THE SHADOW OF DESPAIR
THE TRADITION AND THE EXCEPTION
IN SEVENTEENTH-AND EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
INTERPRETATION OF ECCLESIASTES
(AND JUVENAL'S SATIRE X)

by

Barbara J. Arnason

E.A. Simon Fraser University, 1969

B.A. Simon Fraser University, 1981

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL

FULFILLMENT OF THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF

MASTER OF ARTS

In the Department

of

English

SIMON FRASER UNVERSITY

July 1985

APPROVAL

NAME: Barbara Arnason

DEGREE: M.A. (English)

TITLE OF THESIS: The Shadow of Despair: The Tradition and the Exception in Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-Century Interpretation of Ecclesiastes (and Juvenal's Satire X).

EXAMINING COMMITTEE: Chairperson: Michael Steig, Professor of English

Professor Ann Messenger
Senior Supervisor
Associate Professor of English, SFU

Professor Kristoffer Paulson
Associate Professor of English, SFU

Professor Patricia Köster
External Examiner
Associate Professor of English, UVIC

Date Approved: July 10, 1985

PARTIAL COPYRIGHT LICENSE

I hereby grant to Simon Fraser University the right to lend my thesis, project or extended essay (the title of which is shown below) to users of the Simon Fraser University Library, and to make partial or single copies only for such users or in response to a request from the library of any other university, or other educational institution, on its own behalf or for one of its users. I further agree that permission for multiple copying of this work for scholarly purposes may be granted by me or the Dean of Graduate Studies. It is understood that copying or publication of this work for financial gain shall not be allowed without my written permission.

Title of Thesis/Project/Extended Essay

The Shadow of Despair: The Tradition and the Exception in Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-Century Interpretation of Ecclesiastes (and Juvenal's Satire X).

Author: _____
(signature)

Barbara Arnason
(name)

July 10, 1985
(date)

The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries saw the development of a tradition in poetry of translations, imitations, and versions of Juvenal's Tenth Satire. Equally if not more important as a source for this tradition is the book of Ecclesiastes, which poses the same questions: given the vanity of worldly pursuits, where is happiness to be found? Ecclesiastes, controversial from its earliest days, was variously interpreted in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by both theologians and poets, but the mainstream of interpretation finds some answer to the question of happiness within the range of Christian orthodoxy or compatible philosophy. Despite the differences in their styles as poets, Samuel Johnson, John Dryden, Anne Finch, Henry Vaughan, Mary Whateley, and Elizabeth Carter have similar solutions to the problem.

Anne Killigrew, one of whose major poems belongs to this double tradition, is different. Little is known of her life, but her poems (1686), which appeared after her death, show that she was asking questions and feeling doubts similar to those of the author of Ecclesiastes and those of John Donne, with whom comparisons are illuminating. "The Discontent," Killigrew's version of Juvenal and Ecclesiastes, appears to be unique in the tradition. Powerful in its artistry and in its expression of despair, this poem concludes that happiness is nowhere to be found--not in virtue, nature, submission to God's will, or an afterlife. Killigrew hopes only for oblivion. Various elements in the intellectual and moral climate at the court of Charles II apparently were responsible for this stance, as well as Anne Killigrew's character and strict upbringing. Yet this one powerful poem is only part of her claim to a recognition that has been denied her for too long.

Infection in the sentence breeds
We may inhale Despair
At distances of centuries
From the Malaria --

- Emily Dickinson

CONTENTS

Each friend represents a world
in us, a world possibly not born
until they arrive . . .

Ann Messenger

. . . thank you . . .

Chapter I

The Wisdom of Qoheleth[1]

> For the drift of the Maker is dark,
> An Isis hid by the veil ...
>
> - Tennyson, Maud
>
> And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God.
>
> - Eccles. 3:13

The book of Qoheleth, or Eccelesiastes, has had a chequered and controversial history. Believed to have been written before the Maccabean revolt in 168 B.C.,[2] the text contains some of the most enigmatic and difficult passages in the wisdom literature of the Bible. Because some scholars and religious figures saw pessimistic atheism in its contents, the book was almost denied inclusion in the Old Testament. One reason for its eventual canonization may have been the attributing of its authorship to Solomon, thereby providing it with an implied legitimacy of voice and wisdom that spoke in its defense. Records show, however, that it was more likely the arguments of Rabbi Akiba on behalf of the Qoheleth passages that gained a place in the Bible for the words of the Prophet.[3] The Synod of Jamnia,[4] in about 100 A.D., heard Rabbi Akiba argue that, rather than heresy, pessimism, and an agnostic denunciation of God, Qoheleth gives one of the most down-to-earth and human responses to life of a man's unshakeable belief in the existence and omnipotent

wisdom of God; perhaps the Synod heard Akiba proclaim, as others have after him, that Qoheleth "is the most moving Messianic prophesy in the Old Testament."[5]

Rabbi Akiba's interpretation of the text of Qoheleth--and the subsequent interpretation of many other scholars and religious men-- may be summarized thus:

The book of Qoheleth was written by a priest or teacher to instruct man that experience, and not the profits to be gained by experience, is the end for which one must strive. The Prophet's work is filled with a vitality and an appreciation of life that belie the many interpretations that suggest that he hated his life.[6] His entire life was filled with activity and exertion and the enjoyment of that involement with living. Rejoice, says the Prophet, in eating, drinking, work, and friendship, love, youth, and vigor.[7] The past is gone (1:11) and the future merely a dream (3:22) but the present, in all its variety and challenge, is our gift from God. Good and evil, right and wrong, are distinctions which must be made, even though man cannot foresee any rewards or punishments. The Prophet does not try to argue a case for God's existence or for His wisdom -- he merely states them as axiomatic and continues from there.

The theme of vanity ("hebel"), which dominates the book, also dominated the life of the Prophet. As he recounts his life, he describes his methodical search for the source of happiness in earthly life. Toil and labour are hebel (2:18-19) as are pleasure and indulgence (2:1) and even wisdom (2:13-15). The fruits of one's labour can fall into undeserving hands after one's death; pleasure and sensual indulgence accomplish nothing

of lasting value in one's life; even wisdom cannot alter one's fate or save one from the grave. "Qoheleth uses 'hebel' to mean something very close to 'irony.'"[8] And it is through the interaction of these ironies, accepting them, finding the strength to deal with such ironies as the apparent rewards and prestige sometimes gained by the wicked and the sufferings of the righteous, that man finds cohesion and integrity in life. For, through faith in a divine guide, man can accept that the ironies must be the visible evidence of an unknowable divine plan. The prophet is well aware of his own destiny, but he states unequivocally that everything depends on and comes from God -- the inescapability of death is the ultimate proof that God, and not man, controls destiny.

But never does Qoheleth suggest that vanity should be equated with fatalism or nihilism, or that utter, hopeless resignation is the solution. Instead, he offers joy "in a constant refrain" as a man's source of happiness and peace in life.[9] Joy is God's "categorical imperative for man, not in any anemic or spiritualized sense, but rather as a full-blooded and tangible experience, expressing itself in the play of the body and the activity of the mind, in the contemplation of nature and the pleasures of love."[10]

And, ultimately, "there is no pessimism in his words. There is bluntness and honesty, and painful self-awareness . . . and he opens up many ways in which man may find happiness. But no way, he suggests, is better or worse than another."[11] And while there are seeming inequities in life, and there is suffering for both the "good and the bad," the pleasures that are afforded to everyone are the gifts of God, as well as the subtle proof of His existence, and should be appreciated as such. Looking back over his life with the accrued wisdom of age and experience, the Prophet advises man to enjoy each moment; to savour each experience for what it is without worrying about

what is to be gained or lost; to enjoy living without demanding answers to the questions of the mysteries of life; to accept life on its own terms and for what it is, knowing that the unknowable wisdom of God guides all. He is fully familiar with man's quest for answers, reasons, proofs, for that was his quest too. Yet, with the judgement of his years, he also knows that as life is man's to use as he will, it is only his as a gift from God.

This interpretation of Qoheleth was likely the one put forth by Rabbi Akiba at the Synod of Jamnia, and is one with which many have concurred since.[12] But others have rejected this interpretation, in whole or in part, and have sought their own meaning in the text.

In the years since the inclusion of Ecclesiastes in the Old Testament, its authorship has been disputed and argued about; its text has been dissected and analyzed and interpreted by critics of infinite variety, from Hebrew scholars to Freudian analysts to photographic journalists, all in search of different proofs of its origin and legitimacy or intepretations that would support their own pet theories; and its content and intent have been re-examined and re-worded by countless writers. The controversy over Ecclesiastes has not abated to this day, although, like many other intellectual and moral conundrums, the book has waxed and waned in popularity through the centuries as societies have changed and reached in different directions in their quests of discovery. Societies have changed, evolved, or disappeared, but Ecclesiastes remains to tempt the understanding and wisdom of mankind. Its theme remains the catalyst for or underlying focus in the work of many modern writers and thinkers, from Isaac

Bashevis Singer to Y. C. Brenner, from Bertrand Russell to T. S. Eliot and Albert Camus. Described as the first piece of existentialist writing,[13] its message has been studied, copied, and re-worked over and over again by writers searching for spiritual certainty or consolation who recognize in the Prophet a man such as themselves whose heart and soul yearned as theirs do for an understanding or an affirmation of God's intent. However, during the seventeenth century, and even into the eighteenth century to some degree, Ecclesiastes and the Prophet's search for the meaning of life and happiness were treated by many writers with a particularly intense scrutiny and an anxious sense of spiritual kinship.

Chapter II

Endless Wheel: The Tradition

> Poetry and religion go together. In moments of religious experience, whether the soul is at one with God or seeking Him, its utterances often take poetic form; common prose is not adequate enough to express its joy or its longing.
>
> -- Julius Bewer[1]

The seventeenth century was a period in man's history marked and tormented by upheaval, doubt, change, discovery, and unprecedented literary and scientific activity. It was during this period of social, economic, and religious fluctuation and metamorphosis that man became concerned with "attempts to find a broad and solid via media in a world unsettled by both religious and scientific thought."[2] The search was for a sense of continuity and stability in an age gone mad with fragmentation, change, and renovation of thought. "In the seventeenth century there was much that was new and revolutionary in thought. . . It was the century of Bacon, Descartes, and Hobbes . . . Donne complained that the new philosophy brought all in doubt."[3] And the upheaval that occurred in the seventeenth century produced shock waves of such magnitude that they were felt well into the following century.

This period has been described as "a flashing medley of light and dark in which every star becomes a sun until the center

[of the firmanent] can no longer be located."[4] The result for the individual of changes of such magnitude was a sense of insecurity and fear, the sense that in the maelstrom of social and ethical change the individual was as nothing, anonymous and helpless, no longer in control of any force in his life, no longer assured of being God's chosen creature. Yet hand in hand with that fearful sense of nothingness was the fierce desire to be something, to make a mark on time and society, to become known rather than anonymous, seen rather than faceless in the crowd, to stand out in some meritorious way, not so much for the advantages to be gained by recognition but rather to catch God's eye and approval. In the midst of the cultural tumult, man fervently sought a re-affirmation of God's attention and love. In particular, the crisis in Christianity in the seventeenth century reflects the "fragmentation and consequent deterioration of Christian dogma itself . . . it is in Anglican poetry, hovering precariously as it must between Catholic and Protestant symbol, that one is able to sense most vividly the poignant dilemma of the Christian artist."[5]

Ecclesiastes is a complex exercise in the use of reason and method to discover an answer to a timeless question. Indeed, it has been argued that "Qoheleth is much more rationalistic than any other Hebrew wisdom writer."[6] For many in the seventeenth century, struggling to find spiritual stability and reassurance through rational processes, the approach of the Prophet undoubtedly appealed because he used the same careful, methodical, reasonable methods that they themselves felt compelled to use. At the same time that the mood of rising rationalism and materialism produced thinkers like Hobbes, Locke, and Newton, however, there occurred

an upsurge in popularity of the school of philosophical scepticism which sought to dismiss reason entirely as a means of finding happiness or peace in life. This conflict of ideologies caused serious rifts and personal confusion that are echoed in much of the writing of the period. Out of all this confusion and uncertainty came written works whose greatness and power survive to this day. Many of the artists wrote translations, imitations, and original interpretations dealing with the theme whose rhythm runs like a disturbing bass-line through the Ecclesiastes theme of the vanity of human efforts to find happiness.

The seventeenth-century interpretations of Ecclesiastes differed measurably from the interpretation presented by Rabbi Akiba to the Jamnian Synod. Christian theories of redemption and resurrection drastically altered the meaning of key passages and the overall message of the text. Matthew Henry and Joseph Hall, for example, describe the book of Ecclesiastes as a penitential sermon written by Solomon, attributing it to Solomon perhaps in an attempt to find in that name a legitimacy and wisdom which would lend authority to the words of the text, that they declared would convince us "of the vanity of the world, and its utter insufficiency to make us happy, the vileness of sin, and its certain tendency to make us miserable, and of the wisdom of being religious, and the solid comfort and satisfaction that is to be had in doing our duty to God and Man."[7] Most of the writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries concurred that there is "no hope of real redemption in any literature of despair . . . this is the front along which the Christian must not only oppose Qoheleth, but supply victorious alternatives."[8]

In other words, the seventeenth-century interpretation of Ecclesiastes called for absolute and unquestioning acquiescence to God's will and his unknowable plan. Man's main concern ought to be to obey God's commands and forego any attempts to question or solve the riddle of his relationship to God, to accept helplessness and the harshness of life, and to trust implicitly in God's mercy and wisdom. Reading an implied life-after-death in the final verses of Ecclesiastes, this interpretation urges mankind to relinquish any hope for reward in this life and to hope instead for happiness and reward after death.

Working from this fundamental assumption about the spiritual meaning of the text of Ecclesiastes, the writers of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries approached the theme of "vanity of vanities, all is vanity" in a fairly consistent way. They began by stating the problem of man's search for happiness and meaning in life. They then either re-stated in their own words the Prophet's answer to this search and his prescription for relief of spiritual doubt, or else devised original answers of their own, most of which followed the basic assumptions made by Henry and Hall. Many of these works were based on Juvenal's Tenth Satire which, closely related to if not indeed based upon Ecclesiastes, addresses the same concerns and doubts, and arrives at the same conclusion that Christian interpretation claimed that the Prophet arrived at.

In his translation of Juvenal's satire, Henry Vaughan closely follows the conventional literary formula for writing about vanity. Vaughan recounts the vanities of Wealth, Grandeur, Longevity, Fame, and Beauty, and proclaims, in a fairly conservative style, that the only hopes for earthly happiness are obe-

dience and submission to God's will, accompanied by virtuous behaviour. Man must turn his life completely and unquestioningly over to God.

> ... first to the Gods commit
> All cares, for they things competent, and fit
> For us foresee ...[9]

A "wise and knowing soule" -- one that knows it must entrust its fate to God -- and a "sad / Discreet, true valour" (11. 536.7) are all mankind should ask for in this life. Admonishing mankind to "keep all passions under locke and key" (1.541), Vaughan's translation, often displaying a controlled power in the earlier lines, in words and images that possess a measure of scope and grandeur, diminishes in strength and vigor at the end, in words and images that reflect a humble contrition and obeisence, with all passions safely locked away.[10]

The most noted and respected English translation of Juvenal's satire is that by John Dryden in which, in a controlled and, again, conservative style, with "declamatory grandeur" and "stateliness,"[11] the vanities of Fame, Wealth, Grandeur, and Longevity are described and derided, while virtue and acquiescence to God's will -- both qualities defined and demanded by Dryden's own society -- are prescribed as the means by which mankind can find happiness on earth and salvation after death. All mankind can ask of life, says Juvenal in the words of Dryden, is health in mind and body; the rest must be left entirely to God:

> Intrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above.
> Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
> What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.[12]

Like Vaughan's poem, Dryden's cautions the reader to beware of headstrong passions and maintain a rational outlook. And again,

as in Vaughan's poem, the poem loses power in the last twenty lines.[13]

Calling for faith and reason rather than emotion, seeking to soothe the troubled soul with appeals to the peace to be found in unquestioning trust in the Almighty, Dryden's translation perhaps exemplifies the traditional tone of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century attitudes toward the theme of vanity and man's search for happiness. And, equally importantly, the style with which Dryden writes about the theme exemplifies the tradition in literary treatment of the topic. Distanced, controlled, and reasonable, Dryden epitomizes the correct form. Juvenal and Ecclesiastes together provided him with a popular and challenging vehicle in which to display his poetic talent, and he rises to the occasion without causing so much as a ripple on the smooth surface of rationality.

The skills and styles of the writers differ somewhat in these two translations, yet they are speaking as if with one voice, and that is the voice of the times in which they wrote. Both Vaughan and Dryden catalogue much the same vanities that are found in Ecclesiastes, and both call for action based on Christian doctrine -- namely, attitudes and behaviour that are unquestioning and passive -- to find happiness in this life. These prescriptions for happiness, these victorious alternatives, can perhaps be read as appeals for tranquility, stability, and rational stoicism in a time torn by dissent and doubt.

For Rochester, the vanities of life provide miseries which are only compounded by lack of reason. In the poetic interpretation of the Ecclesiastes text, "Consideratus, Considerandus,"[14] attributed to him, Rochester expresses the fear that he and

many of his contemporaries felt, that "there may be nothing more that is new, that life has no sensation and meaning" for him.[15] He then personifies Virtue and declares it to be the only "Sollid good" there can be in this life, suggesting that happiness can only be found by those wise enough to recognize Virtue's power and forego other paths to happiness in favour of the virtuous life.

Perhaps not surprisingly, considering that most prescriptions and requirements for behaviour were directed at them specifically, some women writers also attempted to come to terms with and explore the theme of the Prophet. In her poem "All is Vanity," Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea, a thoughtful and serious writer, lists the vanities of Wisdom, Power, Grandeur, Beauty, Fame and Luxury, and again offers a traditional Christian prescription for happiness:

> Remember, then, to fix thy Aim on High,
> Project, and build on t'other side the Sky . . . .[16]

Doomed inevitably to dust, mankind, Finch suggests, can only find happiness in relinquishing all doubts and questions about God and life and looking forward to a just reward in heaven. Interestingly, Finch does not offer the panacea of virtue as a means to earthly happiness. This was certainly not because Finch believed that virtuous conduct was unnecessary or that happiness was only attained after death. It is more reasonable to suppose that Finch was a conventional Christian and was likely simply expressing the doctrine of surrender to God and trust in reward after death.

In her poem "On Fortune: An Imitation of Juvenal, Satire X,"[17] Elizabeth Carter denounces the vanities of Wealth and Am-

bition and, true to the traditional treatment of the theme, calls for her readers to adhere to "Virtue's steady rules" in order to find happiness. She, too, suggests that only a soul governed by uncorrupted reason can hope to attain peace and virtue and thus happiness. The same stance appears in Mary Whateley's "Elegy on the Search for Happiness"[18] in which Grandeur, Fortune, Beauty, Wisdom, Power, and Fame are all dismissed as vain, and virtue is lauded as the source of happiness -- virtue and resignation to God's will.

Samuel Johnson's "The Vanity of Human Wishes," an imitation of Juvenal's Satire X, is remarkable for, among other things, Johnson's emphasis on man's absolute dependence on God. Johnson, with controlled rhythms and conservative discussion, comment, and illustration, in his "radically undramatic"[19] style, discusses the vanities found in Ecclesiastes. He then goes on to suggest "an undefined combination of submission to the divine will and prayer, a mysterious synthesis of surrender and supplication"[20] -- much the same as recommended by Juvenal in the original as a means to find happiness. He calls on man to "leave to heav'n the measure and the choice" of what happens in life, and to "Implore [God's] aid, in his decision rest."[21] Man must resign his will to God's intent and make his passions obedient to his reason (1.360). Again, faith, ordered and buttressed by reason, is to govern, control, and lock up the passions.

Johnson's imitation of Juvenal exudes a calmness and nobility of style. But again, the final lines of the poem dwindle in power, and Johnson's call for pious supplication as the means to happiness is "peculiarly uninspiring."[22] A possible explana-

tion for this prevalent diminishing vigor in the final lines of these poems is that while the writers could all too clearly see and understand the human being's susceptibility to the vanities, could sympathize with the confusions and misdirections in the lives of those seeking earthly happiness, they were far less confident of, or perhaps just less convinced by, the Church's theory that by suffering denials one could feel fulfilled. Perhaps they were uncomfortable with the Church's reassurance that virtue, passionless submission, passive piety, and unquestioning obedience were the sources of happiness.

In the works of all these poets, one hears the echo of the Christian Beatitudes suggesting that "if happiness is denied one may harvest blessings from its denials"[23] and that utter resignation and passivity to God's will are the only hopes for happiness. Fundamental to the traditional seventeenth- and eighteenth-century treatment of the Ecclesiastes theme, then, is a Christian interpretation that demands unquestioning, pious submission to divine will as the only cure for "the pain of the lonely, the helplessness of the oppressed, the heartlessness of pride and power"[24] and the only hope man has for happiness on this earth. In all these poems, despite the varying emphasis and differences in style, the message is consistent, and the final call to action, the victorious alternatives offered, demand the same behaviour and attitudes in the reader.

Amidst this seemingly uninterrupted landscape of similarity and judicious control there looms a lone and rough-hewn figure: Anne Killigrew.

Chapter III
Anne Killigrew: The Exception

> Yet I thought I saw her stand,
> A shadow there at my feet,
> High over the shadowy land.
> --Tennyson, Maud

Anne Killigrew was born in 1660. Almost nothing is known of her early life. Internal evidence from her book, Poems 1686, suggests that she was probably educated in Latin and the classics by her father, and she is listed by Clarence Barnhard as a poet, painter and scholar.[1] At the very least, she had access to a library and apparently learned much from reading what she found there. She came from a very creative family. Her father, Henry Killigrew, wrote two plays, both her uncles Thomas and Sir William were dramatists, and her cousin Thomas also wrote a play. Anne Killigrew was a highly regarded and accomplished painter and, of the two surviving pieces of her work, her portrait of James II certainly supports the praise she received for her artistic ability: "She had . . . shown superior ability in both poetry and painting. She was a pupil of Lely and her royal master and mistress sat to her for their portraits."[2]

As the daughter of an Anglican preacher, she was inevitably deeply influenced by religious expectations and particularly by the prescriptions for women. Not the least of these was a demand for spiritual submissiveness, obedience, and purity, abstinence from earthly passions, ambitions and desires, and an adamant renunciation of those human urges.

"Religion . . . was a main and often intense concern of greater multitudes of people during [the seventeenth century] than in any [period] before or since, and in many ways it [even] profoundly affected the lives of those who were not especially devout . . . the appetite for counsels of piety and warnings against sin grew."[3] Religious doctrine formed the shape and direction of many lives, including that of Anne Killigrew.

Killigrew's poetry reflects an almost pathological fear not only of her own desires, but also of men, whom she sees as contaminating and dangerous to her maintenance of purity. Because she was talented, she may have felt enviously competitive with their demonstrable, aggressive, and worldly successes. Spiritually and morally striving for perfection and a purity that would catch God's attention, she may have felt threatened by their sexuality. Because she was an independent thinker, she may have felt her autonomy at risk in any relationship with that dominant gender. These would all have been highly charged issues for one of Killigrew's talents and acuity. Augmented by her concern with abstinence from all vanity, they were, I maintain, central elements in her eventual mental/emotional crisis and breakdown. Indeed, as evidenced in her own words in the poems, Anne Killigrew seems to embody the very essence of many of the polarities and much of the chaos and spiritual disorientation of the age in which she lived.

Killigrew joined the court in 1683 as a Maid of Honour to Mary of Modena, sister-in-law of Charles II. It was during that same year that Anne Kingsmill, later Anne Finch, Countess

of Winchilsea, was also appointed to the same position and they became companions. Anne Kingsmill was also a poet, although she did not distribute or make public any of her writing while at court for fear of censure and ridicule. The two Annes were "both . . . much beloved by [Mary of Modena], were ladies of irreproachable virtue, members of the Church of England"[4] and must have been good friends. Myra Reynolds suggests that "There would seem to be valid reasons in the law of affinities for a warm relationship between [them]."[5] That last comment is ambiguous. I can accept it if Reynolds intends to mean that because of proximity and intimacy, the two were drawn to one another. But if she means that the two were similar in more than the most superficial of ways, I must dispute the statement, for two more different personalities would be difficult to imagine. Killigrew openly, perhaps even defiantly, shared her verses with the court, while Finch hid all traces of her writing until after she was married. Finch was bright, lively, and witty; Killigrew was sombre, troubled, and caustic. The poetic styles of the two women differ as completely, each fairly accurately reflecting the personality of the writer. Finch declared that poetry may "'stir up soft thoughts,' but this must be delicately done so as to cause no blushes,"[6] while Killigrew's poetry reflects her bitter sadness, subdued rage, and unconquerable need to question and be answered.

Despite this close companionship and sharing of both moral responsibility and artistic inclination, neither Finch nor Killigrew mentions the other in her poetry. We do not know why this was, and it is strikingly unusual in light of

the frequency with which other women writers of the time wrote to and about one another. But perhaps we can understand that with such divergent literary styles and personalities, with Killigrew's brooding inner turmoil and Finch's calmer, sunnier nature, they must have felt constrained and hesitant to risk their friendship and regard for one another by exposing it to the destructive force of public criticism and comparison. We must also note that Finch left the court in 1684 when she married, while Killigrew never married.

Anne Killigrew left the court shortly after Finch and lived with her father once again, at Westminster Abbey, where she died of smallpox in June, 1685, at the age of twenty-five. Following her death, her father gathered together her poems and, having obtained commemorative odes from Dryden and E.E., had the poems published in 1686. This volume of poems holds the only really reliable clues to understanding Killigrew.

The poetry of Anne Killigrew has been described by Myra Reynolds, in one of the very few references to Killigrew anywhere, as filled with "vigor and bitterness not to be looked for in a maid of honor, with no hint of interest in nature, no tenderness, no lightness, almost no beauty or grace. The poems are marked instead by a crude virility . . . no contemplative religious spirit but . . . a stern morality and an emphatic recognition of reason as man's supreme guide."[7] Reynolds' statement suggests that such powerful and unusual writing was not expected from women and was not a very attractive quality in Killigrew. Killigrew's work, according to Reynolds, contains little in the way of feminine expressiveness, few frivolous or light-hearted poems, and indeed it does

not. She was a very serious and honest writer, troubled by what she felt were impossibly paradoxical demands on her. Unlike her poetic predecessors, Killigrew found in Ecclesiastes much more than a popular and richly textured challenge to her poetic skill or a platform for her Christian piety. For Killigrew, the theme of the vanity of human endeavour expresses precisely the questions and doubts and fears she felt in her own struggle for stability and happiness, and the Prophet's meticulously reasoned and careful, methodical style appealed to her demand that reason be the supreme guide.

Indeed, John Locke's comment that "Our business here is not to know all things, but those which concern our conduct,"[8] illustrates just how prevalent was concern with Ecclesiastes' theme of vanity in the lives of Killigrew and the others who wrote on that theme. Imagination, emotion, and spontaneous enthusiasm were to be strictly governed and subsumed by Reason. Morality, rational control, and patient acquiescence to what one should be were the order of the day. Ecclesiastes and other scriptural teachers informed everyone what they must not do or be or want. But nowhere were there practical suggestions as to how to reconcile the divergent, difficult, and confusing jumble of demands--particularly on women--for behaviour and attitudes that must often have conflicted sharply with natural human tendencies and needs. Nowhere were there antidotes that would still the hungry yearning of the human heart.

In her poem "The Discontent," Anne Killigrew writes about the same general theme as the poets previously discussed, and she seems, at least superficially, to follow the literary con-

ventions of the time. But the reader is not at any time allowed by the poet to simply read, nod in agreement, and admire technique. The poem is one of the most fearsome, intense, and bleak poems in the entire collection of her work. There is a vehemence, an agitation, a bludgeoning, and then a curious silence in this poem that indicate that here Killigrew is dredging up and wrestling with concerns of primary importance to her. This poem is no mere flexing of poetic technique. There is a feeling of utter isolation and alienation, a shrillness and a fury, followed by a numbness and withdrawal that make it clear to the reader that, in this moment of her life, Killigrew was battling inner terrors and demons that finally, tragically, she could not defeat. The poem reverberates with echoes from other poems in the book, repeating images, tonal patterns, phrasing and focus. Since the ordering of the poems in the book was not done by Killigrew herself, no definitive continuity or biographical order can be assigned to the work. This poem, however, with its echoes from other poems, can be described as a culmination or pivotal point in the book and, I believe, in her life. As such, this poem gives us our best understanding and appreciation of this elusive and mistakenly ignored poet.

And yet, the poem alone, or even the entire collection of her poems, can only give a very limited insight into the poet's mind. To appreciate her work and to understand the directions her thinking took, a larger view of her personality and thinking is required. Because so few of the actual facts of her life are known, we cannot rely simply on the scraps of information available, but must stretch imagination and in-

telligence beyond the few fragments of information available for illumination to add substance to her shadowy form.

Missing information about a planet can correctly be deduced from observation of the actions and reactions of other planets in the vicinity, and also by analysis of other planets believed to be similar; then one can draw conclusions about the unknown planet in light of those similarities. In just such a way, information about Anne Killigrew can be deduced from her resemblance, in substantial and surprising ways, to another poet of the seventeenth century whose personality and attitudes were remarkably like those of Killigrew as reflected in her work. John Donne was a poet who, despite the arduous and often controversial complexity of most of his work, has become respected, even revered. His life was subject to many of the same influences which shaped Killigrew's life and his work may have been known to her. Perhaps because he was a male in a society which valued and acknowledged only male accomplishments and opinions; perhaps because he lived long enough to write a massive amount of work by which he is now judged, and not just a few pieces written before maturity could smooth out the rough edges; perhaps because he lived long enough to gain the power and insight that excuse the earlier, cruder, more violent works, John Donne has not become lost to subsequent generations of readers.

Chapter IV
Divine Discontent: Killigrew and Donne

How often I sit, pouring o'er
My strange distorted youth,
Seeking in vain, in all my store,
One feeling based on truth; . . .
- A.H. Clough

In comparing Anne Killigrew with John Donne, I must confess to a reliance on a partially biographical reading of many of their poems. I must agree with Thomas Sloan when he says that "Donne regarded poetry as an extension of his social life . . . He wrote primarily for an audience" with whom he was familiar and who, in turn, had a clear image of him.[1] His work must, therefore, be looked at as partially autobiographical. For poets such as Donne and Killigrew, "who wrote primarily for [their friends and acquaintances], such a perspective is . . . both inevitable and necessary."[2] Therefore, biographical analysis of similarities between the two are not only valid, but essential to a fuller understanding of both poets, and particularly the elusive Anne Killigrew.

John Donne's poetry, motives, and thoughts have come under severe criticism and penetrating analysis almost from the moment his ideas were committed to paper. He has been accused of obscurity, obscenity, harshness, heresy, and egotism. Donne himself, in a verse letter to his friend Samuel Brooke, in words that sound familiarly like those used to describe the work of Anne Killigrew, said of his poetry, "I

sing not, siren-like, to tempt for I / Am harsh."[3] The work of neither Donne nor Killigrew embodies pastoral peace, warmth of humour, or serenity. Donne's poetry is, indeed, compacted and difficult, which has led many to complain that the work is frustratingly demanding and difficult to comprehend, and to question whether it is worth the effort.[4] Surprisingly, despite periods during which Donne's popularity has fluctuated, these criticisms have not led to any permanent damage to Donne's reputation as a skilled and talented poet. He has not been dismissed or denied his place in literary history, as has been the fate of Anne Killigrew and her work.

In Donne's early work especially, we hear the voice of vulnerability, rebellion, self-absorption, even terror. As a young man, Donne was compelled because of his scepticism, acuity, ambition, and religious uncertainty, to critically observe and question values and conventions that did not satisfy his analytical and probing mind. His intelligence did not allow him to accept on blind faith the easy answers and facile justifications which so many found useful in hiding from their doubts and fears. Instead, he reared up and, in his harsh, anxious voice, demanded answers and proofs that would still the tremulous and searching uncertainty he felt, or he pleaded with piteous, determined entreaty for reassurance from a God he wanted so much to converse with.

Both the youthful Donne and Anne Killigrew were loners, bitter, caustic, and talented; independent thinkers whose intellectual scepticism and critical observations refused to allow them to accept pat answers, dogmatic formulae, or easy assuaging of their inner doubts. Forever testing their opin-

ions and impressions; forever pushing beyond the boundaries of acceptability in search of truth anchored in God; forever searching the heavens' and their own hearts' farthest reaches; never content to acquiesce in a facile orthodoxy; alone among their peers, John Donne and Anne Killigrew turned their considerable talents to the task of unravelling doctrines, attempting to use reason to fathom the mysteries of their relationship to heaven, searching for incontrovertible evidence of God's intention and attention. Their efforts were really the adventures "of the human spirit always seeking new frontiers, the 'divine discontent' which, although it forbids us the lesser peace, calls us to the heights"; they were seeking "the unseen and [listening] for the inaudible voice."[5] The works of both poets resound with a sense of brooding, agitated egotism and a lack of the prudent restraint which is so much the dominant tone in the work of most of the other writers of the time. A. S. P. Woodhouse comments that "Donne's is a complex and passionate nature prone to extremities of thought, feeling and imagination" and his adversary was not the world, as with many others of his time, but was instead "the world, the flesh, and the devil of doubt and cynicism";[6] this statement applies remarkably well to the personality present in Killigrew's work. In lives spent in desperate quest for the undiscoverable, both Donne and Killigrew found happiness tormentingly unattainable.

Accepting Woodhouse's explanation of religion as "not identical with theology, being primarily (and nowhere more so than in religious poetry) a matter of experience rather than dogma . . . the experience of a mortal soul in relationship

with a deity,"[7] we can classify both Donne and Killigrew as religious poets, for they repeatedly wrote of their struggle to assess and delineate their relationship to God and his relationship to them. And yet, it must be remembered that, despite the religious nature of much of their work and their continual search for spiritual purity and truth, neither Donne nor Killigrew was saintly. Donne would undoubtedly have loved to be considered saintly and in his later years worriedly urged others to distinguish between the young and passionate Jack Donne and the mature Dr. John Donne of St. Paul's.[8] Killigrew desperately sought purity of heart and soul, mind and body, as evidenced in such poems as "To the Queen" and "A Pastoral Dialogue"[9] but was repeatedly frustrated in this by her passionate nature. Both poets were decidedly subject to all the vulnerabilities of the human condition. Passionate, sensitive, honest, and talented, they felt all the pains and desires of their humanness, and they yearned -- as did the Prophet, as do we all -- for tangible rewards and satisfactions, for recognition and appreciation. Both were victims of that all-too-human schizophrenia -- the desire for spiritual purity confronted by and conflicting with an equal desire for fame, for acknowledgement of their talents, for individual laurels and honours earned through their creativity and awarded to them by their peers.

Anne Killigrew's mind, like that of the young Donne, searched restlessly, greedily, for verification and explanation; like his, her soul demanded more certain evidence of God's will, more assuredly divine holy dictates. In their poems, both Donne and Killigrew left evidence of a tremendous

inner struggle that influenced and inflamed them. This struggle is the same one found in the words of the Prophet of Ecclesiastes, the struggle to use rational processes to overcome uncertainty, questions, inner demands for proof of God's unknowable will. In the works of both, one hears repeated questions, resolutions, and disillusionments, followed by unanswered questions, the repeated binding of the self to the mast of reason, piety, and submission against which their egos and intellects continually protested. In Donne's Divine Poems, we find "his sense of sin, his repentance, but also his relapses, his depression of spirit, his recurrent doubts and fears."[10] The resemblance to Killigrew's repeated resolutions and relapses in such poems as "A Farewell to Worldly Joys" and "The Second Epigram, On Bellinda" are startling and unavoidable. In Donne's poems, "a rational façade is adopted [which] proves inadequate to the emotion it contrives to contain."[11] In Killigrew's poems the same façade appears, with equally poor success at keeping in check the emotions that tormented her.

Both Donne and Killigrew were intimately familiar with the Church and its dogma -- Donne through his recusancy and later his appointment to St. Paul's, Killigrew through her father's work and her upbringing. For both, however, there was a deeper involvement than just that familiarity. "The mean of Aristotle, and of Anglicanism, appealed to Donne's intellect and to his practical sense, but also perhaps it was an attraction of opposites; here was a corrective for that impulse to extremity in thought and feeling which was natural to his darting, probing mind and strongly passionate

nature."[12] For Killigrew, as well, the inflexible, dogmatic, and solemn Anglican doctrine must have seemed like a much-needed stabilizer, a safe haven, for her inner turbulence. Neither Donne nor Killigrew doubted the existence of God and yet, despite the shelter offered by the Anglican Church, both were unwilling to find comfort in divine doctrine which could not give them proof that it was truly divine and the intention and direction of their God. Both needed heavenly reassurance of their worthiness. The poems of both are filled with an irritated and frightened awareness of their sense of personal failure to deserve the life-sustaining love of God and of their inability to rationally discover how they could deserve it. In his "Of the Progresse of the Soule," Donne struggles valiantly, almost desperately, to dismiss reason and cling to faith alone. Yet in his Satire III, he dismisses all religions on the grounds that, rationally, one cannot determine if any of them is the true word of God. And his Divine Poems are filled with uncertainty about both faith and reason. The passion and sense of personal failure displayed in Killigrew's "The Complaint of a Lover" or "A Farewell to Worldly Joys" is compounded and complicated by her rejection of passion in favour of reason, of sinful life in favour of the purifying nature of death in "The Miseries of Man" and "On Death."

Donne, perhaps because his society provided encouragement of his qualities, overcame much of his youthful insecurity, although he was never able to feel completely secure about God's favour. Killigrew, on the other hand, raised to believe that spiritual purity and submissiveness were essential to her

worth as a woman and a human being, must have felt that because God never responded, even to her most heart-felt and frantic pleas, she was unworthy of and forgotten by Him. The sense of abandonment and hopelessness is reflected in her work. Both Killigrew and Donne did, nevertheless, try long and hard to receive a sign or word from their God that would assure them of their worthiness. Arrogantly striding the poetic realms of heaven demanding responses, or sobbing in the harsh isolation of secluded hideaways, they insisted on a supreme and divine verification of God's presence in their lives, and could not accept or submit to Church dogma without it.

The youth of these writers is of particular interest in examining their interpretations of the Prophet's words. Both Donne and Killigrew, and some of the writers discussed earlier, were fairly young when they wrote Ecclesiastes-based poems.[13] It is not unusual for the young, still trailing clouds of glory and full of idealistic notions of how the world should be, to find fault with the real world they encounter, to wonder about that incongruity, and to search for answers that explain to them why things are as they are and not as they should be. For the others, this incongruity did not seem to pose a great problem. But for Donne and Anne Killigrew, the anomaly was irreconcilable with their intellectual demands for reasons and responses. The Prophet counsels:

> Rejoice . . . in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thine heart . . . Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart and put away evil from thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity.
>
> - Eccles. 11:9-10

The Prophet thus specifically allows for the youthful idealism and desires that are natural to those as yet unseasoned or battered by life. Therein lies the mystery. He is saying that the young need not condemn themselves if they desire the vain things in life. It is to be expected. They are just admonished to steer away from evil and sorrow. The rest of life is theirs to enjoy while they are still young. But neither Donne nor Killigrew seemed able to accept that freedom or follow that advice.

Anne Killigrew, in particular, was unable to ignore the rest of the proscriptions and warnings of the Prophet and her society and accept the permission to enjoy her life. I suspect that this was due to the fact that Killigrew's idealism and sense of personal spiritual and moral purity and responsibility had been nurtured in an atmosphere where the temptations of vanity had not been a significant factor. Her sense of her own piety and virtue basically untried, she was plunged into the midst of life at a court whose reputation for licentiousness and immorality continues even yet. As a young man, Donne vilified the court, the wealthy, the famous, and the powerful from outside the charmed circle. Killigrew, however, was suddenly faced with all the temptations -- all the vanities -- close at hand every day, against which she had never had to measure the invincibility of her armor of piety and purity. And, to her dismay, she found herself being seduced from the safety of isolated piety by the desires for wealth, fame, grandeur, beauty, and love. What she may have believed to be invincible, suddenly, frighteningly, appeared all too obviously fragile and inconstant.

Donne continued throughout his life to "cherish hopes of worldly advancement"[14] -- fame. Killigrew, too, wanted fame, success, recognition. Not only did she promise her poetic Muse, in "Upon the saying that my Verses were made by another," that she would offer herself as an "Undivided Sacrifice" on the Muse's altar, but she also declared that she would choose fame and give up all hope of attaining wealth, grandeur, and all the other vain rewards, if only she could be a successful poet. This astounding statement from a woman who in many of her other poems seems convinced beyond all doubt that all vanities are irremediable sins, indicates quite vividly just how torn she was between conflicting desires. It also makes quite clear to the reader that she wanted fame above all else in the way of earthly reward. And, like Donne, who "deliberately gave [his] satires informal publication, by circulating them in manuscript in order to bring [himself] notice,"[15] she distributed her poems to friends at court and openly exercised not only her writing talents but also her skill as a painter in an age when women were not expected to strive for worldly success and were not rewarded for striving for that success. If, as Carey maintains, much of "Donne's anger is bred of thwarted ambition,"[16] the same surmise can safely be made about Killigrew's often angry and defensive writing.

While still a young man, Donne "announced his resolve to give up the 'vanity' of writing poems."[17] Killigrew, too, seems haunted by the curse of the "laurel'd fool" who desires a recognition and reward for creative effort. When Donne and Killigrew write about the vanity of ambition and the desire

for fame, then, it is not with nonchalance; it is not with the mild and wryly self-conscious grin of those who recognize that they are guilty of this sin but who nevertheless expect to be forgiven for it in light of the rest of their virtues, or by dint of the quality of their work. This vanity is, instead, treated by these two with a deadly earnest intensity and grating self-awareness.

Aside from these similarities of attitude and ambivalence, we find many stylistic and technical likenesses in the work of the two poets.

The poems of both are devoid of visual imagery and are, instead, descriptions of how things feel, rather than how they look. In other words, these two poets delved below the surface appearance of things, and explored the realities behind the surface images. With fearsome exuberance and an aggravated rawness or vulnerability, Donne and Killigrew intensify their emotional responses to their reality rather than, as was the custom at the time, subduing them, taming them, obscuring them and gentling them in conventionality. By the masterful use of poetic techniques such as compacted meanings, terse metaphors, attention to textures, and ironic twists in meaning, Donne and Killigrew used their creative skills to record their fearful struggles to solve the dilemma of the Prophet--to find peace, happiness, and God in their lives. If Donne desired "the purity as well as the authority of the grave,"[18] that condition is precisely what Killigrew longs for at the conclusion of "The Discontent."

In the work of both writers, we find a recurrence of what seems to be a limited cast of images that, as C. S. Lewis remarked, in Donne "come rather too often--like soldiers in a

stage army."[19] Lewis seems to have been complaining that, with such a limited cast of images, the poet displayed a lack of imaginative range and was consequently less convincing than he might have been had he employed more imagination. The recurrence of these limited images, however, in the work of both Donne and Killigrew, indicates not a lack of imagination, but a continuing focus and concern with particular ideas. The most dramatic of these images in Donne's poetry--and one that is, coincidentally, present in many of Killigrew's poems--is that of a high, brooding, ominous hill. In Donne's Satire III, Truth stands "on a huge hill, / Cragged and steep";[20] in "The Miseries of Man" Killigrew writes of "a steep Hill, whose lofty jetting Crown, / Casts o'er the neighbouring Plains, a seeming Frown" and again, in "Cloris Charmes Dissolved by Eudora," there is a hill "Reard like a Castle to the Skie, / A Horrid Cliffe there standing nigh."[21] Nor is this the only similar image in the poems of the two.

The incongruity present in Killigrew's image of friendship as a cement joining two souls, in "The Miseries of Man" --the odd juxtaposition of the impenetrable solidity of cement and the elusive shadow of the soul -- sounds familiar, Indeed, Donne uses the same type of incongruous mixture of textures and densities in "The Extasie" when, in line five, he describes hands firmly cemented by love.

Like the poems of Donne, many of Killigrew's poems recount attempts to find fusion, oneness with God, through love. "Love, the Soul of Poetry" contains a passage in which Killigrew makes of poetry, love, and piety, a single entity, and is reminiscent of many of Donne's love poems such as "The

Canonization" and "The Relique" in which he attempts, by equating earthly love with divine love, to satisfy his need for assimilation with God, and to find thus a proof of his worthiness in God's eyes. Therefore, for perhaps somewhat different reasons, both poets use a blending of unusual textures or states to attain a sense of coherent wholeness.

In "The Triple Foole," Donne uses his art in an attempt to regain mental and emotional equilibrium: "Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce / For, he tames it, that fetters it in verse."[22] Most of the poems of both Donne and Killigrew are highly personal exercises in rationalization, in which they examine their inner fluctuations and fears in the regulated and controlled meter and rhythm of verse.

Throughout their lives, both Donne and Killigrew were tormented by the spectre of philosophical scepticism -- by the "question which lay at the center of the sceptical debate . . . not whether reason could establish acceptable social norms, but whether it could attain to a knowledge of God."[23] Furthermore, if God were subject to reason and discoverable through rational process, would He no longer be omnipotent? A wrenching, confusing dichotomy such as this could only add to the pressures they both felt. Counselled by the Church and by the Christian interpretation of Ecclesiastes to submit themselves to the helplessness of unquestioning piety and faith, yet compelled by their intellects' endless search for proofs, yearning for the rewards of passive acceptance of Anglican moderation and faith, yet convinced

that reason should be their guide, they could never accept the mysteries and the dogma of the Church without trying to reason them out, always coming face-to-face with the "slipperiness of reason and logic"[24] and the inner conflicts which reason cannot control. In "The Apparition" and "The Anniversarie" Donne exposes these inner conflicts by means of the "reasoned exterior" of the poem, to borrow Carey's phrase.[25] The rational structure and language of the poem serve to expose, through contrast and the juxtaposition of irreconcilable opposites and irrationalities, the basic irrationality of the concepts about which he is writing. In "The Miseries of Man," Killigrew goes to great lengths and in great detail describes the irrationality of reality confronted by dogma, and yet at the end of the poem, appeals to reason to guide and control her wayward passions. This use of enforced and exposed paradox appears and re-appears in the poems of both Donne and Killigrew.

In their writings on the Prophet's theme of vanity (and in the case of both Donne and Killigrew those examples are numerous), both poets frequently dwell on the vanities of wealth and ambition, wisdom and love. Their poems abound with references to Ecclesiastes' theme.[26] In light of the see-saw confessional and repentant poems of both, it is evident that neither ever felt free of the desire for success -- or from the needling awareness that virtue, piety, and divine doctrine forbade it. For Killigrew, as for Donne, vanity involved "not only the pettier manifestations of personal arrogance and egotism, but the shallowness of perspective that made them possible."[27] Neither poet, however, suffered

from a narrowness of scope or shallowness of perspective, or would ever have accepted such a diminution. They both possessed, to an amazing degree, an ethic of honesty which precludes that shallowness.

Chapter V

Killigrew, Donne, and Qoheleth

> The book of Ecclesiastes is a vigorous repudiation of the claim that traditional wisdom can discern the purpose of God.
> --B. Anderson[1]

Like the Prophet of Ecclesiastes, John Donne and Anne Killigrew found traditional wisdom sorely inadequate and unequal to the task of meeting their urgent attempts to achieve spiritual assurance and peace. In Ecclesiastes, there is "no warm, personal faith in God, for God was to him not the living and loving personality full of rightness and zeal . . . He was not a God with whom man could enter into intimate relation and communion. He had grown distant."[2] This feeling of abandonment pervades Donne's work like a lament, and for Killigrew, God's presence seems to have diminished to the vanishing point. In fact, upon close inspection, the similarities of concern and focus in the writing of all three become conspicuous.

"The problem of death--the most universally human experience--hangs like a dark shadow over the whole book."[3] Said of Ecclesiastes, this comment could equally have been written about the collected work of either Donne or Killigrew. Many commentators have remarked on Donne's seemingly morbid preoccupation with death. The list of his poems which are overshadowed by the spectre of death is far too long to reproduce in full, but it includes such poems as "The Apparition,"

"A Valediction forbidding mourning," "The First Anniversarie," "A Feaver," "The Legacie," "Holy Sonnet #167," and "Elegie: His Picture."

In poems like Killigrew's "The Miseries of Man," "The Discontent," and "Cloris Charmes Dissolved by Eudora," death and the corpses that have fallen victim hover ominously, threateningly, forlornly. Howard Bream has observed that "Qoheleth's thinking was an interaction between ideas current in his day and his own empirical observations and deductions. His realistic bent of mind led him to accept death as inevitable and final."[4] As has been remarked earlier, Donne and Killigrew were independent thinkers who examined everything with critical eyes and measured all doctrines against their own personal criteria of truth. They displayed a reverence for truth and reason which led them both to discard the Church's doctrines and to recognize that death was not only inevitable but likely final. For Donne and Killigrew, as well as for the Prophet, death was a major theme and consistently troubling focus. For the Prophet, however, the finality of death was not bleak. For him, death meant that the soul would join God, and the body would return to dust. There was no sense that the personality would continue, but there was no fear that the soul would perish. For John Donne, the very idea of separation or finality was petrifying. As he matured, he grappled constantly with this fear and was eventually able to accept a semblance of faith and a measure of peace. For Anne Killigrew, death was the escape from the unbearable pressures and demands of life. In "On Death" she praises death and courts it with a fervor usually reserved for lovers. Strangely, however, there

is none of the usual Christian rhetoric about resurrection or afterlife in her work. Nor do her poems reflect a sense of God's presence in her life. For Killigrew, the finality itself was reward enough. Clearly, for Donne, Killigrew, and the Prophet, death aroused different responses. But the focus on death is present to a noticeable degree in the work of all three.

"Ecclesiastes is a difficult book to present in an organized way, because it often shifts in mood and thought."[5] This is equally true of the poems of Donne and Killigrew. From the playful teasing of the love poems or the taunting bite of the Satires, to the dreadful or pitiful Holy Sonnets, Donne darts and leaps from mood to mood. Killigrew's moods are as changeable as patterns of wind-blown cloud shadows over the landscape. From the gentler satire of the pastoral dialogues, the grace of the "Two Nymphs" and the melodic "Motions of Eudora," to the crushing sorrow of "Complaint of a Lover," the vitriolic "Invective Against Gold," and even the playfully ironic "On Galla," Killigrew, too, shifts in mood and thought.

"Many of the ironic 'vanities' to which the Prophet draws attention are commercial in character [which suggests that he] is musing upon a society dominated by commerce, an acquisitive society that sees the meaning of man's life in his assertive achievement."[6] In his Satires particularly, the young and ambitious John Donne struck out at a society whose hierarchies of rich and poor, privileged and disadvantaged, tormented him in his Catholic poverty and anonymous outcast status. His savagery in some of these early poems reflects how deeply he

felt torn between the desire to be a part of that rich life, and the desire to live the pure and pious life of the ascetic."Satire I" addresses this very conflict directly. The poet asks to be left alone in the simple peace and humble contentment of his study, and then denounces it as a prison, a coffin. In the second satire, Donne's invective is directed at the proud, vain, lustful court, yet with the wistful sense that he would rather be on the inside looking out.

From her position at court, the sheltered and unworldly Anne Killigrew wrote, in "To the Queen," of decadence, wealth, and success, vilifying them. And yet the language of the poem suggests a wistful envy, a hunger for experience and love. The tone of the words used to describe the sinners in the first half of the poem is much richer, more colourful and more powerfully dramatic than that used to describe the virtuous duo in the last lines. The earlier part of the poem is filled with a vigor that is missing in the colourless and insipid final lines. Words such as "bold," "Giant," "Triumphant," which appear in the first part of the poem, contain far more power and impact than such words as "poor," "wandering," "Mourn," and "wearied" which fill the final verse of the poem. For both Donne and Killigrew, however, although they desired success and fame, the terror was always present that "vanity weighs as much as sin" in the Judgement Day scales.[7]

Ecclesiastes was written by a man looking back on a rich and active life, looking for an understanding and a reassurance of his faith. From the distance of maturity, he speaks with a measure of confidence and with the weighty tones of a sagacity acquired with age. "The young Donne had had the

restless inquiring reason of the instinctive sceptic . . . he had realized the craggy approach to truth; he had, with intellectual detachment, refused to commit himself until he had digested the whole body of controversy . . . but his mature faith, if not quite anti-intellectual fideism, was less rational and less mystical than evangelical."[8] And although he never lost the sense of unresolved struggle with his doubts and fears, Donne's later work, particularly his sermons, show an acceptance of, and a submission to, religious dogma.[9] The ultimate stance at which both the Prophet and Donne arrive is "positive acceptance, not permanent rebellion."[10] That there is a "purpose and a meaning in the world they do not doubt for a moment."[11] Maturity had given them a greater sense of confidence, a perspective, an opportunity to understand, finally, that man cannot know the mind of God and can only trust in Him, and that trust he must find in the moments of living, as he must also find proof of God's part in the world in everyday joys and satisfactions. Anne Killigrew was never able to reach that mature wisdom and reflective peace. She died when only twenty-five. Had she lived, perhaps she too would have found the answers that the Prophet and, in his own way, Donne found. Instead, she is frozen in permanent tumult, a youthful intellect captured forever in a painful, unresolved fever of rebellion and resentment.

A mask I had not meant
to wear, as if of frost,
covers my face.
Eyes looking out,
A longing silent at song's core.
--Denise Levertov.

Chapter VI

Umbra: "The Discontent"

> Yes, thou art gone: and round me
> too the night
> In ever-increasing circles weaves
> her shade.
>
> --Matthew Arnold, Thyrsis

In "The Discontent"[1] Killigrew's agony of youthful rebellion is as painfully inescapable for the reader as it was, ultimately, for the poet. It is a poem expressing the anguish like the Prophet's of "a brilliant mind haunted by its own questions."[2] And it is from this pivotal and representative poem on the theme of the vanity of man's quest for happiness, that we begin to see how far she was unique in her attitude to that popular theme.

"The Discontent" is a six-stanza poem chronicling Killigrew's impressions of mankind's struggles with vanity. At first glance, Killigrew's poem appears to stay fairly well within the conventional boundaries of the traditional poetic treatment of the subject. She lists and condemns each of the vanities, using conventional harsh words and exclamations of censure. In the sixth stanza, however, Killigrew breaks her connection with the tradition completely and her originality takes on the element of tragedy.

In stanza one, refuting in advance the expected criticisms of her metric stumbles and uneven rhythms in this poem, Killigrew explains that she has intentionally written in "rude

and unpolisht" lines of unequal feet, that the lines are difficult, "rugged" and harsh, the better, she says, to "paint th' unequal paths fond Mortals tread." This warning by the poet indicates not a lack of finesse as a writer, but rather, a confident, intelligent, and creative manipulation of her medium. The polished and subtle irony of the opening two lines of the poem should also serve to alert the reader to the fact that the poet is in full command of her art, and is not in the least unskilled or limited in what she is attempting. Killigrew admonishes her Muse to "take here no Care . . . Nor aught of Art or Labour use." Advising her Muse to just stumble carelessly along disregarding poetic art's requirements, the poet is all the while using consummate skill in doing just the opposite. She declares her intent to take no care with the writing of the poem, and yet at the same time, uses great skill to turn the careless stumbling into part of the meaning of her words. Clearly, what follows this early explanation of her style was not written by a rude, unpolished amateur. Killigrew was painfully aware of what she was trying to say, and was careful in every line of the poem to ensure that what she wrote said what she meant. The six stanzas contain a carefully constructed and clearly expressed building of tensions and passions that culminate in a stunning conclusion so finely etched and bare of superfluous words and images that it is reminiscent of the haunting image of the trembling skeleton in Donne's "A Valediction of my name, in the window."[3]

In the second half of the first stanza, Killigrew employs one of her recurrent metaphors, describing the "Fatal Voyages"

through "Perplexing Doubts" and "Inextricable Mazes" taken by all those who set out in the hope of achieving "Great Things." It is a terrible journey, leading past ominously looming mountains, to "the Brink of black Despair" where the voyagers are greeted, not by success, divine reward, or happiness, but instead by their "Ruine." With their reason shattered, senses dazzled, and cognitive powers utterly confounded, these sad travellers tumble "headlong down the horrid Precipice" and are drowned in the ocean of their own tears. It is not unreasonable, I think, to read in Killigrew's description of this voyage and the travellers who undertake it, a metaphoric description of man's existence on earth. In fact, Killigrew herself suggests that that is precisely what she intends the reader to understand when, in stanza five, she described "this Sad Journey" as "Life." Nowhere along this tortuous voyage, it must be noted, is any mention made of God or religious sanctity. The final three lines of this opening stanza echo the Christian interpretation of the Prophet's solemn "There is no new thing under the sun" which suggests that all on earth is vain and a "striving after the wind."[4] Donne said much the same thing in "On the Progresse of the Soule": "No more affords this world, foundatione / T'erect true joys..." (11. 423-4). What stands out with chilling clarity in this first stanza, however, is Killigrew's statement that man's call to reason, shrill and desperate on the brink of doom, is futile. Despite her repeated resolve in other poems to depend solely on reason to guide her, Killigrew is here admitting the utter impotence of reason to help or save anyone.

Worth noting, too, is the fact that Killigrew does not

describe man's search for happiness and "Great Things" through the vanities and pitfalls of earthly existence as misguided or correctable. She uses, assiduously and intentionally, words like "inextricable" and "fatal," "ruin" and "nought" -- utter hopelessness and negation. These are not just mistaken ventures that later wisdom and piety will put right and later virtue excuse, as in the poems of Johnson and Finch. Here, they are final, irremediable, and deadly errors. For these poor mortals, lead astray by hope and vanity, there is no hope; there will be no salvation; they will die in the flood of the ineffectual tears of their belated regret and repentance. Already, then, in the first stanza of her poem, Killigrew's connection with the tradition shows unmistakable signs of breakdown.

In the second stanza of "The Discontent," Killigrew begins by announcing that virtue is "frail" and easily betrayed. And again, there occurs a significant diversion from the tradition. For in this poem, virtue is mentioned only for its weakness, and not for its saving power -- in fact, the poet makes it abundantly clear that virtue has no power and is destined to fail. Placing virtue early in the poem as she does, Killigrew diverges further from the traditional appeal to virtue as the prescription for relief and happiness. In the poems of the other writers discussed earlier, virtue appears most often at the end of the poem and arrives, shining and triumphant, to save man from the futility of searching for happiness in vanity, which is outlined and described in the earlier part of these poems. Killigrew, instead, dismisses virtue early and outright, suggesting that if virtue is the one saving grace, and yet is weak and ineffectual, then there is no salvation

to be had.

This stanza also includes Killigrew's renunciation of wealth, or Gold. Gold, she says, no matter how plentiful, cannot save anyone from sickness of body or mind; it cannot ensure tranquility or peace. Those who seek to possess it and to warm their hearts in its glow will find that it offers none but the coldest, cruelest, false comfort. The final two lines of this stanza present the reader with one of Killigrew's characteristic and subtle twists. She names those who pay homage to gold "Wise Fools," in contrast, the implication is, with those truly benighted fools who pay homage to love. She begins, here, to establish a hierarchy of the doomed and, clearly, for the poet, the avaricious are less cursed than those who seek happiness in love.

The third stanza dismisses Grandeur as worthless in the search for happiness, for Killigrew describes him who holds "A Scepter o'er a Mighty Realm" as doomed to draw together under his protection a multitude composed of the poor, the sad, the ruined, and the mad -- a nightmare family of affliction and misery and ills. She goes on to describe the lives of the great as utterly useless or totally evil, spent and wasted under the gazing eyes of the despicable crowd. She concludes by separating the ambitious fools into a secondary hierarchy in which those who possess the least grandeur are the best -- but they too are doomed fools nonetheless.

Throughout these stanzas, the reader becomes increasingly aware that there is little feeling of kinship between the author and mankind. The language and the tone of the poem escalate in vehemence and gloom as Killigrew chants in harsh

and lonely tones the dreadful vanities of doomed mankind.

Killigrew reserves for the "Laurel'd Fool that doats on Fame" a special place in her panorama of Hell, which is what she is describing in this poem -- the hell of life. In the fourth stanza of "The Discontent" the poet examines the vanity which, for her, seems to have been the most difficult to live with. For Anne Killigrew, ambition created in her much the same sense of guilt and anguish that it created for Charlotte Bronte, who wrote:

> The strong pulse of Ambition struck
> In every vein I owned;
> At the same instant, bleeding broke
> A secret inward wound.

Killigrew writes the first three stanzas in a fairly controlled style, despite the increasingly ominous tone and dark fatalism that overshadows them. In stanza four, however, Killigrew asks no questions, expects no answers, and breaks free of the reins of objectivity. The voice of this section is a cry of dismay, of accusation, and of despair. The section begins with the word "But" which effectively sets apart what follows from all the earlier vanities, and makes it an exception. This implies that the others are to be avoided or, as seems to be the case here since the poet does not seem to believe that any of these sins can be avoided, condemned with less violence. But "the Laurel'd Fool, " "O famisht Soul," "O Wretched Labour" are to be despised beyond all else. The repeated cry "O" is a heart-rending sound breaking through what Killigrew described as her "frozen style," into a passionate outburst straight from the heart. Very few such outbursts of unmasked emotion

occur in Killigrew's work. In this instance, the fate of the laureled fool who strives for fame is especially painful to the poet for it is one of her undisguised statements about herself. Fame is the vanity against which she felt least protected, and her vulnerability is heard in the dismayed cry "O!" In Killigrew's hell-on-earth, the person who sells his soul, barters his integrity, and feeds off exhalations of the sycophantic crowd, suffers torments without end and the eternal companionship of the Evil Spirit.

Stanza five is Killigrew's lament over the insecurity and treachery of Friendship. Employing a metaphor often found in the poems of John Donne,[5] she describes as dross friends who are too often mistakenly valued as true Gold. Friendship, she declares, pretends to be "of this sad Journey, Life, the Baite" and the sweet reward for man's suffering. But Friendship is, in reality, most often spoiled by falsehood and corrupted by self-interest or, worst of all, a disinterest, a coldness, an indifference that wounds "the Loyal heart" worse than the cut of steel. The voice of disillusionment and personal anguish is strong in this stanza. All pretense to conventional treatment of the topic has now been discarded. And, after the heated outburst in stanza four, a noticeable chill takes over here. The final two lines provide, like the words of the Prophet, a "falling note, like the dropping of the 'tears of things.'"[6]

The final two lines of the fifth stanza are very suggestive clues to the author herself. She begins the stanza by speaking of friendship, but she concludes this stanza with the lament of a disenchanted lover. No two people ever love

with equal ardor, she mourns. One is always doomed to love more than the other and the outcome can only be heartbreak. The inequality in love is a frequent concern of Donne's, but here, the sudden shift from friendship to love, from a berating tone of voice, of argument and defiance, to a tone of painful resignation, is personal, agonized, and powerful in its effect on the reader. These two lines, in their simplicity and barrenness, are intense; they provide a more than appropriate transition to the final stanza of the poem.

Throughout the poem, Killigrew moves closer and closer to the "Brink of black Despair" where, beyond the help of reason or any other power, her ruin awaits her. The writer travels from the controlled and fairly objective voice of stanza one, through increasingly subjective, and, finally, in stanza five, despairing and personal, descriptions of what the reader comes to understand are what she sees as her vanities, her sins. The voice of the last half of stanza five and all of stanza six is a more subdued and sober one, drained, now, of the power to protest. Killigrew no longer asks any questions -- no answers are expected; she makes no exclamations -- protest and effort are of no use. And so she sinks wearily into the final stanza of the poem.

The final stanza of "The Discontent" expresses, essentially, a nihilistic viewpoint. While Killigrew herself believed in God, she laments wearily, here, that God does not seem to believe in her. He has abandoned her in what seems to Killigrew a godless, chaotic, tumultuous world. It is in this stanza that Killigrew's breakdown is most apparent. God is nowhere present in this poem.

In this final stanza, Killigrew is unrelenting in her despair. Unflinchingly condemning herself along with all the other sinners, she longs with a weary passivity, so different from her tone in all her other poems, for death. There is no alleviation of suffering or anguish in this poem. The most the poet seems to feel she can hope for is absolute nothingness. How awful that, in her early twenties, this young woman should already have condemned herself, should already have passed such unforgiving and violent judgement on herself that there seems no chance for amendment, no way she can salvage herself from her doom and no God who would respond to her pleas for help. In the work of all the other poets discussed, one senses that, given the chance to forego vanity for piety, virtue, and submissive faith, any soul can accept salvation and be redeemed. In each case, the poet offered a key to the inextricable mazes, a course of redemptive action that offered the possibility of a last-minute scrambling back from the edge of the precipice of doom and despair. But not in "The Discontent." For Killigrew, there will be no hope of reprieve. Torn in opposite directions by external demands and internal desires, she has become a divided, chaotic and, finally, paralyzed personality.

At first sight, what the poet hopes to escape from in this sixth stanza seems disconcertingly petty. She calls her troubles "Mundan Cares" and describes them as "What e're may wound [her] Eyes or Ears." Mundane, however, meant something quite different at the time the poem was written than it means to the modern reader. For the seventeenth century,

the word implied those things that are concerned with the world. Therefore, the chant-like list of sights and sounds from which she desires escape are not petty, but are the pressures of earthly existence. Reading the words of the Prophet can also illuminate the meaning of Killigrew's words. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing," he says (1:8). In other words, the eye and ear become dissatisfied with the endless cycles of nature, repeated over and over, in which man has no lasting place. The sun rises, travels the sky, and disappears, but returns again. Not so in the case of man, however, who rises, lives, and dies, to be seen no more. The Prophet suggests that man's contemplation of this cycle, over which he has no control and in which he seems to have no permanence, causes his soul to become weary and unsatisfied with his life. In other words, like the Prophet, Killigrew has contemplated the endlessly repeated cycles of nature and found that man is merely a temporary inhabitant in the cycle. But, unlike the Prophet, Killigrew has no firm belief in God's presence in the scheme, no sense that His wisdom is guiding it all for some unknown but trusted reason.

In the sixth stanza, in which Killigrew yearns for an isolation from life, a cave or space to which she can retreat from the vices and terrors of life, her skill as a poet is most evident. Without the use of any descriptive passages to paint this longed-for landscape, she uses words like "aire" and "fly" and the idea of earth untouched and not contaminated or marred by human beings to suggest an atmosphere, empty and barren, airy and uncomplicated, where nothing

exists but just that which will sustain life. She desires to forget the past, the present, and the demands and expectations of the future, to lay down the triple burden and renounce life.

By the time she has reached this stanza, Killigrew has acknowledged defeat. After the emotional turmoil expressed in the first five stanzas of this poem, she has reached the breaking point. She has arrived at a polar privacy, an utter desolation, a point in her life at which, beset by fear, longing, and despair, driven to a frenzy of panic and dissociation from reality, she succumbs to utter emotional and spiritual apathy. The long struggle against her own nature, trying to meet the impossibly contradictory standards set for her by the Church, her father, and her own desires, is at an end. In this part of the poem, we hear the weary and hopeless voice of a woman who has, thus far in her life, felt torn asunder and pushed to the brink of despair. Beset by fears and heartbreaks and the loaded expectations of the important people and moments of her life, without God, she now finds herself pushed, irritated, and terrified by the sense of her own mortality and the finality of death. She asks, now, for nothing more of life than oblivion in isolation. She no longer hopes for love, fame, happiness, purity, or even salvation. She cannot find God in her life, either through reasoned and rational investigation or blind faith. She asks for untrodden earth and uncontaminated air, a place uninhabited by others. Nothing more. As she can see no way for the intolerable pressures to stop, she must stop. The world will not stop tempting her; the Church will not stop demanding a perfection

and a faith she cannot attain; her own nature will not stop tormenting her with desires. She admits defeat, asking only for stuporous isolation from it all. And, finally, we discover to our horror that she has relinquished all hope for and belief in a life after death. Her God, from whom she so long sought reassurance and help in some of her other poems, has completely disappeared from her horizon. She admits that she expects to be as insensate, stuporous, annihilated when she dies, as she hopes to be for what is left of her life. She has given up all hope.

> There is a pain so utter --
> It swallows substance up --
> -- Emily Dickinson

And now we must look at "The Discontent" not, as before, for the feelings it expresses about vanity, but for the amazing number of echoes and reverberations from other poems in Killigrew's book which, in this poem, have become compressed and pulled together in one dreadful outpouring of anguish. These echoes send the reader back and forth throughout the book from poem to poem, image to image. These repeated images refute the disclaimer inserted by her father regarding the authorship of the final three poems in the book, for "The Discontent" contains shards and shadows from those poems as well that make Killigrew's authorship of them virtually certain.

So, now to listen to the intricate melody of echoes:

First, lines 3 to 6 mention the "rugged measures" in "The Discontent" which the poet remarks on pointedly, announcing that they reflect man's stumbling journey through life. As well, it must be noted that there are, throughout the book, instances of this same style, these same metric stumbles and

uneven rhythms used by the poet to keep the reader alert, jarring him out of a lulled half-attention which is too often the result of a more predictable rhythmic flow.[7]

The last half of stanza one of this poem vividly recalls the despair and frustration expressed in "On Death." In that poem, Killigrew is not trying to overcome her fear of death by reasoning away its power. Instead, she is praising death as not only inevitable and guaranteed, but as the best and most rewarding event in one's life. She uses words like "relief" and "gentle drier of . . . tears," "safe," and "sweet" to describe death. Death is the saviour that will open the door of escape from the hell of life's temptations and fears. And here we find one of the characteristics of her work -- an ironic and strange reversal of religious philosophy. Christ the Saviour is here being equated with Death the Saviour. In "On Death" Killigrew writes: "Ah since from thee so many Blessings flow, / Such real good as Life can never know" -- which sounds very like a line from a hymn written in 1709 in which God is praised: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." In "The Discontent" the same feeling is expressed when the poet writes: "There's nought that the World can show / Nought that it can bestow."

If we compare this poem with, for example, Anne Finch's poem "To Death" (p.270), the degree to which Killigrew's entire poetic career was unconventional becomes obvious. Finch describes death as a killer -- as indeed it is. She is reconciling herself to the inevitability of death and attempting to reduce death to a common-sense business to allay her fears. This attitude toward death was common in poetry of the time,

and quite unlike Killigrew's almost seductive hymn to death.

This first stanza of "The Discontent" also recalls another of Killigrew's poems. In "The Discontent," the "Brink of black Despair" and the "horrid Precipice" are very similar to "the craggy Rock, / Whose head o'er-looks the swelling Main" in "The Complaint of a Lover" (p.19). Both images are of a foreboding and brooding hill ominously overshadowing the landscape, and both are used by the poet to suggest to the reader the sense of danger and dismay and darkness felt by the poet herself. The fruitless cry to reason heard here in this section of "The Discontent" reflects the same sense of abandonment and chaos as is spoken of in "The Miseries of Man" in such statements as "unmanag'd Passions which the Reins have broke, / Of Reason" (p. 40). And, in "An Invective Against Gold," Killigrew describes the same type of vain and fatal voyages undertaken by seekers of fortune that she describes in "The Discontent." As is becoming apparent, Killigrew's concern with the vanities was not merely a traditional poetic exercise of a popular topic as it was for so many of the other poets of her time. For Killigrew, it was a constant and grave concern about which she wrote many times.

The "restless grief" of the second stanza of "The Discontent" echoes the distress of the lover in "The Complaint of a Lover," who cries, "Sleep, which to others Ease does prove,/ Comes unto me, alas, in vain" (p. 21), and again in "The Miseries of Man" in which man, led astray by the temptations of life, "rolls from side to side, in vain seeks Rest" (p. 41). "The Miseries of Man" is re-echoed in the startling similarity of the lines "Ridiculous Evil . . . does laughter cause where

it should Pity move" (p. 35) and "But what may Laughter more than Pity move," in "The Discontent." The five lines following this parallel the thought expressed thus in "The Miseries of Man":

> ....if he obtains the Prey,
> And Fate to his impetuous Sute gives way,
> Be he or Rich, or Amorous, or Great,
> He'll find this Riddle still of a Defeat,
> That only Care, for Bliss, he home has brought,
> Or else Contempt of what he so much sought. (p. 41)

In both cases, the reader is led to understand the empty futility of grasping after earthly prizes in the hope of finding happiness.

In stanza three of "The Discontent" there is a line whose mood and rhythm are found very closely echoed in "Cloris Charmes Dissolved by Eudora": "The Ruin'd, Malcontent and Mad" hammers at the reader just like "The robb'd, the Wrack'd or Lost" in "Cloris Charmes."

The cry of "O!" is used in "The Discontent" in much the same way that the poet uses "Ah" in "The Complaint of a Lover" as sighing plea and as "O" is used in "The Miseries of Man" expressly as a cry: "Yet I would . . . / Crie, Here O strike! and there O hold thy hand!" (p.34).

The whole of stanza four sends the reader back to "Upon the saying that my Verses were made by another," both of which show us Killigrew's attempts to come to terms with her artistic ambitions and uncertainties. In "The Discontent," however, she is raging not against the intolerable injustice of having her efforts stolen, her poetic talents credited to another by the charge of plagiarism as in "Upon the saying that my Verses...,"

but against herself for desiring fame. In this stanza, too, "Too long with Aiery Diet fed" from the poem "A Farewell to Worldly Joys" (p. 18) is recalled in "O famisht soul which such Thin Food can feed." And the sense of the impoverished and unsatisfying nourishment to be found in a diet of earthly substance is clear.

The fifth stanza is a reiteration of the lament heard in "The Complaint of a Lover," but this time distanced from the moment and the immediacy of the heartbreak. The deceptive nature of friendship echoes the sentiment expressed in "The Complaint . . ." that love is treacherous, not to be trusted, and garbed in pleasing shape and guise to entrap the unwary (p. 20). There is, too, in "The Discontent," the coldness "worse than Steel" that wounds the faithful heart which is reflected in the chill of atmosphere in "The Complaint..." and the sense of unequal ardor in love which appears in both.

The troubling sixth stanza of "The Discontent" not only shows the completeness of Killigrew's break with the traditional treatment of the Ecclesiastes theme, but it also stands alone in her own work, empty of any reflection of her other poems. There are no echoes, no familiar phrases or rhythms. The stanza stands utterly alone and alienated from the rest of her work just as the poet herself stood harsh and alone, alienated from the poetic tradition in which she longed to find a place and, more tragically, from herself and from all of mankind.

Chapter VII

"Schism in the Soul"[1]

> What is hell? Hell is oneself,
> Hell is alone, the other figures in it
> Merely projections.
> --T. S. Eliot

More than any of the other poets discussed here, Anne Killigrew defied the spirit of the Christian interpretation of the Prophet of Ecclesiastes. In her words one hears more clearly than anywhere else what Albert Camus has called the "hopeless encounter between human questioning and the silence of the universe,"[2] and hears, too, the tragic outcome of that futile effort. In Killigrew's life, the combined forces of ideological dichotomies stunned and disabled her.

Maturity or personal resources enabled the other poets discussed here to find a compromise between the dichotomies to which they, too, were subjected. For Anne Killigrew, there would be no comfortable compromise.

Ecclesiastes has been called the precursor to modern existentialism. Existentialism is described as a philosophy of life in which only the observable and testable can be considered acceptable, believable, real.[3] Christian existentialism involves a belief in God but also a need for verification of God's role in man's life. In this light, Donne, Killigrew, and the Prophet would, indeed, all seem to be existentialists. All three of them refused to go beyond the testimony of their own experience and rationality and were

thus compelled to search beyond the conventional religious ideas and solutions of their times for proof of God's presence and role in their lives. They challenged accepted doctrines with regard to the purpose and duties of life and the meaning of human suffering, not by juxtaposing theories of their own to those of Jewish or Christian orthodoxy, but by confronting these doctrines with the incomprehensibility of their own experience. The Prophet was imbued with the Jewish philosophy that accepts man's rewards as part of earthly life, seeks no rewards after death, deals with reality in all its complications and mysteries; the incomprehensibility of his experience led him to conclude that only the divine God can discern the divine plan. For John Donne, the appointment to St. Paul's provided a balm to his fevered search for God, and a safe haven in which he could abandon his search for divine intention and plan and accept, to some degree, that only God can know divine plans. The incomprehensibility of his experience could be disregarded enough to make life bearable. For Anne Killigrew, however, the agony found no relief. She felt that God had abandoned her and she could find nothing to take His place and explain to her the meaning of her life. The writing of all three indicates, however, that they did see themselves as surrounded by the arbitrary and seemingly abandoned tumult of humankind's existence, "hedged around and bound in everywhere by necessity."[4]

And yet, there remains a crucial difference, a distinguishing feature in the poems of Anne Killigrew-- and particularly in "The Discontent" -- that separates her from not only the other poets discussed here, but also from Donne and the Prophet.

The Prophet believed that God's guiding wisdom was present in his life. The meaning of existence and man's relationship to God may be forever beyond his ken but he never doubted that such meaning exists. "No other writer puts more emphasis on the sovereignty of God."[5] Certainly, belief in God's existence was a necessity for Qoheleth -- a Hebrew living in a Jewish society for whom God's gifts of joy and time provide not only the source of happiness for mankind but also the proof of His existence. And in the Christian interpretation of Ecclesiastes, God's presence, mysterious, veiled, distant though it may be, is not questioned. Donne searched for God and feared that he would not find Him or understand Him. But he never doubted Him. Indeed, it was his firm belief in God's existence, and the impossibility of conversing with Him, that Donne found so frustrating and compelling. For Donne, and the other poets discussed here, God's presence and rule, unfathomable though they may be, are certain. And this fact saves them and their poems from utter despair and bleak isolation. These poets did not experience a feeling of alienation from mankind.[6] They lack the existentialist's feelings of true disgust and dread and despair. Rather than succumbing to existentialism, they find a sense of reverence for life, a kinship with humankind, and they strive to attain peace and happiness by discovering imitations of God's will in calls to piety and surrender before the mysteries of life.

In the work of all the other poets discussed, including Ecclesiastes, there is a way to find happiness. In Anne Killigrew's poem "The Discontent," there is no way to be happy this side of the grave. And there is no suggestion of happi-

ness after death. Also present in the work of other poets is the recognition that distinctions must be made between good and evil, wisdom and folly. In this last stanza of Killigrew's poem, there are no such distinctions made or required--her hierarchy of the lost and doomed merely serves as a poetic emphasis of personal opinion in which Killigrew sets out the sinners in a spectrum from bad to worst. And, finally, present in the work of other poets discussed is the acceptance of the fact that whether or not man can grasp or understand it, life is directed by God's plan; these poets also suggest that the key to obeying God's will lies in virtuous behavior. This acceptance is absent from "The Discontent." Again, Killigrew's subtlety and skill provide the reader with a sense of the barrenness and emptiness she felt, for she makes God conspicuous in His absence.

This absolute, barren despair is, finally, what makes Killigrew so different and apparently unique in the poetic tradition concerning Ecclesiastes. For, in the end, each of the other poets found a prescription for happiness; each was able to hang on to faith in God despite all the frustration in the search for happiness and for God's will; each suggests that if only the correct prescription be followed, mankind can expect to earn God's approval in heaven, and some measure of happiness on earth. Killigrew, alone, could find no comfort in blind faith, humble supplication, or piety. Killigrew -- not Qoheleth -- is the lone existentialist in the group.

Chapter VIII
Cassandra's Fate

> The limits of thought are not so much set from outside ... as from within, by the power of conception, the wealth of formulative notions with which the mind meets experience.
>
> -- Suzanne Langer.[2]

Anne Killigrew's poem "The Discontent" is a skillfully executed and shatteringly sad record of the culmination of the poet's attempts to live a life of purity and spiritual perfection, unsullied by earthly passions or vanities. Despite the disputable order of the poems in her book, the content, style, and tone of this poem argue strongly for its being recognized as a pivotal and, in some sense, final work. Aside from the controversial final three poems in Poems 1686, "The Discontent" represents almost a précis of the rest of the poems in the book in its determined focus on the vanities, and the conflicts arising from them, which plagued Killigrew throughout her life. The problem for modern scholars writing about Killigrew and her work is to resist the temptation to decide what her poems must say, and instead to permit her work to speak for itself and for her. The poem "The Discontent" sings her lament.

Killigrew's thoughts were not "set from outside," but the external atmosphere and expectations she was subjected to profoundly influenced her ability to deal with the experiences life offered her. Too often dismissed as a juvenile poetess of limited skill and scope, Killigrew's work reflects, instead,

an understanding of, and considerable ability with, poetic techniques, and a broadness and depth of scope, an honesty and a tenacious courage unusual in one of her limited years and experience.

What could she possibly have done in her short life to have merited the hopeless fate to which she seems to condemn herself in the final passages of "The Discontent"? It was likely nothing more than what her poems tell us she felt were her greatest sins -- her desires for love, fame, and recognition. To one as schooled in the doctrines of female purity and submissiveness as she was, whose passionate and talented nature would not allow her to submit to such a limiting of herself, it would be enough. The dreadful tension created by that dualism could not be withstood indefinitely and, for Anne Killigrew, the defeat came early in her life.

But these views are only surmises. We can never know beyond a doubt the events and specific facts of Killigrew's life for no one but she herself found them to be worth recording. And so, one of the most powerful and fascinating poets of the seventeenth century has become lost in time. For women, in particular, this loss of a creative talent that was part of our heritage is doubly disturbing.

"Among the less tangible hazards that beset our civilization today is the danger that we may find parts of our cultural heritage inaccessible to us."[2] If it were not for her small book of poems, Killigrew would be entirely lost to us. A woman of such courage and talent cannot be allowed to fade forever from our heritage and therefore, a conscientious biographical analysis of her work is both valuable and necessary.

As scholars, "what we have to do is to be forever curiously testing new opinions and courting new impressions."[3] In other words, like Donne, like Killigrew herself, we must be willing,

sometimes, to step beyond the boundaries of conventional and orthodox analysis; we must have the audacity to stretch beyond the safely documented, and reach for the hidden truths; we must approach each poem with a freshness and a courageous open-mindedness that allows us to hear the whispers as well as the shouts. "In any team approach [such as scholastic exercises in literary analysis], each member must surrender the idea that he possesses a monopoly on truth."[4] As adventurers and explorers travelling through the recorded inner landscapes of other human beings, we must dare to have the valor of a Killigrew or a Donne in order to describe our discoveries. Often this cannot be done satisfactorily, or honestly, without stepping beyond safe, recognized, already-charted ground. Killigrew responded to the moments of her life with an emotional intensity and daring bluntness and so we must respond to the challenge of retrieving her and her work from silent oblivion. For it would be unthinkably tragic to allow her final wish in "The Discontent" to be the actual fate of her and her poetry. Neither deserves such a fate.

If a poet's greatness lies not only in mastery of techniques or volume of work produced, but in scope and daring of vision, and courage to explore beyond and within and record honestly the discoveries made, then Anne Killigrew's work contains the promise of greatness, for she saw terrors and truths and wrote of them without attempting to tame them or disguise them or avoid them. Like the young John Donne, she responded to her impressions with youthful idealism's repugnance to vanity and falsehood. She courageously struggled to find a balance between her humanness and her spiritual longing for perfection. And she wrote with conviction, skill, and power about the best and the worst of

her life.

... this heart, I know,
To be long lov'd was never fram'd;
But something in its depths doth glow
Too strange, too restless, too untamed.

-- Matthew Arnold

And a suspicion, like a Finger
Touches my Forehead now and then
That I am looking oppositely
For the site of the Kingdom of Heaven --
--Emily Dickinson

APPENDIX

The Discontent.

I

Here take no Care, take here no Care, my Muse,
Nor ought of Art or Labour use:
But let thy Lines rude and unpolisht go,
Nor Equal be their Feet, nor num'rous let them flow.
The Ruggeder my Measures run when read,
They'l livelier paint th'unequal Paths fond Mortals tread.
Who when th'are tempted by the smooth Ascents,
Which flatt'ring Hope presents,
Briskly they clime, and Great Things undertake;
But Fatal Voyages, alas, they make:
For 'tis not long before their Feet,
Inextricable Mazes meet,
Perplexing Doubts obstruct their Way,
Mountains with-stand them of Dismay;
Or to the Brink of black Despair them lead,
Where's nought their Ruine to impede.
In vain for Aide they then to Reason call,
Their Senses dazle, and their Heads turn round,
The sight does all their Pow'rs confound,
And headlong down thehorrid Precipice they fall:
Where storms of Sighs for ever blow,
Where rapid streams of Tears do flow,
Which drown them in a Briny Floud.
My Muse pronounce aloud, there's nothing Good,

Nought that the World can show,
Nought that it can bestow.

II

Not boundless Heaps of its admired Clay,
Ah, too successful to betray,
When spread in our frail Vertues way:
For few do run with so Resolv'd a Pace,
That for the Golden Apple will not loose the Race.
And yet not all the Gold the Vain would spend,
Or greedy Avarice wish to save;
Which on the Earth refulgent Beams doth send,
Or in the Sea has found a Grave,
Joyn'd in one Mass, can Bribe sufficient be,
The body from a stern Disease to free,
Or purchase for the Minds relief
One Moments sweet Repose, when restless made by grief,
But what may Laughter, more than Pity, move:
When some the Price of what they Dear'st Love
Are Masters of, and hold it in their Hand,
To part with it their Hearts they can't command:
But chose to miss, what miss't does them torment,
And that to hug, affords them no Content.
Wise Fools, to do them Right, we these must hold,
Who Love depose, and Homage pay to Gold.

III

Nor yet, if rightly understood,
Does Grandeur carry more of Good;
To be o'th'Number of the Great enroll'd,

A Scepter o're a Mighty Realm to hold.
For what is this?
If I not judge amiss.
But all th'Afflicted of a Land to take,
And of one single Family to make?
The Wrong'd, the Poor, th'Opprest, the Sad,
The Ruin'd, Malcontent, and Mad?
Which a great Part of ev'ry Empire frame,
And Interest in the common Father claime.
Again what is't, but always to abide
A Gazing Crowd? upon a Stage to spend
A Life that's vain, or Evil without End?
And which is yet nor safely held, nor laid aside?
And then, if lesser Titles carry less of Care,
Yet none but Fools ambitious are to share
Such Mock-Good, of which 'tis said, 'tis Best,
When of the least of it Men are possest.

IV

But, O, the Laurel'd Fool! that doats on Fame,
Whose Hope's Applause, whose Fear's to want a Name;
Who can accept for Pay
Of what he does, what others say;
Exposes now to hostile Arms his Breast,
To toylsome Study then betrays his Rest;
Now to his Soul denies a just Content,
Then forces on it what it does resent;
And all for Praise of Fools: for such are those,
Which most of the Admiring Crowd compose.
O famisht Soul, which such Thin Food can feed!

O Wretched Labour crown'd with such a Meed!
Too loud, O Fame! thy Trumpet is, too shrill,
To lull a Mind to Rest,
Or calme a stormy Breast,
Which asks a Musick soft and still.
'Twas not Amaleck's vanquisht Cry,
Nor Israels shout of Victory,
That could in Saul the rising Passion lay,
'Twas the soft strains of David's Lyre the Evil Spirit chace't away.

V

But Friendship fain would yet it self defend,
And Mighty Things it does pretend,
To be of this Sad Journey, Life, the Baite,
The sweet Reflection of our toylsome State.
But though True Friendship a Rich Cordial be,
Alas, by most 'tis so alay'd,
Its Good so mixt with Ill we see,
That Dross for Gold is often paid.
And for one Grain of Friendship that is found,
Falsehood and Interest do the Mass compound,
Or coldness, worse than Steel, the Loyal heart doth wound.
Love in no Two was ever yet the same,
No Happy Two ere felt an Equal Flame.

VI

Is there that Earth by Humane Foot ne're prest?
That Aire which never yet by Humane Breast
Respir'd, did Life supply?
Oh, thither let me fly!

Where from the World at such a distance set,
All that's past, present, and to come I may forget:
The Lovers Sighs, and the Afflicteds Tears,
What e're may wound my Eyes or Ears.
The grating Noise of Private Jars,
The horrid sound of Publick Wars,
Of babling Fame the Idle Stories,
The short-liv'd Triumphs Noysy-Glories,
The Curious Nets the subtile weave,
The Word, the Look that may deceive.
No Mundan Care shall more affect my Breast,
My profound Peace shake or molest:
But Stupor, like to Death, my Senses bind,
That so I may anticipate that Rest,
Which only in my Grave I hope to find.

Notes

Chapter I

[1] Qoheleth (or Koheleth) is the Hebrew name; Ecclesiastes is the Greek name; the Prophet, or the Preacher, is the modern name of the writer of the Biblical text.

[2] Howard M. Bream, "Life Without Resurrection: Two Perspectives From Qoheleth," in A Light Unto My Path: Old Testament Studies in Honor of Jacob M. Myers, ed. H. N. N. Bream, R. D. Heim, C. A. Moore (Philadelphia: Temple Univ. Press, 1974), p. 52.

[3] C. G. Montefiore and H.A. Loewe, A Rabbinic Anthology (New York: Shocken Books, 1974), p. 667.

[4] The Interpreter's Bible (New York: Abingdon Press, 1956), V, 4.

[5] H.W. Hertzberg, quoted in R.L. Short, A Time to Be Born -- A Time To Die (New York: Harper and Row, 1973), p. 89.

[6] Kenneth R. R. Gros Louis, Literary Interpretations of Biblical Narratives (Nashville: Abingdon Press, 1978), p. 267. See also Paul Tillich, "The Right Time," in Perspectives on Old Testament Literature, ed. Woodrow Ohlsen (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978), pp. 382-3.

[7] The King James Bible, Ecclesiastes 2:24-26, 3:12-13, 3:22, 5:17-19, 9:7-10, 10:19, 11:7-10. This translation is used throughout.

[8] Gros Louis, p. 281.

[9] Edwin M. Goode, Irony in the Old Testament (London: S.P.C.K. Holy Trinity Church, 1956), p. 180.

[10] Ibid., p. 90.

[11] Ibid., p. 193.

[12] E.g., R. B. Scott, The Way of Wisdom (New York: Macmillan, 1971), p. 180.

[13] Robert Gordis, "Koheleth and Modern Existentialism" in Perspectives on Old Testament Literature, p. 383.

Chapter II

[1] Julius A. Bewer, The Literature of the Old Testament (London: Longman, 1975), p. 359.

[2] Douglas Bush, English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1962), p. 335.

[3] A. S. P. Woodhouse, The Poet and His Faith: Religion and Poetry in England from Spenser to Eliot and Auden (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1965), p. 40.

[4] Malcolm Mackenzie Ross, Poetry and Dogma (New York: Octagon Books, 1969), p. 4.

[5] Ibid.

[6] Interpreter's Bible, V, 17.

[7] Joseph Hall, A plaine and familiar explication (by way of paraphrase) of all the Hard texts of the whole divine scripture of the Old and New Testaments (London: Butter at the signe of the Pyde Bull at St. Austins Gate, 1633).

[8] Interpreter's Bible, V, 26.

[9] Poetry and Selected Prose of Henry Vaughan, ed. L.C. Martin (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1963), Juvenal's Tenth Satyre Translated, p. 33, 11. 526-528.

[10] This translation of Juvenal is rich in action, drama, and vitality, emphasis, and colour, in the first 525 lines. Filled with laughter (1.52), sparkle (1.44), trumpets (1.66), marches, pomp, and splendor and all the rich pageantry of life, most of the poem vibrates and resonates with vitality and a sense of excitement. The final twenty-five lines, however, fade into a dusty, subdued hush, seem to step out of the parade and crouch meekly in a dim corridor. Using words that seem steeped in caution and circumspection, words like "sad" and "pray" and "locke and key," Vaughan seems to move from describing a lifestream in which he is a participant, to contemplation of abstracts. And the poem diminishes in power.

[11] D. E. Smith and Edward McAdam, eds., The Poems of Samuel Johnson (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968), p. 26, commenting on Dryden.

[12] The Poetical Works of John Dryden, ed. George R. Noyes (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1909), "The Tenth Satire of Juvenal," pp. 20-33, 11. 536-538.

[13] Filled with colorful action and imagery, in such words as "lung'd bellows hissing fire" (1.92), "chariots" rolling and racing (1.65), "redcoats" (1.32), trumpets and triumphs (1.80), victorious battles, laughter (11. 44-5, 79), turbulence, rage, danger, and a rich feast for all the senses, Dryden's translation of Juvenal is a lively dash headlong and vibrant, with a rush and clamour of excitement, life, and action, until line 532 and then the same dull and sober hush seems to fall over the poem that besets Vaughan's translation. Again, the poet seems to step out of the action and into a contemplative and

comparatively insipid mood and the poem's vitality and power fade with this shift in focus.

[14] Poems by John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, ed. Vivian de Sola Pinto (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1964), pp. 126-127.

[15] Earl Miner, The Restoration Mode from Milton to Dryden (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1974), p. 371.

[16] Poems of Anne Countess of Winchilsea, ed. Myra Reynolds (Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1903), p. 247, 11. 293-94.

[17] Montagu Pennington, Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter with a New Edition of her Poems . . . (London: Rivington, 1808), II, 19-21.

[18] Original Poems on Several Occasions (London and Dublin: Dodsley and Sheppard, 1764), pp. 63-65.

[19] F. R. Leavis, The Common Pursuit (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1952), p. 118.

[20] Charles E. Pierce, Jr., "The Conflict of Faith and Fear in Johnson's Moral writing," Eighteenth Century Studies, 15 (1982), 319.

[21] Smith and McAdam, p. 47, 11. 352-53.

[22] Pierce, p. 320.

[23] Interpreter's Bible, V, 76.

[24] Ibid., p. 53.

Chapter III

[1] Clarence L. Branhard, ed., The New Century Cyclopedia of Names (New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1954).

[2] Reynolds, p. xxiii.

[3] Bush, p. 310.

[4] Miss Strickland, quoted in Reynolds, pp. xxiii-xxiv.

[5] Reynolds, p. xxiii.

[6] Ibid., p. cxi.

[7] Ibid., p. xxiii.

[8] Quoted in The Norton Anthology, I, 1724.

Chapter IV

[1] Arthur Marotti, "Donne and 'The Extasie,'" in The Rhetoric of Renaissance Poetry from Wyatt to Milton, Thomas O. Sloan and Raymond B. Waddington, eds. (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1974), p. 164.

[2] Ibid., p. 144.

[3] Quoted in John Carey, John Donne: Life, Mind and Art (London: Faber and Faber, 1981), p. 10.

[4] Ibid., p. 99.

[5] Interpreter's Bible, V, 29.

[6] Woodhouse, pp. 66-7.

[7] Ibid., p. 2.

[8] Carey, pp. 70, 170.

[9] Anne Killigrew, Poems 1686, intro. Richard Morton (Gainsville, Florida: Scholars' Facsimiles and Reprints, 1967), p. 11.

[10] Woodhouse, p. 59.

[11] Ibid., p. 58.

[12] Carey, p. 258.

[13] Donne's Satires and almost all of the Elegies were written between 1597 and 1601. Johnson wrote an earlier poem for The Gentleman's Magazine, dealing with the vanity of wisdom and study entitled "The Young Author" (see Smith and McAdam, p. 25). Mary Whateley was no more than 27.

[14] Bush, p. 318.

[15] Carey, p. 63.

[16] Ibid., p. 63.

[17] Ibid., p. 70.

[18] Ibid., p. 44.

[19] Quoted in Carey, p. 13.

[20] The Complete Poems of John Donne, ed. John T. Shawcross (New York: Anchor Books, 1967) p. 25, 11. 79-80. All references are to this edition.

[21] Anne Killigrew, Poems 1686, p. 89.

[22] P. 99, 11. 10-11.

[23] Shawcross, p. 236.

[24] Ibid., p. 237.

[25] Carey, p. 253.

[26] Donne's "Satire I" debates the merits of study and learning; "Satire III" is a savage attack on all the important religions of the day; "Satire IV" attacks the grandeur and hypocrisy of the court; "Elegy: The Bracelet" concludes that money

is more influential than good virtues, abilities, or power.

Killigrew's "Invective Against Gold" denounces the vanity of wealth and greed; "The Miseries of Man" discusses all the vanities of Qoheleth; "A Farewell to Worldly Joys" again discusses the vanities and offers Reason as the only protection against the Circe-song of worldly joys.

[27]Richard Foster Jones, The Seventeenth Century: Studies in the History of English Thought and Literature from Bacon to Pope (London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1951), p. 364.

Chapter V

[1] Bernhard W. Anderson, The Living World of the Old Testament (London: Longman, 1975), p. 547.

[2] Bewer, p. 348.

[3] Bream, p. 53.

[4] Anderson, p. 545.

[5] Woodrow Ohlsen, Perspectives on Old Testament Literature (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978), p. 365.

[6] Goode, p. 183.

[7] "To Mr. Rowland Woodward," p. 197, l. 12. See Killigrew, "The Miseries of Man," pp. 41-2.

[8] Bush, p. 325.

[9] Carey, p. 61.

[10] Ohlsen, p. 385.

[11] Ibid.

Chapter VI

[1] See Appendix for the text of the poem.

[2] Interpreter's Bible, V, 38.

[3] See especially 11. 23-4, 44.

[4] Interpreter's Bible, V, 32.

[5] See "On the Progresse of the Soule," p. 303, 11.423-4.

[6] Interpreter's Bible, V, 31.

[7] Some of Killigrew's other poems containing the characteristic metric stumbles include "On Death" (p. 14), "First Epigram. On Being Contented with a Little" (p.15), "Complaint of a Lover" (p.20), "An Invective Against Gold" (p. 30), and "The Miseries of Man" (p. 35).

Chapter VII

[1] Arnold J. Toynbee, "Schism in the Soul," in Civilization on Trial (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1948), pp. 253-263.

[2] Quoted in Short, A Time To Be Born -- A Time to Die, p. 80.

[3] O.E.D.

[4] Interpreter's Bible, V, 43.

[5] Anderson, p. 547.

[6] See Carey, p. 259.

Chapter VIII

[1] Suzanne Langer, Philosophy in a New Key (New York: Mentor Books, 1951), p. 19.

[2] Woodhouse, p. 1.

[3] Gros Louis, p. 268.

[4] Rose, p. 174.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Sources:

Donne, John. The Complete Poems of John Donne. Ed. John T. Shawcross. New York: Anchor Books, 1967.

Dryden, John. The Poetical Works of John Dryden. Ed. George R. Noyes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1909.

Finch, Anne. Poems of Anne Countess of Winchilsea. Ed. Myra Reynolds. Chicago: Univ. of Chicago Press, 1903.

Johnson, Samuel. The Poems of Samuel Johnson. Ed. D. E. Smith and Edward McAdam. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1968.

Killigrew, Anne. Poems 1686. Intro. Richard Morton. Gainsville, Florida: Scholars' Facsimiles & Reprints, 1967.

Pennington, Montagu. Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter with a new Edition of her Poems ... II. London: Rivington, 1808.

Rochester. Poems of John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. Ed. Vivian de Sola Pinto. London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1964.

Vaughan, Henry. Poetry and Selected Prose of Henry Vaughan. Ed. L.C. Martin. London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1963.

Whateley, Mary. Original Poems on Several Occasions. London and Dublin: Dodsley and Sheppard, 1764.

Secondary Sources:

Anderson, Bernhard W. The Living World of the Old Testament, New York and London: Columbia Univ. Press, 1975.

Barnhard, Clarence L., ed. The New Century Cyclopedia of Names. Vol II. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, 1954.

Beebe, Keith. The Old Testament. Belmont, Calif.: Dickinson 1970.

Berkinow, Louise, Among Women. New York: Harper and Row, 1980.

Bewer, Julius A. The Literature of the Old Testament. New York and London: Columbia Univ. Press, 1962.

Bream, Howard M. "Life without Resurrection: Two Perspectives from Qoheleth." A Light Unto My Path: Old Testament Studies in Honor of Jacob M. Myers. Ed. H. N. N. Bream, R. D. Heim, C. A. Moore, Philadelphia: Temple Univ. Press, 1974.

Bredvold, Louis I. The Intellectual Milieu of John Dryden: Studies in Some Aspects of Seventeenth Century Thought. Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press, 1966.

Bush, Douglas. English Literature in the Earlier Seventeenth Century. New York and Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1962.

Carey, John. John Donne: Life, Mind and Art. London: Faber and Faber, 1980.

Daly, Mary. Beyond God the Father. Boston: Beacon, 1974.

Dickinson, Emily. Final Harvest. Boston: Little, Brown, 1961.

Goode, Edwin M. Irony in the Old Testament. London: S.P.C.K. Holy Trinity Church, 1965.

Green, Donald. The Age of Exuberance: Backgrounds to Eighteenth-Century Literature. New York: Random House, 1970.

Grierson, Herbert R. C. Cross-Currents in Seventeenth-Century Literature. Gloucester, Mass.: Peter Smith, 1965.

Gros Louis, Kenneth R. R. Literary Interpretations of Biblical Narratives. Nashville: Abingdon, 1978.

Hall, Joseph. A plaine and familiar explication (by way of paraphrase) of all the Hard texts of the whole divine scripture of the Old and New Testaments. London: Butter at the signe of the Pyde Bull at St. Austins Gate, 1633.

Henry, Matthew. Exposition of Old and New Testaments. York: L. Pennington and T. Scollick, 1786.

Interpreter's Bible, The. Volume V. New York: Abington Press, 1956.

Johnson, Samuel. Samuel Johnson: Rasselas, Poems, and Selected Prose. Ed. Bertrand H. Bronson. Toronto: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1958.

Jones, Richard Foster. The Seventeenth Century: Studies in the History of English Thought from Bacon to Pope. London: Oxford Univ. Press, 1951.

Langer, Suzanne. Philosophy in a New Key. New York: Mentor, 1951.

Leavis, F. R. The Common Pursuit. New York: New York Univ. Press, 1952.

Love, Harold, ed. The Penguin Book of Restoration Verse. Harmondsworth, Middlesex: Penguin, 1973.

Miner, Earl. The Restoration Mode from Milton to Dryden. Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1974.

Montefiore, C. G. and H. Lowe, A Rabbinic Anthology. New York: Shocken Books, 1974.

Ohlsen, Woodrow. Perspectives on Old Testament Literature. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978.

Palmer, Tony. Charles II: Portrait of an Age. London: Cassell, 1979.

Pierce, Charles E., Jr. "The Conflict of Faith and Fear in Johnson's Moral Writing." Eighteenth Century Studies, 15 (1982), 317-338.

Rich, Adrienne. On Lies, Secrets and Silence. New York: Norton, 1979.

Rose, Albert, ed. A People and Its Faith. Toronto: Univ. of Toronto Press, 1959.

Ross, Malcolm Mackenzie. Poetry and Dogma. New York: Octagon Books, 1969.

Sloan, Thomas O. and Raymond B. Waddington, eds. The Rhetoric of Renaissance Poetry, from Wyatt to Milton. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1974.

Short, Robert L. A Time to Be Born -- A Time to Die. New York: Harper and Row, 1973.

Toynbee, Arnold J. Civilization on Trial. New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1948.

Williams, Kathleen. Backgrounds to Eighteenth-Century Literature Scranton, London, Toronto: Chandler, 1971.

Woodhouse, A. S. P. The Poet and His Faith. Religion and Poetry in England from Spenser to Eliot and Auden. Chicago: Univ of Chicago Press, 1965.