspired by Beatrice and Laura found responsive chords in his own gentle nature, and the sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney breathe all that fine sensibility and immaterial passion which was one of the choicest

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bequests of chivalry and Provençal culture—which has raised the passion of the sexes from a mere sensual caprice to a religion of the soul.... Sidney is not so much an imitator of the Italians as Surrey or Wyatt, he trusted more to the impulses of his own fine emotions. He tells us himself that he turned over the leaves of poets—

To see if thence would flow  
Some fresh and fruitful shower upon my sun-burnt braine.  
But that he in vain attempted to follow in the track of others: -

Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write.  
[AS 1]

In another place he says: -

And love doth hold my hand and make me write.  
[AS 90]

Nevertheless, there are frequent instances of that false wit, those unmeaning antitheses and plays upon words which, when Petrarch was popular among the students of Europe, passed, in the absence of sure taste, for the very pearls of poetry.... The following is an example of this fantastic refinement of expression: -

Not thou by praise, but praise in thee is raised,  
It is a praise to praise, when thou art praised.  
[AS 35]

Moreover, the language of poetry was not then sufficiently formed to prevent the introduction of words associated with low and common ideas, and which sometimes spoil the most effective passages,—nevertheless there are several sonnets, which might have been written by Shakespeare himself, and which open especially in the grand Shakesperian manner; witness these commencements, and the two sonnets which follow. [Quotes the openings of ‘With how sad steps...’ (AS 31) and ‘Come sleepe, o sleepe (AS 39), and the whole of ‘When far spent night perswades each mortall eye...’ (AS 99) and ‘Morpheus, the lively sonne of deadly sleepe...’ (AS 32).]

It may seem indeed to some, after an examination into the life and writings of Sidney, that the reputation which has made his name a household word in England exceeds his merits. It is true

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England has had greater soldiers and greater statesmen, but never so choice a union of the qualities which made a Sidney. Sir Philip Sidney's fame is founded precisely on those personal qualities of his of which his contemporaries were the best judge, which do not leave a trace in books or history. It was love, affection, adoration, which he inspired, and these are the conquest not of the head but of the heart. Nature had endowed him with goodness, grace, and beauty, and by the assiduous culture and constant practice of virtue he became as fair in mind as in form.... The Sidney whom we admire is the—

Sidney as he fought  
And as he fell, and as he loved and lived,  
Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot.

[Shelley, *Adonais*, xlv]

## NOTES

- 1 Robert Ket, leader of an agrarian rising in Norfolk, 1549; Sir Thomas Wyatt (?1521–54), son of the poet, and leader of the Kentish rebellion against Mary I, 1554.
- 2 See Sheridan's *The Rivals*, IV.iii.208–9.



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