ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678), POET. For a brief biography of Marvell and selections from ‘Upon Appleton House,’ see the print anthology, pp. 459-66.

FROM THE LAST INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER

[...] The guards, placed for the chain’s and fleet’s defence, Long since were fled on many a feigned pretence. Daniel had there adventured, man of might; Sweet Painter, draw his picture while I write. Paint him of person tall, and big of bone, Large limbs like ox, not to be killed but shown. Scarce can burnt ivory feign a hair so black, Or face so red, thine ochre and thy lac. Mix a vain terror in his martial look, And all those lines by which men are mistook; But when, by shame constrained to go on board, He heard how the wild cannon nearer roared, And saw himself confined like sheep in pen, Daniel then thought he was in lion’s den. And when the frightful fireships he saw, Pregnant with sulphur, to him nearer draw, Captain, lieutenant, ensign, all make haste Ere in the fiery furnace they be cast—

1 The following are lines 629-696. The entire poem is 990 lines long. Marvell used the following description of Douglas and his death for his poem ‘The Loyal Scot. Upon the Occasion of the Death of Captain Douglas Burned in One of His Majesty’s Ships at Chatham.’ The Last Instructions to a Painter was probably written between August and September of 1667. It seems to have first appeared in print in The Third Part of the Collection of Poems on Affairs of State (1689). Employing the genre ‘advice-to-a-painter,’ where a speaker offers a painter aesthetic advice on a contemplated pictorial subject, Last Instructions satirizes the political situation that allowed the Dutch to sail up the River Medway into the heart of England in June 1667; the Dutch burnt three ships, and captured two others (including the English’s fleet flagship, the Royal Charles). Captain Archibald Douglas is celebrated as a hero in the midst of a military debacle.

2 chain the boom that restricted passage into the Medway, and protected the harbour in which the English fleet were moored.

3 Daniel Sir Thomas Daniel, one of the commanders of the English fleet; responsible for protecting one of the ships that the Dutch had set on fire.

4 feign represent.

5 lac crimson pigment.

6 The prophet Daniel, cast into a den of lions when he refused to worship King Nebuchadnezzar as a god, was found the next morning alive and well; God had sent an angel to seal the lions’ mouths.

7 fireship a ship or other vessel loaded with explosives and combustible materials; it would be set adrift among enemy ships to destroy them.
Three children tall, unsinged, away they row,
Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. \(^8\)
Not so brave Douglas, on whose lovely chin \(^9\)
The early down but newly did begin,
And modest beauty yet his sex did veil,
While envious virgins hope he is a male.
His yellow locks curl back themselves to seek,
Nor other courtship knew but to his cheek.
Oft, as he in chill Esk or Seine by night \(^{10}\)
Hardened and cooled his limbs, so soft, so white,
Among the reeds, to be espied by him,
The nymphs would rustle; he would forward swim.
They sighed and said, ‘Fond boy, why so untame
That fliest love’s fires, reserved for other flame?’
Fixed on his ship, he faced that horrid day
And wondered much at those that run away.
Nor other fear himself could comprehend
Then, lest heaven fall ere thither he ascend,
But entertains the while his time too short
With birding at the Dutch, as if in sport, \(^{11}\)
Or waves his sword, and could he them conjure \(^{12}\)
Within its circle, knows himself secure.
The fatal bark him boards with grappling fire, \(^{13}\)
And safely through its port the Dutch retire. \(^{14}\)
That precious life he yet disdains to save
Or with known art to try the gentle wave. \(^{15}\)
Much him the honours of his ancient race
Inspire, nor would he his own deeds deface,
And secret joy in his calm soul does rise
That Monck looks on to see how Douglas dies. \(^{16}\)
Like a glad lover, the fierce flames he meets,
And tries his first embraces in their sheets.
His shape exact, which the bright flames enfold,
Like the sun’s statue stands of burnished gold.
Round the transparent fire about him glows,

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\(^8\) *Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego* Three youthful Israelites, companions of Daniel, who also refused to worship a Babylonian idol; thrown into a fiery furnace, they were unharmed.

\(^9\) *Douglas* Archibald Douglas, commander of a company of Scots. He had served in France and later in England.

\(^{10}\) *Esk or Seine* rivers in Scotland and France, respectively.

\(^{11}\) *birding* sighting them along his gun-barrel.

\(^{12}\) *conjure* summon.

\(^{13}\) *the fatal bark* the Royal Oak.

\(^{14}\) *port* the left side of the ship, looking forward.

\(^{15}\) *Or ... wave* i.e., he refuses to jump overboard and swim away from the flaming ship.

\(^{16}\) *Monck* George Monck (Monk), 1st duke of Albemarle (1608-1670), lord lieutenant of Ireland and General-at-Sea during the Dutch War (Feb 1665-July 1667).
As the clear amber on the bee does close,
And, as on angels’ heads their glories shine,
His burning locks adorn his face divine.
But when in his immortal mind he felt
His altering form and soldered limbs to melt,
Down on the deck he laid himself and died,
With his dear sword reposing by his side,
And on the flaming plank, so rests his head
As one that’s warmed himself and gone to bed.
His ship burns down, and with his relics sinks,\textsuperscript{17}
And the sad stream beneath his ashes drinks.
Fortunate boy, if either pencil’s fame,
Or if my verse can propagate thy name,
When Oeta and Alcides are forgot,\textsuperscript{18}
Our English youth shall sing the valiant Scot.

[...]

\textbf{AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF MY LORD FRANCIS VILLIERS}\textsuperscript{19}

’Tis true that he is dead: but yet to choose,
Methinks thou, Fame, should not have brought the news;
Thou canst discourse at will and speak at large,
But wast not in the fight nor durst thou charge,
While he transported all with valiant rage
His name eternized, but cut short his age;
On the safe battlements of Richmond’s bowers
Thou wast espied, and from the gilded towers
Thy silver trumpets sounded a retreat
Far from the dust and battle’s sulph’ry heat.
Yet what couldst thou have done? ’Tis always late
To struggle with inevitable fate.
Much rather thou, I know, expect’st to tell

\textsuperscript{17} relics body parts, but perhaps also his sword and other personal accoutrements (a relic is a body part or a belonging of a saint, revered and used as an object of devotion after his or her death).

\textsuperscript{18} Oeta and Alcides The great hero Hercules (Alcides) was given a poisonous blood-soaked shirt by his wife Deianira in the mistaken belief that it was a love charm that would cement her husband’s love for her; Hercules travelled to Mount Oetna where he built a funeral pyre and tried to immolate himself to end his agony. Snatched away by the gods, he was given immortality and a place on Olympus as well as Hebe, goddess of youth, for his wife.

\textsuperscript{19} This poem dates after 1648, the date of the death of Francis Villiers (b. 1629), posthumous son of George Villiers, first duke of Buckingham. Francis was killed in battle at Kingston-on-Thames on 7 July 1648.
How heavy Cromwell gnashed the earth and fell.  
Or how slow death far from the sight of day  
The long-deceived Fairfax bore away.  
But until then, let us young Francis praise:  
And plant upon his hearse the bloody bays,  
Which we will water with our welling eyes.  
Tears spring not still from spungy cowardice.  
The purer fountains from the rocks more steep  
Distil and stony valour best doth weep.  
Besides revenge, if often quenched in tears,  
Hardens like steel and daily keener wears.  
Great Buckingham, whose death doth freshly strike  
Our memories, because to this so like,  
Ere that in the eternal court he shone,  
And here a favourite, there found a throne,  
The fatal night before he hence did bleed,  
Left to his princess this immortal seed,  
As the wise Chinese in the fertile womb  
Of earth doth a more precious clay entomb,  
Which dying by his will he leaves consigned,  
Till by mature delay of time refined  
The crystal metal fit to be released  
Is taken forth to crown each royal feast.  
Such was the fate by which this posthume breathed,  
Who scarcely seems begotten but bequeathed.  
Never was any human plant that grew

20 How ... fell Fate might well expect that the kingdom’s Lord Protector and de facto sovereign Oliver Cromwell would die in battle. Actually, he died of pneumonia on 3 Sept 1658.  
21 Or ... away Sir Thomas Fairfax (1612–1671), commander-in-chief of the New Model Army, was unable to agree with the establishment of a republic, the invasion of Scotland, and the execution of Charles I; he retired to his estates in 1650, and only returned to public life after Cromwell’s death, contributing to the restoration of the monarchy.  
22 bays the ancient symbol of the triumphant warrior.  
23 spungy sponge-like?  
24 wears grows.  
25 Great Buckingham ... so like Under Charles, Buckingham encouraged England’s wars with Spain and France, their disastrous outcomes leading to his parliamentary impeachment. With no evidence for charges ranging from nepotism to bribery to the murder of James I, the impeachment crumbled, Charles refusing to surrender his most trusted advisor. Buckingham, however, was assassinated in 1628 by a former soldier and Suffolk gentleman, John Felton, who had been convinced by parliament’s remonstrance of that year that killing Buckingham would be a service to the nation.  
26 eternal court Heaven.  
27 this immortal seed i.e., Francis Villiers, born after his father’s death.  
28 As the wise Chinese ... entomb Early modern English writers seem to have commonly believed that Chinese porcelain (the more precious clay) was made of earth or clay prepared initially by being buried in the ground for more than a hundred years (R.H. Ray, Andrew Marvell Companion, Garland, 1998, p. 37). See also Thomas Browne, Pseudodoxia Epidemica (1646), 2.5.7.  
29 posthume a posthume child, one born after the death of its father.
More fair than this and acceptably new.
’Tis truth that beauty doth most men dispraise:
Prudence and valour their esteem do raise.
But he that hath already these in store,
Cannot be poorer sure for having more.
And his unimitable handsomeness
Made him indeed be more than man, not less.
We do but faintly God’s resemblance bear
And like rough coins of careless mints appear,
But he of purpose made, did represent
In a rich medal every lineament.

Lovely and admirable as he was,
Yet was his sword or armour all his glass.
Nor in his mistress’ eyes that joy he took,
As in an enemy’s himself to look.
I know how well he did, with what delight
Those serious imitations of fight.
Still in the trials of strong exercise
His was the first, and his the second prize.

Bright Lady, thou that rulest from above
The last and greatest monarchy of love,
Fair Richmond, hold thy brother or he goes.
Try if the jasmine of thy hand or rose
Of thy red lip can keep him always here.
For he loves danger and doth never fear.
Or may thy tears prevail with him to stay?

But he, resolved, breaks carelessly away.
Only one argument could now prolong
His stay and that most fair and so most strong:
The matchless Clora whose pure fires did warm
His soul and only could his passions charm.

You might with much more reason go reprove
The amorous magnet which the North doth love.
Or preach divorce, and say it is amiss
That with tall elms the twining vines should kiss.
Than chide two such so fit, so equal fair
That in the world they have no other pair,
Whom it might seem that Heaven did create

30 unimitable incapable of being imitated.
31 glass mirror (looking in one’s mirror was a common emblem of vanity and effeminacy).
32 Richmond Mary Villiers, who wed James Stuart, 4th duke of Lennox. or ere, before.
33 Clora E.E. Duncan-Jones first suggested in 1953 the now commonly accepted identification of Clora as Mary Kirke, daughter of Aurelian Townshend [Townsend] (fl. 1583-1649?), poet and writer of court masques; Villiers was wearing a lock of Mary’s hair, a traditional sign of romantic devotion, when he died.
34 The vine twining about the elm is often an image of devotion and support, between friends and between spouses.
To restore man unto his first estate.\textsuperscript{35}  
Yet she for honour’s tyrannous respect  
Her own desires did, and his neglect.  
And like the modest plant at every touch  
Shrunken into her leaves and feared it was too much.  

But who can paint the torments and that pain  
Which he professed and now she could not feign?  
He like the sun but overcast and pale;  
She like a rainbow, that ere long must fail,  
Whose rosal cheek where Heaven itself did view  
Begins to separate and dissolve to dew.  

At last he leave obtains though sad and slow,  
First of her and then of himself to go.  
How comely and how terrible he sits  
At once, and war as well as love befits!  
Ride where thou wilt and bold adventures find:  
But all the ladies are got up behind.  
Guard them, though not thyself: for in thy death  
Th’eleven thousand virgins lose their breath.\textsuperscript{36}  

So Hector issuing from the Trojan wall  
The sad Iliads to the gods did call,  
With hands displayed and with dishevelled hair,  
That they the empire in his life would spare,  
While he secure through all the field doth spy  
Achilles, for Achilles only cry.  
Ah, ignorant that yet ere night he must  
Be drawn by him inglorious through the dust.\textsuperscript{37}  

Such fell young Villiers in the cheerful heat  
Of youth: his locks entangled all with sweat  
And those eyes which the sentinel did keep  
Of love closed up in eternal sleep.  
While Venus of Adonis thinks no more  
Slain by the harsh tusk of the savage boar,  
Hither she runs and hath him hurried far  
Out of the noise and blood, and killing war:  
Where in her gardens of sweet myrtle laid  
She kisses him in the immortal shade.  

Yet died he not revengeless: much he did  
Ere he could suffer. A whole pyramid  
Of vulgar bodies he erected high,  
Scorning without a sepulchre to die,  

\textsuperscript{35} \textit{first estate}  that time of spiritual and physical perfection before the Fall.  
\textsuperscript{36} In the legend of Saint Ursula, the saint and her 11,000 virgin handmaids are killed while on pilgrimage.  
\textsuperscript{37} So Hector ... through the dust  Hector, the great Trojan hero, was finally killed by the Greek hero Achilles; Achilles’ main motivation was to avenge Hector’s killing of Achilles’ beloved, the warrior Patroclus.
And with his steel which did whole troops divide
He cut his epitaph on either side.
’Till finding nothing to his courage fit
He rid up last to death and conquered it.

Such are the obsequies to Francis own:38
He best the pomp of his own death hath shown.
And we hereafter to his honour will
Not write so many, but so many kill.
’Till the whole army by just vengeance come
To be at once his trophy and his tomb.

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38 own  due, fitting.