This workshop seeks to understand the role community plays in the formation of individuation and subjectivity in early modern British women’s writing, with a particular focus on women writers of the seventeenth century. The workshop will examine the writings of Margaret Cavendish, Aphra Behn, Katherine Philips, and Anne Killigrew through perspectives informed by the theories of Slavoj Žižek, Alain Badiou, and Judith Butler. We seek to determine the extent to which individuation is influenced and affected by the communities in which these authors lived and wrote, particularly in their roles as women, wives, mothers, and relatively isolated authors in the typically male-dominated realm of professional literary authorship.

Organizers:
Susan Stafinbil, California State University Bakersfield
Dan Mills, Clayton State University

Prospectus:

The authors on whom this workshop focuses have to varying degrees been referred to by critics as “proto-feminist,” primarily for their daring to venture in the world of authorship when this world was still in its early stages and largely dominated by male authors. Margaret Cavendish found the most success in joining this community, while Anne Killigrew arguably found the least, as her short volume of poetry only saw publication after her death. Despite the varying degrees of success these women authors found, the works they left behind illustrate the frustration and complications they found when trying to establish themselves as respected literary authors. This workshop will explore the ways in which this frustration affected, first, the subjectivity of characters/narrators/speakers of the texts written by these four women, and, second, the subjectivity of the authors themselves as it manifests in their texts, whether consciously or unconsciously.

Margaret Cavendish, for example, in *The Blazing World* first pits the female protagonist against scientists and politicians against whom she can only clash. After this series of conflicts, Cavendish inserts herself into her own narrative only to have herself and her protagonist retreat into blazing worlds inside their own minds. By exercising the power that the Blazing World granted her, the Empress gains her own subjectivity only with the aid of the literal author of the text she inhabits, couple with the turning away from social interaction with the very subjects who put her into power in the first place.

By contrast, Aphra Behn’s female protagonist in her *Oroonoko* immediately loses power, freedom, and, arguably, individuation. Imoinda finds herself caught in a love triangle that takes an unexpected turn when she gets sold into slavery, only to be joined in exiled servitude by her lover Oroonoko. The very simplest social arrangement between man and woman only becomes possible once the two have been captured and enslaved. Their subjectivity, both individual and as a married couple, comes about only alongside physical displacement and psychological desolation. The royalty become the ruled in Behn’s text.

Katherine Philips will enable the workshop to explore the implications of the print industry on the search for subjectivity by the authors and characters of these texts. A relatively understudied author, Philips deserves more attention both as a literary artist and as a successful publishing author. Our workshop on the small survey of these authors’ texts will, we think, demonstrate another one of the many ways the “early modern” period was in fact just that, a period of early modernity.

List of Suggested Primary Text Readings:

1. Margaret Cavendish, *The Description of a New World, Called the Blazing World* (1666) – esp. sections included below
2. Aphra Behn, *Oroonoko, of the Royal Slave, a True History* (1688)
4. Anne Killigrew, *Poems by Mrs. Anne Killigrew* (1685)

List of Suggested Secondary Text Readings:

1. Judith Butler, *Giving an Account of Oneself* *
2. Judith Butler, *Gender Trouble* *
3. Slavoj Žižek, *The Sublime Object of Ideology* *
4. Alain Badiou, *Being and Event*
Selected Friendship Poems by Katherine Philips (1631-1664)

To the Excellent Mrs. Anne Owen, upon her receiving the name Of Lucasia, and Adoption into our Society, December 28, 1651

WE are complete, and Fate hath now
No greater blessing to bestow;
Nay, the dull World must now confess,
We have all worth, all happiness.
Annals of State are trifles to our fame,
Now 'tis made sacred by Lucasia's name.

But as though through a burning-glass
The Sun more vigorous doth pass,
Yet still with general freedom shines;
For that contracts, but not confines:
So though by this her beams are fixèd here,
Yet she diffuses Glory everywhere.

Her mind is so entirely bright,
The splendour would but wound our sight,
And must to some disguise submit,
Or we could never worship it.
And we by this relation are allow'd
Lustre enough to be Lucasia's cloud.

Nations will own us now to be
A Temple of Divinity;
And pilgrims shall ten ages hence
Approach our tombs with reverence.
May then that time which did such bliss convey,
Be kept by us perpetual Holy-day.

Source: Luminarium.org
Philips, Katherine. Poems, 1678.
in Minor Poets of the Caroline Period.
George Saintsbury, ed.

Friendship's mystery. To my dearest Lucasia

Come, my Lucasia, since we see

That miracles men's faith do move,
By wonder and by prodigy
To the dull angry world let's prove
There's a religion in our love.

For though we were designed t' agree,
That fate no liberty destroys,
But our election is as free
As angels', who with greedy choice
Are yet determined to their joys.
Our hearts are doubled by the loss,
   Here mixture is addition grown ;
We both diffuse and both engross,
   And we whose minds are so much one,
Never, yet ever, are alone.

We court our own captivity,
   Than thrones more great and innocent ;
`Twere banishment to be set free,
   Since we wear fetters whose intent
Not bondage is, but ornament.  20

Divided joys are tedious found,
   And griefs united easier grow ;
We are ourselves but by rebound,
   And all our titles shuffled so,
Both princes, and both subjects too.

Our hearts are mutual victims laid,
   While they, such power in friendship lies,
Are altars, priests, and off'ring made ;
   And each heart which thus kindly dies
Grows deathless by the sacrifice.  30

Source: Luminarium.org
Poetry of the English Renaissance 1509-1660.
J. William Hebel and Hoyt H. Hudson, Eds.

To my Excellent Lucasia, on our Friendship

I did not live until this time
   Crowned my felicity,
When I could say without a crime,
   I am not thine, but thee.

This carcase breathed and walked and slept,
   So that the world believed
There was a soul the motions kept,
   But they were all deceived.

For as a watch by art is wound
   To motion, such was mine;
But never had Orinda found
   A soul till she found thine;

Which now inspires, cures, and supplies,
   And guides my darkened breast;
For thou art all that I can prize,
   My joy, my life, my rest.

No bridegroom's nor crown-conqueror's mirth
To mine compared can be;
They have but pieces of this earth,
  I've all the world in thee.

Then let our flames still light and shine,
  And no false fear control,
As innocent as our design,
  Immortal as our soul.

Source: Luminarium.org
Elizabethan and Seventeenth-Century Lyrics.
Matthew W. Black, Ed.

Friendship in Embleme, or the Seal.
To my dearest Lucasia.

1. The Hearts thus intermixed speak
   A Love that no bold shock can break;
   For joyn'd and growing both in one,
   Neither can be disturb'd alone.

2. That means a mutual Knowledge too;
   For what is't either heart can do,
   Which by its panting Centinel
   It does not to the other tell?

3. That Friendship Hearts so much refines,
   It nothing but it self designs;
   The hearts are free from lower ends,
   For each point to the other tends.

4. They flame, 'tis true, and several wayes,
   But still those Flames do so much raise,
   That while to either they incline
   They yet are noble and divine.

5. From smoke or hurt those Flames are free,
   From grossness or mortality:
   The Heart (like Moses Bush presumed)
   Warm'd and enlightned, not consumed.

6. The Compasses that stand above
   Express this great immortal Love;
   For Friends, like them, can prove this true,
   They are, and yet they are not, two.

7. And in their posture is exprest
   Friendship's exalted Interest:
   Each follows where the other leans,
And what each does, this other means.

8.
And as when one foot does stand fast,
And 't'other circles seeks to cast,
The steddy part does regulate
And make the wander's motion straight:

9.
So Friends are only two in this,
T'reclaim each other when they miss:
For whosoe're will grosly fall,
Can never be a Friend at all.

10.
And as that useful Instrument
For Even lines was ever meant;
So Friendship from good Angels springs,
To teach the world Heroick things.

11.
As these are found out in design
To rule and measure every Line;
So Friendship governs actions best,
Prescribing unto all the rest.

12.
And as in Nature nothing's set
So just as Lines in number met;
So Compasses for these b'ing made,
Do Friendship's harmony perswade.

13.
And like to them, so Friends may own
Extension, not Division:
Their Points, like Bodies, separate;
But Head, like Souls, knows no such fate.

14.
And as each part so well is knit,
That their Embraces ever fit:
So Friends are such by destiny,
And no third can the place supply.

15.
There needs no Motto to the Seal:
But that we may the mind reveal
To the dull Eye, it was thought fit
That Friendship only should be writ.

16.
But as there are Degrees of bliss,
So there's no Friendship meant by this,
But such as will transmit to Fame
Lucasia and Orinda's name.

Source: RWO
To Mr. Henry Lawes

NATURE, which is the vast creation's soul,
That steady curious agent in the whole,
The art of Heaven, the order of this frame,
Is only Number in another name.
For as some King conqu'ring what was his own,
Hath choice of several Titles to his Crown;
So harmony on this score now, that then,
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.
Beauty is but composure, and we find
Content is but the concord of the mind,
Friendship the unison of well-tun'd hearts,
Honour the Chorus of the noblest parts,
And all the world on which we can reflect
Music to th' ear, or to the intellect.
If then each man a Little World must be,†
How many Worlds are copied out in thee,
Who art so richly formèd, so complete,
T' epitomize all that is good and great;
Whose stars this brave advantage did impart,
Thy nature's as harmonious as thy art?
Thou dost above the Poets' praises live,
Who fetch from thee th' eternity they give.
And as true Reason triumphs over sense,
Yet is subjected to intelligence:
So Poets on the lower World look down,
But Lawes on them; his Height is all his own,
For, like Divinity itself, his lyre
Rewards the wit it did at first inspire.
And thus by double right Poets allow
His and their laurel should adorn his brow.
Live then, Great Soul of Nature, to assuage
The savage dullness of this sullen Age.
Charm us to Sense; for though experience fail,
And Reason too, thy numbers may prevail.
Then, like those ancients, strike, and so command
All Nature to obey thy gen'rous hand.
None will resist but such who needs will be
More stupid than a stone, a fish, a tree.
Be it thy care our age to new-create:
What built a World may sure repair a state.

Source: Luminarium.org
Philips, Katherine. Poems, 1678.
in Minor Poets of the Caroline Period.
George Saintsbury, ed.

To my dear Sister Mrs. C. P. on her Marriage
I
WE will not like those men our offerings pay
Who crown the cup, then think they crown the day.
We make no garlands, nor an altar build,
Which help not Joy, but Ostentation yield.
Where mirth is justly grounded, these wild toys
Are but a troublesome, and empty noise.

II
But these shall be my great Solemnities,
Orinda's wishes for Cassandra's bliss.
May her Content be as unmix'd and pure
As my Affection, and like that endure;
And that strong happiness may she still find
Not owing to her fortune, but her mind.

III
May her Content and Duty be the same,
And may she know no grief but in the name.
May his and her pleasure and love be so
Involv'd and growing, that we may not know
Who most affection or most peace engrost;
Whose love is strongest, or whose bliss is most.

IV
May nothing accidental e'er appear
But what shall with new bonds their souls endear;
And may they count the hours as they pass,
By their own joys, and not by sun or glass:
While every day like this may sacred prove
To Friendship, Gratitude, and strictest Love.

Source: Luminarium.org
Philips, Katherine. Poems, 1678.
in Minor Poets of the Caroline Period.
George Saintsbury, ed.

Dedicatory Poems from 1667 Edition of Katherine Philips’ Poems

The Earl of Orrery to Mrs. Philips.

Madam,

When I but knew you by report,
I fear'd the praises of th' admiring Court
Were but their Complements, but now I must
Confess, what I thought civil is scarce just:
For they imperfect Trophies to you raise,
You deserve wonder, and they pay but praise;
A praise, which is as short of your great due,
As all which yet have writ come short of you.
You, to whom wonder's paid by double right,
Both for your Verses smoothness and their height.

In me it does not the least trouble breed,
That your fair Sex does Ours in Verse exceed,
Since every Poet this great Truth does prove,
Nothing so much inspires a Muse as Love;
Thence has your Sex the best poetick fires,
For what's inspir'd must yield to what inspires.
And as Our Sex resigns to Yours the due,
So all of your bright Sex must yield to You.
Experience shows, that never Fountain fed
A stream which could ascend above its Head;
For those whose wit fam'd Helicon does give,
To rise above its height durst never strive,
Their double Hill too, though 'tis often clear,
Yet often on it clouds and storms appear.
Let none admire then that the ancient wit
Shar'd in those Elements infused it;
Nor that your Muse than theirs ascends much higher,
She sharing in no Element but fire.
Past ages could not think those things you do,
For their Hill was their Basis and height too:
So that 'tis Truth, not Complement, to tell,
Your lowest height their highest did excel;
Your nobler thoughts warm'd by a heav'nly fire,
To their bright Centre constantly aspire;

And by the place to which they take their flight,
Leave us no doubt from whence they have their light.

Your merit has attain'd this high degree,
'Tis above praise as much as flattery,
And when in that we have drain'd all our store,
All grant from this nought can be distant more.

Though you have sung of friendships power so well,
That you in that, as you in wit excel,
Yet my own interest obliges me
To praise your practise more than Theory;
For by that kindness you your friend did show
The honour I obtain'd of knowing you.

In Pictures none hereafter will delight,
You draw more to the life in black and white;
The Pencil to your Pen must yield the place,
This draws the Soul, where that draws but the Face.

Of blest retirement such great Truths you write,
That 'tis my wish as much as your delight;
Our gratitude to praise it does th'ink fit,
Since all you writ are but effects of it.

You English Corneil's Pompey with such flame,
That you both raise our wonder and his fame;
If he could read it, he like us would call
The copy greater than th' Original;
You cannot mend what is already done,
Unless you'l finish what you have begun:
Who your Translation sees, cannot but say,
That 'tis Orinda's Work, and but his Play.
The French to learn our Language now will seek,
To hear their greatest Wit more nobly speak;
Rome too would grant, were our Tongue to her known,
Cæsar speaks better in't than in his own.
And all those Wreaths once circled Pompey's brow,
Exalt his Fame, less than your Verses now.

From these clear Truths all must acknowledge this,
If there be Helicon, in Wales it is.
Oh happy Country which to our Prince gives
His Title, and in which Orinda lives!

The Earl of Roscomon to Orinda: an imitation of Horace.
Integer vitæ, &c.
Carm. lib. I. od. 22.

1. Vertue (dear Friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence;
Quivers and Bows, and poison'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

2. An honest mind, safely, alone
May travel through the burning Zone,
Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

3. While (rul'd by a resistless fire)
Our great Orinda I admire,
The hungry Wolves that see me stray
Unarm'd, and single, run away.

4. Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace,
When there her image fills my breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

5. Leave me upon some Lybian plain,
So she my fancy entertain,
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

6. The Magick of Orinda's Name,
Not only can their fierceness tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.

Upon Mrs. K. Philips her Poems.

We allow'd you beauty, and we did submit
To all the tyrannies of it.
Ah cruel Sex! will you depose us too in Wit?
Orinda does in that too reign,
Does man behind her in proud triumph draw,
And cancel great Apollo's Salick Law.
We our old Title plead in vain:
Man may be Head, but Woman's now the Brain.
Verse was Love's fire-arms heretofore:
In Beauties Camp it was not known,
Too many arms beside that Conquerour bore.
'Twas the great Cannon we brought down,
T'assault a stubborn Town.
Orinda first did a bold sally make,
Our strongest quarter take,
And so successful prov'd, that she
Turn'd upon Love himself his own Artillery.

2.
Women, as if the Body were the whole
Did that, and not the Soul,
Transmit to their posterity;
If in it sometimes they conceiv'd,
Th' abortive Issue never liv'd.
'Twere shame and pity, Orinda, if in thee
A spirit so rich, so noble, and so high,
Should unmanur'd or barren lie.
But thou industriously hast sow'd and till'd
The fair and fruitful field:
And 'tis a strange increase that it doth yield.
As when the happy Gods above
Meet all together at a Feast,
A secret joy unspeakably does move
In their great Mother Cybeles contented breast:
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With no less pleasure thou, methinks, should'st see
This thy no less immortal Progeny,
And in their Birth thou no one touch dost find,
Of th' ancient Curse to Woman-kind;
Thou bring'st not forth with pain,
It neither Travel is, nor Labour of thy Brain.
So easily they from thee come,
And there is so much room
In the unexhausted and unfathom'd womb;
That, like the Holland Countess, thou might'st bear
A Child for ev'ry day of all the fertile year.

3.
Thou dost my Wonder, would'st my Envy raise,
If to be prais'd I lov'd more than to praise.
Where'e're I see an excellence,
I must admire to see thy well-knit Sense,
Thy Numbers gentle, and thy Fancies high.
Those as thy Forehead smooth, these sparkling as thine Eye.
'Tis solid, and 'tis manly all,
Or rather, 'tis Angelical:
For, as in Angels, we
Do in thy Verses see
Both improv'd Sexes eminently meet;
They are than Man more strong, and more than Woman sweet.

4.
They talk of Nine, I know not who,
Female Chimæras, that o’re Poets reign;
I ne’re could find that Fancy true,
But have invok’d them oft I’m sure in vain.
They talk of Sappho, but, alas! the shame
Ill Manners soil the lustre of her fame.
Orinda’s inward Vertue is so bright,
That like a Lantern’s fair enclosed light,
It through the Paper shines where she doth write.

honour and Friendship, and the gen’rous scorn
Of things for which we were not born,
(Things that can only by a fond disease,
Like that of Girles our vicious stomacks please)
Are the instructive subjects of her Pen.
And as the Roman Victory
Taught our rude Land arts, and civility
At once she overcomes, enslave, and betters men.

But Rome with all her arts could ne’re inspire
A Female Breast with such a fire.
The warlike Amazonian Train,
Which in Elysium now do peaceful reign,
And Wit’s mild Empire before Arms prefer,
Hope ’twill be settled in their Sex by her.
Merlin the Seer (and sure he would not lie
In such a sacred Company)
Does Prophecies of learn’d Orinda show,
Which he had darkly spoke so long ago.
Even Boadicia’s angry Ghost
Forgets her own misfortune and disgrace,
And to her injur’d Daughters now does boast,
That Rome’s o’recome at last by a Woman of her race.

Abraham Cowley.

Let the male Poets their male Phoebus chuse,
Thee I invoke, Orinda, for my Muse;
He could but force a Branch, Daphne her Tree
Most freely offers to her Sex and thee,
And says to Verse, so unconstrain’d as yours,
Her Laurel freely comes, your fame secures:
And men no longer shall with ravish’d Bays
Crown their forc’d Poems by as forc’d a praise.

Thou glory of our Sex, envy of men,
Who are both pleas’d and vex’d with thy bright Pen:
Its lustre doth intice their eyes to gaze,
But mens sore eyes cannot endure its rayes,
It dazles and surprizes so with light,
To find a noon where they expected night:
A Woman Translate Pompey which the fam’d
Corneille with such art and labour fram’d!
To whose close version the Wits club their sence,
And a new Lay poetick S M E C springs thence!
Yes, that bold work a Woman dares Translate,
Not to provoke, nor yet to fear mens hate.
Nature doth find that she hath err'd too long,
And now resolves to recompence that wrong:
Phoebus to Cynthia must his beams resigne,
The rule of Day and Wit's now Feminine.

That Sex, which heretofore was not allow'd
To understand more than a beast, or crowd;
Of which Problems were made, whether or no
Women had Souls; but to be damn'd, if so;
Whose highest Contemplation could not pass,
In mens esteem, no higher than the Glass;
And all the painful labours of their Brain,
Was only how to Dress and Entertain:
Or, if they ventur'd to speak sense, the wise
Made that, and speaking Oxen, like Prodigies.

From these thy more than masculine Pen hath rear'd
Our Sex; first to be prais'd, next to be feard.
And by the same Pen forc'd, men now confess,
To keep their greatness, was to make us less.

Men know of how refin'd and rich a mould
Our Sex is fram'd, what Sun is in our Gold:
They know in Lead no Diamonds are set,
And Jewels only fill the Cabinet.
Our Spirits purer far than theirs, they see;
By which even Men from Men distinguish'd be:
By which the Soul is judg'd, and does appear
Fit or unfit for action, as they are.

When in an Organ various sounds do stroak,
Or grate the ear, as Birds sing, or Toads Croak;
The Breath, that voyces every Pipe,'s the same,
But the bad metal doth the sound defame.
So, if our Souls by sweeter Organs speak,
And theirs with harsh false notes the air do break;
The Soul's the same, alike in both doth dwell,
'Tis from her instruments that we excel.
Ask me not then, why jealous men debar
Our Sex from Books in Peace, from Arms in War;
It is because our Parts will soon demand
Tribunals for our Persons, and Command.

Shall it be our reproach, that we are weak,
And cannot fight, nor as the School-men speak?
Even men themselves are neither strong nor wise,
If Limbs and Parts they do not exercise.

Train'd up to Arms, we Amazon's have been,
And Spartan Virgins strong as Spartan Men:
Breed Women but as Men, and they are these;
Whilst Sybarit Men are Women by their ease.
Why should not brave Semiramis break a Lance,
And why should not soft Ninyas curl and dance?
Ovid in vain Bodies with change did vex,
Changing her form of life, Iphis chang'd Sex.
Nature to Females freely doth impart
That, which the Males usurp, a stout, bold heart.

Thus Hunters female Beasts fear to assail:
And female Hawks more mettal'd than the male:
Men ought not then Courage and Wit ingross,
Whilst the Fox lives, the Lyon, or the Horse.
Much less ought men both to themselves confine,
Whilst Women, such as you, Orinda, shine.

That noble friendship brought thee to our Coast,
We thank Lucasia, and thy courage boast.
Death in each Wave could not Orinda fright,
Fearless she acts that friendship she did write:
Which manly Vertue to their Sex confin'd,
Thou rescuest to confirm our softer mind;
For there's required (to do that Virtue right)
Courage, as much in Friendship as in Fight.
The dangers we despise, doth this truth prove,
Though boldly we not fight, we boldly love.

Ingage us unto Books, Sappho comes forth,
Though not of Hesiod's age, of Hesiod's worth.
If Souls no Sexes have, as 'tis contest,
'Tis not the he or she makes Poems best:
Nor can men call these Verses Feminine,
Be the sence vigorous and Masculine.
'Tis true, Apollo sits as Judge of Wit,
But the nine Female learned Troop are it:
Those Laws, for which Numa did wise appear,
Wiser Ægeria whisper'd in his ear.
The Gracchi's Mother taught them Eloquence;
From her Breasts courage flow'd, from her Brain sence;
And the grave Beards, who heard her speak in Rome,
Blush'd not to be instructed, but o'recome.
Your speech, as hers, commands respect from all,
Your very Looks, as hers, Rhetorical:
Something of grandeur in your Verse men see,
That they rise up to it as Majesty.
The wise and noble Orrery's regard,
Was much observ'd, when he your Poem heard:
All said, a fitter match was never seen,
Had Pompey's Widow been Arsamnes Queen.

Pompey, who greater than himself's become,
Now in your Poem, than before in Rome;
And much more lasting in the Poets Pen,
Great Princes live, than the proud Towers of Men.
He thanks false Egypt for its Treachery,
Since that his Ruine is so sung by thee;
And so again would perish, if withall,
Orinda would but celebrate his Fall.
Thus pleasingly the Bee delights to die,
Foreseeing, he in Amber Tomb shall lie.
If that all Æ gypt, for to purge its Crime,
Were built into one Pyramid o're him,  
Pompey would lie less stately in that Herse,  
Than he doth now, Orinda, in thy Verse:  
This makes Cornelia for her Pompey vow,  
Her hand shall plant his Laurel on thy brow:  
So equal in their merits were both found,  
That the same Wreath Poets and Princes Crown'd:  
And what on that great Captains Brow was dead,  
She Joies to see re-flourish'd on thy head.

In the French Rock Cornelia first did shine,  
But shin'd not like her self till she was thine:  
Poems, like Gems, translated from the place  
Where they first grew, receive another grace.  
Drest by thy hand, and polish'd by thy Pen,  
She glitters now a Star, but Jewel then:  
No flaw remains, no cloud, all now is light,  
Transparent as the day, bright parts more bright.  
Corneille, now made English, so doth thrive,  
As Trees transplanted do much lustier live.  
Thus Oar digg'd forth, and by such hands as thine  
Refin'd and stamp'd, is richer than the Mine.  
Liquors from Vessel into Vessel pour'd,  
Must lose some Spirits, which are scarce restor'd:  
But the French Wines, in their own Vessel rare,  
Pour'd into ours, by thy hand, Spirits are;  
So high in taste, and so delicious,  
Before his own Corneille thine would chuse.

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He finds himself inlightned here, where shade  
Of dark expression his own words had made:  
There what he would have said, he sees so writ,  
As generously, to just decorum fit.  
When in more words than his you please to flow,  
Like a spread Floud, inriching all below,  
To the advantage of his well meant sence,  
He gains by you another excellence.  
To render word for word, at the old rate,  
Is only but to Construe, not Translate:  
In your own fancy free, to his sence true,  
We read Corneille, and Orinda too:  
And yet ye both are so the very same,  
As when two Tapers join'd make one bright flame.  
And sure the Copier's honour is not small,  
When Artists doubt which is Original.

But if your fetter'd Muse thus praised be,  
What great things do you write when it is free?  
When it is free to chuse both sence and words,  
Or any subject the vast World affords?  
A gliding Sea of Chrystal doth best show  
How smooth, clear, full, and rich your Verse doth flow:  
Your words are chosen, cull'd, not by chance writ,  
To make the sence, as Anagrams do hit.  
Your rich becoming words on the sence wait,  
As Maids of Honour on a Queen of State.  
'Tis not White Satin makes a Verse more white,  
Or soft; Iron is both, write you on it.
Your Poems come forth cast, no File you need,  
At one brave Heat both shap'd and polished.

But why all these Encomiums of you,  
Who either doubts, or will not take as due?  
Renown how little you regard, or need,  
Who like the Bee, on your own sweets doth feed?

There are, who like weak Fowl with shouts fall down,  
Doz'd with an Army's Acclamation:

Not able to endure applause, they fall,  
Giddy with praise, their praises Funeral.
But you, Orinda, are so unconcern'd,  
As if when you, another we commend.
Thus, as the Sun, you in your Course shine on,  
Unmov'd with all our admiration:  
Flying above the praise you shun, we see  
Wit is still higher by humility.
Philo-Philippa.

To the memory of the Excellent Orinda.

1.
Forgive bright Saint a Vot'ry, who  
No missive Orders has to show,  
Nor does a call to inspiration owe:  
Yet rudely dares intrude among  
This sacred, and inspir'd throng:  
Where looking round me, ev'ry one I see  
Is a sworn Priest of Phoebus, or of thee.  
Forgive this forward zeal for things divine,  
If I strange fire do offer at thy Shrine:  
Since the pure Incense, and the Gum  
We send up to the Pow'rs above,  
(If with devotion giv'n, and love)  
Smells sweet, and does alike accepted prove,  
As if from golden Censors it did come;  
Though we the pious tribute pay  
In some rude vessel made of common clay.

2.
What by Pindaricks can be done,  
Since the great Pindar's greater 2Son  
(By ev'ry Grace adorn'd, and ev'ry Muse inspir'd)  
From th' ungrateful World, to kinder Heaven's retir'd:  
He, and Orinda from us gone,  
What Name like theirs shall we now call upon?  
Whether her Vertue, or her Wit  
We chuse for our eternal Theme,  
What hand can draw the perfect Scheme?  
None but her self could such high subjects fit:  
We yield, with shame we yield  
To Death and Her the field:
For were not Nature partial to us Men,
The World's great Order had inverted been;
Had she such Souls plac'd in all Woman-kind,
Giv'n 'um like wit, not with like goodness join'd,
Our vassal Sex to hers had homage pay'd;
Woman had rul'd the World, and weaker Man obey'd.

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3.

To thee O Fame, we now commit
Her, and these last remains of gen'rous wit:
I charge thee, deeply to enroll
This glorious Name in thy immortal Scroll;
Write ev'ry letter in large Text,
And then to make the lustre hold,
Let it be done with purest Gold,
To dazle this Age, and outshine the next:
Since not a Name more bright than Hers,
In this, or thy large Book appears.
And thou impartial, powerful Grave,
These Reliques (like her deathless Poems save)
Ev'n from devouring Time secure,
May they still rest from other mixture pure:
Unless some dying Monarch shall to trye
Whether Orinda, though her self could dye,
Can still give others immortality;
Think, if but laid in her miraculous Tomb,
As from the Prophets touch, new life from hers may come.

James Tyrrell.

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To the Memory of the incomparable Orinda.
A Pindarick Ode.

1.

A Long Adieu to all that's bright,
Noble, or brave, in Womankind,
To all the wonders of their Wit,
And Trophies of their mind;
The glowing Heat of th' Holy Fire is gone,
To th' Altar, whence 'twas kindled, flown;
There's nought on Earth, but Ashes left behind;
E're since th' amazing sound was spred,
Orinda's Dead,
Every soft and fragrant word,
All that language could afford,
Every high and lofty thing,
That's wont to set the Soul on wing,
No longer with this worthless World would stay:
Thus when the Death of the great Pan was told,
A long the shore the dismal tidings roll'd,
The lesser Gods their Fanes forsook;
Confounded with the mighty stroke,
They could not over-live that Fatal day,
But sigh'd, and groan'd their gasping Oracles away.

2.

How rigid are the Laws of Fate,  
And how severe that black Decree?  
No sublunary thing is free,  
But all must enter th' Adamantine Gate:  
Sooner, or later shall we come  
To Natures dark Retiring room,  
And yet 'tis pity, is it not?  
The learned as the fool should dye,

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One full as low as t'other lye;  
Together Blended in the general lot;  
Distinguish't only from the common crowd,  
By an hindg'd Coffin, or an Holland shroud,  
Though Fame and Honour speak them ne're so loud;  
Alas Orinda, even thou!  
Whose happy verse made others live,  
And certain Immortality could give;  
Blasted are all thy blooming glories now,  
The Laurel wither's o're thy brow:  
Methinks it should disturbe thee to conceive  
That when poor I this artless breath resign,  
My Dust should have as much of Poetry as Thine.

3.

Too soon we languish with desire  
Of what we never could enough admire;  
On th' Billows of this world some times we rise  
So dangerously high,  
We are to Heaven too nigh;  
When (all in rage  
Grown hoary with one minute's age,)  
The very self same fickle wave,  
Which the entrancing Prospect gave,  
Swoll'n to a Mountain, sinks into a grave.  
Too happy Mortals if the Pow'rs above  
As merciful would be,  
And easy to preserve the thing we love,  
As in the giving they are free!  
But they too oft delude our weary'd Eyes,  
They fix a flaming Sword 'twixt us and Paradise;  
A weeping Evening crowns a smiling Day,  
Yet why should Heads of Gold, have feet of Clay?  
Why should the Man that wav'd th' Almighty Wand,  
That led the Murmuring Croud,  
By Pillar and by Cloud,

----------[Page break: begin signature f1r ]----------

Shivering atop of aery Pisgah stand,  
Only to see, but never, never tread the Promis'd Land?

4.
Throw your Swords, and Gauntlets by
You daring Sons of War,
You cannot purchase e’re you dy
One honourable scar,
Since that fair hand that gilded all your Bays,
That in heroick Numbers wrot your praise,
While you securely slept on Honour’s Bed,
It self, alas! is withered, cold and Dead;
Cold and Dead are all those Charms,
Which burnish’t your Victorious Arms:
Inglorious Arms hereafter must
Blush first in bloud, and then in rust:
No Oil, but that of Her smooth words will serve
Weapon, and Warriour to preserve.
Expect no more from this dull Age,
But folly, or Poetique Rage,
Short-liv’d Nothings of the Stage,
Vented to Day, and cry’d to morrow down,
With her the soul of Poesie is gone;
Gone, while our expectations flew
As high a pitch as She has done,
Exhal’d to Heaven like early dew,
Betimes the little shining drops are flown,
E’re th’ drowzy World perceiv’d that Manna was come down.

5.

You of the Sex that would be fair,
Exceeding lovely, hither come,
Would you be pure as Angels are,
Come dress you by Orinda’s Tomb,
And leave your flatt’ring Glass at home;
Within this Marble Mirrour see

How one day such as She
You must, and yet alas! can never be.
Think on the heights of that vast Soul,
And then admire, and then condole.
Think on the wonders of Her Pen,
’Twas that made Pompey truely Great,
Neither th’expence of bloud nor sweat,
Nor yet Cornelia’s Kindness made him live agen.
With envy think, when to the Grave you goe,
How very little must be said of you,
Since all that can be said of vertuous Woman was her due.

Thomas Flatman. M. A.

----------[Page break: begin signature f1v ]----------

On the Death of Mrs Katherine Philips.

Cruel Disease! Ah could it not suffice
Thy old and constant spight to exercise
Against the gentlest and the fairest sex,
Which still thy Depredations most do vex?
Where still thy malice most of all
(Thy malice or thy lust) does on the fairest fall?
And in them most assault the fairest place,
The Throne of Empress Beauty, even the Face?
There was enough of that here to asswage
(One would have thought) either thy Lust or Rage:
Wast not enough, when thou, Profane Disease,
Didst on this glorious Temple seize,
Wast not enough, like a wild zealot there,
All the rich outward ornaments to tear,
Deface the Innocent Pride of beauteous Images?
Wast not enough thus rudely to defile,
But thou must quite destroy the goodly Pile?
And thy unbounded Sacrilege commit
On the inward Holyest Holy of her Wit?
Cruel Disease! there thou mistook'st thy Power;
No Mine of Death can that Devour;
On her Embalmed Name it will abide
An Everlasting Pyramide,
As high as Heaven the Top, as Earth the Basis wide.

2.

All Ages past, Record; all Countrys now
In various kinds such equal Beauties show,
That even Judge Paris would not know
On whom the Golden Apple to bestow.
Though Goddesses to his sentence did submit,
Women and Lovers would appeal from it;
Nor durst he say, of all the female race
This is the sovreign Face.
And some (though these be of a kind that's Rare,
That's much, oh much less frequent then the Fair)
So equally renown'd for virtue are,
That it is the Mother of the Gods might pose,
When the best Woman for her guide she chose,

---------[Page break: begin signature f2v ]--------

But if Apollo should design
A Woman Laureat to make,
Without dispute he would Orinda take,
Though Sappho and the famous Nine
Stood by, and did repine.
To be a Princess or a Queen
Is Great, but 'tis a Greatness always seen,
The World did never but two Women know
Who, one by fraud, the other by wit did rise
To the two tops of Spiritual dignities;
One Female Pope of old, one Female Poet now.

3.

Of Female Poets who had names of old,
Nothing is shewn, but onely told,
And all we hear of them, perhaps may be
Male Flattery onely, and Male Poetry;
Few minutes did their Beauties Lightning wast,
The Thunder of their voice did longer last,
But that too soon was paste
The certain proofs of our Orinda's Wit
In her own lasting characters are writ,
And they will long my praise of them survive,
Though long perhaps too that may live.
The trade of Glory managed by the pen
Though great it be, and every where is found,
Does bring in but small profit to us men;
'Tis by the number of the sharers drown'd,
Orinda in the female Coasts of fame
Engrosses all the Goods of a Poetique name,
She does no Partner with her see;
Does all the Business there Alone which we
Are forced to carry on by a whole company.

4.

But Wit's like a Luxuriant Vine,
Unless to Virtues prop it join,
Firm and erect, towards Heaven bound,
Though it with beauteous leaves and pleasant fruit be crown'd
It lies deform'd, and rotting on the ground.

---------[Page break: begin signature g1r ]--------

Now shame and blushes on us all
Who our own Sex superiour call;
Orinda does our boasting Sex out-do,
Not in wit only, but in virtue too:
She does above our best examples rise,
In hate of vice, and scorn of vanities.
Never did spirit of the manly make,
And dipt all o're in Learnings sacred Lake,
A temper more invulnerable take;
No violent passion could an entrance find
Into the tender goodness of her mind:
Through walls of stone those furious bullets may
Force their impetuous way;
When her soft breast they hit, damped and dead they lay.

5.

The fame of friendship, which so long had told
Of three or four illustrious Names of old,
Till hoarse and weary of the tale she grew,
Rejoyces now to have got a new,
A new, and more surprising story
Of fair Lucasia and Orinda's glory.
As when a prudent man does once perceive
That in some foreign Country he must live,
The Language and the Manners he does strive
To understand and practise here,
That he may come no stranger there;
So well Orinda did her self prepare,
In this much different Clime for her remove,
To the glad world of Poetry and Love;
There all the blest do but one body grow,
And are made one too with their glorious Head,
Whom there triumphantly they wed,
After the secret Contract past below;
There Love into Identity does go,
'Tis the first unities Monarchique Throne,
The Centre that knits all, where the great Three's but One.

Abraham Cowley.

The Description of a New World, Called the Blazing-World
by Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle (1624?-1674)
London: Printed by A. Maxwell, 1668.

Here on this Figure Cast a Glance.
But so as if it were by Chance,
Your eyes not fixt, they must not Stay,
Since this like Shadowes to the Day
It only represent's; for Still,
Her Beauty's found beyond the Skill
Of the best Paynter, to Imbrace
These lovely Lines within her face.
View her Soul's Picture, Judgment, Witt,
Then read those Lines which Shee hath writ,
By Phancy's Pencill drawne alone
Which Peces but Shee, can justly owne.

THE
DESCRIPTION
OF A NEW
WORLD,
CALLED
The Blazing-World.

WRITTEN
By the Thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent
PRINCESSE,
THE
Duchess of Newcastle.

LONDON;
Printed by A. Maxwell, in the Year M.DC.LX.VIII.

To The Duchesse of Newcastle, On Her New Blazing-World.

Our Elder World, with all their Skill and Arts,
Could but divide the World into three Parts:
Columbus, then for Navigation fam'd,
Found a new World, America 'tis nam'd;
Now this new World was found, it was not made,
Onely discovered, lying in Time's shade.

Then what are You, having no Chaos found
To make a World, or any such least ground?
But your Creating Fancy, thought it fit
To make your World of Nothing, but pure Wit.
Your Blazing-World, beyond the Stars mounts higher,
Enlightens all with a Celestial Fier.

William Newcastle.

To all Noble and Worthy Ladies.

This present Description of a New World, was made as an Appendix to my Observations upon Experimental Philosophy; and, having some Sympathy and Coherence with each other, were joyned together as Two several Worlds, at their Two Poles. But, by reason most Ladies take no delight in Philosophical Arguments, I separated some from the mentioned Observations, and caused them to go out by themselves, that I might express my Respects, in presenting to Them such Fancies as my Contemplations did afford. The First Part is Romancical; the Second, Philosophical; and the Third is meerly Fancy; or (as I may call it) Fantastical. And if (Noble Ladies)you should chance to take pleasure in reading these Fancies, I shall account my self a Happy Creatoress: If not, I shall account it a Happy Creatoress: If not, I must be content to live a Melancholly Life in my own World; which I cannot call a Poor World, if Poverty be only want of Gold, and Jewels: for, there is more Gold in it, than all the Chymists ever made; or, (as I verily believe) will ever be able to make. As for the Rocks of Diamonds, I wish, with all my Soul, they might be shared amongst my Noble Female Friends; upon which condition, I would willingly quit my Part: And of the Gold, I should desire only so much as might suffice to repair my Noble Lord and Husband's Losses: for, I am not Covetous, but as Ambitious as ever any of my Sex was, is, or can be; which is the cause, That though I cannot be Henry the Fifth, or Charles the Second; yet, I will endeavour to be, Margaret the First: and, though I have neither Power, Time nor Occasion, to be a great Conqueror, like Alexander, or Cesar; yet, rather than not be Mistress of a World, since Fortune and the Fates would give me none, I have made One of my own. And thus, believing, or, at least, hoping, that no Creature can, or will, Envy me for this World of mine, I remain,

Noble Ladies, Your Humble Servant, M. Newcastle.

The Description of a New World, Called The Blazing-World.

A Merchant travelling into a foreign Country, fell extremly in Love with a young Lady; but being a stranger in that Nation, and beneath her, both in Birth and Wealth, he could have but little hopes of obtaining his desire: however his Love growing more and more vehement upon him, even to the slighting of all difficulties, he resolved at last to Steal her away; which he had the better opportunity to do, because her Father's house was not far from the Sea, and she often using to gather shells upon the shore accompanied not with above two to three of her servants it encouraged him the more to execute his design. Thus coming one time with a little leight Vessel, not unlike a Packet-boat, mamm'd with some few Seamen, and well victualled, for fear of some accidents, which might perhaps retard their journey, to the place where she used to repair; he forced her away: But when he fancied himself the happiest man of the World, he proved to be the most unfortunate; for Heaven frowning at his Theft, raised such a Tempest, as they knew not what to do, or whither to steer their course; so that the Vessel, both by its own leightness, and the violent motion of the Wind, was carried as swift as an Arrow out of a Bow, towards the North-pole, and in a short time reached the Icy Sea, where the wind forced it amongst huge pieces of Ice; but being little, and leight, it did by the assistance and favour of the gods to this virtuous Lady, so turn and wind through those precipices, as if it had been guided by some experienced Pilot, and skilful Mariner: But alas! Those few men which were in it, not knowing whither they went, nor what was to be done in so strange an Adventure, and not being provided for so cold a Voyage, were all frozen to death; the young Lady onely, by the light of her Beauty, the heat of her Youth, and Protection of the Gods, remaining alive: Neither was it a wonder that the men did freeze to death; for they were not onely driven to the very end or point of the Pole of that World, but even to another Pole of another World, which joined close to it; so that the cold having a double strength at the conjunction of those two Poles, was insupportable: At last, the Boat still passing on, was forced into another World; for it is impossible to round this Worlds
Globe from Pole to Pole, so as we do from East to West; because the Poles of the other World, joining to the Poles of this, do not allow any further passage to surround the World that way; but if any one arrives to either of these Poles, he is either forced to return, or to enter into another World: and lest you should scruple at it, and think, if it were thus, those that live at the Poles would either see two Suns at one time, or else they would never want the Sun's light for six months together, as it is commonly believed: You must know, that each of these Worlds having its own Sun to enlighten it, they move each one in their peculiar Circles; which motion is so just and exact, that neither can hinder or obstruct the other; for they do not exceed their Tropicks: and although they should meet, yet we in this World cannot so well perceive them, by reason of the brightness of our Sun, which being nearer to us, obstructs the splendor of the Sun of the other World, they being too far off to be discerned by our optic perception, except we use very good Telescopes; by which, skilful Astronomers have often observed two or three Suns at once. But to return to the wandering Boat, and the distressed Lady; she seeing all the Men dead, found small comfort in their life; their Bodies which were preserved all that while from putrefaction and stench, by the extremity of cold, began now to thaw, and corrupt; whereupon she having not strength enough to fling them overboard, was forced to remove out of her small Cabine, upon the deck, to avoid the nauseous smell; and finding the Boat swim between two plains of Ice, as a stream that runs betwixt two shores, at last perceived land, but covered all with Snow: from which came, walking upon the Ice, strange Creatures, in shape like Bears, only they went upright as men; those Creatures coming near the Boat, caught hold of it with their Paws, that served them instead of hands; some two or three of them entred first; and when they came out, the rest went in one after another; at last having viewed and observed all that was in the Boat, they spake to each other in a language which the Lady did not understand; and having carried her out of the Boat, sunk it, together with the dead men.

The Lady now finding her self in so strange a place, and amongst such wonderful kind of Creatures, was extremely strucken with fear, and could entertain no other Thoughts, but that every moment her life was to be a sacrifice to their cruelty; but those Bear-like Creatures, how terrible soever they appear'd to her sight, yet were they so far from exercising any cruelty upon her, that rather they shewed her all civility and kindness imaginable; for she being not able to go upon the Ice, by reason of its slipperiness, they took her up in their rough arms, and carried her into their City, where instead of Houses, they had Caves under ground; and as soon as they enter'd the City, both Males and Females, young and old, flock'd together to see this Lady, holding up their Paws in admiration; at last having brought her into a certain large and spacious Cave, which they intended for her reception, they left her to the custody of the Females, who entertained her with all kindness and respect, and gave her such victuals as they used to eat; but seeing her Constitution neither agreed with the temper of that Climate, nor their Diet, they were resolved to carry her into another Island of a warmer temper; in which were men like Foxes, onely walking in an upright shape, who received their neighbours the Bear-men with great civility and Courtship, very much admiring this beauteous Lady; and having discoursed some while together, agreed at last to make her a Present to the Emperor of their World; to which end, after she had made some short stay in the same place, they brought her cross that Island to a large River, whose stream run smooth and clear, like Chrystal; in which were numerous Boats, much like our Fox-traps; in one whereof she was carried, some of the Bear- and Fox-men waiting on her; and as soon as they had crossed the River, they came into an Island where there were Men which had heads, beaks and feathers, like wild-Geese, onely they went in an upright shape, like the Bear-men and Fox-men: their rumps they carried between their legs, their wings were of the same length with their Bodies, and their tails of an indifferent size, trailing after them like a Ladie's Garment; and after the Bear- and Fox-men had declared their intention and design to their Neighbours, the Geese- or Bird-men, some of them joined to the rest, and attended the Lady through that Island, till they came to another great and large River, where there was a preparation made of many Boats, much like Birds nests, onely of a bigger size; and having crost that River, they arrived into another Island, which was of a pleasant and mild temper, full of Woods and the Inhabitants thereof were Satyrs, who received both the Bear- Fox- and Bird men, with all respect and civility; and after some conferences (for they all understood each others language) some chief of the Satyrs joining to them, accompanied the Lady out of that Island to another River, wherein were many handsome and commodious Barges; and having crost that River, they entered into a large and spacious Kingdom, the men whereof were of a Grass-Green Complexion, who entertained them very kindly, and provided all conveniences for their further voyage: hitherto they had onely crost Rivers, but now they could not avoid the open Seas any longer; wherefore they made their Ships and tacklings ready to sail over into the Island, where the Emperor of the Blazing- world (for so it was call'd) kept his residence. Very good Navigators they were; and though they had no knowledg of the Load-stone, or Needle or pendulous Watches, yet (which was as serviceable to them) they had subtile observations, and great practice; in so much that they could not onely tell the depth of the Sea in every place, but where there were shelves of Sand, Rocks, and other obstructions to be avoided by skilful and experienced Sea-men: Besides, they were excellent Augurers, which skill they counted more necessary and beneficial then the use of Compasses, Cards, Watches, and the like; but, above the rest, they had an extraordinary Art,
much to be taken notice of by Experimental Philosophers, and that was a certain Engin, which would draw in a great quantity of Air, and shoot forth Wind with a great force; this Engine in a calm, they placed behind their Ships, and in a storm, before; for it served against the raging waves, like Cannons against an hostile Army, or besieged Town; it would batter and beat the waves in pieces, were they as high as Steeples; and as soon as a breach was made, they forced their passage through, in spight even of the most furious wind, using two of those Engins at every Ship, one before, to beat off the waves, and another behind to drive it on; so that the artificial wind had the better of the natural; for, it had a greater advantage of the waves, then the natural of the Ships: the natural being above the face of the Water, could not without a down right motion enter or press into the Ships; whereas the artificial with a sideward-motion, did pierce into the bowels of the Waves: Moreover, it is to be observed, that in a great Tempest they would join their Ships in battel-ary: and when they feared Wind and Waves would be too strong for them, if they divided their Ships; they joined as many together as the compass or advantage of the places of the Liquid Element would give them leave. For, their Ships were so ingeniously contrived, that they could fasten them together as close as a Honey-comb, without waste of place; and being thus united, no Wind nor Waves were able to separate them. The Emperor's Ships, were all of Gold; but the Merchants and Skippers, of Leather; the Golden Ships were not much heavier then ours of Wood, by reason they were neatly made, and required not such thickness, neither were they troubled with Pitch, Tar, Pumps, Guns, and the like, which make our Wooden-Ships very heavy; for though they were not all of a piece, yet they were so well sodder'd, that there was no fear of Leaks, Chinks, or Clefts; and as for Guns, there was no use of them, because they had no other enemies but the Winds: But the Leather Ships were not altogether so sure, although much leighter; besides, they were pitched to keep out Water.

Having thus prepar'd, and order'd their Navy, they went on in despight of Calm or Storm: And though the Lady at first fancied her self in a very sad condition, and her mind was much tormented with doubts and fears, not knowing whether this strange Adventure would tend to her safety or destruction; yet she being withal of a generous spirit, and ready wit, considering what dangers she had past, and finding those sorts of men civil and diligent attendants to her, took courage, and endeavoured to learn their language; which after she had obtained so far, that partly by some words and signs she was able to apprehend their meaning, she was so far from being afraid of them, that she thought her self not onely safe, but very happy in their company: By which we may see, that Novelty discomposes the mind, but acquaintance settles it in peace and tranquillity. At last, having passed by several rich Islands and Kingdoms, they went towards Paradise, which was the seat of the Emperor; and coming in sight of it, rejoiced very much; the Lady at first could perceive nothing but high Rocks, which seemed to touch the Skies; and although they appear'd not of an equal heigth, yet they seemed to be all one piece, without partitions: but at last drawing nearer, she perceived a clift, which was a part of those Rocks, out of which she spied coming forth a great number of Boats, which afar off shewed like a company of Ants, marching one after another; the Boats appeared like the holes or partitions in a Honey-comb, and when joined together, stood as close; the men were of several Complexions, but none like any of our World; and when both the Boats and Ships met, they saluted and spake to each other very courteously; for there was but one language in all that World: nor no more but one Emperor, to whom they all submitted with the greatest duty and obedience, which made them live in a continued Peace and Happiness; not acquainted with Foreign Wars or Home-bred Insurrections. The Lady now being arrived at this place, was carried out of her Ship into one of those Boats, and conveighed through the same passage (for there was no other) into that part of the World where the Emperor did reside; which part was very pleasant, and of a mild temper: Within it self was the seat of the Emperor; and coming in sight of it, rejoiced very much; the Lady at first could perceive nothing but high Rocks, which seemed to touch the Skies; and although they appear'd not of an equal heigth, yet they seemed to be all one piece, without partitions; but at last drawing nearer, she perceived a clift, which was a part of those Rocks, out of which she spied coming forth a great number of Boats, which afar off shewed like a company of Ants, marching one after another; the Boats appeared like the holes or partitions in a Honey-comb, and when joined together, stood as close; the men were of several Complexions, but none like any of our World; and when both the Boats and Ships met, they saluted and spake to each other very courteously; for there was but one language in all that World: nor no more but one Emperor, to whom they all submitted with the greatest duty and obedience, which made them live in a continued Peace and Happiness; not acquainted with Foreign Wars or Home-bred Insurrections. The Lady now being arrived at this place, was carried out of her Ship into one of those Boats, and conveighed through the same passage (for there was no other) into that part of the World where the Emperor did reside; which part was very pleasant, and of a mild temper: Within it self it was divided by a great number of vast and large Rivers, all ebbing and flowing, into several Islands of unequal distance from each other, which in most parts were as pleasant, healthful, rich, and fruitful, as Nature could make them; and, as I mentioned before, secure from all Foreign Invasions, by reason there was but one way to enter, and that like a Labyrinth, so winding and turning among the Rocks, that no other Vessels but small Boats, could pass, carrying not above three passengers at a time: On each side all along the narrow and winding River, there were several Cities, some of Marble, some of Alabaster, some of Agat, some of Amber, some of Coral, and some of other precious materials not known in our world; all which after the Lady had passed, she came to the Imperial City, named Paradise, which appeared in form like several Islands; for, Rivers did run betwixt every street, which together with the Bridges, whereof there was a great number, were all paved. The City it self was built of Gold; and their Architectures were noble, stately, and magnificent, not like our Modern, but like those in the Romans time: for, our Modern Buildings are like those Houses which Children use to make of Cards, one story above another, fitter for Birds, than Men; but theirs were more Large, and Broad, then high; the highest of them did not exceed two stories, besides those rooms that were under-ground, as Cellars, and other Offices. The Emperor's Palace stood upon an indifferent ascent from the Imperial City; at the top of which ascent was a broad Arch, supported by several Pillars, which went round the Palace, and contained four of our English miles in compass: within the Arch stood the Emperor's Guard, which consisted of several sorts of Men; at every half mile, was a Gate to enter, and every Gate was of a different fashion; the first, which allowed a passage from the Imperial City into the
Palace, had on either hand a Cloyster, the outward part whereof stood upon Arches sustained by Pillars, but the inner part was close: Being entred through the Gate, the Palace it self appear'd in its middle like the Isle of a Church, a mile and a half long, and half a mile broad; the roof of it was all Arched, and rested upon Pillars, so artificially placed that a stranger would lose himself therein without a Guide; at the extream sides, that is, between the outward and inward part of the Cloyster, were Lodgings for Attendants; and in the midst of the Palace, the Emperor's own Rooms; whose Lights were placed at the top of every one, because of the heat of the Sun: the Emperor's appartment for State was no more inclosed then the rest; onely an Imperial Throne was in every appartment, of which the several adornments could not be perceived until one entered, because the Pillars were so just opposite to one another, that all the adornments could not be seen at one. The first part of the Palace was, as the Imperial City, all of Gold; and when it came to the Emperors appartment, it was so rich with Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, and the like precious Stones, that it surpasses my skill to enumerate them all. Amongst the rest, the Imperial Room of State appear'd most magnificent; it was paved with green Diamonds (for there are in that World Diamonds of all Colours) so artificially, as it seemed but of one piece; the Pillars were set with Diamonds so close, and in such a manner, that they appear'd most Glorious to the sight; between every Pillar was a Bow or Arch of a certain sort of Diamonds, the like whereof our World does not afford; which being placed in every one of the Arches in several rows, seemed just like so many Rain-bows of several different colours. The roof of the Arches was of blew Diamonds, and in the midst thereof was a Carbuncle, which represented the Sun; and the Rising and Setting-Sun at the East and West-side of the Room were made of Rubies. Out of this Room there was a passage into the Emperor's Bed-Chamber, the Walls whereof were of Jet, and the Floor of black Marble; the Roof was of Mother of Pearl, where the Moon and Blazing-Stars were represented by white Diamonds, and his Bed was made of Diamonds and Carbuncles.

No sooner was the Lady brought before the Emperor, but he conceived her to be some Goddess, and offered to worship her; which she refused, telling him, (for by that time she had pretty well learned their Language) that although she came out of another world, yet was she but a mortal. At which the Emperor rejoicing, made her his Wife, and gave her an absolute power to rule and govern all that World as she pleased. But her subjects, who could hardly be perswaded to believe her mortal, tender'd her all the Veneration and Worship due to a Deity.

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