ANDREW MARVELL:

A STUDY OF HIS MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

by

Nelly Margarita Shakespear

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Department of English,
McGill University.

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PREFACE

All my references to Marvell's poetical works and to his letters will be to H. M. Margoliouth's Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell, 2nd edition (Oxford, 1952). The references to the Miscellaneous Poems will be parenthetical within the text, by the title of the poem -- when this is necessary -- and by line number.

I wish to thank Professor A. E. Malloch for his helpful direction and encouragement and to acknowledge the valuable help given me with the Latin poems by Mrs. J. Tomaszuk and by Mr. Luc Beauregard. They are not, however, responsible for the translations appearing in the Notes. I also wish to acknowledge the services of the Redpath Library, in particular those of the Inter-library Loan Department, Finally, I am glad of this opportunity to record an immense debt of gratitude to the Canada Council. They made it possible for me to come to Canada two years ago and awarded me one of their Non-Resident Fellowships for two successive years.

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INTRODUCTION

The critic facing Andrew Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems is beset by a number of problems. Although it is but a small collection, its range of subject-matter, of style, and of quality is enormous. It is difficult to see how the lyric perfection of some of the more famous poems can have come from the same pen as the shapeless inanities of A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda, or how the delicacy of feeling and sensitivity of expression of On a Drop of Dew and The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun can have been born out of the mind that was guilty of the callousness and grossness evinced in the satires. Just as noticeable is the disparity between the metaphysical intensity of some of the lyrics and the bantering, cavalier levity of others.

This paper will attempt to deal with some of these problems in making a critical study of the Miscellaneous Poems. The story of their publication is a most unusual one. Marvell died in 1678 and they appeared posthumously, in 1681, prefaced by a notice which certified to "every Ingenious Reader, that all these Poems . . . are Printed according to the exact Copies of my late dear Husband, under his own Hand-Writing, being found since his Death among his other Papers."[1] The notice was

signed "Mary Marvell." This "wife" of Marvell's, though denied by his relatives, remained a mystery for a long time. The researches of F.S. Tupper succeeded, in 1938, in clarifying all points and adding some information to the little we know concerning the last years of Marvell's life.[2] "Mary Marvell" was only a legal fiction. Two friends of Marvell, in bankruptcy, had prevailed with the poet to allow them to deposit some money in his name. When Marvell died unexpectedly, ways had to be contrived which would enable them to recover this money from the goldsmith with whom it had been deposited. Mary Palmer, the poet's housekeeper, was passed off as his widow. As Margoliouth says, "the 1681 publication of Marvell's poems (without which they might have perished) may have been a mere move in the game of obtaining credence for the widowhood."[3] We ought, nevertheless, to be grateful to the impostor and her promoters.

From all but two of the extant copies of the 1681 volume, An Horatian Ode, The First Anniversary of the Government under O.C., and A Poem upon the Death of Oliver Cromwell have been cancelled, obviously because the admiration which they express for Cromwell would not have gone down well with those in power after the Restoration. A few of the occasional poems and those prefaced to the works of others, had been published

anonymously before,[4] but most of the poems saw the light for the first time in 1681.

One is tempted to think that, had Marvell prepared his poems for publication himself, he would not have allowed all of the chaff to mix with the grain. It is impossible to be sure of this, however. In the last years of his life, the judgement of Marvell the pamphleteer and satirist could hardly have been trusted. The author of the Satires of the Reign of Charles II does not appear to have retained much of the taste and sensibility which had made his lyrics possible. He might, besides, have suppressed what we regard as the best part of his work simply because the metaphysical style was no longer in fashion and he could hardly expect the age that celebrated Dryden to look on his work with much sympathy. So, perhaps, all has been for the best, and we may be fairly confident that nothing of value has been lost.

To return to the problems presented by the Miscellaneous Poems. If they were all written by the same man -- and there is no reason why we should doubt this -- it follows from the variety of their subject-matter and style, and their differences in quality, that Marvell's mental and emotional experience, his attitudes towards his subject and his audience, and his purpose when writing the poems were just as varied. A study of his life shows that he lived in positions which conditioned

his mind in different ways, helping to determine the posture which he adopted as a poet and the purpose of his poetry. I see those positions and resulting poetic postures as three and distinct. Marvell ranged from the enviable position of independent observer and "irresponsible" creator, unanswerable to lord or party and uncommitted to any specific philosophy, to that of the committed public man and spokesman for the community, bound by allegiances, and motivated, in the exercise of his art, by compulsions external to himself. Although these positions and postures are, to a certain extent, determined by events in Marvell's life and are themselves determinatives of quality, they often cut across chronology and quality. Yet, considerations of these two elements will be made, first because it is necessary to take into account, as far as the biographical evidence permits, the events in Marvell's life which gave rise to those positions, and secondly, because no critical study can be complete which does not attempt some evaluation of its object.

A great deal of Marvell's poetic work is the fruit of irresponsible creation -- in the sense that he was completely free from outside compulsions and allegiances. It is art that exists in its own right, not as a means to something else. The peculiar characteristics of his mind, so often remarked upon, stand out at their

best in this part of his work. His ability to detach himself from his subject and to judge it impartially, to establish and not wholly resolve a tension between opposing points of view and perpetually to suggest qualifications to his own statements distinguish all the best pieces written from this first poetic posture of absolute personal independence. For its description and illustration I have chosen a group of poems -- not necessarily his best-known -- which develop or touch upon conflicts within the poet's mind, or, sometimes, between opposing forces to both of which he responds sympathetically.

The second of Marvell's poetic postures is that of protégé of a great lord and scholar, General Thomas Fairfax. The poetry written from this position shows a touch of sycophancy, but also much sincere admiration, and an effort to become identified with his patron's philosophy.

The third posture which Marvell adopts is that of a political partisan and committed public man whose art is directed at the community. The drop in quality here is enormous, for none of those precious characteristics of mind and style which serve him in his first posture and to a large extent in his second, finds any scope here. Whether in panegyric or in satire, the committed poet must be dogmatic and absolute, for his purpose is to

persuade and compel agreement. Gone therefore are the ironic reservations, the delicate balance of opposites, the detached examination of his own mind. His is now a world of dazzling whites and frightening blacks, with no room for half-shades.

For W. B. Yeats, there are poets and rhetoricians. He says, "We make out of the quarrel with others, rhetoric, but of the quarrel with ourselves, poetry. Unlike the rhetoricians who get a confident voice from remembering the crowd they have won or may win, we sing amid our uncertainty."[5] Both the poet and the rhetorician are found in Marvell. We shall now see when, and how, he sings amid his uncertainty, or tries to win a crowd.

I

THE "IRRESPONSIBLE" ARTIST

To have to satisfy nothing except his own aesthetic sense and to express nothing except his particular vision of the universe, however fragmentary or incoherent, is the artist's ideal situation. Such "irresponsibility" is beyond the possibilities of most. Often the artist's aesthetics and philosophy fail to reach the community until his need of a public makes him strive so to modify or soften them that his message may echo back to him in an acknowledgement of his existence. Other times the artist experiences a need to identify himself with society, to be one of a group, to act as well as contemplate. In this position his art may become a tool serving ulterior ends and his primary loyalty will be not to his art but to the cause that he is serving. If he sincerely believes in the cause which has engaged him, our respect for the artist as a moral being need not suffer, but our response to his art -- as art -- probably will.

A great deal of Marvell's poetry can be called irresponsible in the best sense of the word, in that it consults nothing outside of the poet's response to the real or imaginary situation which he faces as an individual.

He achieves in it both the satisfaction of his sense of beauty and form and, though only sporadically, the expression of a vision of man and his place in creation which is very much his own. It is my belief that even after Marvell had become completely committed to the cause of the Commonwealth, he was still capable of approaching a non-political subject as an irresponsible creator on the occasions when he felt free from the need to praise, advocate, or attack. There is no evidence that some of his best-known lyrics were not written in the middle or even in the late 'fifties, while he was the Protector's unofficial Poet Laureate. I would not, however, go all the way with the Misses M. C. Bradbrook and M. G. Lloyd Thomas, who attribute the religious poems to those years because, as they surmise, Marvell experienced "a deepening of his own interests" when in contact with a Puritan atmosphere.[1]

The irresponsible artist's poetic posture of absolute personal independence determines his approach to a subject and his treatment of it, but not the form of his poems. Marvell, in fact, is often highly derivative in his imagery and diction and seldom shows much originality in his use of poetic form. Some of his compositions impress one as exercises in genres and modes which are not the best vehicles for the particular qualities of his

mind. I am thinking, for instance, of Eyes and Tears, Marvell's most sustained contribution to the literature of tears that was flooding Europe at the time. It exploits all the possibilities of a series of related conceits in a way reminiscent of Crashaw's The Weeper both in subject-matter and in their apparent lack of movement towards a solution or point of any kind. Marvell was experimenting in a genre which gave ample scope for the display of perverse wit and sensational imagery, while taxing the poet's ingenuity for as many epigrammatic variations on a theme as were possible to him. Poetry to him was a craft, as well as an art, and a good craftsman in those days tried his hand at all types and styles within his craft, achievement in a style different from his own being a particularly exhilarating experience, and one that Marvell clearly enjoyed.

The poem in which he best succeeded in adapting the subject, tone, and style of other poets to a situation which was of personal importance to him is An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland, a poem which, in the perspectives of this paper, combines a maximum of poetic dependence with a maximum of creative irresponsibility. Marvell uses for the only time in his work a stanza which is a direct imitation of that used by Horace in his Odes. Octosyllabic and hexasyllabic couplets alternate, helping

to sustain the impression of balanced opinion and measured judgement borne out by the text. In a recent article,[2] R. H. Syfret shows how close are the parallels between those parts of the Ode which seem to condemn Cromwell and the lines in which Lucan, in his Pharsalia (as translated by Thomas May), expresses his disapproval of Caesar in his role as Pompey's conqueror. Syfret also shows how Marvell had recourse to another Latin poet, Horace, whose attitude in another Roman situation -- the beginning of the reign of Augustus -- was one of moderate praise and hopeful expectancy. With these conflicting elements combining in Marvell's picture of Cromwell, the Ode becomes an attempt to present the English situation "with Horace to define Marvell's hopes and Lucan to define his fears."[3] But Syfret's conclusion is an oversimplification. Marvell's conflict goes much deeper than hope and fear. It is a conflict waged between two modes of life and sensibility and fought over issues which were vital to him. The Ode is no example of Marvell's proverbial detachment: his feelings, though under perfect control, run high in it. No critic has ever doubted what those feelings are concerning the King. He first appears as the victim of Cromwell's supposed scheme, falling innocently into the trap set for him at Caresbrook,

That thence the Royal Actor born
The Tragick Scaffold might adorn:
   While round the armed Bands
   Did clap their bloody hands.
He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable Scene:
   But with his keener Eye
   The Axes edge did try:
Nor call'd the Gods with vulgar spight
To vindicate his helpless Right,
   But bow'd his comely Head,
   Down as upon a Bed.
(53-64)

There is infinite tenderness, in the last two lines of this scene, in Marvell's treatment of Charles and of his gesture of dignified submission. To Marvell, Charles is the actor to whom fate has assigned a part to play in a situation which is completely beyond his control. The way in which he is presented on the scaffold is highly significant: we are told mainly what he did not do. His passivity is only broken by a look at the axe and by the action of presenting his head to the executioner. It endorses Marvell's comment that

'Tis Madness to resist or blame
The force of angry Heavens flame.
(25-26)

And this force is represented by Cromwell, who erupts into the public scene

   like the three-fork'd Lightning, first
Breaking the Clouds where it was nurst,
(13-14)

Then burning through the Air he went,
And Pallaces and Temples rent.
(21-22)

His course has been ordained by a God whose designs are above the understanding of man and sometimes even seem to run counter to his deepest moral convictions. The sensible thing to do is to accept Cromwell passively and to suspend judgement until the initial blow has spent itself, and this creature of storm and violence having lost his cataclysmic nature, one can come to terms with him as a human being. And this is what Marvell tries to do. For Cromwell is much more than an instrument of providence. He has done more than play the part assigned to him by superior forces: he "through adventrous War/ Urged his active Star."

> And, if we would speak true,
> Much to the Man is due.
> Who, from his private Gardens, where
> He liv'd reserved and austere,
> As if his highest plot
> To plant the Bergamot,
> Could by industrious Valour climbe
> To ruine the great Work of Time,
> And cast the Kingdome old
> Into another Mold.
> (27-36)

This is a picture of strenuous effort, gigantic industry, and colossal ambition, yet Cromwell, "if we would speak true," is a man, not a demi-god. This is, I think, the meaning of the protasis in line 27: not a grudging admission of merit but, coming as it does after the extended simile of lightning and "angry Heavens flame," a lowering from the level of metaphor to that of fact and

an assertion of the human qualities of Cromwell. And in this Marvell the humanist rejoices. For Cromwell is a man who "does both act and know," a man, in short, who has the ability to use what is finest in his human condition: his soul-given powers of knowledge and of action, which alone can give a human being a stand in the tragic universe which surrounds him. Action based on knowledge implies judgement, discrimination between different courses, and choice of one, that is to say art, if we think of art as a skilful way of dealing with a natural or a human situation, as a "manipulation" of the facts in the situation with which we are faced. And this is what Cromwell has done. His power has been gained by the "Arts" which should now maintain it, and those "Arts" include the "wiser Art" with which he wove Charles's fatal net. I do not mean to say that Marvell is justifying guile or deceit in politics. He is not. The ethical conflicts in the poem remain unsolved. But it is clear that he admires the effectiveness of Cromwell's arts. In one year he has "tam'd" the Irish, so

> What may not others fear
> If thus he crown each Year!
> (99-100)

He may have ruined "the great Work of Time," but he has done so in order that he might build, that he might "cast the Kingdome old/Into another Mold." Four years later,

when Marvell has left all doubt behind him and has become completely committed to the cause of the Commonwealth, he returns, time and again, to the theme of effective action, of achievement through "industrious Valour." In The First Anniversary of the Government under O.C. we are told, for instance, that the Protector "in one Year the work of Ages acts," while the kings who have now become the object of Marvell's satire

> (Image-like) an useless time they tell,
> And with vain Scepter, strike the hourly Bell;
> Nor more contribute to the state of Things,
> Then wooden Heads unto the Viols strings.
> (41-44)

To "contribute to the state of things" is one of the demands of the Puritan code, and a demand which the Puritan finds congenial to his temper, by nature active rather than contemplative. In Marvell the tendency to action was in constant conflict with the contemplative side of his nature. His active temperament would later assert itself in a busy political career while his lyrics continued, for some time at least, to give expression to his contemplative tendencies. At the time of his writing the Ode, the two sides of his temperament reflected the two ways of life which were at loggerheads in England. Charles stood for an ordered hierarchical society and all that that implies in magnificence and in the splendour of

human achievement, Cromwell for a new order, iconoclastic, ruthless, and effective. The sensibility of Charles's age had been rooted in mediaevalism and attuned to a tragic vision of life, while the crude optimism of the Roundheads was to indulge in an apocalyptic vision. Marvell is torn between addiction to the old ethos, which is his own, and admiration for the new one. But the moral conflict remains unsolved: the issues are never explicitly stated and the responsibility of taking a decision is avoided. There is a tentative appeal to a right based on might:

> Though Justice against Fate complain,
> And plead the antient Rights in vain:
> But those do hold or break
> As Men are strong or weak.
> (37-40)

But Marvell feels insecure in his justification of force, and the one flaw of the poem occurs when he tries to praise behaviour that is essentially amoral in ethical terms. The Irish, he says,

> have, though overcome, confest
> How good he is, how just,
> And fit for highest Trust.[4]
> (79-80)

More than as an attempt to present a political situation with all fairness, the Horatian Ode stands as a record of an uncommitted man's conflicting thoughts on the subject. As Cleanth Brooks puts it in perhaps the finest essay written on this poem, the Ode "is not a statement. . . . .

It is a poem essentially dramatic in its presentation, which means that it is diagnostic rather than remedial, and eventuates, not in a course of action, but in contemplation."[5]

Half a year later, Marvell's conflict was still unresolved. The death of Tom May[6] gave him the opportunity for an outburst as unequivocally Royalist as his elegy on the death of Villiers and his poem to Richard Lovelace, both written in 1648. He seems to have been "obsessed with the problem of the poet's function in such a crisis"[7] as followed the execution of Charles.

> When the Sword glitters ore the Judges head,
> And fear has Coward Churchmen silenced,
> Then is the Poets time, 'tis then he drawes,
> And single fights forsaken Vertues cause.
> He, when the wheel of Empire, whirleth back,
> And though the World's disjointed Axel crack,
> Sings still of ancient Rights and better Times,
> Seeks wretched good, arraigns successful Crimes.
> (Tom May's Death, 63-70)

Here Marvell attacks Cromwell on purely moral grounds, with no shade of ambiguity to suggest that there might be a justification of his actions. But not content with this display of righteous anger, he proceeds to abuse May for having done what he would do himself a few years later: serve the Commonwealth with his art.

> But thou base man first prostituted hast
> Our spotless knowledge and the studies chast.
> Apostatizing from our Arts and us,
> To turn the Chronicler to Spartacus.
> (71-74)

In parts of the poem, the condemnation of Cromwell's party takes a slightly subtler form than the high-flown indignation and the invective of the two passages already quoted. When Tom May sees Ben Jonson "on the Elysian side," the late Laureate

> in the dusky Laurel shade
> Amongst the Chorus of old Poets laid,[8]
> Sounding of ancient Heroes, such as were
> The Subjects Safety, and the Rebel's Fear.
> But how a double headed Vulture Eats,
> Brutus and Cassius the Peoples cheats.
> (13-18)

It is ironic that the two Roman "regicides" chosen for the analogy are precisely the murderers of the Caesar who, in May's translation of Lucan, had suggested to Marvell so many of the lines in the Ode which describe Cromwell's advent upon the public scene!

Most of the invective against May is put in the mouth of Ben Jonson, "sworn Enemy of all that do pretend," and as a Laureate himself, a most suitable person to satirize May's annoyance at not having been appointed to the poetical sinecure at his death, a disappointment which had, reputedly, turned May against the King when the time came to take sides.

> Because someone than thee more worthy weares
> The sacred Laurel, hence are all these teares?
> Must therefore all the World be set on flame,
> Because a Gazet writer mist his aim?
> And for a Tankard-bearing Muse must we
> As for the Basket Guelphs and Gibellines be?
> (57-62)

Coming as it does shortly after the Horatian Ode, Tom May's Death has proved a most embarrassing poem to Marvell's critics. Indeed Legouis, in an article in which he criticizes the (to him) vagaries of a good many of the critics of Marvell who have followed him, has this to say: "In Tom May's Death, written at least six months after the Ode, lies the real biographical mystery, bequeathed by me to my successors. They have not tackled it yet."[9]

I think that three explanations are possible regarding the poem. First, Marvell's dislike of May was obviously very strong for, most likely, personal reasons of which we are ignorant. Using Ben Jonson as the speaker against May is -- apart from the reasons which I have already mentioned -- an attempt to disguise the personal quality of his rancour. Secondly, the very nature of a satirical poem demanded unqualified condemnation of everything that May represented or that he had given his support to. Thirdly, Marvell's hesitant admiration for the achievements of the Puritans had evidently suffered a setback since the composition of the Ode, probably because he had remained unable to solve the moral conflict with which he had been faced in the earlier poem. One can see the relief with which, some time later, he was able to praise Fairfax for having a conscience of right and wrong which

was stronger than any ambition of power.

> For he did, with his utmost Skill,
> Ambition weed, but Conscience till.
> Conscience, that Heaven-nursed Plant,
> Which most our earthly Gardens want.
> A prickling leaf it bears, and such
> As that which shrinks at ev'ry touch;
> But Flowrs eternal, and divine,
> That in the Crowns of Saints do shine.
> (Upon Appleton House, 353-360)

Like the Horatian Ode, most of the poetry which Marvell wrote from the poetic posture which we are studying in this chapter is a poetry of conflict, or of conflicting relationships. It touches the everlasting topics of a man's relations to God, of the dichotomy between his soul and body, of his efforts to impose his ideals on nature, and of the relationship between art and nature. After establishing a tension between the conflicting values involved in the poem, Marvell sometimes makes a choice, in full awareness of the losses entailed by such a choice; other times he leaves the issue undecided, after leaning first to one side and then to the other with the help of subtle ambiguity and delicate irony or, when he seems to take a decision, suggests a final reservation which destroys whatever certainty we might have begun to enjoy regarding his final thoughts on the subject. Only a man who is absolutely independent can write in this way and indulge in the luxury of irony and ambiguity, which postpone or evade decision, and which -- but this is no concern

of his as it is of the poet with a cause -- generally fail to achieve immediate communication.

The poem with which I wish to continue my study of Marvell's poetry of conflict, The Coronet -- one of the most beautiful in a tradition in which the seventeenth century excels -- is an impassioned plea to God for a form of self-renunciation which is almost superhuman. The problem in all forms of religious art lies in the conflicting nature of the artist's motives: his pride in his own skill intrudes into his efforts to glorify the Deity for, as George Herbert puts it, "nothing" can "seem too rich to clothe the sun."[10] In striving to make his work worthy of God, the artist may lose the selflessness which should accompany his effort. Herbert finds a solution to this conflict in a humble Christianization of the doctrine of divine inspiration:

> Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee;
> Yet, not mine neither, for from thee they came,
> And must return. Accept of them and me,
> And make us strive who shall sing best thy name.[11]

But not so Andrew Marvell. His "fruits are only flowers," he says in what I think is a direct allusion to Herbert's lines. As he is unable to achieve perfect self-forgetfulness, his homage to God remains a barren show, beautiful perhaps, but unable to fructify into increased glory for the Lord.

The Coronet begins with an admission of personal sin worded in a conventional yet most impressive emblematic[12] image:

> When for the Thorns with which I long, too long,
> With many a piercing wound,
> My Saviours head have crown'd . . .
> (1-3)

The consciousness of sin is as strong as when Herbert, in his "Wreath," talks of his "crooked winding ways,"[13] but there is far greater poignancy in Marvell's lines. They have all the emotional weight which attaches to the Passion -- to Christ's sufferings in the flesh brought about by the World's sins and renewed with the offences of each and every man. They approach that kind of immediacy which depends upon a sympathy with physical suffering, and a stressing of God's humanity and its accompanying physical vulnerability -- a Baroque and Catholic sympathy. Thus Graham Greene in our days sees the relation between sinner and God in much the same way. His characters have an awareness of the Creator as a physical being recoiling in pain from the very physical blows delivered by His creatures.

The poet hopes to make amends for his sins with a "garland" of poems in praise of God in, perhaps, the fashion of Donne's La Corona. When these have been composed and he is surveying them with a pleasure not innocent of self-satisfaction, he suddenly becomes aware

of the motives lurking at the back of his mind and defiling his "flowers." He symbolizes them in the Serpent of Eden with all its associations of pride, sin, and deceit.

> Alas I find the Serpent old
> That, twining in his speckled breast,
> About the flow'rs disguis'd does fold,
> With wreaths of Fame and Interest.
> (13-16)

And he reproaches himself:

> Ah, foolish Man, that would'st debase with them,
> And mortal Glory, Heavens Diadem!
> (17-18)

The solution to the conflict is left to God, who can either purify the poet's intention of any thoughts of "Fame and Interest" -- by no means an easy task -- or can allow the poems to be immolated to Him.

The feeling in the poem is remarkable for its concentration and masterful control. Worse than the sense of sin which besets the poet at first is the realization that poetical amends are impossible. This realization comes from a knowledge of the self which more naive men never achieve, for everything about the Serpent leads to self-deception (it is speckled in colour and devious in its movements) and to a hopeless confusion of motives (only God can disintangle its slippery knots). But the poet's awareness of the insidious power of the Serpent does not close his eyes to the values of that which

he feels called upon to renounce. The poems which were to form the "curious frame" of his garland were "set with Skill and chosen out with Care." The "structures of time," as a critic calls them,[14] are not obliterated by the ultimate issues. Having to renounce them is all the more painful, and this Marvell makes very clear in the beautiful lines which close his poem:

> But thou who only could'st the Serpent tame,
> Either his slipp'ry knots at once untie,
> And disintangle all his winding Snare:
> Or shatter too with him my curious frame:
> And let these wither, so that he may die,
> Though set with Skill and chosen out with Care.
> That they, while Thou on both their Spoils dost tread,
> May crown thy Feet, that could not crown thy Head.
> (19-26)

Never again does Marvell approach the theme of The Coronet nor does he explore other facets of his personal relationship with God. His awareness of the Serpent closed the doors of devotional poetry to him. There is, then, in The Coronet, full sincerity and clear-eyed commitment in full knowledge of what is at stake. This commitment is manifest in Marvell's dialectically sound manner of presenting his position. He declares his reasons, he shows the movement of his thought, and he uses images so functional (the Serpent, for example, or the treading on the "flowers") that the inner nature of motives and feelings becomes denuded of all protective covering. It is one of those poems which, as Rosemond Tuve puts it,

have "but to examine and state, with due care for dialectical soundness in the reasoning, in order to argue the truth or advisability of something."[15] Without having set out to prove anything, it proves the poet's sincerity and the laceration of his self-renouncement.

Marvell resorts to the dialectical mode in several of his poems on religious or philosophical subjects. In On a Drop of Dew, one of his most lovely lyrics, he deals in Neo-Platonic terms with the conflict between the soul and body. He does so with a sincerity which shows to what an extent the philosophical conceptions of Neo-Platonism had become integrated into his imaginative and emotional life. For not only of Donne can we say with T. S. Eliot that "a thought to [him] was an experience; it modified his sensibility," or that there was in him "a sensuous apprehension of thought" and "a recreation of thought into feeling."[16] Although not concerned, like The Coronet, with a personal situation, On a Drop of Dew has the same intensity of personal feeling, an intensity made possible by his full emotional response to the imaginative appeal of Neo-Platonism.

The first eighteen lines of the poem present a simile describing a natural phenomenon: the drop of dew's absorption into the sky, where it had originated.

See how the Orient Dew,
Shed from the Bosom of the Morn
  Into the blowing Roses,
Yet careless of its Mansion new;
For the clear Region where 'twas born
  Round in its self incloses:
  And in its little Globes Extent,
Frames as it can its native Element.
  How it the purple flow'r does slight,
    Scarce touching where it lyes,
  But gazing back upon the Skies,
    Shines with a mournful Light;
      Like its own Tear,
Because so long divided from the Sphear.
  Restless it roules and unsecure,
    Trembling lest it grow impure:
  Till the warm Sun pitty it's Pain,
And to the Skies exhale it back again.

The following eighteen lines apply the simile to the supernatural phenomenon which is the subject of the poem: the Soul's reception into heaven, or reunion with the eternal elements from which its habitation of the body had separated it. The correspondence of images between these two parts is almost exact, and this gives a most satisfying completeness to the poem as an aesthetic experience.

So the Soul, that Drop, that Ray
Of the clear Fountain of Eternal Day,
Could it within the humane flow'r be seen,
  Remembring still its former height,
  Shuns the sweat leaves and blossoms green;
  And, recollecting its own Light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater Heaven in an Heaven less.
  In how coy a Figure wound,
  Every way it turns away:
  So the World excluding round,
  Yet receiving in the Day.
  Dark beneath, but bright above:
  Here disdaining, there in Love.
  How loose and easie hence to go:
  How girt and ready to ascend.
  Moving but on a point below,
  It all about does upwards bend.

The final four lines of the poem could, in logical terms, be called an exemplum or illustration of the theory which the central section has presented. Their import is greater than this description would suggest, however, for they give Christian dimensions to the thought of the poem by introducing the concept of divine grace in images of manna as a sacred dew. This is done a little too succinctly to be completely effective and not to appear slightly anti-climactic after the beautiful evolution of the earlier sections of the poem.

> Such did the Manna's sacred Dew destil;
> White, and intire, though congeal'd and chill.
> Congeal'd on Earth: but does, dissolving, run
> Into the Glories of th'Almighty Sun.

Yet the poem remains a triumph of dialectical organization.

The Latin version, Ros, has the same kind of movement but a fuller development of part of the symbolism, as we shall presently see, makes the first and second parts longer by a few lines.

The two poems pose interesting problems of interpretation.[17] Pierre Legouis, considering the English version, is particularly struck by the judaic character given it by the insistence on the avoidance of all contact with what is corrupting. He sees this as part of the negative view of Moses, married in this poem to that disdain of sensible reality which is characteristic of Platonism. Miss Wallerstein implicitly supports

Legouis' view and finds that the Latin version has images which strengthen the contrast between the purity of the soul and the corruption of the flesh. But Bradbrook and Thomas call the poem "paradoxical" in that "the 'sweat leaves and blossoms green', though repudiated, seem just as pure and almost as ethereal as the dewdrop." They imply, in short, that the poem is complicated with reservations which point to what J. E. Saveson calls the "atypical view of nature," to him untenable in Marvell. But Marvell had a genius for the atypical and in his posture as poet uncommitted to any philosophical position, no emotional involvement would prevent him from suggesting the reservations prompted by his multiple vision of life and nature. I think that Bradbrook and Thomas see in the poem only a little more than what Marvell meant them to see, and which is that the body, imaged in the "humane flow'r" has a beauty of its own (though not "just as pure and almost as ethereal") and that this beauty is disdained by the Soul mainly because the latter, unable to forget "its former height," can find happiness only in a reunion with its own infinitely superior element. I would like to suggest that all these difficulties of interpretation stem from the critics' assumption that <u>On a Drop of Dew</u> and <u>Ros</u> are contemporaneous and almost parallel expressions of the same poetic experience. Yet, as Grierson said, and he has not been proved wrong, "a careful reading suggests

that the Latin . . . was written first, and served as a guide, rather than a text for the beautiful English verses."[18] There may therefore be an intentional shift of emphasis in the English poem, written, perhaps, after an interval of some time.

Ros treats the subject at greater length and with greater complexity. The allure of the purple rose is described in terms which contain what I think are definite sexual overtones:

> Sollicita Flores stant ambitione supini,
> Et certant foliis pellicuisse suis.[19]
>
> (3-4)

I hope I am not by this laying myself open to some of the criticisms that greeted William Empson's "discovery" of sexual symbolism in The Garden.[20] I am not, in any case, suggesting a continuous reading. It would break down as early as line 10, where the female symbolism of the rose is replaced by images of chastity which are explicitly feminine but are applied to the dew (and later to the Soul). The sexual suggestion of the lines quoted above supports, I think, those references to "the world and the flesh," expressed in the traditional terms of "odoratum Ostrum" (9), "Tyria vesti" (28), and "vapore Sabae" (28), which Ruth Wallerstein has noticed.[21] It also prepares us for the contrast with the purity of the soul, which in Ros is explicitly associated with the religious concept

of chastity, expressed in images of a young girl:

> Vixque premat casto mollia strata pede;
> (10)
>
> Qualis inexpertam subeat formido Puellam,
> Sicubi nocte redit incomitata domum;
> (17-18)

and:

> Dum prae virgineo cuncta pudore timet.[22]
> (20)

The effect of these lines is to give a strong Christo-Judaic tone to the whole poem, a tone which prepares the reader, with less of a break than in the English version, for the imagery and thought of the final four lines. The earlier Latin poem, then, stands as an unequivocal expression of a belief in the purity of the soul and corruption of the body. But Marvell's habits of thought and the many-sided view that he took of life, would not allow him to hold such an unqualified position for very long. On a Drop of Dew softens the tone of Ros by introducing the ambiguity which was more congenial to the poet: the sexual and worldly images are discarded, partly, I think, because of the conflict on which I have remarked above, and the sympathetic references to the flower or body noticed by Bradbrook and Thomas slip in. In this way the poem achieves the same delicate balance that we noticed in The Coronet. Marvell appears committed, but not blind to the attractions of the values that he rejects.

And yet, in spite of the tenuous ambiguity, the English poem has a simpler, more direct appeal, owing to a diction reminiscent of Herbert's, to its perfectly balanced images, and to the almost childlike insistence of its straightforward antitheses.

The dialectic of Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure and of Dialogue between the Soul and Body takes the form of argument, and in each of the poems one of the opponents manages to score. In full enjoyment of his creative irresponsibility, the poet remains truer to life than if he were trying to preach consistently. For the battle between the spirit and the flesh is waged continually in the mind of the Christian and the innings are often reversed. The victor in Dialogue between the Resolved Soul and Created Pleasure is the Soul. The poem has been called operatic in a couple of critical works, both of which have compared it with Dryden's odes and found in it "gaiety and flourishes" and "a crisp gallantry about the movement."[23] There is nothing new about the subject, yet one follows the succession of traditional temptations offered to the soul with great interest. The Soul's first words -- her reply to an invitation to partake of "Nature's banquet" -- give us a taste of the epigrammatic wit with which she will parry all of Pleasure's well-ordered thrusts:

I sup above, and cannot stay
To wait so long upon the way.
(17-18)

We do not hear echoes of Herbert again, but all of the Soul's replies come just as pat, in octosyllabic couplets which have a ringing finality about them. In the first part of the poem, she disposes of the temptations carried by the senses, of which only music is shown to have the slightest appeal to her. In the second part, Pleasure charges with more subtle offers calculated to bring down the fall of the man who can resist simple sensual pleasures, but the Soul briskly disposes of all sensual beauty epitomized in woman, of gold, of glory, and of knowledge. It is interesting to notice the strict hierarchical arrangement of all the temptations offered to the Soul -- from the grossest -- an appeal to the sense of taste -- to the highest and most capable to tempting the man who has transcended the sensual: knowledge beyond that of ordinary men.

Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;
And see the future Time.
(69-70)

The "Resolved Soul" and "Created Pleasure" give us a poem which is completely direct and unequivocal. But in Dialogue between the Soul and Body, the tables are turned against the Soul. The images of this poem, though mostly traditional, charge it with an emotion which was absent from the other dialogue and which suggest that the

poet felt keenly the dichotomy within himself. The Soul and the Body do not engage in a real dialogue, but soliloquize expressing parallel complaints of the dependence of one upon the other. Ruth Wallerstein points to emblems which may have inspired the first four lines of the poem,[24] but there are, in fact, many other emblematic images. The Soul's

> A Soul hung up, as 'twere, in Chains
> Of Nerves, and Arteries, and Veins.
> Tortured, besides each other part,
> In a vain Head, and Double Heart,
> (6-10)

and

> Ready oft the Port to gain,
> Am shipwrackt into Health again,
> (29-30)

and the Body's

> O who shall me deliver whole,
> From bonds of this Tyrannic Soul?
> Which, stretcht upright, impales me so,
> That mine own Precipice I go,
> (11-14)

all suggest the gruesome ingenuity of the emblem artists. But wit of a subtler and more metaphysical kind is at work too. When the Soul complains that she is

> Here blinded with an Eye; and there
> Deaf with the drumming of an Ear,
> (5-6)

she is blaming the senses for interfering with the visionary power of the Soul, for shutting her off in fact from communion with those invisible realities of which, in

good Neo-Platonism, the created world is but a poor imitation. The whole of her complaint is of the same paradoxical nature. So is the Body's, who says that it "could never rest,/Since this ill Spirit it possest" forgetting that the only rest possible to it after abandoned by the Soul would be that of death.[25] So close is the interdependence of the Soul and Body.

But the most interesting part of the poem is the Body's concluding speech. The Misses Bradbrook and Thomas find the poem "unusual for its time" in that few of Marvell's contemporaries would have recognized the claims of the Body as equal with those of the Soul."[26] Perhaps not as equal, but certainly as deserving a hearing at least. After all, all through the supposedly ascetic Middle Ages, St. Augustine's views on the subject had remained unchallenged by orthodox Catholicism and had often inspired outbursts of Christian rebellion. To St. Augustine, "such as think that the evils of the mind arise from the body do err,"[27] for "the corruptible flesh made not the soul to sin, but the sinning soul made the flesh corruptible: From which corruption although there arise some incitements unto sin, and some vicious desires, yet are not all the sins of an evil life to be laid upon the flesh; otherwise, we shall make the Devil, that has no flesh, sinless."[28] And Marvell implicitly supports the Father's claim against the Platonists -- who "hold that

these, our mortal members, produce the feelings of fear, desire, joy and sorrow in our bodies from which four perturbations . . . or passions . . . the whole inundation of man's enormities has its source and spring"[29] -- by making the Body attribute the same four perturbations -- plus two others, Love and Hatred -- to the Mind.

> But Physick yet could never reach
> The Maladies Thou me dost teach;
> Whom first the Cramp of Hope does Tear:
> And then the Palsie Shakes of Fear.
> The Pestilence of Love does heat:
> Or Hatred's hidden Ulcer eat.
> Joy's chearful Madness does perplex:
> Or Sorrow's other Madness vex.
> (31-38)

After a mention of Knowledge and Memory which also brings echoes of St. Augustine come four lines which apparently clinch the argument in favour of the Body:

> What but a Soul could have the wit
> To build me up for Sin so fit?
> So Architects do square and hew,
> Green Trees that in the Forest grew.
> (41-44)

Man's body, without the promptings of the mind, would have remained innocent, it would have continued to share the purity of all natural things. The "Green Trees that in the Forest grew" would analogously have retained their state of innocence if man had refrained from "squaring" and "hewing" them. This image shows how Marvell sees the conflicts between soul and body and between man and nature as basically the same. In making these points I am, of course,

inevitably overstating what in Marvell never attained a fully conclusive form. For his intention was not to dictate behaviour or point to the only tolerable or acceptable way, but to present a sympathetic and compassionate picture of the human predicament. If we look closely at lines 41-44 of the Dialogue between the Soul and Body, we will notice that, though the Soul builds up the Body in a way that makes it fit for sin, it is clear that in doing so it is exercising the powers peculiar to it, here represented by the dignified word "wit," and that the word "Architects," used of topiary artists, was probably chosen not only because it carries on the metaphor of building, but because it also had a dignity which made it suitable as an analogy for the Soul.[30]

We find the same kind of inconclusiveness, the same evasion of total commitment in The Mower against Gardens, a poem which, to all appearances, gives poetic expression to ideas derived from the father of Renaissance primitivism, Montaigne.[31] It describes man's horticultural crimes against innocent nature. They are crimes of the same kind as the squaring and hewing of the trees in the forest with the explicit addition of deceit and double dealing to mark them. Man "seduced" nature to join him in his vices, he "allured" the flowers and plants into the

stagnant atmosphere of the garden. He overfed them with an artificially enriched soil and taught them to pretend to beauties which were not their own. He finally dealt "forbidden mixtures" "between the Bark and Tree." In short, and thanks to all these horticultural processes, practically every fault of human beings is reproduced in the garden. The result is rampant adulteration and perverted sexuality, the ills from which man himself suffers.

> No Plant now knew the Stock from which it came
> He grafts upon the Wild the Tame:
> That the uncertain and adult'rate fruit
> Might put the Palate in dispute.
> His green Seraglio has its Eunuchs too;
> Lest any Tyrant him out-doe.
> And in the Cherry he does Nature vex,
> To procreate without a Sex.
> (23-30)

There also follows a certain dislocation of values, as when the tulip's "Onion root they then so high did hold,/ That one was for a Meadow sold" (15-16), and the products of art excel in beauty the subjects that inspired them. The Mower objects to the gardener's art for reasons similar to Perdita's, who says of "gillyvors," "Nature's bastards,"

> I'll not put
> The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them:
> No more than were I painted, I would wish
> This youth should say 'twere well: and only therefore
> Desire to breed by me.[32]

Both Perdita and the Mower hate the artificially contrived, but they do not share the absolute innocence of Montaigne's

savages among whom "the very words that import lying, falshood, treason, dissimulations, covetousnes, envie, detraction and pardon, were never heard of."[33] Theirs is no "savage" or pre-lapsarian innocence, but rather, an awareness of two states and a choice of one in the teeth of the worldliness that surrounds them. They hanker wistfully after an innocence which has been irretrievably lost in the world and in themselves. Else they would not even know of the existence of evil, like Adam and Eve before the Fall or Montaigne's servant from America. But while Shakespeare opposes Polixenes' wisdom to Perdita's "innocence," Marvell's Mower is allowed to finish his diatribe unchallenged:

> 'Tis all enforc'd; the Fountain and the Grot;
> While the sweet Fields do lye forgot:
> Where willing Nature does to all dispence
> A wild and fragrant Innocence:
> And Fauns and Faryes do the Meadows till,
> More by their presence then their skill.
> Their Statues polish'd by some ancient hand,
> May to adorn the Gardens stand:
> But howso'ere the Figures do excel,
> The Gods themselves with us do dwell.
> (31-40)

As the Body has the last word in Dialogue between the Soul and Body, so does Nature in this poem. It seems to be man's soul that leads him to the perversion of his own body, and man's art, or the exercise of God's gift to him of a cognizant soul, that impels him to the perversion of nature. But just as the Soul is not fully condemned in

the analogy of the "Architect," so is there a hint of dramatic irony in the last part of the Mower poem. For who are these Gods who need not exert themselves to till the fields? Would they not be Pan and Priapus and perhaps Venus? If so, are their natural excesses to be preferred to man's "luxuriousness" simply because they are free from sophistication? The Mower may have thought so. But not Marvell. He knew that a complacent primitivism is no answer when the "savage's" innocence has been lost. Man has no choice but to use his powers over nature in order to bring it under his control, but he must be careful not to overstep the thin line that divides legitimate control from perverted abuse.

The garden in Marvell's most famous nature poem, The Garden, is very different from that with which the Mower had so much fault to find. It is, rather, like the "sweet Fields" which "lye forgot" beyond its walls, and in it "willing Nature" does indeed dispense "a wild and fragrant Innocence." But this innocence is not divorced from the arts of man. On the contrary, as the final stanza tells us, a "skilful Gardner" has devised a floral sun-dial which measures out the bee's industry as well as the poet's leisure. About the latter the Latin version, Hortus, is more explicit. "Temporis O suaves Lapsus! O Otia Sana,"[34] it exclaims. And "Otia" offers an interesting ambiguity. It can mean not only ease,

inactivity, and leisure, but also the fruits of leisure when these take the form of poems. Human achievements and values have a place in this garden and exist within time as we know it and not in eternity or in a timeless Arcadia.

> How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
> Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!
> (71-72)

So have they in the garden which Marvell shows us in one of his loveliest love lyrics, The Picture of Little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers, a poem which shows the qualities of his work as an uncommitted artist at their best. Though deceptively "easy" and slight on the surface, it suggests a profoundly serious idea: that man's need to impose spiritual values on "loose Nature" involves a partial destruction of it and of the natural or physical in himself. This idea is illustrated by means of a particular situation of great charm and moving beauty which is both real and realistic at the same time as allegorical.

Little T.C., as conjectured by Margoliouth,[35] is probably Theophila Cornwall, the child of some old friends of Marvell's family in Yorkshire. It is possible that Marvell stayed with them in the 'fifties when Theophila, baptized in 1644, would have been about ten years old. Marvell found a particular poetic quality in

young girls. Theophila is only one in a lovely gallery which includes the "Faun's" nymph, the Mary Fairfax of Upon Appleton House and that -- if it is she -- of Young Love. On the one hand, he treats them with a half-ironic gallantry and pretends to see in them the future cruel mistresses of Petrarchan tradition. On the other, he uses them as symbols of grace and of the finer things in man.

The poem opens with a description of little T.C. at play on the grass. "With her fair aspect," she "tames/ The Wilder flow'rs." This image at once introduces the main theme of the poem while suggesting something else as well: the young nymph enjoys the human virtue of chastity which can, traditionally, subdue what is wild and fierce. From it, in Milton's words,

> had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
> Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste.
> Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
> And spotted mountain pard.[36]

Even on the roses, the most perfect of flowers, the girl tries to exert her soul-given superiority.

> Only with the Roses playes;
> And them does tell
> What Colour best becomes them, and what Smell.
> (6-8)

The picture is enchanting and, as anyone who has watched children at play will agree, completely realistic. But the simplicity of the nymph is more than a child's simplicity. It is the fruit of discrimination, of the

rejection, and hence destruction, of all that which does not fit her ideals of perfection. The poet's tone now changes to gentlest mockery.

> Who can foretell for what high cause
> This Darling of the Gods was born!
> (9-10)

Theophila, beloved of the gods indeed.[37] But are they not said to die young, those whom the gods love? Death begins stealthily to wind itself into the skein of ideas and emotions that make the poem. No one can foretell, "yet," Marvell knows, her "chaster Laws/The wanton Love shall one day fear." And there follows a mock-heroic description of little T.C.'s future conquests.

> Under her command severe,
> See his Bow broke and Ensigns torn.
> Happy, who can
> Appease this virtuous enemy of Man!
>
> O then let me in time compound,
> And parly with those conquering Eyes;
> Ere they have try'd their force to wound,
> Ere, with their glancing wheels, they drive
> In triumph over Hearts that strive,
> And them that yield but more despise.
> (13-22)

It is still a happy picture, despite the war-images, sustained all through, and the second intrusion of death,[38] when the poet says,

> Let me be laid
> Where I may see thy Glories from some shade.
> (23-24)

In the next stanza, in a return to the present moment and scene and to the lyrical meditative tone of the beginning,

Theophila is advised how she can, meanwhile, indulge her reformer's zeal.

> Mean time, whilst every verdant thing
> It self does at thy Beauty charm,
> Reform the errours of the Spring;
> Make that the Tulips may have share
> Of sweetness, seeing they are fair;
> And Roses of their thorns disarm:
> But most procure
> That Violets may a longer Age endure.
> (25-32)

This lovely stanza is far more serious than may appear at a first reading. For in the series of unreformable "Errours of the Spring" it exposes the limitations of human endeavour, however nobly motivated. At the same time, the request that Theophila try to lengthen the life of the violets delicately but inexorably awakens a sense of the tragedy of life which here can only be expressed with platitudes: beauty is transitory and life short, and death lies in wait even for the young and the beautiful. And this prepares the mind for the twist, still surprising, of the final stanza:

> But O young beauty of the Woods,
> Whom Nature courts with fruits and flow'rs,
> Gather the Flow'rs, but spare the Buds;
> Lest Flora angry at thy crime,
> To kill her Infants in their prime,
> Do quickly make the Example Yours;
> And ere we see,
> Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee.[39]
> (33-40)

Margoliouth's identification of little T.C.[40] helps to show the point of what appears at first a gratuitously morbid

thought: "Lest Flora . . . /Nip in the blossome all our hopes and Thee." There had been another little Theophila in the Cornwall family who had died in infancy. Being, as a true seventeenth-century man, considerably less squeamish and sentimental than we are about the death of a child, Marvell found it possible to be moved by the sight of little T.C. among the flowers, to feel considerable affection for the child, and still to be able coolly to consider what her death would mean to her parents and friends. It would destroy "all our hopes and Thee." Their hopes of good things for the child's life in the future, her parents' hopes of perpetuation in a child, and finally all human hopes of higher things, which Theophila symbolizes in her reforming zeal. But this only explains the literal meaning of the last stanza. Joseph Summers has shown how much richer it is. Little T.C. is herself a "Bud," a "child of nature as well as its potential orderer" and "her own being, in the light of the absolute, is as 'improper' as are the tulips or the roses."[41] She can only violate Flora's laws, or the laws of natural life, at the risk of self-destruction. The second and third stanzas now acquire new importance. In them we had seen the future T.C.'s triumph over men and nature in the service of a fine idealism and of the "human notions of propriety" which are embodied in Platonic love. But Platonic love, by refusing to submit to the most

elemental demands of love -- the physical, with the consequent perpetuation of life -- may destroy itself and its votaries as well as the possibility of its own renewal in future generations.

What Eliot calls Marvell's "tough reasonableness"[42] has relentlessly carried the poem forward to the climax of its thought and emotion. That such a climax is achieved in spite of the reservations in the last stanza testifies to the unusual abilities which Marvell was able to display when writing from this poetic posture. For when little T.C. is, after all, told to "gather the Flow'rs," the poet is choosing the values of the spirit, and he is doing so, not in ignorance of the dangers they entail, but in spite of them. In qualifying his choice with the proviso that the girl should "spare the Buds," he weakens the force of his main point and risks its communication to the reader, but he safeguards the integrity of his perceptive and judicious vision of life.

The idea that destruction is inherent in all of man's attempts to subject nature to his needs and ideals informs others of Marvell's pastoral poems. His choice of a mower instead of the traditional shepherd as the speaker of his "meadow" poems adds a metaphysical dimension to those poems. In The Mower against Gardens, as we have already seen, the Mower appears as a figure of wistful nostalgia for a primitive sensuality which man's intellect

has made impossible. The other three poems and Upon Appleton House increase his symbolic value. He becomes a far more sinister figure, in conformity with the long classical tradition in which harvests and reapers are used as metaphors for wars and soldiers, and a sickle-bearing figure is the personification of Death.[43] He also reminds us of the reaping angel of Revelation who filled "the great wine-press of the wrath of God"[44] and of the numerous Biblical comparisons of man to grass: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field."[45] Round this figure which unites the freshness of mown grass with the grimness of death, the themes of man and nature, love, destruction, and death are played in different variations -- delicate and elusive -- which add up to a total impression of infinite suggestiveness.

When the Mower introduces himself to his lady in Damon the Mower, he paints an idyllic picture of his labours, with which he has left his mark upon nature:

> I am the Mower Damon, known
> Through all the Meadows I have mown,
> (41-42)

for, comparing himself with the Shepherd,

> This Sithe of mine discovers wide
> More ground then all his Sheep do hide.
> (51-52)

The ominous suggestions of these lines are confirmed in the next stanza. His companions in the fields are the

"deathless Fairyes" who alone, because immortal, dare to seek him for their games. For destruction has become the safety-valve of his love-grief.

> How happy might I still have mow'd,
> Had not Love here his Thistles sow'd!
> But now I all the day complain,
> Joyning my Labour to my Pain;
> And with my Scythe cut down the Grass,
> Yet still my Grief is where it was:
> But, when the Iron blunter grows,
> Sighing I whet my Scythe and Woes.
> (65-72)

The exhilaration which he finds in it is frightening:

> While thus he threw his Elbow round,
> Depopulating all the Ground,
> And, with his whistling Sythe, does cut
> Each stroke between the Earth and Root.
> (73-76)

But he ends by hurting himself, and

> There among the Grass fell down,
> By his own Sythe, the Mower mown.
> (79-80)

Man's destruction of nature to serve his own ends has brought about a partial destruction of the physical in himself. But as the love motif reappears, and we learn that his wounds are as nothing compared with the griefs inflicted by love, we realize that the Mower is also the victim of an ideal which runs counter to the demands of nature. As in The Picture of Little T.C. in a Prospect of Flowers, this is the ideal of Platonic love.

> Only for him no Cure is found,
> Whom Julianas Eyes do wound.
> 'Tis death alone that this must do:
> For Death thou art a Mower too.
> (85-88)

Death and the Mower have finally and explicitly been brought together and they will remain closely associated in the other poems.

The Mower's Song opens with true metaphysical wit.

> My Mind was once the true survey
> Of all these Medows fresh and gay;
> And in the Greenness of the Grass
> Did see its Hopes as in a Glass.
> (1-4)

This initial sympathy between hopeful man and green nature is soon broken by Juliana's arrival. The meadows continue to thrive and in their "gawdy May-games" make the love-stricken Mower their victim. He lies "trodden under feet." His revenge will be swift and drastic:

> And Flow'rs, and Grass, and I and all,
> Will in one common Ruine fall.
> (21-22)

His relation to nature will, in short, parallel exactly Juliana's relation to himself, as his refrain insists:[46]

> For Juliana comes, and She
> What I do to the Grass, does to my thoughts and Me.

The fellowship that Juliana interrupted will be resumed in a new form after his death:

> And thus, ye Meadows, which have been
> Companions of my thoughts more green,
> Shall now the Heraldry become
> With which I shall adorn my Tomb.
> (25-28)

Death lurks in all the images of The Mower to the Glo-Worms. In the first stanza the Nightingale

reminds us of Philomela whose songs brought about death and crime. If, in the second stanza, the glow-worms, as "Country Comets" "portend/No War, nor Princes funeral," they do portend destruction and death in the prediction of the "Grasses fall." Finally, as zealous lights showing misguided mowers the way they have lost, their efforts encounter death too. Its cause, once again, is Juliana, her influence as disruptive here as in The Mower's Song.

> For She my Mind hath so displac'd
> That I shall never find my home.
> (15-16)

In the course of reading these poems, we have come to associate the figure of the Mower with all the perils which attend man's efforts to use nature for his own purposes, yet we see no suggestion anywhere that he should put an end to his efforts and stop mowing the grass, just as in Dialogue between the Soul and Body, the fact that "Architects do square and hew/Green Trees that in the Forest grew" is accepted as something predetermined by the very nature of the soul of man. If little T.C. is warned of the dangers of picking the buds or killing Flora's infants in their prime, this is only a proviso in the affectionate advice which encourages her at least to attempt the subjection of nature to her ideals of decorum. No such proviso is made about Mary Fairfax in a section of Upon Appleton House which marks the culmination of Marvell's anti-primitivism and is devoid of the

reservations which are so much a part of his intellectual and emotional equipment.

> 'Tis She that to these Gardens gave
> That wondrous Beauty which they have;
> She streightness on the Woods bestows;
> To Her the Meadow sweetness owes;
> Nothing could make the River be
> So Chrystal-pure but only She;
> She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
> Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.
> (689-696)

There are no qualifications of any kind here because Marvell's poetic posture has changed. He is now the protegé of Mary's father and is writing a poem in homage to him. Mary has become not just herself but a symbol of the finest qualities in man. These originate in grace and in nurture, and the natural world can and should benefit from them. So do the "Fields, Springs, Bushes, Flow'rs" of Appleton House, to which Marvell says,

> Employ the means you have by Her,
> And in your kind your selves preferr.
> (749-750)

Thus they achieve man's ideals of propriety and order, and thereby distinguish themselves from the nature that has not experienced Mary's civilizing influence.

> 'Tis not, what once it was, the World;
> But a rude heap together hurl'd;
> All negligently overthrown,
> Gulfes, Deserts, Precipices, Stone.
> Your lesser World contains the same.
> But in more decent Order tame.
> (761-766)

In the poems which we have been studying, we have seen Marvell's poetic treatment of conflicting ideas

or of conflicts in his own mind. We have remarked his skilful use of irony and ambiguity, which evade or delay decision and suggest more than one perspective; we have noted his dialectic carrying the thought forward in accordance with all the demands of logic and giving to the poem an intellectual toughness apparently belied by the delicate imagery. There is no emotional blurring of the issues presented to our judgement, and images and conceits, however suggestive and charged with feeling, retain their sharp outlines. The poet's detachment -- and in him it is a positive quality, seldom a symptom of a lack of feeling or of personal involvement -- permits, on the rational level, a clear-eyed consideration of all the issues at stake, and impartial judgement. On the emotional level, it makes for toleration and understanding.

Conflicting ideas delicately balanced, subtle distinctions poised precariously and perpetual qualification -- an awareness both of the values which are rejected and of the imperfections of those which are chosen, all these, then, are the marks of Marvell's poetry when he writes as an independent artist. Unburdened by any responsibilities outside those of artistic integrity, he can afford to detach himself from the struggle of conflicting forces, show them at work, discriminate to a nicety, and give even the devil his due.

II

THE PROTEGÉ

In many ways, Marvell can be said to stand on the threshold separating two entirely different ages. In this chapter we shall study him as perhaps the last, among great English poets, to accept and enjoy the position of protégé of a great lord. This had been the normal, desirable position for poets all through the Renaissance and as such it did not carry the slightest stigma: it was the only way in which they could expect to function as poets and to occupy a place in a strictly hierarchical society. For this society expected its great men to make their power felt in a number of ways: in the magnificence of their own lives and in the entourage of intelligent people who moved in their wake. Society organized itself, as it were, in a series of pyramids on the top of each of which sat a great -- and wealthy -- man. His dependants occupied the other steps, with poet or artist sharing with chaplain and language-master their lord's most distinguished favours.

Doubtless a great deal of insincere sycophancy was the result of the patron-protégé relationship. When adorned by the hyperbole to which the times were so affected, it becomes completely unpalatable to the modern

mind. And yet, as Patrick Cruttwell points out, there is real value in the element of absurdly exaggerated flattery in the poetry written within this tradition.

> If the great man, the patron, were not there in the background, if the "she" of the poems did not have as original the great man's daughter, they would lose a quality hard to define but clearly present, a real element in the metaphysical manner: a quality of dutifulness, respect, reverence -- the right word is hard to find, but it is something which made it easier than it would otherwise have been to build a bridge from the human girl to the divine symbol.[1]

Marvell was employed by Fairfax as his daughter's tutor and not as a "court" poet. Being, however, a firm believer in a hierarchical society and feeling genuine admiration for Fairfax, he must have been glad to add the role of poet to that of language-master and to take his place at Nunappleton with gratitude and pleasure. The relationship between the two men did not last long but while it did, it was, one surmises, an entirely happy and fruitful one.

Marvell's poetic posture, however, had to be different from that described in the first chapter. He had to consider for whom he was writing. He had to be careful not to give offence and if doubts assailed him as to the wisdom of Fairfax's behaviour in retiring to his country-seat, he could not express them freely. When he used ambiguity, it was generally of that rewarding kind which allows reading at two or more different levels, not the kind that insinuates a qualification or even a

complete debunking of the idea praised a few lines above. How much poetry Marvell wrote during his sojourn at Nunappleton it is difficult to say. But it is clear that three of his poems are the direct result of his position as Fairfax's protégé and employee. They show the influence exerted by the General and by his literary and philosophical interests and they reveal a desire to praise a worthy man in himself and in everything belonging to him. Furthermore, they pay Fairfax and his family the delicate and sincere homage of the writer's personal happiness in his rural surroundings and in his relationship with them. These poems are The Garden, Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borrow, and Upon Appleton House.

One of the most beautiful philosophic lyrics in the English language, The Garden is the subtlest and most delicate of Marvell's poetic homages to Fairfax. The other two poems have many literary antecedents in the poetry of patronage; they are, in a way, the predictable, though unconventional, seventeenth-century outcome of a rewarding relationship, but The Garden is unique in the personal quality of the emotion it expresses and in its superb blending of conventional theme and esoteric philosophy to suit the personal position and interests of the man it was meant to honour.

The poem opens with a denunciation of the futility of worldly cares and ambitions followed by a

contrast with the repose of the garden.

> How vainly men themselves amaze
> To win the Palm, the Oke, or Bayes;
> And their uncessant Labours see
> Crown'd from some single Herb or Tree.
> Whose short and narrow verged Shade
> Does prudently their Toyles upbraid;
> While all Flow'rs and all Trees do close
> To weave the Garlands of repose.
>
> (1-8)

This is one more expression -- albeit a remarkably witty one -- of the philosophy of retirement and rural contentment which the seventeenth century found in Horace's second Epode and elaborated in innumerable poems.[2] The wit lies in the clever play between the literal and symbolical meanings of the plants which are mentioned. "The Palm, the Oke, or Bayes" are at first symbols of military, civic, or poetic honours but soon become the "single Herb or Tree" which cannot, literally, offer much shade for rest. The movement is reversed in the mention of all the flowers and trees of the garden which "close/ To weave the Garlands of repose."[3] The second stanza again presents the first movement from the symbolical to the literal: the "sacred Plants" of quiet and innocence, if such can exist on earth, will only be found growing among the plants.

> Fair quiet, have I found thee here,
> And Innocence thy Sister dear!
> Mistaken long, I sought you then
> In busie Companies of Men.
> Your sacred Plants, if here below,
> Only among the Plants will grow.
> Society is all but rude,
> To this delicious Solitude.
>
> (9-16)

Woman is not necessary in this "delicious Solitude." Only "fond" lovers could wish for her presence when surrounded by the vegetable world, for

> No white or red was ever seen
> So am'rous as this lovely green.
> (17-18)

If we did not know that mediaeval and Renaissance literature used white and red as symbols for women, the Latin version would make this clear for us.

> Virgineae quem non suspendit Gratia formae?
> Quam candore Nives vincentem, Ostrumque rubore,
> Vestra tamen viridis superet (me judice) Virtus.
> Nec foliis certare Comae, nec Brachia ramis,
> Nec possint tremulos voces aequare susurros.[4]
> (20-25)

But it would not explain why the green is called amorous. Indeed Hortus has no need of the contrast which is so explicit in The Garden because it lacks the equivalent to the central section of the English poem (stanzas IV to VIII) to which this specific comparison between women and plants looks forward.

> When we have run our Passions heat,
> Love hither makes his best retreat.
> (25-26)

Love retreats here as to a place of contemplation after the hurly-burly of the world (which the Latin version makes clearer with its cloistral image of line 32: "crepidatus inambulat alis"); it retreats also from the dangers of battle (as, again, the Latin specifies in its image of a soldier: "Enerves arcus & stridula tela

reponens,/Invertitque faces, nec se cupit usque timeri;/ Aut exporrectus jacet, indormitque pharetrae."[5]) But "retreat" can also refer to a place of seclusion for the enjoyment of the kind of love which is permitted here and which is not that conceived, in passion, for a woman. Not even the gods are allowed to behave in that way in this garden. To avoid sexual love, and to point out what the ideal kind of love is, Daphne turned into a tree and Syrinx into a reed. If we like to think of these metamorphoses as symbols of the artistic inspiration provided by nature, we shall not be far wrong. For, as I have already shown,[6] Marvell does make room for man's art in his garden, and in the Latin version, where the central section is missing, we pass at once to the apostrophe to the "Otia sana."

In The Garden we go on to the most famous stanza of the poem:

> What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
> Ripe Apples drop about my head;
> The Luscious Clusters of the Vine
> Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
> The Nectaren, and curious Peach,
> Into my hands themselves do reach;
> Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
> Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass.
>
> (33-40)

This is indeed no picture of an ascetic spiritual existence. If, following in the steps of T. S. Eliot,[7] we tried to find a moment of surprise in all of Marvell's poems, this

would be it in The Garden. For we had been led to expect something very different. The French libertine poets had celebrated retirement from the world both for its own sake and because it made it possible to indulge in sensuous and sexual pleasures in seclusion and secrecy.[8] But Marvell's denunciation of the love of woman had prepared us for something else. "What kind of a garden is this," Laurence Hyman asks, "where all the pleasures of passion can be enjoyed among trees and flowers, where plants are sexual and man is not?"[9] And following up a suggestion made by Ruth Wallerstein,[10] he offers as a solution the Rabbinic legend of an androgynous Adam living, before the creation of Eve, in an Eden populated by plants as androgynous as himself. Adam's bisexuality allowed him to enjoy all the pleasures of sense and sex without any need of Eve. Her creation, in fact, brought about the Fall, and the end of his paradisaical existence. Interesting as Hyman's thesis is, it still does not explain, as Maren-Sofie Rostvig remarks,[11] the reason why all these fruits and flowers pursue the protagonist so relentlessly with their amorous advances. They behave, in fact, in exactly the same way as the vegetable world in the garden of Appleton House, where, the poet says,

> The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
> Between which the Caterpillars crawl:
> And Ivy, with Familiar trails,
> Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.
> (Upon Appleton House, 587-590)

Miss Rostvig has found another source for these ideas in the Hermetic books. Her thesis is far more tenable for various reasons. First, it solves the problem mentioned above, which Hyman left untouched. Then, Hermetism can be applied to the interpretation of many elements in Marvell's poetry and it merges easily with the Neo-Platonism which informs so much of his work. Finally, there was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a great vogue for Hermetism both on the Continent and in England, a vogue which is reflected in its influence upon such poets as the Polish Jesuit Casimire Sarbiewski and the English Henry Vaughan,[12] and in the fact -- primarily important for us -- that at the time of Marvell's residence at Nunappleton, Fairfax was engaged in a translation of the Hermetica and in the preparation of an English commentary on them. Mary Fairfax's tutor, as a linguist and a cultivated man, must have often been consulted by her father over points of interpretation of the Hermetic texts. It was but natural that their poetic appeal should captivate his imagination and that he should wish to incorporate their doctrines into some of the poems which he wrote while he was at Nunappleton.

But to return to my analysis of the poem which, though indebted to Miss Rostvig's to a large extent, differs in several points from hers. In stanza V, then, which I have already quoted, we find the poet enjoying the

asexual sensuality of the "am'rous green." The plants in the garden behave towards him in exactly the same way as, according to the Hermetica, Nature did towards the first man, when he descended from God's sphere and showed his God-like image to her.

> And Nature, seeing the beauty of the form of God, smiled with insatiate love of Man, showing the reflection of that most beautiful form in the water, and its shadow on the earth. And he, seeing this form, a form like to his own, in earth and water, loved it, and willed to dwell there. And the deed followed close on the design, -- and he took up his abode in matter devoid of reason. And Nature, when she had got him with whom she was in love, wrapped him in her clasp, and they were mingled in one; for they were in love with one another.[13]

This embrace between man and nature was the cause of the dichotomy within man. When he "took up his abode in matter devoid of reason," that is to say, in the body, he acquired mortality, though he remained immortal in the "eternal substance" in which he had originated. Thus all his troubles began:

> He is immortal, and has all things in his power; yet he suffers the lot of a mortal, being subjected to Destiny. He is exalted above the structure of the heavens; yet he is born a slave to Destiny. He is bisexual, as his Father is bisexual, and sleepless, as his Father is sleepless; yet he is mastered by carnal desire and by oblivion.[14]

If carnal desire, of whatever kind, is an evil to be avoided, does not this add another meaning to the last couplet of stanza V:

> Stumbling on Melons, as I pass,
> Insnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Grass?
> (39-40)

In "fall," most commentators have seen a reference to the only kind of fall which was possible in pre-lapsarian days: a literal and innocent fall. But in a Hermetic poem it must have been meant, I think, not only as an erotic image but also as a reference to what is, in Hermetism, equivalent to the Fall: man's taking up his abode in matter, impelled by carnal desire, and thereby "falling" from his initial state of immortality. Marvell's depiction of bodily ecstasy in a passionate union with Nature is a re-enactment of that first act of indulgence in the physical which Hermes taught men to abhor. For the body "makes senseless what men deem to be their organs of sense, stuffing them up with the gross mass of matter, and cramming them with loathly pleasures, so that you may neither hear of the things you ought to hear of, nor see the things you ought to see."[15] And the "I" of the poem transcends the physical when, in the next stanza, he enters into a state of contemplation. "For it is man's function to contemplate the works of God; and for this purpose was he made, that he might view the universe with wondering awe, and come to know its Maker."[16]

> Mean while the Mind, from pleasure less,
> Withdraws into its happiness:
> The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
> Does streight its own resemblance find;
> Yet it creates, transcending these,
> Far other Worlds, and other Seas;
> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green Thought in a green Shade.
>
> (41-48)

We are now in the world of the spirit in which

the sensuous -- whether sexual or not -- has been transcended and the supremacy of mind over matter is established. For Mind is what man shares with God and all his creation, an "Ocean" of divine essence permeating the world that He has created and is constantly recreating. The four central lines of the stanza do not refer to the spiritual experience about which the poet is talking. The mind, which can, at other times, range over the whole width of the created world, which shares, in fact, the divine essence with that world, must now "withdraw" into itself. It must concentrate, not disperse its efforts. The central lines are there simply to stress the importance of concentration in the mystic experience into which the poet -- or rather the protagonist -- has entered, and to mark the contrast between the prodigality of the divine creation and the paucity of the mind's contents at the mystic moment, which is one of intensity and exclusion. So the mind withdraws,

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green Thought in a green Shade.
> (47-48)

Discoursing on thought and sense, Hermes says that though "sense is connected with matter and thought with incorporeal or eternal substance," yet they are united and cannot be separated. They

> are infused into a man together, being intertwined with one another, so to speak. . . . Sense belongs in part to the body, and in part to the soul; and when the body-sense and the soul-sense are in accord, then it results that thought manifests itself, being brought forth as offspring by the mind.[17]

And this is what the mind achieves in the garden. But why is the thought green? Marvell is suggesting, I think, an analogy with what follows my previous quotation in the same discourse by Hermes.

> For all man's thoughts are brought forth by his mind, -- good thoughts when the mind is impregnated by God, and bad thoughts when it is impregnated by some daemon, who . . . deposits . . . the seed . . . of adulteries, murders, acts of parricide and sacrilege, and all manner of impious deeds.[18]

Likewise the mind, when "impregnated" (how apposite, by the way, the sexual denotation is here!) by the green of the garden, brings forth a green thought. The image telescopes the sensual enjoyment of matter in the form of plants, as stanza V describes, with the mind's thought, in as close a union as that mentioned by Hermes and quoted a few lines above. The same beautiful image shows that the apprehension of the world of matter by the senses is an indispensable step in the achievement of the mystic moment. If only to be "annihilated" in thought, the created world is necessary to man.

The lyric quality of the poem reaches its highest point in the description of the moment of sheer ecstatic joy that follows contemplation.

Here at the Fountains sliding foot,
Or at some Fruit-trees mossy root,
Casting the Bodies Vest aside,
My Soul into the boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it sits, and sings,
Then whets, and combs its silver Wings;
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.
(49-56)

The image of the Soul casting aside "the Bodies Vest" and gliding into the boughs in the shape of a bird can of course be read as a beautiful rendering of a Neo-Platonic commonplace. The soul anticipates the moment of death by divesting itself of the matter in which it is enclosed and growing the wings on which it will rise to heaven and rejoin the eternal substance of which it is a part. But the "Bodies Vest" and the fact that Marvell shifts from the Mind, with which he had concerned himself in the previous stanza, to the Soul points to a specific Hermetic doctrine which distinguishes between soul and mind.[19] The mind can only exist by itself, in all the glory of its divine state, after death. It must, in this life, remain enveloped and protected by the soul, which itself can, on the other hand, be released from the limitations of the body through a mystic process such as Marvell is describing. In "casting the Bodies Vest aside," his Soul is following the precepts of Hermes when the prophet advises men against indulgence in the passions of the body.

First you must tear off this garment which you wear, -- this cloak of darkness, this web of ignorance, this prop of evil, this bond of corruption, -- this living death, this conscious corpse, this tomb you carry about with you, -- this robber in the house, this enemy who hates the things you seek after, and grudges you the things which you desire. Such is the garment in which you have clothed yourself; and it grips you to itself and holds you down, that you may not look upward and behold the beauty of the Truth and the Good that abides above you. For it makes senseless what men deem to be their organs of sense, stuffing them up with the gross mass of matter, and cramming them with loathly pleasures, so that you may neither hear of the things you ought to hear of, nor see the things you ought to see.[20]

The bird which "sits and sings,/Then whets, and combs its silver Wings," and "waves in its Plumes the various Light" represents the soul's ecstatic joy at its release from the body. It is a beautiful image, illustrating to perfection Marvell's typical use of the world of nature. Close observation giving rise to a keen aesthetic joy and expressed in musical language imitative of a bird's sounds, provides a symbol congruent not only with the rest of the symbolism but also with the physical world which is being described literally.[21]

And now, in the next stanza, comes the explicit reference to an androgynous paradise:

> Such was that happy Garden-state,
> While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
> After a Place so pure; and sweet,
> What other Help could yet be meet!
> But 'twas beyond a Mortal's share
> To wander solitary there:
> Two Paradises 'twere in one
> To live in Paradise alone.
>
> (57-64)

Man's adoption of matter and therefore of mortality was followed after a time by God's "parting asunder" of all living creatures, which had up to then shared God's bisexuality, and by the creation of males and females. Among the creatures so divided was mortal man, who had, in fact, enjoyed "two Paradises . . . in one" while living "in Paradise alone." I do not think that the slightly ironic character of this stanza has ever been noted. The introductory "such was that happy Garden-state" releases us from the spell of the mystic moment and brings us back to the world of reality. It does so with a gently humorous reference to the creation of woman, in the words, not of Hermes, but of Genesis ("and the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him"[22]) and with the witty and paradoxical references to bisexuality in the final couplet. The fact that Marvell could so light-heartedly bring Hermetic and Christian thought together indicates that it was the resemblances between them that, as with most of his contemporaries, attracted him to Hermetism. It may even indicate an attempt, either deliberate or unconscious -- it is impossible to tell, to conciliate wherever possible the teachings of Hermes with those of the Bible.

The poem closes on a quiet, subdued note.

> How well the skilful Gardner drew
> Of flow'rs and herbes this Dial new;
> Where from above the milder Sun
> Does through a fragrant Zodiak run;
> And, as it works, th'industrious Bee
> Computes its time as well as we.
> How could such sweet and wholsome Hours
> Be reckon'd but with herbs and flow'rs!
> (65-72)

We are back in a man-made garden, a testimony to the superiority of man's God-given powers over nature, as I remarked above.[23] The herbs and flowers reassert the theme of repose and the connection of plants and flowers, stated at the beginning of the poem, with both the endeavours and the leisure of man. It is among these plants that quiet and innocence will be found.

Of The Garden and the Latin poem Hortus, I believe that the latter was the original version. In it Marvell gave expression to the Horatian philosophy of rural retirement within all the conventions of a genre which set out to imitate a classical model. The protagonist of the poem is a Roman patrician who escapes from the scenes of worldly ambition and competition which had formerly attracted him: "Armenta . . . hominum, Circique boatus,/Mugitusve Fori"[24] (17-18). Both the imagery and the profusion of deities apostrophized are natural to a "Roman" poem in the Latin language. The Garden effects a veritable sea-change, which is partly the result of a change in Marvell's poetic posture. The

traditional reflections on the futility of worldly endeavour and the delights of repose and retirement are there still, but stripped of all unnecessary, unfunctional ornamentations. Reduced to their lyric essentials, they occupy stanzas I to IV and stanza IX. Yet they carry a double burden now. They not only express the Horatian philosophy of retirement but also the Hermetic doctrine of the need for inactivity and contemplation, which is found scattered all over the books that Fairfax was translating and interpreting. It appears, for instance, in the following definition of the Good: "A thing that is devoid of all movement and all becoming, and has a motionless activity that is centred in itself; a thing that lacks nothing, and is not assailed by perturbations."[25] Walter Scott supplies a gloss for the word "perturbations": it is "passions,"[26] and the Hermetic text itself suggests many meanings for the word. One of them is clearly the passion that arises out of the need for sexual fulfilment in another person. And this explains an addition in Marvell's English version of Hortus. Love retreats to the garden "when we have run our Passions heat." This, and the introduction -- which I have already remarked on[27] -- of the epithet "am'rous" show Marvell preparing the way for his new Hermetic stanzas, V to VIII. As the final stanza of The Garden adds nothing to the corresponding

section in Hortus (49-58), I have not, as Miss Rostvig has,[28] tried to give a Hermetic interpretation to it. The poem coheres in spite of the lack of an absolutely coherent philosophy, for the poet's imagination is at work suffusing its different sets of intellectual concepts with his intense, and very personal, emotional response to them.

We have seen, then, how strands of different kinds are woven into the complicated fabric of The Garden. The philosophy of the Horatian beatus vir is strengthened by the Hermetic belief in inactivity. Hermetic doctrine supplies the legend of androgynous man in his asexual embrace with nature and suggests the steps of a mystic process. Biblical echoes merge without any incongruence. In all these ideas Marvell's patron, as retired soldier, commentator on the Hermetica, and cultivated Christian, was personally involved, and The Garden stands as one of the most delicate poetic homages born out of the patron-protégé relationship. For there can be no greater compliment than a sensitive appreciation of a man's philosophy and of his intellectual interests, and the embodiment of these in a personally felt poetic context. In the case of The Garden, it happens to be one of almost inexhaustible beauty.

Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borrow and Upon Appleton House are far more obvious as poetic compliments.

They belong to a genre which had classical and sixteenth-century European antecedents[29] but which in England really came into its own in the seventeenth century as an off-shoot of the poetry of patronage: the country-house poem. This genre often uses what is called the loco-descriptive technique: it describes the estate and the house on it as the poet makes his way about them and commands different views. The landscape is often given a certain animation and is used for the illustration of whatever moral issues may concern the poet at the moment -- generally those involving qualities enjoyed by the owner of the estate.

Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borrow concerns itself with the two features of the Fairfax estate which are mentioned in the title. It has verbal echoes of an Ode in honour of the Duke of Bracciano written by the Neo-Latinist Sarbiewski, to whose influence, as shown by Miss Rostvig,[30] are due a good many features of the poetry of Marvell and his contemporaries. It also shows the direct influence of an English poem by Sir John Denham, Cooper's Hill, which, appearing in 1642, enjoyed great popularity and ran into several editions in the course of the century. Yet Marvell's poem is very much his own work and includes elements for which I have looked in vain in its models.

It opens with what would at first sight appear a completely objective description.

See how the Arched Earth does here
Rise in a perfect Hemisphere!
The stiffest Compass could not strike
A line more circular and like;
Nor softest Pensel draw a Brow
So equal as this Hill does bow.
(1-6)

Yet from the first nature is shown as the embodiment of conflicting ethics, for the geometrical conceits have far more than a simple decorative value. The "perfect Hemisphere" in which the "arched Earth" rises at Bill-borrow is a fraction of a circle, the Neo-Platonic figure of perfection, and the epithets "circular," "like," and "equal" have therefore a definite aesthetic and moral value. The closing couplet of the stanza should leave us in no doubt about this.

It seems as for a Model laid,
And that the World by it was made.
(7-8)

The hill at Bill-borrow seems in its perfection the very prototype of all hills, devised by God as a universal pattern. Marvell's impassioned geometry[31] is clearly the child of Neo-Platonic thought. Sarbiewski and Denham have nothing like it in their poems, not, it goes without saying, because they were not influenced by the all-pervading Neo-Platonism of the Renaissance, but because the use of geometrical conceits would have seemed to them an unforgivable intrusion of the anti-poetical.

The ethical issues all become explicit in the second stanza, in which "Mountains more unjust" are

apostrophized.

> Here learn ye Mountains more unjust,
> Which to abrupter greatness thrust,
> That do with your hook-shoulder'd height
> The Earth deform and Heaven fright,
> For whose excrescence ill design'd,
> Nature must a new Center find,
> Learn here those humble steps to tread,
> Which to securer Glory lead.
> (9-16)

Of course justice in the Renaissance did not mean justice as we understand it. Readers of Spenser will remember how he equates it with submission to the established order.

> Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
> That euery one doe know their certaine bound.[32]

And the greatest sin against justice is pride, or the wish to rise above one's "certaine bound," fixed by birth for all time, while the greatest virtue supporting justice is humility. Of that great sin, those mountains are an illustration. They have thrust themselves to heights which offend both the ethical and the aesthetic sense of the "just." This is expressed in images of anatomical and pathological irregularities, such as "hook-shoulder'd" and "excrescence," the first of which is also a complete negation of all the good qualities of circularity. The loss of geometrical symmetry has, in fact, endangered the balance of the whole earth.[33]

The last two lines of the stanza lead us back to the hill at Bill-borrow, which is made a model of

humility. Just as epithets of disparagement followed one another in quick succession in the address to the offending mountains, epithets implying the moral qualities of humility, accessibility, courtesy, gentleness, tolerance, and selflessness are now applied with equal diligence to the hill.

> See what a soft access and wide
> Lyes open to its grassy side;
> Nor with the rugged path deterrs
> The feet of breathless Travellers.
> See then how courteous it ascends,
> And all the way it rises bends;
> Nor for it self the height does gain,
> But only strives to raise the Plain.
> (17-24)

There is a certain amount of moralization of the landscape in Sarbiewski, when he says,

> A gentle Cliffe from a steep Hill doth rise
> That even to Heaven, mounts by degrees,
> And safe, with uncouth passage, leanes upon
> The solid backs, of Rocks and stone,[34]

and in Denham's description of Windsor, which

> doth it self present
> With such an easie and unforc't ascent,
> That no stupendious precipice denies
> Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
> But such a Rise, as doth at once invite
> A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight.[35]

But Denham's allegorical purpose has to be stated with an explicit analogy:

> Thy mighty Masters Embleme, in whose face
> Sate Meekness, heightened with Majestick Grace
> Such seems thy gentle height.[36]

Marvell does not need to make his intention explicit. It becomes perfectly clear, as we read, that in the second

and third stanzas realistic description and allegory coalesce. While the faults of the "Mountains more unjust" probably represent those of the men who disrupted the established order in the England of 1642, the virtues of the hill at Bill-borrow are those of the man to whose estate it belongs and to whom the poem is dedicated: Lord Fairfax. No direct reference is made to him until in the description of the grove, in stanza V, we learn that "something alwaies did appear/Of the great Masters terrour there." In the Latin poem on a similar subject, Epigramma in Duos Montes Amosclivum et Bilborum. Farfacio," nature is also made to reflect moral concepts. But there is an interesting difference. Almscliff and Bill-borrow, the one rugged and steep, the other placid and gentle represent, as is explicitly stated, two sides of Fairfax's character, as presented to those that oppose him and to those that yield to him.

> Erectus, praeceps, salebrosus, & arduus ille:
> Acclivis, placidus, mollis, amaenus hic est.
> Dissimilis Domino coiit Natura sub uno;
> Farfaciaque tremunt sub ditione pares.
> . . . . . .
> Asper in adversos, facilis cedentibus idem;
> Ut credas Montes extimulasse suos.[37]
> (13-20)

But to return to the English poem. The animation of the landscape takes on definite Hermetic overtones in the description of the trees in the grove. They are endowed with intelligence and with human-like

emotions, for they too are part of the great Soul that pervades all creation.

> For they ('tis credible) have sense,
> As We, of Love and Reverence,
> And underneath the Courser Rind
> The Genius of the house do bind.
> Hence they successes seem to know,
> And in their Lord's advancement grow.
> (49-54)

The poet is suggesting a Hermetic commerce of sympathies. There is a direct relation between the trees' present state of full growth and beauty and the peak reached by Fairfax's reputation.

> But in no Memory were seen
> As under this so streight and green.
> (55-56)

Like him, they have chosen to set limits to their growth and to protect themselves with prudent and unobtrusive behaviour.

> Yet now no further strive to shoot,
> Contented if they fix their Root.
> Nor to the winds uncertain gust,
> Their prudent Heads too far intrust.
> (57-60)

Marvell was committed to honour Fairfax and to celebrate his retirement from the public scene. The contemplative life clearly appealed to him personally -- else such a poem as The Garden would have been impossible -- and yet there is a note of regret here which becomes, as we shall see, more peremptory in Upon Appleton House. In the lines quoted above, contentment and prudence are described in

purely negative terms while Fairfax's warlike exploits "that swell'd the Cheek of Fame" are sung with what appears excessive enthusiasm for a poem whose ostensible purpose is to extol the retired life.

> Much other Groves, say they, then these
> And other Hills him once did please.
> Through Groves of Pikes he thunder'd then,
> And Mountains rais'd of dying Men,[38]
> For all the Civick Garlands due
> To him our Branches are but few.
> Nor are our Trunks enow to bear
> The Trophees of one fertile Year.
>
> (65-72)

Marvell's dual vision of life again creates a conflict in his mind. At the time of writing his Horatian Ode he had felt free to make a poem out of an unresolved conflict. Now, as Fairfax's protégé, that was no longer possible: his patron's choice had to be his, at least ostensibly, in a poem of this nature. He closes, therefore, with lines addressed to the trees, on the theme of Stoic retirement from the world.

> Therefore to your obscurer Seats
> From his own Brightness he retreats:
> Nor he the Hills without the Groves,
> Nor Height but with Retirement loves.
>
> (77-80)

The neat final couplet sums up the allegory and makes it wholly explicit, a sign that this is a public poem, in which immediate and unequivocal communication is essential. We are very far here from the elusiveness and suggestiveness of the best among the poems which Marvell wrote as an irresponsible creator.

All of the features which we have noted in The Garden and in Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borrow reappear in Upon Appleton House, the richest and most interesting example of the country-house poem in English literature. It is, like Bill-borrow, a loco-descriptive poem, with its 97 stanzas and 776 lines forming six distinctive sections. The description of the house and its architecture (1-80) is followed by a historical interlude exalting the merits of Fairfax's ancestors (81-280). A return to the present gives us a description of the garden (281-368), of the meadows (369-480), and of the wood (481-622), and finally, in the last section (623-776), the presence of young Mary Fairfax by the river, in the evening, introduces a vision of the patron's line which serves as a kind of continuation to the historical retrospect of the second section. Such is the variety of style and tone within Upon Appleton House that it is better, perhaps, to think of it as a series of poems suggested by house and estate and intended to do homage to their owner.

The opening stanzas describe Appleton House as a building in which moderation prevails. "No Forrain Architect"

> of his great Design in pain
> Did for a Model vault his Brain,
> Whose Columnes should so high be rais'd
> To arch the Brows that on them gaz'd.
> (5-8)

Only the bizarre wit and the Baroque imagery of Marvell's lines distinguish this part of the poem from the country-house poems that preceded it. Ben Jonson had also described the architecture of a country mansion with negatives.

> Thou art not, PENSHURST, built to enuious show
> Of touch, or marble; nor canst boast a row
> Of polish'd pillars, or a roofe of gold.[39]

And Carew had described a house at Wrest as

> Devoid of art, for here the architect
> Did not with curious skill a pile erect
> Of carved marble, touch or porphyry.

The same house boasted "no sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone" and "no Doric nor Corinthian pillars."[40]

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the country house still had a social and economic function to play in the English countryside, and magnificence for its own sake, such as Blenheim was to exhibit half a century later, would have been deplored.[41] Nun Appleton still prided itself on being of "use" to its inmates and the neighbourhood.

> What needs there here Excuse,
> Where ev'ry Thing does answer Use?
> Where neatness nothing can condemn,
> Nor Pride invent what to contemn?
> (61-64)

It is Fairfax's humility that has prompted him to restrict himself to "such dwarfish Confines."

> Humility alone designs
> Those short but admirable Lines,
> By which, ungirt and unconstrain'd,
> Things greater are in less contain'd.
> (41-44)

Marvell's flattery of his lord proceeds with a number of conceits so grotesque that one suspects a playful intention behind the bizarre hyperbole, and as such, a testimony to the friendly relationship that he enjoyed with his employer.

> Yet thus the laden House does sweat,
> And scarce indures the Master great;
> But where he comes the swelling Hall
> Stirs, and the Square grows Spherical;
> More by his Magnitude distrest,
> Then he is by its straitness prest:
> And too officiously it slights
> That in it self which him delights.
>
> (49-56)

Another Baroque conceit points to the social function of Appleton House. It was conventional in this kind of poem to refer to the poor crowding about the doors or entering freely, unimpeded by any officious porters.[42] Marvell found the following in Carew:

> Instead of statues to adorn their wall,
> They throng with living men their merry hall.[43]

Contracted into much more audacious and preposterous metaphors, it served him for two "emblematic" conceits of his own.

> A Stately Frontispiece of Poor
> Adorns without the open Door:
> Nor less the Rooms within commends
> Daily new Furniture of Friends.
>
> (65-68)

Most of the features of the country-house poem appear in these introductory stanzas: hyperbolical praise of its owner, a description of its architecture in terms of restraint and utility, and a suggestion of the part

played by the house in the life of the rural community. To them, Marvell adds what amounts to a far subtler compliment: his own rendering of a few lines composed by Fairfax himself. The General's truly religious spirit is preserved in verse much more felicitous than his own.

> The House was built upon the Place
> Only as for a Mark of Grace;
> And for an Inn to entertain
> Its Lord a while, but not remain.[44]
> (69-72)

In devoting a section of his poem to the history of Appleton House, Marvell was perhaps following the precedent set by Denham in Cooper's Hill. Denham gives a short history of the kings connected with Windsor Castle. Then, moved by the ruins of an abbey visible from Cooper's Hill he enters into a meditation concerning religious extremes as represented on the one hand by "Religion in a lazy Cell," which "in empty, airy contemplations" dwelt, and on the other, by the destructive, anti-Catholic zeal of Henry VIII. But Marvell is not worried by any such conflicts. He intends the passage to be a satire of conventual life at the same time as an exaltation of the courage and determination of that ancestor of the General's who forced the Nunappleton nuns to give up to him his betrothed, Isabella Thwaites.[45] M. A. Gibb presents the Fairfax family as people of moderate religious views.

> At first devoted to the Church of England the Fairfaxes only began to waver from fear of the Romanizing bishops. They were Protestants, but extreme in no direction: indeed, the beliefs set out by his great uncle Edward have all the characteristics of the future general's faith: 'I am in religion neither a fantastic puritan nor a superstitious papist: but so settled in conscience that I have the sure ground of God's word for all I believe.' As soon as he could understand, Tom was introduced to the Scriptures. Afterwards, bewildered by the vagaries of the sects, he learned to rely on them, refusing to constrain his faith to a formula.[46]

Yet it is perhaps indicative of Fairfax's feelings for Rome in the days when Marvell knew him, that the only two poems of Petrarch's which he chose to translate into English, under the name of A Carracter of the Romish Church,[47] are two of the three in which the Italian poet laments the corruption of the papal court, numbers CV and CII of those written during the life of Laura. So we must conclude that Fairfax would not at least have found Marvell's satire distasteful. The poet himself was being perfectly consistent with the religious views which he would show in the later Cromwell poems, and which, indeed, he had already displayed in Fleckno, an English Priest at Rome. The charges which he brings against Catholic devotion are not very original, but exactly what one would expect from a seventeenth-century Protestant. The nuns in the convent are "Suttle," Isabella Thwaites a victim of their "smooth Tongue" which "has suckt her in." "Is this," exclaims William Fairfax, "that Sanctity so great/An Art by which you finly'r cheat?" There are

suggestions of sexual perversion and of secret indulgence and, in the Abbess's invitation to Isabella to remain in the convent, clear satire of, as Ruth Wallerstein puts it, "that use of the senses or sensual sublimation as a key to ecstasy or in ritualistic symbolism which was an important element in the devotion of the Counter-Reformation."[48]

> Our Orient Breaths perfumed are
> With insense of incessant Pray'r.
> And Holy-water of our Tears
> Most strangly our Complexion clears.
>
> Not Tears of Grief; but such as those
> With which calm Pleasure overflows.
> (109-114)

Thus the Abbess appeals to Isabella. The nuns' "arts" consist in "still handling Natures finest Parts."

> Flow'rs dress the Altars; for the Clothes,
> The Sea-born Amber we compose;
> Balms for the griv'd we draw; and Pasts
> We mold, as Baits for curious tasts.
> What need is here of Man? unless
> These as sweet Sins we should confess.
> (179-184)

Marvell accuses the religious then of the same vices ("For like themselves they alter all/And vice infects the very Wall") as the Mower complained of in "luxurious Man."[49] They have tampered with nature for illegitimate purposes and, what makes it a worse crime, they have willfully deceived themselves as to their motives.

The highlight of the section is the mock-heroic description of the "battle" in which the nuns tried

to prevent Fairfax from abducting Isabella.

> Some to the Breach against their Foes
> Their Wooden Saints in vain oppose.
> Another bolder stands at push
> With their old Holy-Water Brush.
> While the disjointed Abbess threads
> The gingling Chain-shot of her Beads.
> But their lowd'st Cannon were their Lungs;
> And sharpest Weapons were their Tongues.
>
> (249-256)

The high-spirited fun of this part of the historical interlude reappears at intervals in the rest of the poem.

The next section is devoted to the Nunappleton garden, laid out by a Fairfax ancestor "in the just Figure of a Fort." Its description in military terms is delightfully absurd. It reminds us that Marvell wrote his poem for a number of serious reasons but also for the highly frivolous purpose of amusing a twelve-year old girl, who was still young enough to enjoy fantastic tomfoolery while old enough to appreciate a mock-serious compliment to her beauty. As the Bee hums through the flowers, these

> their drowsie Eylids raise,
> Their Silken Ensigns each displayes,
> And dries its Pan yet dank with Dew,
> And fills its Flask with Odours new.
>
> These, as their Governour goes by,
> In fragrant Vollyes they let fly;
> And to salute their Governess
> Again as great a charge they press:
> None for the Virgin Nymph; for She
> Seems with the Flow'rs a Flow'r to be.
> And think so still! though not compare
> With Breath so sweet, or Cheek so faire.
>
> (293-304)

After the humour of these and two more stanzas in the same vein, the poignant feeling of the poet's address to England is even more intensely felt.

> Oh Thou, that dear and happy Isle
> The Garden of the World ere while,
> Thou Paradise of four Seas,
> Which Heaven planted us to please,
> But, to exclude the World, did guard
> With watry if not flaming Sword;
> What luckless Apple did we tast,
> To make us Mortal, and The Wast?
>
> (321-328)

Marvell expresses here all the sense of waste and futility regarding the Civil War which he was to put in different but equally memorable words in 1670 when he said that "the cause was too good to have been fought for. Men ought to have trusted God."[50] As with many, all his hopes in the early 'fifties had centred round the man who combined action as effective as Cromwell's with a respect for the "ancient Rights," a man who would have solved not only England's problems but the conflict in the poet's mind. This man was, of course, Fairfax

> Who, had it pleased him and God,
> Might once have made our Gardens spring
> Fresh as his own and flourishing.
>
> (346-348)

Marvell's praise is not unmixed with irony, an irony so subtle that it might pass unperceived.

> But he preferr'd to the Cinque Ports
> These five imaginary Forts:
> And, in those half-dry Trenches, spann'd
> Pow'r which the Ocean might command.
>
> (349-352)

He justifies his employer's desertion of the public scene on the grounds of a particularly sensitive conscience, a "Heaven-nursed Plant" whose "prickling leaf" "shrinks at every touch," but, as in Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-Borrow, the note of regret is not completely hidden. Retirement may be praiseworthy in itself but a man such as Fairfax, and placed as Fairfax was, had no right to it. His lack of ambition becomes an irrelevancy. He should have stayed where he was needed, whether ambitious for himself or not. If he had, perhaps, then the garden of England turned garrisoned fort would again have become an earthly Eden and a place of delight: the "sweet Militia" of roses and tulips would have been restored.

Marvell's preoccupation with the state of the country and the strong hold which the Civil War continued to have upon his feelings can be seen in the next section of the poem, which contains some of his most vigorous and dramatic lines. It is the description of the Appleton meadows. The opening stanza sets the fantastic tone of the whole section.

> And now to the Abbyss I pass
> Of that unfathomable Grass,
> Where Men like Grasshoppers appear,
> But Grasshoppers are Gyants there.
>
> (369-372)

All size is relative here. Our vision only seems able to pervert reality as it reflects it. The cattle on the common

shrunk in the huge Pasture show
As Spots, so shap'd, on Faces do.
Such Fleas, ere they approach the Eye,
In Multiplying Glasses lye.
They feed so wide, so slowly move,
As Constellations do above.
(459-464)

With fleas and constellations used as similes for the same animals, we are faced with a dislocation of reality which is of a piece with the dreamlike quality of the whole section. This seems at times to be strung together solely by the whims of the poet's imagination. What he presents, in fact, is not reality, but the scenes of a masque.

No Scene that turns with Engines strange
Does oftner then these Meadows change.
(385-386)

And later,

This Scene again withdrawing brings
A new and empty Face of things;
A levell'd space, as smooth and plain,
As Clothes for Lilly strecht to stain.
(441-444)

The nature of reality, a constant preoccupation, is expressed in the vagaries of "being" and "seeming."

Then, to conclude these pleasant Acts,
Denton sets ope its Cataracts,
And makes the Meadow truly be
(What it but seem'd before) a Sea.
(465-468)

Marvell has written little poetry that is more Baroque than this. The antics of the Baroque imagination and its dislocated vision of the world reflect his own bewildered vision of the nightmarish episodes of the Civil War. Thus

the Baroque imagery sustains, on one level, the whimsical fun which we have noted before, and on another, serves a highly serious allegorical purpose.

The Nunappleton mowers enter the summer scene and the meadow with boundless vigour and, like Damon, set to their task of destruction with a fearful exhilaration.

> With whistling Sithe, and Elbow strong,
> These Massacre the Grass along.
> (393-394)

They

> seem like Israalites to be,
> Walking on foot through a green Sea.
> To them the Grassy Deeps divide,
> And crowd a Lane to either side.
> (389-392)

There is another reason why Marvell compares his mowers to Israelites. They are "God's chosen wasters" who "spoiled the Egyptians"[53] after these had suffered all the great plagues that God sent them. They are also the "princes of God," as Genesis paraphrases the name when first given to Jacob,[54] and Cromwell's Puritans, for so -- Israelites -- he loved to call them. The echoes of Exodus are resumed when "Rails rain for Quails, for Manna Dew."[55]

Rails, as I learn from Allen,[56] are the kings of quail, though not quail themselves. One of the mowers,

unknowing, carves the Rail,
Whose yet unfeather'd Quils her fail.
The Edge all bloody from its Breast
He draws, and does his stroke detest;
Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd
To him a Fate as black forebode.
(395-400)

Charles I's Rail is followed by all the other Royalist rails which fall for the benefit of the English Israelites. Neither obscurity nor humility can save them.

Unhappy Birds! what does it boot
To build below the Grasses Root;
When Lowness is unsafe as Hight,
And Chance o'retakes what scapeth spight?
(409-412)

When the Mower "commands the Field" the only possibility if one cannot escape living as his contemporary ("sooner hatch") is to be stronger and completely beyond his reach ("higher build"): a sad and very personal reflection on the problem of neutrality and obscurity, for the protection these afford is but short-lived.

The conclusion of the Mowers' work is like the end of a battle.

As the Mead with Hay, the Plain
Lyes quilted ore with Bodies slain:
The Women that with forks it fling,
Do represent the Pillaging.
(421-424)

Other images of death strengthen the sense of ruthless destruction.

Or, like the Desert Memphis Sand,
Short Pyramids of Hay do stand.
And such the Roman Camps do rise
In Hills for Soldiers Obsequies.
(437-440)

The Mowers' uninhibited dance ("now the careless Victors play,/Dancing the Triumphs of the Hay") makes the whole scene phantasmagoric in spite of its realistic detail and in harmony with the rest of the section.

In the description of the village cattle grazing on the stubbled plain there are several references to the Leveller movement. These show Marvell, as one would expect, as no friend to these seventeenth-century egalitarians and "communists." As it was Fairfax who had crushed their mutiny in 1649, the witty references serve as a complimentary reminder.

> For to this naked equal Flat
> Which Levellers take Pattern at,
> The Villagers in common chase
> Their Cattle, which it closer rase.[57]
>
> (449-452)

The meadow has been seen as a battle-field, as indeed another metaphor for England during the Civil War. When, as a "levell'd space" used as common pasturage for the village, it suffers further damage, it stands for England razed through dissention within the anti-Royalist forces.

> What below the Sith increast
> Is pincht yet nearer by the Beast.
>
> (453-454)

Finally, the floods invade the plain. Floods have been used since antiquity as metaphors of war, specially civil war.[58] At Nunappleton, the presence of the flood of civil unrest provides a set of fresh paradoxes which reassert the poet's vision of a dislocated universe.

Let others tell the Paradox,
How Eels now bellow in the Ox;
How Horses at their Tails do kick,
Turn'd as they hang to Leeches quick;
How Boats can over Bridges sail;
And Fishes do the Stables scale.
How Salmons trespassing are found;
And Pikes are taken in the Pound.[59]

(473-480)

And now we can, with Marvell, "retiring from the Flood" of civil upheaval "take Sanctuary in the Wood" of personal meditation. The wood is to him what the ark was to Noah, a place of safety and contemplation, and the sylva mentis of traditional symbolism. It is also a symbol of the union of the Fairfax and Vere families and of the part that they played in the war.

Though many fell in War,
Yet more to Heaven shooting are:
And, as they Natures Cradle deckt,
Will in green Age her Hearse expect.

(493-496)

With the trees growing like "Corinthean Porticoes" and "the arching Boughs" joining between them, the wood becomes a "Temple green" in which "the winged Quires/ Echo about their tuned Fires." It invites contemplation, like the garden of repose in The Garden, and suggests the beginning of a mystic process like the one depicted in that poem. Worldly activity is just as unattractive, women as powerless and unnecessary as there.

How safe, methinks, and strong, behind
These Trees have I incamp'd my Mind;
Where Beauty, aiming at the Heart,
Bends in some Tree its useless Dart;

> And where the World no certain Shot
> Can make, or me it toucheth not.
> But I on it securely play,
> And gaul its Horsemen all the Day.
> (601-606)

As in The Garden, the married state receives its share of gentle mockery,[60]

> The Stock-Doves, whose fair necks are grac'd
> With Nuptial Rings their Ensigns chast;
> Yet always, for some Cause unknown,
> Sad pair unto the Elms they moan.
> O why should such a Couple mourn,
> That in so equal Flames do burn!
> (523-528)

All of nature, on the other hand, provides unrestrained joy and is as "am'rous" as the green of The Garden. Once more Marvell recreates that first embrace between the human hermaphrodite and nature, who fell in love with him when she first saw him.

> Then, languishing with ease, I toss
> On Pallets swoln of Velvet Moss;
> While the Wind, cooling through the Boughs,
> Flatters with Air my panting Brows.
> (593-596)

> Bind me ye Woodbines in your 'twines,
> Curle me about ye gadding Vines,
> And Oh so close your Circles lace,
> That I may never leave this Place:
> But, lest your Fetters prove too weak,
> Ere I your Silken Bondage break,
> Do you, O Brambles, chain me too,
> And courteous Briars nail me through.
> (609-616)

The request to the brambles and briars suggests a crucifixion or a martyrdom, a moment of identification with the passion of Christ, such as the raptures of seventeenth-century saints often culminated in. It also

suggests the element of physical pain which in the religious trance was often undistinguishable from that of pleasure. It finally shows that what Marvell is giving us is a Hermetic version of a saint's religious ecstasy, with a natural imagery as erotic in this context as is the imagery fron Canticles or from the tradition of courtly love in the transports of a Counter-Reformation saint.

Yet, in spite of the religious associations called forth by this passage, Upon Appleton House lacks the intensity of The Garden, and does little more than suggest a mystic experience. The first requisite for this, as we know from our study of the other poem, is the abandoning of bodily sense. Few poems show a franker delight in the life of the senses and the mystery of creatures than Upon Appleton House does. Besides, the tone of this section is light. The poet has turned into an "easie Philosopher," and if he sees himself as a prelate in the wood-temple, this is only a figure of solemn fun, a character in a masque.

> And see how Chance's better Wit
> Could with a Mask my studies hit!
> The Oak-Leaves me embroyder all,
> Between which caterpillars crawl:
> And Ivy, with familiar trails,
> Me licks, and clasps, and curles, and hales.
> Under this antick Cope I move
> Like some great Prelate of the Grove.
>
> (585-592)

He moves among the birds and trees.

> And little now to make me, wants
> Or of the Fowles, or of the Plants.
> Give me but Wings as they, and I
> Streight floting on the Air shall fly:
> Or turn me but, and you shall see
> I was but an inverted Tree.
> (563-568)

Hermetism would ascribe this sympathy between man and natural things to their sharing in the great world-soul. Or perhaps the poet is thinking of man as the marvel described in Asclepius: "Man is all things; man is everywhere;"[61] or, as Tat says to Hermes, "I see myself to be the All. I am in heaven and in earth, in water and in air; I am in beasts and plants; I am a babe in the womb, and one that is not yet conceived, and one that has been born; I am present everywhere."[62]

The forest of meditation, in which man discovers his oneness with nature, is not perhaps empty of political allegory.[63] The "hewel" with its "feeble Strok" destroys the "tallest Oak,"

> Nor would it, had the Tree not fed
> A Traitor-worm, within it bred.
> (553-554)

The Oak, a royal tree, is probably the institution of the monarchy. The traitor-worm could be a number of different people who betrayed the Royal cause and whose punishment did not take long to come, for he served "to feed the Hewels young." Stories such as this, of political change, connected with other countries and civilizations, Marvell

reads out of the trees' "scattered Sybils Leaves" and from them his "Phancy weaves" "strange Prophecies," perhaps prophecies regarding the future fortunes of England. He probably wants to suggest that events, like nature, follow a natural course of evolution. All, eventually, will be well. For which happy optimism he congratulates himself.

> Thrice happy he who, not mistook,
> Hath read in Natures mystick Book.
> (583-584)

When the floods recede, the poet goes back to the

> Meadows fresher dy'd;
> Whose Grass, with moister colour dasht,
> Seems as green Silks but newly washt,
> (626-628)

and sits by the river, their "little Nile." It is evening. We enter the final section of the poem, which closes the homage to Fairfax with praise of his young daughter and prophecies of the future fortunes of the house. In the absence of a male heir, "goodness doth it self intail/On Females."

> Hence She with Graces more divine
> Supplies beyond her Sex the Line;
> And, like a sprig of Misleto,
> On the Fairfacian Oak does grow;
> Whence, for some universal good,
> The Priest shall cut the sacred Bud;
> While her glad Parents most rejoice,
> And make their Destiny their Choice.
> (737-744)

Mary is praised for her beauty, her intelligence and her chaste virtue. Contemporary evidence supports Marvell's opinion of the last two, but not of her physical appearance. When, as Duchess of Buckingham, she moved in court circles a few years later, an unkind courtier described her as "a short fat body,"[64] and her father's biographer, Markham, looking at a portrait painted when she was twenty-four, sees in it "a stout young woman, with a plain good-natured face."[65] In referring to her as

> She that already is the Law
> Of all her Sex, her Ages Aw, (655-656)

Marvell could not have explained his unrealistic exaggeration of the merits of a young girl in the way Donne defended his praise of Elizabeth Drury: "Since I never saw the Gentlewoman, I cannot be understood to have bound myself to have spoken just truths."[66] But like Donne, of course, he was praising something more than a mere girl, his patron's daughter

> In a Domestick Heaven nurst,
> Under the Discipline severe
> Of Fairfax, and the starry Vere;
> Where not one object can come nigh
> But pure, and spotless as the Eye. (722-726)

He was praising an abstraction or a Platonic "idea,"[67] for Mary symbolizes the civilizing, restraining power of man over nature:[68] "Loose Nature, in respect/To her, it self doth recollect."

'Tis She that to these Gardens gave
That wondrous Beauty which they have;
She streightness on the Woods bestows;
To Her the Meadow sweetness owes;
Nothing could make the River be
So Chrystal-pure but only She;
She yet more Pure, Sweet, Streight, and Fair,
Then Gardens, Woods, Meads, Rivers are.
(689-696)

All human values, human aspirations to impose those values on the natural world, and human powers to do so to a certain extent, derive from man's enjoyment of a God-given soul. Its capacity for knowledge and wisdom differs from God's only in degree, not in kind. So Mary may even, as D.C. Allen demonstrates,[69] be a symbol of a wisdom whose origin is divine. She makes her appearance in the evening twilight, producing a tranquillity which the poet compares to that brought about by the halcyon.

The modest Halcyon comes in sight,
Flying betwixt the Day and Night;
And such an horror calm and dumb,
Admiring Nature does benum.
(669-672)

The halcyon is the heraldic device which accompanies Pallas Athena, a goddess whose virtues include Mary's. She was virginal and wise, she maintained law and order, and she invented the art of agriculture. Furthermore, she represented mind and intellect, perhaps even "the mind of God" or "divine wisdom."[70] "If there is a solemn conclusion to the poem," Allen says, "it is that divine wisdom must come in this moment of half-light to guide the land of Britain, the erstwhile General, and the

poet who celebrates both state and man."[71] Through Mary perhaps this will be possible now or in the near future. This may well be the conclusion that Marvell intended. If it is not, this section of the poem amounts to a re-affirmation of that philosophy of nature which I believe emerges from Marvell's poems of conflict:[72] the philosophy of a Christian humanist, who glories in man's powers and in his need to exert them without forgetting for a moment that they are his by the grace of God only.

The poem closes on a playful and yet wistful note, as if Marvell had again remembered that in addition to being a symbol, Mary was also a child, and fond of the whimsical humour with which he knew how to amuse her.

> But now the Salmon-Fishers moist
> Their Leathern Boats begin to hoist;
> And, like Antipodes in Shoes,
> Have shod their Heads in their Canoos.
> How Tortoise like, but not so slow,
> These rational Amphibii go?
> Let's in: for the dark Hemisphere
> Does now like one of them appear.
>
> (769-776)

We do not know exactly when Marvell left Nunappleton. We only have Milton's letter of 21 February 1653, addressed to Lord Bradshaw, President of the Council of State, in which he recommends Marvell as assistant to himself in the Secretaryship for Foreign Tongues.[73] This shows that early in 1653 Marvell had left Fairfax's house and had approached Milton in London

regarding his future occupation. It is therefore reasonable to think that not long after writing Upon Appleton House, Marvell had found his way and taken a decision as to what he should do: seek an opportunity to serve his country in a political capacity. He had doubtless enjoyed the peace and repose of the Yorkshire countryside. He had taken great delight in Fairfax's scholarly pursuits and pride in his role as protégé of a great man. But his regret for Fairfax's retirement from the political scene is evident, as we have seen, even in those lines meant to celebrate it. He had tried to convince himself that his own happiness lay in singing in a low shrub, content to have the great listen to him.

> The Nightingale does here make choice
> To sing the Tryals of her Voice.
> Low Shrubs she sits in, and adorns
> With Musick high the squatted Thorns.
> But highest Oakes stoop down to hear,
> And listning Elders prick the Ear.
> (513-518)

But he knew now that peace and security were not enough. Action as a mode of life was as congenial to him as repose, and the world of men and affairs which started beyond the confines of Nunappleton seemed to be waiting for Andrew Marvell, a man "of singular desert for the State to make use of."[74]

III

THE COMMITTED PARTISAN

> Art which is directly provided for the community can never have the same withdrawn quality as that which is made out of the artist's solitude . . . . One cannot serve both beauty and power. "Le pouvoir est essentiallement stupide." A public figure can never be an artist, and no artist should ever become one unless his work is done, and he chooses to retire into public life.
>
> Cyril Connolly.

It is easy to imagine with what feelings Marvell left London in the spring of 1653 to take up another post as private tutor, this time to William Dutton, at the house of John Oxenbridge, at Eton. His hopes of political employment had, for the time being, been frustrated. In spite of Milton's recommendation of Marvell as his assistant in the Latin Secretaryship, the post fell to Philip Meadows, who held it until his death in 1657. The prospect of teaching young Dutton cannot have been very exciting. Yet the boy was Cromwell's ward, so that the poet was in the private employ of the most prominent member of the Council of State if not in the employ of the government itself. But he was only marking time, waiting for the opportunity which would allow him to serve in a

political capacity. It was necessary, however, to remind Cromwell that his ward's tutor was a man of many parts, a man on whose enthusiastic support the Commonwealth could count. In order to do this and pave the way for his political ambitions, Marvell wrote some of the poems which we are going to study in this chapter. The others were written after he entered government service in 1657, in a capacity similar to that which Milton had suggested for him four years earlier. No difference in tone or approach is marked by the fact of Marvell's finally becoming an official. In all of these poems, his poetic posture is the same, the posture demanded by political partisanship, and as such, radically different from those which we studied in the first two chapters of this paper.

The question of the poet's sincerity arises at once. One remembers his Horatian Ode: the just statement of conflicting facts and feelings, the tension which the poet's honesty forces him to leave unresolved. One remembers the explosion of anti-Puritan feeling which followed shortly afterwards in Tom May's Death and the bitter references to Cromwell in the Nunappleton poems. They were all pieces which Marvell wrote in the proud independence of the intellectual who, staying outside the main stream of events, can afford to indulge in many luxuries: in political non-commitment, in red-hot indignation when faced by wrongs, and in praise of a man

whose moderation had made him an object of suspicion. His admiration for Cromwell as a man of action, as a force shaped by fate while itself shaping fate, however, had been evident from the first. It increased, one presumes, as Cromwell dealt successfully and effectively with one political situation after another. It was probably strengthened by Marvell's contact with a personality far more forcible than his own: Milton's. What influence the author of Eikonoklastes and Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio had on the younger poet is a matter of conjecture, but it is not too wildly speculative to suggest that it probably helped Marvell to shelve his Royalist sympathies and his scruples concerning the "ancient Rights," and to enter into the spirit of a totally different world, iconoclastic, optimistic, and active, against which no stand was possible or even desirable. The new order worked. In so far as Marvell clearly wished this to happen, his public poetry is perfectly sincere. In that he omitted to voice the reservations which his mind must inevitably have prompted to him and to present the case for the opposition, it is less honest than his poetry of conflict, in the way in which a political harangue is less honest than an academic treatise on a political problem, or in the way in which rhetoric is less honest than dialectic. For like all rhetoric, public poetry aims at persuasion and must, therefore, deliberately weed out all conflicting thoughts, qualifications, and subtleties, as

it proceeds to throw a cloud of emotional dust in the eyes of the reader.

The Character of Holland provides a good example of the emotional blurring of the facts which is characteristic of political poetry. Marvell wrote it in the early spring of 1653,[1] at the time when he was seeking government employment in London, and when feeling against the Dutch ran particularly high.[2] Circulating among the friends of Milton and Cromwell, the poem must, one imagines, have been celebrated precisely for what we find distasteful in it to-day: its high-handed jingoism. After ridiculing the Dutch government and the variety of religious sects which have found a home in Holland (while conveniently forgetting how utterly confusing the religious picture was in England at the time), Marvell proceeds to criticize Dutch manners at home and abroad.

> Let this one court'sie witness all the rest;
> When their whole Navy they together prest,
> Not Christian Captives to redeem from Bands:
> Or intercept the Western golden Sands:
> No, but all ancient Rights and Leagues must vail,
> Rather then to the English strike their sail;
> To whom their weather-beaten Province ows
> It self, when as some greater Vessel tows
> A Cock-boat tost with the same wind and fate;
> We buoy'd so often up their sinking State.
> (103-112)

This leads to an outburst of national glorification and to the re-affirmation of national faith with which the poem closes.

> For now of nothing may our State despair,
> Darling of Heaven, and of Men the Care;
> Provided that they be what they have been,
> Watchful abroad, and honest still within.
> For while our Neptune doth a Trident shake,
> Steel'd with those piercing Heads, Dean, Monck and Blake..
> And while Jove governs in the highest Sphere,
> Vainly in Hell let Pluto domineer.
> (145-152)

In spite of these intrusions of blatant patriotism, The Character of Holland is not a bad satire. The passages which I have quoted and others like them have a positive function: to balance the destructiveness of the poet's view of the Dutch. This, though unfair, is expressed with wit and humour. After a Dutch naval defeat, for example, "the Sea laught it self into a foam." To regain what it had lost to the Dutch, it

> oft a Leap-frog ore their Steeples plaid:
> As if on purpose it on Land had come
> To shew them what's their Mare Liberum.
> A daily deluge over them does boyl;
> The Earth and Water play at Level-coyl;
> The Fish oft-times the Burger dispossest,
> And sat not as a Meat but as a Guest;
> And oft the Tritons and the Sea-Nymphs saw
> Whole sholes of Dutch serv'd up for Cabillau.
> (24-32)

There is a description of Dutch women at church (85-93) which borders upon the scatological but is comic in a crude Rabelaisian way. When we are made to laugh, we tend to forgive lapses in good taste. We also tolerate what in other contexts would appear odious: the callous derision of -- not pretences, not inordinate ambitions, fitting butts for satire at all times -- but humble,

courageous efforts against prodigious natural odds.

> Holland, that scarce deserves the name of Land,
> As but th' Off-scouring of the British Sand;
> And so much Earth as was contributed
> By English Pilots when they heav'd the Lead;
> Or what by th'Oceans slow alluvion fell,
> Of shipwrackt Cockle and the Muscle-shell;
> This indigested vomit of the Sea
> Fell to the Dutch by just Propriety.
> (1-8)

This is only one step removed from the name-calling, the sheer invective into which Marvell plunges without, apparently, any qualms in one of his panegyrics to Cromwell. His victims there are his own countrymen, the religious extremists who do not take kindly to Cromwell's rule.

> Accursed Locusts, whom your King does spit
> Out of the Center of th'unbottom'd Pit;
> Wand'rers, Adult'rers, Lyers, Munser's rest,
> Sorcerers, Atheists, Jesuites, Possest;
> You who the Scriptures and the Laws deface
> With the same liberty as Points and Lace;
> Oh Race most hypocritically strict!
> Bent to reduce us to the ancient Pict;
> Well may you act the Adam and the Eve;
> Ay, and the Serpent too that did deceive.
> (The First Anniversary of the Government Under O.C., 311-320)

This is an indiscriminate, blanket treatment of a complex problem, like an argument deteriorating into personalities and not leading anywhere. As a critic has put it, "a curse, a gross epithet, is driven down the throat. The victim [or for that matter, the reader] may only reject it or passively accept it; there is no room for qualification or criticism."[3]

In this lack of opportunity for qualified agreement or for subtler discrimination, satire and panegyric join hands. Instead of vituperation, in a panegyric we have praise. Instead of an object or person being held up for derision, we have one being raised to almost superhuman levels and set up as an object of reverential admiration. Both exaggerate, both make disagreement impossible, both paint a world of absolute blacks and whites, and are inspired by doctrinaire purposes. Furthermore, satire and panegyric use each other as rhetorical devices. A satire such as The Character of Holland relies, as we have seen, on the passages that sing the glories of England to balance its destructiveness and to provide a positive standard against which to condemn the faults of the Dutch. In a panegyric, the exact reverse occurs. Satiric passages such as the paragraph of sheer invective which I have quoted from The First Anniversary of the Government under O.C. make the praise less monotonous and serve as a foil to the virtues which are being sung. It is all slightly mechanical and unsophisticated. Yet our detached, superbly urbane Marvell took to it like a duck to water when he changed his poetic posture and, in at least one poem, did remarkably well.

The poem which I have in mind is precisely The First Anniversary, written to celebrate the first year of the Protectorate in December 1654. It was

published anonymously in 1655 but Marvell cannot have found it difficult to let Cromwell know who the author of his praises was. All the divergent elements that made up the political and religious picture of the time are there, organized by the poet's art into a unified whole and expressed in powerful and organic imagery of great variety in which, as was eminently suitable, images of biblical origin predominate. It swerves back and forth from hyperbolical praise of the Protector to scathing satire of kings and of all opposition to the government. The last but one section is spoken by a prince bewildered by Cromwell's successes and mortally afraid of him.

> That one Man still, although but nam'd, alarms
> More then all Men, all Navies, and all Arms.
> Him, all the Day, Him, in late Nights I dread,
> And still his Sword seems hanging o're my head.
> (375-378)

"It grieves me sore to have thus much confest," finishes the pathetic monarch, and Marvell, with conscious artistry, ties together in a final address to Cromwell the two strands, of panegyric and satire, which have carried his theme forward.

> Pardon, great Prince, if thus their Fear or Spight
> More then our Love and Duty do thee Right.
> I yield, nor further will the Prize contend;
> So that we both alike may miss our End:
> While thou thy venerable Head dost raise
> As far above their Malice as my Praise.
> And as the Angel of our Commonweal,
> Troubling the Waters, yearly mak'st them Heal.
> (395-402)

The satiric passages have a quick, stacatto movement. Compact expression is helped by the frequent use of antithesis, a means, as the great satirists of the next age would know, to quick, unequivocal communication of facts, of the moral condemnation with which they are viewed, and of the moral standard which is being ignored or neglected. Kings, Marvell tells us,

> fight by Others, but in Person wrong,
> And only are against their Subjects strong.
> . . . . . .
> If Conquerors, on them they turn their might;
> If Conquered, on them they Wreak their Spight.
> (27-28; 31-32)

The condemnation of kings keeps to this brisk, business-like tone, but Marvell's satire can adopt a more ponderous manner too, as in this sober admonition.

> Unhappy Princes, ignorantly bred,
> By Malice some, by Errour more misled;
> If gracious Heaven to my Life give length,
> Leisure to Time, and to my Weakness Strength,
> Then shall I once with graver Accents shake
> Your Regal sloth, and your long Slumbers wake:
> Like the shrill Huntsman that prevents the East,
> Winding his Horn to Kings that chase the Beast.
> (117-124)

Or it can descend to the heavy sarcasm and invective of the address to Cromwell's internal enemies which I have already quoted.[4]

The panegyrical passages aim at a grand, dignified style. Homeric similes provide analogies and contrasts, sometimes classical and biblical, other times original to the poet. The striking images with which the

poem opens and the cosmic images, so suitable to an anniversary poem, with which it describes Cromwell's indefatigable action, are Marvell's own.

> Like the vain Curlings of the Watry maze,
> Which in smooth streams a sinking Weight does raise;
> So Man, declining alwayes, disappears
> In the weak Circles of increasing Years;
> And his short Tumults of themselves Compose,
> While flowing Time above his Head does close.
> Cromwell alone with greater Vigour runs,
> (Sun-like) the Stages of succeeding Suns;
> And still the Day which he doth next restore,
> Is the just Wonder of the Day before.
> Cromwell alone doth with new Lustre spring,
> And shines the Jewel of the yearly Ring.
>
> (1-12)

This section is first-class poetry, though the quality of its excellence is different from that of the poetry which Marvell wrote as an independent creator. As a public poem, this must rely not only on clarity and precision to carry its message but on impressive imagery to be rhetorically effective. With none of the abstruseness of the astronomical images of The Definition of Love, the metaphor of Cromwell as a celestial body in a Ptolemaic universe is organic and suited to the elevated tone at which the whole poem is pitched; it has, in addition, an element of the bizarre which makes it completely "emblematic" and, in its possibilities of absurd visualization, of particular appeal to the Baroque sensibility. This conceit leads on to another striking image which praises Cromwell for filling time with effective action. By contrast, the procrastination of

monarchs is satirized.

> 'Tis he the force of scatter'd Time contracts,
> And in one Year the work of Ages acts:
> While heavy Monarchs make a wide Return,
> Longer, and more Malignant then Saturn:
> And though they all Platonique years should raign,
> In the same Posture would be found again.
> (13-18)

Marvell's admiration for Cromwell had been first aroused by his ability to do, to be an active agent, more than a passive instrument in the hands of fate. The Cromwell of An Horatian Ode applies his arts to the manipulation of a human situation, and it is clear that to Marvell as a Christian humanist, art and action are the means through which man can, and must, exercise the spiritual and intellectual powers with which God has endowed him. When the pagan world of the Ode gives place to the Puritan world of The First Anniversary, the designs of Providence coalesce with the impetus of human strength and initiative, and the result is "angelique Cromwell who outwings the wind;"

> Who in his Age has always forward prest:
> And knowing not where Heavens choice may light,
> Girds yet his Sword, and ready stands to fight.
> (146-148)

Such is the compelling force of Cromwell that Marvell feels that the apocalytic dreams of the Puritans are not completely irrational.

> Hence oft I think, if in some happy Hour
> High Grace should meet in one with highest Pow'r,
> And then a seasonable People still
> Should bend to his, as he to Heavens will,

> What we might hope, what wonderful Effect
> From such a wish'd Conjecture might reflect.
> Sure, the mysterious Work, where none withstand,
> Would forthwith finish under such a Hand:
> Fore-shortned Time its useless Course would stay,
> And soon precipitate the latest Day.
> (131-140)

Cromwell himself had not discouraged Puritan faith in the proximity of the millennium. On the contrary, in a recent speech to Parliament, on 4 September 1654, he had said, after quoting St. Paul on the peril and ignominity of the last days of the Anti-Christian state:[5]

> Surely it may well be feared these are our times. For when men forget all rules of law and nature, and break all the bonds that fallen man hath upon him, the remainder of the image of God in his nature, which he cannot blot out and yet shall endeavour to blot out, having a form of godliness without the power, these are sad tokens of the last times.[6]

The poet does not wish to commit himself fully on that head:

> But a thick Cloud about that Morning lyes,
> And intercepts the Beams of Mortal eyes,
> That 'tis the most which we determine can,
> If these the Times, then this must be the Man.
> (141-144)

He is not averse to suggesting the biblical support on which the Puritans based their predictions, however. His two angel images for Cromwell ("angelique Cromwell," line 126, and "Angel of our Commonweal," line 401) echo not only John v.4, but also the apocalyptic prophecies, for avenging angels are extremely active in Revelation in subduing the Beast and bringing about the fall of Babylon and consolidating the reign of God thereafter.[7]

> And in dark Nights, and in cold Dayes alone
> Pursues the Monster thorough every Throne:
> Which shrinking to her Roman Den impure,
> Gnashes her Goary teeth; nor there secure.
> (127-130)

In parts of the poem, Marvell surrounds Cromwell with such a beatific atmosphere that he gets uncomfortably near to blasphemy. For Cromwell's "happy birth/A Mold was chosen out of better Earth;" his "Saint-like Mother. . . might seem, could we the Fall dispute/T'have smelt the Blossome, and not eat the Fruit;" Cromwell himself, "proof beyond all other Force or Skill,/Our Sins endanger, and shall one day kill." (159-174). The religious overtones are undeniable and yet, in at least the last of my three examples, they fail to convey any deep emotion.[8] We are mostly conscious of an exaggerated profession of feeling, but are not moved by it. We then learn that the people have almost accomplished what Marvell fears.

> How near they fail'd, and in thy sudden Fall
> At once assay'd to overturn us all.
> Our brutish fury struggling to be Free,
> Hurry'd thy Horses while they hurry'd thee.
> When thou hadst almost quit thy Mortal cares,
> And soyl'd in Dust thy Crown of silver Hairs.
> (175-180)

There follows a description of an accident which, with no serious consequences, befell Cromwell in Hyde Park, when he upset his own coach-and-six. The heroic level at which the whole thing is pitched would be ludicrous if the accident were not also an allegory for the

calamities which dissent within the state and uncontrolled freedom can bring about; a lack of harmony in the world of men is echoed by cosmic disorder. Rhetorical figures abound. We find cold personifications such as would engineer all expression of personal or mass psychology in the poetry of the next hundred years. Of the unfortunate horses, for instance, we hear that "first winged Fear transports them far away/And leaden Sorrow then their flight did stay" (193-194). The delicate Hermetism of the Nunappleton lyrics has become a kind of negative pathetic fallacy used only as another means to convey the cataclysmic nature of the accident.

> Thou Cromwell falling, not a stupid Tree,
> Or Rock so savage, but it mourn'd for thee:
> And all about was heard a Panique groan,
> As if that Natures self were overthrown.
> It seem'd the Earth did from the Center tear;
> It seem'd the Sun was faln out of the Sphere:
> Justice obstructed lay, and Reason fool'd;
> Courage disheartned, and Religion cool'd.
> A dismal Silence through the Palace went,
> And then loud Shreeks the vaulted Marbles rent.
> (201-210)

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the poem -- and one that shows how Marvell understood the arts of flattery and of propaganda -- is that it takes up and develops most of the themes which Cromwell had discussed in his recent speeches to Parliament. The pacification of the realm and restoration of order achieved by the Protector, as a work of harmonization and concord

attuning "this lower to that higher Sphere" (line 48), are compared, in a beautiful Homeric simile, to Amphion's building of the lower city of Thebes.

> So when Amphion did the Lute command,
> Which the God gave him, with his gentle hand,
> The rougher Stones, unto his Measures hew'd,
> Dans'd up in order from the Quarreys rude;
> This took a Lower, that an Higher place,
> As he the Treble alter'd, or the Base:
> No Note he struck, but a new Story lay'd,
> And the great Work ascended while he play'd.
> (50-56)

> Such was that wondrous Order and Consent,
> When Cromwell tun'd the ruling Instrument.
> (67-68)

"Instrument" of course, puns on the "Instrument of Government" which the Council of the Army had devised in 1653 and which had made Cromwell "Lord Protector." The metaphor of the City for the state continues in a series of interesting conceits. Where Marvell the metaphysical poet would have left off, the new Marvell, public poet and Hobbes' contemporary, makes his point fully, spelling out every suggestion in explicit simile.

> All compos'd by his attractive Song,
> Into the Animated City throng.
> The Common-wealth does through their Centers all
> Draw the Circumf'rence of the publique Wall;
> The crossest Spirits here do take their part,
> Fast'ning the Contignation which they thwart;
> And they, whose Nature leads them to divide,
> Uphold, this one, and that the other Side;
> But the most Equal still sustein the Height,
> And they as Pillars keep the Work upright;
> While the resistance of opposed Minds,
> The Fabrick as with Arches stronger binds,
> Which on the Basis of a Senate free,
> Knit by the Roofs Protecting weight agree.
> (85-98)

In one of his speeches, Cromwell had talked at length of how circumstances had forced him to assume a position which he had not wanted: "I called not myself to this place. I say again, I called not myself to this place; of that God is witness." And:

> I was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. . . . I, having had some occasions to see (together with my brethren and countrymen) a happy period put to our sharp wars and contests with the then common enemy, hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labours and hazards: to wit, the enjoyment of peace and liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and of a man. . . . I hoped to have had leave to have retired to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge. I begged it again and again.[9]

Marvell echoes Cromwell's protestations in lines which remind us very forcibly of others in the Ode which touched on the same theme:

> Much to the Man is due.
> Who, from his private Gardens, where
> He liv'd reserved and austere,
> As if his highest plot
> To plant the Bergamot,
> Could by industrious Valour climbe
> To ruine the great Work of Time.
> (An Horatian Ode, 28-34)

The tone is now a fraction more strained, perhaps, while the emotional impact is lessened by the obvious antitheses and the "cleverness" of the conceits.

> For all delight of Life thou then didst lose,
> When to Command, thou didst thy self Depose;
> Resigning up thy Privacy so dear,
> To turn the headstrong Peoples Charioteer;
> For to be Cromwell was a greater thing,
> Then ought below, or yet above a King:

> Therefore thou rather didst thy Self depress,
> Yielding to Rule, because it made thee Less.
> For, neither didst thou from the first apply
> Thy sober Spirit unto things too High,
> But in thine own Fields exercisedst long,
> An healthful Mind within a Body strong.
> (221-232)

Cromwell talks of dangers at home and abroad. Jesuits, Levellers and Fifth Monarchy men, are to be guarded against.[10] Marvell echoes him, in a far more indignant tone, as we have seen. Cromwell expatiates on the abuses of the Liberty of Conscience which he is ready to grant.[11] Marvell, after him, says,

> 'Tis not a Freedome, that where All command;
> Nor Tyranny, where One does them withstand.
> (279-280)

And:

> That sober Liberty which men may have,
> That they enjoy, but more they vainly crave.
> (289-290)

It is clear from a study of The Anniversary that Marvell's poetic powers were still at their highest in 1654. The faults which the poem shows are due, not to an impairment of those powers, but to his new posture of propagandist and to all that this entails. On the Victory obtained by Blake over the Spaniards, in the Bay of Santacruze, in the Island of Teneriff, written two and a half years later, shows that Marvell's poetic twilight has arrived. The poem is little more than a string of commonplaces, expressed in vocabulary and imagery as trite as the thought. In spite of its title and of the

fact that it never names Cromwell, it is another panegyric to the Protector. It is clearly addressed to him, giving the impression that the ill-fated Blake[12] only acted as Cromwell's proxy. The Spaniards' pride is made much of; the gold which they bring from the New World is the source of all the ills the world suffers from, so that by sinking the gold-freighted Spanish ships, Blake's fleet has done a service to the whole world, for which Cromwell, however, gets all the credit and gratitude.

> Ages to come, your conquering Arms will bless,
> There they destroy, what had destroy'd their Peace.
> And in one War the present age may boast,
> The certain seeds of many Wars are lost.
> (157-160)

> Fame in every place, her Trumpet blowes,
> And tells the World, how much to you it owes.
> (167-168)

As for the third of the panegyrics, A Poem upon the Death of O.C., it is a far richer poem in that the emotions expressed have, undoubtedly, a personal quality. Marvell had been working in close proximity to Cromwell for exactly a year when the Protector's death occurred on 3 September 1658. It was a placid death and Marvell, put to it to glorify it in a way suitable to a hero, presents it as the consequence of his grief over his daughter's death.

> In himself so oft immortal try'd,
> Yet in compassion of another dy'd.
> (87-88)

It is a bit forced. One wonders what rhythms and what dramatic power Donne or the earlier Marvell would have given to this conceit, in itself so characteristic of the metaphysical imagination.

> Like polish'd Mirrours, so his steely Brest
> Had ev'ry figure of her woes exprest;
> And with the damp of her last Gasps obscur'd,
> Had drawn such staines as were not to be cur'd.
> Fate could not either reach with single stroke,
> But the dear Image fled the Mirrour broke.
> (73-78)

Yet the poem describes all the virtues of its subject and expresses all the feelings which one expects from a funeral elegy with an accent of great sincerity and in lines which sometimes become strikingly effective and beautiful.

> All, all is gone of ours or his delight
> In horses fierce, wild deer, or armour bright.
> (243-244)

> As long as rivers to the seas shall runne,
> As long as Cynthia shall relieve the Sunne,
> While staggs shall fly unto the forests thick,
> While sheep delight the grassy downs to pick,
> As long as future time succeeds the past,
> Always thy honour, praise and name, shall last.[13]
> (281-286)

Unfortunately the poem ends in a very lame manner.

> Cease now our griefs, calme peace succeeds a war,
> Rainbows to storms, Richard to Oliver.
> Tempt not his clemency to try his pow'r,
> He threats no deluge, yet foretells a showre.
> (321-324)

The ridiculous conceit in the final line, a perfect example of unintentional bathos, shows how any kind of qualification imperils the total impact of a public

panegyric, and how such a poem can only be carried through when the poet stays seated on the high horse of unconditional praise or condemnation. In this case, of course, the situation itself was highly equivocal. Marvell was among those who were in favour of making Richard Cromwell his father's successor. His eyes were wide open, as the poem shows, to those weaknesses in Richard's character which would not, to say the least, help him in high office. He must also have realized that the rights of Parliament were jeopardized in an attempt to make Richard inherit an office entrusted to his father. Yet, as a letter which he wrote for Thurloe, the Secretary of the Council of State, on 11 February 1658 shows, he was completely unsympathetic to the Parliamentarians' point of view.

> Upon Munday the Bill for recognition of his Highnesse was red the second time. Thereupon the House entered into that debate And all hath been said against it which could be by S^r^ Arthur Hasling [et al], and many more. Their Doctrine hath moved most upon the Maxime that all pow'r is in the people That it is reuerted to this house by the death of his Highnesse, that Mr. Speaker is Protector in possession and it will not be his wisdome to part with it easily, that this house is all England. Yet they pretend that they are for a single person . . . but by adoption and donation of this House and that all the rights of the people should be specifyd and indorsed upon that Donation. But we know well enough what they mean.[14]

Dare we think that Marvell the official wanted to avert a new political convulsion because it would endanger his own position? And when, in the same letter, he says, speaking of Parliament, "They speak eternally to the

question, to the orders of the house, and in all the tricks of Parliament," are we to think that he was a realist, who despised the theorists of republicanism, or an opportunist, chafing at the idea of his own privileged position being at stake?[15] It is difficult to decide but the issues should, I think, temper the admiration that Marvell's biographers try to create for the integrity of the poet when they tell the famous story of how after the Restoration, he refused Charles II's offer of £1,000 for his services.

But to return to the poems. In the course of my analyses, I have remarked on several stylistic features which are particularly significant in view of the poet's posture and purpose. I have noted the importance of immediate and unequivocal communication, of clarity and precision of expression, above all of the devices of rhetoric to arouse emotion and compel agreement. I have shown how suggestions are made explicit and conceits are, as it were, glossed.[16] All these features which mark the poetry of Marvell, the committed partisan, and which are so different from the ambiguity, elusiveness, and detachment of the poetry written from his two other postures, make it at the same time conform to the newest literary trends. For the year 1650 had seen the appearance of two items of literary criticism which were decisive in turning the tide against metaphysical poetry.

Sir William Davenant's "Preface" to his poem Gondibert, dedicated to Thomas Hobbes, and the latter's answer to the same "Preface"[17] express opinions which were echoed by public and poets with great readiness. The new tendency was to think of poetry in terms of communication mainly. "I write, just as I speak, to be understood," declared the poet Clement Barksdale.[18] Poetry was not to be an enemy to truth, and this, according to Hobbes, suffers when men "use words metaphorically; that is, in other sense than that they are ordained for; and therby deceive others."[19] Hobbes abhorred "the ambitious obscurity of expressing more then is perfectly conceived, or perfect conception in fewer words then it requires. Which Expressions, though they have had the honour to be called strong lines, are indeed no better than Riddles."[20] Truth was the ideal, and truth to Hobbes meant the rejection of everything lying outside tangible reality. He would have felt no sympathy with the "other Worlds and other Seas" of the mind in Marvell's Garden, with the defiant hyperbole of

> My Love is of a birth as rare
> As 'tis for object strange and high:
> It was begotten by despair
> Upon Impossibility,
>
> (The Definition of Love, 1-4)

or, for that matter, with its "improper" use of the language of the stud, a lack of "Discretion" which could "be taken for a signe of a want of wit."[21]

With the poetry which Marvell composed from his third posture, Hobbes and the new theorists and practitioners would have found little fault. For Marvell met the new standards on almost all points.[22] He did so probably more by instinct than on principle, because he happened to be motivated as most of the poets of the new age would be, by purposes outside himself.

The posture from which Marvell wrote his public poems suffered only a slight re-orientation when the Restoration put an end to the hopes of all those who had served Cromwell. His Satires of the Reign of Charles II, a study of which would fall outside the scope of this paper, are also public poems aiming at immediate communication and at persuasion. But they destroy, not uphold, the values of the newest dispensation. The poet has committed himself to the role of spokesman for the community and whip of the court and government and he pursues his point as ruthlessly and single-mindedly as in the days when he sang the praises of Oliver Cromwell. All the faults of taste and shortcomings of sensibility which we noticed in the Cromwell poems have increased. There is a definite falling off of poetic power, which allows us to be almost certain that none of the Miscellaneous Poems were written after the Restoration.

The problem is: was Marvell's but a short-lived gift not meant to endure the passage of the years?

Did he then, in Cyril Connolly's apt phrase, "retire into public life" because his muse was no longer capable of sustaining his internal dialogues? Or because his poetry was an accident of his youth to which he never attached much importance, something which could accompany exertions in other directions but never replace them? The answer to the problem lies, probably, in all of these questions. Cruttwell may be right, to a certain extent, in thinking that the destruction of the old values during the Civil War and Commonwealth was responsible for that coarsening of Marvell's sensibilities which is only too apparent in the Satires.[23] He forgets, however, that there had always been an unpleasant, unfeeling, scurrilous strain to Marvell's character, a strain shown by Fleckno, presumably written in the late 'forties, by Tom May's Death, of 1650, and by The Character of Holland, of 1653. The satiric mood seems to bring out the worst in men; very few can become that rare species, the genial satirist. In any case, this, like all the others, is only a partial answer to the puzzling problem of explaining the workings of the poet's unusually complex mind, a problem at which better and more experienced critics than the present writer have balked.

To sum up, then, we have seen how, together with the posture of propagandist, Marvell assumed the only way of looking at experience which is possible to

those who become committed to the service of a cause. The position implies a perpetual brow-beating of all opposition and the incapacity, after a time, to perceive even a glimmer of reason or virtue in the enemies of the cause or to acknowledge the most glaring shortcomings and failures of one's own side. His panegyrics and satires in the Miscellaneous Poems (as well, of course, as his Satires of the Reign of Charles II) show this intolerance at work. Though not always devoid of a certain poetic power and beauty, they suffer from the limitations of the poet's one-sided and ungenerous vision of life and, in addition, from an all too sad but undeniable decline of a poetic gift which had been superb.

CONCLUSION

In making a study of Andrew Marvell's Miscellaneous Poems, I have tried to explain the wide disparities in style, tone, and quality, which are so striking to a student of his poetry.

Though recognizing the existence of a definite decline in Marvell's poetic powers in the middle years of his life, I have attributed those differences mainly to his unconscious or deliberate adoption of different poetic postures. These are closely connected with the positions which the poet occupied in the world of men. They determine his treatment of his subject and the tone of his poetry and, to a great extent, they also determine its quality.

As an irresponsible creator, Marvell was able to give expression to his rich and compassionate vision of man and the world around him. Out of the quarrels with himself he made poetry, and sang amid his uncertainty. His poems owe their beauty and fascination, first, to intellectual and emotional qualities which can only exist in an artist when he recognizes no allegiances or compulsions from the outside world, and secondly, to qualities of style which are completely organic to a

multiple vision of experience.

As the protégé of General Thomas Fairfax, Marvell found himself in a position which restrained his creative freedom to a certain extent and which necessitated a partial betrayal of his feelings and thought.

When he became Cromwell's unofficial laureate and, later, an employee of his government, Marvell's posture changed radically. As a consequence of the need to communicate unequivocally and to persuade, the best features of the poetry written from his two other postures disappeared. The gain in clarity was a loss in subtlety, and the result, generally, was crude and inferior poetry. The committed poet who remembered the crowd he hoped to win has indeed left us little that is memorable.

This paper may appear to be a plea for the purely aesthetic approach to art. It is not. There are artists and poets whose best work is the outcome of allegiances to causes and parties or of an urge to reform or chastize. Marvell is not among them. The aesthetic approach suited his particular powers. He should have stayed in the limbo of uncertainty and continued to rejoice in the incoherence which drew forth the best in his mind and sensibility.

NOTES

INTRODUCTION

[1] Margoliouth, I, 8.

[2] F. S. Tupper, "Mary Palmer, alias Mrs. Andrew Marvell," PMLA, LIII (1938), 367-392. For a short account of Tupper's discoveries, see M. C. Bradbrook and M. G. Lloyd Thomas, Andrew Marvell (Cambridge, 1940), pp. 145-148.

[3] Margoliouth, I, xiii.

[4] See Margoliouth, I, 206, and his notes to the separate poems mentioned there.

[5] W. B. Yeats, "Anima Hominis," Mythologies (London, 1959), p. 331.

CHAPTER I

[1] Bradbrook and Thomas, pp.53-54.

[2] R. H. Syfret, "Marvell's 'Horatian Ode'," Review of English Studies, XII (1961), 160-172.

[3] Syfret, p. 172.

[4] These lines have proved the biggest bone of contention among critics of the Ode concerned over the presence or absence of irony in the poem. See especially C. Brooks, "Literary Criticism," English Institute Essays. 1946 (New York, 1947), pp. 127-158; D. Bush's answer, "Marvell's 'Horatian Ode'," Sewanee Review, LX (1952), 363-376, and Brooks' rejoinder, "A Note on the Limits of 'History' and the Limits of 'Criticism'," Sewanee Review, LXI (1953), 129-135.

For bibliographies of studies of the Ode, see J. Mazzeo, "Cromwell as Machiavellian Prince in Marvell's 'Horatian Ode'," Journal of the History of Ideas, XXI (1960), 1-2, and Syfret, passim. Add L. Lerner, "Andrew Marvell: 'An Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland," Interpretations, ed. John Wain (London, 1955), pp. 59-74.

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[5] Brooks, "Literary Criticism," p. 151.

[6] Thomas May, 1595-1650, playwright, poet, historian, and translator of Lucan, enjoyed great reputation at the court of Charles I. He later took sides with Parliament and produced his History of the Long Parliament, 1647, and a Breviary of the History of the Parliament of England, 1650. In the last year of his life he also acted as Latin translator for the Council of State. He was buried at Westminster Abbey, from where his body was removed in 1661. See Margoliouth, I, 240, for doubts regarding the date of Marvell's poem.

[7] Brooks, "Literary Criticism," p. 131.

[8] Laid: lay. See Margoliouth, I, 240.

[9] P. Legouis, "Marvell and the New Critics," Review of English Studies, VIII (1957), 388.

[10] G. Herbert, "Jordan II," line 11.

[11] Herbert, "Dedication" to The Temple, lines 1-4.

[12] The word "emblematic" will be used in this paper both of the verbal expression of the pictorial representations in emblems -- which is the usual denotation of the word -- and of those highly graphic verbal images which in the seventeenth century invited -- and sometimes obtained -- visual representation in emblems. I have been influenced in these considerations to a certain extent by J. Mazzeo, "A Critique of Some Modern Theories of Metaphysical Poetry," Modern Philology, L (1952-1953), 91-96.

[13] Herbert, "A Wreath," line 4.

[14] J. H. Summers, "Marvell's Nature," ELH, XX (1953), 135.

[15] R. Tuve, Elizabethan and Metaphysical Imagery (Chicago, 1947), p. 342.

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16 T. S. Eliot, "The Metaphysical Poets," Selected Essays, 3rd edition (London, 1951), pp. 286-287.

17 They have been studied in the following: P. Legouis, André Marvell, poète, puritain, patriote (Paris, 1928), pp. 80-81; Bradbrook and Thomas, pp. 67-68; R. Wallerstein, Studies in Seventeenth-Century Poetic (Madison, 1950), pp. 162-164, and in J. E. Saveson, "Marvell's 'On a Drop of Dew'," Notes and Queries, V (1958), 289-290.

18 Sir H. J. C. Grierson, ed., Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century (Oxford, 1921), pp. 239-240.

19 I translate as follows: "The eager flowers stand erect, upheld by the desire to please/ And strive, with their leaves (petals?) to seduce the dew."

20 W. Empson, "Marvell's Garden," Some Versions of Pastoral (London, 1935), pp. 119-145. See Legouis' comments in "Marvell and the New Critics," 383-384.

21 Wallerstein, p. 163.

22 "And barely presses upon the soft layers with its chaste foot" (10); "As an inexperienced girl feels frightened/ If, anywhere, she returns home alone at night" (17-18); "It fears all things because of its virginal shyness" (20).

23 F. R. Leavis, Revaluations (London, 1936), pp. 26-28, and Bradbrook and Thomas, pp. 70-72.

24 Wallerstein, pp. 161-162.

25 Observed by Leavis, "The Responsible Critic: or the Function of Criticism at any Time," Scrutiny, XIX (1953), 169.

26 Bradbrook and Thomas, p. 69.

27 St. Augustine, The City of God [Book XIV, c. III], trans. J. Healey (London, 1945), II, 28.

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[28] St. Augustine, Book XIV, c. III, II, 29.

[29] St. Augustine, Book XIV, c. V , II, 31.

[30] E. E. Duncan-Jones, "Marvell his Own Critic," Notes and Queries, III (1956), 383-384, queries the suitability of the word "Architect" in connection with trees and forests, and shows how it was probably inspired by Cowley's Davideis IV:

> Souls, form and build those mansions where they dwell,
> Whoe're but sees his Body must confess
> The Architect no doubt could be no less.

[31] See M. Montaigne, "Of the Canniballes," Essayes, trans. J. Florio, ed. H. Morley (London, 1893), p. 94. This essay is clearly the source of the Mower's complaint. Talking of the inhabitants of the New World, Montaigne says, "They are even savage, as we call those fruits wilde which nature of her selfe and her ordinarie progresse hath produced: whereas indeed, they are those which our selves have altered by our artificiall devices, and diverted from their common order, we should rather terme savage. In those are the truest and most profitable vertues, and natural properties most lively and vigorous, which in these we have bastardized, applying them to the pleasure of our corrupted taste. And if notwithstanding, in divers fruits of those countries that were never tilled, we shall finde that in respect of ours they are most excellent, and as delicate unto our taste; there is no reason, art should gaine the point of honour of our great and puissant mother Nature. We have so much by our inventions surcharged the beauties and riches of her workes, that we have altogether overchoaked her; yet, where ever her puritie shineth, she makes our vaine and frivolous enterprises wonderfully ashamed."

[32] The Winter's Tale, IV. iv. 99-103.

[33] Montaigne, p. 94.

[34] "Oh, soft passage of time! Oh healthy leisure!"

[35] H. M. Margoliouth, "Andrew Marvell. Some Biographical Points," Modern Language Review, XVII (1922), 359-360.

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36 Comus, lines 441-444.

37 As also observed by E. Duncan-Jones, "T.C. of 'A Prospect of Flowers'," TLS, 30 Oct. 1953, p. 693.

38 Observed by Bradbrook and Thomas, p. 61.

39 Cf, the Mowers' scene in Upon Appleton House for a similar premonition of dire consequences to oneself following the wanton destruction of nature. Of course this stanza can and should be read as a historical allegory at the same time:

> One, unknowing, carves the Rail,
> Whose yet unfeather'd Quils her fail.
> The Edge all bloody from its Breast
> He draws, and does his stroke detest;
> Fearing the Flesh untimely mow'd
> To him a Fate as black forebode. (395-400)

40 Margoliouth, "Some Biographical Points," pp. 359-360.

41 Summers, p. 134. I am indebted to Summers for many points in my interpretation of this poem, especially for the connection between little T.C.'s destruction of the Buds and the negative aspects of Platonic love.

42 T. S. Eliot, "Andrew Marvell," Selected Essays, p. 293.

43 See D. C. Allen, Image and Meaning: Metaphoric Traditions in Renaissance Poetry (Baltimore, 1960), pp. 130-131.

44 Revelation, xiv. 19.

45 Isaiah, xl.6, but see also other references listed by Allen: Psalms xc.6, cii.12; Job v.26, xiv.2; I Peter i.24.

46 As observed by Summers, p. 127.

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CHAPTER II

[1] P. Cruttwell, The Shakespearean Moment (London, 1954), p. 77.

[2] See M-S. Røstvig, The Happy Man (Oslo, 1954), passim.

[3] It is interesting to notice the antithesis between "single" in line 4 and "all" in line 7. It has been suggested that there may be a hint of celibacy in "single" contrasted with one of sexual union in "close," which would give origin to "a multiplicity of garlands." A. H. King, "Notes on 'The Garden'," English Studies, XX (1938), 118.

[4] I translate as follows: "Who is not enthralled by the grace of the virgin form?/ Though your green virtue (in my judgement) would surpass/ Her who conquers by the whiteness of snow and the redness of the scarlet dye./ Hair cannot compete with leaves, nor arms with branches,/ Nor can voices equal tremulous murmurings."

[5] "Sandalled, he walks up and down, alone." (32)
"Putting aside his nerveless bow and hissing arrows/ He lowers his torch and does not wish to be feared/ Or he lies outstretched and falls asleep over his quiver." (33-35)

[6] See above, pp. 38-39.

[7] Eliot, "Andrew Marvell," p. 295.

[8] See F. Kermode, "The Argument of Marvell's 'Garden'," Essays in Criticism, II (1952), 230-232.

[9] L. Hyman, "Marvell's Garden," ELH, XXV (1958), 13.

[10] Wallerstein, p. 334.

[11] M.-S. Røstvig, "Andrew Marvell's 'The Garden': A Hermetic Poem," English Studies, XL (1959), 66.

[12] This interest is not divorced from the fact that the Hermetic books were then thought to be records of divine revelation as reliable as the book of Genesis. The similarities between them are mostly due, in fact, to common Platonic sources. In about 400 A.D. the

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Hermetists were "taken over" by the Christian Church, i.e. they were converted to Christianity, and as a result of their influence on their now fellow-Christians, there began to be emphasized those sides or aspects of Christian doctrine or of Christian life which were most nearly in accord with the teachings of Hermetism. See W. Scott, "Introduction," Hermetica (London, 1924-1926), I, 14-15. All subsequent references will be to this edition. Miss Røstvig quotes from the English translation by Dr. Everard, which appeared in 1649 or 1650, and from Fairfax's manuscript commentaries at the British Museum, neither of which I have been able to consult.

[13] Hermetica, I, 121-123.

[14] Hermetica, I, 123.

[15] Hermetica, I, 173.

[16] Hermetica, I, 151.

[17] Hermetica, I, 179-181.

[18] Hermetica, I, 181.

[19] There is a third entity distinguished by Hermes which Marvell has chosen to ignore, the "vital spirit." A more systematic treatment of the doctrine would of course have robbed the poem of its lyric impact. My authority for this is the following passage: "The mind cannot, naked and alone, take up its abode in an earthy body; a body of earth could not endure the presence of that mighty and immortal being, nor could so great a power submit to contact with a body defiled by passion. And so, the mind takes to itself the soul for a wrap; the soul, -- for the soul also is in some measure divine, -- uses as its wrap the vital spirit; and the vital spirit controls the body." Hermetica, I, 199.

[20] Hermetica, I, 173.

[21] Many explanations have been offered for "the various Light." It probably contains another Hermetic allusion. The "Being of vast and boundless magnitude" who appears to Hermes and tells him he is "Poimandres,

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the Mind of Sovereignty," is seen as a light. And this "Light consisted of innumerable Powers." Hermetica, I, 117.

[22] Genesis, ii.18.

[23] Pp. 38-39.

[24] "Crowds of men and the roaring of the circus/ The loud noise of the Forum (or: of the market-place)."

[25] Hermetica, I, 165.

[26] Hermetica, I, 165 n.

[27] See p. 55.

[28] Røstvig, "The Garden," p. 74.

[29] See Allen, pp. 119-124; also 124 n.

[30] Røstvig, The Happy Man, chapter IV, passim, and "Benlowes, Marvell, and the Divine Casimire," The Huntington Library Quarterly, XVIII (1954), passim.

[31] Cruttwell, p. 79, uses the phrase "impassioned geography" in connection with Donne's poetry. It seems to me that "impassioned geometry" is an apt description of Marvell's imagery in The Definition of Love as well as in Upon the Hill and Grove at Bill-borrow.

[32] The Faerie Queene, V.ii.31.1-2.

[33] See M. H. Nicolson, Mountain Gloom and Mountain Glory (Ithaca, 1959), for the feelings towards mountains and for their symbolism in Renaissance literature.

[34] M. C. Sarbiewski, "To Paulus Iordanus Urfinus, Duke of Bracciano," The Odes of Casimire, trans. G. Hils (Los Angeles, 1953), p. 107.

[35] Sir J. Denham, Cooper's Hill, lines 41-46.

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36 Cooper's Hill, lines 47-49.

37 "Straight, precipitous, rugged, hard, that one;/ Gently sloping, placid, soft, pleasant, this one./ Their dissimilar natures belong to only one master;/ Both tremble under the Fairfacian power./ Harsh to his foes, the same man is kind to those that submit to him,/ So that you might think that those mountains inspired him."

38 In An Elegy upon the Death of my Lord Francis Villiers, 1648, Marvell had used a similar image to sing a Royalist's praises: "A whole Pyramid/ Of Vulgar bodies he erected high." (116-117)

39 B. Jonson, To Penshurst, lines 1-3.

40 Th. Carew, To my Friend G.N., from Wrest, lines 21-23; 25; 29.

41 See G. R. Hibbard, "The Country-House Poem of the Seventeenth Century," Journal of the Warburg and Courtald Institutes, XIX (1956), 160-161.

42 See Carew, To Saxham, lines 49-56; R. Herrick, A Panegyrick to Sir Lewis Pemberton, lines 13 ff.

43 Carew, To my Friend G.N., from Wrest, lines 33-34.

44 These are Fairfax's lines:

> Thinke not ô Man that dwells herein
> This House's a Stay but as an Inne
> Wch for Conuenience fittly stands
> In way to one nott made wth hands
> But if a time here thou take Rest
> Yett thinke Eternity's the Best.

E. B. Reed, ed. The Poems of Thomas Lord Fairfax (New Haven, 1909), p. 279.

45 For the full story about William Fairfax and Isabella Thwaites see Margoliouth, I, 232 and C. R. Markham, A Life of the Great Lord Fairfax (London, 1870), pp. 3-4.

46 M. A. Gibb, The Lord General (London, 1938), p. 5.

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47 Reed, pp. 282-283.

48 Wallerstein, p. 298.

49 See The Mower against Gardens, and above, pp. 35-38.

50 A. B. Grosart, ed. "The Rehearsal Transpros'd," The Works of Andrew Marvell (London, 1872-1875), III, 212.

51 E. Duncan-Jones, "Marvell and the Cinque Ports," TLS, 11 Nov. 1955, p. 673, notes that lines 349-352 have more point than is generally allowed, since an Act of Parliament of 1650 assigned to the Council of State of which Fairfax had been a member "all powers appertaining to the Lord High Admirall of England and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports." Both offices, in which Fairfax had had a share, are imaged in these lines.

52 The source of the grasshoppers-and-giants metaphor is Numbers, xiii.33, as noted by J. Grundy, "Marvell's Grasshoppers," Notes and Queries, IV (1957), 142, and P. Legouis, "Marvell's Grasshoppers," Notes and Queries, V (1958), 108-109.

53 Exodus, xii.36. I owe this suggestion to Allen, p. 135.

54 Genesis, xxxii.28.

55 Exodus, xvi. 13-16.

56 Allen, p. 137.

57 Italics mine, except for Levellers, to mark words with highly topical connotations. Gerrard Winstanley's The Law of Freedom, 1651, advocated that the land be distributed among the commoners and paid out of a "common stock." See M. Ashley, England in the Seventeenth Century, 2nd edition (Harmondsworth, 1954), p. 112.

58 See Allen, pp. 131-133. Marvell, moreover, made the symbolism explicit in The First Anniversary, lines 283-284:

> Thou and thine House, like Noah's Eight did rest,
> Left by the Wars Flood on the Mountains crest.

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59 This stanza was probably inspired by Nostradamus' prophecies, of which several English translations had appeared soon after their original publication in France in 1555-1558. As Allen, p. 139, observes, it also shows, in its tropes, the influence of Horace's poem on the Roman revolution. But, what is more interesting, it affords an excellent example of that sense of chaotic failure of all the laws of nature which we so often find in Baroque literature. (See O. de Mourgues, Metaphysical, Baroque and Précieux Poetry (Oxford, 1953), pp. 93-102). Cf. with Marvell's stanza, these lines by the "libertine" poet Théophile de Viau:

Ce ruisseau remonte en sa source;
Un boeuf gravit sur un clocher;
Le sang coule de ce rocher;
Un aspic s' accouple d'une ourse;
Sur le haut d'une vieille tour
Un serpent deschire un vautour;
Le feu brusle dedans la glace;
Le Soleil est devenu noir;
Je voy la Lune qui va cheoir;
Cest arbre est sorty de sa place. Oeuvres Poétiques, ed. L.-R. Lèfèvre (Paris, 1926), p. 94.

60 The Garden, 57-64. See above, pp. 64-65.

61 Hermetica, I, 297.

62 Hermetica, I, 247.

63 See Allen's suggestions, pp. 144-145.

64 A. Hamilton, Memoirs of Count Grammont [ed. Sir Walter Scott] (London, 1811), II, 264.

65 Markham, p. 437.

66 J. Donne, Letters to severall Persons of Honour, ed. C. E. Merrill, Jr. (New York, 1910), p. 206.

67 As Donne, again, said regarding his Anniversaries, that he had "described the Idea of a woman, and not as she [Elizabeth Drury] was." R. F. Patterson, ed., Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden (London, 1923), p. 5.

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[68] See above, pp. 48-49. The idea was not peculiar to Marvell, however. Cf. Waller's lines "At Penshurst," extolling Lady Dorothy Sidney, lines 4-10. She had provided

> The peace and glory which these alleys have;
> Embroidered so with flowers where she stood,
> That it became a garden of a wood,
> Her presence has such more than human grace,
> That it can civilize the rudest place;
> And beauty too, and order, can impart,
> Where nature ne'er intended it, nor Art.

[69] Allen, pp. 148-152.

[70] Plato, Cratylus. Quoted by Allen, p. 151.

[71] Allen, p. 153.

[72] See Chapter I, passim.

[73] See D. Masson, The Life of John Milton (London, 1877), IV, 478-479.

[74] Milton, letter to Bradshaw. Masson, IV, 479.

CHAPTER III

[1] See Margoliouth, I, 243.

[2] The two countries had been at war since the previous summer. "War would not have broken out if the Rump had desired peace. Foreign affairs were now for the first time in the hands of Parliament men, who were more sensitive than kings and courtiers to the aspirations and prejudices of the commercial world: they held that wars ought to be made not to help dynasties but to help commerce, and that a sea war with Holland was therefore required. The usual quarrel arose over the right of search and the traditional claim of the English, that all ships should salute their flag in "the British seas." These claims were rudely enforced by the simple and ignorant sailors, who hated all foreigners, and now for the first time felt themselves strong enough to pay off old scores against the Dutbh." G. M. Trevelyan, England under the Stuarts (Harmondsworth, 1960), pp. 288-289.

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CHAPTER III (CONT.)

[3] D. Worcester, The Art of Satire (Cambridge, Mass., 1940), p. 31.

[4] See above, p. 103.

[5] Timothy, iii.1-2.

[6] W. C. Abbott, ed., The Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell (Cambridge, Mass., 1945), III, 436.

[7] Revelation, xvii-xix.

[8] Cf. the emotional impact of these lines of "irresponsible" poetry:

> Though they should wash their guilty hands
> In this warm life-blood, which doth part
> From thine, and wound me to the Heart,
> Yet could they not be clean: their Stain
> Is dy'd in such a Purple Grain.
> There is not such another in
> The World, to offer for their Sin. (The Nymph complaining for the death of her Faun, 18-24)

[9] Abbott, III, 452-453.

[10] Abbott, III, 435-438.

[11] Abbott, III, 459.

[12] Blake died at sea on 7 August 1657, two hours before reaching Plymouth on his return to England after the naval victory of 20 April 1657, which the poem celebrates. "Marvell's poem was clearly written before this." Margoliouth, I, 255-256.

[13] Bradbrook and Thomas, p. 83 n, note the indebtedness of these lines to Virgil, Eclogues V. 76-78.

[14] Margoliouth, II, 294.

[15] A question raised by Legouis, p. 219.

[16] See above, p. 112.

NOTES

CHAPTER III (CONT.)

[17] Both appear in J. E. Spingarn, ed., Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century (Oxford, 1908), II, 1-67.

[18] Quoted from Nympha Libethris, 1651, by R. L. Sharp, From Donne to Dryden (Chapel Hill, 1940), p. 168.

[19] Hobbes, Th., Leviathan, ed. A. D. Lindsay (London, 1914), p. 13.

[20] Hobbes, "Answer to Davenant," Spingarn, II, 63.

[21] See Hobbes, Leviathan, p. 34.

[22] See Sharp, chapters V and VI, for a discussion of these new standards.

[23] See Cruttwell, pp. 199 ff.

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