Title: Mapping Their Way: A Transatlantic Examination of Bradstreet, Cavendish, and Fanshawe

Organizers:
Dr. Kathrynn Engberg, independent scholar, early American literature
Dr. Jessica Walker, Alabama A&M University, early modern British literature

Workshop summary: This workshop will examine the relationship between historiography, gender, and physical space in the writing of early modern women in exile. With a particular focus on Anne Bradstreet's poetry, Ann Fanshawe's memoir, and Margaret Cavendish's autobiography and fiction, we will explore how seventeenth-century British women living in America and continental Europe rejected early Renaissance discourses about women's silence and enclosure, seeking safety and community by creating literary topographies. Relevant plenaries include Communities, Environments, and Exchanges.
Required texts


Cavendish, Margaret. *The Life of William Cavendish Duke of Newcastle, To Which is Added the True Relation of My Birth Breeding and Life*. London: George Routledge and Sons Ltd.


Optional texts (excerpts will be available on jessiwalker.wordpress.com)

“A Briefe and Exact Relation of the Most Materiall and Remarkeable Passages that hapned in the late well-formed (and as valiently defended) Seige laid before the City of Glocester, collected by John Dorney, Esquire, towne-clarke of the said city, who was there resident the whole siege and appled himselfe wholy to this businesse.” London: Thomas Underhill, 1643.


Excerpts from Lady Ann Fanshawe's *Memoir* (1676)

Your father, Sir Richard Fanshawe, Knight and Baronet, one of the Masters of the Requests, Secretary of the Latin Tongue, Burgess for the University of Cambridge, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council of England and Ireland, and his Majesty's Ambassador to Portugal and Spain, was the fifth and youngest son. He married me, the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, Knight, of Balls, in the county of Hertford; he was married at thirty-five years of age, and lived with me twenty-three years and twenty-nine days; he lies buried in a new vault I purchased of Humphry, Lord Bishop of London, in St. Mary's Chapel in the Church of Ware, near his ancestors, over which I built him a monument.

My dear husband had six sons and eight daughters, born and christened, and I miscarried of six more, three times, and once of three sons when I was about half gone my time. Harrison, my eldest son, and Henry, my second son; Richard, my third; Henry, my fourth; and Richard, my fifth, are all dead; my second lies buried in the Protestant Church-yard in Paris, by the father of the Earl of Bristol; my eldest daughter Anne lies buried in the Parish Church of Tankersley, in Yorkshire, where she died; Elizabeth lies in the Chapel of the French Hospital at Madrid, where she died of a fever at ten days old; my next daughter of her name lies buried in the Parish of Foot's Cray, in Kent, near Frog-Pool, my brother Warwick's house, where she died; and my daughter Mary lies in my father's vault in Hertford, with my first son Henry; my eldest lies buried in the Parish Church of St. John's College in Oxford, where he was born; my second Henry lies in Bengy Church, in Hertfordshire; and my second Richard in the Esperanza in Lisbon in Portugal, he being born ten weeks before my time when I was in that Court. I praise God I have living yourself and four sisters, Katherine unmarried, Margaret married to Vincent Grantham, Esq., of Goltho, in the county of Lincoln, Anne, and Elizabeth.

I was born in St. Olave's, Hart-street, London, in a house that my father took of the Lord Dingwall, father to the now Duchess of Ormond, in the year 1625, on our Lady Day, 25th of March. Mr. Hyde, Lady Alston, and Lady Wolstenholme, were my godfather and godmothers. In that house I lived the winter times till I was fifteen years old and three months, with my ever honoured and most dear mother, who departed this life on the 20th day of July, 1640, and now lies buried in Allhallow's Church, in Hertford. Her funeral cost my father above a thousand pounds; and Dr. Howlsworth preached her funeral sermon, in which, upon his own knowledge, he told before many hundreds of people this accident following: that my mother, being sick to death of a fever three months after I was born, which was the occasion she gave me suck no longer, her friends and servants thought to all outward appearance that she was dead, and so lay almost two days and a night, but Dr. Winston coming to comfort my father, went into my mother's room, and looking earnestly on her face, said "she was so handsome, and now looks so lovely, I cannot think she is dead"; and suddenly took a lancet out of his pocket and with it cut the sole of her foot, which bled. Upon this, he immediately caused her to be laid upon the bed again and to be rubbed, and such means as she came to life, and opening her eyes, saw two of her kinswomen stand by her, my Lady Knollys and my Lady Russell, both with great wide sleeves, as the fashion then was, and said, Did not you promise me fifteen years, and are you come again? which they not understanding, persuaded her to keep her spirits quiet in that great weakness wherein she then was; but some hours after she desired my father and Dr. Howlsworth might be left alone with her, to whom she said, "I will acquaint you, that during the time of my trance I
was in great quiet, but in a place I could neither distinguish nor describe; but the sense of leaving my girl, who is dearer to me than all my children, remained a trouble upon my spirits. Suddenly I saw two by me, clothed in long white garments, and methought I fell down with my face in the dust; and they asked why I was troubled in so great happiness. I replied, O let me have the same grant given to Hezekiah, that I may live fifteen years, to see my daughter a woman: to which they answered, It is done; and then, at that instant, I awoke out of my trance;" and Dr. Howlsworth did there affirm, that that day she died made just fifteen years from that time. My dear mother was of excellent beauty and good understanding, a loving wife, and most tender mother; very pious, and charitable to that degree, that she relieved, besides the offals of the table, which she constantly gave to the poor, many with her own hand daily out of her purse, and dressed many wounds of miserable people, when she had health, and when that failed, as it did often, she caused her servants to supply that place.

From hence we went to the Lady Honor O'Brien's, a lady that went for a maid, but few believed it: she was the youngest daughter of the Earl of Thomond. There we stayed three nights. The first of which I was surprised by being laid in a chamber, when, about one o'clock I heard a voice that wakened me. I drew the curtain, and in the casement of the window, I saw, by the light of the moon, a woman leaning into the window, through the casement, in white, with red hair and pale and ghastly complexion: she spoke loud, and in a tone I had never heard, thrice, 'A horse'; and then, with a sigh more like the wind than breath she vanished, and to me her body looked more like a thick cloud than substance. I was so much frightened, that my hair stood on end, and my night clothes fell off. I pulled and pinched your father, who never woke during the disorder I was in; but at last was much surprised to see me in this fright, and more so when I related the story and showed him the window opened. Neither of us slept any more that night, but he entertained me with telling me how much more these apparitions were usual in this country than in England; and we concluded the cause to be the great superstition of the Irish, and the want of that knowing faith, which should defend them from the power of the Devil, which he exercises among them very much. About five o'clock the lady of the house came to see us, saying she had not been in bed all night, because a cousin O'Brien of her's, whose ancestors had owned that house, had desired her to stay with him in his chamber, and that he died at two o'clock, and she said, 'I wish you to have had no disturbance, for 'tis the custom of the place, that, when any of the family are dying, the shape of a woman appears in the window every night till they be dead. This woman was many ages ago got with child by the owner of this place, who murdered her in his garden and flung her into the river under the window, but truly I thought not of it when I lodged you here, it being the best room in the house.' We made little reply to her speech, but disposed ourselves to be gone suddenly.

There lives not far from Canterbury a gentleman, called Colonel Colepeper, whose mother was widow unto the Lord Strangford: this gentleman had a sister, who lived with him, as the world said, in too much love. She married Mr. Porter. This brother and sister being both atheists, and living a life according to their profession, went in a frolic into a vault of their ancestors, where, before they returned, they pulled some of their father's and mother's hairs. Within a very few days after, Mrs. Porter fell sick and died. Her brother kept her body in a coffin set up in his buttery, saying it would not be long before he died, and then they would be both buried together; but from the night after her death, until the time that we were told the story, which was three months, they say that a head, as cold as death, with curled hair like his sister's,
did ever lie by him wherever he slept, notwithstanding he removed to several places and
countries to avoid it; and several persons told us they had felt this apparition.

Excerpts from Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle's *A True Relation of my Birth, Breeding, and Life* (1656)

As for my breeding, it was according to my birth, and the nature of my sex; for my birth
was not lost in my breeding. For as my sisters was or had been bred, so was I in plenty, or rather
with superfluity. Likewise we were bred virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and on honest
principles. As for plenty, we had not only for necessity, conveniency, and decency, but for
delight and pleasure to a superfluity; it is true we did not riot, but we lived orderly; for riot, even
in kings' courts and princes' palaces, brings ruin without content or pleasure, when order in less
fortunes shall live more plentifully and deliciously than princes that lives in a hurly-burly, as I
may term it, in which they are seldom well served. (156)

But when [Cavendish's brothers] were at London, they were dispersed into several houses
of their own, yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children. But
this unnatural war came down like a whirlwind, which felled down their houses, where some in
the wars were crushed to death, as my youngest brother Sir Charles Lucas, and my brother Sir
Thomas Lucas. And though my brother Sir Thomas Lucas died not immediately of his wounds,
yet a wound he received on his head in Ireland shortened his life.

But to rehearse their recreations . . . . (160).

I observed they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers in their
company, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed but one
mind amongst them. And not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and
sisters in law, and their children, although but young, had the like agreeable nature and
affectionate dispositions. For to my best remembrance I do not know that ever they did fall out,
or had any angry or unkind disputes. Likewise, I did observe that my sisters were so far from
mingling themselves with any other company, that they had no familiar conversation or intimate
acquaintance with the families to which each other were linked by marriage, the family of the
one being as great strangers to the rest of my brothers and sisters as the family of the other.

But sometime after this war began, I knew not how they lived. For though most of them
were in Oxford, were in the King was, yet after the Queen went from Oxford, and so out of
England, I was parted from them. For when the Queen was in Oxford I had a great desire to be
one of her maids of honour, hearing the Queen had not the same number she was used to have.
Whereupon I wooed and won my mother to let me go; for my mother, being fond of all her
children, was desirous to please them, which made her consent to my request. But my brothers
and sisters seemed not very well pleased, by reason I had never been from home, nor seldom out
of their sight; for though they knew I would not behave myself or their or my own dishonour, yet
they thought I might to my disadvantage, being inexperienced in the world. Which indeed I did,
for I was so bashful when I was out of my mother's, brothers', and sisters' sight, whose presence
used to give me confidence . . . . I was like one that had no foundation to stand, or guide to direct
me, which made me afraid, lest I should wander with ignorance out of the ways of honour, so
that I knew not how to behave myself. (160-161).
But not only the family I am linked to is ruined, but the family from which I sprung, by these unhappy wars. Which ruin my mother lived to see, and then died, having lived a widow many years; for she never forgot my father so as to marry again. Indeed, he remained so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mentioned his name, though she spoke often of him, but love and grief caused tears to flow, and tender sighs to rise, mourning in sad complaints. She made her house her cloister, inclosing herself, as it were, therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to church. But these unhappy wars forced her out, by reason she and her children were loyal to the King; for which they plundered her and my brothers of all their goods, plate, jewels, money, corn, cattle, and the like, cut down their woods, pulled down their houses, and sequestered them from their lands and livings; but in such misfortunes my mother was of an heroic spirit, in suffering patiently where there is no remedy, or to be industrious where she thought she could help. (163)

Women become pleaders, attornies, petitioners, and the like, running about with their several causes, complaining of their several grievances, exclaiming against their several enemies, bragging of their several favours they receive from the powerful, thus trafficking with idle words bring in false reports and vain discourse. For the truth is, our sex doth nothing but jostle for the pre-eminence of words (I mean not for speaking well, but speaking much) as they do for the pre-eminence of place, words rushing against words, thwarting and crossing each other, and pulling with reproaches, striving to throw each other down with disgrace, thinking to advance themselves thereby. But if our sex would but well consider, and rationally ponder, they will perceive and find, that it is neither words nor place that can advance them, but worth and merit. (168)

I am naturally bashful, not that I am ashamed of my mind or body, my birth or breeding, my actions or fortunes, for my bashfulness is my nature, not for any crime, and though I have strived and reasoned with myself, yet that which is inbred I find is difficult to root out. But I do not find that my bashfulness is concerned with the qualities of the persons, but the number . . . . [T]he more foolish or unworthy I conceive the company to be, the worse I am . . . . [F]ools or unworthy persons are apt to commit absurdities, as to be bold, rude, uncivil both in words and actions, forgetting or not well understanding themselves or the company they are with. And though I never met such sorts of ill-bred creatures, yet naturally I have such an aversion to such kind of people, as I am afraid to meet them, as children are afraid of spirits, or those that are afraid to see or meet devils; which makes me think this natural defect in me, if it be a defect, is rather a fear than a bashfulness, but whatsoever it is, I find it troublesome, for it hath many times obstructed the passage of my speech, and perturbed my natural action, forcing a constrainedness or unusual motions. However, since it is rather a fear of others than a bashful distrust of myself, I despair of a perfect cure, unless nature as well as human governments could be civilized and brought into a methodical order. (168-169)

Also where I place a particular affection, I love extraordinarily and constantly, yet not fondly, but soberly and observingly, not to hang about them as a trouble, but to wait upon them as a servant; but this affection will take no root, but where I think or find merit, and have leave both from divine and moral laws. Yet I find this passion so troublesome, as it is the only torment of my life, for fear any evil misfortune or accident, or sickness, or death, should come unto them, insomuch as I am never freely at rest. (175-176, emphases mine)
I verily believe some censuring readers will scornfully say, why hath this Lady writ her own life? since none cares to know whose daughter she was or whose wife she is, or how she was bred, or what fortunes she had, or how she lived, or what humour or disposition she was of. I answer that it is true, that 'tis to no purpose to the readers, but it is to the authoress, because I write it for my own sake, not theirs. Neither did I intend this piece for to delight, but to divulge; not to please the fancy, but to tell the truth, lest after-ages should mistake, in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas of St. Johns, near Colchester, in Essex, second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again.(178)

Selections from Anne Bradstreet's *The Tenth Muse* (1650)

**Prologue**

To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings,
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,
For my mean Pen are too superior things;
Or how they all, or each their dates have run,
Let Poets and Historians set these forth.
My obscure lines shall not so dim their worth.

But when my wond'ring eyes and envious heart
Great Bartas' sugar'd lines do but read o'er,
Fool, I do grudge the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that over-fluent store.
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will
But simple I according to my skill.

From School-boy's tongue no Rhet'ric we expect,
Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty where's a main defect.
My foolish, broken, blemished Muse so sings,
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,
'Cause Nature made it so irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet-tongued Greek
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain.
By Art he gladly found what he did seek,
A full requital of his striving pain.
Art can do much, but this maxim's most sure:
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits.
A Poet's Pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on female wits.
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'll say it's stol'n, or else it was by chance.

But sure the antique Greeks were far more mild,
Else of our Sex, why feigned they those nine
And poesy made Calliope's own child?
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts divine,
But this weak knot they will full soon untie.
The Greeks did nought but play the fools and lie.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and Women what they are.
Men have precedency and still excel;
It is but vain unjustly to wage war.
Men can do best, and Women know it well.
Preeminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e'er you deign these lowly lines your eyes,
Give thyme or Parsley wreath, I ask no Bays.
This mean and unrefined ore of mine
Will make your glist'ring gold but more to shine.

**The Author To Her Book**

Thou ill-formed offspring of my feeble brain,
Who after birth did'st by my side remain,
Till snatched from thence by friends, less wise than true,
Who thee abroad exposed to public view,
Made thee in rags, halting to th' press to trudge,
Where errors were not lessened (all may judge).
At thy return my blushing was not small,
My rambling brat (in print) should mother call.
I cast thee by as one unfit for light,
The visage was so irksome in my sight,
Yet being mine own, at length affection would
Thy blemishes amend, if so I could.
I washed thy face, but more defects I saw,
And rubbing off a spot, still made a flaw.
I stretcht thy joints to make thee even feet,
Yet still thou run'st more hobbling than is meet.
In better dress to trim thee was my mind,
But nought save home-spun cloth, i' th' house I find.
In this array, 'mongst vulgars may'st thou roam.
In critic's hands, beware thou dost not come,
And take thy way where yet thou art not known.
If for thy father askt, say, thou hadst none;
And for thy mother, she alas is poor,
Which caused her thus to send thee out of door.

A Dialogue between Old England and New

New England.
Alas, dear Mother, fairest Queen and best,
With honour, wealth, and peace happy and blest,
What ails thee hang thy head, and cross thine arms,
And sit i’ the dust to sigh these sad alarms?
What deluge of new woes thus over-whelm
The glories of thy ever famous Realm?
What means this wailing tone, this mournful guise?
Ah, tell thy Daughter; she may sympathize.

Old England.
Art ignorant indeed of these my woes,
Or must my forced tongue these griefs disclose,
And must my self dissect my tatter’d state,
Which Amazed Christendom stands wondering at?
And thou a child, a Limb, and dost not feel
My weak’ned fainting body now to reel?
This physic-purging-potion I have taken
Will bring Consumption or an Ague quaking,
Unless some Cordial thou fetch from high,
Which present help may ease my malady.
If I decease, dost think thou shalt survive?
Or by my wasting state dost think to thrive?
Then weigh our case, if ’t be not justly sad.
Let me lament alone, while thou art glad.

New England.
And thus, alas, your state you much deplore
In general terms, but will not say wherefore.
What Medicine shall I seek to cure this woe,
If th’ wound’s so dangerous, I may not know?
But you, perhaps, would have me guess it out.
What, hath some Hengist like that Saxon stout
By fraud and force usurp’d thy flow’ring crown,
Or by tempestuous Wars thy fields trod down?
Or hath Canutus, that brave valiant Dane,
The regal peaceful Sceptre from thee ta’en?
Or is ’t a Norman whose victorious hand
With English blood bedews thy conquered Land?
Or is ‘t intestine Wars that thus offend?
Do Maud and Stephen for the Crown contend?
Do Barons rise and side against their King,
And call in Foreign aid to help the thing?
Must Edward be depos’d? Or is ‘t the hour
That second Richard must be clapp’d i’ th’ Tower?
Or is it the fatal jar, again begun,
That from the red, white pricking Roses sprung?
Must Richmond’s aid the Nobles now implore
To come and break the tushes of the Boar?
If none of these, dear Mother, what’s your woe?
Pray, do not fear Spain’s bragging Armado.
Doth your Ally, fair France, conspire your wrack,
Or doth the Scots play false behind your back?
Doth Holland quit you ill for all your love?
Whence is this storm, from Earth or Heaven above?
Is ’t drought, is ’t Famine, or is ’t Pestilence?
Dost feel the smart, or fear the consequence?
Your humble Child entreats you shew your grief.
Though Arms nor Purse she hath for your relief—
Such is her poverty,—yet shall be found
A suppliant for your help, as she is bound.

Old England.
I must confess some of those Sores you name
My beauteous Body at this present maim,
But foreign Foe nor feigned friend I fear,
For they have work enough, thou knowest, elsewhere.
Nor is it Alcie’s son and Henry’s Daughter
Whose proud contention cause this slaughter;
Nor Nobles siding to make John no King,
French Louis unjustly to the Crown to bring;
No Edward, Richard, to lose rule and life,
Nor no Lancastrians to renew old strife;
No Crook-backt Tyrant now usurps the Seat,
Whose tearing tusks did wound, and kill, and threat.
No Duke of York nor Earl of March to soil
Their hands in Kindred’s blood whom they did foil;
No need of Tudor Roses to unite:
None knows which is the Red or which the White.
Spain’s braving Fleet a second time is sunk.
France knows how of my fury she hath drunk
By Edward third and Henry fifth of fame;
Her Lilies in my Arms avouch the same.
My Sister Scotland hurts me now no more,
Though she hath been injurious heretofore.
What *Holland* is, I am in some suspense,
But trust not much unto his Excellence.
For wants, sure some I feel, but more I fear;
And for the Pestilence, who knows how near?
Famine and Plague, two sisters of the Sword,
Destruction to a Land doth soon afford.
They’re for my punishments ordain’d on high,
Unless thy tears prevent it speedily.
But yet I answer not what you demand
To shew the grievance of my troubled Land.
Before I tell the effect I’ll shew the cause,
Which are my sins—the breach of sacred Laws:
Idolatry, supplanter of a Nation,
With foolish superstitious adoration,
Are lik’d and countenanc’d by men of might,
The Gospel is trod down and hath no right.
Church Offices are sold and bought for gain
That Pope had hope to find *Rome* here again.
For Oaths and Blasphemies did ever ear
From *Beelzebub* himself such language hear?
What scorning of the Saints of the most high!
What injuries did daily on them lie!
What false reports, what nick-names did they take,
Not for their own, but for their Master’s sake!
And thou, poor soul, wast jeer’d among the rest;
Thy flying for the Truth I made a jest.
For Sabbath-breaking and for Drunkenness
Did ever Land profaneness more express?
From crying bloods yet cleansed am not I,
Martyrs and others dying causelessly.
How many Princely heads on blocks laid down
For nought but title to a fading Crown!
‘Mongst all the cruelties which I have done,
Oh, *Edward*s Babes, and *Clarence*s hapless Son,
O *Jane*, why didst thou die in flow’ring prime?—
Because of Royal Stem, that was thy crime.
For Bribery, Adultery, for Thefts, and Lies
Where is the Nation I can’t paralyze?
With Usury, Extortion, and Oppression,
These be the *Hydras* of my stout transgression;
These be the bitter fountains, heads, and roots
Whence flow’d the source, the sprigs, the boughs, and fruits.
Of more than thou canst hear or I relate,
That with high hand I still did perpetrate,
For these were threat’ned the woeful day
I mocked the Preachers, put it fair away.
The Sermons yet upon record do stand
That cried destruction to my wicked Land.
These Prophets’ mouths (all the while) was stopt,
Unworthily, some backs whipt, and ears crept;
Their reverent cheeks bear the glorious marks
Of stinking, stigmatizing Romish Clerks;
Some lost their livings, some in prison pent,
Some grossly fined, from friends to exile went:
Their silent tongues to heaven did vengeance cry,
Who heard their cause, and wrongs judg’d righteously,
And will repay it sevenfold in my lap.
This is fore-runner of my after-clap.
Nor took I warning by my neighbors’ falls.
I saw sad Germany’s dismantled walls,
I saw her people famish’d, Nobles slain,
Her fruitful land a barren heath remain.
I saw (unmov’d) her Armies foil’d and fled,
Wives forc’d, babes toss’d, her houses calcined.
I saw strong Rochelle yield’d to her foe,
Thousands of starved Christians there also.
I saw poor Ireland bleeding out her last,
Such cruelty as all reports have past.
Mine heart obdurate stood not yet aghast.
Now sip I of that cup, and just ‘t may be
The bottom dregs reserved are for me.

New England.
To all you’ve said, sad mother, I assent.
Your fearful sins great cause there ’s to lament.
My guilty hands (in part) hold up with you,
A sharer in your punishment’s my due.
But all you say amounts to this effect,
Not what you feel, but what you do expect.
Pray, in plain terms, what is your present grief?
Then let’s join heads and hands for your relief.

Old England.
Well, to the matter, then. There’s grown of late
‘Twixt King and Peers a question of state:
Which is the chief, the law, or else the King?
One saith, it’s he; the other, no such thing.
My better part in Court of Parliament
To ease my groaning land shew their intent
To crush the proud, and right to each man deal,
To help the Church, and stay the Common-Weal.
So many obstacles comes in their way
As puts me to a stand what I should say.
Old customs, new Prerogatives stood on.
Had they not held law fast, all had been gone,
Which by their prudence stood them in such stead
They took high Strafford lower by the head,
And to their Laud be ‘t spoke they held ‘n th’ Tower
All England’s metropolitan that hour.
This done, an Act they would have passed fain
No prelate should his Bishopric retain.
Here tugg’d they hard indeed, for all men saw
This must be done by Gospel, not by law.
Next the Militia they urged sore.
This was denied, I need not say wherefore.
The King, displeased, at York himself absents.
They humbly beg return, shew their intents.
The writing, printing, posting to and fro,
Shews all was done; I’ll therefore let it go.
But now I come to speak of my disaster.
Contention’s grown ‘twixt Subjects and their Master,
They worded it so long they fell to blows,
That thousands lay on heaps. Here bleeds my woes.
I that no wars so many years have known
Am now destroy’d and slaughter’d by mine own.
But could the field alone this strife decide,
One battle, two, or three I might abide,
But these may be beginnings of more woe—
Who knows, the worst, the best may overthrow!
Religion, Gospel, here lies at the stake,
Pray now, dear child, for sacred Zion’s sake,
Oh, pity me in this sad perturbation,
My plundered Towns, my houses’ devastation,
My ravisht virgins, and my young men slain,
My wealthy trading fallen, my dearth of grain.
The seedtime’s come, but Ploughman hath no hope
Because he knows not who shall inn his crop.
The poor they want their pay, their children bread,
Their woful mothers’ tears unpitied.
If any pity in thy heart remain,
Or any child-like love thou dost retain,
For my relief now use thy utmost skill,
And recompense me good for all my ill.

New England.
Dear mother, cease complaints, and wipe your eyes,
Shake off your dust, cheer up, and now arise.
You are my mother, nurse, I once your flesh,  
Your sunken bowels gladly would refresh.  
Your griefs I pity much but should do wrong,  
To weep for that we both have pray’d for long,  
To see these latter days of hop’d-for good,  
That Right may have its right, though ‘t be with blood.

After dark Popery the day did clear;  
But now the Sun in’s brightness shall appear.  
Blest be the Nobles of thy Noble Land  
With (ventur’d lives) for truth’s defence that stand.  
Blest be thy Commons, who for Common good  
And thy infringed Laws have boldly stood.  
Blest be thy Counties, who do aid thee still  
With hearts and states to testify their will.

Blest be thy Preachers, who do cheer thee on.  
Oh, cry: the sword of God and Gideon!  
And shall I not on them wish Mero’s curse  
That help thee not with prayers, arms, and purse?

And for my self, let miseries abound  
If mindless of thy state I e’er be found.

These are the days the Church’s foes to crush,  
To root out Prelates, head, tail, branch, and rush.

Let’s bring Baal’s vestments out, to make a fire,  
Their Mitres, Surplices, and all their tire,  
Copes, Rochets, Croziers, and such trash,  
And let their names consume, but let the flash

Light Christendom, and all the world to see  
We hate Rome’s Whore, with all her trumpery.

Go on, brave Essex, shew whose son thou art,  
Not false to King, nor Country in thy heart,  
But those that hurt his people and his Crown,  
By force expel, destroy, and tread them down.

Let Gaols be fill’d with th’ remnant of that pack,  
And sturdy Tyburn loaded till it crack.

And ye brave Nobles, chase away all fear,  
And to this blessed Cause closely adhere.  
O mother, can you weep and have such Peers?  
When they are gone, then drown your self in tears,  
If now you weep so much, that then no more

The briny Ocean will o’erflow your shore.  
These, these are they (I trust) with Charles our king,  
Out of all mists such glorious days will bring  
That dazzled eyes, beholding, much shall wonder  
At that thy settled Peace, thy wealth, and splendour,  
Thy Church and Weal establish’d in such manner  
That all shall joy that thou display’dst thy banner,
And discipline erected so, I trust,
That nursing Kings shall come and lick thy dust.
Then Justice shall in all thy Courts take place
Without respect of persons or of case.
Then bribes shall cease, and suits shall not stick long,
Patience and purse of Clients for to wrong.
Then High Commissions shall fall to decay,
And Pursuivants and Catchpoles want their pay.
So shall thy happy Nation ever flourish,
When truth and righteousness they thus shall nourish.
When thus in Peace, thine Armies brave send out
To sack proud Rome, and all her vassals rout.
There let thy name, thy fame, and valour shine,
As did thine Ancestors’ in Palestine,
And let her spoils full pay with int’rest be
Of what unjustly once she poll’d from thee.
Of all the woes thou canst let her be sped,
Execute to th’ full the vengeance threatened.
Bring forth the beast that rul’d the world with’s beck,
And tear his flesh, and set your feet on’s neck,
And make his filthy den so desolate
To th’ astonishment of all that knew his state.
This done, with brandish’d swords to Turkey go,—
(For then what is it but English blades dare do?)
And lay her waste, for so’s the sacred doom,
And do to Gog as thou hast done to Rome.
Oh Abraham’s seed, lift up your heads on high,
For sure the day of your redemption’s nigh.
The scales shall fall from your long blinded eyes,
And him you shall adore who now despise.
Then fullness of the Nations in shall flow,
And Jew and Gentile to one worship go.
Then follows days of happiness and rest.
Whose lot doth fall to live therein is blest.
No Canaanite shall then be found ‘n th’ land,
And holiness on horses’ bells shall stand.
If this make way thereto, then sigh no more,
But if at all thou didst not see ’t before.
Farewell, dear mother; Parliament, prevail,
And in a while you’ll tell another tale.

In Honour of that High and Mighty Princess, Queen Elizabeth

Proem.

Although great Queen, thou now in silence lie,
Yet thy loud Herald Fame, doth to the sky
Thy wondrous worth proclaim, in every clime,
And so has vow'd, whilst there is world or time.
So great's thy glory, and thine excellence,
The sound thereof raps every human sense
That men account it no impiety
To say thou wert a fleshly Deity.
Thousands bring off'rings (though out of date)
Thy world of honours to accumulate.
'Mongst hundred Hecatombs of roaring Verse,
'Mine bleating stands before thy royal Hearse.
Thou never didst, nor canst thou now disdain,
T' accept the tribute of a loyal Brain.
Thy clemency did yerst esteem as much
The acclamations of the poor, as rich,
Which makes me deem, my rudeness is no wrong,
Though I resound thy greatness 'mongst the throng.

The Poem.

No Phoe}nix Pen, nor Spenser's Poetry,
No Speed's, nor Camden's learned History;
Eliza's works, wars, praise, can e're compact,
The World's the Theater where she did act.
No memories, nor volumes can contain,
The nine Olymp'ades of her happy reign,
Who was so good, so just, so learn'd, so wise,
From all the Kings on earth she won the prize.
Nor say I more than truly is her due.
Millions will testify that this is true.
She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her Sex,
That women wisdom lack to play the Rex.
Spain's Monarch sa's not so, not yet his Host:
She taught them better Manners to their cost.
The Salic Law had not in force now been,
If France had ever hop'd for such a Queen.
But can you Doctors now this point dispute,
She's argument enough to make you mute,
Since first the Sun did run, his ne'er runn'd race,
And earth had twice a year, a new old face;
Since time was time, and man unmanly man,
Come shew me such a Phoe}nix if you can.
Was ever people better rul'd than hers?
Was ever Land more happy, freed from stirs?
Did ever wealth in England so abound?
Her Victories in foreign Coasts resound?
Ships more invincible than Spain's, her foe
She rack't, she sack'd, she sunk his Armadoe.
Her stately Troops advanc'd to Lisbon's wall,
Don Anthony in's right for to install.
She frankly help'd Franks' (brave) distressed King,
The States united now her fame do sing.
She their Protectrix was, they well do know,
Unto our dread Virago, what they owe.
Her Nobles sacrific'd their noble blood,
Nor men, nor coin she shap'd, to do them good.
The rude untamed Irish she did quell,
And Tiron bound, before her picture fell.
Had ever Prince such Counsellors as she?
Her self Minerva caus'd them so to be.
Such Soldiers, and such Captains never seen,
As were the subjects of our (Pallas) Queen:
Her Sea-men through all straits the world did round,
Terra incognitæ might know her sound.
Her Drake came laded home with Spanish gold,
Her Essex took Cadiz, their Herculean hold.
But time would fail me, so my wit would too,
To tell of half she did, or she could do.
Semiramis to her is but obscure;
More infamy than fame she did procure.
She plac'd her glory but on Babel's walls,
World's wonder for a time, but yet it falls.
Fierce Tomris (Cirus' Heads-man, Sythians' Queen)
Had put her Harness off, had she but seen
Our Amazon i' th' Camp at Tilbury,
(Judging all valour, and all Majesty)
Within that Princess to have residence,
And prostrate yielded to her Excellence.
Dido first Foundress of proud Carthage walls
(Who living consummates her Funerals),
A great Eliza, but compar'd with ours,
How vanisheth her glory, wealth, and powers.
Proud profuse Cleopatra, whose wrong name,
Instead of glory, prov'd her Country's shame:
Of her what worth in Story's to be seen,
But that she was a rich Ægyptian Queen.
Zenobia, potent Empress of the East,
And of all these without compare the best
(Whom none but great Aurelius could quell)
Yet for our Queen is no fit parallel:
She was a Phœnix Queen, so shall she be,
Her ashes not reviv'd more Phœnix she.
Her personal perfections, who would tell,
Must dip his Pen i' th' Heliconian Well,
Which I may not, my pride doth but aspire
To read what others write and then admire.
Now say, have women worth, or have they none?
Or had they some, but with our Queen is't gone?
Nay Masculines, you have thus tax'd us long,
But she, though dead, will vindicate our wrong.
Let such as say our sex is void of reason
Know 'tis a slander now, but once was treason.
But happy England, which had such a Queen,
O happy, happy, had those days still been,
But happiness lies in a higher sphere.
Then wonder not, Eliza moves not here.
Full fraught with honour, riches, and with days,
She set, she set, like Titan in his rays.
No more shall rise or set such glorious Sun,
Until the heaven's great revolution:
If then new things, their old form must retain,
Eliza shall rule Albion once again.

Her Epitaph.

Here sleeps T H E Queen, this is the royal bed
O' th' Damask Rose, sprung from the white and red,
Whose sweet perfume fills the all-filling air,
This Rose is withered, once so lovely fair:
On neither tree did grow such Rose before,
The greater was our gain, our loss the more.

Another.

Here lies the pride of Queens, pattern of Kings:
So blaze it fame, here's feathers for thy wings.
Here lies the envy'd, yet unparallel'd Prince,
Whose living virtues speak (though dead long since).
If many worlds, as that fantastic framed,
In every one, be her great glory famed.
The Vanity of All Worldly Things

As he said vanity, so vain say I,
Oh! Vanity, O vain all under sky;
Where is the man can say, "Lo, I have found
On brittle earth a consolation sound"?
What isn't in honor to be set on high?
No, they like beasts and sons of men shall die,
And whilst they live, how oft doth turn their fate;
He's now a captive that was king of late.
What isn't in wealth great treasures to obtain?
No, that's but labor, anxious care, and pain.
He heaps up riches, and he heaps up sorrow,
It's his today, but who's his heir tomorrow?
What then? Content in pleasures canst thou find?
More vain than all, that's but to grasp the wind.
The sensual senses for a time they pleasure,
Meanwhile the conscience rage, who shall appease?
What isn't in beauty? No that's but a snare,
They're foul enough today, that once were fair.
What is't in flow'ring youth, or manly age?
The first is prone to vice, the last to rage.
Where is it then, in wisdom, learning, arts?
Sure if on earth, it must be in those parts;
Yet these the wisest man of men did find
But vanity, vexation of the mind.
And he that know the most doth still bemoan
He knows not all that here is to be known.
What is it then? To do as stoics tell,
Nor laugh, nor weep, let things go ill or well?
Such stoics are but stocks, such teaching vain,
While man is man, he shall have ease or pain.
If not in honor, beauty, age, nor treasure,
Nor yet in learning, wisdom, youth, nor pleasure,
Where shall I climb, sound, seek, search, or find
That summum bonum which may stay my mind?
There is a path no vulture's eye hath seen,
Where lion fierce, nor lion's whelps have been,
Which leads unto that living crystal fount,
Who drinks thereof, the world doth naught account.
The depth and sea have said "'tis not in me,"
With pearl and gold it shall not valued be.
For sapphire, onyx, topaz who would change;
It's hid from eyes of men, they count it strange.
Death and destruction the fame hath heard,
But where and what it is, from heaven's declared;
It brings to honor which shall ne'er decay,
It stores with wealth which time can't wear away.
It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit,
And truly beautifies without deceit.
Nor strength, nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall fade,
Nor death shall see, but are immortal made.
This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring,
Who is possessed of shall reign a king.
Nor change of state nor cares shall ever see,
But wear his crown unto eternity.
This satiates the soul, this stays the mind,
And all the rest, but vanity we find.