Title: "Courting Apollo and Fashioning Heirs: The Problem of Legacy in Women’s Literary and Cultural History"

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Summary: This workshop examines various literary, material, and textual exchanges between and among early modern women in order to compare different disciplinary and theoretical “routes” to writing women’s literary and cultural history. How do women acknowledge the creative activities of earlier generations of women? How do they imagine the achievements of future generations? This workshop invites participants to interrogate current critical practice in the field through an examination of case studies drawn from the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, each of which examines the historical possibilities for women’s material, intellectual, and literary legacies.

We invite participants to consider the following questions:

- **Theoretical:** How do scholars of early modern women escape the tyranny of singularity? What is the value of a specifically female tradition of cultural production? Germaine Greer once wrote that women’s literary history is littered with tenth muses. How does the study of early modern women balance an interest in the exemplary with a responsibility to document both the variety and the generality of women’s lives?
- **Historical:** How do women have access to traditions of women’s cultural production? How do forms of access differ between different periods: medieval, early modern, eighteenth century?
- **Disciplinary:** How do the methods of different disciplines (e.g. literary scholarship’s attention to questions of form) expand or restrict our understanding of women’s cultural productions? Must literary history be the history of “good writing”? Is the national model of literary history helpful for exploring women’s texts, or should we look for alternatives to affinities of gender and language in identifying female legacies?

The texts:

1. Isabella Whitney: “The maner of her Wyll, and what she left to London” (pp. 19-28 in Clarke, ed.)
2. Mary Wroth: *Pamphilia to Amphilanthus*, sonnets 1 and 103 (pp. 85 and 142 of Roberts, ed.)
3. Lucy Hutchinson: excerpts from *On the Principles of Christian Religion* (pp. 89-91)
5. George Colman: *The Connoisseur* No. 69, May 22, 1755 (pp. 409-414)


**Recommended reading**


The Author (though loth to leave the Citie) upon her Friendes procurement, is constrained to departe:
wherfore (she fayneth as she would die) and maketh her WYLL and Testament, as foloweth: With large Legacies of such Goods and riches which she moste abundantly hath left behind her: and therof maketh London sole executor to se her Legacies performed

A communication which the Author had to London, before she made her Wyl

The time is come I must parte,
from thee ah famous Citie:
I never yet to rue my smart,
did finde that thou hadst pitie.
Wherefore small cause ther is, that I should grieve from thee go:
But many Women foolishly,
lyke me, and other mee.

Doe such a fixed fancy set,
on those which least desarve,
That long it is ere wit we get,
away from them to swarve.
But tyme with pitie oft wyl tel
to those that will her try:
Whether it best be more to melle,
or utterly defye.
And now hath time me put in mind,
of thy great cruellnes:
That never once a help wold finde,
to ease me in distres.

Thou never yet, woldst credit geve
to board me for a yeare:
Nor with Apparrel me releve
except thou payed weare.
No, no, thou never didst me good,
nor ever wilt I know:
Yet am I in no angry moode,
but wyll, or ere I goe
In perfect love and charitie.

my Testament here write:
And leave to thee such Treasoure,
as I in it recyete.

Now stand a side and give me leave
to write my latest Wyll:
And see that none you do deceave,
of that I leave them tyll.

The maner of her Wyll, and what she left to London:
and all those in it: at her departing

I whole in body, and in minde,
but very weake in Purse:
Doo make, and write my Testament
for feare it wyll be wurse.
And first I wholy doo commend,
my Soule and Body eke:
To God the Father and the Son,
so long as I can speake.

And after speach: my Soule to hym,
and Body to the Grave:
Tyll time that all shall rise agayne,
their Judgement for to have.
And then I hope they both shall meete.
to dwell for aye in joy:
Whereas I trust to see my Friends releast, from all anno}

Whereas I trust to see my Friends releast, from all annoy.
Thus have you heard touching my soule,  
and body what I meane:  
I trust you all wyll witnes beare,  
I have a stedfast brayne.

And now let mee dispose such things,  
as I shall leave behind:  
That those which shall receive the same,  
may know my wylling minde.  
I first of all to London leave  
because I there was bred:  
Brave buildyngs rare, of Churches store,  
and Pauls to the head.  
Betwene the same: fayre streets there bee,  
and people goodly store:  
Because their keeping craveth cost,  
I yet wil leave him more.  
First for their foode, I Butchers leaf[e],  
that every day shall kyll:  
By Thames you shall have Brewers store,  
and Bakers at your wyll.  
And such as orders doe observe,  
and eat fish thrice a weeke:  
I leave two Streets, full fraught therwith,  
they neede not farre to seeke.  
Watling strete, and Canwyck streete,  
I full of Wollen leaf:  
And Linnen store in Friday streete,  
if they mee not deceave.  
And those which are of calyng such,  
that costlier they require:  
I Me[e]ers leave, with silke so rich,  
as any would desire.  
In Cheape of them, they store shal finde  
and likewise in that streete:  
I Goldsmithes leave, with Juels such,  
as arc for Ladies meete.
Now when thy folke are fed and clad
with such as I have nande:
For daynty mouthes, and stomacks weake
some juncketes must be framde.
Wherfore I Poticaries leave,
with Banquets in their Shop:
Physicians also for the sick,
Diseases for to stop.
Some Roysters styll, must bide in thee
and such as cut it out:
That with the guiltlesse quarcel wyl,
to let their blood about.
For them I cunning Surgions leave,
some Playsters to apply.
That Ruffians may not styll be hangde,
nor quiet persons dye.
For Salt, Oteneale, Candles, Sope,
or what you els doo want:
In many places, Shops are full,
I left you nothing scant.
Yf they that keepe what I you leave,
asse Mony: when they sell it:
At Mint, there is such store, it is
impossible to tell it.
At Stiliasarde store of Wines there bee,
your dulled mindes to glad:
And handsome men, that must not wed
except they leave their trade.
They oft shal seeke for proper Gyrles,
and some perhaps shall fynde:
(That neede compels, or lucre lures
to satisfye their mind.)
And neare the same, I houses leave,
for people to repayre:
To bathe themselves, so to prevent
infection of the ayre.

On Saturdayes I wish that those,
which all the weeke doo drug
Shall thyther trudge, to trim them up
on Sondays to looke smug.
If any other thing be lackt
in thee, I wysh them looke:
For ther it is: I little brought
but nothing from thee tooke.
Now for the people in thee left,
I have done as I may:
And that the poore, when I am gone,
have cause for me to pray.
I wyll to prisons portions leave,
what though but very small:
Yet that they may remember me,
ocasion be it shall:
And fyrst the Counter they shal have,
least they should go to wrack:
Some Coggers, and some honest men,
that Sergantes draw aback.
And such as Friends wyl not them bayle,
whose coyne is very thin:
For them I leave a certayne hole,
and little ease within.
The Newgate once a Monthe shal have
a sessions for his share:
Least being heapt, Infection might
procure a further care.
And at those sessions some shal skape,
with burning ere the Thumb:
And afterward to beg their fees,
tyll they have got the some.
And such whose deedes deserveth death,
and twelve have found the same:
they shall be drawne up Holborne hill,
to come to further shame:
THE MANER OF HER WYLL

Amongst them all, my Printer must,
have somwhat to his share:
I wyll my Friends there Bookes to bye
of him, with other ware.
So, Maydens poore, and Widdoers ritch
do leave, that oft shall dote:
And by that meanes shal mary them,
to set the Girles afoote.
And wealthy Widdoares wil I leave,
to help yong Gentylmen:
Which when you have in any case
be courteous to them then:
And see their Plate and Jewells eake
may not be mard with rust,
Nor let their Bags too long be full,
for feare that they doo burst.
To every Gate under the walles,
that compas thee about:
I Fruitwives leave to entertayne:
such as come in and out.
To Smithfeelde I must something leave
my Parents there did dwell:
So careless for to be of it,
one wolde accompt it well.
Wherfore it thrice a wecke shall have,
of Horse and [m]eat good store,
And in his Spittle, bylynd and lame,
to dwell for evermore.
And Bedlem must not be forgot,
for that was oft my wakke:
I people there too many leave,
that out of tune doo talke.
At Bridewel there shall Bedelles be,
and Matrones that shal styll
See Chalke wel chopt, and spinning plyde,
and turning of the Mill.
For such as cannot quiet bee,
    but strive for House or Land:
At Th'Inns of Court, I Lawyers leave
to take their cause in hand.
And also leave I at ech Inne
of Court, or Chaucercye:
Of Gentrymen, a youthfull roote,
    full of Actyvtye:
For whom I store of Bookes have left,
at each Bookebinders stall:
And parte of all that London hath
to furnish them withall.
And when they are with study cloyd:
to recreat their minde:
Of Tennis Courts, of dauncing Scooles,
    and fence they store shal finde.
And every Sunday at the least,
    I leave to make them sport,
In divers places Players, that
    of wonders shall reporte.
Now London have I (for thy sake)
within thee, and without:
As comes into my memory,
dispearsed round about
Such needfull things, as they should have,
    heere left now unto thee:
When I am gon, with conscience
    let them dispearsed bee.
And though I nothing named have,
to bury mee withall:
Consider that above the ground,
    annoyance bee I shall.
And let me have a shrowding Sheete
to cover mee from shame:
And in oblivion bury mee
    and never more mee name.

Ringenings nor other Ceremonies,
use you not for cost:
Nor at my burials, make no feast,
your mony were but lost.
Rejoyce in God that I am gon,
    out of this vale so vile.
And that of ech thing, left such store,
as may your wants exile.
I make thee sole executor, because
    I lovde thee best.
And thee I put in trust, to geve
    the goddes unto the rest.
Because thou shalt a helper neede,
In this so great a charge,
I wysch good Fortune, be thy guide, least
    thou shouldst run at lardge.
The happy dayes and quiet times,
    they both her Servants bee
Which well wysch serve to fetch and bring,
such things as neede to thee.
Therefor (good London) not refusing,
    for helper her to take:
Thus being weake and very both
    an end heere wysch I make.
To all that ask what end I made,
    and how I went away:
Thou answer maist like those which heere,
    no longer tary may.
And unto all that wysch mee well,
or rue that I am gon:
Doo me comend, and bid them cease
    my absence for to mone.
And tell them further, if they wolde,
    my presence styll have had:
They should have sought to mend my luck;
    which ever was too bad.
So fare thou well a thousand times,  
God sheeld the from thy foe: 
And still make thee victorious,  
of those that seke thy woe. 
And (though I am persuade) that I  
shall never more thee see: 
Yet to the last, I shal not cease  
to wish much good to thee. 
This, xx of October I,  
in ANNO DOMINI: 
A Thousand: v. hundred seventy three  
as Alminacks descry 
Did write this Wyll with mine owne hand  
and it to London gave: 
In witness of the standers by,  
whose names ye you will have. 
Paper, Pen, and Standish were:  
at that same present by: 
With Time, who promised to reveale,  
so fast as she could hye 
The same: least of my nearer kyn,  
for anything should vary: 
So finally I make an end  
no longer can I tary.

FINIS. by IS. W.

* * *

THE COPY OF A LETTER, lately written in meeter, by a yonge Gentilwoman: to her unconstant Lover. With an Admonition to al yong Gentilwomen, and to all other Mayds in general to beware of mennes flattery. By Is. W. Newly joined to a Loveletter sent by a Bacheler, (a most faithfull Lover) to an unconstant and faithles Mayden

I.W. To her unconstant Lover

As close as you your weding kept  
yet now the truth I here: 
Which you (yer now) might me have told  
what nede you nay to swere? 

You know I always wisht you wel  
so wyll I during lyfe: 
But sith you shal a Husband be  
God send you a good wyfe. 

And this (where so you shal become)  
full boldly may you boast: 
That once you had as true a Love,  
as dwelt in any Coast. 

Whose constantnesse had never quaid  
if you had not begonne: 
And yet it is not so far past,  
but might agayne bewonne.
Pamphilia to Amphilanthus

A SONNET SEQUENCE

1.

[P1] When nights black mantle could most darknes prove,
    And sleepe deaths Image did my sences hieere
    From knowledig of my selfe, then thoughts did move
    Swifter then those most swiftnes need require:

    In sleepe, a Chariot drawne by wing'd desire
    I sawe: wher sate bright Venus Queene of love,
    And att her feete her sonne, still adding fire
    To burning hearts which she did hold above,

Burt one hart flaming more then all the rest
    The goddess held, and putt itt to my brest,
    Deare sonne, now shurt sayd she: thus must wee winn;

    Hee her obay'd, and married my poore hart,
    I, waking hop'd as dreames itt would depart
    Yett since: O mee: a lover I have binn.


2. sences: "senses" in the 1621 text; hence: hire

5. Venus was traditionally represented as drawn in a chariot by doves: Ovid, _Metamorphoses_, XIV, 597. See also AS 79.4: "Which, coupling Doves, guides Venus' chariot right."

8–9. Lady Mary Wroth also describes Venus holding a flaming heart in the symbolic episode (I. i. p. 39) illustrated on the title page of the _Urania_.

10. The murder of the heart, a traditional conceit of the sonneteers, was used by Despentes, _Diane_, I, 6; Drayton, _Ida_, 2; and Sir Philip Sidney, _Ast_ 20.

2.

[P2] Deare eyes how well (indeed) you doe adorn
    That blessed sphære, which gazing soules hold deere:
    The loved place of sought for triumphs neere:
    The court of glory, wher Loves force was borne:

85
Which showes his days, and force draw to an end,
Or that to leave taking his time growes neere;

5
This day his face did seenne butt pale though cleere,
The reason is hee to the north must lend
His light, and warmth must to that climate bend
Whose frozen parts cowld nott loves heat hold decre;

Alas if thou (bright sunn) to part from hence
Grieve soe, what must I haples? who from thence
When thou dost goe my blessing shall attend;

Thou shalt injoye that sight for which I dy,
And in my hart thy fortunes doe envy,
Yett grieve, I le love thee, for this state may mend.


9.

[P103] My muse now happy, lay thy self to rest,
Sleep in the quiet of a faithfull love,
Write you noe more, butt lett thses phant'sies move
Some other harts, wake nott to new unrest,

5
Butt if you study, bee those thoughts adrest
To truth, which shall eternall goodnes prove;
Injoying of true joye, the most, and best,
The endles gaine which never will remove;

Leave the discourse of Venus, and her sunn
To young beeginers, and theyr brains inspire
With storys of great love, and from that fire
Gett heat to write the fortunes they have wunn,
And thus leave off, what's past showes you can love,
Now lett your constancy your honor prove,

Pamphilia.

9. sunn: "sonne" in the 1621 text
13–14. See AS 70.13–14: "I give you here my band for truth of this, / Wise silence is best musicke unto blisse." According to the 1621 Urania, Pamphilia embodies the virtue of Constancy in the symbolic episode when she accepts the keys to the Throne of Love, "at which instant Constancy vanished, as metamorphosing her self into her breast" (I. i. 141).
object of their soules, and led astray in the wildernes of the world.

The love of God makes a believer mourne for sinne more then the dread of hell could doe, and makes him more carefull to please God for pure love, then he could be for the hopes of the most pleasant reward; for indeed God, Christ, and the Holy Spirit are the only joy, delight, hope, desire, and reward of a true lover of God.

The characters and notes of the true love of God might be enlarged into much more particularity, because love is an ingredient in all the service of God, and that which renders every grace and every performance amiable and acceptable, of which no tongue nor pen can ever say so much as will reach the full extent of this sweet grace; but to contract myselfe in some bounds, I shall comend to you the first Epistle of John, where I find all the operations of the love of God reduc'd into, 1. The renouncing of the love of the world, and the diabolical life of sinne; 2. The confession and faith of Jesus Christ; 3. The observation of Gods commandements; 4. The love of the brethren.

Another scripture tells us, that love is the fulfilling of the whole law of God. Love is the royall law of Jesus Christ, and Christ

sumes up the whole law into love, which hath two branches, one ascending and growing upwards to God, and the other extending to all the brethren. By the exercise of love, we are kept in common with the Father and the Sonne, through the operation of the Spirit, which kindles and keeps alive this holy fire in our hearts, wherewith we offer up ourselves and all our services to God.

As what I have written hitherto may lead you into the principles of sound and true doctrine, though weakly, and in some places confusedly exprest, as a direction for your faith in God, gather'd from the prescript of his holy word; soe as the Lord shall enable me, I shall endeavour, out of the same rule, to trace you some practicall principles. To know all the truths and mysteries of godlinesse, without living in and according to that knowledge, will be lesse excusable then ignorance. To practise without a principle is labour lost, although it be a greate error among believers at this day, that all rather strive to make proselites to their severall ways and formes, then true converts to God, and discipes of Jesus Christ. I know my abilities for instruction are the meanest of many thousands, having myselfe bene a trifling schollar, that have playd away many blessed opportunities,
wherein I might have made myselfe more able to teach. I know there are many sound and holy bookes I might commend to you, which have collected these instructions more methodically then I can. I know you may say you can read the word, and make collections thence yourselfe, as well as I; but when you doe, you will find it my duty to exhort and admonish you according to the talent entrusted with me, and to watch over your soule, though you are now under another’s authoritie; and you can never be so freed from the obligation God and nature hath engagd you in, but that it is your duty to heare and receive my instruction, and obey it so farre as it is correspondent to the comands of God: it is the counsell of the wisest King, not to despise the instruction of a mother; and it was his practise, too, to record, notwithstanding his owne extraordinary inspired wisedome, his mothers holy instructions. The sence of my owne duty carries me on in this worke, against all discouragements from myselfe or otherwise, to give you my light in Christian practise, as well as in the doctrine of the faith of God in Jesus Christ. I have before, in declaring God and Christ, and what he hath done for us, and how wee are brought into the participation of his grace and glory, made digres-

sions and enlargement, and perhaps anticipated and misplaced some things, which may come to be repeated in this second part; but good things are to be taken wherever they are found, and flesh is so pregnant, even in the best, that it may endure two blows to keepe it downe. To passe over apologies, while I write not for the presse, to boast my owne weaknesses to the world, but to imprint on your hart the characters I have receivd of God; I shall goe on, only reduce my digressions into a sume of what you have before, which is,

That the true wisedome and felicitie of man consists in the knowledge of God as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, which we could not perfectly arrive to, but by the reflection of ourselves in our created, lapsed, and restored estate. This restoration being effected by the mediator Christ, I propounded 5 things to be considered of him, 1. Who he is; viz. the eternall Son of God, uniting our humane to his devine nature, and being so, God-man, two distinct natures in one person, reconciling the fallen nature of man to the pure nature of God, and marrign them together in his person. 2. What he hath done for us, viz. that he died to satisfie the wrath of God due to our transgression, and rose againe
A Woman here, leads fainting Israel on,
She fights, she wins, she triumphs with a song,
Devout, Majestick, for the subject fitt,
And far above her arms, exalts her witt,
Then, to the peacefull, shady Palm withdraws,
And rules the rescu'd Nation, with her Laws.

How are we fal'n, fal'n by mistaken rules?
And Education's, more then Nature's fools,
Debarr'd from all improve-ments of the mind,
And to be dull, expected and designded;
And if some one, wou'd Soar above the rest,
With warmer fancy, and ambition press't,
So strong, th' opposing faction still appears,
The hopes to thrive, can ne're outweigh the fears,
Be caution'd then my Muse, and still retir'd;
Nor be dispis'd, aiming to be admir'd;

Consious of wants, still with contracted wing,
To some few freinds, and to thy sorrow's sing;
For groves of Lawrell, thou wert never meant;
Be dark enough thy shades, and be thou there content.

THE PREFACE

Beaumont in the beginni[n]g of a Copy of Verses to his freind Fletcher (upon the ill successe of his Faithfull Shepheardesse) tells him,

I know too well! that no more, then the man
That travels throu' the burning Deserts, can
When he is beaten with the raging Sun,
Half smother'd in the dust, have power to run
From a cool River, which himself doth find,
E're he be slack'd; no more can he, whose mind
Joys in the Muses, hold from that delight,
When Nature, and his full thoughts, bid him write.
And this indeed, I not only find true by my own experience, but have also too many witneses of itt against me, under my own hand in the following Poems; which tho' never meritting more then to be once read, and then carelessly scatter'd or consum'd; are grown by the partiality of some of my freinds, to the formidable appearance of a Volume; tho' but in Manuscript, and have been solicited to a more daring manefestation, which I shall ever resist, both from the knowledge of their incapassity, of bearing a publick tryal; and also, upon recalling to my memory, some of the first lines I ever writt, which were part of an invocation of Apollo, whose wise and limited answer to me, I did there suppose to be

I grant thee no pretence to Bays,
Nor in bold print do thou appear;
Nor shalt thou reatch Orinda's prayse,
Tho' all thy aim, be fixt on Her.

And tho' I have still avoided the confident producing any thing of mine in thatt manner, yett have I come too neer itt, and been like those imperfect penitents, who are ever relent ing, and yett ever returning to the same offences. For I have writt, and expos'd my uncorrect Rimes, and immediatly repented; and yett have writt again, and again suffer'd them to be seen; tho' att the expence of more uneasy reflections, till at last (like them) wearied with uncertainty, and irresolution, I rather chuse to be harden'd in an errour, then to be still att the trouble of endeavering to over come itt: and now, neither deny myself the pleasure of writing, or any longer make a mistery of that to my freinds and acquaintance, which does so little deserve itt) (tho' itt is still a great satisfaction to me, that I was not so far abandon'd by my prudence, as out of a mistaken vanity, to lett any attempts of mine in Poetry, shew themselves whilst I liv'd in such a publick place as the Court, where every one wou'd have
made their remarks upon a Versifying Maid of Honour; and
far the greater number with prejudice, if not contempt. And
indeed, the apprehension of this, had so much wean'd me
from the practice and inclination to it; that had not an
utter change in my Condition, and Circumstances, remov'd
me into the solitude, & security of the Country, and the
generous kindnesse of one that possesst the most delightfull
seat in it; envited him, from whom I was inseperable, to
partake of the pleasures of it; I think I might have stopp'd
ere it was too late, and suffer'd those few compositions I had
then by me, to have sunk into that oblivion, which I ought
to wish might be the lott of all that have succeeded them.
But when I came to Eastwell, and cou'd fix my eyes only
upon objects naturally inspiring soft and Poetical immagi-
nations, and found the Owner of itt, so indulgent to that Art,
so knowing in all the rules of itt, and att his pleasuré, so
capable of putting them in practice; and also most obligingly
favorable to some lines of mine, that had fall'n under his
Lordship's perusal, I cou'd no longer keep within the lim-
mitts I had prescrib'd myself, nor be wisely reserv'd, in spite
of inclination, and such powerfull temptations to the contrary.
Again I engage my self in the service of the Muses, as
eagerly as if

From their new Worlds, I know not where,
Their golden Indies in the air—

they cou'd have supply'd the material losses, which I had
lately sustain'd in this. And now, whenever I contemplate
all the several beautys of this Park, allow'd to be (if not of
the Universal yett) of our British World infinitely the finest,

A pleasing wonder throo' my fancy moves,
Smooth as her lawnes, and lofty as her Groves.
Boundlesse my Genius seems, when my free sight,
Finds only distant skys to stop her flight.
Like mighty Denhams, then, methinks my hand,
Might bid the Landskip, in strong numbers stand,
Fix all its charms, with a Poetick skill,
And raise its Fame, above his Cooper's hill.

This, I confess, is what in itself it deserves, but the unhappy difference is, that he by being a real Poet, could make that place (as he sais) a Parnassus to him; whilst I, that behold a real Parnassus here, in that lovely Hill, which in this Park bears that name, find in myself, so little of the Poet, that I am still restrain'd from attempting a description of it in verse, tho' the agreeableness of the subject, has often prompted me most strongly to it.

But now, having pleaded an irresistible impulse, as my excuse for writing, which was the chief design of this Preface, I must also express my hopes of escaping all suspicion of vanity, or affectation of applause from it; since I have in my introduction, deliver'd my sincere opinion that when a Woman meddles with things of this nature,

So strong, th' opposing faction still appears,
The hopes to thrive, can ne're outweigh the fears.

And, I am besides sensible, that Poetry has been of late so explain'd, the laws of it being put into familiar languages, that even those of my sex, (if they will be so presumptuous as to write) are very accountable for their transgressions against them. For what rule of Aristotle, or Horace is there, that has not been given us by Rapin, Despreaux, D'acier, my Lord Roscomon, etc.? What has Mr. Dryden omitted, that may lay open the very mysteries of this Art? and can there any where be found a more delightful, or more useful piece of Poetry, then that,

correct Essay,

Which so repairs, our old Horatian way."

If then, after the perusal of these, we fail, we cannot plead
any want, but that of capacity, or care, in both of which I own myself so very defective, that whenever any things of mine, escape a censure, I always attribute it, to the good nature or civility of the Reader; and not to any merit in the Poems, which I am satisfy'd are so very imperfect, and uncorrect, that I shall not attempt their justification.

For the subjects, I hope they are at least innofensive; tho' sometimes of Love; for keeping within those limmits which I have observ'd, I know not why itt shou'd be more faulty, to treat of that passion, then of any other violent excursion, or transport of the mind. Tho' I must confess, the great reservednesse of Mrs. Philips in this particular, and the prayses I have heard given her upon that account, together with my desire not to give scandal to the most severe, has often discourag'd me from making use of itt, and given me some regretts for what I had writ of that kind, and wholly prevented me from putting the Aminta of Tasso into English verse, from the verbal translation that I procured out of the Italian, after I had finish'd the first act extremely to my satisfaction; and was convinc'd, that in the original, itt must be as soft and full of beautys, as ever anything of that nature was; but there being nothing mixt with itt, of a serious morality, or usefullnesse, I sacrafis'd the pleasure I took in itt, to the more solid reasonings of my own mind; and hope by so doing to have made an attonement, to my gravest readers, for the two short pieces of that Pastoral, taken from the French, the Songs, and other few lighter things, which yett remain in the following sheetts.

As to Lampoons, and all sorts of abusive verses, I ever so much detested, both the underhand dealing and unchariti-

tableness which accompany's them, that I never suffer'd my small talent, to be that way employ'd; tho' the facility of doing itt, is too well known to many, who can but make two words rime; and there wants not some provocation often,
either from one's own resentments, or those of others, to put such upon it, as are any way capable of that mean sort of revenge. The only copy of mine that tends towards this, is the letter to Ephelia, in answer to an invitation to the Town; but, as that appears to have been long written, by the mention made of my Lord Roscommon, under the name of Piso, given to him first, in a Panegeric, of Mr. Wallers, before his Art of Poetry; so I do declare, that at the time of composing it, there was no particular person meant by any of the disadvantageous Caracters; and the whole intension of it, was in general to expose the Censorious humour, foppishnesse and coquetterie that then prevail’d. And I am so far from thinking there is any ill in this, that I wish it oftener done, by such hands as might sufficiently ridicule, and wean us from those mistakes in our manners, and conversation.

Plays, were translated by our most vertuous Orinda; and mine, tho’ originals, I hope are not lesse reserves. The Queen of Cyprus, I once thought to have call’d the Triumphs of Love and Innocence; and doubted not but the latter part of the Title, wou’d have been as aptly apply’d as the former. Aristomenes is wholly Tragical, and, if it answer my intension, moral and inciting to Vertue. What they are as to the performance, I leave to the judgment of those who shall read them; and if any one can find more faults then I think to be in y“; I am much mistaken. I will only add, that when they were compos’d, it was far from my intention ever to own them, the first was for my own private satisfaction, only an Essay wheither I cou’d go throo’ with such a peice of Poetry. The other, I was led to, by the strong impressions, which some wonderfull circumstances in the life of Aristomenes, made upon my fancy; and chiefly the sweetnesse of his temper, observable in it, wrought upon me; for which reason tho’ itt may be I did not so Poetically, I chose rather to represent him Good, then Great; and pitch’d upon such
parts of the relation, and introduc'd such additional circum-
stances of my own, as might most illustrate that, and shew
him to be (as declared by the Oracle) the best of Men. I
know not what effect they will have upon others, but I must
acknowledge, that the giving some interruption to those
melancholy thoughts, which posesst me, not only for my
own, but much more for the misfortunes of those to whom
I owe all immaginable duty, and gratitude, was so great a
benefitt; that I have reason to be satisfy'd with the under-
taking, be the performance never so inconsiderable. And
indeed, an absolute solitude (which often was my lott) under
such dejection of mind, cou'd not have been supported, had
I indulg'd myself (as was too natural to me) only in the
contemplation of present and real afflictions, which I hope
will plead my excuse, for turning them for releif, upon such
as were immaginary, & relating to Persons no more in
being. I had my end in the writing, and if they please not
those who will take the pains to peruse them, itt will be a
just accusation to my weaknesse, for letting them escape out
of their concealment; but if attended with a better successe,
the satisfaction any freind of mine, may take in them, will
make me think my time past, not so unprofitably bestowed,
as otherwise I might; and which I shall now endeavour to
redeem, by applying myself to better employments, and
when I do write to chuse, my subjects generally out of
Devinity, or from moral and serious occasions; which made
me place them last, as capable of addition; For when we
have run throo' all the amusements of life, itt will be found,
that there is but one thing necessary; and they only Wise,
who chuse the better part. But since there must be also,
some relaxation, some entertaining of the spiritts,

   Whilst Life by Fate is lent to me,
   Whilst here below, I stay,
   Religion, my sole businesse be,
   And Poetry, my play.
(Encompass'd, as we think, with Armies round,
Tho' not express'd within this narrow Bound)
Who, whilst his warlike and extended Hand
Directs the foremost Ranks to Charge or Stand,
Reverts his Face, lest That, so Fair and Young,
Should call in doubt the Orders of his Tongue:
Whilst the excited, and embolden'd Rear
Such Youth beholding, and such Features there,
Devote their plainer Forms, and are asham'd to Fear.
Thus! ev'ry Action, ev'ry Grace of thine,
O latest Son of Fame, Son of Gustavus Line!
Affects thy Troops, with all that can inspire
A blooming Sweetness, and a martial Fire,
Fatal to none, but thy invading Foe.
So Lightnings, which to all their Brightness shew,
Strike but the Man alone, who has provok'd the Blow.

THE CIRCUIT OF APPOLLO

Appollo as lately a Circuit he made,
Throo' the lands of the Muses when Kent he survey'd
And saw there that Poets were not very common,
But most that pretended to Verse, were the Women
Resolv'd to encourage, the few that he found,
And she that writt best, with a wreath shou'd be crown'd.
A summons sent out, was obey'd but by four,
When Phebus, afflicted, to meet with no more,
And standing, where sadly, he now might descry,
From the banks of the Stoure the desolate Wye,
10
He lamented for Behn o're that place of her birth,
And said amongst Femens was not on the earth
Her superior in fancy, in language, or witt,
Yett own'd that a little too losely she writ;
Since the art of the Muse is to stirr up soft thoughts,
Yett to make all hearts beat, without blushes, or faults,
But now to proceed, and their merritts to know,
Before he on any, the Bay's wou'd bestow,
He order'd them each in their several way,
To show him their papers, to sing, or to say,
What 'ere they thought best, their pretention's might prove,
When Alinda, began, with a song upon Love.
So easy the Verse, yet compos'd with such art,
That not one expression fell short of the heart;
Apollo himself, did their influence obey,
He catch'd up his Lyre, and a part he wou'd play,
Declaring, no harmony else, cou'd be found,
Fitt to wait upon words, of so moving a sound.
The Wreath, he reach'd out, to have plac'd on her head,
If Laura not quickly a paper had read,
Wherin She Orinda has praised so high,
He own'd itt had reach'd him, while yett in the sky,
That he thought with himself, when itt first struck his ear,
Who e're cou'd write that, ought the Laurel to wear.
Betwixt them he stood, in a musing suspense,
Till Valeria withdrew him a little from thence,
And told him, as soon as she'd gott him aside,
Her works, by no other, but him shou'd be try'd;
Which so often he read, and with still new delight,
That Judgment t'was thought wou'd not passe till twas 'night;
Yet at length, he restor'd them, but told her withall
If she kept itt still close, he'd the Talent recall.
Ardelia, came last as expecting least praise,
Who writt for her pleasure and not for the Bays,
But yett, as occasion, or fancy should sway,
Wou'd sometimes endeavour to passe a dull day,
In composing a song, or a Scene of a Play
Not seeking for Fame, which so little does last,
That e’re we can taste it, the Pleasure is Past.
But Appollo reply’d, tho’ so careless she seem’d,
Yett the Bays, if her share, wou’d be highly esteem’d.

And now, he was going to make an Oration,
Had thrown by one lock, with a delicate passion,
Upon the left foot, most genteely did stand,
Had drawn back the other, and wav’d his white hand,
When calling to mind, how the Prize altho’ given
By Paris, to her, who was fairest in Heaven,
Had pull’d on the rash, inconsiderate Boy,
The fall of his House, with the ruin of Troy,
Since in Witt, or in Beauty, itt never was heard,
One female cou’d yield t’ have another preferr’d,
He changed his dessign, and devided his praise,
And said that they all had a right to the Bay’s,
And that t’were injustice, one brow to adorn,
With a wreath, which so fittly by each might be worn.
Then smil’d to himself, and applauded his art,
Who thus nicely has acted so suttle a part,
Four Women to wheedle, but found ’em too many,
For who wou’d please all, can never please any.

In vain then, he thought itt, there longer to stay,
But told them, he now must go drive on the day,
Yett the case to Parnassus, shou’d soon be referr’d,
And there in a council of Muses, be heard,
Who of their own sex, best the title might try,
Since no man upon earth, nor Himself in the sky,
Wou’d be so imprudent, so dull, or so blind,
To loose three parts in four from amongst woman kind.
A visit which I paid the other day to a lady of great sense and taste, I was agreeably surprised by having two little volumes put into my hands, which have been lately published under the title of "POEMS BY EMINENT LADIES." These volumes are, indeed, (as the author of the preface has remarked) "the most solid compliment, that can possibly be paid to the fair sex." I never imagined, that our nation could boast so many excellent Poetesses, (whose works are an honour to their country) as I found are here collected together: And it is with the highest satisfaction I can assure my female readers in particular, that I have found a great number of very elegant pieces among the writings of these ladies, which cannot be surpassed by the most celebrated of our male-writers.
The pleasure, which I received from reading these poems, made such an impression on my mind, that at night, as soon as I fell asleep, my fancy presented to me the following Dream. I was transported, I know not how, to the regions of Parnassus; and found myself in the Court of Apollo, surrounded by a great number of our most eminent poets. A cause of the utmost importance was then depending; and the debate was, whether the ladies, who had distinguished themselves in poetry, should be allowed to hold the same rank, and have the same honours paid them, with the men. As the moderns were not allowed to plead in their own suit, Juvenal was retained on the side of the male poets, and Sappho pleaded in defence of the other sex. The Roman satirist, in his speech at the bar, inveighed bitterly against women in general, and particularly exclaimed against their dabbling in literature: but when Sappho came to set forth the pretensions, which the ladies justly had to poetry, and especially in love affairs, Apollo could no longer resist the importunity of the Muses in favour of their own sex. He therefore decreed, that all those females, who thought themselves able to manage Pegasus, should immediately shew their skill and dexterity in riding him.

Pegasus was accordingly brought out of the stable, and the Muses furnished him with a side-saddle. All the ladies, who had courage enough to venture on his back, were prepared to mount: but as a great dispute arose among some of the competitors about precedence, (each of them claiming a right to ride first,) it was at length agreed, that they should get into the saddle according to seniority.

Upon this a lady advanced; who, though she had something rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet she had
had a noble presence, that commanded at once our awe and admiration. She was dressed in an old-fashioned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with bugles and points; such as was worn in the times of King Charles the first. This lady, I was informed, was the Dutchess of Newcastle. When she came to mount, she sprung into the saddle with surprising agility; and giving an entire loose to the reins, Pegasus directly set up a gallop, and run away with her quite out of our sight. However, it was acknowledged, that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate; and that she wasted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, Shakespeare and Milton very kindly offered their hand to help her down, which she accepted. Then Euterpe came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful lines against Melancholy, which (she said) were so extremely picturesque. The Dutchess, with a most pleasing air, immediately began.

* Dull Melancholy

She'll make you start at ev'ry noise you hear,
And visions strange, shall to your eyes appear.
Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits by blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall;
She loves nought else, but noise which discord makes;
As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls, that fly i' th' night alone;

The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about.
She loves to walk in the still moon-shine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight:
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.
There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
While you and I in mirth and pleasure dwell.

All the while that these lines were repeating, Milton seem-
ed very much chagrined; and it was whispered by some, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in his L'Allegro and Il Penseroso to this lady's *Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy.

The Celebrated Orinda, Mrs. Katherine Philips, was next placed in the saddle, amid the shouts and applauds of the lords Roscommon and Orrery, Cowley, and other famous wits of her time. Her dress was simple, though of a very elegant make: it had no profuse ornaments, and approached very nearly to the cut and fashion of the present age. Though she never ventured beyond a canter or an hand-gallop, she made Pegasus do his paces with so much ease and exactness, that Waller owned he could never bring him under so much command. After her Mrs. Killigrew, assisted by Dryden, and several other ladies of that age took their turns to ride: and every one agreed, that (making some allowances for their sex) they could not be excelled by the most experienced riders among the men.

* See Vol. II. page 199. N. B. This lady wrote before Milton.

A BOLD
No. 69. The CONNOISSEUR.

A bold masculine figure now pushed forward in a thin, airy, gay habit, which hung so loose about her, that she appeared to be half undriff. When she came up to Pegasus, she clapped her hand upon the side-saddle, and with a spring leaped across it, saying that she would never ride him but astride. She made the poor beast frisk, and caper, and curvet, and play a thousand tricks; while she herself was quite unconcerned, though she shewed her legs at every motion of the horse, and many of the Muses turned their heads aside blushing. Thalia, indeed, was a good deal pleased with her frolics; and Erato declared, that next to her favourite Sappho she should always prefer this lady. Upon enquiring her name I found her to be the free-spirited Mrs. Behn. When she was to dismount, Lord Rochester came up, and caught her in his arms; and repeating part of her * Ode to Desire,

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He led her nothing but. ---

Milton.

I had now the pleasure to see many ladies of our own times, whose names I was very well acquainted with, advance towards Pegasus. Among the rest I could not but wonder at the astonishing dexterity, with which the admired Mrs. Leapor of Brackley guided the horse, though she had not the least direction or assistance from any body. Mrs. Barber of Ireland was assisted in getting upon the saddle by Swift himself, who even condescended to hold the stirrup while she mounted. Under the Dean's direction she made the horse to pace and amble very prettily; notwithstanding

which some declared, that she was not equal to her friend and country-woman Mrs. Grierson.

Another lady, a native of the same kingdom, then briskly stepped up to Pegafus; and despising the weak efforts of her husband to prevent her, she boldly jumped into the saddle, and whipping and cutting rode away furiously helter skelter over hedge and ditch, and trampled on every body who came in her road. She took particular delight in driving the poor horse, who kicked and winced all the while, into the most filthy places; where she made him fling about the dirt and mire, with which she bespattered almost every one that came near her. Sometimes, however, she would put a stop to this mad career; and then she plainly convinced us, that she knew as well how to manage Pegafus as any of the females, who had tried before her. Being told that this lady was no other than the celebrated biographer of her own actions Mrs. Pilkington, I had the curiosity to take a nearer view of her; when stepping up towards her, and offering my assistance to help her down, methought she returned my civility with such an uncourteous slap on the face, that (though I awaked at the instant) I could not help fancying for some time, that I felt my cheek tingle with the blow.

W