PREFACE

This book catches at a drift, rather than enforces a thesis. In the beginning (at any rate, according to Earl R. Wasserman, whose seminal article on 'Nature Moralized: Divine Analogy in the Eighteenth Century' was published long enough ago now, in 1953) – in the beginning,

> Shakespeare's King Richard appears 'As doth the blushing discontented sun' because the proportional relation of king and sun preexists in the poet's scheme of things.

'In the Elizabethan mind the assumption of the analogy lay', that is, basically 'beneath the level of consciousness'. On the other hand, in the end,

> the work of the eighteenth-century theorists [to say nothing of Bacon and Hobbes before them] was to make the age conscious of analogy. No longer thinking analogically, but consciously thinking about thinking analogically, it had split a unified concept into its two component parts and into two separate but related events. Analogy is no longer a frame of mind for meaningful perception, but a pattern for chronological procedure.[1]

These observations will serve to sketch in the outer limits of the present enterprise.

But, of course, Wasserman was generalising. Even 'in the Elizabethan mind' assumptions of analogy might rise disquietingly towards consciousness. For instance, when 'Shakespeare's King Richard' arrives (from Ireland, in the West) upon the coast of Wales, to invoke 'the searching Eye of Heaven' which 'fires the prowd tops of the Easterne Pines, / And darts his [Light] through ev'ry guiltie hole', making

> Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes
> (The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
> Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves,

he does, indeed (his royal plurals welcoming with open arms the sun as cognate), analogically assume that,

> Soe when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
> Who all this while hath revell'd in the Night,
> Shall see us rising in our Throne, the East,
> His Treasons will sit blushing in his face,
> Not able to endure the sight of Day;
> But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.[2]

Not only, however, is he rising in the West (which might have gone unremarked without his own repeated insistence on 'Easterne' and 'East') but also 'One day too late':[3] the Welsh army he was expecting has just dispersed. 'Nor time nor place', in the words of Lady Macbeth, 'Did then adhere, and yet. . .' – And yet Richard (who has, after all, more in common with Duncan than with her husband) singularly fails to make anything of either, except purple passages. Celestial and political suns are disconcertingly (disastrously, perhaps, in a root sense) out of synchrony.

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In fact, as the next scene and Wasserman's quotation reveal, it is not 'this Theefe, this Traytor Bullingbrooke' who is to do the blushing, but Richard himself. 'Yet lookes he like a King', interjects York; and still he is the sun. The 'divine analogy' holds so far, so good; so that Bolingbroke's description (for the previous lines, ironically, have been his) 'returne[s] to plague th'Inventer', casting him, by irresistible implication, into the unpropitious role of one of his own 'envious Clouds. . . bent / To dimme' that sun's 'glory, and to staine the tract / Of his bright passage to the Occident'.[4] Bolingbroke may not be 'self-affrighted' (Richard, characteristically, thinks that the king should have no more to do than put in an appearance); but he is, in a manner of speaking, his manner of speaking, and by an analogy which lies 'beneath the level of consciousness', 'self-indicted'.

His 'I-know-you-all' son-and-heir, intent on demonstrating at the beginning of *Henry IV*, Part I that he is no Hotspur Harry given to the mislaying of maps, manipulates the same imagery with much more self-conscious aplomb. He 'will a-while uphold / The unyoak'd humour' – 'damp exhalation', that is, at one level[5] – of fat, Falstaffian 'idleness':

> Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
> Who doth permit the base contagious cloudes
> To smother up his Beauty from the world,
> That when he please againe to be himselfe,
> Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
> By breaking through the foule and ugly mists
> Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.[6]

Having, even thus early on, manifestly little to discover from any 'Globe of sinfull Continents' (or yet his own, proper father) about the 'by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes' of turning 'diseases to commodity', he will, he undertakes, 'so offend, to make offence a skill, / Redeeming time, when men thinke least I will':[7] a pay-off which has more to do with 'creative accounting' than 'the redemption of the world by Our Lord, Jesus Christ'.

And he will 'imitate the Sunne', also, at a rather different rate from Richard, whose sheer 'presence', like that of the '*Fauns* and *Faryes*' in Marvell's 'Mower against Gardens' (who 'do the Meadows till, / More by their presence then their skill'),[8] should, theoretically, render superflous a need for lower cunning. Richard, in his own sphere or realm, as 'The Deputie elected by the Lord' 'which by *his* wisedome made . . . the Sunne to rule the day'[9], reigns not so much as the sun's imitator, as its veritable and unique twin, match or marrow.

One of Wasserman's 'eighteenth-century theorists' will help to highlight the disparity. 'Analogy', claims Peter Browne, Bishop of Cork and Ross, in *The Procedure, Extent, and Limits of Human Understanding*,[10]

> conveys the Conception of a *Correspondent Reality* or *Resemblance*. Metaphor is rather an *Allusion*, than a real Substitution of Ideas; Analogy a proper *Substitution* of Notions or Conceptions. . . In short, Metaphor has *No* real Foundation in the *Nature* of the Things compared; Analogy is founded in the *Very Nature* of the Things on both Sides of the Comparison.

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So Richard's rhetoric 'conveys the Conception of a Correspondent Reality', takes for granted (is this what makes 'Our Throne, the East' seem so awkward when he is literally in the West?) 'a proper Substitution'; in short, presumes upon an 'Analogy' between king and sun, 'founded in the *Very Nature* of the Things on both Sides of the Comparison'. Hal, in contrast (heir to a usurper, nothing if not skilful), moves into a more 'metaphorical' register and, instead of standing almost hysterically upon fundamental points of order, coolly cuts out a figure designed to dress up[11] his predicament and intentions to advantage. A world of immanent 'Analogy' gives ground, and simultaneously lends grist, to more machinating mills.

Richard fails, miserably. Hal succeeds, to triumph spectacularly, as Henry V, at Agincourt. Yet, in the longer term, Shakespeare cannot discount the validity of Ricardian pretensions. The chaos and civil war which he had already chronicled in the three parts of *Henry VI* and the diablerie of *Richard III* were to follow, in retribution for their having been taken in vain.

In the longer term still, after the abortive new-modellings of the Interregnum and glossolalia of a latter-day 'false tongu'd Bullingbrooke' (whom Lucy Hutchinson substitutes, as more fittingly Cromwellian, for Waller's '*France* conqu'ring *Henry*' in her riposte to his *Panegyrick*)[12] – in the longer term still, come May 29, 1660, Great Britain is to be discovered gratefully basking, once again, in the warm, procreative 'presence' of a restored and wholly legitimate monarch, widely welcomed as the summer sun, whose 'Happy Return', moreover, seemed 'wholly surprising and miraculous'[13] and thus to owe nothing whatsoever to the 'skill' or plottery of any 'vile Politician'. There was an upsurge of 'emotional togetherness': that 'physically, physiologically natural element which', Peter Laslett has assured us, underlies 'all political relationships', but which, he claims, 'political thinking since Locke' – who 'assumed that the stuff of society was conscious ratiocinaction' – has largely ignored.[14] To deploy another, overlapping distinction, drawn by Michael Walzer:[15] a 'Cromwellian' (Calvinist, Hobbist) regime of 'command and obedience gave way to older habits of 'authority and reverence', depending 'upon a mutual recognition of personal, place' (most crucially, of course, the king's) and hypostatized in the old analogies. All this, too, despite the interventions of Bacon – who, half a century ago, had made it axiomatic that, although

> There are many things in nature as it were *monodica*, *sui juris* [singular, and like nothing but themselves]; yet the cogitations of man do feign unto them relatives, parallels, and conjugates, whereas no such thing is[16]–

and, more lately, of Hobbes – who, in *Leviathan* , denies that there is any 'Analogy . . . founded in the *Very Nature* of the Things' between, say, 'Bees, and Ants' (numbered though they may have been by Aristotle 'amongst Politicall creatures') and human society, since, for one thing, 'the agreement of these creatures is Naturall; that of men, is by Covenant, which is Artificiall'.[17] Old habits die hard.

The euphoria, nevertheless, would not last; could not survive Plague, Fire, Dutch Wars and Popish Plots, not to mention connivance with the French

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and dissipation in high places. By 1679, with Exclusion in the wind*, The Bishop of Carlisle's Speech in Parliament*, *concerning Deposing Princes* was 'Thought seasonable to be published', once again, 'in this Murmuring Age': 'murmuring', in biblical language, being symptomatic of 'the sin of witchcraft', rebellion, and the Bishop of Carlisle, in history as in Shakespeare's play, Richard's staunchest apologist.

Not ten years later (as will be seen), James II himself was testily to declare 'that he had read the story of Richard II', insinuating that William of Orange (whom he had earlier characterised as 'a worse man than Cromwell')[18] was another Bolingbroke – who, of course, had had no intention, either, of laying claim to the crown when he had landed at his more northerly Torbay!

For any King of England to bear the stigma of 'the Second' was, suggests the anonymous pamphlet, *Numerus Infaustus*, published in 1689,[19] fatal. Of the six unfortunates then in question, Henry II may have had his notable successes, but 'died with *Trouble of Mind'*. Charles, not so long since, after his providentially 'Happy Return', had 'reigned more than twenty-four Years, and I wish I could say happily', then ('Treacherie, seeke it out'!) 'died *suddenly*, to say no more of it'. For the remainder: William Rufus, Edward, Richard had all three come to premature and violent ends; and 'King *James* must remain single upon Record, as the only Person that wilfully and industriously dethroned himself'.

From the start his number was, as it were, up. 'Witchcraft' would win – strenuously pretending, with cries of

> Away this Goblin Witchcraft, Priest-craft Prince,
> Give us a King, Divine, by Law and Sense,[20]

that it wasn't. This time, too, the spell was to hold good, for good; made all the more binding (witness Howard Nenner's book, so entitled) *By Colour of Law*[21] – and, for the first few, difficult years, tincture of Mary.

Anne's advent saw affairs revert to a righter, if still not quite right, line. Pope was to proclaim that 'Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns', hoping, no doubt, for better things to come.[22] But it was to be all Hanover, save for more or less posthumous spasms in 1715 and '45.

The dynasty was to prove as pertinacious as the brown, grey or (in Charles Waterton's preferred nomenclature) 'Hanoverian' rat which, as this still quixotically Jacobitish nineteenth-century naturalist pointedly records, his father ('who was of the first order of field naturalists' himself) 'maintained firmly, . . . did accompany the House of Hanover in its emigration from Germany to England': 'actually came over in the same ship which conveyed the new dynasty to these shores', just as local, Yorkshire tradition intimated. 'Some few years after the fatal period of 1688', writes Waterton (who naturally had no love for 'Dutch William', either, 'that sordid foreigner', as he calls him in his introductory 'Autobiography'),

> there arrived on the coast of England a ship from Germany, freighted with a cargo of no ordinary importance. In it was a sovereign remedy for all manner of national grievances –

and a rat! – A rat of a new and particularly pernicious variety.[23]

Julian the Apostate, it is to be inferred, had most aptly, as the eighteenth

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century opened, been installed in supervisory seat on the King's Staircase at Hampton Court! And the artist who painted him there, Antonio Verrio, considering his Roman Catholicism and previous loyal services to the cause of Stuart iconography and 'idol lordship', must have smiled bitterly as he wielded his brush, although those who set him to work obviously thought (with the Third Earl of Shaftesbury, who may have been one of them) atypically well of 'that virtuous and gallant Emperor':[24] that free-thinking man's monarch and disciple of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus – of whom in sharp contrast, almost nobody had anything bad to say. (Whereas 'Vicisti, Galilaee', his supposed dying words, will sum up Julian's abiding reputation, despite intermittent attempts at rehabilitation.)

'The whisker'd vermin race' (not, Samuel Johnson was to agree, a suitable subject for serious poetry)[25] had irremediably invaded the sugar-cane, whatever limited extirpatory success Waterton was to congratulate himself upon at Walton Hall. The ecological balance of the country at large had irrevocably been altered. Henceforward, something other than 'Divinity doth hedge a King'. Treason had not just peeped at what it would but (purely in the interests, naturally, of

> Regal Government, and the free use of Parliaments, the profession of God's pure Religion, and the Enjoyment of our Antient Laws and Liberties)[26]

outstared, outfaced the opposition and caught 'With his surcease, Successe' (or the other way round, as Johnson conjectures, trying to make sense of Macbeth's rodomontade).[27] Old superstitions, old 'pieties' (such as the wild surmise that 'acts of love, friendship, respect, or the like' might have something fundamentally to do with civilization, 'loyalty and subjection'[12]) begin to look pale, or paler, in the light of the Hobbist or Lockean premiss that (as Laslett sees it, drawing a contrast with the older, Filmerite position) 'society . . . was created by conscious thinking and that it is . . . kept in being, kept working, by conscious thought'.[28] And we have it on Wasserman's word that, in the eighteenth century, 'Analogy is no longer a frame of mind for meaningful perception'. 'No longer thinking analogically, but consciously thinking about thinking analogically', the age 'had split a unified concept into separate but related events' – and learned to deal more or less neatly between the bark and the tree. Too much 'consciousness' of this kind was scarcely conducive to a second Stuart Restoration, although there were clansmen still prepared to sacrifice themselves, and the odd, unreconstructed aristocrat, gentleman and even bishop of the Church of England.

This, then, may serve as a rough groundplot for what is to come, which begins with the Protectorate poetry of Edmund Waller and ends with an investigation of the purport of Verrio's aforementioned programme for the decoration of the King's Staircase at Hampton Court. Others, needless to say, have undertaken exercises of similar or overlapping scope, most recently David Norbrook in his *Writing the English Republic: Poetry, Rhetoric and Politics, 1627-1660* where, in formidably researched fulfilment of its foreword's promise,

> Key texts by Marvell [including *The First Anniversary*] and Milton,

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> including *Paradise Lost*, are set in the context of previously neglected writings by Edmund Waller, George Wither, Thomas May and many others, showing how writers re-imagined English political and literary culture without Kingship.

But perhaps, my own accent being rather on an imperial theme (the almost physical impossibility, as it were, of writing off monarchy), what is to be said in the following pages has not quite lost, any more than Milton's Satan, 'All her original brightness'. And at least Norbrook's brief does not extend far beyond the Restoration!

Looking further back, Howard Erskine-Hill's The *Augustan Idea in English Literature* does embrace all my chosen ground and more, opening in classical Rome itself and reaching forward well on into the Eighteenth Century. It proves an ideal introduction to the contours of the landscape as a whole. 'At one extreme of the tradition of the Augustan idea', he observes, concerned in his introduction to establish what would these days be called the parameters of the exercise, lies 'formal panegyric . . . and Tacitean analysis at the other'[29] – which does not, needless to say, preclude the possibility of the occasional marriage of heaven and hell, as witness the late-mentioned decorations for the King's Staircase, though the colouring there is judiciously more Aurelian than Augustan, if my reading of them is right. Gilbert Burnet, that glorious revolutionary, who had once compared (in the preface to his 1684 translation of More's *Utopia*) Charles II to Augustus, is taken to task, as Erskine-Hill drily notes,[30] by Bevil Higgons in the early years of the Eighteenth Century for shifting his ground and adducing in the *History of His Own Time* a parallel with Nero (seen ostentatiously strumming an anachronistic guitar in the Hampton Court paintings). William III, for preference (and Burnet was, indeed, preferred to the see of Salisbury) is associated with Marcus Aurelius. 1688 necessitated some nice adjustments!

The Augustan Idea was conceived as a complement to Erskine-Hill's earlier study *of The Social Milieu of Alexander Pope: Lives, Example and the Poetic Response*, also supplemented afterwards by articles on 'Literature and the Jacobite cause' and 'Alexander Pope: the political poet in his time'. This work, too, impinges instructively upon the last stage, especially, of what is to ensue, demonstrating the persistence of what another critic (Douglas Brooks-Davis) has felicitously termed 'emotional Jacobitism'.

'The tangled relations between politics and aesthetics' which, Steven N. Zwicker observes, 'must have remained close to the center' of men's experience through the ferment of the period in question, has increasingly become one of the crucial preoccupations of modern criticism. Zwicker himself can claim considerable credit for this. The quotation is culled from the opening page of his *Lines of Authority: Politics and English Literary Culture*, *1649-1689*, but he had set a shoulder to the wheel long before, in *Dryden's Political Poetry: the Typology of King and Nation* – the subtitle advertises its contiguity with my own concerns – and added impetus with *Politics and Language in Dryden's Poetry: the Arts of Disguise*, which paints the picture of a poet who amply bears out the motto on the title page of *The Art of Complaisance or the Means to Oblige in Conversation*, published in

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1673 and basically a version of Eustache Du Refuge's *Traité de la Cour*: 'Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere'. (I take what may be called a more radically 'pious' view.) If I have not repeatedly acknowledged his achievements, it is not because his presence is not felt.

Closely involved with Zwicker's 'tangled relations', the vexed interface between politics and literature or aesthetics, are shifting perceptions of how far human agency can affect, effect, history. To what extent, to borrow the phraseology of *Macbeth*, can time and place be made; or does all eventuality necessarily only realize, precipitate a pattern always implicit from the beginning? – With the result that, as Marvell with post-Restoration resignation affirms in the first part of *The Rehearsal Transpros'd*,[31]

> Men may spare their pains where Nature is at work, and the world will not go the faster for our driving,

because all things 'happen in their best and proper time, without any need of our officiousness' . Does history move inexorably in cycles, as Polybius, with his '*anakuklõsis politeiõn'* proposes? Or might not a once-and-for-all millennium be wrought, by forgery either of arms or intellect or both? A book such as David Loewenstein's *Milton and the Drama of History: Historical Vision, Iconoclasm and the Literary Imagination* may begin to suggest a range of possibilities which permeate the matter, too, of this present work.

But 'of making many books', saith the Preacher (along with much else, most notoriously 'vanitas vantitatem et omnia vanitas), 'there is no end'. And of the making of this particular book (begun, it may as well be confessed, in a dark, postgraduate past, augmented by fitful increment since, and from time to time promulgated piecemeal in the form of lectures or other teaching material) – of the making of this particular book there would have been no end, either, were strict justice to have been done to the claims of coeval scholarship and constant adjustments made to accommodate them. They should, of course, be consulted as extensively as possible with a view to complementing, controlling and, where necessary contradicting what is said here. 'I am', for my part, 'in blood / Stept is so farre, that should I wade no more, / Rewriting were as tedious as go ore'. So I have gone o'er, and be damned: 'Behold where stands / The 'Usurpers cursed head'!

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