Session: The Time of Mourning: The Transformative Politics of Death

This seminar will study a variety of texts that cross national and period boundaries, including excerpts from plays, captivity narratives, women’s life writing, speeches, poetry, and visual images. We are particularly interested in depictions of early modern women that invite the reader/viewer to consider how the genealogies, origins, lifespans, and prescribed roles of women may be altered by encounters with death, by invoking the idea of death, or by mourning and commemorating the dead.

We are likewise concerned with moments of transition or transmutation where early modern bodies and identities are transformed in a way that challenges normative understandings of the boundaries between the living and the dead. To these ends, the seminar is organized around three primary questions. First, how is death, as an end, situated in these texts? Second, to what “ends” can this end be put (in other words, what transformative impact does an encounter with death provide)? Third, how might thinking about death and mourning recast our understandings of life and the early modern woman?

In order to facilitate active discussion, each seminar participant will be asked to provide the group (by email) a response to one of the listed texts. This response is due two weeks before the seminar. The short response should offer no more than two paragraphs of analysis that take up a question pertaining to the seminar. In these brief responses, we also invite participants to draw connections between their chosen text and an additional early modern text or phenomenon that seems germane. Lastly, we ask that each participant read all of the short responses prior to attending the conference.

The seminar will open with each of the organizers speaking for five minutes on one or more of the readings selected for the seminar. After this introduction, we will move to a general group discussion, spending time on each text on the assigned list, the three questions that guide the seminar, and questions raised by the participant reading responses.

Texts

- Christine de Pizan, *The Book of Fortune’s Transformation* (excerpts) and selected poems
- Mary Rowlandson, *A Narrative of the Captivity and Restoration of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson* (the twentieth remove)
- “Queen Elizabeth’s Response to the Parliament’s Request She Marry”
- William Shakespeare, *Hamlet* (excerpts)
- Selected images of Ophelia
FROM THE BOOK OF FORTUNE'S TRANSFORMATION

[Christine's Book of Fortune's Transformation tells us that the work was finished on November 18, 1403. Copies were presented, early in the following year, to the dukes of Burgundy and Berry, with a third manuscript almost certainly prepared for Charles VI, king of France. By far the longest work that Christine had written to date, the Transformation involves an extended presentation of human history as a function of the operation of Fortune, a figure Christine derives from Boethius's Consolation of Philosophy and Jean de Meun's Romance of the Rose. The work is in seven parts. Parts 2 and 3, and the beginning of part 4, present a detailed "anatomy" of Fortune in allegorical terms; the conclusion of part 4, as well as parts 5, 6, and 7, contain a universal history, from the creation of the world down to the establishment of the Roman Empire, and to Christine's own time. This universal history is preceded in part 1 by a personal history: an allegorical autobiography in miniature, which traces Christine's development into the author of the present book. Of central importance in the story of this progressive discovery and acceptance of her identity as an author is the death of Christine's husband in 1390, and the subsequent transformations in all aspects of the life of the twenty-five-year-old widow. Part 1, translated here in full, gives particular importance to models explicitly provided by Ovid's Metamorphoses, for the representation of what is conceived of as nothing less than a gender change in the newly widowed Christine, whose masculinized person becomes the author of the present book.

Part 2 (verses 1,461-4,272) involves an elaborate description of Fortune's Castle, based, to an important degree, on the analogous description by the character Reason in Jean de Meun's Romance of the Rose. In part 3 (4,273-7,052) a description of the inhabitants of Fortune's Castle leads to a philosophical and theological definition of Fortune, which stresses the particularly vulnerable position of women. Part 4 (7,053-8,748; plus 14 prose paragraphs) presents the marvelous central circular hall in Fortune's Castle, into which Christine-protagonist enters and observes the extensive wall paintings that depict, first, the hierarchical relation of Philosophy to the other branches of human learning and, second, the sequential portraits of the periods of human history, starting with Genesis and the history of the Jews. Part 5 (8,749-13,456) recounts how the histories of Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Thebes are depicted on the walls. Part 6 recounts the history of the Amazons, Heraclea, and the Trojan War (14,059-8,244). Part 7 begins with the history of Rome from Aeneas to Caesar (18,245-22,038); then recounts the history of Alexander the Great (22,039-3,276), before turning to contemporary Europe (23,277-594), and ending with the author's conclusion in the present of the time of writing (23,595-636), with which the selection printed here concludes.

Translated by Kevin Brownlee from Suzanne Solente, ed., Le Livre de la mutation de Fortune par Christine de Pisan, 4 vols. (Paris: Picard, 1959-97). Part 1 is found in vol. 1, 7-55; the conclusion of the contemporary history sequence, followed by the author's epilogue, are found in vol. 4, 78-80.]

1.1 Here Begins the Book of Fortune's Transformation

How will it be possible for me, being simple and of small intelligence, to express adequately that which cannot be well expressed or well understood? No, no matter how much learning a man might have, he could not fully describe what I wish to write. There is such great variety in the particular adversities, and so many different aspects of the heavy burdens that the changeable influence of deceitful Fortune effects, through the action of her great turning which is truly unfathomable. Thus I am necessarily inadequate to undertake such a great work as the description of the dark operations of her trickery. It would be difficult for me to speak properly of these things, with the small understanding that I possess, when the many great men who have written about them have failed to record all that can be said about Fortune; but I will nevertheless not give up. Fortune has served me so many of her dishes that I have sufficient knowledge to speak about her. Thus I will not be silent about the good or the bad things I have to say, I will tell all that there is to tell about what I understood of her activities when I learned of her tricks through diverse experiences which happened to me because of her, through which my mind became much more subtle than it had been in the past; if these things had not happened to me, I would not have known, nor perceived so much about her activity. For this reason, it is well said that misfortune is sometimes good for something, for it teaches at the same time that it hurts. Thus I do not think I am speaking foolishness to the person who is able, with an open mind, to understand the true goal toward which I wish to strive. (1-50)

1.2 Here the Person Who Wrote This Book Tells How She Served Fortune, as She Will Explain

Now I want to recount an adventure which will perhaps seem unbelievable to many; but, although some may not believe it, it is nevertheless tested truth, perceived and experienced by me, to whom it happened. I was about twenty-five years old; what happened to me was
not a dream, and I will recount, without lying, a great marvel which should, however, surprise no one, for Fortune who disguises everything, and creates or destroys at her pleasure, brought about the entire transformation which I will describe here. And, since it was brought about by her, no one should marvel at it, for, although she knows how to deceive, everyone can clearly see that she has the power to rule whatever happens in the world. Although she is vain and impure, she holds the entire world in her hand, in so far as impermanent things are concerned. She can bestow losses and victories, honor, possession, or the opposite; and she can unexpectedly accomplish things which seemed impossible, and eliminate what had seemed probable. She often brings chains of events to contradictory conclusions, and, what is even more marvelous, she can transform unexpectedly the shapes of bodies. The changes she effects are seen everywhere. She has infinite power over everything that exists in finite time. (51–88)

Thus I will recount how I saw Fortune (who is different for each person) clearly visible to the eye, although she is invisible, and how I lived with her and suffered many disasters, for she is a great, crowned queen, and more feared than any other thing alive. Thus she has a great and very powerful court, inhabited by people of great variety; and, if one wishes to, one can learn much there, and take the good as well as the bad. One becomes wise through learning well and one advances by serving: Scripture says that to serve is to rule by paying attention to serving God; the person who serves well deserves praise and honor, and by serving one becomes a master. Thus it is good to serve if it happens that through serving well one can merit praise and a good reward, or a good friend, male or female; but with me it did not at all turn out this way. I do not know if I made a mistake in serving, for I have received very little praise for it. Rather I had from it a variety of sufferings and many difficult weeks, painful and troublesome work, without all bettering my lot. But I suspect that it is possible that the defect lies in the master, for he who serves a good master acquires good wages. (89–122)

Now I will tell how, through the efforts of my closest relations, I was placed in Fortune’s court, where I stayed for a long time. And I intend to tell you where her strangely constructed domicile is located, to describe its imperfect ways and activities, just as I saw them for as long as I was at her court, where many adventures occur; what I learned there; what happened to me there; and how Fortune remembered me when it pleased her to help me quickly in my great need; and the kind of help she gave me, which was scarcely sufficient. (123–38)

But in order better to enable you to understand the goal of my project, I will tell you who I am, I who am speaking, I who was transformed from a woman into a man by Fortune who wanted it that way. Thus she transformed me, my body and my face, completely into those of a natural man. And I who was formerly a woman, am now in fact a man (I am not lying, as my story will amply demonstrate), and, if I was formerly a woman, my current self-description is the truth. But I shall describe by means of fiction the fact of my transformation, how being from a woman I became a man, and I want people to name this poem, once the story becomes known, Fortune’s Transformation. (139–56)

1.3 Here the Author Tells Who Her Father Was and What Sort of Wealth He Possessed

A person who desires to be known well must first of all say what nation he is from and what his extraction is, who his parents are or were, whether he is poor or well provided for, if he is worthy of renown, and then he must give his name; and it is thus appropriate that I recount all of this:

I was born near Lombardy, in a city of great renown—many pilgrims know its name! It was founded long ago by the Trojans; it is well and nobly situated. I was the child of a noble and renowned man, who was known as a philosopher; he was rich and had great learning, and his possessions were marvellous! Many have heard tell of this since he did not try to hide his treasure, for such possessions are worthy of praise; his treasure had such a power that I affirm that all the thieves ever born could never succeed in stealing a bit of it from him. He never had to worry, fear or tremble, nor be afraid that anyone would steal his treasure, as happens to many rich men who are killed and murdered for their wealth. Many die because of their wealth; it would be much better for them to have less! But my father’s wealth, which I am now telling you about, is worthy of being deeply cherished, for one is never troubled by it, and it cannot be stolen by anyone. Furthermore, there is another positive attribute of this wealth (I guarantee this to you!), for whoever has much of it, if he gives away piles of it continuously, the more he gives away, the more remains with him. There is thus no need for avarice resulting from the fear of having lost the treasure, for it is a streaming fountain: the more it pours forth, the more comes out of it; and, in addition, this treasure is of such a nature that no one who is rich with it will ever find that it fails him; no matter what misfortune befalls him, whether he is traveling forth or coming home, nothing can impoverish him: he can open his treasure anywhere. (157–210)

2. I.e., Venice.
3. For more on Christine’s father, Thomas de Pizan, see p. xi.
following her wishes. But my very good and tender mother, who was never harsh with me, did not forget me in my hour of need, rather, she quickly came to visit me and saw clearly that she had to think of my well-being. Since it was time for me to be advanced, or married, or attainted, my gracious, joyful mother wanted to make me pretty, and therefore gave me some of her jewels. There are none, no matter how choice, that can equal those of the above-mentioned fountain, but he who can possess both of them cannot fail short in knowledge. They are very beautiful together, but the ones my mother gave me, it seems to me, given freely, without being sought after; the fountain's two stones are, on the contrary, only acquired by great effort. (460–534)

1.8 Here Is Described the Crown Her Mother Sent Her

She who had done many good things for me placed upon my head a noble crown of great value; I love and value it more than any other. My mother had it made of pure gold in her goldsmith's workshop; it was rich in fine, precious stones; with such things and even more beautiful ones, my mother, who gave it to me, finished the crown. In my opinion it was very beautifully made, and I should be satisfied with it. However, I do not mean that I would not have desired better, or many more of her possessions, but that I should praise her and thank her for her gifts and favors to me, for it is because of her generosity (as derived from God) that I thank her. The crown, which adorned me, shone with its jewels. Such a crown suits a young girl well, and because of it I became more beautiful, better mannered, and much more considerate, and, in every way more attractive. It would take a long time to count the jewels and recount their wondrous powers, and for this reason I will briefly list the powers of only four of them, no more, and I will name the most important ones, whose shining could be seen from far away, those which made the lesser stones shine. (535–66)

1.9 Here Are Recounted the Properties of the Stones of the Above-Mentioned Crown

The first, set on the front of the crown, makes the wearer reflective, well behaved, temperate, and well spoken, and restrains anger; the wearer will never lose control, and he will surpass all others in goodness. There is truly no duchy or county, or rich kingdom, or empire which is worth as much as this stone; and it is worth more than all the wealth in the world. It is named Discretion. Next to it Consideration was well set right in the middle of the crown. Although it is necessary to possess it also, this stone is not worth as much as the first, and is more common; but a thousand other stones are not worth as much as one of the kind I have named, which is very famous. One cannot put too high a price on it; for it is not too expensive for anyone, since it appears in diverse forms; it is not the same for every person. Discretion, however, is not a friend to everybody; all people do not possess it; but Consideration is worth little without Discretion. A fool may have Consideration alone, but he is the opposite of a wise man who knows well how to extract profit and honor from it; but it seems to me that whoever has both of these stones cannot be treated badly, or fail to attain great riches. Opposite Consideration, and facing it, my mother very carefully set another stone that one cannot praise too highly. No one can sell it or rent it; only my mother can bestow it. (Such a crown with such choice jewels should be well beloved!). This last-mentioned stone, worthy of much praise, gives the power to retain that which one has heard and felt and seen, and all that which the heart has conceived. Thus, its name is Recollection. Never can an overly hasty person rightly possess this stone, so well does it function. There was another stone on the back of the crown; it was very beautiful, and contained much gold. This stone enabled one to have a memory of all of the past, whatever one has heard or seen, or heard tell of, or read, whether in science or in history. It is, therefore, called Memory, in which many important things are hidden and often revealed. (No wise man despises it!). It and Recollection were well set, and, if a clever person had both of them, I truly think (according to my understanding of them) that he would acquire honor and good sense, if he did what he should. These two stones certainly go together, and also resemble each other quite a bit. (567–640)

On This Same Subject

Now I have told you about the powerful and beautiful crown that my mother sent to me—she who reserved so many good things for me. However, if I praise it, let no one believe that I am bragging that I have more of Nature's goods than any other creature, or that I possess the powers I have named, which should be loved by everyone, for I know well that I have just a small part of them. Nature has, however, given me enough of her gifts so that I can speak, reason, and understand what is right—not as well as I would like, or as much as I need to, but enough for me to use them well, and not to abuse her kindness. Thus I do not have a beautiful or agile body, or the understanding of the Sibyl, but what I have is sufficient for me; I am grateful to God for what he has made for me; and the powers that I have mentioned which are not dispersed everywhere, even though I said just now that Nature sends them to us, in fact she does not give them to us, no matter how much
she is our mother or our friend; it is, rather, God who through His grace gives them to us. Nature, however, orders the body and renders it to receive the soul (which can conceptualize everything), but God Himself creates the soul, He who so values Nature that He has given her the power to make and unmake material forms. The soul, however, is celestial, a light, invisible spirit, very aware and attentive. Thus these are the undeniable, functional powers of the soul which are arranged by Nature within the body, but created by the work of God: understanding, memory, and discreet judgment, and other powers which are there, and all of which come from the soul. And why, therefore, do some people have a greater quantity of these goods and powers, than others who have less? As I understand it, there is no better explanation than the following: the body of the man who thinks better and understands more must be better organized, more dense, better devised and of better proportions (although we do not know what they are) than the body of the one who lacks awareness. I have therefore proven my argument that Nature allows or denies to us the opening of the body to the goods of the soul, according to the diverse capacities of the body to receive them, although God sends the soul into the body. Now it is time that I turn back to the original argument and subject matter that I had begun earlier. May God grant that it be advanced and completed according to His sweet will, in its original terms or in a better way; this is what I desire! (611–714)

**On This Same Topic**

Thus as you have heard my good mother gladdened my heart by giving me so many of her jewels that they ought to be enough for me, although she had better ones, and more beautiful ones, and more valuable ones, jewels that are worth more than rings or buckles, that she dispenses to her children. She gives these to her most beloved children, but without offending anyone, for she distributes them so that each child has his share, more to some, less to others, but they all pass through her hands. And she gave me this little crown to wear upon my curls hair, a crown that was as beautiful as my station required, and I received it with great gratitude. Its stones were very well chosen, but it was nonetheless small, for if it had been larger, it would have troubled her that the crown would have been too heavy for me to bear, for I was young and did not need weighty responsibilities. Wearing the jewels given by Nature constitutes, however, a marvelous experience, for if there is no illness that by harming and weakening the body rejects the jewels, they have the capacity to increase greatly their powers as the body grows, and to become more beautiful, and to shine with a brighter light. The body is governed by them, as are, indeed, empires and kingdoms, and even the entire world for as long as it exists; and if this is not the case, then it should be, for God in heaven ordained it this way. For this reason Nature gives and disperses them to each person, but I think that people very rarely utilize this grace infused by God, for the powers are often inverted and turned from virtues into vices. Nevertheless we all have these virtues and if we do not make use of them it is entirely our own fault. (715–62)

**On This Same Topic**

I thus passed out of childhood when I was adorned with the crown; and I began to know reason, in which I was very adept. I made her acquaintance through my crown, and she who disputes with foolish people was eager to instruct me, and she kept me from many follies. (763–70)
Here Is Told How She Lost the Master of Her Ship

Ovid recounts these miracles, but it is now fitting that I tell you of my own transformation, I who by the visitation of Fortune was changed, transformed from woman to man. (1,159-64)

I continued to live with Hymen and to work at his tasks, and happily spent my time in this way, but I truly believe that Fortune came to envy the wonderful comfort in which I was living. She became aware of it and sent for me; thus I was obliged to leave my comfortable life, I could not disobey her. (1,165-72)

Hymen then prepared a large, well-furnished, swift ship and gave it to my master, he placed my household and him and me inside, and then, by his leave we departed, without considering the matter any further. In a short time we had embarked on the high seas, without having encountered at all any unfavorable wind or storm, and, if we had, my master was so wise that he well knew how to steer the ship in any kind of weather and to lead her straight. For several days the knowledgeable navigator thus steered us with the wind, he who knew well how to interpret the Pole Star and how to trim the sails the right way in order to keep on a straight course, with no problems or troubles: thus we continually advanced. (1,173-92)

Alas! Now it is time for me to tell about the grief that triumphed over my joy, the grief which overcame me at this point, nor am I ever able to forget it. Thus as we were continuing on our way, sailing by sea, I saw the sky darken and the clouds thicken so much that we could scarcely see anything. The master who saw me worried and fearful that a contrary wind or storm might abruptly harm us, went up onto the poop deck and took care to see from which direction the wind was blowing, shouting and calling to the sailors for someone to climb up to the crow's nest to see if we were close to land, so that we might be able to leave the high seas before the storm broke. One shouted, another asked ques-

tions, and to yet another he instructed and commanded that he should pull the ropes and raise the sails, according to how the wind was blowing, or release or lower the top, or let out or take in the sails in accord with what his great wisdom considered to be the best way to set them for the storm which was beginning and which quickly reached us. (1,193-222)

Oh! God! I do not know how I can recount the grief which still torments me (for tears and sighs disfigure my heart and my face, and my sadness is doubled by the remembered words which recall the event which was so painful for me), but I must continue for a bit. As he was looking straight ahead, standing on the ship's poop deck, shouting that every sailor should pull ahead for the nearby land, at that moment a sudden and powerful wind started up; the whirlwind was twisted like a corkscrew, and it struck against the ship and hit our good master so violently that it took him very far out to sea; then I wished to be dead! (1,223-30)

There was no way to help. The wind struck our ship such a blow that I thought it would sink, but death was not bitter to me when I heard the sailors shout and loudly cry out, when they saw him sink into the sea, he who used to guide the ship night and day through all encumbrances and difficulties (1,231-50)

When, under the poop deck, I realized that what I feared had happened, I stood up like a mad woman, climbed up to the deck, and would have thrown myself into the sea, and I would not have failed, no matter who tried to hold me back I would have jumped in; nor did Alycone jump more quickly into the sea when she lost Ceys, whom she used to love so well, than I would have fallen into the sea, which would have taken me away, but I was held back by my household, which quickly came running and crying to restrain me, although my heart was ready to faint. (1,251-64)

You would say that the very air trembled with the shouts, the yells, the bitter lamentations, the deep sufferings, the outbursts from me and from my entire household. Alas! We appropriately mourned him who had governed us, who was such a good pilot that he had saved many from death; and he had been such a loyal lover to me that there would never be another like him, or even resembling him in any way. And it should not be surprising that, having seen him die at sea, I felt a grief beyond compare. I thought that there was no way that the ship could have returned to a safe port, and I certainly thought many times that it would entirely perish in this storm. But the intense grief I had for him

6. For more on the death of her husband, see pp. 83-86.
7. For the Ceys and Alycone story, see Ovid's Metamorphoses 11.384-348 and Ovide moomude 11.4296-578. It is important to note that Christine's self-comparisons to Alycone involves a key contrast. Christine's self-comparisons to Alycone involves a key contrast. Christine's self-comparisons to Alycone involves a key contrast. Christine's self-comparisons to Alycone involves a key contrast.
removed all fear from me; my heart did not suffer from anything else.
(1,265–86)

I lay fully extended there wishing for death; and expecting it I cried out so violently that you must believe that my voice, which was not silent, pierced the clouds and the heavens; nor was there any consolation for me, since I was so devastated by my loss. In this state I remained for a long time, refusing all pleasures, hopeless of ever regaining my earthly solace or, to tell the truth, joy; and our desolate ship was blown here and there, all winds were harmful to her, for there was no one who could have set her onto her proper course. I truly thought that I could never again navigate anywhere else except on that sea, which changed joy into mourning. I thought that I would be there for my entire life, on the wrong side of happiness, who hated me because I had once been cheerful. (1,287–310)

But it did not stay like this, I have since been on land for quite some time. To summarize in a few words, my mourning was so intense and my eyes cried so much that Fortune took pity on my unhappiness, and wanted to show her friendship with me, like a good mistress, and help me in my time of trouble: but her help was a marvel! And I do not know if it was more of a danger. (1,311–20)

Weary at long crying, I remained, on one particular occasion, completely overcome; as if unconscious, I fell asleep early one evening. Then my mistress came to me, she who gives joy to many, and she touched me all over my body; she palliated and took in her hands each bodily part, I remember it well, then she departed and I remained, and since our ship was following the waves of the sea, it struck with great force against a rock. I awakened and things were such that, immediately and with certainty, I felt myself completely transformed. I felt my limbs to be stronger than before, and the great pain and lamentation which had earlier dominated me, I felt to be somewhat lessened. Then I touched myself all over my body, like one completely bewildered. Fortune had thus not hated me, she who had transformed me, for she had instantly changed the great fear and doubt in which I had been completely lost. Then I felt myself much lighter than usual and I felt that my flesh was changed and strengthened, and my voice much lowered, and my body harder and faster. However, the ring that Hymen had given me had fallen from my finger, which troubled me, as well it should have, for I loved it dearly. (1,321–55)

Then I stood up easily; no longer remained in the lethargy of tears which had been increasing my grief. I found my heart strong and bold, which surprised me, but I felt that I had become a true man; and I was amazed at this strange adventure. Then I raised my eyes by chance and saw the sail and the mast completely broken up, for the bad weather had equally smashed the ropes and the tops to such an extent. Our ship was seriously broken and there were cracks everywhere through which water was streaming, and the ship was already so weighed down with water that if it had stayed any longer on the rocks which it had struck, it would have sunk to the bottom of the sea. When I saw this danger, I set out to repair the ship; with nails and pitch and strong hammering I stepped up the holes; I went gathering moss among the rocks, and put it into the holes in the ship in great quantity, until I had made it sufficiently watertight and rejoined the broken edges. I had the hold damped; to make a long story short, I was able to utilize whatever was necessary to drive a ship; and as soon as I learned how to direct the bailing out, I became a good master, and it was absolutely necessary that I be one in order to help myself and my people, if I did not want to die there. Thus I became a true man (this is no fable), capable of taking charge of the ship. Fortune taught me this trade and I set myself to work in this context. (1,356–94)

As you have heard, I am still a man and I have been for a total of more than thirteen full years, but it would please me much more to be a woman, as I used to be when I used to talk with Hymen, but since Fortune has transformed me so that I shall never again be lodged in a woman's body, I shall remain a man, and with my Lady Fortune I shall stay, although in her service I have found so many hardships that I am undone by them; but until death I must continue my life, may God deliver me safely from it! I extricated myself from the rocks, prepared my ship, and set off toward the place from which I had started out, at the beginning of this part, there where my lady had her dwelling. And I arrived there in a very short time, although before doing so I encountered many problems, which I did not resolve quickly. (1,395–416)

1.13 Here Is Told How She Returned Back to Where She Had Been before Becoming a Messenger

Thus I returned back to the place from which a while before I had departed, but I now understood the status of the place, and what sorts of things might happen there, much better than I had during my childhood; and notwithstanding the great injury I had so bitterly received, my mother, who had always cared for me, never forgot me: for never had sleep, or vigil, or my transformation, or any difficulty or pain caused to me by Fortune, or long sorrow or brief happiness, or any ornament that might have been given to me, or any crown that might have been placed upon my head, ever made the cap disappear, the cap that was part of my mother's legacy, that she had placed upon my head and which suited me so well, as I have recounted earlier, when I told the
My one beloved, my paradise, my bower, 
Most perfect pleasure upon which eyes can peer—
Your sweetness only causes warlike havoc here.

Your sweetness truly in a havoc came
Upon my heart which never thought to be
In such a plight, but suddenly the flame
Of great desire lit it so recklessly
It would have died, had Sweet Thought not shown face.
Souvenir too upon heart's couch appears.
We lie and lock you round in thought's embrace;
But when I realize that not one kiss is near,
Your sweetness only causes warlike havoc here.

My sweet friend, whom I love with all my heart,
There's not one thought of ever throwing away
Your handsome look, which became a part
Enclosed within; nothing could ever efface
The sound of your voice or the gracious touch
Of those gentle hands which I hold dear,
That I like to feel and explore so much!
But when I can't see you, when you're not near,
Your sweetness only causes warlike havoc here.

Handsome and fine, who's come to make heart's seizure,
Never forget me; that one wish I hold dear;
For when I can't look upon you at my leisure,
Your sweetness only causes warlike havoc here.

JAMES J. WILHELM

RONDEAU I. Like the Mourning Dove

Like the mourning dove I'm now all alone,
And like a shepherdless sheep gone astray,
For death has long ago taken away
My loved one whom I constantly mourn.

It's now seven years that he's gone, alas
Better I'd been buried that same day,
Like a mourning dove I'm all forlorn.

For since I have such sorrow borne,
And grievous trouble and disarray,

For while I live I've not even one ray
Of hope of comfort, night or morn.
Like the mourning dove I'm now all forlorn.

CCW

RONDEAU III. I Am a Widow Lone

I am a widow lone, in black arrayed,
With sorrowful face and most simply clad;
In great distress and with manner so sad
I bear this sorrow that's now on me laid.

It's only right that I should be dismayed,
Full of hot tears and with tongue of lead,
I am a widow lone, in black arrayed.

Since I lost my love, by foul Death betrayed,
Grief has struck me, which has to perdition led
All my good days, and so my joy has fled.
In this bitter state have my fortunes stayed—
I am a widow lone, in black arrayed.

CCW

RONDEAU XLVI. If I Often Go to Chapel

If I often go to chapel,
It's to see the maiden who
Is as fresh as the rose that's new.

Why should those others babble?
Is it really some great news
If I often go to chapel?

There's no road that I will travel
Unless she will advise me;
They are fools to criticize me
If I often go to chapel.

JAMES J. WILHELM

More Ballades 53
The twentieth Remove.

It was their usual manner to remove, when they had done any mischief, lest they should be found out; and so they did at this time. We went about three or four miles, and there they built a great wigwam, big enough to hold an hundred Indians, which they did in preparation to a great day of dancing. They would now say among themselves, that the governor would be so angry for his loss at Sudbury, that he would send no more about the captives, which made me grieve and tremble. My sister being not far from this place, and hearing that I was here, desired her master to let her come and see me, and he was willing to it, and would come with her; but she being ready first, told him she would go before, and was come within a mile or two of the place. Then he overtook her, and began to rant as if he had been mad, and made her go back again in the rain; So that I never saw her till I saw her in Charlestown, but the Lord required many of their ill-doings, for this Indian her master, was hanged afterwards at Boston. They began now to come from all quarters, against their merry dancing day. Amongst some of them came one good-

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wife Kettle. I told her my heart was so heavy that it was ready to break: "So is mine too," said she, "but yet I hope we shall hear some good news shortly." I could hear how earnestly my sister desired to see me, and I earnestly desired to see her; yet neither of us could get an opportunity. My daughter was now but a mile off; and I had not seen her for nine or ten weeks, as I had not seen my sister since our first taking. I desired them to let me go and see them, yea I entreated, begged and persuaded them to let me see my daughter; and yet so hard-hearted were they, that they would not suffer it. They made use of their tyrannical power whilst they had it, but through the Lord's wonderful mercy, their time was now but short.

On a Sabbath-day, the sun being about an hour high in the afternoon, came Mr. John Hoar (the council permitting him, and his own forward spirit inclining him) together with the two fore-mentioned Indians, Tom and Peter, with the third letter from the council. When they came near, I was abroad. They presently called me in, and bid me sit down, and not stir. Then they caught up their guns and away they ran, as if an enemy had been at hand, and the guns went off apace. I manifested some great trouble, and asked them what was the matter? I told them I thought they had killed the Englishman (for they had in the mean time told me that an Englishman was come) they said no; they shot over his horse, and under, and before his horse, and they pushed him this way and that way, at their pleasure, shewing what they could do. Then they let him come to their wigwams. I begged of them to let me see the Englishman, but they would not; but there was I fain to sit their pleasure. When they had talked their fill with him, they suffered me to go to him. We
asked each other of our welfare, and how my husband did, and all my friends? He told me they were all well, and would be glad to see me. Among other things which my husband sent me, there came a pound of tobacco, which I sold for nine shillings in money; for many of them for want of tobacco, smoked hemlock and ground-ivy. It was a great mistake in any who thought I sent for tobacco, for through the favour of God, that desire was overcome. I now asked them whether I should go home with Mr. Hoar? They answered no, one and another of them, and it being late, we lay down with that answer. In the morning Mr. Hoar invited the Saggamoers to dinner; but when we went to get it ready, we found they had stolen the greatest part of the provision Mr. Hoar had brought. And we may see the wonderful power of God, in that one passage, in that when there was such a number of them together, and so greedy of a little good food, and no English there but Mr. Hoar and myself, that it was a wonder they did not knock us on the head, and take what we had; there being not only some provision, but also trading cloth, a part of the 20 pounds agreed upon. But instead of doing us any mischief, they seemed to be ashamed of the fact, and said it was the Matchit Indians that did it. Oh that we could believe that there was nothing too hard for God. God shewed his power over the heathen in this, as he did over the hungry lions, when Daniel was cast into the den. Mr. Hoar called them betime to dinner, but they eat but little, they being so busy in dressing themselves and getting ready for their dance; which was carried on by eight of them, four men and four Squaws; my master and mistress being two. He was dressed in his holland shirt, with great stockings, his garters hung round with shillings, and had girdles of wampum upon his head and shoulders. She had a kersey coat, covered with girdles of wampum from the loins upward. Her arms from her elbows to her hands were covered with bracelets, there were handfuls of necklaces about her neck, and several sorts of jewels in her ears. She had fine red stockings, and white shoes, her hair powdered, and her face painted red, that was always before black. And all the dancers were after the same manner. There were two others singing and knocking on a kettle for their musick. They kept hopping up and down one after another, with a kettle of water in the midst, standing warm upon some embers, to drink of when they were dry. They held on till almost night, throwing out wampum to the standers-by. At night I asked them again, if I should go home? they all as one said no, except my husband would come for me.

When we were lain down, my master went out of the wigwam, and by and by sent in an Indian called James the printer, who told Mr. Hoar, that my master would let me go home to-morrow, if he would let him have one pint of liquor. Then Mr. Hoar called his own Indians, Tom and Peter, and bid them all go and see if he would promise it before them three; and if he would he should have it, which he did and had it. Philip smelling the business, called me to him, and asked me what I would give him, to tell me some good news, and to speak a good word for me, that I might go home to-morrow? I told him I could not tell what to give him, I would any thing I had, and asked him what he would have? He said two coats, and 20 shillings in money, half a bushel of seed corn, and some tobacco. I thanked him for his love, but I knew that good news as well as that crafty fox. My master
after he had his drink, quickly came ranting into the wigwam again, and called for Mr. Hoar, drinking to him and saying he was a good man, and then again he would say, "Hang him, a rogue." Being almost drunk, he would drink to him, and yet presently say he should be hanged. Then he called for me; I trembled to hear him, and yet I was fain to go to him; and he drank to me shewing no incivility. He was the first Indian I saw drunk, all the time I was among them. At last his Squaw ran out, and he after her, round the wigwam, with his money jingling at his knees, but she escaped him; but having an old Squaw he ran to her, and so through the Lord's mercy, we were no more troubled with him that night. Yet I had not a comfortable night's rest; for I think I can say I did not sleep for three nights together. The night before the letter came from the council, I could not rest, I was so full

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of fears and troubles; yea, at this time I could not rest night nor day. The next night I was overjoyed, Mr. Hoar being come, and that with such good tidings. The third night I was even swallowed up with the thoughts of going home again; and that I must leave my children behind me in the wilderness; so that sleep was now almost departed from mine eyes.

On Tuesday morning they called their General Court (as they stiled it) to consult and determine whether I should go home or no. And they all seemingly consented that I should go, except Philip, who would not come among them.

But before I go any farther, I would take leave to mention a few remarkable passages of Providence, which I took special notice of in my afflicted time.

1. Of the fair opportunity lost in the long march, a little after the fort fight, when our English army was so numerous, and in pursuit of the enemy, and so near as to overtake several and destroy them; and the enemy in such distress for food, that our men might track them by their rooting the ground for ground-nuts, whilst they were flying for their lives: I say, that then our army should want provisions, and be obliged to leave their pursuit, and return homeward, and the very next week the enemy came upon our town, like bears bereft of their whelps, or so many ravenous wolves, rending us and our lambs to death. But what shall I say? God seemed to leave his people to themselves, and ordered all things for his own holy ends. Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it? They are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph, therefore they shall go captive, with the first that go captive. It is the Lord's doing, and it should be marvellous in our eyes.

2. I cannot but remember how the Indians derided the slowness and the dul-

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ness of the English army in its setting out. For after the desolations at Lancaster and Medfield, as I went along with them, they asked me when I thought the English army would come after them? I told them I could not tell. It may be they will come in May, said they; thus they did scoff at us, as if the English would be a quarter of a year getting ready.

3. Which also I have hinted before, when the English army with new supplies were sent forth to pursue after the enemy, and they understanding it, fled before them, till they came to Baquaug River, where they forthwith went over safely; that the river should be impassable to the English. I cannot but admire to see the wonderful providence of God, in preserving the Heathen for further affliction to our poor country. They could go in great numbers over, but the English must stop: God had an overruling hand in all those things.
4. It was thought, if their corn were cut down, they would starve and die with hunger; and all that could be found was destroyed and they driven from that little they had in store, into the woods, in the midst of winter; and yet how to admiration did the Lord preserve them for his holy ends, and the destruction of many still among the English! Strangely did the Lord provide for them, that I did not see (all the time I was among them) one man, woman or child die with hunger. Though many times they would eat that, that a hog or a dog would, hardly touch; yet by that God strengthened them to be a scourge to his people.

Their chief and commonest food was ground-nuts, they eat also nuts and acorns, artichokes, lily roots, ground beans, and several other weeds and roots that I know not.

They would pick up old bones, and cut them in pieces at the joints, and if they were full of worms and maggots, they would scald them over the fire, to make the vermin come out, and then boil them, and drink up the liquor, and then beat the great ends of them in a mortar, and so eat them. They would eat horses' guts, and ears, and all sorts of wild birds which they could catch. Also bear, venison, beavers, tortoise, frogs, squirrels, dogs, skunks, rattle-snakes. Yea, the very bark of trees; besides all sorts of creatures, and provision which they plundered from the English. I can but stand in admiration to see the wonderful power of God, in providing for such a vast number of our enemies in the wilderness, where there was nothing to be seen, but from hand to mouth. Many times in the morning, the generality of them would eat up all they had, and 'yet have some farther supply against they wanted. But now our perverse and evil carriages in the sight of the Lord, have so offended him, that instead of turning his hand against them, the Lord feeds and nourishes them up to be a scourge to the whole land.

5. Another thing that I would observe is, the strange providence of God in turning things about when the Indians were at the highest, and the English at the lowest. I was with the enemy eleven weeks and five days, and not one week passed without their fury and some desolation by fire or sword upon one place or other. They mourned for their own losses, yet triumphed and rejoiced in their inhuman and devilish cruelty to the English. They would boast much of their victories; saying, that in two hours' time they had destroyed such a captain and his company, in such a place; and such a captain and his company in such a place; and boast how many towns they had destroyed, and then scoff, and say, they had done them a good turn, to send them to heaven so soon. Again they would say, this summer they would knock all the rogues on the head, or drive them into the sea, or make them fly the country; thinking surely, Agag-like, The bitterness of death is past. Now the heathen begin to think all is their own; and the poor Christians' hopes fail (as to man) and now their eyes are more to God, and their hearts sigh heaven-ward, and they say in good earnest, Help, Lord, or we perish. When the Lord had brought his people to this, that they saw no help in any thing but himself, then he takes the quarrel into his own hand; and tho' they had made a pit, as deep as hell for the Christians that summer, yet the Lord hurled themselves into it. And the Lord had not so many ways before to preserve them, but now he hath as many to destroy them.

But to return again to my going home; where we may see a remarkable change...
of providence. At first they were all against it, except my husband would come for me; but afterward they assented to it, and seemed to rejoice in it: Some asking me to send them some bread, others some tobacco, others shaking me by the hand, offering me a hood and scarf to ride in: not one moving hand or tongue against it. Thus hath the Lord answered my poor desires, and the many earnest requests of others put up unto God for me. In my travels, an Indian came to me, and told me, if I were willing he and his Squaw would run away, and go home along with me. I told them no, I was not willing to run away, but desired to wait God's time that I might go home, quietly, and without fear. And now God hath granted me my desire. O the wonderful power of God that I have seen, and the experiences that I have had. I have been in the midst of those roaring lions, and sav-

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age bears, that feared neither God, nor man, nor the devil, by night and day, alone and in company; sleeping all sorts together, and yet not one of them ever offered the least abuse of unchastity to me, in word or action. Though some are ready to say, I speak it for my own credit; but I speak it in the presence of God, and to his glory. God's power is as great now, as it was to save Daniel in the lion's den, or the three children in the fiery furnace. Especially that I should come away in the midst of so many hundreds of enemies, and not a dog move his tongue. So I took my leave of them, and in coming along, my heart melted into tears, more than all the while I was with them, and I was almost swallowed up with the thoughts that ever I should go home again. About the sun's going down, Mr. Hoar, myself, and the two Indians, came to Lancaster, and a solemn sight it was to me. There had I lived many comfortable years among my relations and neighbours: and now not one Christian to be seen, or one house left standing. We went on to a farm house that was yet standing, where we lay all night; and a comfortable lodging we had, though nothing but straw to lie on. The Lord preserved us in safety that night, and raised us up again in the morning, and carried us along, that before noon we came to Concord. Now was I full of joy, and yet not without sorrow: joy, to see such a lovely sight, so many Christians together, and some of them my neighbours: There I met with my brother, and my brother-in-law, who asked me if I knew where his wife was? poor heart! he had helped to bury her, and knew it not; she being shot down by the house, was partly burnt, so that those who were at Boston at the desolation of the town, came back afterward and buried the dead, did not know her

Yet I was not without sorrow, to think how many were looking and longing, and my own children among the rest, to enjoy that deliverance that I had now received; and I did not know whether ever I should see them again. Being recruited with food and raiment, we went to Boston that day, where I met with my dear husband; but the thoughts of our dear children, one being dead, and the other we could not tell where, abated our comfort in each other. I was not before so much hem'd in by the merciless and cruel heathen, but now as much with pitiful, tender hearted and compassionate Christians. In that poor and beggarly condition, I was received in, I was kindly entertained in several houses. So much love I received from several (many of whom I knew not) that I am not capable to declare it. But the Lord knows them all by name; the Lord reward them sevenfold into their bosoms of his spirituals,
for their temporals. The twenty pounds, the price of my redemption, was raised by some Boston gentlewomen, and Mr. Usher, whose bounty and charity, I would not forget to make mention of. Then Mr. Thomas Shepard of Charlestown received us into his house, where we continued eleven weeks; and a father and mother they were unto us. And many more tender-hearted friends we met with in that place. We were now in the midst of love, yet not without much and frequent heaviness of heart, for our poor children and other relations, who were still in affliction. The week following, after my coming in, the governor and council sent to the Indians again, and that not without success; for they brought in my sister, and goodwife Kettle. Their not knowing where our children were, was a sore trial to us still: and yet we were not without secret hopes of seeing them again. That which was dead lay heavier upon my spirits, than those which were alive among the heathens: thinking how it suffered with its wounds, and I was not able to relieve it; and how it was buried by the heathen in the wilderness from among all Christians. We were hurried up and down in our thoughts, sometimes we should hear a report that they were gone this way and sometimes that; and that they were come in, in this place or that, we kept inquiring and listening to hear concerning them, but no certain news as yet. About this time the council had ordered a day of publick thanksgiving, though I had still cause of mourning; and being unsettled in our minds, we thought we would ride eastward, to see if we could hear any thing concerning our children. As we were riding along between Ipswich and Rowley, we met with William Hubbard, who told us our son Joseph, and my sister's son, were come into Major Waldren's; I asked him how he knew it? He said the major himself told him so. So along we went till we came to Newbury; and their minister being absent, they desired my husband to preach the thanksgiving for them; but he was not willing to stay there that night, but he would go over to Salisbury, to hear farther, and come again in the morning, which he did, and preached there that day. At night when he had done, one came and told him that his daughter was come into Providence: Here was mercy on both hands. Now we were between them, the one on the east, and the other on the west; our son being nearest, we went to him first, to Portsmouth, where we met with him, and with the major also, who told us he had done what he could, but could not redeem him under seven pounds, which the good people thereabouts were pleased to pay. The Lord reward the major, and all the rest, though unknown to me, for their labour of love. My sister's son was redeemed for four pounds, which the council gave order for the payment of. Having now received one of our children, we hastened toward the other. Going back thro' Newbury, my husband preached there on the Sabbath-day, for which they rewarded him manifold.

On Monday we came to Charlestown, where we heard that the governor of Rhode Island had sent over for our daughter, to take care of her, being now within his jurisdiction; which should not pass without our acknowledgments. But she being nearer Rehoboth than Rhode Island, Mr. Newman went over and took care of her, and brought her to his own house. And the goodness of God was admirable to us in our low estate, in that
he raised up compassionate friends on every side, when we had nothing to recompence any for their love. The Indians were now gone that way, that it was apprehended dangerous to go to her; but the carts which carried provision to the English army, being guarded, brought her with them to Dorchester, where we received her safe; blessed be the Lord for it. Her coming in was after this manner: She was travelling one day with the Indians, with her basket at her back; the company of Indians were got before her, and gone out of sight, all except one Squaw; she followed the Squaw till night, and then both of them lay down, having nothing over them but the heavens, nor under them but the earth. Thus she travelled three days together, having nothing to eat or drink but water and green hirtle-berries. At last they came into Providence, where she was kindly entertained by several of that town. The Indians often said, that I should never have her under twenty pounds, but now the Lord hath brought her in upon free cost, and given her to me the second time. The Lord make us a blessing indeed to each other. Thus hath the Lord brought me and mine out of that horrible pit, and hath set us in the midst of tender hearted and compassionate Christians. 'Tis the desire of my soul, that we may walk worthy of the mercies received, and which we are receiving.

Our family being now gathered together, the South church in Boston hired an house for us. Then we removed from Mr. Shepard's (those cordial friends) and went to Boston, where we continued about three quarters of a year. Still the Lord went along with us, and provided graciously for us. I thought it somewhat strange to set up house-keeping with bare walls, but as Solomon says, money answers all things; and that we had through the benevolence of Christian friends, some in this town, and some in that, and some from England, that in a little time we might look and see the house furnished with love. The Lord hath been exceeding good to us in our low estate, in that when we had neither house nor home, nor other necessaries, the Lord so moved the hearts of these and those towards us, that we wanted neither food nor raiment for ourselves or ours, Prov. 18. 24. There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. And how many such friends have we found, and now living among us! And truly such a friend have we found him to be unto us, in whose house we lived, viz. Mr. James Whitcomb, a friend near hand and far off.

I can remember the time, when I used to sleep quietly without working in my thoughts, whole nights together; but now it is otherwise with me. When all are fast about me, and no eye open, but his who ever awaketh, my thoughts are upon things past, upon the awful dispensations of the Lord towards us, upon his wonderful power and might in carrying of us through so many difficulties, in returning us in safety, and suffering none to hurt us. I remember in the night season, how the other day I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me. It was then hard work to persuade myself, that ever I should be satisfied with bread again. But now we are fed with the finest of the wheat, and (as I may say) with honey out of the rock. Instead of the husks we have the fat calf. The thoughts of these things in the particulars of them, and of the love and goodness of God...
towards us make it true of me, what David said of himself, Psal. 6. 6. I water my couch with my tears. O the wonderful power of God that mine eyes have seen, affording matter enough for my thoughts to run in, that when others are sleeping mine eyes are weeping.

I have seen the extreme vanity of this world. One hour I have been in health and wealth, wanting nothing, but the next hour in sickness, and wounds, and death, having nothing but sorrow and affliction. Before I knew what affliction meant I was ready sometimes to wish for it. When I lived in prosperity, having the comforts of this world about me, my relations by me, and my heart cheerful, and taking little care for any thing; and yet seeing many (whom I preferred before myself) under many trials and afflictions, in sickness, weakness, poverty, losses, crosses, and cares of the world, I should be sometimes jealous lest I should have my portion in this life. But now I see the Lord had his time to scourge and chasten me. The portion of some is to have their affliction by drops, but the wine of astonishment, like a sweeping rain, that leaveth no food, did the Lord prepare to be my portion. Affliction I wanted, and affliction I had full measure, pressed down and running over. Yet I see when God calls persons to never so many difficulties, yet he is able to carry them through, and make them say they have been gainers thereby, and I hope I can say, in some measure, as David, It is good for me that I have been afflicted. The Lord hath shewed me the vanity of these outward things; that they are the vanities of vanities, and vexation of spirit. That they are but a shadow, a blast, a bubble, and things of no continuance. If trouble from smaller mat-
Queen Elizabeth's Response to the Parliament's Request She Marry:
(10 February, 1559)

On Saturday 4 February a motion was carried in the Commons that she should be requested to marry as soon as possible for the sake of the succession. The following Monday a delegation from the Commons went to present their petition to her. On Friday the 10th she sent John Mason to them with her reply. Despite the existence of several manuscript versions, she must originally have spoken extempore in the presence of several councillors, among them Paulet, the old Marquis of Winchester, to whom she addressed her aside in the first part of the speech.

As I have good cause, so do I give you all my hearty thanks for the good zeal and loving care you seem to have, as well towards me as to the whole state of your country. Your petition I perceive consisteth of three parts and my answer to the same shall depend of two.

And to the first part I may say unto you that from my years of understanding since I first had consideration of myself to be born a servitor of almighty God, I happily chose this kind of life in which I yet live, which I assure you for my own part hath hitherto best contented myself and I trust hath been most acceptable to God. From the which, if either ambition of high estate offered to me in marriage by the pleasure and appointment of my prince whereof I have some records in this presence (as you our Lord Treasurer well know); or if the eschewing of the danger of my enemies or the avoiding of the peril of death, whose messenger or rather continual watchman, the prince's indignation, was not a little time daily before my eyes (by whose means although I know or justly may suspect, yet I will not now utter, or if the whole cause were in my sister herself, I will not now burden her therewith, because I will not charge the dead); if any of these, I say, could have drawn or dissuaded me from this kind of life, I had not now remained in this estate wherein you see me. But so constant have I always continued in this determination, although my youth and words may seem to some hardly to agree together, yet is it most true that at this day I stand free from any other meaning that either I have had in times past or have at this present; with which trade of life I am so thoroughly acquainted that I trust God, who hath hitherto therein preserved and led me by the hand, will not now of his goodness suffer me to go alone.

For the other part, the manner of your petition I do well like of and take in good part, because that it is simple and containeth no limitation of place or person. If it had been otherwise, I must needs have disliked it very much and thought it in you a very great presumption, being unfitting and altogether unmeet for you to require them that may command or those to appoint whose parts are to desire, or such to bind and limit whose duties are to obey, or to take upon you to draw my love to your likings or frame my will to your fantasies; for a guerdon constrained and a gift freely given can never agree together. Nevertheless if any of you be in suspect, that whosoever it may please God to incline my heart to another kind of life, you may well assure yourselves my meaning is not to do or determine anything wherewith the realm may or shall have just cause to be discontented. And therefore put that clean out of your heads. For I assure you—what credit my assurances may have with you I cannot tell, but what credit it shall deserve to have the sequel shall declare — I will never in that matter conclude anything that shall be prejudicial to the realm, for the weal, good and safety whereof I will never shun to
spend my life. And whomsoever my chance shall be to light upon, I trust he shall be as careful for the realm and you — I will not say as myself, because I cannot so certainly determine of any other; but at the least ways, by my goodwill and desire he shall be such as shall be as careful for the preservation of the realm and you as myself. And albeit it might please almighty God to continue me still in this mind to live out of the state of marriage, yet it is not to be feared but He will so work in my heart and in your wisdom as good provision by his help may be made in convenient time, whereby the realm shall not remain destitute of an heir. That may be a fit governor, and peradventure more beneficial to the realm than such offspring as may come of me. For although I be never so careful of your well doings and mind ever so to be, yet may my issue grow out of kind and become perhaps ungracious. And in the end this shall be for me sufficient, that a marble stone shall declare that a Queen, having reigned such a time, lived and died a virgin.

And here I end, and take your coming unto me in good part, and give unto you all efsoons my hearty thanks, more yet for your zeal and good meaning than for your petition.


Excerpts from Shakespeare's *Hamlet* (1623 Folio)

Hamlet:
To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deouotly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,

And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,

With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Gertrude: (Describing the death of Ophelia)

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down the weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with her drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious buy
To muddy death.
“The Re-Imaging of Ophelia”
http://www.fanpop.com/clubs/daydreaming/images/33094656/title/re-imaging-ophelia-photo

“Modern Day Ophelia” by Ajaton Joki