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The English pastoral after Spenser.

Voorhees, Edward Newton
Boston University

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Boston University
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THESIS:

"THE ENGLISH PASTORAL AFTER SPENSER."

SUBMITTED BY

EDWARD HINTON VOOGHEEES

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1917.
The English Pastoral after Spenser

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CHAPTER I

Reasons for this Study

Pastoral poetry has a charm and interest not to be ascribed to its merely superficial quality of giving a pleasant illusion. For more than two thousand years this form of literature has appealed to great literary men of marked divergence in taste, as well as to the cultured reading public. This study aims to discover and point out by illustration the basis of this appeal, as well as to separate from the ephemeral that which is of permanent value in the English pastoral.

CHAPTER II

Viewpoint and Method of this Study

1. Two possible viewpoints:
   (a) Historical development, or
   (b) Technical development
   or a combination of both, which is the method of this study.

2. The development of pastoral not a straightforward one, but a series of reactions.

3. Artificiality and 'frigidity' usually the basis for these reactions.

4. The pastoral world of 'make-believe' is a justified one.

CHAPTER III

Pastoral Poetry before Spenser

1. There are pastoral elements in the Bible: (a) Story of David
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(b) Song of Solomon; (c) Birth and life of Christ.

2. Beginnings in classical antiquity:
   (a) Pastoral song in Sicily.
   (b) Greek influence carried to Rome.
   (c) Influence of Greek novelist Longus in carrying the pastoral tradition over to the Renaissance.

3. The Renaissance and the pastoral:
   (a) Influence of Tasso and Guarini in Italy.
   (b) Larot in France.
   (c) Spenser as an imitator and as a pioneer.

CHAPTER IV

Two Fundamental Considerations

1. The decline of chivalry and the need of another vehicle of romanticism were the primary reasons for the popularity of the pastoral just at Spenser's time.

2. The scope and limitation of the pastoral. While scientific precision is neither possible nor desirable in defining, and thus limiting, a literary form, certain rather definite ideas have long prevailed as to what the pastoral should and should not be. In the illustrations used, while a wide choice has been made, yet due respect has been had toward the opinions of certain eminent critics of the pastoral, although the writer has not hesitated to take issue with these same critics.
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(a) Pope's conception resulted in a correct and polished pastoral, but one with little emotion and no spontaneity.

(b) Ambrose Philips, with a less brilliant but more tender manner, arrived nearer the ideal of Theocritus, but lacked the poignancy and passion of that master.

(c) Dr. Samuel Johnson heartily endorsed the Virgilian pastoral in which a contrast was pictured by the element of strife that was introduced into the pure and undisturbed pastoral atmosphere of Theocritus, where the only disturbances were those of nature and of love.

(d) Addison in the "Spectator" defended Philips, whose simple pastorals Pope covertly attacked, and criticised the artificial tendencies of other pastoral writers. He then drew up some simple rules for pastoral, based upon the productions of Spenser and Philips.

3. There are various divisions of the pastoral possible, such as:

*(a) (Primary)(or) §(b) (Panegyric (c) (Lyric
(Simple (and (Dramatic
(Secondary (Erotic (Narrative and
($)or) Allegorical (Monologue

This study finds it convenient to classify them according to (c), although the three classifications will be referred to in dealing with the many types of pastorals which appeared during the two hundred years following Spenser's "The Shepheardes Calender."

* David Masson § E.K. Chambers
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CHAPTER V
The Vital Spirit of Pastoral.

1. Although the pastorals of Theocritus are the ideals for all time, the searcher among English pastorals must not expect to find many examples that compare in spontaneity and sincerity with those of the great Sicilian. Yet it is reasonable to expect to find some which are as true an expression of the life of their own time as were the pastorals of Greece an expression of theirs.

2. Mr. E. K. Chambers mentions three outstanding qualities to be found in English pastorals. These are:
   
   (a) "The exaltation of content."
   
   (b) "Delight in and refreshment from natural beauty."
   
   (c) "The note of love."

   These are the qualities that form the basis of appeal which this study calls the Vital Spirit of pastoral.

   Stripped of local and contemporary appeal, any literary form lives on only as it contains some such appeal to common humanity.

   The intensity, breadth and loftiness of such appeal determines the rank of a classic.

   Of these outstanding qualities, "the note of love" is the one most likely to combine the three modifying qualities of intensity, breadth and loftiness.

   This note of love is frequently colored by a fourth quality, that of melancholy.

* "English Pastorals."
The history of the English pastoral after Spenser begins with his contemporaries. One group of these, who were also his conscious imitators, has been called the "Senior Spenserians" and include the following authors and works:

- Walter Raleigh: "Description of Love" and "Reply to Marlowe."
- Philip Sidney: Anecdotes and Lyrics from "Arcadia."
- Michael Drayton: "Poly-olbion" and "Eclogues."

These poets caught much of Spenser's spirit, and with the exception of the "Du Bartas" and the "Poly-olbion," which are very long and ponderous, they are more than good imitators.

CHAPTER VII

Second Period. The Age of Shakespeare.

1. (a) Between the Senior Spenserians and the Junior Spenserians, in point of time, belongs a group of prolific and vigorous writers who included pastorals among their efforts. These include:

- John Lyly: "Gallathea."
- George Peele: "The Arraignment of Paris."
- Thomas Watson: "The Passionate Century of Love."
- John Dickenson: "The Shepherd's Complaint."
- Thomas Lodge: Lyrics and Songs from "Rosalynde."
- Christopher Marlowe: "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love."
- Richard Barnfield: "The Affectionate Shepherd."
- Ben Jonson: "The Sad Shepherd."
- John Fletcher: "The Faithful Shepherdess."
(b) In these writers one finds all the dash and romance of the Elizabethan Age in full swing, together with all the faults and all the virtues of that prodigal time.

CHAPTER VIII
Third Period. The Jacobean Age. Pope.

1. With the ending of the Elizabethan Age the zenith of true pastoral has been reached. For the next hundred years, there are but few exceptions to the brief and vague eclogues which characterize the age. Some authors and works which stand out are:

(a) George Wither
Richard Braithwaite
Francis Quarles

"The Shepherd's Hunting",
"Shepherd's Tales,"
"The Shepherd's Oracles,"

(b) The Junior Spenserians:
William Drummond
William Browne
Phineas Fletcher
Robert Herrick

Elegies and Epigrams
"Britannia's Pastoral,"
"The Purple Island," "Piscatory Eclogues."
Lyrics

(c) John Milton


These kept the pastoral alive by giving poetic utterance to the English love of country life.

2. The Age of Pope in reference to the pastoral begins with the publication of the "Pastoral" of Ambrose Philips, which were written in such a manner that they won the praise of Addison, and were covertly envied by Pope. Pope's "Pastorals" made for themselves a definite though circumscribed place in literature of this kind.
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CHAPTER IX

The Realistic Pastoral Writers

1. John Gay (1714) attempted a burlesque on Philip's "Pastorals" and achieved a classic, "The Shepherd's Week." The 'frigid' pastoral was killed by ridicule.

2. "The Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay had two merits: its literary worth and its timeliness. It was a time for drama and for a reaction against artificiality; this play was both.

3. Pastoral influences can be traced in the realistic nature poets such as Thomson, Collins, Akenside, Goldsmith, Cowper and Burns.

4. In Shelley's "Adonais" there is a return to the pastoral type of Theocritus. Simple pastoral elements are also traceable in the Victorian poets.

5. These examples prove by their popularity and genuine worth the perennial quality of the vital spirit of pastoral even when the form is dead.

CHAPTER X

The Total and Present Significance of the English Pastoral.

1. The reason that the pastoral as a distinct form has perished is that it no longer fills a need in life. Freedom of speech and of press make allegory no longer necessary.

2. The public taste changed at the end of the eighteenth century from a taste for illusion to a demand for realism. This
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grim note is evident in Crabbe's "The Village," a revolutionary pastoral.

3. A resume of the development of the pastoral shows a changing from simple to complex and back again, in form; from natural to artificial to realistic, in spirit. This resulted in getting away entirely from the pastoral as a distinct form of expression.

4. The three inherent faults in the pastoral which account for its final decline are:

(a) Its naive ignorance of nature.

(b) Its utter impersonality.

(c) Its baneful artificiality.

The pastoral originally an exotic from a different civilization, and as such has never been fully acclimated to the North and England.

5. The imperishable thing which pastoral, in spite of its defects, has contributed to English literature is its vital spirit. There is a deep humanity, an undercurrent of simplicity, a youthfulness and a spontaneity within the best pastorals that will forever call to the human heart. Inasmuch as such pastorals are interpretations of life, they justify their existence.
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I

For the mind that is fanciful or romantic, pastoral poetry has a perennial charm. One critic advances as the reason for its popularity that it offers 'an escape from life.' However, there are lovers of pastoral poetry who are not seeking to escape from life, and these will have other explanations. Whatever its attractive qualities, they exist to such a marked degree that this form of poetry was widely popular and persisted intact from at least five centuries before the Christian Era down to the English Restoration, and its influence can be traced today through the poetry of Burns, Wordsworth and Tennyson. During all these centuries the pastoral has never ceased to be a delight and a recreation to readers of widely differing literary tastes, from Caesar Augustus to Samuel Johnson, Alexander Pope and our own prolific Andrew Lang.

Every generation has its plays, its novels and its poems that appeal peculiarly and exclusively to its own people. Skimming lightly over the surface of manners and customs, it may be, the authors catch the spirit and expression of the hour, and serve up to a restless and hungry public a banquet of light confections. As a result, the deeper emotions and the intellect sleep peacefully on, while sentimentalism reigns supreme. Literary indigestion and literary bad taste are the inevitable result. Pastoral poetry has not been immune from this type of writing. Like the tattered and faded properties of a much traveled theatrical troupe, the
conventional pastoral form, grown gray in the service of the classic masters, has been used again and again by the English disciples of Theocritus and Virgil for no weightier purpose than to shadow forth the marionette antics of some Corydon and Phyllis in the name of love, or to grind out a laborious and ineffective allegory of current events. Eliminated by natural causes, most of these have disappeared forever, except it be an occasional relic found by the curious searcher in some museum of old and forgotten lore.

On the other hand, however, there are not a few English pastorals that stand out luminously as great literature of its kind. Simple in form, spontaneous in expression, these pastorals endure because they breathe forth some of the most fundamental emotions common to all human beings. Their creators are all great songsters; music is woven among their lines as fancy through a dream. There is within them an appealing combination of philosophy and lyricism that has made this type of poetry distinctive, a delight and a recreation to readers of all periods and tastes. Such names as Theocritus, Spenser, and Allan Ramsay will forever have a unique connotation for the lover of impassioned literature. Writing centuries apart, and each with his own peculiar method, they nevertheless play masterfully upon the same instrument, and to those who listen their music is near of kin. To discover, if possible, and point out by illustration, the basis of this universal appeal, as well as to separate from the ephemeral what is of permanent value in the English pastoral is the object of this study.
II.

The actual state of an art at any particular time is the direct result of two factors, its historical development and its technic. These factors do not work in straight progression from point to point in a straight line; they are rather the result of a number of reactions, which may be represented as a progression of circles whose circumferences overlap one another consecutively, the first of which represents the art at its beginnings, while the last or nearest would represent the present tendency. In literature in general, an age of crude half-formed beginnings gradually develops into classicism, to be followed in turn by an age of romanticism, then of realism, while at the same time periods of creative alternate with periods of critical literature. Likewise, in pastoral poetry, there is first the simple and elemental, followed by the complex and artificial; first the purely lyrical and musical, then the imaginative and the philosophical. When the imaginative degenerates into the merely fantastic allegory, and the philosophic becomes cold and barren, we are suddenly startled and charmed by the voice of some new singer, by whom we are led back once more to the simple, the lyrical and the purely musical.

In the pastoral, the signal for the revolt has frequently been the inevitable appearance of the artificial. The pastoral has, indeed, so frequently possessed this quality that it has earned for itself the sobriquet of 'frigid.' That this epithet has been used
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with timeliness merely serves, however, to point out the opposite: the natural and sweetly illusive melody of a Theocritus, a Spenser or a Drayton. These do not sing merely for the fancier of pretty verses or for the rainbow idealist. To a world weary from injustice and sick at heart from fratricidal struggle, putting to itself questions which only an eternity can answer, — to such a world, poetry, which is but another word for Faith, is one of the few ultimate realities. And just as a comedy has a legitimate mission in existing merely to produce 'thoughtful laughter,' so the pastoral likewise justifies the space it fills in the volumes of the world if it offers that 'escape from life' which is

"Like some vision olden, of far other time,
When the age was golden, in the young world's prime.
Is thy soft pipe ringing, O lonely shepherd boy;
What song art thou singing, in thy youth and joy?"

III.

As this study has mainly to do with the English pastoral after Spenser, we shall only briefly outline the history and technic of this literary form before the Elizabethan age and chiefly with the view of more clearly interpreting and classifying these modern pastorals. Most chroniclers of the pastoral go back to classical antiquity alone for the genesis of their subject. Before taking up the study from that point, however, it is interesting to note
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that the Bible contains bits of pure, if unconventional, pastoral, both in prose and in poetic form, which dates some five hundred years earlier than the classical examples usually cited as the first.

The story of David, the boy shepherd, "ruddy and of a fair countenance," is a pastoral which in its picture of the calm, uneventful life of a shepherd suddenly broken into by the circumstances of invasion and the intrigues of civil war is not unlike the general character of Virgil's classic pastorals. Another parallel between the Biblical pastoral and the more modern are such intimate personal friendships as that of the shepherd David with the warrior-prince Jonathan, and that of Hobbinoll and Colin in Spenser's "The Shepheardes Calender." Of a different sort is the ardent and sumptuous "Song of Solomon," a city pastoral similar, but for its oriental setting, to what in Pope's day became known as the Town Eclogue. In its extravagantly beautiful metaphors the Song of Songs surpasses anything in the temperate literature of the West, yet we find suggestive echoes in the fervent "O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas" of Virgil, as likewise in certain English poets of the Elizabethan period, such as Nicholas Breton and Richard Barnfield, who possess in an occidental form some of the same intensity and proneness to dwell upon details of physical beauty and passion.
Our comparison would not be complete if we failed to mention in passing the pastoral element in the New Testament. The picturesque circumstances of the birth of Jesus, the visit of the awe-struck shepherds, and the subsequent parables of the Good Shepherd, together with the mode of life which Christ led -- all this is both reminiscent and prophetic of the pastoral. The church and its monasteries also half consciously preserved through the Dark Ages the pastoral traditions of Greece and Rome, among the old manuscripts and parchments of classic writers that lay neglected for centuries in dusty attics and damp cells. Resurrected at the Renaissance, these elements, the Christian symbolism and the pagan mythology, were blended together in Spenser's "Shepheards Calender" and brought to their perfection in Milton's monody of "Lycidas." If our Biblical examples of pastoral afforded rich material in the then new English translations of Tyndale and Coverdale, and exerted a deep influence upon the Elizabethan pastoral writers, it is equally true that the study of Italian and French authors added a cosmopolitan tone to their productions.

The real background and original source of the pastoral, however, were the classical writers. In these beginnings the pastoral undoubtedly preceded the epic, just as the epic preceded the more complex drama, and expressed in simple form the feelings of the childhood of the race. In this early form pastoral was spontaneous and entirely free from artificiality of any kind. "From the
beginning, it would appear," says Edmund K. Chambers*, "that the Aryan shepherds who dwelt in the pastoral districts of Greece shared in some humble measure the gift of song which became such a wonder-
ful thing amongst their more highly favored kinsmen of Attica. Even today the folk-song of those regions is full of delicate fanci-
cies and honeyed cadences which are unfamiliar to the peasantry of other lands."

When the colony of Sicily was founded, the Greek spirit was transplanted into an ideal pastoral country of sunny meadows nest-
ling among rolling hills, and there among their flocks, with the sensuous sweetness of that land all about them, the lively shep-
herds tuned their pipes. For them the real Artemis pursued the deer through every olive grove, Pan piped and danced in every moon-
lit glade, and Daphnis dallied on the margin of every spring. These children of nature saw every tree, flower and stream peopled with either joyous or melancholy spirits, and out of their imagination and superstition they gradually wove a cycle of "carmen bucolicum" or ancient classical eclogues. Theocritus, Bion and Moschus gave voice to this Greek feeling of kinship with nature in pastoral poems that for simply beauty and freshness have never been surpassed.

With the Greek literary conquest of Rome, the pastoral influ-
ence was carried into Italy, where Virgil took up the pastoral strain in his more polished though less spontaneous eclogue. The pastoral novel of the fifth century, "Daphnis and Chloe," by the

Greek Longus, advanced the pastoral upon its way with a new cast of Theocritan form. The next pastorals of note were those two Italian masterpieces, Tasso's "Aminta" and Guarini's "Pastor Fido," both of the last quarter of the sixteenth century, which together with the eclogues of Clement Marot in France bring us down to the publication of the "Shepheardes Calender."

The influence of the "Shepheardes Calender" (1579) was immediate and continued in England. Of this influence, W.P. Trent* says: "-- it was the first (English Pastoral) that made Englishmen feel that they possessed something in this once popular form not only equal or superior to anything of the kind that Italy or France could boast of, but actually worthy of comparison with the similar work of Virgil." Spenser with his "sustained art" made the pastoral such a popular form in England that for nearly two hundred years after his death virtually every English poet turned his hand to pastoral in some form.

IV.

Two questions in regard to the pastoral naturally arise at this point. (1) Was there not a deeper reason than the popularity of the "Shepheardes Calender" for the sudden and wide-spread adoption of pastoral in England at this time, a reason which suggested the form to Spenser himself and proved the time ripe for his own pastoral? (2) What is the scope and limitation of a pastoral? The answers to these two questions are not unlikely to reveal to

us a significant clew to the long-lived charm of the pastoral.

Now as to the first question. The literature contemporary with the "Shepheardes Calender" was steeped in chivalry. Chivalry as an institution and a manner was dying, but no one had noticed the fact until Spenser's eclogues appeared to announce the date. In this production Chivalry's absence was conspicuous. His appearance in the literature of the future was to be merely as a picture of the past. The "Shepheardes Calender" marks the transition that was going on in contemporary life from an age of chivalry to an age of commerce and science. The old vehicle of the pastoral, modernized and redecorated, therefore became immensely popular with a generation too sophisticated to tolerate longer a chivalry whose absurdities had outlived its virtues. "...we find that none of Spenser's disciples follow him in the creation of a world of chivalry (such as "The Faery Queene") but cling all the more closely to his allegory and pastoralism. The romantic ideals of the human mind ever seek to cloth themselves in some poetic garb, and when chivalry was dead, pastoralism sprang Phoenix-like from the ashes."

We shall now consider briefly the second question, the scope and limitation of a pastoral. Definitions are likely to be dogmatic, and for this reason they are particularly unsatisfying in the field under discussion. The best of literature, unlike science, defies the limitations of category, and recognizing this fact it is not our purpose in this paper to probe and dissect with that merciless

exhaustion which is the delight of a certain type of the so-called literary scientist. Instead, we shall try in our subsequent chapters to illustrate the general tone, atmosphere and matter of this form of poetry by the use of typical selections from the best English pastorals. In this classification we shall include those which according to the canons of literary art have stood the test of time and will still stand the test of veracity to the pastoral ideal.

Alexander Pope, who wrote his pastorals and his criticism of pastoral when he was sixteen, leaves little to the imagination or the invention of the would-be pastoral writer. In his Preface* to his pastorals, he acknowledges Heinsius as his inspiration for the following definition: "A pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic; the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing, the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford, neat but not florid; easy and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in Nature."

Naturally, Pope followed his own definition, a reason why his pastorals lack that spontaneity which is so striking and refreshing in Theocritus, whom Pope is trying to emulate. The polished couplet

of Pope is too restrictive a form for the wide range of vehicle necessary to the emotional pastoral. Neither does he possess the knowledge of and sympathy with rural life, not the interest and imagination in that direction, which less brilliant but more tender poets show. The diction and dialogue of Pope's shepherds and shepherdesses, though intended to be rustic, is as polished and well-rounded as that of courtiers and their ladies at a ball. Theocritus, whom Pope could not imitate, wrote his pastorals in the effete atmosphere of Alexandria, yet was able to reproduce in them the freshness, the passion, the alternating languor and vivacity of his boyhood's Sicily.

Pope's classic definition of a pastoral melts a jewel and then tries to run it into a mold. Had he not so consciously copied the classics and made such puppets of his characters, the variety of his themes and moods would have given something more than elegance to his "Pastorals," which are brilliant in their handling, in spite of their emotional limitations. Ambrose Philips, whose pastorals, published just before Pope's, made the latter furiously jealous, strikes at the root of the matter when he says in the introduction to his own pastorals, "The pastoral song gives a gentle composure to the mind." With this as his purpose, Philips wrote some simple and remarkably appealing pastorals. Complexity in a pastoral always results in heaviness, artificiality and boredom. Whether it is an idyll of Theocritus or an allegory from the "Shephearde Calender,"
the form and matter of the true pastoral is simplicity itself, not the polished and carefully restrained stanzas of Pope.

Virgil made of the pastoral quite a different thing from what Theocritus had left it. Though he copied much from Theocritus, he introduced into the pastoral the new element of struggle, in his conflicts between shepherds and soldiers. Dr. Samuel Johnson highly approved of Virgil's addition, asserting that it "serves to heighten the idea of pastoral innocence and simplicity, where such calamities are powerfully affecting." Which observation agrees with the great doctor's pugnacity and lachrymous tendencies, both of which he no doubt greatly enjoyed. Considered from an impersonal standpoint, however, this contrast which he mentions is secured at the cost of that simplicity of structure and unity of theme and atmosphere which are the unique features of the pastoral, and the chief reasons for its charm as pastoral. Just as lyric poetry cannot expand into narrative and still retain its original character, so pure pastoral, quiet and bucolic in its very nature, can not take on the aspect of internecine struggle and still lay claim to the name of pastoral. This mild prostitution of the eclogue by Virgil was the beginning of a series of strange ramifications which, in the hands of men of less ability and less keen artistic sense than the great Latin poet, led into bypaths of errant fancy, into unrecognizable allegory on the one hand and into unnatural refinement on the other. In the "Guardian," (Number 28) Addison quotes a
writer of his time who observes that the shepherds of contemporary
pastorals "are all embroidered and acquit themselves in a Ball bet-
ter than our English Dancing Masters." Addison himself saw the
length to which the pastoral had become form bound when he observed,
"A few days ago, in looking over some English pastorals, I perused
at least fifty lean Flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed
Ravens, besides blasted Oaks, withering Meadows, and weeping Deities."

Addison from his study of the best pastorals came to a less
arbitrary and therefore more workable and sympathetic idea of the
pastoral than that held by Pope. He wrote (Spectator Number 30),
"There are some things of an established Nature in Pastoral, which
are essential to it, such as a Country Scene, Innocence, and Sim-
plicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, such as Habits,
Customs and the like. The Difference of the climate is also to be
considered. ("Poetry is imitation and to interest the imitation
must be of something familiar.") ....It is easy to be observed
that these Rules are drawn from what our Countrymen Spenser and
Philips have performed in this way."

There are various possible divisions of the post-Spenserian
pastoral, according to the point of view, such as Primary and Sec-
ondary, which divides them according as they are pure pastoral or
pastoral allegory; and there is the classification which Mr. E. K.
Chambers makes in his "English Pastorals," that of Panegyric and
Erotic. For the purposes of this study, however, we divide them
into two main divisions, lyric and dramatic, with a rare third, which is narrative. We shall find examples of all three forms, and illustrations of the other classifications in the mass of pastorals which appeared in the two hundred years following the appearance of the "Shepheardes Calender."

V.

We cannot, of course, expect to find many examples of pure, primary pastoral of the Theocritan type, with its unity of theme and atmosphere, in the rich brocaded literature of the Elizabethan Age, nor in the turbulent Jacobean Age, nor yet in the classic but artificial days of Queen Anne. We must be satisfied if we find here and there, hidden under the peculiar poetic mannerisms of the day, an occasional bit of Theocritan sincerity and spontaneity, and it is possible that we shall find something else just as worthy, perhaps more servicable to the life of the people for whom it was written, for it is only as that "interpretation of life" that literature is worthy of the name. There has always been a literature for the life and needs of each age, whether that literature was pictured with rude implements upon sheer rock, or copied upon papyrus, or stamped by the latest press. When a piece of literature more than fills its own age, when it not only lights the valleys where men dwell, but also climbs to sublime heights and gilds the mountain peaks, it becomes a classic. Many of these post-Spenserian pastorals represent merely the froth on the wine, still fewer were
worthy to be poured out as libations to the gods of their own day, while only a very few remain to this day like rare antique jewels in a show casket, forever to surprise and delight with their beauty.

In describing the outstanding qualities of the English pastorals, it would be difficult to find three more expressive phrases than those used by Mr. Chambers*. These are, (1) "the exaltation of content," (2) "delight in and refreshment from, natural beauty," and (3) "the note of love." These are the qualities which continue to form the basis of the appeal of the pastoral. The combination of these three qualities is the vital spirit of Pastoral. When any piece of literature is stripped of the interest which local color and contemporary events gave to it when first published, it can be saved from oblivion only by a direct appeal to such inherent emotions as are common to the people of all ages. The intensity, breadth and loftiness of this appeal determine the rank of a classic.

It will at once be seen, however, that not all emotions are capable of possessing intensity, breadth and loftiness. "The exaltation of content," for example, could never call forth the use of the first adjective, and rarely would it have use for the other two. In the days of the city-dwelling Elizabethan poets, vaguely informed and more vaguely interested in country life, "a delight in and refreshment from, natural beauty" could have been neither intense nor broad, and if this delight and refreshment did possess any basis for 'loftiness', it was quite ostensibly a state of

consciousness not indigenous to the soil of the poetic mind, but rather one artificially induced by the fact that Virgil, Theocritus, or some other classic writer had pictured his characters in rural scenes. The difference was that the classic writers found their characters in the country, a country with which they themselves were familiar, while their imitators tried to put their characters into rustic surroundings of which they knew nothing, with quaint and sometimes grotesque results, as will be seen later. In spite of all the palaver of English poets of the period about the delights of the rustic, the fields of asphodel, the banks of ossier and fleets of swans, there is scarcely among them all a line of intimate understanding and appreciation of natural beauty or of the moods of nature until the startling appearance of the Countess of Winchilsea's "A Nocturnal Reverie," in 1713.

In treating the 'note of love,' however, the pastoral writer has an unlimited range. On this subject it is obviously possible for him to possess any or all of the three qualities of intensity, breadth and loftiness. Geographical location or historical setting has little to do with the sincerity of its expression, or with the enthusiasm of its reception. Lovers were always popular everywhere, and the fashion is one not likely to go out. When poets talk to themselves and the world overhears, in what more welcome medium could the expression come than in the English of the Elizabethan Age? Artificial in some instances, exaggerated and crude at times,
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this medium is nevertheless, in the sturdier of the poets, always
energetic and alive.

In nearly all love poetry, there is a touch of melancholy. In
the pastoral this quality is very pronounced. Unrequited or dis-
illusioned love is the theme of numberless eclogues. In the modern
pastoral, Spenser struck the key note in his "January Aeglogue,"
when the disappointed Colin Clout laments:

"A thousand sithes I curse that careful hower
Wherein I longed the neighbor towne to see,
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stoure
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shee:
Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
Ah, God! that love should breede both joy and payne."

VI.

The history of the pastoral after Spenser begins with those
contemporaries who were his most faithful imitators. These in-
cluded a group of poets who have been called the Senior Spenserians,
who were personally acquainted with Spenser, owned him as their
master, and tinged their narrative and descriptive poetry with his
ideality. This group included such familiar names as those of Ral-
eigh, Sidney, Daniel, Drayton and Sylvester, to whom their master's
influence was transmitted by what Dr. E. Charlton Black calls "a
kind of religious allegiance feeling."

Raleigh's contribution to the pastoral is slender, and there
is much question as to whether he actually wrote "The Shepherd's
Description of Love," a pleasing thing in the witty and epigram-
matic style characteristic of the lighter verse of the period, which
originally appeared in "England's Helicon" under his initials. The first stanza will illustrate the style and sentiment of a type of pastoral lyric of which thousands were written during this period:

Meliboeus. "What's love?"

Faustus. "It is a fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is love as I heard tell."

Another pastoral lyric, "A Reply to Marlowe," attributed by some to Raleigh and by others to Barnfield, is an answer to the well-known and exquisite "Come Live with Me and be my Love," but is tinged with the opposite spirit of melancholy, distrust and disillusionment; of which the following extract gives the key:

"If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love."

Sidney's "Arcadia," written a year after the publication of the "Shepheardes Calender," although in prose form, contains many pastoral lyrics and some anecdotes in in verse, all of them touched with a delicate ideality. An extract from one of these called "A Country Song" will illustrate the occasional pastoral of the narrative type:

The lad Philisides
Lay by a river side,
In flowery field a gladder eye to please;
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambs were him beside;
A widow turtle near on bared root
Sat wailing without boot.
Each thing both sweet and sad
Did draw his boiling brain
To think and think with pain
Of mira's beams, eclipsed by absence bad."

Samuel Daniel (1562-1619) wrote two 'pastoral tragi-comedies,' "The Queene's Arcadia" and "Hymen's Triumph," together with some shorter pastorals. One of these called simply "A Pastoral," casts interesting light upon some of the philosophy of the author, and, incidentally, upon that of pastoral poetry in general. It is a protest against the restraint which a rising Puritanism would impose upon the personal freedom of the cavalier, whose leading light was so often a light o' love. It is also interesting to find in this pastoral a line which virtually summarizes the doctrine of utilitarianism in one short line; "That's lawful, which doth please."

It represents a subtle protest against that puritanism that would separate entirely the physical from the spiritual, and its author sighs for the return of that golden age when

That idol of deceit, that empty sound
Called Honour, which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found;
Nor yet sad grief imparts
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful, amorous wights;
Nor were his hard laws known to free-born hearts;
But golden laws like these
Which nature wrote —
"That's lawful, which doth please."

Honour, thou first didst close
The spring of all delight;
Denying water to the amorous thirst,
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrain's from men, and on themselves reversed.

O Honour, it is thou
That makest that stealth, which Love doth free allow.

"The Queens Arcadid," published in 1606, with the sub-title, "A Pastoral Trage-Comedie," was "presented to her Majesty and her Ladies, by the University of Oxford in Christ's Church, in August, 1605." In this rather unusual drama of five acts and approximately twenty-five hundred lines of well-sustained blank verse, we have an example of the Virgilian type of pastoral, dear to the heart of Dr. Johnson, in which distracting elements are brought into the rural calm that is ideal for the ideal pastoral. The plot involves seventeen characters, including the usual pastoral Amyntas, and Carinus, who are the two rivals for the favors of Cloris. The two disturbing elements to enter this rusticity are Techne, "a subtle wench of Corinth," and Colax, "a corrupted traveler." Even before their appearance, however, the restless world of intrigue had thrust itself upon this peaceful Arcadia, as is shown by the opening speeches of two old shepherds, Ergastus and Leliboeus, in a conversation that displays a naturalness rather unusual in the minor poets of the time. Ergastus begins the conversation,

"How is it, Meliboeus, that we find
Our country, faire Arcadia, so much changed
From what it was; that was thou knowest of late,
The gentle region of plaine honesty,
The modest seat of undisguised truth,
Inhabited with simple innocence."
A hint of the allegory upon state intrigues and corruptions is revealed when Meliboeus replies:

"Indeed, Ergastus, I have never knowne
So universal a distemperature,
In all parts of the body of our state,
As now there is; nor ever have we heard
So much complaining of disloyalty
Among our younger Nymphes, nor ever found
Our heardsmen so deluded in their loves,
As if there were no faith on either side.
So many spotless Nymphes, so much distained
With blacek report, and wrongful infamy;
That few escape the tongue of malice free."

After the characters have worked out their problems, and every worthy lover has his worthy mistress, Meliboeus re-sounds the call to the ideal primeval, the good old times, in these words:

"And let us.....
Be againe Arcadians, as we were,
In manners and in habits as we were."

It is the characteristic slogan of the sort of pastoral that brings in the strife of the world of affairs, it is the essence of reaction against that world of affairs.

Joshua Sylvester, though a Spenserian and a voluminous writer of verse, is not included in Dr. Johnson's "Works of the English Poets," and because he wrote nothing of a strictly pastoral nature, he is not included in any of the pastoral anthologies that have come to the writer's hand. He did, however, write one exquisite lyric in the pastoral vein, which has been included in Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," under the title of "Love's Omnipresence," beginning,
Were I as base as is the lowly plain,  
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,  
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain  
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

The mammoth "Du Bartas" by the same author possesses a pastoral atmosphere in which is set an allegory of the Seven Days of Creation and the Second Week. Although the Garden of Eden furnishes a natural atmosphere for pastoral, this form was evidently not intended by the author, as he has brought in neither pastoral conventions nor pastoral personnel.

Michel Drayton was the most prolific writer of the Senior Spenserians, in the pastoral line. Interesting from various angles, Drayton is often lyrical and picturesque without intending to be either. He was painfully conscientious in his attempts to be serious and strictly accurate, with the result that his self-clipped wings often prevented a flight which to his natural self would have been accomplished with as much ease as breathing. His difficulty is revealed in the introduction to his "Pastorals," when he writes, "The subject of pastorals, as the language of it ought to be poor, silly, and of the coarsest woof in appearance; nevertheless, the most high and most noble matters of the world may be shadowed in them, and for certain sometimes are: but he who hath almost nothing pastoral in his pastorals, but the name, (which is my care), deals more plainly, because detracto velamine, he speaks of most weighty things." This stern determination to speak "most weighty" things made Drayton so eager to throw off the
impeding garment of lightness that he failed to observe that the poetic mantle was likely to go with it. The heavy seriousness and painstaking exactness which would have set better upon a scientist, but which it was his ambition to attain, is well illustrated by the stupendous "Poly-Olbion," a cycle of thirty "Songs," each long enough for an epic, making, with their minute and voluminous "illustration" notes, approximately twenty-seven thousand lines of rhymed couplet in iambic hexameter. Its subject matter, which recalls in its curious manner the chronicles of the ancient kings of Britain in "The Faery Queene," is an historical and geographical survey of England that might well serve as a minute Baedeker to mediaeval and ancient days. Here again, as in the "Du Bartas," the pastoral element is subordinated to background, and does not show itself in any personnel, excepting "the Muse," who sings a solo part. If this piece could be classed as pastoral at all, it would be as Secondary or allegorical, but as Dr. Alexander Chalmers has observed, "the perpetual personification is tedious, and more is attempted than is within the compass of poetry."§ Drayton's partiality for "the truth and nothing but the truth," exhibited with such determination in his historical pieces is fortunately not applied to all his lyrics. In these he has arrangements of meter and rhyme that are peculiar and interesting, and flinging off the obsession that "made invention almost a crime," P he indulges in such pretty fancies as the following,

* Book iii, Canto iii.
P Ibid.
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from the "Muses Elysium," (1630).

The bees up in honey roll'd
More than their thighs can hold,
Lapp'd in their liquid gold,
Their treasure us bringing. (Third Nymphal)

The theme of the "Muses elysium" is to picture a place where

A Paradise on Earth is found,
Though far from vulgar sight,
Which with those pleasures doth abound
That is Elysium hight.

Such an opening promises much for the fulfillment of Pope's ideal of a pastoral, that setting which "exposes the best side only of a shepherd's life and conceals its miseries." That here is indeed an angler's paradise would at once be conceded by any disciple of Izaak Walton after hearing this tale of a fisherman:

"The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle strike,
And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous pike,
Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks away,
Though at my line's full length so long I let him play
Till by my hand I find he well near wearied be,
When lusty by degrees I draw him up to me."

This appearance of the rod and line side by side with the shepherd's pipe and crook is an innovation due to the influence of the piscatory eclogues of Sannazaro's "Arcadia," (1504) an influence which will be noticed again in the "Piscatory Eclogues" of Phineas Fletcher.

In pastoral poetry, particularly of this period, there is very little of naturalism, and those rare illustrations that do occur are refreshing indications of a germ that is to develop later. Just as the Countess of Winchilsea's "A Nocturnal Reverie"
was an unconscious forerunner, fifty years ahead of its time, of a movement Wordsworthian naturalism and intimacy in nature poetry, so among these early English pastorals with their conventional love-makings and caperings of Daphnis, Corydon and Phyllis, there is occasionally a gleam of a rough jewel of naturalism to point the way to that rich mine of homely and rollicking material which endears to us the names of Ramsay and Burns. Drayton shows a touch of this same spirit in the narrative of the battered old shepherd, who is surely some kin to Rip Van Winkle, and who also possesses a dog of canine sympathies as gentle and prevailing as those of his later American cousin.

He called his dog, that sometimes had the praise, Whitefoot, well known to all that keep the plain. That many a wolf had worried in his days. A better cur there never followed swain. Which, though as he his master's sorrows knew, Wagged his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue.

In the English pastoral after Spenser the quality of melody is so often lacking as to have earned and often justified for the pastoral the epithet of "frigid." In Drayton's "Third Eclogue" there is a tiny thread of this melody reminiscent of the best in Spenser, and possessing that fluidity of musical sequence which reached its perfection in "Kubla Khan," nearly two hundred years later. Perhaps it is suggested by the harmony of words and theme when the shepherd Perkin says to Rowland:

"Let me then hear that roundelay of thee, Which once thou sang'st to me in Janevier,
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When Robin-red-breast, sitting on a brier,
The burthen bare."

It is interesting to note how completely Drayton divorces fancy from fact. His poems must be either all one or all the other. Occasionally, however, he admits art into his portrayal of fact, as in his "Fourth Eclogue," where his philosophy shows the possible influence of the melancholy John Donne, who died the same year as did Drayton (1631). Into the mouth of a musing shepherd are put these ideas of how simple primary pastoralism came to take on its allegorical form:

"When first religion with a golden chain
Men unto fair civility did draw,
Who sent from Heaven brought justice forth again,
To keep the good, the viler sort to awe,
That simple age as simple sang of love,
Till thirst of empire and of earthly sways,
Drew the good shepherd from his lass's glove,
To sing of slaughter and tumultuous frays."

In this same eclogue that consciousness of over-nicety in the polished phrases and forms of his day is evident in his observation that "Shepherds of late have waxed wondrous neat." He then defines his ideal of a pastoral, an ideal that reminds of of Addison's above, in these lines

Then simple love by simple virtue swayed,
Flowers the favours, which true faith revealed,
Kindness again with kindness was repayed,
And with sweet kisses covenants were sealed."

The poet himself attempts to get back to rustic simplicity and away from allegory in a lively little tale of the adventure of Dowsabel, the noble daughter of a knight, who tiring of the
conventionally dull life of the parental roof, throws caution to the winds, and like a modern woman goes forth in search of an emotional adventure. In love’s own good time it comes to her in the form of

A shepherd sitting on a bank,
Like Chanty-clear he crowed crank,
And piped full merrily

And piping still he spent the day,
So merrily as the popinjay,
Which liked Dowsabel;
That would she ought, or would she nought
This lad would never from her thought,
She in love longing fell.

At length she tucked up her frock,
White as the lily was her smock,
She drew the shepherd nigh;
But then the shepherd piped a good,
That all his sheep forsack their food,
To hear this melody.

The lady here ventures a remark calculated to lead back to the romantic aspect of the situation which her heart so fondly, yet timidly, desires:

"Thy sheep," quoth she, "cannot be lean,
That have a jolly shepherd swain,
The which can pipe so well."

The shepherd rises to the bait with a startling alacrity:

"Yea but," said he, "their shepherd may,
If piping thus he pine away
In love of Dowsabel."

At such a frank avowal, the feminine nature counsels a slight retreat, and she administers the gentle reprimand:

"Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,"
Quoth she, "look well unto thy sheep,  
Lest they should hap to stray."

Quoth he, "So had I done full well,  
Had I not seen fair Dowsabel  
Come forth to gather May."

Thus the shepherd regains his poise, she loses hers, blushes to confusion, bridles a pitiful trifle, bites her lip, and finally loses her boldness and spirit entirely. She decides that she "may not stay till night." Then the shepherd quits his word fencing, woos her ardently from his heart, and in the end she is won fairly and pledges that she will love him and him only.

With that she bent her snow white knee,  
Down by the shepherd kneeled she,  
And him she sweetly kissed.

With that the shepherd whooped for joy,  
Quoth he, "There's never shepherd's boy  
That ever was so blest."

In most of Drayton's poetry there is an aloofness, a peculiarity of impersonality that may account in part for the fact that he is but vaguely known to many students of poetry. The massiveness of his most familiar but not most poetical work, the "Polyolbion," is a barrier which would naturally discourage anyone except the searcher after the unusual in poetry. A realization that there is much of permanent worth in the less familiar lines of this poet which has lead the writer to quote rather copiously from one who is generally considered among the least in the kingdom of poetry, and because, as will be recalled from the examples quoted, there is considerable of that "refreshment from and delight in, natural
beauty" and also of the "note of love" (see p. 15) which are so essential to the vital spirit of pastoral poetry.

VII.

Having dealt with the Senior Spenserians, before passing on to the Junior Spenserians, it will be advisable to consider another group of poets whose time was a little earlier than that of the poets just studied, but who were less strongly influenced by the author of the "Shepheardes Calender". This group of pastoral writers, prolific and vigorous, including Lyly, Greene, Peele, Watson, Dickinson, Lodge and Barnfield, shows the dash and independence of the Elizabethan Age at its full swing, and it is in them that we find all the extremes, all the faults and all the virtues of that prodigious time. Though the products of these writers are by no means limited to pastorals, we do find a great variety of that form, ranging from what is purely artificial in matter and spirit to a high attainment of creative imagination, where artifice is concealed under the exquisite quality of the object produced.

"Pastoral poetry," says Edmund Gosse, "is an attempt to realize an imaginary and highly idealized state of society in a completely artificial form." Whether one agrees entirely with this definition or not, it is this emphasis upon form that is immediately discoverable in John Lyly's "Gallathea," a prose pastoral play with interludes of songs and lyrics. A situation in which the Roman god, Neptune, is pictured as angry with the farmers of North
Lincolnshire is an example of the incongruity to a modern reader. While this method is very different from that of the "Shepheardes Calender," where the rustics are not only given English names for the sake of naturalness and consistency, but where the general absence of supernatural beings heightens the effect of realism, it is, however, quite consistent with the Virgilian type of pastoral. In "Gallathea" Greek names and Greek mythology are generously distributed broadcast among the English peasantry, and the plot itself is an echo of the story of the Minotaur. The incensed Neptune demands as a propitiation for his wrath that two of the fairest daughters of the land be exposed yearly to the sea-monster Agar. Two beautiful virgins, who have been disguised as boys by their respective fathers to avoid the penalty, meet in the woods. Of course, when Gallathea and Philida meet, each thinks the other a boy and proceeds to fall in love. Cupid, Diana, Venus and certain nymphs become entangled in the affairs of these mortals in a manner most incongruous to us, but with a certain charm and naivete displayed in the diverting results.

Lyly's "Euphues" had been published four years previous with tremendous vogue, and it is natural to find much euphuism in "Gallathea." This peculiar mannerism that raged so long in literature is well illustrated, as is also the general tone of this play, by Cupid's definition of love:

"A heat full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness; which maketh thoughts have eyes, and
harts eares; bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by ielousie, killed by dissembling, buried by gratefulness; and this is love! Fayre Lady, wil you any?"

Nymph. "If it be nothing els, it is but a foolish thing."

Cupid. "Try and you shall find it a pretty thing."

The same year in which Lyly's play appeared, Robert Greene's "Morando" was published. It, too, was highly euphuistic and copied the more artificial Sannazaro rather than the simple Theocritus. The verses in this play paint detailed pictures, colorful and fanciful, but often strained with an attempt to be striking. The hyperbole employed frequently reaches the ridiculous, as when he compares the forms of the goddesses to the "stately bulks" of cedar trees.

The robust nature of Greene shows its many sides in the variety of his tones. Such oriental sumptuousness as "Her cheeks like ripened lilies steeped in wine," vies with Greek imagery such as the following:

"How oft have I descending Titan seen
His burning locks couch in the sea queene's lap,
And beauteous Thetis his red body wrap
In watery robes, as he her lord had been."*

On the other hand, the melancholy side of pastoral, here sentimental and artificial, quite the fashion of Greene's time, gives the impression of a jaded sense writing under coercion in the lines:

Since love and fortune prove my equal foes,
Farewell my hopes, farewell my happy days,
Welcome sweet grief, the subject of my lays...

while there is a ring of sincerity in these lines on love,

*From "Menaphon."
It is a secret hidden and not known
Which one may better feel than write upon.

There appears in "Menaphon" one of the first signs of that
debt against the extravagant imagery of personal description so
much employed in the pastorals of the time, and also against that
unnatural ideality which pictured the lives of sheep herders as
surrounded with a tinsel rivaling that of court life. This bur-
lesque, which Mr. Chambers says is not impossibly a skit on Green's
rival, Kyd, is also a forerunner of that irresistible travesty on
pastoral which was to appear more than a century later, in 1728,
"The Shepherd's Week" of John Gay.(q.v.) The burlesque in"Menaphon"
is sufficiently represented by the following extract:

Doron. "Sit down, Carmela; here are cobs for kings,
Sloes black as jet or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider which my leathern bottle brings;
Sit down, Carmela, let me kiss thy toes."

Carmela."Ah Doron! ah my heart! thou art as white
As is my mother's calf or brindled cow;
Thine eyes are like the glow-worms in the night;
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.

The lines within thy face are deep and clear
Like to the furrows of my father's wain;
The sweat upon thy face doth oft appear
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen-gain.

Ah, leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love!
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee;
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove;
At football sport thou shalt my champion be."

In 1581 the Queen's chapel boys presented for her entertain-
This is another pastoral after the manner of Virgil, the plot being
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from the English Ovid, the old story of the quarrel about the golden apple. The verse of this play is rhymed couplet, and the dialogue is sprightly, clever and very natural throughout. Mr. H. E. Cory* refers to this drama as the "earliest attempt to follow Spenser," and it is generally agreed that the shepherd Colin and his cruel shepherdess Rosalind in this play refer to Spenser and "the widow's daughter of the Glen." Here in a delightful atmosphere of fauns, shepherds, the god Pan, cyclopes, lambs, birds, woodsmen, all in a pastoral landscape, the divinities gossip like village cronies and are comic, clever and tragic by turns. Diana as judge finally conciliates the three angry goddesses, and compliments the Virgin Queen (none other than England's) by presenting the apple of trouble to Eliza, Queen of Fairyland.

In 1585 appeared Thomas Watson's (1557-1596) elegiac eclogues in Latin, "Amyntas." (Tasso's "Aminta" has been responsible for a numerous offspring of the same name.) Two of his principal pastorals, "Meliboeus" and "Amyntae Gaudia," come under Edmund Gosse's condemnation as "frigid," but in his HEKATOMPATHIA or "Passionate Century of Love" he gives us something which is at least unique, both in form and in matter. Made up of one hundred so-called "sonnets" which vary in length from fourteen to eighteen lines, one sonnet to a page, it records the author's meditations and his consecutive convictions on the topic of love. Though less thoughtful than that of the later poet, this philosophy makes one think of

of Donne, but as that author was at this time no more than twenty-one it is scarcely possible that there can be any cause and effect, unless, indeed, Watson influenced Donne. However, we have Watson's acknowledgment of the influence of Petrarch throughout his sonnets. Epigram and hyperbole go hand in hand in company with euphuism in such bits as the following:

"Love is a sour delight; a sugared grief
A living death; an everdying life
A broach of Reason's law, a secret thief
A sea of tears, an everlasting strife."

Containing little or no action, this piece serves chiefly to illustrate what one might term a pastoral-lyric monologue, and which may claim distinction as the first pastoral in verse of its length after the "Shepheardes Calender" to conform closely to one mould of stanza, the so-called "sonnet," at the same time maintaining a unified theme and a pure lyric tone.

A conventional and, on the whole, soporific pastoral is John Dickenson's "The Shopheardes Complaint" (1592), which describes the fields of an Arcadia where, we are told, "Art by Nature was controlled," though in the description one feels there is more of art than of nature. There is a fatalistic plot within a plot, woven around birds and animals such as never were on sea or land, after the manner of Pliny's unnatural natural history, and the tolling is rarely relieved by a line above the commonplace.

As a prose study, Thomas Lodge's "Rosalynde" falls outside the legitimate sphere of this paper, but its pastoral lyrics furnish
I.
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an excuse for mentioning it by one who has been ravished by its sweetness. This inspiration of "Twelfth Night" has an essence of Arcadianism as delicate and as fine as threads of spun gold seen in sunlight, as chaste and refreshing as a mountain stream, and is as charmingly told as an Arabian fairy tale. While not strictly a pastoral, since the principal actors are not shepherds but of the nobility, yet the unaffected simplicity of the characters and the rural surroundings puts this story nearer the true pastoral than many another of avowed pastoral intentions. The love element of true pastoral is personified in an unusually refined and delicate form, in the person of the lovely Rosalynde, whose blush was like that which "glorified Luna when she kissed the shepherd on the hills of Latmos," when she confesses her love to the listening air in the lines beginning, "Love in my bosom like a bee doth suck his sweet." The spirit of joyous emotion, less dignified, it is true, than that of "L'Allegro," but succeeding in the rollicking rusticity it aims to be, is expressed in such lines as

"A blyth and bonny country lass,
Heigh ho, the bonny lass!"

Among the short pastorals, the exquisite and well known "Passionate Shepherd to his Love" is a perfect example in the more dainty manner, bordering though it does on what later became the decidedly artificial pastorals. While "beds of roses," "buckles of the purest gold," amber studs," "an ivory table" and "silver dishes," sound more like the embellishments of a Louis Quatorze
than they do like rustic furnishings, Marlowe distributes them with such a delicate taste and keeps them so well in the background of his delicate passion that even the realist may forget for the moment that milkmaids are not so kept in their native downs, and he feels with the shepherd that love has charms to conjure up the impossible. Marlowe is so much the master of his craftsmanship that we forget the machinery which makes this offering of gifts one of the mechanical crudities of many of the pastorals.

Marlowe's only successful rival in this delicate use of a conventional embellishment is Richard Barnfield (1574-1627), Edmund Gosse takes the true artist's view of this piece when he says, "In spite of its juvenility and indiscretion, it takes rank as the first really poetical following of Spenser and Virgil, in distinction to Sidney and Sannazaro," while another distinguished critic has characterized it as "remarkably free from the coarseness which disfigured so much of the Elizabethan literature." The theme of this remarkable pastoral is similar to that of Virgil's "O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas," and expresses the affection of the shepherd Daphnis for the boy Ganymede, who does not return his love but loves instead the Queen of Beauty who tolerates him only because he takes the place of her lusty lover, slain by a Death's arrow from the bow of Cupid. The affectionate shepherd sees through the thin veneer of the Queen's dissimulation, that she loves the boy only for his beauty and the pleasure which it gives her. He himself

* "Pastoral," Encyclopedia Brittanica, 11th Ed.
§ J. O. Halliwell's edition of "The Affectionate Shepherd."
bases his affection on the boy's natural gifts and virtues, and to induce him to give up the false woman the shepherd is ready to do everything in his power. He promises,

"If thou wilt love me, thou shalt be my boy,  
My sweet delight, the comfort of my mind,  
My love, my dove, my solace and my joy;  
But if I can no grace nor mercie find,  
I'll goe to Caucasus to ease my smart  
And let a vulture gnaw upon my heart."

He offers to instruct him in manly sports and all wood lore,

"I'll lend thee lyme-twigs and fine sparrow calls  
Wherewith the fowler silly birds in thralls."

And rare, beautiful gifts he offers him, all of which fail to win the boy from his fatal love. The love of the shepherd for the boy is a reminiscence of that love which Colin Cloute expresses for his friend in the January "Eclogue" of the "Shepheardes Calender," where Spenser refers to the Greek love between comrades, using the word as Socrates used it, "who sayeth, that indeede he loved Alcybiades extremely, yet not Alcybiades person, but his soul, which is Alcybiades owne selfe."

While upon the subject of the pastorals of the Shakespearian Age and before passing on to the two pastoral plays with which we shall close the study of this age, we must pause for a moment before the exquisite pastoral elements in Shakespeare's plays. Most of these are in the form of songs too familiar to need quotation, "Spring" from "Love's Labour's Lost," "Who is Sylvia?" "Under the Greenwood Tree," "It was a Lover and his Lass," the sheep-shearing
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scene from "Winter's Tale," and Act iv, scene 1, of "The Tempest," picturing the pastoral discussion between the sylvan goddesses, -- all these passages are replete with the vital spirit of the pastoral. The dictums of Pope and Addison,, in the their different veins, that true pastoral should contain nothing more disturbing in nature than a dismal day or a broken shepherd's pipe finds practical expression in these passages, particularly such as the first stanza of "Under the Greenwood Tree!"

"Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather."

The antitheses of the sportive and the reflective moods, of which "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are sustained and perfect examples, find unique expression in "Youth and Age," which appeared in "The Passionate Pilgrim" (1599), which have been commonly assigned to Shakespeare. The following passage shows the pastoral tone, a touch of the melancholy philosophy of Donne (a later writer) some of the euphuism of Lyly, together with the terseness and balance of the epigram writers, and yet maintains a real lyric buoyancy and a genuine heart appeal:

"Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasure, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare."
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is bold and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee; O, sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay's too long."

Of the two plays with whose study we shall close our resume of this period, Ben Jonson's pastoral fragment, "The Sad Shepherd" is an example of a charming combination of the traditional pastoral and the local legend with ballad elements. Robin Hood gives a feast to all the shepherdesses and shepherds of the Vale of Belvoir in his Forest of Sherwood. The shepherd Ae glamour is sad because of the news just received that his beloved Earine has been drowned in the Trent. The fact is, however, that witch Maudlin has merely shut her up in a hollow tree in order that her pretty frock may be worn to the feast by the hag's own daughter. After a complication of excitement at the feast, in which magic plays a prominent part, Earine is discovered by Clarion, a guest, but the fragmentary nature of the play leaves us in doubt as to her subsequent fate.

The chief value of this play lies in the beauty of some of its lines and the thoroughly English robustness of its tone. For instance, there is something akin to the charm of Ophelia's words in the beautiful lines of the opening scene in which Ae glamour bewails the supposed fate of his sweetheart:

"Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her."
Samuel Johnson, in his preface to this play in the "Lives of the Poets," observes that Ben Jonson does not follow tradition nor agree "that no style for pastoral should go current, but what is stamp'd with Ah! and Oh!" That this statement is entirely true is shown by a glance at any of the robust humor of the dialogue between Maid Mariam and Robin Hood, or by the following speech of Friar Tuck in which he is describing the condition of the cook who has been bewitched by Laudlin in revenge against Mariam for recovering the stolen venison from the witch's cell:

"Poor Tom the cook is taken! All his joints
Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points;
His whole frame slackens and a kind of rack
Runs down along the spondils of his back;
A gout or cramp now seizes on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stir his either hand no more
Than a dead stump, to his office, as before."

There is a dispute about the date of this play, as to whether it was written in 1610 or 1635, but at any rate it was published posthumously in 1641. However, it is almost certain that it was written after Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," (1610), the piece which is considered to have furnished Jonson valuable suggestions in his pastoral masques.*

This play of John Fletcher's was written, as Mr. Gosse finds evidence "in emulation of the Aminta of Tasso ..." and is, the same critic maintains, "the principal pastoral play in our language."§ What is the secret of the fascination commonly accorded to this play? Herbert Cory says of Fletcher that he is "decadent and 

* Ibid.
*"Golden Age of Spenserian Pastoral."
beautiful," but that does not explain it all. Although there is perhaps something of the faded rose leaf beauty of decadence, there are two more obvious reasons, apparent in reading the play, for its continued popularity among lovers of literature. These are the stimulating spirit of youth which pervades both the persons and the atmosphere of the play, and the supremely animated and sustained action. These two primary qualities are further enhanced by the variety of form in which the play is written. Exhibiting both blank verse and rhymed couplet, these styles of verse are further diversified by the use of different meters and different lengths of lines, including iambic pentameter and trochaic hexameter.

With its very slight allegorical allusions this play would pass today with most readers for pure primary pastoral with a touch of abstract personification, and is apparently entirely free from the political allusions which are so tiresome in some of the secondary pastorals because they have no significance for the modern reader. The plot and characters of the play are interesting not only because they show the dramatic tendencies of Fletcher's day, but because they present real situations and universal human traits.

In the opening scene enters Clorin, the Faithful Shepherdess, who has just buried her lover in a nearby arbour, "the truest man that ever fed his flocks." A satyr, in quest of fruit for Pan's feast to the nymph Syrinx, appears and is enchanted by the beauty
of Clorin, but his suit is interrupted by the appearance of shepherds and their sweethearts who gather upon the scene and revel until the priest of Pan comes and blesses them, when all disappear, with the exception of the shepherd Perigot, who lingers to plead with his Amoret that he be permitted to plight his troth at

"A vertuous well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble footed Fairies daunce their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping often times
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality."

She at length promises him, "This night shall crowne thy chaste hopes with long wished delights," and disappears into the forest, just as Amarilla, who loves Perigot with an unrequited love, comes upon the scene and importunes him with her love. Although Perigot finally escapes from her for the time, Amarilla determines to seduce Perigot. That she may make him lose faith in the maid he loves, she employs a lustful shepherd to waylay Amoret before she reaches the trysting place, promising herself to the shepherd as his reward. A bewildering number of lovers appear until the woods seems to be full of them. There is Cloe, a "maid unnoticed by men," who strolls upon the scene at the same moment when Thenot enters from the opposite direction looking, he confesses, for the maid who possesses a chastity "that neither pleasing age, smooth tongue nor gold, could ever break upon, so sure the molde,"none other than our heroine, Clorin. The languishing Cloe bids this sad lover of an ideal a hasty farewell in these words:
"Farewell, poore swaine, thou art not of my bend,
I must have quicker loves, whose words may tend
To some free action: give me him dare love
At first encounter, and as soon dare prove."

Her next victim, Daphnis, who refuses her love, is followed by Alexis, who accepts it. The ensuing panorama of episodes is bewildering to the reader in its swiftness and variety, full of classical allusion is the dialogue and expressive of dramatic tendencies of the day.

In Act ii, Thenot, the shepherd in love with chastity, finds Clorin, the Faithful Shepherdess, an example of unassailable chastity, but as it is the ideal with which he is really in love, and not the woman, he pleads with her to resist him, in order that his ideal may remain intact. But like the modern Shaw heroines, she wants to love him and be loved in return, and in despair exclaims, "Let time wear out what Art and Nature cannot bring about."

There is also a Sullen Shepherd who has bribed a boy to say that Amoret was with a shepherd in the wood. Amarilla, however, predicts that this tale will not be effective in shaking the faith of Perigot. The magic well, stock in trade of fanciful dramas, is then brought into play. Amarilla, for love of Perigot, commands the Sullen Shepherd to dip her in this well that she may become like Amoret and tempt him in her own way. It is in the following lines, reminiscent of how many Elizabethan incantations, that the Sullen Shepherd weaves the spell:
"Fly away,
Everything that loves the day.
Truth that hath but one face,
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes that cast your coats for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearly sexes change
Proteus altering oft and strange,
Hecate with shapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the shape of Amoret."

Of course, this false Amoret is carried off by the real Perigot, while the real Amoret, searching for her lover, is first misdirected, then importuned, by the Sullen Shepherd. While following her, he comes upon Alexis and Cloe. Abandoning his chase of Amoret, he falls upon Alexis and wounds him, when a satyr appears and carries his victim away to be treated by the Goddess of the Wood. Cloe now deprived of Alexis, seeks Daphnis at the tryst of the hollow tree.

In the meantime, Perigot has become so enraged at the supposed degeneracy of his sweetheart, the make-believe Amoret, that he is ready to kill her, but while pursuing her with this intention, she has herself changed back to Amarilla. Meanwhile, the Sullen Shepherd ingeniously substitutes the real Amoret, whose pleadings and protestations puzzle the pursuing Perigot, but do not convince him. Abandoned by Perigot, the true Amoret is thrown into the magic well by the Sullen Shepherd to keep her from rejoining Perigot. Rescued, however, by the river god, she resumes her pursuit of her lover, exclaiming, "And I unhappy borne to bee,
Must follow him that flys from me."
Just as Perigot is about to kill himself in his despair, Amarilla appears and offers to prove to him that it was she and not the real Amoret who tempted him, but he remains only half convinced.

Alexis, the lustful, who has been nursed back to health by the Satyr and Clorin, after being warned by both against future excesses in love, is bidden a dainty farewell by the former in these truly pastoral lines:

"I will and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a silver hook
With a line of finest silke,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fish;
So I take my leave and wish,
On this bower may ever dwell
Spring and summer."

(Clorin:)"Friend, farewell."

Again we have a fleeting glimpse of Amoret, who bewailing her lover Perigot, is directed to where she may find him, by the repentant Amarilla. Although pursued again by the Sullen Shepherd, who we heartily wish some well, magic or otherwise, might dispose of, Amoret finds her lover, only to be upbraided for unfaithfulness of which she is not guilty. Her lover is about to kill her when the Satyr appears, frightens Perigot away and takes Amoret to his Goddess.

At this point, the play could quite obviously have been brought to a speedy termination, but as only three acts have been covered, and the regulation play of the time called for five, two more are intruded by the author, not distastefully, however, beyond a technical point of view, since the action does not lag, nor the interest.
So far, the action has occupied part of a day and all of a night. As morning steals on, Clorin enters the hut, followed soon by Thenot who is looking for her. Clorin offers herself to him and so well does she simulate willingness that he is convinced that even this peerless woman, whom he had loved solely because of her constancy to her dead lover, is light and wayward like the rest, and promptly loses his faith in woman, and is cured both of his love for Clorin and his belief in his ideal, an awakening at which Clorin had aimed. She expresses her satisfaction in the lines:

"I rather chuse, though I a woman be
He should speak ill of all, than dye for me."

Act v opens with daylight and finds the Priest come to the huts to call the shepherds, whom he then discovers have been out all night. Clorin welcomes to her hut Amarilla, and the Alexis who has recovered because his thoughts are again "almost pure." While they are conversing, a satyr brings in Amoret wounded, to be nursed by Clorin. The unhealthy influences, so-called, who prove to be Cloe and Daphnis, are found in a nearby hollow tree and brought out. Daphnis goes safely through the flame test, and is thereupon pronounced pure. Cloe, however, cannot stand the trial by fire and is adjudged "impure," a fact strikingly proved when Alexis' wound bursts out afresh at the sight of her.

A scene of rapid action follows. Thenot enters and absolves himself to the priest of any wrong-doing in the night, followed by Daphnis who brings news that Amoret is bleeding to death.
then Amarilla, fleeing from the Sullen Shepherd, rushes in and flings herself at the feet of the priest, confesses her own guilt and entreats him to save her from her courting of sin and lust. The priest absolves her and imprisons the Sullen Shepherd. Perigot and Amoret are now reunited, and the Faithful Shepherdess is rewarded for her constancy by being allowed to remain unmolested in her faithfulness to her dead lover who lies under the leaves.

Although the plot of this play is almost as difficult to follow as this synopsis, it is really quite delightful reading with its many lively episodes and counter plots, and its rapid movement and constant love intrigues make it a very actable play. Although Virgilian in its complexity and the number of its disturbing elements, it has, nevertheless, a complete rural isolation that gives it a Theocritan charm, and combines pure or primary pastoral with certain peculiarities of the morality play, such as the Sullen Shepherd who personifies irredeemable lust, and the Faithful Shepherdess, who is constancy itself, and with it possesses a sense of humor. In the sophistication of its characters while surrounded by rural simplicity, this play exhibits the striking contrast between what is almost Restoration comedy and the simplicity of the Theocritan idyll, while its intricate plot and technical handling indicate the direction and the limit of the English pastoral and the summit of achievement of this kind of drama.
VIII.

With the close of the Elizabethan Age the zenith of the true pastoral, the offspring of Spenser, has been passed, and for the next hundred years the pastoral as a distinct form is brief and vague. Spenser and his school had written melody and imagery; Donne and his are interested in philosophy and the more thoughtful imagination. "...To the Spenserian manner," to quote again the authority of Mr. Chambers*, "with its simple attitudes and ideals, its simple delight in natural and spiritual beauty, the pastoral lends itself admirably." ...............Donne and his fellows write pastorals, but the shepherd's smock sits awkwardly upon them. They twist the bucolic theme and imagery to the expression of alien emotions and alien ideas. The convention becomes too obvious. It is the philosopher in the hay-field; the hands are the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob.§

The ever transient popular taste, moreover, has changed in this Jacobean age from the wide, romantic world-view with its Shakespearian and altogether childlike and delightful pleasure in the realm of fancy, its answer to the call of the sea and the beckoning of the Indies, to the melancholy philosophy, disillusioned and careful, of the period just before Milton lit up the horizon with his delicate and tripping fancies and his thunderous guns. "A supreme poet," says Herbert Cory,' "taking up the work where Spenser and Drayton's group had left it, would have created perhaps

§ Ibid.
the greatest pastoral of the world's literature and might have saved
this type of poetry from the disgrace of dilettantism."

While it is true that the supreme poet did not appear to put
the pastoral upon an immortal pinnacle of perfection, a condition
of English society at this time which did save it from total ob-
livion. Edmund Gosse calls this preservative, "The English love of
country life under the guise of pastoral sentiment and under the
influence of Tasso and Guarini, felt in England just after it had
ceased to be active in Italy."* It is due to this influence that
the Jacobean Eclogues survived the sturdier pastorals, and kept
alive some of their vital spirit.

Among those who wrote Jacobean Eclogues, there is that small
group that has been termed the Junior Spenserians* whose names
stand out as worthy of prominence among the poets of the period.
This group includes such names as those of Wither, Braithwaite,
Quarles, William Drummond of Hawthornden, Phineas Fletcher, and
that writer of exquisite lyrics, Robert Herrick.

George Wither (1588-1667) is described by the satirical Pope
in his "Dunciad" as "sleeping among the dull of ancient days, safe
where no critics damn. Charles Lamb, however, blessed with more of
the milk of human kindness, made Wither the subject of one of his
most delightful and appreciative essays, while Wordsworth thought
some of his lines worthy to stand as introduction to his own feel-
ing lines, "To the Daisy." Beginning his own career as a satirist,

*(2) David Masson.
Wither named his first poem "Abuses Stript and Whipt," a satire on the existing divorce laws of England. This was in 1613, the year of the Essex divorce case, and the touchy authorities promptly threw the author into Marshalsea gaol. It was here that he wrote "The Shepherd's Hunting," a secondary or allegorical pastoral and a tribute to the "Shepheardes Calender." The 'shepherd' of the title is Wither and the 'hunting' is being done by his enemies who are hounding him for following the dictates of his own conscience.

In the poem the author is 'Philarete,' whose friends, 'Willy' (William Browne) and 'Cuddy' (Christopher Brooke) come to visit him in prison. In the third person he writes:

"Willy leaves his flock awhile,
To lament his friend's exile;
Where, though prisoned, he doth find,
He's still free that's free in mind:
And that there is no defence,
Half so firm as innocence."

The author speaking in his own character as Philarete comforts himself for obeying his conscience, thus:

"They may do much, but when they have done all,
Only my body may they bring in thrall."

In the second eclogue, 'Cuddy' joins the other two and Philarete tells his story. As a shepherd he kept a pack of curious hounds: Love, Lust, Envy, Revenge, Joy, Sorrow: "ten couples in all."

These he unleashed to hunt the beasts of prey that worried his flocks, with varying success.

In the fifth eclogue the shepherd expresses to his friends his
calm and unshaken conviction that, in spite of his misfortunes now
his lines will not die:

"Then though my body here in prison rot.
And my wronged satires seem awhile forgot:
Yet when both fame and life hath left those men,
My verse and I'll revive and live again."

In this attitude Willy encourages him, and bids him look beyond the material obstacles to the significance of his position:

"Still keep thee thus, so other men shall know,
Virtue can give content in midst of woe;
And see, though mightiness with frowns doth threat
That, to be innocent, is to be great."

Although iambic pentameter in form, the sentiment of these verses, as well as their dialogue form, their philosophic cast, recall some of the dialogues of Plato, particularly the "Phaedo," with its somewhat similar situation. However, it is not difficult to see that where secondary pastoral gains in thought and gravity by this kind of allegory, it loses correspondingly that spontaneous and youthful quality, that sheer melody that is so noticeable in some of the lighter staves of the "Shepheardes Calender." The analytic attitude necessary to keep the double meaning in hand in handling allegorical poetry makes it highly unlikely that the writer will be carried upward on the crest of emotion. It is extremely difficult to be at the same time buoyantly lyrical and profoundly philosophical. These are the irreconcilable antitheses in the ancient warfare between poetry and philosophy. It is at best possible to be only what Wither and Spenser have been, lyrical and
philosophic by turns, or, if you will, pastoral and allegorical.

Richard Braithwaite, whose "Shepheardes Tales" appeared in 1621, was more of a moralist than a pastoral writer. Showing much of the spirit of Donne, his contemporary, Braithwaite is more of a moralist than a pastoral writer. His Bacon-like essays in verse on Epicurianism, Sloth, Lust, Pleasure, are, however, given a pastoral air by their rural setting. One of the "Tales" has a rollicking doggerel reminding one of the later Ramsay, though not such good verse. Although rather slavish to form, with their abruptly changing long and short lines, the verses given below will show the twangy flavor of the peasantry that is in his lines, and which was to come out in such perfection in Gay and Ramsay.

The rather forward Marina is trying not to be unwomanly toward the wary Mopsus:

Marina. "What would shepherds have us do, But to yield when they do woo? And we yield Them the field, And endow them with our riches.

Mopsus. "Yet we know Oft times too, You be not stick to wear the breeches!"

In "The Shepheardes Oracles" of Francis Quarles, (1646) the reader is given something different from the usual light Jacobean verse. Here is a cycle of arcadian classics of Britian, personifying France in "Gallic" and England in "Britannus," and in the other eclogues handling subjects of classic and religious interest.
The opening verse of the first eclogue has a lofty strain that is well sustained throughout the piece, and contains in Brittanus' characterization of herself a faithful picture of her self-sufficiency and insularity which we have just today seen exemplified again at the opening of the Great War. These following verses are also the opening to a description of the rise of the church in France:

Gallio. "Heaven-blest Brittannus; thou, whose Caten Reed Sings thy True-Love, while thy proud flocks do feed Secure about thee, on this fruitful Brow Above all Shepherds, how blest art Thou."

Brittanus. "We have no grief, no misery but this, Senseless we are, and blind to our owne Blisse."

In the fifth eclogue is the intimate and beautiful narrative of the birth of Jesus, told by Evangel the angel to Virgilius the watch. The relation between pastoral poetry and the Christian religion through the pastoral story of its Founder's birth is shown in these lines with a purity of diction, a naturalness, and a fluidity of verse that is rare in poets of this period, and recalls to the writer the simple beauty and hush of Marcellus' words to Horatio in "Hamlet", touching "our Savior's birth."

"Thou knowest, Virgilius, David's Bethlem now, Swarms with much people, and does overflow With tides of strangers, that attend the pleasure And sovereign will of sole-commanding Caesar: In this concourse, there's one, among the rest, Whose radiant beauty (if we may relye On Fame's report) strikes every gazing eye Stark blind, and keeps the amazed beholder under The stupid Tyranny of Love and wonder..... She is as perfect chaste, as perfect faire: So pure a soul inflames her Virgin brest, That most conceive she is an angel drest In flesh and blood."
Although the writer has not hesitated to include under David Hassen's term, "Junior Spenserians," the names of the three poets just discussed, because of their obvious debt to "The Shepheardes Calendar," we now come to those for whom the term was invented to describe and who are in fact most closely identified with the influence of Spenser, namely, William Drummond of Hawthornden, William Browne of Tavistock, and Phineas Fletcher.

Drummond (1585-1649) wrote several pastoral elegies with a funereal tone similar to the later "Lycidas," as will be seen by the lines: "Your green locks, forests, cut, in weeping myrrhs, The deadly cypress, and ink-dropping fire."*

The following lines "On the Death of Sir Anthony Alexander" approach to a greatness which in a more voluminous poet would undoubtedly have focused a wider attention, and were considered by Dr. Leyden, a critic of the times of James VI, as displaying "the solar radiance of fancy." The cycles of nature, usually employed as an argument for immortality, in another world are here used as the introduction to a wish for a return to this:

"Ah, Destinies! and you whom skies embow'r, To his fair spoils his spright again yet give, And like another phoenix make him live, The herbs, though cut, sprout fragrant from their stems, And make with crimson blush our anadames; The sun, when in the west he doth decline, Heaven's brightest tapers at his funerals shine; His face, when washed in the Atlantic seas, Revives and cheers the welkin with new rays: Why should not he, since of more pure a frame, Return to us again and be the same."

To turn from the melancholy side of pastoral to that of joyous

* "Tears on the Death of Moesiades" (Prince Henry, 1613)
emotion, we find in Drummond various short and epigrammatic stanzas like the following, which is complete:

"In petticoat of green
Her hair about her eyne,
Phillis beneath an oak,
Sat milking her fair flock;
Among that strained moisture, rare delight!
Her hand seemed milk in milk, it was so white."*

A stanza of almost Theocritan freshness and certainly as true a bit of pure pastoral as can be found in English, is the following variation of an old myth, and is entitled, "Of Amintas:"

"Over a crystal source
Amintas laid his face,
Of popling streams to see the restless course.
But scarce had he o'ershadowed the place,
When (spying in the ground a child arise,
Like to himself in stature, face, and eyes),
He rose o'erjoyed and cried,
'Dear mates, approach, see whom I have descried;
The boy of whom strange stories shepherds tell,
Oft-called Hylas, dwelleth in this well.'"

Browne's intense admiration for Spenser is amply shown in the form, diction and the intense nationalism of his poems. In his most celebrated work, "Brittania's Pastorals," he follows identically the plan of "The Faery Queene," of which the following "argument" to the first pastoral shows that the Spenserian idea is further carried out in the names of his characters and, to a degree, in his style and diction:

"Marina's love, 'yclept the fair,
Celand's disdain, and her despair,
Are the first wings my must puts on
To reach the sacred Helicon."

In the pastoral or 'song' which follows the above caption

* "Of Phillis."
we see at once the evidence of that attractive naturalism which is at the root of Browne's purpose "to see the sunshine upon his own hills and feel the wind blowing over his native heather." In the following extract we see at work the influence of nationalism that was to bloom so luxuriantly a few years later in Allan Ramsay:

"What need I tune the swains of Thessaly?  
Or, bootless, add to them of Arcady?  
No! Fair Arcadia cannot be completer,  
My praise may lessen, but not make thee greater.  
My muse for lofty pitches shall not roam,  
But homely pipen of her native home:  
And to the swains, love rural minstrelsy,  
Thus, dear Brittanía, will I sing of thee."

The Greek names and mythology in an English setting recall Lyly's "Gallathea," as do likewise Browne's touches of euphuism, an artificiality which seem particularly out of place in one so inclined to naturalism as this poet naturally is. When Marina the heroine attempts suicide, because of her rejection by Celando; by jumping from a cliff into the sea, only to be rescued by a shepherd, she exclaims in well-balanced couplet:

"Will life, nor death, nor aught abridge my pain?  
But live still dying, die to live again?"

But one need never look in vain for bits of redeeming humor in Browne, as when in the above situation, when the girls fails to kill herself and is rescued by the strange shepherd instead, the author shows his sympathy for both by picturing the shepherd's love thus:

"Yet he, sad swain, to show it did not dare;  
And she, lest he should love, nigh died for fear."
The utter lack of all logic in the situations reminds one of the much abused plots of modern musical comedies, and certain melodramas. It being one of the classic traditions of the English pastoral that no matter how fatal the circumstances or how awful the accidents, no one must really be killed, the most thrilling and kaleidoscopic things happen to prevent the logical consummation of circumstances. Maidens wishing to die leap from tremendous cliffs into the sea, only to be pulled unwilling to shore by some shepherd until that moment invisible; they are thrown into deep wells, only to be raised by the kind spirit of Hylas or some other amphibian who rises promptly from the bubbles. One can be only near-tragic in a pastoral, for as in our successful short story of the popular type, all must end well. Browne is no exception to this rule.

Various isolated lines recall almost identical scenes in Spenser, for example, the following, which recalls the memorable picture of the Cave of Lammon in the Faery Queene:

"There saw I Drunkenness, with dropsies swollen,
And pampered Lust, that many a night had stolen
Over the abbey-wall when gates were locked,
To be in Venus' wanton bosom rocked."*

A "gentle nymph (Humblessa) in russet coarse array" brings Riot "into a goodly hall for discipline under fair Repentance (Metanoia)," recalling both in name and situation that scene from the "Faery Queene" where,

"Her faithful knight faire Una brings
To house of Holiness;
Where he is taught repentance, and
The way to heavenly blesse." (Bk.1, Canto x.)

*"Brittania's Pastorals" Bk.1, Song iv.
In the use of those lengthy, but brilliant metaphors that sprinkle the pages of the "Faery Queene" Browne shows himself an adept, the following example, a simile on "Riot" showing a detailed knowledge of natural history not equalled in the city-bred Spenser:

"Then as a nimble squirrel from the wood, Ranging the hedges for his filbert food, Sits partly on a bough his brown nuts cracking, And from the shell the sweet white kernel taking Till, with their crooks and bags, a sort of boys, To share with him, come with so great a noise, That he is forced to leave a nut nigh broke, And for his life leap to a neighbor oak."

From his master, Browne caught some of the heavenly melody. In certain lines he links with an exquisite taste and delicacy the mythological with the modern, and secures a combination that has in it the essence of pastoral, that idyllic picture of a world full of sweet sounds and pleasant sights, with all nature in accord and all men in harmony with her, of which the following stanza is a fair example:

"When Triton's trumpet, with a shrill command, Told silver-footed Thetis was at hand, As I have seen when on the breast of Thames, A heavenly bevy of sweet English dames, In some calm evening of delightful May, With music give a farewell to the day; Or as they would, with an admired tone, Greet night's ascension to her ebon throne, Wrapt with their melody, a thousand more Run to be wafted from the bounding shore. So ran the shepherds and with hasty feet Strove which should first increase that happy fleet."

While it is not to be wondered that a poet so versatile should show the influence of many other poets before him, it is remarkable

* Book 11, Song 11.
that with all his adaptation Browne adds to this facility that magic touch of original genius that marks the difference between a refreshing motif and a slavish copy. In the following stanza can be seen in the reference to the fishing tackle the influence of Sanazzaro; in the description of the dainty trappings there is a suggestion of Barnfield's "Affectionate Shepherd"; throughout there runs a Spenserian melody, yet the total effect is not one or all, but something else, which is Browne:

"Piping he sate, as merry as his look
And by him lay his bottle and his hook.
His buskins (edg'd with silver) were of silk.
Those buskins he had got and brought away
For dancing best upon the revel day.
His oaten reed did yield forth such sweet notes,
Joined in concert with the birds' shrill throats,
That equalized the harmony of spheres,
A music that would ravish choicest ears."*

Browne's humor, already described, is referred to by Alexander Chalmers as "exceedingly extravagant." Unlike our American humor, that so frequently depends upon surprise, Browne's is the typical humor of minute observation of the Britain, the sort which recognizes the ludicrous elements of a situation and brings them all into the picture. The following stanza, however, has something of both kinds of humor:

"Philos of his doge doth bragge
For having many feates:
The while the cur undoes his bagge,
And all his dinner eates."§

All through these pastorals there bubbles the vital spirit that one so often looks for in vain among the Jacobean writers.

*Song 111, Bk. 1, description of Marina's lovers.
§ "Shepheard's Pipe," Sixth eclogue.
Examples would fill a volume. Suffice it to say that here again is the delightful, wistful shepherd boy of Sidney's "Arcadia," - "A shepherd's boy piping as though he should never be old," and Browne with his ready expressive power has put the same idea into words in a no less beautiful stanza, and which may well stand for the epitome of his own contagious exuberance:

"Here, from the rest, a lovely shepherd boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him think what he had lost."

The two principal works of Phineas Fletcher exhibit rather distinct differences from the other pastorals of our study up to this point, and both are rather refreshing by contrast. "The Purple Island" and the "Piscatory Eclogues" are both further examples of the influence of one poet upon another, an influence, however, which stimulated rather than obscured originality. The exact date of these two poems is unknown. The fact that their author in his introduction to "The Purple Island" refers to that piece as one of the "raw essays of my very unripe years, and almost early childhood," seems to indicate that it preceded the "Piscatory Eclogues."

While this allegory of the human body is far from being a true pastoral, "The Purple Island" is given a pastoral tinge by various conventions, among which are the beginning and concluding lines of the cantos, obviously adopted from the "Faery Queene," which introduce morning and evening in such lines as the following:
"The Hours had now unlocked the gate of day,  
When fair Aurora leaves her frosty bed."

and

"Tomorrow shall we feast in pastures new,  
And with the rising Sun banquet on pearled dew."

These lines might, of course, be paralleled in thousands of English as well as Latin verses.

But instead of turning to the pastures and the dew on the following morning as we are led to believe would be done, we are lead out to behold a pitched battle between personified vices and virtues waged in the human anatomy, and often a disgusting anatomy it is. The piece is, however, consistent with everything except these fair captions, as it began with the assumption that the old Serpent "with fair painted lies and coloured guile" has destroyed happiness in this Purple Island, although when "that great Power . . . brought into act this undigested ball," . . . man "laboured not, nor suffered pain or ill." The key to the name of the poem is given in this vast conception of the creation:

"That Trine-one with himself in council sits,  
And purple dust takes from the new-born earth."*

"But," wails the poet, "What liveth long in happiness?"

"Some secret power here all things orders so,  
That for a sunshine day, follows an age of woe."§

The poet then proceeds to "sing this island's new recovered seat" in imagery and allegory which though possessing touches of genius and beauty, is in the main cumbersome and unreal.

In his "Piscatory Eclogues," Fletcher does in a refreshing

* Canto 1
§ Ibid.
English way what Sanazzaro had done in Italy, placing in the pastoral environment fishermen instead of shepherds. This is quite legitimate, since the same simplicity and out-of-doors exuberance as logically and actually pertains to the one occupation as to the other. His fishermen usually ply their nets not upon the sea but along the rural streams. Under a film of plot we are told that Thelgon's father has gone in his youth from the country to court to be employed by his sovereign, and the allegory of the poem tells of his life there. The opening stanza, his invocation to the sea nymphs gives us the atmosphere of these eclogues:

"Ye goodly nymphs, that in your marble cell
In spending never spend your sportful days,
Or, when you list, in pearled boats of shell
Glide in the dancing wave, that leaping playes
About the wanton skiffe; and you that dwell
In Neptune's court, the ocean's plenteous throng,
Deign you to gently hear sad Thelgon's plaining."

Then in verse like the purling of the gently flowing haunts of the fishermen; Thelgon tells of his own childhood and education among the rural fishermen:

"When the raw blossom of my youth was yet
In my first childhood's green enclosure bound,
Of Aquadune I learnt to fold my net,
And spread the sail, and beat the river round,
And withy labyrinths in straits to set,
And guide my boat where Thames and Isis heire
By low Eaton slides, and Windsor proudly faire."

The poet then relates the dawning and improvement of his gift of song, his removal to court and his employments there. He leaves to cruise the seas for a time, but soon after puts in upon Caledonian
waters. Here he makes a companion of the boy Amyntas, who after swearing eternal fidelity, grows cold, "and on Napean nymphs doth wholly dote." Then with much of the same wistfulness and with better restraint than the lover in the "Affectionate Shepherd," (Barnfield, q.v.) Thelgon laments the boy's faithlessness and tries to win him back by showing him the superior advantages of the fisher-folks' life over that of the shepherds. In the three following stanzas, which Dr. Johnson says "will yield to few compositions,"* he presents his plea:

"Ah! would thou knew'st how much it better were,  
To bide among the simple fisher-swains;  
No shrieking owl, no night-crow lodgeth here  
Nor is our simple pleasure mixed with pains;  
Our sports begin with the beginning yeare;  
In calms, to pull the leaping fish to land;  
In roughs, to sing and dance along the golden sand.

I have a pipe which once thou lovest well,  
(Was never pipe that gave a better sound)  
Which oft to hears, fair Thetis from her cell,  
Thetis, the queen of seas, attended round  
With hundred nymphs, and many powers that dwell  
In the ocean's rocky walls, came up to heare,  
And gave me gifts, which still for thee lie hoarded here.

Here, with sweet bays, the lovely myrtils grow  
Where the ocean's fair-cheeked maidens oft repair;  
Here to my pipe they dancen on a row:  
No other swain may come to note their fair;  
Yet my Amintas there with me shall go.  
Proteus himself pipes to his flock hereby,  
Whom thou shalt heare, ne'er seen by any jealous eye."

Browne and Fletcher wrote both too voluminously and too well to be styled simply writers of Jacobean Eclogues. Our study of this period in its relation to pastoral would not be complete,

however, did we not mention before passing to the age of Milton, a poet whose work is the most exquisite of the writers of Jacobean Eclogues. While the poetry of Robert Herrick (1591-1674) is typical of his age, sophisticated, urban rather than rural, fed upon excitement rather than upon meditation, a sort of pastoral vers de société, it is, nevertheless, the best of its kind. In Herrick artificiality is balanced by his good taste and his lightness of touch. Like many another poet of his age, Herrick found country life uncongenial, and speaks of the one place of his residence there as "loathed Devonshire." His pastorals do not, therefore, present any picture of reality, but are rather the sort of rusticity one would have found in the gardens of Versailles in the time of Louis XIV.

Milton does not belong to this or to any age, for he is beyond any age. Yet there are certain characteristics of the pastoral to which he is indebted and to which pastoral owes a debt of gratitude to him. To mention those of his poems in which the pastoral element is evident is to name poems too well known in literary circles to require quotation. The two songs from "Arcades" beginning "O'er the smooth enamell'd green," and "Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more;" the spirit-shepherd passages from "Comus;" the exquisite Sabrina lines from the same poem; and the delightfully moving picture of the country people frolicking in "L'Allegro," — all these possess the essence of the joyousness, the wistfulness, the pure melody, and the spring-time youthfulness of the classic, perennial pastoral, and
are unsurpassed in our language. If one is looking for the last word of lofty and musical poetic expression in pastoral elegy he must reach his ultimate goal in "Lycidas," the one pastoral in our language which combines pastoral and allegory with such exquisite taste that the allegory always stops short of intrusion upon the rusticity of the pastoral setting and spirit. Sternly ominous and powerfully suggestive are the two lines which give the culmination to the allegory of impending punishment upon unfaithful pastors,

"But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Then the thunder dies away and the lowering clouds of a grim allegory lift in the lines immediately following:

"Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues."

Had Milton's later life been less stern and tragic, he might have given us the greatest pastoral play of our language, such as his command of language, his sympathetic imagination and his sympathetic, though not accurate, knowledge of nature, fitted him to do. It would not have been the rollicking, naturalistic type of the British Ramsay, to be sure, but rather of the lofty and classic strain of Theocritus and Virgil. As the matter stands, the pastoral element in Milton is an eternal monument to that youthfulness which he forever lost when he plunged into the political vortex following the Civil Wars, a youthfulness inseparable from the pastoral.
In relation to the pastoral, the age of Pope really begins with Ambrose Philips, the commendation of whose pastorals from the pen of Addison wounded Pope with such jealousy and chagrin that he immediately published his own, which had been written, he said, four years earlier, when he was only sixteen. Philip's pastorals, which appeared about 1708, were written in rhymed couplet throughout, something of an innovation in this form of poetry, but the correct thing for every poetic expression since John Dryden. The great critic Addison's opinion of Philip's pastorals may be gathered from the following pretty legend from the "Spectator," the paper which so aroused the jealousy of Pope:

"Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy Life, and governed the vales of Arcadia ........ His Heir was called Theocritus, who left his Dominions to Virgil, Virgil left his to his son Spenser, and Spenser was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips."*

The first "Pastoral" opens with the then rather uncommon call from the city to the country. The shepherd Lobbin is pining for a disdainful mistress, and in his plaint there is the usual and conventional "oaten reed so sweet," the "gifts disdained," and the "heiress of the glen," reminiscent of Spenser. Another note not so frequent in the English pastoral as in the Greek is found in the third song, where one shepherd laments to the other,

"Sent into life, Alas! how short thy stay: How sweet the rose! How speedy to decay."

A more minute and intimate observation of nature than is usual in the English poets of this period is shown in the two examples below:

* "The Spectator" No. 32.
"The gaudy goldfinch, and the speckly thrush,
The linnet green, with others framed with skill,
The blackbird fluting through his yellow bill."

and,

"Sweet breathe the fields and now a gentle breeze
Moves every leaf and trembles through the trees."

It is safe to say that the painstaking Pope studied every
authority on the pastoral, known and obscure, from Theocritus and
Virgil, down through the French school to Spenser in the English,
which accounts for the conscientious and brilliant manner of his
own pastorals. Though finished when he was sixteen, they are valued
by Pope "as the most correct in the versification and musical in the
numbers, of all his verse."* To show the calculation and almost
mathematical plan with which he set about his task, the following
from his preface is enlightening:

"Of the following eclogues I shall only say, that these
four comprehend all the subject which the critics upon Theocritus and
Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they
have as much variety of description, in respect of the several
seasons, as Spenser's: that, in order to add to this variety,
the several times of the day are observed, the rural employ-
ments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or
places proper to such employments; not without some regard to
the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to
each age." §

The question now arises, did Pope, with his elaborate intention,
his technical skill, his clever artistry and native wit, write a
a great pastoral or merely a correct one? With this question in
mind, and granting that he has achieved the usual pastoral atmos-
phere and setting with perhaps more than ordinary fidelity, we will

* "Discourse on Pastoral Poetry," Alexander Pope in "Works of the
English Poets," Ed. by Dr. Samuel Johnson, preface to
Pope's poems.

§ Ibid.
note four passages from the four pastorals which seem to convey not only the idea but the spirit of the respective four. In the first, entitled "Spring," Daphnis and Strophon, with Damon as judge, sing the praises of their respective sweethearts, Sylvia and Delia, for the prizes of a lamb and a bowl:

Strophon. "He gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
   Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
   But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
   And by that laugh the willing fair is found."

Daphnis. "The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
   She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
   While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
   How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"

Alongside the knowing cynicism of the wise youth of sixteen and his sophistication in matters feminine, here is the perfectly balanced sentence structure and the well-turned lines with their regular cadence of the master of balanced couplet, all of which naturally excludes the spontaneous effect of the ideal pastoral.

The following stanzas from the second pastoral, "Summer," is entirely lacking in that consciousness of being clever which mars the first quotation. Here we have the really sincere and age-old theme of pastoral, the theme of torturing love:

"This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.

............... But soon the Sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames forever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day."
Next comes the season for duets, sad duets, when cooling breezes chill the fires of love, bringing sadness and the accompanying minor of the sad cicada's song, and the doleful croaking of the frogs at evening. Then the two shepherds,

"Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Aegon sung their rural lays:
This mourned a faithless, that an absent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succours bring:
Hylas and Aegon's rural lays I sing.

Thou whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains."

In this section there occurs and recurs the beautiful Greek refrain:

"Go gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!"

In his fourth and final "Pastoral," Pope reaches a beauty of compressed feeling that represents the serious side of pastoral at its best, and contains in its opening lines something of that dignity which commands our respect in Lycidas:

"Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis died;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone;
"Let Nature change, let heaven and Earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more."

It is suggestive to compare the above stanza with one of the final ones in the December "Eclogue" of the "Shepheardes Calender," in which an old shepherd is lamenting his dead youth:
"Now leave, ye shepheardes boyes, your merry glee;
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thyz stounds;
Here will I hang my pype upon this tree:
Was never pipe of reed did better sounde.
Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
And after winter dreerie death does hast."

The difference is that between the grief of youth, a grief
that will soon vaporize, and the grief of age, a grief that will
grow deeper, the difference between the wild, explosive grief for
the death of a youthful sweetheart, and the dull despairing grief
of a man for his own vanished youth, gone without leaving compen-
sation. Both are pictures which will linger in the niches of pas-
toral poetry. Pope's pastorals, like many another's, both please
and displease, but it is safe to say that although he deliberately
limited himself to certain classic ideals of the pastoral, the only
safe course for one of such marked classical tendencies and limi-
tations, he nevertheless, and, perhaps thereby, made for himself a
definite though circumscribed place among the best pastoral writers.

IX.

In 1714 John Gay (1686-1732) published "The Shepherd's Week,"
at the suggestion of Pope, as a travesty on what one critic has
chosen to call the "spineless pastorals" of Ambrose Philips, which
Pope could not cease hectoring, probably because their popularity
as well as Addison's praise. Although Gay aimed, through burlesque,
at an exaggerated realism and attained it, he did his work so well
that his pastorals have lived as such. In his "Six Pastorals," the
seventh being omitted, "ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds
and at church," this refreshing author proceeds to burlesque Theocritus and all the rest in a delightfully rollicking manner. "Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on eaten reeds," he writes in his preface, "but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to the styes."

In the first pastoral, "Monday; or the Squabble," we have again the conventional verse-making contest but with some startling names for the contestants involved and sentiments expressed that are quite far from the manner of the 'frigid' pastoral. After a humorous dedication to Lord Bolingbroke, the author introduces Cuddy, who proposes the contest to Lobbin Clout, with Cloddipole as judge of the jingles composed on the beauty and charms of Buxomia and Blouzelind. The following verse read by Cuddy gives a good characterization of the early-rising, busy-living, kiss-stealing sturdy farmers that swagger through these strenuous pastorals:

"As my Buxomia, in the morning fair,
With gentle finger stroked her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true,
She frowned, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excelled the breathing cows."

For many stanzas of the same delightful nonsense, the interested reader is referred to the original.

In the final lines of the last pastoral of "The Shepherd's Week," there is a touch of grimmer realism, under the gay travesty, that is similar in its reaction upon a modern reader to that produced by the reeling exploits of Saul Kane in Masefield's "The Everlasting
Mercy," but since it is obvious that the writer intends only fun and as everybody concerned seems to enter into the scene with the same feeling, it is well, in the cause of art and since no body is hurt in the poem, to forget our twentieth century scruples and enjoy ourselves with the shepherds in the following scene:

"His carols ceas'd; the listening maids and swains seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains. Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along, Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song. The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown Again upon a wheat sheaf drops adown; The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends, Till ruddy', like his face, the Sun descends."

The year 1714 and the publication of these pastorals is a milestone in the history of the English pastoral. It is the Sunken Road of Chain to the battalions of writers of artificial pastorals who were rushing on to their Waterloo. Into the yawning chasm which lay between artificial classicism and realistic naturalism they fell, to lie writhing under the fire of John Gay's ridicule. He was the Cervantes of England to the 'frigid' pastoral. Ignoring the delicate nuances of the pastoral of which he was thoroughly capable, as is shown even in his burlesque work, Gay undertook the writing of this piece as a bit of fun and satire, but what he really did was to finish with a delicious classic of realism, grossly exaggerated, it is true, but on the side of life. "The temper of Gay," observes Edmund Chambers, "so fantastic in his own age, is prophetic enough to us of the tendencies, revolutionary and deep-rooted, which were destined, nearly a century later, to completely transform
the English conception of country life as a subject for poetry."*

Eleven years later appeared a pastoral play that links with the old ideality the gradually forming new conception of country life as a subject of poetry mentioned by Mr. Chambers. The luminosity of Ramsey's "The Gentle Shepherd" may be traced to two factors, its inherent literary merit, and to what may be a cause in this, its date. The time was ripe. Robert Herrick, with many a less capable writer of pastoral, had gone down into neglect under the distaste for poetry and the overwhelming hue and cry for drama that leapt from its smoldering embers at the Restoration. During the Jacobean decline Shirley had written his "Arcadia," Fanshawe his "Pastor Fido," Willan his "Astrea," and Settle another "Pastor Fido," which was the last pastoral to be written in the seventeenth century, and these four were the only pastorals worthy of mention written during the thirty-seven years between 1640 and 1677. Against the artificial eclogues of Sedley, Congreve and Behn a satiated public at length rebelled, and the call to arms was sounded in the "Shepherd's Week," and the seed thus sown by Gay's burlesque was cultivated by Ramsay and harvested in "The Gentle Shepherd."

"The literary value of this play," writes Edmund Gosse* "has been exaggerated, but it is a very clever and natural essay, and the best proof of its success as a painting of bucolic life is that it is still a favorite, after a hundred and fifty years, among lowland reapers and milkmaids." No better testimonial than this fair


criticism could be had of the extreme naturalism and real sympathy with nature and with nature's people. That the author's purpose is to make a genre study for people themselves is evidenced in his preface when he writes, "Such pedants as confine learning to the critical understanding of the dead languages, while they are ignorant of the beauties of their mother-tongue, do not view me with a friendly eye. Edging away from Pope and the whole school of classicists he continues, "That I have expressed my thoughts in my native dialect, was not only inclination, but the desire of my best and wisest friends: and most reasonable, since good imagery, just similes, and all manner of ingenious thoughts in a well-laid design disposed into numbers, is poetry -- then good poetry may be in any language."

Into his work the author faithfully and effectively carried his idea.

A five-act rural comedy, "The Gentle Shepherd" covers twenty-four hours of lively action among the shepherds some few miles from Edinburgh. Six men and five women comprise the interesting people, including four lovers, two old shepherds, a witch and a nobleman in disguise, all naturally handled without forced melodrama. The versification of a pleasing conversational type, is in rhymed couplets of iambic pentameter and the interpolation of a score or more of catchy peasant songs, many of them exquisitely delicate, is done in a natural way by the characters, with musical accompaniment.

The two lovers are well sketched in the two lines:

"Poor Roger granes, till hollow echoes ring;
But blither Patie likes to laugh and sing."
and Patie soon gives us one clew to his good humor with the world
and himself by singing us a song beginning

"My Peggy is a young thing,
Just entered in her teens,"

after which the conversation between the two shepherds takes on a
very natural and intimate tone, in which the joy of the confident
lover and the gloom of the disdained, a situation as frequent in
the pastoral as in life, comes out in the lines:

Patie: "This sunny morning, Roger, cheers my blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial mood,
How hartsom isn't to see the rising plants,
To hear the birds chirm o'er their pleasing rants!
How halesom 't is to snuff the caulor air,
And all the sweets it bears, when void of care!
What ails thee, Roger, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the cause of thy ill-seasoned pain."

Roger indeed seems, as he replies, "born to a thrawart fate,"
in strong contrast with the fortunate Patie, possessed with those
two fair weather omens of the clear-sailing lover, a sunny dispo-
sition and a ready tongue. His easy, confident air always insures
him a hearing, while poor Patie, with his lack of confidence is al-
ways awkwardly one beat behind the time, figuratively and actually,
so that when he attempts to speak or sing a song the milkmaids put
their fingers in their ears or show a sudden eagerness to be about
their milking. Alone with Patie, poor Roger can be epigrammatic to
the purpose of showing his awkwardness when in company, for, he says,

"You ha'e so saft a voice and slid a tongue,
You are the darling of baith auld and young.
If I but sttle at a sang, or speak,
They dit their lugs, syne up their legs and cleek."
We hear the feminine side of the grievance when Peggy, the impatient maid whom Roger would court if he could arrive at it, complains to Meggy, the happy sweetheart of Patie:

"For a' that, he can neither sing nor say, 
Except, 'How d'dye?' -- Or 'There's a bonny day.'"

From the observation of shrewd Jenny, a third shepherdess, we may have a clue to some of Burns's philosophy of love, as well as his style. She cannily warns Meggy on the fickleness of man, granting that during the honeymoon her Patie will "Lak meikle o' ye," but adds that as soon as his "newfangledness" is gone,

"He'll look upon you as his tether-stake
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake."

Among the acenes of Act ii is one delightfully rural and gossipy, in which the old shepherd Claud welcomes his cronie with the words:

"Good-morrow, nibour Symon; -- come sit down,
And gie's your cracks. -- What's a' the news in town?"

Then we are treated to local and national gossip, not in the tedious allegory of the old pastoral manner, but in the natural and delightful Scotch outrightness, in which old Symon tells us,

"Now Cromwell's gave to Nick; and ane ca'd Monk
Has played the Rumple a right flee begunk,
Restored King Charles, and ilka thin's in tune:
And Habby says, we'll see Sir William soon."

There is a Burns-like vigor and homely twang about this play which makes it not hard to imagine that had Ramsay followed Burns and enjoyed his influence as Burns did Ramsay's, the earlier poet might have excelled. Whatever the warrantableness of this speculation, the Edinburg wigmaker we know to be the father of the Romantic
Movement, whose sowing, like that of all beginners, was to be harvested by a later generation, along with the credit and the wages. It was he who at last realized the truth, that those writers who would be remembered, "must not go to Italy or Greece for a scene; ...the wind must blow over our own hills, and the sun must shine on our own heather." It was this cool breeze from the North laden with the refreshing odor of the heather that helped largely in bringing England back to an equilibrium of literary taste after the empty the shams and hectic fevers of her Restoration period.

To the lover of the elemental and the simple, to the one who understands and knows country people, this rural comedy compels the reader to listen until the last word is spoken and the last song is song. The lover of natural pastoral can here reach out both hands and gather armfuls of real blooms until his selective resources are at an end. The breeze from the heather brings the words of Patie's song to The Yellow Haired Lady,

"When corn-rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether bells
Bloomed bonny on moorland, sweet rising fells,
Mae birns, briers, or breckens, gave trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee."

To which the rural Juliet replies from her heather balcony:

"When thou ran, or wrestled, or putt'd the stane
And came off the victor, my heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka sport manly gave pleasure to me;
For none can putt, wrestle, or run swift, as thee."

The "Sir William" who according to old Symon's gossip was to come soon, appears in the third act, in disguise at first, looking
to see how the son is getting along that he had left to be brought up by the old shepherd. While he is keeping an eye of satisfaction on this son, who proves to be Patie, Roger's maid confesses her love for him, who finds his tongue at last and cries:

"I'm happy now! O'er happy! had my head! —
This gust of pleasure's like to be my dead.
Come to my arms! or strike me! I'm a fir'd
Wi' wondering love! Let's kiss till we are tired.
Kiss, kiss! We'll kiss the sun and stars away!"

When the news gets abroad that Patie is to go to Edinburgh and be a laird, poor Peggy is sad and a little doubtful, but she bids him goodbye in good faith and is rewarded when he returns to make her his bride. On this happy occasion Sir William notices in Peggy's features a likeness to those of his dead wife, whereupon the old witch House tells a story that proves Peggy to be his niece. The play closes with a speech by Sir William that is reminiscent of the old Greek plays, the moralities, and something of the philosophy that creeps into the more thoughtful of the pastorals, when he says:

"The maze of life sometimes looks dark and wild;
And oft when hopes are highest, we're beguiled.
Oft when we stand on brinks of dark despair,
Some happy turn, with joy, dispels our care.
Now all's at right, who sings best let me hear."

In this play we see the last of the real pastoral in England.

That the pastoral exerted a deep influence upon English literature can be readily seen by a glance at the poetry subsequent to this last of the pastorals. Thomson shows it in his cycle of "The Seasons," in some of the same naturalism that makes the "Gentle
Shepherd" so appealing; Collins in his "Schoolmistress" shows a yet more intimate phase of the same thing; Gray is steeped in it; Mark Akenside gives us a pastel of pure pastoral in his "For a Grotto," where in eighteen lines he encompasses the peaceful rural atmosphere, the pastoral occupations, the dainty floral fragrance and the incarnated presence of Greek deities, of the idyllic Theocritan style. A more humanitarian pastoral influence can be felt in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," "The Task" of Cowper has it still stronger, while Burns is full of it in such pieces as "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and the lyrical "Highland Mary."

In the later poets there are examples of almost reaction to early pastoral forms, as Shelley's "Adonais," which is almost as classic a pastoral as "Lycidas." Of the elegiac pastoral they are both perfect models. With those elements of pastoralism found in Wordsworth, as in "Michael," in Tennyson's "Dora" and "The Miller's Daughter," and in Landor's "Hamadryad," we shall not stop for more than passing mention, as this paper is concerned with the pastoral as a distinct literary form, and as such it has passed out. But the pastoral element in such pieces as those mentioned above is an expression and proof of the vital spirit of pastoral, which is a permanent and eternal thing. And this vital thing each succeeding generation will express in a way of its own, but the expression will be there.

X.

Why is it that the pastoral as a distinct form has perished?
Cr rather, that its popularity has perished, so that it is no longer written? One might ask the same question concerning chivalry and the system of feudalism, and the same general answer would hold for all three. They were all originally an expression of life or of some demand of life that flourished for a time and then gradually disappeared or took another form, leaving the antiquated structure standing for a time, the material of which, when the structure was at last demolished, was carried over into new forms and put to new uses.

The pastoral was at first a fresh and almost entirely natural expression of country life and the emotions of country people, by one who knew that life at first hand and loved it. Transplanted from the land of its birth to England it was taken up as an imitation by writers who though possessed of great artistry and imagination and even melody, as was Spenser, knew practically nothing of peasant life or emotions, other than the inadequate impressions gleaned by occasional and hasty excursions from their beloved London. Naturally exotic, the pastoral would never have been adopted into England had it not been that it lent itself so readily to allegory and to the expression of the English love of country life. Strange to say, this love of the country did not lead to any minute observation of nature until the pastoral as a distinct form of expression had become almost extinct. The freedom of the press and of speech have long since done away with the need of cloaking political criticism.
and invective under the disguise of allegory. So it will be seen that the two principal reasons for the existence of the pastoral as a distinctive form have ceased to exist. Today poets of nature do not need to go to ancient Greece or Rome for the form in which to express their sentiments and tell their stories. The age of romanticism as well as the tendencies of realism rebel against restriction to an iron bound form, while paying allegiance to the eternal principles of literary art.

The old masters put up a stout resistance to the dry rot of artificiality in the pastoral. But it became only the more apparent, until the romanticists cast out the classic form and all that it contained. There was no longer any use for the conventional singing shepherd nor the complaining lover. Instead of heeding the warning of Pope and Addison's fear lest any greater calamity than a bruised heart or a broken pipe be permitted in the pastoral field, we have today such grim realisms as the rural tragedy of Masefield's "The Daffodil Field," one of our approaches to a modern pastoral. The time was indeed ripe for a French Revolution when in 1783 George Crabbe sounded the note of a grimmer pastoral in "The Village," when he wrote:

"I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms For him that grazes or for him that farms; But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace The poor laborious natives of the place, And see the mid-day sun with fervid ray On their bare heads and dewy temples play, While some, with feeble heads and fainter hearts
Deplore their fortune yet sustain their parts,
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride?"

If it was the function of the pastoral "to paint an imaginary
and not a real life," in the palmy days of merry England and the
France of pomp and pageantry, it was equally the significant task
of the poets of that grim twilight of the closing days of the 18th
century to displace the tinsel of a make-believe world by the rugged
fabric of a faithful reality. Only the parasites and the idlers
continued to sleep the sleep of the lotus eaters. The thinking and
acting world had become altogether impatient of Dresden china shep-
herdesses and demanded a return to real life, whatever that might be.
It is this that stirs us in such pieces as Crabbe's "The Village"
and Wordsworth's "Michael."

A brief resume of the development of the pastoral shows how
it has practically exhausted its possibilities. Developing in one
direction from a spontaneous and natural form of expression in
Theocritus to a means of allegory in Spenser and his followers, it
completed the circle by feeling its way back again as a primary
vehicle of lyric and narrative expression in Browne, Gay and
Ramsay, in the naturalistic style and spirit. Then began to come
the dawning consciousness of social injustice, and with it a down-
rightness and ruggedness of spirit and expression that led away
from the conventional pastoral.

An analysis of the conceptions underlying the pastoral reveals
three causes for the irredeemable lapse of the conventional English pastoral from that popularity which continues to hold us vividly to such pictures of life as "The Canterbury Tales" and the plays of Shakespeare and Sheridan. One of these defects is the pastoral's naive ignorance of that out-of-door world which it professes to understand and which it advances as the chief charm of its atmosphere. Today, after an age of Darwin with its exact and clarifying science, its minute nature study, even so imaginative a field as poetry must expect to be held to an essentially true conception of nature, as of life. Pastoral poetry, except in rare and isolated instances, was neither.

The second fatal defect is its utter impersonality. Its characters are almost invariably conventional types rather than real people. Instead of shadowy 'widow's daughter of the glen,' or a thousand tripping, coquetting Phillises and Amarillas, we expect today in our rural scenes people and incidents as real as a Tess of the D'Uberries or the dawning of young love between a Richard Feveral and his Lucy.

The third fatal defect is that baneful artificiality that was due broadly to the spirit of the time when the pastoral made its appearance in England, just when a mimic chivalry was dancing away its last faint flicker of life. Primarily, however, the English pastoral was artificial because it was an exotic, an importation of a form and a view of life which was essentially Greek and
therefore incapable of acclimation to the vigorous and less sensitive country of the North.

What, then, has the pastoral to contribute to our time? Useless and dead in its external form and in much of its matter, there is in the pastoral an element of vital spirit that is immortal and cannot die. "Modernity has taught us," says H. E. Cory, "with some reason, to laugh at pastorals. Nevertheless, there is deep humanity in these artificial songs of shepherds and shepherdesses."* It needs not to be pointed out that the deep humanity appeals to the modern reader in spite of the artificial. It is the simplicity which shines through all impediments and calls to the human heart. It is the perennial freshness of an ever new creation, the ever new miracle of the dawn of love, and the call of youth. Even though we be Puritans by inheritance and environment, there remains in us an elemental demand that cries out for expression. We want beauty and we turn to it as instinctively as all growing things turn to the light of the sun. It is the spirit of this beauty and the truth that it expresses by which the best pastorals make their claim upon us. These elements are a vital part of the interpretation of life, and if, as many hold, the best literature is that which is the best interpretation of life, then pastoral poetry needs no further justification.

E.N.V.

The English Pastoral after Spenser

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