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**Margaret Cavendish's Natures Pictures
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Abstract

Margaret Cavendish's place in the field of early modern women's writing is indisputable, as scholarship since the 1990s, and perhaps even earlier, has shown. Presentation of *Natures Pictures* as a whole is an important next step in Cavendish scholarship. The collection of texts in this volume provides evidence of Cavendish's facility with genre, to include life writing, as well as her ability to navigate the complexities of a wide range of topics, from the interactions between the sexes to natural philosophy. While Cavendish is socially conservative, that is, she tends toward tradition in her views on women, men, and government, her natural philosophy destabilizes those views and establishes a tension in her writing. She argues that nature is constituted of self-moving matter and that matter can assume an infinite number of forms. She believes every entity in nature is a unique combination of rational, sensitive, and dull matter.

This critical edition of *Natures Pictures* the first to include all ninety-two works comprising the volume as it was published in 1656, contains commentary that speaks to the ways in which the notion of variety shaped Cavendish's perspective and writing. It provides information on Cavendish's family and career as well as her connections to other early modern women writers. Glosses of difficult or obsolete words are provided; handwritten additions and deletions are noted; cross-references to other works by Margaret Cavendish are furnished; relevant works by Cavendish scholars and other early modern scholars are noted; and references to the 1671 edition of *Natures Pictures* are provided when those references clarify a word or phrase. My objective was to create a text that would appeal to the literate lay reader as well as the scholar.

Note on the Text

The source document for this edition is the 1656 print text of *Natures Pictures* housed at the British Library (*Wing* N855). My aim was to create a reliable transcription whose accidentals mimicked those of the original document. To this end, I reproduced verbatim the syntax, spelling (including inconsistencies), and punctuation; preserved italics, capitalization, and contractions; and retained paragraph indentation and line and stanza breaks in the verse pieces. I did not retain line breaks or line-end hyphens of the prose pieces unless hyphenated words occurred at page breaks. Feeling that some early modern typography practices impede reading, I modernized the long *s* and *m*. I retained dropped capital letters of both the verse and prose pieces, believing that the letters function as visual cues and therefore promote reading. For ease of reference to the copy text, I inserted original page numbers and signatures in brackets after the last word of each page of the copy text. Where the verso page of a leaf was blank, I placed the recto and verso numbers together rather than leave a blank page in the edition. I silently corrected inverted letters but noted and incorporated handwritten and printed notes, additions, and deletions.

These copy-text emendations, some of them noted on the errata page, were likely written by or inserted at the direction of Margaret Cavendish and serve as evidence of her participation in the editing process. Given the likelihood of her involvement, I felt incorporating the emendations into the body of the text would lend more authority to the edition. However, aware that printers' conventions also shape a text and thereby contribute to its historicity and that retaining orthographic information can further scholarly analysis of a work, I edited the volume using some of the methods of diplomatic transcription. On the other hand, noting select differences between the copy-text and a copy of the 1671 edition proved instructive in terms of the author's identity, situation, and attitude. The present edition of *Natures Pictures* is, in effect, the result of my use of critical and diplomatic transcription methods.

My objective was to create a text that would appeal to the literate lay reader as well as the scholar. In annotating with these two groups in mind, I hoped to make the edition accessible to the former while inspiring the latter. Scholars bring knowledge to a text, which

argues for light annotation, but had I annotated only for them, I would have risked providing too little supplementary information for literate lay readers, thereby diminishing their experience of the text. The difficulty in maintaining a balance between creating an ‘independent, self-contained’¹ text for advanced readers and producing a text with enough interest to inspire scholars lay in estimating ‘the knowledge that [these users would] bring to the edition’. My goal was to enhance the users’ reading experience while also providing enough clues ‘for readers who want to conduct further research’.² I therefore focused on the following types of footnotes: glosses of difficult or obsolete words and syntax; indications of printed and typed corrections in the margins; clarification of words obscured through misspelling; cross-references to other works by Margaret Cavendish; references to secondary works by Cavendish scholars and other early modern scholars; and references to the 1671 edition (*Wing* N856) when those references clarify a word or phrase. I also noted other general variations between the texts when I believed they were indicative of Cavendish’s growing confidence as a writer. With the exception of the aforementioned, I did not note textual variants from other editions. In citing early modern sources, I favoured page numbers over signatures, given that page numbers in most cases were more readily available. Where page numbers were unavailable, such as within introductory material, I used signatures.

I chose the copy of *Natures Pictures* housed at the British Library as my copy-text (*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855)) because it was complete and the reproduction services at the library provided the cleanest digital copy of those I checked (digitization minimized the obtrusiveness of bleed-through). The copy at the Folger Library is missing front matter; the copy at Balliol College Library is wanting signatures A1 and A4, engraved frontispiece; and the copy at Merton College Library is wanting the frontispiece and four pages of preliminaries.

¹Mary-Jo Kline and Susan Holbrook Perdue, *A Guide to Documentary Editing*, 3rd ed. (The Association for Documentary Editing). Online.

²*Ibid.*

Sources and Abbreviations

DNB	<i>Oxford Dictionary of National Biography</i> , ed. David Cannadine (Oxford: Oxford University Press. Online. 2017)
EEBO	<i>Early English Books Online</i>
<i>Life</i>	<i>The Life of the Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince William Cavendishe, Duke, Marquess and Earl of Newcastle</i> (London: 1667), <i>Wing</i> N853
NP 1656 (<i>Wing</i> N855)	<i>Natures Pictures Drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life</i> (London: 1656), <i>Wing</i> N855. British Library.
NP 1671 (<i>Wing</i> N856)	<i>Natures Picture Drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life</i> (London: 1671), <i>Wing</i> N856. EEBO
<i>Observations</i>	<i>Observations upon Experimental Philosophy To Which is Added the Description of a New Blazing World</i> (London: 1666), <i>Wing</i> N857
OED	<i>Oxford English Dictionary</i> (online)
<i>Orations</i>	<i>Orations of Divers Sorts Accommodated to Divers Places</i>
PF	<i>Poems, and Fancies</i> (London: 1653), <i>Wing</i> N869
PL	<i>Philosophical Letters, or, Modest Reflections upon Some Opinions in Natural Philosophy Maintained by Several Famous and Learned Authors of This Age</i> (London: 1664), <i>Wing</i> N866
PPO	<i>The Philosophical and Physical Opinions</i> (London: 1655), <i>Wing</i> N863
SL	<i>Sociable Letters</i> (London: 1664), <i>Wing</i> N872
STC	<i>A Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland, and Ireland 1475-1640</i> (1976-86) first compiled by A.W. Pollard and G. R. Redgrave, 2nd ed begun by W. A. Jackson and F. S. Ferguson, completed by K. F. Pantzer, 3 vols. (London: Bibliographical Society)
<i>Wing</i>	<i>Short-Title Catalogue of Books Printed in England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and British America and of English Books Printed in Other Countries 1641-1700</i> (1945-51), comp. by Donald Wing, 3 vols. (New York: Columbia University Press)
WO	<i>The Worlds Olio</i> (London: 1655), <i>Wing</i> N873

Introduction

Margaret Cavendish's Family and Life

Margaret Cavendish, the eighth and youngest child of Thomas and Elizabeth Lucas (*née* Leighton), lived from 1623 to 1673. She was born at St John's Abbey, the family home established by her great grandfather, John Lucas, in Colchester, Essex.³ The Lucases had long been associated with the east of England, specifically Suffolk and Essex, and while they were not peers of the realm, their landholdings and concomitant wealth meant they were able to occupy that intersection between rulers and ruled, gaining the favour of the Crown and thereby entrance into the political arena. Records of Margaret's family date back to 1180 to a man named 'Lucas', who held lands in Westley, Suffolk. Four generations of Lucas's descendants served as either aldermen or bailiffs in Bury St Edmunds. Another four generations of the Suffolk Lucases passed before Margaret's great-great grandfather, Thomas Fitz Lucas, appeared. Born in 1470 and educated at Cambridge, Thomas was secretary to Jasper Tudor (Earl of Pembroke, Duke of Bedford, and uncle to Henry VII) and Solicitor-General to the king.⁴ With his appointment as Solicitor-General, a legal post second only to the Attorney-General, Thomas began accruing land in Suffolk. In addition to being presented with several manors by the Duke, in 1505 he also purchased three manors in Little Saxham along with other properties from Roger Darcy, a significant landowner in Essex and Suffolk.⁵ After purchasing the land, he began building Little Saxham Hall, located about twenty-five miles from Colchester. With Elizabeth Keymes,

³John Walter reports that by 1642, 'with ten or eleven thousand inhabitants', Colchester was one of the largest and fastest growing towns in seventeenth-century Essex (*Understanding Popular Violence in the English Revolution* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), p. 73). It also had a long history of being a place of importance. In a speech in 1642, town recorder Harbottle Grimston boasts: 'There are few townes in England, that can more truly glory, in an honourable and antient pedigree and descent, then this towne' (as cited in Walter, p. 72). Colchester was the 'seat of Cymbeline, the king of Ancient Britain celebrated by Shakespeare' (Kathleen Jones, *A Glorious Fame* (London: Bloomsbury, 1988), p. 9).

⁴*A concise description of Bury St Edmund's, and its environs* (London: Longman and Company, 1827), p. 291; D F. Coros, 'Lucas, John (by 1512-56), of the Inner Temple, London and Colchester, Essex', *The History of Parliament*, Online; John Gage, *The History and Antiquities of Suffolk: Thingoe Hundred* (London: John Deck and Samuel Bentley, 1838), pp. 130-131.

⁵Gage, p. 130.

the Solicitor-General had five children, Jasper, Henry, John, Ann, and Lettice. Jasper, named after the Duke of Bedford, died before his father. In consequence, the Solicitor-General named Jasper's son, Thomas, his heir, leaving him Little Saxham Hall when he died in July of 1531. Henry was not mentioned in the will. John, however, inherited the three manors in Little Saxham and some properties that came to him from his father through his mother's brother. John and his nephew soon after combined their inheritances and sold the properties to William Croft, with Thomas moving to Horsecroft, Suffolk, and John to Colchester.⁶

John Lucas, born around 1512, was Margaret's great-grandfather. He was the first of the Lucas clan to live in Colchester, and like his father he sought a career in the legal profession and was intent on building an estate. Although he did not attend Cambridge as his father had, he was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1526, where he was educated in the law. D. F. Coros notes that it is likely that John worked as a barrister between 1533 and 1537, thereafter serving in various public offices, including, among others, clerk to the crown and justice of the peace for both Essex and Suffolk. He also rose to prominence in Colchester, becoming Town Clerk in September of 1543, remaining in this office until his death in 1556. A Member of Parliament in 1545, 1547, and 1553, John also benefitted from and became the advisor and possibly confidant of the 16th Earl of Oxford, John de Vere. By 1545, Lucas owned lands in Colchester valued at £400, and in July of 1548 he added to his growing empire with the purchase of the estate of St John's Abbey, where he built the family's 'noble mansion'.⁷ Obviously shrewd and careful in his affairs, Lucas also increased his wealth by aligning himself through marriage with wealthy merchant families. His first wife, Mary Abell, hailed from a family who found wealth in the clothing trade. With Mary

⁶Sydenham Henry Augustus Hervey, *Little Saxham Parish Registers: Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials, with Appendices, Biographies, &c, 1559 to 1850* (Woodbridge: George Booth, Church Street, 1901), p. 154; Gage, p. 132.

⁷ Philip Morant, as cited in Walter, p. 85, n42; D F. Coros, 'Lucas, John'.

he had three children, including Thomas Lucas, Margaret's grandfather, and with Elizabeth Christmas, his second wife, who was from a prosperous mercantile family in Colchester, Lucas had three children: John, Margaret, and Elizabeth.⁸ The elder John died in 1556 and was buried in the family vault at St Giles' Church.

At the age of twenty-five Thomas Lucas inherited his father's estate, investing heavily in more land and contributing not only to the family's wealth but also to its legacy of public service. Completing a legal education at Cambridge and London, like the other Lucas patriarchs, he went on to serve as a Colchester MP at Mary Tudor's last parliament in 1558; sheriff of Essex from 1568-1569 and then again from 1583-1584; Colchester town recorder around 1575, and captain of the Essex militia, the position, according to Katie Whitaker, he most relished as it recalled the chivalric code of the middle ages.⁹ Queen Elizabeth I herself appointed him sheriff and two years after his first term conferred knighthood upon him. Her favour as well as her public acknowledgment of his accomplishments resulted in Sir Thomas welcoming her to Colchester in 1579 and lavishly entertaining her for three days at St John's Abbey. Sir Thomas also married well. Reaching outside the mercantile class to the landed gentry, he wed Mary Fermor, with whom he had five children, three daughters and two sons, one of whom was Margaret's father, Thomas Lucas, Jr.¹⁰ His good fortune and public accolades, however, were marred by his irascible nature and parsimonious management of the Lucas estate. Furthermore, while his father's purchase of St John's Abbey elevated the Lucases to the landed gentry class, it also launched a power struggle between the Lucases and the burgesses of Colchester because of the complex interlocking of manorial and town lands. This situation, along with Sir

⁸ Katie Whitaker, *Mad Madge: The Extraordinary Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, the First Woman to Live by Her Pen* (New York: Basic Books, 2002), pp. 4-5.

⁹ Lucas, Thomas (1530/31-1611), of the Inner Temple, London and Colchester, Essex', *History of Parliament*, Online; David Appleby, *Our Fall Our Fame: The Life and Times of Sir Charles Lucas* (Newtown: Jacobus, 1996), p. 13; Whitaker, p. 6.

¹⁰ Whitaker, p. 7.

Thomas's miserly and combative behaviours and the locals' rejection of authority, fuelled the tensions. The Colchester townsmen, sensitive to any breaches of their independence, resented interference by the gentry, and Sir Thomas insisted on imposing on them the privileges of his class and engaging them in land disputes.¹¹ Sir Thomas also fomented tension within Parliament. A November 1, 1556, entry in the *Calendar of Inner Temple Records* documents the expulsion of Thomas Lucas, along with seven other miscreants, from the house for 'wilful demeanour and disobedience'. These men were committed to the Fleet for the same offence. Only after 'humble suit and submissions' was Sir Thomas pardoned and allowed to rejoin the group.¹² This affair seems to have not taught him any lessons in anger management, for twenty-eight years later, no longer an MP, he exhibited the same wilfulness and temper. Captain of the Essex civilian militia, or Trained Bands, Sir Thomas often quarrelled with the other officers, a situation that strained his relationship with fellow gentry and led to a battle between competing militia groups. At one point, the fraught nature of Sir Thomas's dealings with the locals resulted in his fleeing Colchester and taking up residence in London for three years. When he returned, the same tensions arose and the situation was much the same.¹³

Compounding his problems were the disruptive behaviours of Ann, his oldest daughter, and his son Thomas Jr. Ann had the good fortune of acquiring a position as Queen Elizabeth's lady-in-waiting, but she spoiled the situation when she fell in love with and married a man the queen had expressly warned her against.¹⁴ Thomas Jr, committing a much more serious infraction, also garnered the queen's extreme disfavour when, in 1597, he engaged in a duel with and killed Sir William Brooke,¹⁵ a relation of two powerful

¹¹Walter, pp. 84-86.

¹²*Calendar of Inner Temple Records*, vol. 1, Online, p. 187.

¹³Whitaker, p. 6.

¹⁴Appleby, p. 14.

¹⁵J. G. Waller identifies Brooke as a 'knight of the shire for Kent in 1597 . . . [who] was killed in a duel at Mile End Green by the son and heir of Thomas Lucas, of Essex, Knight' ('The Lords of Cobham, their Monuments and the Church', *Archaeologica Cantiana*, part 2, XII (1878), p. 56. In a letter dated December 24, Percival Hart, Brooke's cousin, wrote of the incident, saying Brooke had "'left many sorrowful friends

men, Lord Cobham (Henry Brooke) and his brother-in-law, Sir Robert Cecil.¹⁶ The impetus for the quarrel has not been discovered, but Margaret asserts that her father, Thomas Lucas Jr., had no choice but to defend himself given that Cobham had offended his honour.¹⁷ Katie Whitaker suggests that Thomas Jr engaged Brooke in the duel because Brooke had sullied the reputation of Elizabeth Leighton, the woman with whom Thomas Jr fell in love and who was carrying his child.¹⁸ Whitaker's suggestion rings true, especially when one considers that Thomas Jr not only shared his father's temper but also his devotion to chivalry. Spending time honing his skills with a rapier,¹⁹ Thomas Jr was seduced by the revival of the chivalric honour code, adherence to which would have required him to respond to the insult. A duel, according to an eighteenth century commentator, 'is a combat between two persons, with danger of their lives, entered into without any public authority for it, in consequence of a challenge given by one of the parties, who imagines that he himself, or some person dear to him, has been affronted by the other, and intends by these means to wipe off the affront'.²⁰ Queen Elizabeth I found nothing honourable in Lucas's intentions and considered him an outlaw. He was compelled to escape abroad, losing his rights as a free English gentleman, including his right to inherit the family estate.²¹ From Paris in 1602, as David Appleby relates, Thomas Jr wrote a supplicatory letter to Sir

behind him". Having been with him most of the day he died, Hart noted "the continual concourse of his friends, which was without intermission that came to see him, and of the best sort". On 24 and 29 Dec. the Privy Council issued warrants for Lucas's arrest' ('Brooke, alias Cobham, William (1565-97)', *History of Parliament*, Online).

¹⁶Ibid., p. 16. Lord Cobham was a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and Sir Robert Cecil was her Secretary of State.

¹⁷See 'A true Relation', *Natures Pictures Drawn by Fancy's Pencil to the Life* (London: 1656), *Wing* N855 (hereafter *NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855)), p. 368.

¹⁸Whitaker, p. 7.

¹⁹Ibid.

²⁰As cited in Markku Peltonen, *The Duel in Early Modern England: Civility, Politeness and Honour* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), p. 3. In this study, Peltonen explores the forces that shaped and sustained the practice of duelling in early modern England. The honour culture was particular to the aristocracy, and in enacting the heroic code, the Lucases may, in part, have been communicating their membership in that group. Peltonen writes, according to the laws of honour, either the accused or the accuser was lying and 'by offering to fight they vindicated their word and thus their honour. It was the issue of lying that the combat was thought to resolve' (p. 3). See also *SL*, letter LXVIII, in which Cavendish discusses her philosophy of duelling, mentioning her father's 'Duel of Honour' and the excellent swordsmanship of her husband and brothers (pp. 142-145).

²¹Douglas Grant, *Margaret the First* (London: Rupert-Hart Davis, 1957), p. 30; Whitaker, p. 8.

Robert Cecil in which he asked him to consider the fate of the Lucas estate and the miserable conditions of his exile, but Cecil was immovable.²²

Away from home for seven years, he missed the birth of his first son, another Thomas, who, being born out of wedlock, could not inherit the Lucas estate. Thomas Jr remained in exile until circumstances favoured him. Queen Elizabeth's death in 1603 brought with it uncertainty about the transfer of power. James VI of Scotland, her nearest relative, seemed the most likely to inherit the throne, but a statute dated 1351 prevented foreigners from being heirs to English land. Henry VIII's will of 1547, which forbade Scottish relations from inheriting the throne, further complicated the matter.²³ King James, however, managed the crisis, filled the power vacuum, and became King James I of England. Lord Cobham disapproved of this outcome and entangled himself in a plot to place Arbella Stuart on the throne. Arbella held the distinction of being not only the daughter of Charles Stuart and Elizabeth Cavendish, but also the grandchild of the formidable Elizabeth Talbot, Countess of Shrewsbury, familiarly called 'Bess of Hardwick'.²⁴

Had Lord Cobham not shown his preference for his cousin Arbella, Thomas Jr might have remained in forced exile. King James, however, discovered the plot, and Lord Cobham met with disfavour at court. Had it not been for the intervention of Sir Robert Cecil, Cobham would have lost his head at the block. He was, instead, imprisoned in the tower and remained there until his death in 1619. With Lord Cobham no longer an obstacle, Thomas Jr's family could petition for his return. He received a pardon from King James in 1604 and returned home, marrying and settling down at St John's Abbey with

²²Appleby, p. 17.

²³Pauline Croft, *King James* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), pp. 43-44.

²⁴While not involved in the plot, Bess had been grooming her granddaughter to take command of the English throne. Bess was also the grandmother of William Cavendish, Margaret's future husband.

Elizabeth Leighton, with whom he had eight children, including Thomas (1597/8–1648/9).²⁵

Despite his illegitimacy, Thomas enjoyed all the privileges of being a member of the Lucas family. His father purchased an estate for him in 1612 in Lexden, not far from Colchester, and he, like his father, received an education at Pembroke College, Cambridge, enrolling there in 1615.²⁶ His future was secure, but after completing his education, he left England to serve in the Dutch war against Catholic Spain, obtaining command of a troop of horse, with his brother Charles Lucas at his side as cornet. Thomas was knighted in April of 1628, and in 1638, he was given command of a troop in the Irish army.²⁷ Involved in the Irish Rebellion, in 1642, during the battle of Kilrush, he furthered his reputation as a stalwart knight, but in the battle of Ross in March of 1643 he was injured. Margaret believed ‘a Wound he received on his head in *Ireland* shortned his life’.²⁸ After Ormond, the king’s lord-lieutenant, negotiated peace with the Irish rebels, Thomas returned to England to fight for the royalists in the English civil war. While Thomas devoted most of his life to soldiery, he did not completely neglect his domestic duties. He married Anne Byron (b. 1612/13, d. in or after July 1653) on 27 January 1629 when he was thirty-one and she sixteen and in 1630 defended his warren against a waterworks company piping water into Colchester, claiming the men frequenting the waterworks alehouse had damaged his property.

Margaret had two other brothers, John Lucas (1606-1671), later the first Baron Lucas of Shenfield, and Charles Lucas (b. 1612/13-1648), a renowned Royalist officer. Thomas’s illegitimacy meant John would be the inheritor of the family’s prosperous estate, and in that capacity became, as Margaret writes, ‘the father to us all’. She gives an account

²⁵Grant, *Margaret*, p. 31; Whitaker, pp. 8-9; and Appleby, pp. 16-18.

²⁶Barbara Donagan, ‘Lucas, Sir Thomas (1597/8–1648/9)’, *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography* (DNB), Oxford University Press, 2004.

²⁷Sidney Lee, *DNB*, vol. 34 (New York: 1893).

²⁸NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), ‘A true Relation of my Birth, Breeding, and Life’, p. 372.

of John, saying that he, unlike her other brothers, was not trained in the ‘Discipline of War’, but had great ‘skill in the use of the Sword’.²⁹ He was also a man of letters whose abilities as a debater helped shape his reputation for being litigious. Margaret speaks well of John, but Colcestrians had a number of reasons for not sharing her fine opinion of him. Where his father resorted to the duel in matters of family honour, John chose the courts and engaged in many disputes with the people of Colchester over rents and property rights.³⁰ Appointed sheriff in 1636, he dutifully and successfully collected the notorious ship money tax for the crown, further damaging his relations with Colcestrians, many of whom were parliamentarians and puritans.³¹ His chaplain, Thomas Newcomen, was a fervent royalist and follower of the unpopular William Laud,³² whose religious style was anathema to puritan sensibilities. Newcomen’s rigorous enforcement of Laudianism further alienated John Lucas and the Lucas family from the locals.³³ This fact may explain why the Lucas family members were in the habit of keeping company only with each other.³⁴

Sir Charles Lucas, Margaret’s youngest brother, was educated at Christ’s College, Cambridge, a university David Appleby believes was chosen for its position of ‘inoffensive neutrality’ between ‘hard-line puritans’ and ‘Anglican extremism’. John Alsop, later a chaplain to Laud, became the mentor to fifteen-year-old Charles and ensured that the young man received a background in the faith and practices of the Anglican high church.³⁵ Charles began his military career in 1637 when he served in the Netherlands as cornet, a low-level cavalry officer, in his brother Thomas’s troop. Within two years he was knighted

²⁹Ibid., p. 371.

³⁰Walter, pp. 94-95.

³¹John Walter, ‘Lucas, John, first Baron Lucas of Shenfield (1606–1671)’, *DNB*.

³²Archbishop of Canterbury who expressed much zeal in the reformation of churches in the 1630s. He promoted anti-Puritan policies and ritualism, which brought accusations of popery against him.

³³Tom Webster, ‘Newcomen, Matthew (d. 1669)’, *DNB*. The information concerning Thomas Newcomen appears in the biography of his older brother, Matthew Newcomen.

³⁴See ‘A true Relation’, *NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 373.

³⁵Appleby, pp. 25, 26.

and in another two he was commanding a troop of horse.³⁶ Suited to military life, Charles was known as a generous commander and a resolute and brave soldier.³⁷

After Charles, Thomas and Elizabeth had two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. Except for what Margaret³⁸ and public records reveal, little is known of the sisters. Mary, who was named after her grandmother, received a proposal of marriage from Peter Killigrew just before her father's death in 1625,³⁹ when Margaret was but a toddler. Killigrew was an established courtier and 'gentleman of the privy chamber to King Charles I'.⁴⁰ The proposal, motivated by King Charles I's desire that the two be matched, allowed Elizabeth Lucas some bargaining power after the death of her husband. John, her eldest legitimate son was a minor and not legally old enough to assume responsibility for the Lucas estate, which meant the Crown had the right to appoint a guardian who, by law, could take the estate's profits.⁴¹ Through Adam Harsnet, Bishop of Norwich,⁴² Elizabeth communicated a proposal. She consented to the marriage while also recommending that John's wardship be granted to Killigrew. This arrangement was satisfactory to all parties, and Mary wed Peter Killigrew in 1625. When trouble broke out in Colchester, the Lucases could seek refuge at Whitehall, Mary and Peter's home in London.⁴³

Elizabeth, also well matched, married William Walter in 1632. Educated at Christ Church, Oxford, he was 'the son and heir of Sir John Walter, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer'.⁴⁴ Anne, the sixth Lucas child, never married, perhaps taking seriously the letter

³⁶Donagan, *DNB*.

³⁷For an overview of Charles' military life and the battles in which he served, see Charles Firth, ed., *The Life of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, to which is Added the True Relation of my Birth, Breeding, and Life* (New York: Scribner and Welford, 1886), Appendix, pp. 363-370.

³⁸Margaret describes her siblings as 'every ways proportionable, likewise well featured, cleer complexions, brown haire, but some lighter than others, sound teeth, sweet breaths, plain speeches, tunable voices' (*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855)), 'A true Relation', p. 377.

³⁹Jones, in *Glorious Fame*, notes that Thomas Lucas provided generously for his children – 'he left portions of £10,000 to each of his daughters' (p. 8).

⁴⁰Whitaker, p. 30.

⁴¹Whitaker, p. 11.

⁴²Stephen Wright, 'Harsnett, Adam (1579/80–1639?)', *DNB*; Grant, p. 33.

⁴³Whitaker, pp. 9, 12, 30, 42.

⁴⁴Grant, *Margaret*, p. 40.

Margaret wrote to her warning her of the risks of marriage.⁴⁵ The seventh Lucas child, born in 1617, was another daughter, Catherine, Margaret's most beloved sister. Margaret documented her great affection for Catherine in her autobiography and in a letter appearing in her epistolary novel, *Sociable Letters*.⁴⁶ In 1635, Catherine married Edmund Pye, a 'leisured landed gentleman' and wealthy son of a London scrivener.⁴⁷

Into this wealthy, ambitious family Margaret was born. In her autobiography she presents herself as the protected and precocious youngest sister of seven siblings, whom, along with her parents, she idolized, describing them in terms of the honour culture she so admired. Given that she wrote her autobiography while living in exile in Antwerp, time, distance, and the fondness inspired by homesickness might have played a role in her depictions of her family. In 'A true Relation' she says her father lived 'by the Laws of Honour', her mother 'was of an Heroick Spirit', her brothers 'were constantly Loyal, and truly Valiant', and her sisters 'were bred Vertuously, Modestly, Civilly, Honorably, and on honest principles'.⁴⁸ The truthfulness of her depiction has been questioned,⁴⁹ but her affection for her family members seems unquestionable. Sheltered within the walls of St John's Abbey during her childhood, Margaret wrote 'Baby-books'. She later jokingly compared them to 'Infinite Nature, that hath neither Beginning nor End',⁵⁰ referring to how disorganised they were. Her education was not strict, so she had time to indulge in other of her favourite activities, reading poetry, designing clothes, and contemplating. She recounts the pleasures of her family life, the trips to London with her sisters to enjoy the 'Spring-garden, Hide-park, and the like places'.⁵¹ The rumblings of civil war with its attendant attacks on St John's Abbey shattered the felicity and security of that peaceful

⁴⁵See *CCXI Sociable Letters* (London: 1664) (*Wing* N872) (hereafter *SL*), letter CCI, p. 425.

⁴⁶See *SL*, letter CC, pp. 422-423.

⁴⁷Whitaker, p. 28.

⁴⁸*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), 'A true Relation', pp. 368, 377, 371, and 369, respectively.

⁴⁹See Gweno Williams, 'Margaret Cavendish, A True Relation', *A Companion to Early Modern Women's Writing*, ed. by Anita Pacheco (Malden, MA: Blackwell), pp. 165-176.

⁵⁰See *SL*, letter CXXXI, pp. 267-269.

⁵¹'A true Relation', p. 373.

home life. The first line of ‘Assaulted and Pursued Chastity’, a story found in this edition, echoes Margaret’s situation in fairy-tale fashion: ‘In the Kingdom of Riches, after a long and sleepy Peace, over-grown with plenty and ease; Luxury broke out into factious sores, and feavorish ambition, into a plaguy⁵² Rebellion’.⁵³ Margaret’s works might have been punctuated by flights of fancy, but she was well aware of the realities of civil war and experienced the upheavals it brought. Tensions in Colchester in 1642 motivated her to leave Colchester and travel to Oxford to live with her beloved sister Catherine Pye. Her life changed quickly in the ensuing years. In 1643 she found herself at her own behest one of Queen Henrietta’s maids of honour, and in 1644 she travelled with the queen’s entourage to Paris, where she later engaged in a whirlwind courtship with William Cavendish, thirty years her senior. William arrived in Paris in April of 1645, his army having suffered a heavy defeat at Marston Moor the year before, and in December of 1645, he and Margaret were married in the private chapel of Sir Richard Browne. The couple moved to Rotterdam, living there for six months, and then to Antwerp, where, in 1648, they rented the home of Peter Paul Rubens, who had died eight years before.⁵⁴ They had no income, William’s estate having been sequestered, and Margaret’s mother was not yet able to pay her dowry. William’s prestige and charm garnered the credit they needed to support the lifestyle befitting their stations,⁵⁵ but they felt pressured to pay their creditors. Quelling her fears, Margaret travelled to England in 1651 with her brother-in-law, Sir Charles Cavendish, to petition the Committee for Compounding for income from her husband’s estate, but was flatly denied. Her stay in England, however, was profitable in other ways. She began writing her first books.

⁵²*plaguy*] causing severe damage, as does a plague (*OED* adj. A 1 b).

⁵³NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 220.

⁵⁴James Fitzmaurice, ‘Cavendish, Margaret, duchess of Newcastle upon Tyne (1623?–1673)’, *DNB*; Whitaker, p. 108.

⁵⁵For an account of the Newcastles’ credit as it stood in 1660, see Whitaker, p. 229.

Cavendish and Early Modern Women's Writing

Hero Chalmers marks 1653 as 'a landmark year in the history of Englishwomen's writing'.⁵⁶ This was the year Margaret Cavendish published *Poems, and Fancies*, a collection of poems describing the author's atomic theory. In an epistle to the reader, Cavendish confidently announces that women are particularly suitable for writing, attempting to legitimize women's writing and promote herself as an author, a move Chalmers characterizes as unprecedented. Cavendish specifically addresses women, writing:

Noble, Worthy Ladies,
 Condemne me not as a *dishonour* of your *Sex*, for setting forth this Work;
 for it is *harmelesse* and free from all *dishonesty*;⁵⁷ . . . *Poetry*, which is built upon
Fancy, *Women* may claime, as a *worke* belonging most properly to
 themselves: for I have observ'd, that their *Braines* work usually in a
Fantasticall motion.⁵⁸

The subtext of Cavendish's announcement is, of course, the early modern stricture against women engaging in public occupations or promoting themselves as public figures. Women could safely explore more traditional genres such as translations or religious writing, but forays into philosophy or secular romance were transgressive. Women who did enter the field by way of breaching generic lines could face charges of immodesty or wantonness. Cavendish's predecessor, Mary Wroth (c. 1587-c. 1651), did come under attack and Margaret alludes to this incident in a preface to *Sociable Letters*.

To what degree Wroth might have influenced Margaret is difficult to discern, but there are some parallels in their writing. Both authors incorporated family history into their fictional writing. Wroth's numerous brothers and sisters appear in disguised form in

⁵⁶Hero Chalmers, *Royalist Women Writers 1650-1689* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2004), p. 1.

⁵⁷*dishonesty*] disgrace or shame (*OED* n. 1).

⁵⁸*Poems, and Fancies* (London: 1653), *Wing* N869 (hereafter *PF*), sig. A3r.

*Urania*⁵⁹ and Cavendish's descriptions of her fictional characters intersect with the descriptions of her family members. Margaret's portrayals of the grieving widow, for example, mimic her portrayal of her widowed mother, and the plots of her romance verses echo elements of her and William Cavendish's courtship.

Cavendish had literary connections with other women authors, including her contemporary Lucy Hutchinson (1620–1681). Hutchinson, like Cavendish, wrote a biography of her husband's life, *Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, in which she attempts to vindicate her husband. Lucy Hutchinson wrote her husband's memoirs sometime after her husband's death in 1664. Margaret Cavendish's *Life of William* was published in 1667, so the two women must have been writing the biographies around the same time.⁶⁰ There is some conjecture that Lucy might have been aware that Margaret was writing the life of her husband and was inspired to do the same for her husband.⁶¹ The two women seemed to have lived parallel negative lives. That is, Cavendish's loyalties lay with the royalists and the Anglican Church while Hutchinson's lay with the parliamentarians and puritans. John Hutchinson's signature appears on King Charles I's death warrant, and during the first civil war, he was a Nottingham militia officer and governor of Nottingham castle in charge of defending the town against royalists. Sir Charles Lucas, Margaret's youngest brother, gained access to the town in 1644 and attempted to burn it while William Cavendish (Newcastle), Margaret's husband, and general to King Charles I's forces in the north, 'attempted to corrupt Hutchinson. Newcastle's agent offered him £10,000, and promised that he should be made "the best lord in Nottinghamshire"'.⁶² Margaret's and Lucy's lives intersect in other ways. For

⁵⁹Paul Salzman, *Reading Early Modern Women's Writing* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), pp. 60-61.

⁶⁰Lucy Hutchinson meant the biography to be read only by her family. The manuscript was not published until 1806. Cavendish wrote for publication.

⁶¹Fitzmaurice in his *DNB* article on Margaret states that Hutchinson used Margaret Cavendish's *Life* as a model and Paul Salzman implies the connection in *Reading Early Modern Women's Writing* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006), p. 171.

⁶²C. H. Firth, 'Hutchinson, John', *Dictionary of National Biography*, ed. by Sidney Lee, vol. 28 (New York: Macmillan, 1891).

example, Hutchinson's translation of Lucretius's *De rerum natura* might have been motivated by Cavendish's publication of her atomist poems.⁶³

Kathleen Jones gives much credit to Margaret, her life and her work, in inspiring other authoresses to publish, among them Katherine Philips (1632-1664) and Aphra Behn (1640-1689).⁶⁴ While Jones may be assuming too much in making this claim, Cavendish did have an incidental connection with one of these writers, Katherine Philips. While she was in England with Sir Charles Cavendish petitioning for an income from her husband's estate, Margaret several times visited the home of Henry Lawes, where a circle of royalist friends met to listen to music.⁶⁵ The Earl of Bridgewater, the husband of William Cavendish's daughter Elizabeth, participated in these meetings, and in 1652 Lawes arranged a concert to celebrate the ten-year anniversary of the Earl and Elizabeth's marriage. Margaret and Sir Charles probably attended the celebration. Lawes also put to music and printed a political poem, 'Love and Loyalty', written by Charles Lucas, Margaret's brother.⁶⁶ It is likely that Margaret met Katherine Philips, who first appeared in print in 1651,⁶⁷ at one of these gatherings.⁶⁸ Katherine, who is primarily known for her poems of friendship, was praised by John Dryden as well as Aphra Behn.⁶⁹

While Cavendish might have been the first woman to publish a collection of her own works, Behn was the first to make a living with her pen. The facts surrounding Behn's family background are murky, but most scholars agree on some details. It seems she travelled to Surinam, West Indies, where her father had a government post, but she was stranded there for some time because her father died on the voyage over.⁷⁰ She returned

⁶³See David Norbrook, 'Margaret Cavendish and Lucy Hutchinson: Identity, Ideology and Politics', *In-Between* 9 (2000), pp. 179-203.

⁶⁴Jones, p. 3.

⁶⁵NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), 'A true Relation', p. 382.

⁶⁶Whitaker, p. 136.

⁶⁷Paul Salzman, *Reading Early Modern Women's Writing*, p. 177.

⁶⁸Katherine Philips wrote a poem titled 'To Mr. Henry Laws' in honour of their friendship. See *Major Women Writers of Seventeenth-Century England*, pp. 184-185.

⁶⁹*Major Women Writers*, p. 177.

⁷⁰*Ibid*, p. 217.

to England, and through a connection with Thomas Killigrew, became a spy for Charles II, and in 1666 was sent on a spying mission in Antwerp.⁷¹ The debt she incurred there forced her to return to England in 1667, where she petitioned the court for funds. In 1668, because the funds did not materialize, she was imprisoned for debt.⁷² Once released, however, she began writing plays that were produced by the Duke's Company,⁷³ which was managed by Sir William Davenant, who in 1643, during the civil war, was William Cavendish's lieutenant general of ordinance.⁷⁴ While in exile in Paris, Davenant wrote his epic poem *Gondibert* and dedicated it to William.⁷⁵ Whether this connection had an impact on the works of Margaret Cavendish and Aphra Behn is not known, although Katie Whitaker claims Davenant's literary ideas 'made a deep impression on Margaret'.⁷⁶ Both women wrote plays, although Cavendish's plays⁷⁷ were not produced during her time. Behn's plays, on the other hand, were not only produced, but were quite successful, especially *The Rover*, for which Behn composed a sequel. While critics do not typically juxtapose the works of Cavendish and Behn because of their stylistic differences, Oddvar Holmesland in a study of the utopian elements in their works has brought them together, saying that what unites them is 'their refusal to provide simple answers to complicated questions' and their endeavour to arbitrate 'between fixed positions'.⁷⁸ Paul Salzman points out that in the 1670s 'writers like Aphra Behn and Katherine Philips eclipsed Cavendish's visibility, and from the 1690s onwards, Cavendish's literary reputation rested on her

⁷¹Salzman, *Reading*, pp, 200-201.

⁷²*Major Women Writers*, p. 217.

⁷³The theatres had been closed in 1642 by the Puritans, but Charles II reopened them upon his return from France, bringing with him the French practice of allowing actresses on the stage (Mihoko Suzuki, *The History of British Women's Writing, 1610-1690* (New York: Palgrave, 2011), p. 5.)

⁷⁴Geoffrey Trease, *Portrait of a Cavalier* (London: Macmillan, 1979), p.

⁷⁵Whitaker, p. 117.

⁷⁶*Ibid.*

⁷⁷Cavendish wrote two books of plays, *Plays by the Thrice Noble, Illustrious and Excellent Princess, The Lady Marchioness of Newcastle* (1662) and *Plays, Never Before Printed* (1668). *SL*, letter CXXIII, is one of the first reviews of Shakespeare's works (pp. 243-247). She also drew heavily, albeit indirectly, on his works (see Katherine Romack and James Fitzmaurice, eds., *Cavendish and Shakespeare, Interconnections* (Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2006)).

⁷⁸Oddvar Holmesland, *Utopian Negotiation: Aphra Behn and Margaret Cavendish* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 2013), p. 41.

biography of William'.⁷⁹ Since about 1990, however, Margaret Cavendish, along with Aphra Behn, has drawn much attention as a seventeenth-century literary woman. Her works are no longer left to 'moulder in the gloom of public libraries'.⁸⁰

On *Natures Pictures*

Natures Pictures is the work, I would argue, that captures Margaret Cavendish in all her complexity. It reveals her facility with genre and provides extensive evidence of her emerging natural philosophy, a core concept of which is variety. I believe that in presenting the whole of this work, rather than selected pieces as other scholars have done, I have retained the sense of the title of the work. The word 'pictures' does not mean 'paintings or drawings'. The 'pictures' in the case of this volume are written descriptions 'emblematic or illustrative of a particular concept'.⁸¹ *Natures Pictures* is emblematic of variety in nature. I would also argue that my commentary section, which explores the various ways in which the notion of variety permeates Cavendish's writing, provides a new perspective on Cavendish's oeuvre while my annotations offer pertinent contextual and explanatory information.

Margaret Cavendish published the first edition of *Natures Pictures Drawn by Fancies Pencil to the Life* in 1656. Printed in folio format, the book, which is twenty-nine centimetres tall, has twenty-four pages of paratextual front material followed by ten unnumbered pages, which contain four comical tales in prose. The unnumbered comical tales are followed by

⁷⁹Paul Salzman, *Reading*, p. 163.

⁸⁰Virginia Woolf, 'The Duchess of Newcastle', *The Common Reader* (New York: Harcourt, 1925), p. 70. It should be pointed out that while Woolf in *The Common Reader* and elsewhere makes caustic comments about Cavendish's literary skills, Cavendish scholars have overstated her dismissal of the author. Woolf, according to Lise Mae Schollosser, makes equally acerbic remarks about the other authors she reviews in her common reader collection. Among those authors are Jane Austen, Leo Tolstoy, and John Evelyn. Schollosser points out that '[t]he attributes Woolf gives to Cavendish are attributes she acknowledges in other authors thus inserting Cavendish into literary history, a literary history she presented to "common" readers. Woolf includes Cavendish in her survey and so both commemorates and validates Cavendish's contribution to literature' ('Mrs. Dalloway and the Duchess: Virginia Woolf Reads and Writes Margaret Cavendish', *Literature Compass* 5.2 (2008): p. 356).

⁸¹[*picture*] OED n. II 5.

pages 1 through 295. It appears the printer transposed the numbers on the next page, labelling it page 269. The page numbers thereafter are correct until page 376, which is marked ‘377’. From that point the numbering is one page behind. Another error occurs at page 404, which bears the number ‘387’. The book ends with two unnumbered pages: the errata page and the final, blank flyleaf. The title page is preceded by two free endpapers and an engraved frontispiece by Peter Clouwet, who etched the piece from a painting by Abraham van Diepenbeke. The frontispiece depicts Cavendish and her husband sitting next to each other in a cozy room lit by a fire. They are surrounded by a group of people in various postures of repose. One figure rises to open a window to cool the too-warm room, while another stands relaxed and gazing at the fire. Most direct their attention toward Cavendish and her husband, both of whom are wearing laurel wreaths.⁸² The following poem appears at the base of the frontispiece: ‘Thus in this Semy-Circle, wher they Sitt, / Telling of Tales of pleasure & of witt, / Heer you may read without a Sinn or Crime, / And how more innocently pass your tyme’. Other artistic touches decorate the volume. Enlarged ornate initial letters introduce the books, and drop caps begin most stories. An ornamental head-piece embellishes the first page of each book and preface. The head-pieces within the prefaces vary slightly, sometimes because the piece has been flipped vertically. The books, on the other hand, share the same headpiece and eight of them (the second through the ninth) end with a tail-piece.

A slip attached to the second free endpaper provides clues to the book’s provenance and bears the following inscription in the hand of Thomas Grenville⁸³:

⁸²In contrast, the frontispiece of *NP 1671 (Wing N856)* depicts Cavendish as a statue in the classical style. Placed within a niche, the statue stands on a pedestal and to the left and right are statues of Apollo and Athena. The classical presentation and the presence of Apollo and Athena are indicative of Cavendish’s wish to have a place among the great poets of the ancient past. The poem at the base of the frontispiece celebrates Cavendish’s beauty, natural skill, and individuality as a writer. It is perhaps reflective of her confidence in her mature authorial abilities.

⁸³Thomas Grenville was a British politician and book collector. At his death, he had collected over 20,000 books, mostly printed. They included works of Homer, Aesop, and Ariosto and also ‘works on Ireland, classics—both Greek and Latin—and old Italian and Spanish literature. Also included [was] a fine copy of

Newcastle Dss: Nature's Pictures fo [folio] 1656. This edition is rare & valuable. It has the Life of the Dss: written by herself p. 368-391. which was suppressed in the subsequent edition. It has besides the extremely rare print of the Newcastle family by Clouet, always very dear, a Proof of which at Sir M. Sykes's Sale of Prints sold for £64.1.0 This copy too has Mss. notes by the Dss: pointing out the Songs & passages written by the Duke who was then Marquis of Newcastle.

Sir Mark Masterman Sykes was well known for his private library, which 'was strong in Elizabethan literature and in fifteenth-century editions of the classics'. The whole of the impressive collection was auctioned off in 1824.⁸⁴ It is plausible that Grenville acquired *Natures Pictures* through the auction. His collection of books, which he bequeathed to the British Museum, is now housed in the British Library.

The title page indicates *Natures Pictures* was published by John Martin and James Allestrye. Partners from 1652 to 1665, Martin and Allestrye conducted their business at the Bell in St Paul's Churchyard. Leona Rostenberg estimates that during their partnership, these booksellers produced 102 books, many of which promoted 'science and intellectual development', and she attributes their affluence to 'the sale of rare and modern books'.⁸⁵ The booksellers of the 'wealthy and learned', they were interested in 'the most important ventures of the time', including the works of the Duchess of Newcastle.⁸⁶ Their reputation as successful booksellers who catered to the erudite must have motivated Cavendish's nine-year association with them (1653-1662). They published her first six volumes, and

the first folio of Shakespeare' (G. B. Smith, 'Grenville, Thomas (1755–1846), politician and book collector', *DNB*).

⁸⁴Alan Bell, 'Sykes, Sir Mark Masterman, third baronet (1771–1823), book collector', *DNB*.

⁸⁵Rostenberg, Leona, 'John Martyn, "Printer to the Royal Society"', *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 46, no. 1 (1952), p. 5.

⁸⁶Henry Robert Plomer, *A Dictionary of the Booksellers and Printers who Were at Work in England, Scotland and Ireland from 1641 to 1667* (London: Blades, East and Blades, 1907), p. 3.

later, in 1663, were appointed ‘Printers to the Royal Society’.⁸⁷ They employed Thomas Roycroft, whom Henry Plomer groups among the best printers of the time.⁸⁸

Impressive in its scope, *Natures Pictures* comprises six prefatory epistles to the reader and eleven books containing poems, prose stories, dialogues, and romance and moral tales. In the eleventh book, she included, along with her autobiography, a collection of short works with instructions indicating where she intended to place the pieces. They include an epistle, to be positioned before ‘She Anchorite’ (book ten); a poem about philosophers, to be moved next to her husband’s ‘Philosopher’s Tale’ (book one); two comic stories, to be placed after ‘Matrimonial Agreement’ (book two); and a complaint in which she addresses the flaws of *Philosophical and Physical Opinions*, a work she published in 1655.⁸⁹ When she reissued *Natures Pictures* fifteen years later, she had not relocated but omitted book eleven, remaining silent about her reasons for doing so.⁹⁰

Cavendish made other changes, perhaps less substantial and cryptic. She opened NP 1656 (*Wing* N855) with a dedication to pastime but deleted it in 1671 along with several other passages while also heavily revising her epistles to the readers. She divided the

⁸⁷ Rostenberg, p. 5.

⁸⁸A list of Cavendish’s texts, printers, and booksellers (1653-1675), compiled by Cameron Kroetsch, can be found at the Digital Cavendish website: <http://www.digitalcavendish.org/wp-content/uploads/2013/08/Kroetsch2013.pdf>. Kroetsch suggests Roycroft may not have been the printer ‘being used from 1655-6’, suggesting Cavendish was unhappy with his work given her statements concerning printer errors. He says, ‘[S]he launched into “A Complaint and a Request to the Noble and Learned Readers of my Several Works” wherein she says: “my Books [have been] cruelly disfigured by ill printing,” “the Printer spoyled my book,” “and I suppose it belongs more to the Corrector of the Press to spell right, than to the Writer ... yet I think those that writ out the Copies for the Press spelt better than they are printed” (Fff-Fff2). Margaret makes similar comments in *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* (1655) about *The World’s Olio* (1655). It seems unlikely that she would continue to use the same printer after *The World’s Olio* (1655), and would have switched to Thomas Warren at this point. I suggest Thomas Warren because Alice Warren was only active from 1661-2, and her presence comes without any other connection. It is likely that her husband Thomas took up publishing Cavendish’s books from Roycroft and that she finished the book upon his death in 1660/1. This would also partly explain the lapse between publication dates (though this was a period of upheaval for Margaret as well), presumably because Thomas’ death would have caused problems for the family business’.

⁸⁹Rebecca Bullard argues that structure of ‘*Natures Pictures* (1656) is central to this volume’s autobiographical function’. See ‘Gatherings in Exile: Interpreting the Bibliographical Structure of *Natures Pictures Drawn by Fancies Pencil to the Life* (1656)’, *English Studies*, 92.7 (2011), pp. 786-805.

⁹⁰It is possible that book eleven of the first edition was added as an afterthought following the printing of the first ten books. That is, book eleven might have been printed later, which would explain why there are instructions for placement of the various pieces. The two combined printings would have produced the volume that Cavendish wanted to see published later.

collection into two books, verse and prose, and made minor changes within the text of many pieces to simplify and restructure sentences and to address inconsistencies in metre and rhyme.⁹¹ She also moved four comical tales in prose that opened the 1656 edition to the second book, updated her epistles to the readers, and extensively reworked a prefatory poem.⁹² More significantly, she completely omitted book eleven, which, as noted, contained, among other works, her autobiography, ‘A true Relation of my Birth, Breeding, and Life’.⁹³

In *Mad Madge*, Katie Whitaker, conjecturing about Cavendish’s reasons for omitting this piece, asserts a ‘change in literary identity no doubt underlay Margaret’s decision’.⁹⁴ By the mid-1600s, Cavendish had gained repute as an author, which may explain the extensive editing of her epistles and their less defensive tone in the later edition. She had also garnered some fame – and notoriety – as a public figure, as several contemporary letters and diaries attest.⁹⁵ Furthermore, given her celebrity, she perhaps thought it no longer necessary to elucidate her family background or explain her early experiences with writing. Other deletions were possibly inspired by the restoration of the monarchy. Living in exile for sixteen years while the English Civil War raged on, Cavendish, a royalist, returned to England in 1660 when Charles II regained the throne. Whitaker suggests that the author had no desire ‘to undermine the restored Anglican church’.⁹⁶ Indeed, in *Philosophical Letters*, written in 1664, she expresses great reverence for

⁹¹Although Margaret claimed she did not revise her works, evidence suggests otherwise. See James Fitzmaurice, ‘Margaret Cavendish on Her own Writing: Evidence from Revision and Handmade Correction’, *Bibliographical Society of America Papers*, 85 (1991), pp. 297-307.

⁹²See James Fitzmaurice, ‘Front Matter and the Physical Make-up of *Natures Pictures*’, *Women’s Writing*, 4.3 (1997), pp. 353-367.

⁹³‘A true Relation of my Birth, Breeding and Life’ . . . is the first secular autobiography known to have been published by an Englishwoman’ (Helen Wilcox, ‘Literature and the Household’, *The Cambridge History of Early Modern English Literature*, ed. by David Loewenstein and Janel Mueller (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2002), p. 756.

⁹⁴Whitaker, p. 337.

⁹⁵See Samuel Pepys, *The Diary of Samuel Pepys*, ed. by Gregory Smith (London: Macmillan, 1905), pp. 489, 491, 492, 494, and 501. See also *Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple 1652-54*, ed. by Edward Abbott Parry, 3rd ed. (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, 1887), letter 17, p. 97; letter 21, p. 111.

⁹⁶Whitaker, p. 337. Other changes elsewhere, such as the substitution of ‘wish’ for ‘pray’ and ‘spirit’ for ‘soul’, suggest a movement away from secular to religious language.

the Anglican Church and makes a convincing case for her dedication to it: ‘yea, had I millions of Lives, and every Life was either to suffer torment or to live in ease, I would prefer torment for the benefit of the Church; and therefore, if I knew that my Opinions should give any offence to the Church, I should be ready every minute to alter them’.⁹⁷ She believed natural philosophers ‘should onley contain themselves within the sphere of Nature, and not trespass upon the revelation of the Scripture’.⁹⁸ In her later works, it is clear that she believed faith and reason required different types of inquiry. Her goal as a natural philosopher was to explore the corporeal world, not meddle with the incorporeal. Spirituality for her was the domain of the divines and those who entered that domain with any goal other than revealing God’s holy word risked fomenting ‘schismes, sects, and divisions in Religion’.⁹⁹ Perhaps not wishing to be counted among the people who gave rise to such divisions, she deleted references to biblical stories that could be construed as irreverent, including one to Lot and his daughters, whom the protagonist of the story, a lady who visits Elysium, encounters among mythical and historical lovers of the past.

That the author’s early identity played a role in shaping the work guided my decision to use the first edition of *Natures Pictures*. Although the second edition of the volume reveals Cavendish’s success at refining her prose and perhaps the structure of the volume, it also deletes revealing commentary and historical pieces that provide insight into Cavendish as a young author.¹⁰⁰ She expunges from the second edition some evidence of a less restrained personality. In the epistle to ‘A true Relation’, she defends herself against charges that her work was not her own,¹⁰¹ defiantly writing:

⁹⁷*Philosophical Letters, or, Modest Reflections upon Some Opinions in Natural Philosophy Maintained by Several Famous and Learned Authors of This Age* (London: 1664), *Wing* N866 (hereafter *PL*), p. 17.

⁹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 315.

⁹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 221.

¹⁰⁰On texts as historical artefacts, see Stanley Wells, ‘The Once and Future King Lear’, *The Division of Kingdoms*, ed. by Gary Taylor and Michael Warren (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1983), pp. 1-22.

¹⁰¹Sir Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, wrote a letter to William Cavendish, Margaret’s husband, expressing doubt regarding Margaret’s ability to author works ‘with so many terms of art, and such expressions proper to all sciences’ (cited in Whitaker, p. 162).

But if they will not believe my Books are my own, let them search the Author or Authoress: but I am very confident that they will do like Drake, who went so far about, untill he came to the place he first set out at. But for the sake of after-Ages, which I hope will be more just to me than the present, I will write the true Relation of my Birth, Breeding, and to this part of my Life, not regarding carping Tongues, or malicious Censurers, for I despise them.¹⁰²

This passage captures that rebellious element in Cavendish's personality that must have inspired her to write and publish despite social constraints against doing so. In the second edition of *Natures Pictures*, Cavendish, her authorship no longer contested, mitigated that voice, excising this and other pieces.

*Reception History*¹⁰³

The 'malicious Censurers' to whom Cavendish refers most often directed their disparaging remarks at the author herself rather than at her works.¹⁰⁴ It is well known that both Dorothy Osborne and Samuel Pepys labelled Cavendish a silly eccentric, although scholars now surmise that she carefully constructed the persona of the harmless eccentric 'so that she could protect herself from criticism. If she appeared to suffer from mental disturbances, then she could scarcely be attacked for the publication of what she wrote'.¹⁰⁵

¹⁰²NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 367. Margaret defends herself similarly in 'An Epistle to the Reader' (a3v) and 'Epistle' (e2r) in *The Worlds Olio* (London: 1655), *Wing* N873 (hereafter *WO*), and in 'To the Readers of my Work' (a2r) in *Orations of Divers Sorts Accommodated to Divers Places* (London: 1662), *Wing* N859 (hereafter *Orations*). In the epistle to her husband's biography, she again refers to these accusations, saying, 'I, a Woman, cannot be exempt from the malice and aspersions of spiteful tongues, which they cast upon my poor Writings, some denying me to be the true Authoress of them; for your Grace remembers well, that those Books I put out first, to the judgment of this censorious Age, were accounted not to be written by a Woman' (*The Life of the Thrice Noble, High and Puissant Prince William Cavendishe, Duke, Marquess and Earl of Newcastle* (London: 1667), *Wing* N853 (hereafter *Lije*), (sig. a1v).

¹⁰³Paul Salzman provides an excellent overview of Margaret's early reputation in *Reading Early Modern Women's Writing*, pp. 156-167. See also James Fitzmaurice, 'Cavendish, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle upon Tyne (1623?-1673)', *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography*, Oxford University Press, 2004 (online) and Whitaker, pp. 347-359.

¹⁰⁴See James Fitzmaurice, 'The Life and the Literary Reputation of Margaret Cavendish', *Quidditas Journal of the Rocky Mountain Medieval and Renaissance Association*, 20 (1999), pp. 55-74.

¹⁰⁵James Fitzmaurice, 'Fancy and the Family: Self-Characterizations of Margaret Cavendish', *Huntington Library Quarterly*, 53.3 (Summer, 1990), 198-209, p. 202.

Despite criticism, Cavendish pressed on, sending many of her works to Oxford and Cambridge, confident and eager to participate in philosophical discussions with other writers and philosophers of the day.¹⁰⁶ Of the thirteen volumes she published, *Natures Pictures* numbers the fifth. By 1656 she had published four other works: *Poems and Fancies* (1653), *Philosophical Fancies* (1653), *The Worlds Olio* (1655), and *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* (1655). Leona Rostenberg claims these five volumes were among Martyn and Allestry's 'best-sellers in literature'.¹⁰⁷ Of her published works, Cavendish might have considered *Natures Pictures* a less academic effort because of its elements of romance. While the college libraries at Oxford and Cambridge hold copies of *Natures Pictures*, they are comparatively rare. Holdings of her books on philosophy and science are more numerous. James Fitzmaurice points out that '*Nature's Pictures* is one of the few books not easily found in the college libraries at Oxford and Cambridge. It is clear that she gave the colleges copies of her writings on philosophy and science. She also gave them her poetry and her *Sociable Letters*. It may be that she deemed the elements of romance in *Nature's Pictures* inappropriate for serious academic audiences'.¹⁰⁸ Indeed, in an epistle placed before the second book, she asks her readers to not judge the book as a 'laborious, learned, studious, or a methodical Work'.¹⁰⁹

The denigration of romance had a long history, starting with such early humanist writers as Juan Luis Vives. In *De Institutione feminae christianae*, a discourse on the education of women, Vives, arguing that women should not be permitted to read morally harmful works, identifies romances as being among the detrimental books to be struck from a

¹⁰⁶See *A Collection of Letters and Poems Written by Several Persons of Honour and Learning, upon Divers Important Subjects, to the Late Duke and Dutchess of Newcastle* (London: 1678), Wing C5146, and PL; Whitaker, pp. 92-94; Stephen Clucas, 'The Atomism of the Cavendish Circle: A Reappraisal', *The Seventeenth Century*, 9 (1994), 247-273; and Sarah Hutton, 'In Dialogue with Thomas Hobbes: Margaret Cavendish's Natural Philosophy', *Women's Writing* 4 (1997), 421-432.

¹⁰⁷*Literary, Political, Scientific, Religious & Legal Publishing, Printing & Bookselling in England, 1551-1700: Twelve Studies*, vol. II (New York: Burt Franklin, 1956), p. 240.

¹⁰⁸Fitzmaurice, 'Front Matter', p. 366. Rebecca Bullard points out that 'presentation copies were received by the libraries of Balliol College and Jesus College, Oxford, in 1658 and 1661 respectively' (p. 799).

¹⁰⁹NP 1656 (Wing N855), sig. O4r.

woman's reading list.¹¹⁰ Nancy Weitz explains that people in Early Modern Europe believed 'romance posed a threat to the female reader's ability to differentiate positive from negative examples and severely tested her strength of will to resist her natural inclination toward sensuality'.¹¹¹ Vives' treatise was later translated into English by Richard Hyrde, who added to Vives' list several popular English romances. Hyrde's translation, 'reprinted in English over nine times',¹¹² perpetuated romance's ignominy among the learned.

Mindful of the genre's disreputable standing, Margaret speaks out against the reading of and presumably the writing of romance,¹¹³ but she also admits to including what she calls 'romancical' tales in her book. Her admission, however, comes with a disclaimer: her romance tales are not meant 'to make foolish whining lovers', but 'to benefit the life' and 'delight the minde of my Readers', both phrases that recall Cicero's *De Oratore*¹¹⁴ and Horace's *Ars Poetica*. Elevating the book's purpose, Margaret here adopts the tact of other champions of romance. Julie Eckerle, in *Romancing the Self in Early Modern Englishwomen's Life Writing*, explains that defenders of romance 'link[ed] [romance's] capacity to entertain directly to its capacity to instruct' and argued that 'oral lessons are best conveyed to the reader when disguised in pleasant tales'.¹¹⁵ Cavendish endeavoured 'to express the sweetness of Vertue, and the Graces, and to dress and adorn them in the best expressions'

¹¹⁰ Juan Luis Vives, 'What Bookes be to be Read, and What Not', *A Verie Fruitfull and Pleasant Booke, Called the Instruction of a Christian Woman*, trans. by Richard Hyrde (London: 1585), *STC* 24862, pp. 31-41.

¹¹¹ Nancy Weitz, 'Romantic Fiction, Moral Anxiety, and Social Capital in Cavendish's "Assaulted and Pursued Chastity"', *Authorial Conquests: Essays on Genre in the Writings of Margaret Cavendish*, ed. by Line Cottegnies and Nancy Weitz (Madison, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 2003), p. 148. In a note on the text (note 10), Weitz provides a list of studies exploring the medieval and Renaissance belief in 'women's predilection for sensuality' (pp. 158-159).

¹¹² Betty Travitsky, 'Reprinting Tudor History: The Case of Catharine of Aragon', *Renaissance Quarterly*, 50.1 (Spring, 1997), p. 164.

¹¹³ Whitaker explains that Cavendish was exposed to many books, including romances, through her sisters. She says, 'John's wife, Anne, read the latest French romances before they came out in translation, and Cervantes's *Don Quixote* in particular was a family favorite', p. 21. The family probably read Thomas Shelton's translation, which was published in 1612 in London. There is evidence, however, that '*Don Quixote* was read, mentioned, imitated and emulated in Britain from as early as 1607' (J. A. G. Ardila, 'The influence and Reception of Cervantes in Britain, 1606-2005', *The Cervantean Heritage*, ed. by J. A. G. Ardila (London: Legenda/Modern Humanities Research Association and Maney Publishing, 2009), pp. 4 and 3.

¹¹⁴ Cicero listed the three objectives of rhetoric as 'to teach, to delight and to move'. He breaks down the term 'docere' further and summarizes that 'to teach' means to provide truth through rational argument and statement of facts. *De Oratore*, 27.115 (Loeb, 280-1).

¹¹⁵ Julie Eckerle, *Romancing the Self in Early Modern Englishwomen's Life Writing*, p. 6.

she could. Disguised by these elevated expressions, however, is another of the author's aspirations. Cavendish's fictional tales differ from romances in that their emphasis is not on attaining love itself, 'but on a woman's "will to power"', as Sara Mendelson states.¹¹⁶

Cavendish's early biographers, in addition to emphasizing the elements of romance in *Natures Pictures*, also criticized the publication as being poorly conceived. Henry Ten Eyck Perry, Cavendish's first biographer and author of *The First Duchess of Newcastle and her Husband as Figures in Literary History* (1918), generally describes *Natures Pictures* as a chaotic volume comprising mostly poems and tales about love and marriage. Douglas Grant, in *Margaret the First* (1957), proffers a somewhat more generous, but mixed, review of *Natures Pictures*, characterizing 'the tales in verse which open the collection [. . .] as hardly more than anecdotes phrased in poor rhyme'.¹¹⁷ He asserts that the tales are 'daydreams prompted by her own experience and are variations, more or less fantastic, upon it'.¹¹⁸ He does, however, give her much credit for her autobiography, calling it 'one of the most charming autobiographical sketches of the century'.¹¹⁹ Her autobiography and her biography of her husband, as Fitzmaurice indicates, 'became central texts for the study of Cavendish'.¹²⁰

In comparison to Cavendish's previous biographers, Katie Whitaker, in *Mad Madge* (2002), finds much to be commended in *Natures Pictures*, citing Cavendish's 'great versatility as a writer' and her 'ambitious views of women's abilities'.¹²¹ Scholars are now taking note of what Cavendish is saying in *Natures Pictures* rather than dismissing the volume as the unorganized, romantic scribbling of an eccentric woman.

¹¹⁶*The Mental World of Stuart Women: Three Studies* (Amherst: University of Amherst Press), pp. 22-23.

¹¹⁷Grant, *Margaret*, p. 153.

¹¹⁸*Ibid.*, p. 154.

¹¹⁹*Ibid.*, p. 153.

¹²⁰'Life and Literary Reputation of Margaret Cavendish', p. 71. Mark Anthony Lower, ed., *The Lives of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and of his wife, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle* (London: John Russell Smith, 1872).

¹²¹Whitaker, pp. 188 and 193.

While literary critics and historians continue to acknowledge that the elements of romance figure large in *Natures Pictures*, they see those elements as being revelatory in terms of seventeenth-century political debates and mores rather than frivolous ramblings. Victoria Kahn, in *Wayward Contracts: The Crisis of Political Obligation in England, 1640-1674*, states that ‘for Cavendish romance suggested married chastity and true love, both in the domestic and the political sphere’.¹²² Kahn further explains that Cavendish, having been exposed to the Caroline masque during her sojourn as a lady-in-waiting to Queen Henrietta Maria, would have been aware of the ‘politics of love’ and the ‘prominence of romance conventions at court entertainments’. Court masques included ‘celebrations of the royal marriage as an emblem of political harmony and stability’.¹²³ In ‘Margaret Cavendish and the Romance of Contract’, Kahn comments extensively on the role of romantic love in political debates, focusing her discussion on ‘The Contract’, the sixth book of *Natures Pictures*. Other scholars have focused their analyses on ‘Assaulted and Pursued Chastity’, exploring the threats of female agency depicted in the work and commenting on Cavendish’s negotiation of her culture’s concern for female chastity through the elements of romance.¹²⁴

While scholars have provided critical discussions on pieces from *Natures Pictures*, only a few have chosen to edit scholarly editions containing selections from the work. The piece most often edited and reprinted is ‘A true Relation’. The word ‘charming’ figures large in editors’ characterization of this work. In his 1814 edition, Sir Egerton Brydges

¹²²Victoria Kahn, *Wayward Contracts: The Crisis of Political Obligation in England, 1640-1674* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2004), p. 176.

¹²³Kahn, *Wayward Contracts*, p. 176.

¹²⁴See Marina Leslie, ‘Evading Rape and Embracing Empire in Margaret Cavendish’s “Assaulted and Pursued Chastity”’, *Menacing Virgins: Representing Virginity in the Middle Ages and Renaissance*, ed. by Kathleen Coyne Kelly and Marina Leslie (Newark, DE: Associated University Presses, 2001), pp. 179-197; Nancy Weitz, ‘Romantic Fiction, Moral Anxiety, and Social Capital in Cavendish’s “Assaulted and Pursued Chastity”’, *Authorial Conquests: Essays on Genre in the Writings of Margaret Cavendish*, ed. by Line Cottegnies and Nancy Weitz (Madison, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 2003), pp. 145-160; Kathryn Schwarz, ‘Chastity, Militant and Married: Cavendish’s Romance, Milton’s Masque’, *PMLA* 118.2 (2003): pp. 270-285.

praises this piece primarily for its charming domestic portrait: ‘We do not [. . .] find this Memoir full of anecdote, or history, or political delineation. It is all domestic; and this domestic painting is its charm’.¹²⁵ The autobiography also appears in *The Cavalier and his Lady: Selections from the Works of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle* (1872), a volume edited with an introductory essay by Edward Jenkins.¹²⁶ Jenkins describes the autobiography as the ‘happiest relic of her authorship’.¹²⁷ Charles Firth, author of *Memoirs of William Cavendish Duke of Newcastle and Margaret His Wife* (1886), unlike Brydges, Jenkins, and Grant, found Cavendish as well as her autobiography too candid. ‘Her reputation’, he says, ‘has suffered something from the pens of others, but more from her own. [. . .] No woman ever more frankly described herself in her autobiography or more carelessly displayed herself in writing’.¹²⁸

Current scholars reject the estimation of Cavendish’s autobiography as either overly blunt or charming in its domesticity. They instead point to the complex way in which the author recreates herself in writing. Sylvia Bowerbank and Sara Mendelson include Cavendish’s autobiography in *Paper Bodies: A Margaret Cavendish Reader* (2000). Bowerbank and Mendelson state, ‘Although *A True Relation* purports to be a factual narrative [. . .] Cavendish reminds us of her life-long project to invent new and unique versions of herself’. Bowerbank and Mendelson continue, commenting on Cavendish’s experiments with ‘multiple versions of herself [. . .] in all her writing’.¹²⁹

¹²⁵Sir Egerton Brydges, ed., *A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life, of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle Written by Herself with a Critical Preface by Sir Egerton Brydges* (Kent: Johnson and Warwick, 1814), p. 203. Mark Anthony Lower, who also edited an edition of Cavendish’s autobiography - to which he added Margaret’s biography of William – criticizes Brydges’ edition as being ‘one of the worst ever given to the world, the typography being shamefully incorrect’ (*The Lives of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and of his wife, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle* (London: Cassell and Company, 1872), p. vii).

¹²⁶This book was reproduced in 2007 by Kessinger Publishing and in 2010 by Nabu Press.

¹²⁷Edward Jenkins, *The Cavalier and his Lady. Selections from the Works of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle* (London: MacMillan and Company, 1872), p. 9.

¹²⁸Charles Firth, ed., *Life of William Cavendish Duke of Newcastle*, p. xxxvii.

¹²⁹Sylvia Bowerbank and Sara Mendelson, eds., *Paper Bodies: A Margaret Cavendish Reader* (Peterborough, ON: Broadview Press, 2000), p. 14. An excerpt of ‘A true Relation’ appears in Martine Watson Brownley and Allison B. Kimmich’s *Women and Autobiography* (Wilmington, NC: Rowman & Littlefield, 1999), pp.

‘A true Relation’ has perhaps garnered more attention and been reprinted more times than any other piece from *Natures Pictures*. A few other selections, however, have been edited and published as well. One of the earliest editions containing works from *Natures Pictures* is Alexander Nicol’s *Poems on Several Subjects*, to which he adds ‘She Anchoret’ and ‘The Experienced Traveller’.¹³⁰ Kate Lilley, using the 1656 edition as her copy-text, includes ‘The Contract’ (book six) and ‘Assaulted and Pursued Chastity’ (book eight) in *The Blazing World and Other Writings* while Paul Salzman provides ‘The Matrimonial Agreement’ in *Early Modern Women’s Writing: An Anthology 1560-1700*.¹³¹ These editions, though important, mark only the beginning of the scholarship on *Natures Pictures*. In ‘Recent Studies in Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle’, Wendy Weise points out, ‘As Cavendish scholarship continues to develop [. . .], the need for critical editions of all of her writing becomes increasingly important’.¹³²

Commentary

Margaret as a Writer of Miscellany

That Cavendish conceived of *Natures Pictures* as an olio, a collection of miscellaneous pieces as varied as nature herself, is evident from not only the title of the volume but also from her catalogue of the diverse genres contained within the book:

In this Volume there are several feigned Stories of Natural Descriptions, as Comical, Tragical, and Tragi-Comical, Poetical, Romancical, Philosophical, and Historical, both in Prose and Verse, some all Verse, some all Prose, some mixt, partly Prose, and partly Verse. Also, there are some Morals, and some Dialogues; but they are as the Advantage

177-184, and in David Booy’s *Personal Disclosures: An Anthology of Self-Writings from the Seventeenth Century* (Aldershot: Ashgate, 2002), pp. 252-256.

¹³⁰Margaret titles this piece ‘The Tale of the Traveller’ in both NP 1656 (*Wing* N855) and *Natures Picture Drawn by Fancy’s Pencil to the Life* (London: 1671), *Wing* N856 (hereafter NP 1671 (*Wing* N856)). Nicol does not indicate which edition he used as the copy text; however, he retains the phrasing of NP 1656 (*Wing* N855) with changes in spelling and punctuation.

¹³¹Paul Salzman uses the 1671 edition.

¹³²Wendy Weise, ‘Recent Studies in Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle (2001-2012)’, *English Literary Renaissance*, 42.1 (February, 2012), p. 174.

*Loaves of Bread to a Bakers dozen;¹³³ and a true
Story at the latter end, wherein there is no Feignings.*

Margaret's register of genres functions as an enticement to her readers, for, as she elsewhere asserts, 'Variety of Forms [. . .] Please[s] the Readers best'.¹³⁴ She is, however, also cognizant of the volume's potential to confound her readers, and she expresses some concern over mixing the genres. She fears that combining 'Comicall & Tragicall discourse [. . .] will so disunite the thoughts and disturb the passions, as my Readers will hardly fix their minds seriously on either'.¹³⁵ Cavendish may be overstating her case. Early modern readers were well acquainted with gatherings of miscellaneous works and probably would not have experienced the disquiet about the mixing of modes that the author suggests they might. Joshua Eckhardt and Daniel Starza Smith note that '[e]arly modern books carried miscellaneous contents as regularly as bags and boxes did [. . .]. Amending and combining books must have made people quite familiar with volumes that contained a range of texts'.¹³⁶ One of the first printed texts to have contained an assortment of pieces was *Songes and Sonnettes*, later known as *Tottel's Miscellany*, a multi-author collection of poems published by Richard Tottel in 1557. Tottel, and well as many other printers after him, 'knew how to collect poems and other texts in codices from a longstanding tradition'.¹³⁷ Given the ubiquity of these collections, Cavendish was probably acquainted with them, which suggests it is possible that she overstated her anxiety and was more concerned about

¹³³See William S. Walsh, 'Baker's Dozen', *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities* (Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott, 1892). 'The phrase is often used colloquially for good measure running over. In mediaeval times bakers were kept rigidly under the eye of the law, their vocation being one on which the public health and prosperity largely depended. From the time of King John, their profits were regulated by enactment, due allowance being made for labor, cost of fuel and raw material, wear and tear of the oven, services of assistants, and expenses attending the sale. Stringent penalties, changed by a law of Edward II, from heavy fines to the pillory, were inflicted for offences against the required weight or quality of loaves. Hence there grew up a precautionary custom for bakers to give a surplus loaf, called the in-bread or vantage-loaf, to all purchasers of a dozen'.

¹³⁴SL, 'The Preface', sig. c2v.

¹³⁵NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), sig. d1r.

¹³⁶Joshua Eckhardt and Daniel Starza Smith, eds, 'The Emergence of the English Miscellany', *Manuscript Miscellanies in Early Modern England* (Surrey, England and Burlington, VT: Ashgate, 2014), p. 1.

¹³⁷*Ibid.*, p. 6.

pleasing her readers with variety.¹³⁸ Within the paratextual material, she makes clear her facility with an array of genres. She also expected her earlier works, like *Tottel's Miscellany*,¹³⁹ to have a more popular appeal. In an epistle to *Poems, and Fancies*, she writes, '[I]f my *Writing* please the *Readers*, though not the *Learned*, it will satisfie me; for I had rather be praised in this, by the *most*, although not the *best*.¹⁴⁰

While *Natures Pictures* is not a multi-author verse collection, it does feature pieces by William Cavendish, who, in the preface titled 'To the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle', draws on another custom, the peddling of street literature. Addressing the readers as 'Gallants and Ladies', he solicits their attention and encourages them to buy the '[t]ales *a la mode*'. This introductory verse invokes the idea of the chapman hawking his wares (ballads, chapbooks, pamphlets, and other popular literature) in towns, at fairs, and throughout the countryside. Margaret's comical tales in prose, in which she uses incongruity and satire to attack character types, would have appealed to buyers of popular literature. William, like Margaret, markets the book by pointing to the variety of tales it holds, and his verse transforms Margaret into a seller of tales, a 'miscellany madam',¹⁴¹ one of the happy estates Ben Jonson's Phantaste would have chosen given the opportunity.¹⁴²

¹³⁸That she included a variety of genres in her book might have also seemed to Cavendish a natural extension of being a woman given their propensity for creativity. She viewed women as being particularly suited to writing poetry, their creativity being evident in the variety of feminine tasks they undertook: 'Poetry, which is built upon *Fancy*, *Women* may claime, as a *worke* belonging most properly to themselves: for I have observ'd, that their *Braines* work usually in a *Fantasticall motion*: as in their *severall*, and *various dresses*, in their many and singular choices of *Cloaths*, and *Ribbons*, and the like; in their *curious shadowing*, and *mixing of Colours*, in their *Wrought workes*, and divers sorts of *Stitches* they employ their *Needle*, and many *Curious* things they make, as *Flowers*, *Boxes*, *Baskets* with *Beads*, *Shells*, *Silke*, *Straw*, or any thing else; besides all manner of *Meats* to eate' (PF, 'To all Noble, and Worthy Ladies', sig. A3r).

¹³⁹According to Michael Stapleton, 'This work . . . was the first to be printed for the pleasure of the common reader' (*The Cambridge Guide to English Literature* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983), p. 885).

¹⁴⁰'To all Noble, and Worthy Ladies', sig. A3r.

¹⁴¹*Miscellany madam*] a person who traffics in miscellanea (OED n. 1).

¹⁴²See Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* in which Phantaste, when asked what happy estate she would choose if Juno granted her the possibility to become what she wished, replies, 'Faith, I cannot readily tell you what: but me thinks I should wish myself all manner of creatures. Now I would be an empress, and by and by a duchess; then a great lady of state, then one of your miscellany madams. . . .' (*Cynthia's Revels, The Works of Ben Jonson: With Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir*, vol. 2, ed. by William Gifford (London: Bickers and Son, 1875), p. 297). In the *Blazing World*, Cavendish appears as both an empress and a duchess.

Natures Pictures appears to be a set of pieces the author collected over time, another characteristic it shares with miscellanies but one which made the organization of the volume difficult for the author and perhaps enigmatic for modern readers. In a preface, Margaret says that she ordered her ‘severall Chapters, as Musicians doe their tunes, [. . .] who for the most part mix light Aires, with solemn Sounds.’ She feared the first part of the volume would be too short if she did divide her ‘tunes’.¹⁴³ It is unclear, however, to which part of the volume she refers given that she labels two books as being the first: ‘Her Excellencies Comical Tales in Prose: The First Part’, and ‘Her Excellencies Tales in Verse: The First Book’. Her attempt to clarify her method of organization fails; however, some of the mystery associated with the volume’s organization can be explained when one considers the page signatures, as Rebecca Bullard does in her article ‘The Bibliographical Structure of *Natures Pictures* Drawn by Fancies Pencil to the Life’. The comical tales in the first part appear to have been added later, a conjecture corroborated by the out-of-sequence signatures. Other interruptions in signatures as well as page numbers occur later in the volume.¹⁴⁴ Bullard states inconsistent signatures indicate that Margaret probably added pieces ‘late in the production process’, a circumstance that functions as evidence of ‘the author’s lively mind and sometimes frantic working practices’.¹⁴⁵ In a misplaced¹⁴⁶ epistle to the ‘She Anchoret’, Cavendish implores her readers to compare the parts of the piece ‘which treat of the Rational and Sensitive Spirits . . . to [her] Book of Philosophical and Physical Opinions, being parts that should be added thereto’.¹⁴⁷ Margaret’s lively mind apparently continued to work on ideas she had been grappling with while writing a

¹⁴³NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), sigs. c4r and d1r.

¹⁴⁴Copies of *Natures Pictures* are bound inconsistently. In the copy Bullard reviews, the printer must have followed Margaret’s instructions for placing the pieces appearing at the end of NP 1656 (*Wing* N855). Placing these pieces in the correct spots would have indeed interrupted signature pages. See Bullard, pp. 790-792.

¹⁴⁵Bullard, p. 786.

¹⁴⁶Cavendish directs the printer to place the epistle before ‘She Anchoret’; in Bullard’s copy, the printer has done so, but in NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), the printer, or the person who bound the copy, ignored her request.

¹⁴⁷‘An Epistle, to be placed before my She Anchoret’, sig. Eeer.

previous book. Her inclusion of these afterthoughts and the irregular placement of pieces contribute to the perception that the volume is a gathering of pieces written at different times.

Cavendish's paratextual material not only reveals her awareness of the text's generic complexity and organizational complications, but it also discloses her sensitivity to the difficulties associated with strict generic classification. In fact, her description of *Natures Pictures* recalls Polonius's attempt at genre classification and his subsequent entanglement in the task.¹⁴⁸ Her catalogue of mixed types downplays the importance of the subdivisions and dismisses, or rather parodies, attempts at strict division of modes. Cavendish does distinguish between the genres by naming them, but they intermingle, the boundaries between them fluid. Three categories do emerge: the feigned stories, within which are a variety of genres that cross-pollinate; the 'advantage' pieces, which she identifies as 'Morals' and 'Dialogues'; and the true story 'wherein there is not Feignings'. But even these three groups begin to intersect when one considers the autobiographical elements dispersed throughout the volume. In reference to *Natures Pictures*, Grant asserts that 'all her tales [were] essentially autobiographical',¹⁴⁹ and Sara Mendelson speculates that Margaret 'explored the autobiographical possibilities of other formats to construct a series of parallel selves'.¹⁵⁰ Lisa Sarasohn makes a related claim, saying that Cavendish granted exposition of her tales 'to an avatar of herself'.¹⁵¹ Perhaps her husband, William, best

¹⁴⁸See *Hamlet*, 2.2.396-400: 'The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, [tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,] scene individable, or poem unlimited'.

¹⁴⁹Grant, *Margaret the First*, p. 154. Among the autobiographical elements are the frontispiece, which features her and her husband and husband's family, and the poem (book 1, p. 9), which commemorates her brother Sir Charles Lucas.

¹⁵⁰Sara Mendelson, 'Playing Games with Gender and Genre: the Dramatic Self-Fashioning of Margaret Cavendish', *Authorial Conquests*, ed. by Line Cottagnies and Nancy Weitz (Madison, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 2003), p. 203.

¹⁵¹Lisa Sarasohn, *The Natural Philosophy of Margaret Cavendish: Reason and Fancy during the Scientific Revolution* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2010), p. 79. Sarasohn narrows her claim to apply only to 'The She-Anchoret' and 'Assaulted and Pursued Chastity', both from *Natures Pictures*, and *Blazing World*, which appears in another volume. See also Bullard, note 1, p. 787.

characterized Margaret's authorial manoeuvrings when he described the workings of her mind:

. . . Her Thoughts, the Creatures of her Mind,
Do Travel through the World amongst Mankind,
And then Return, and to the Mind do bring
All the Relations of each several thing.¹⁵²

William's metaphor casts Margaret in the role of a traveller whose wanderings are without bounds. As a traveller, as well as reporter, Margaret infuses her tales with her personal presence, and the generic categories¹⁵³ become modes of exploring ideas. Sarasohn explains that Cavendish was 'clearly influenced by the travel literature of her time and the imaginary journeys of earlier thinkers [. . .] and explored what might be over and under the earth'.¹⁵⁴ In 'The propagating Souls',¹⁵⁵ lovers who are forbidden to be together die and their souls meet, whereupon they agree to live on one of the planets. And in 'The Travelling Spirit', a man, with the aid of a witch, leaves his body behind while his spirit explores the territory beneath the earth. Through these stories, Cavendish not only imaginatively considers what

¹⁵²Upon Her Excellency the Authoress', *SL*, sigs. d1r-d1v. See also *SL*, letter XXIX, in which Margaret discusses the machinations of her mind and thoughts: 'I do not go Personally to Masks, Balls, and Playes, yet my Thoughts entertain my Mind with such Pleasures, for some of my Thoughts make Playes, and others Act those Playes on the Stage of Imagination, where my Mind sits as a Spectator, Thus my Mind is entertain'd both with Poets and Players, and takes as much Delight as Augustus Caesar did to have his Mecaenas, the Patron of Poets, sit and hear Virgil and Horace read their Works unto them; so my Mind takes Delight in its dear Mecaenas, which is Contemplation, and to have its Poetical Thoughts, although not like Virgil or Horace, yet such as they are, it is pleased to have them Repeat their Poems, and other Works which they make; and those my Mind likes best, it sends them forth to the Senses to write them down, and then to send them out to the publick view of the World; and many times the Senses send in Objects to the Mind, who straight commands his Poetical Thoughts to take them for Plots of Playes, or causes the Grave Philosophical Thoughts to Discourse of them, or his Oratorical Thoughts to practice their Eloquence on them, or his Critical Thoughts to Dispute and Argue with them, which done, all their several Discourses, Disputes, Arguments, Poems, Playes, and the like, made on those Objects, are sent back to the Senses to write them down, so that the Mind and the Thoughts imploy the Senses, and the Senses imploy the Mind and Thoughts, and thus I take as much Pleasure within my self' (pp. 57-58).

¹⁵³Sara Mendelson explains that 'generic rule-breaking . . . was a feature of [Cavendish's] entire literary oeuvre. Throughout her works there are numerous examples of a flexible and unconventional attitude to genre, of sudden shifts from one genre to another or mixtures of different genres within the same work' ('Playing Games', p. 198).

¹⁵⁴Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, p. 77. Margaret's associating herself with travelling might have been her way of making up for her lack of formal education. 'The gentlemanly ideal of 'a broad experience of life [was] more important than any formal scholastic education' (Whitaker, note p. 179).

¹⁵⁵Book 3, p. 132.

is over and under the earth but also plays with the notion of the body/soul division, envisioning scenarios in which this division is possible in a material world.

Cavendish's miscellany writing reflects her interest in variety, and her stance on variety has philosophical as well as social ramifications. Exploring natural philosophy and ethics in secular form at a time when it was rare for a woman to do so,¹⁵⁶ she argues for the existence of different kinds of knowledge. Adhering to the Aristotelian and Galenic humoral model that claimed women lacked 'the heat that made men strong, active, intelligent, and creative',¹⁵⁷ Cavendish often found the female sex wanting;¹⁵⁸ however, as both Whitaker and Sarasohn point out, she also indirectly promotes women's equality to men through her philosophical treatises. According to Cavendish, 'there is onely different knowledge belonging to every kinde, as to Animal kinde, Vegetable Kinde; and infinite more . . . : as for example, Man may have a different knowledge from beasts, birds, fish, worms, and the like, and yet be no wiser, or knowing then they'.¹⁵⁹ Furthermore, there were 'infinite kinds of knowledge', which meant knowledge was immeasurable, and therefore 'supreme knowledge' was non-existent.¹⁶⁰ All living things possess their own particular kinds of knowledge and those 'kinds of knowledge are equal'.¹⁶¹ Through variety the author promotes women's equality while also maintaining that women must adhere to the conduct codes of their 'kind'.

Cavendish ventured into natural philosophy, cognizant that in doing so she was breaching social mores. She wrote with freedom and confidence, an attitude that signified her insistence on and access to liberty – a liberty in part born of her personal circumstances. Rather than detractors, the prominent male figures in Cavendish's life, her brother, Sir

¹⁵⁶See Eileen O'Neill, ed., *Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle: Observations upon Experimental Philosophy* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2001) (hereafter *Observations*), pp. x-xii.

¹⁵⁷Whitaker, note p. 164.

¹⁵⁸See *WO* sigs. a4r-a5r.

¹⁵⁹As cited in Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, p. 72. In her dedication to Sir Charles in *PF*, she says, 'all braines work naturally, and incessantly, in some kinde or other' (sig. A2).

¹⁶⁰As cited in Whitaker, p. 181.

¹⁶¹Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, p. 72.

John Lucas; brother-in-law, Sir Charles Cavendish; and husband, William Cavendish, served as resources for and supporters of her intellectual pursuits. In her autobiography, she describes her brother John as ‘a great Scholar’.¹⁶² He read Hebrew, Latin, and Greek fluently and was well versed in Aristotelian logic and English law.¹⁶³ Other topics for which he had great enthusiasm were philosophy and sciences. Following his passions for these subjects, in 1660 he became a member of the new Royal Society. Sir John, who was ‘given much to studious contemplation’,¹⁶⁴ must have inspired Margaret to engage in scholarly activities.¹⁶⁵ Another influential male figure in Margaret’s life was her husband’s brother, Sir Charles Cavendish. His primary expertise lay in mathematics, but he also showed an interest in poetics, psychology, ethics, mechanics, optics, and philosophy.¹⁶⁶ Evidence of the depth of Margaret’s relationship with Charles and the support he proffered her in her literary and intellectual pursuits appears in her dedication to him in *Poems, and Fancies*. She concedes that ‘Spinning with the Fingers is more proper to our Sexe, then studying or writing Poetry’, but she also equates writing to ‘Spinning with the braine’, suggesting that writing, too, is women’s work.¹⁶⁷ And in this woman’s work Sir Charles was her ‘Distaffe’, that is, her patron, protector, companion, and friend. She says ‘such a Patron may gaine my Book a Respect, and Esteeme in the World’.¹⁶⁸

Like his brother, William Cavendish supported and defended Margaret’s writing life. Margaret J. M. Ezell comments that ‘There is no sense that he believed certain subjects

¹⁶²‘A true Relation’, *NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), pp. 371-372.

¹⁶³Margaret claims she herself had no facility with foreign languages. See ‘A true Relation’, p. 387.

¹⁶⁴*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855): ‘A true Relation’, p. 372.

¹⁶⁵Whitaker, p. 11.

¹⁶⁶Sir Charles Cavendish was also in communication with such intellectuals as ‘Thomas Hobbes, Walter Warner, William Oughtred, and the French scholars François Derand, Claude Mydorge, [. . .] Marin Mersenne’, and René Descartes. See E. I. Carlyle, ‘Cavendish, Sir Charles (1595?-1654)’, *DNB*.

¹⁶⁷Margaret uses other metaphors that suggest writing is a domestic activity. The word ‘olio,’ from the title of her book *The Worlds Olio*, refers to the Spanish stew *olla podrida*, a meat and vegetable dish ‘composed of the richest ingredients’. The stew ‘symbolized the lavish entertainment that Margaret wanted to offer her readers’ (Whitaker, p. 163). ‘Olio’ also signifies a miscellaneous mixture.

¹⁶⁸*PF*, sig. A2r.

to be improper for women or the public display of their talents to be immodest'.¹⁶⁹ It is apparent that William also encouraged the creative endeavours of Elizabeth Brackley and Jane Cavendish, his daughters by his first wife, Elizabeth Bassett. Ezell explains that William 'provided an environment where literary achievement was encouraged equally for his sons and daughters'.¹⁷⁰ William contributed several songs and tales in verse to *Natures Pictures* and wrote an epistle in which he admonishes readers and encourages them not to dismiss the work merely because it was written by a woman. He asks them to withhold judgment until they have read the volume, and then he defends his wife on the basis that she is a wit, equating her to several influential poets, including Virgil, Horace, and Homer.¹⁷¹

Protected by William's presence in her works, Margaret continued to write. In a preface to *Sociable Letters*, she refers to her husband's endorsement of her writing by contrasting her experience to that of Mary Wroth: 'My Lord, It may be said to me, as one said to a Lady, *Work Lady, Work, let writing Books alone, For surely Wiser women ne'er writ one; But your Lordship never bid me to Work, nor leave Writing*'.¹⁷² Cavendish quotes the last two lines of a poem Lord Denny wrote in response to Wroth's *roman à clef* depicting a scandal within his family. The first part of this pastoral romance was published in 1621 and shortly thereafter, says Josephine Roberts, 'a violent quarrel erupted between Edward Denny, Baron of Waltham, and Lady Mary Wroth. Denny charged that he and his family

¹⁶⁹As cited in Margaret J. M. Ezell, "'To be your Daughter in your Pen': The Social Functions of Literature in the Writings of Lady Elizabeth Brackley and Lady Jane Cavendish", *Readings in Renaissance Women's Drama: Criticism, History, and Performance 1594-1998*, ed. by S. P. Cerasano and Marion Wynne-Davies (London: Routledge, 1998), p. 256.

¹⁷⁰Ibid. William was himself a dramatist. Professional acting companies presented a number of his plays, including *The Country Captain* and *The Variety*, both of which 'were performed by the King's Men at the Blackfriars theatre between 1639 and 1642. Sir William Davenant's troupe, the Duke of York's company, staged *The Humorous Lovers* at the Lincoln's Inn Fields theatre in 1667 and *The Triumphant Widow* at the Dorset Garden theatre in 1674' (Lynn Hulse, ed., *Dramatic Works by William Cavendish*, from the Portland literary collection, Hallward Library, University of Nottingham (Malone Society, 1996), p. vii).

¹⁷¹See 'A Copy of Verses to the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle, of all her Works, which are now all printed, except her Tragedies and Comedies, which will shortly come out', NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), sig. b2.

¹⁷²SL, sig. b1r. She also quotes the last two lines of Denny's poem in PF (see 'To All Noble, and Worthy Ladies, sig. A3v).

had been maliciously slandered in the work'.¹⁷³ Salzman reports that a violent exchange took place between Denny and Wroth in which she vehemently denies the accusations.¹⁷⁴ Margaret, unlike Wroth, had a champion. The support of her husband must have bolstered her resolve to continue composing and publishing, and her relationship with William appears to have been right out of the pages of a romance. Perhaps Samuel Pepys was in part correct when he said of Margaret, 'The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic'.¹⁷⁵

Natures Pictures certainly contains evidence of Margaret's preoccupation with romance. This generic form, however, must have appealed to the author, despite her protests against it, on a number of levels other than autobiographical. Nigel Smith asserts, in his book *Literature and Revolution in England, 1640 – 1660*, that genre is an 'extension of being. . . . You *are* your genres, in so far as genre is a refraction of identity and a means through literary structure of exploring potentials and acknowledging limitations in relation to the world'.¹⁷⁶ Romance allowed for a range of imaginative potentials, and as Kate Lilley points out, Cavendish was fascinated 'with the possibilities of romance as the scene of a woman's heroic agency and successful negotiation of the theatres of power'.¹⁷⁷ Through romance, Cavendish could imbue her cross-dressing heroines with masculine agency and give them 'scope for adventure and self-determination'.¹⁷⁸ Autonomy is a theme that arises often in Cavendish's works. In *Sociable Letters*, the epistle writer longingly expresses her desire to act boldly and independently in the public sphere. She writes, 'Yesterday I

¹⁷³Josephine Roberts, ed., *The Poems of Lady Mary Wroth* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1983), p. 31.

¹⁷⁴Salzman transcribes sections of the letters in 'Contemporary References in Mary Wroth's *Urania*', *The Review of English Studies* 29.114 (May, 1978), pp. 178-181. The work to which Lord Denny objected was Wroth's *The Countess of Montgomery's Urania* (1621).

¹⁷⁵*Diary*, p. 484.

¹⁷⁶Nigel Smith, *Literature and Revolution in England, 1640 – 1660* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1994), p. 5.

¹⁷⁷Kate Lilley, *Margaret Cavendish: The Blazing World and Other Writings* (London: Penguin Books, 2004), p. xx.

¹⁷⁸Helen Hackett, *Women and Romance Fiction in the English Renaissance* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2000), p. 186.

employed my time in reading History, and I find in my self an Envy, or rather an Emulation towards Men, for their Courage, Prudence, Wit, and Eloquence, as not to Fear Death, to Rule Commonwealths, and to Speak in a Friend's behalf, or to Pacifie a Friend's Grief, to Plead for his own Right, or to Defend his own Cause by the Eloquence of Speech'.¹⁷⁹ Many of the heroines in *Natures Pictures* do exhibit these behaviours and possess these virtues. Travalia ('Assaulted and Pursued Chastity') courageously escapes her would-be rapist, the She Anchoret 'argue[s] rationally' and 'instruct[s] judiciously',¹⁸⁰ and Delitia ('The Contract') defends her cause persuasively. Each heroine determines her own fate, but each, however, also ultimately upholds female conduct codes, resisting while simultaneously accepting the limitations placed on women. While Cavendish explored the boundary between women's autonomy and subjugation, she also began to dismantle that boundary through her writing and her view on variety.

Nature, Variety, and Conduct

One of Cavendish's goals in composing *Natures Pictures* was to write realistic fiction. In the fourth epistle to the reader, she says, 'though my Naturall Genius is to write fancy, yet in this Work, I have strove [. . .] to lay fancy by [. . .] for lively descriptions to take place; for descriptions are to imitate, and fancy to create'.¹⁸¹ Katie Whitaker explains that 'Margaret wanted her stories to remain close to the real world so as to offer her readers actual possibilities, ideas for ways of living, talking, acting'.¹⁸² Cavendish did indeed describe various ways of living. *Natures Pictures*, a compendium of fiction, nonfiction, dialogues, and comic and verse tales, chronicles everyday situations that a diverse assortment of characters must negotiate: a widow grieves for her husband; a widower remarries and finds his new wife a scold; a young couple grapples with infidelity, and a

¹⁷⁹Letter XXVII, pp. 51-52.

¹⁸⁰'She Anchoret', *NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 289.

¹⁸¹'To the Reader', *NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), sig. c3v.

¹⁸²Whitaker, p. 188.

gentleman's man grapples with two angry women fighting in the streets, only to discover he is 'outmanned'. Within these, and many other tales, Cavendish offers snapshots of life. However, a sharp critic of the life lived dishonourably, she was not simply interested in imitating life through art. She also promoted ways of living indicative of seventeenth-century mores concerning proper behaviour. But it would be a misnomer to characterize *Natures Pictures* as a conduct book. The volume also reflects Cavendish's complex view on how variety in nature threatens conduct codes. While she endorses the traditional virtues associated with gender, suggesting they are natural and necessary for political and social stability, she also concedes that nature, through variety, threatens the balance between the sexes, thereby threatening political and social stability.

Cavendish's preoccupation with stability had its roots in the English Civil War. The fourteen years prior to the publication of *Natures Pictures* were tumultuous ones for the author, and they form, in part, the context for her special interest in political stability. In August of 1642, as tensions between Royalists and Parliamentarians escalated, an attack on Cavendish's family manor in Colchester became the first in a series of violent assaults on Royalist homes and lands. Although it is unclear, Cavendish may well have been present during the attack on the family's estate.¹⁸³ With the outbreak of Civil War and with their home vandalized and stripped of its contents, she and her family fled to safety in Oxford with the king's court. But they were soon separated. Cavendish travelled to Paris with Queen Henrietta Maria as one of her maids of honour, married William Cavendish in 1645, and moved with him to Antwerp in 1648. She lived in exile for sixteen years. During this

¹⁸³An account of these events can be found in Bruno Ryves, *Mercurius Rusticus* (London: 1685), Wing R2450. Margaret's legitimate older brother, Sir John Lucas, was under suspicion of storing and distributing arms to the Royalist army, which he was indeed doing. For a micro-historical examination of these events, see John Walter, *Understanding Popular Violence in the English Revolution: The Colchester Plunderers* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999). The likelihood of a second attack on the Lucas estate has long been reported, but the reliability of the early modern sources on which these reports are based has been questioned. The events of 1642 should not be conflated with those of 1648. See Frances Dolan, 'Scattered Remains and Paper Bodies: Margaret Cavendish and the Siege of Colchester', *Postmedieval: A Journal of Medieval Cultural Studies*, 4 (2013), pp. 452-464.

time, she lost a niece, a sister, her mother, and two brothers, one of whom, Charles Lucas, was executed by parliamentarians. Like other English authors and philosophers writing during the Civil War, Cavendish struggled with the changing political and social landscape, and much of her discussion about the nature of men and women reflects her consideration of those behaviours she felt necessary for social stability. Many of those behaviours, she believed, were established in the home, as she explains in *The Worlds Olio*:

Every private Family is as the little Wheel for the Weal publick; if a Man and his Wife disagree, which is want of Affection, then their Children, when they are grown up, begin to grow Factious, some siding with the Mother against the Father, and others with the Father against the Mother; which Custome will make them grow Factious in the Weal-publick, as well as in the Weal-private.¹⁸⁴

Given Cavendish's belief that parents contribute to the formation of children's dispositions, which subsequently affect public well-being, it is not surprising that her prescriptions for behaviour primarily address the interactions between men and women. Ideally, these interactions were governed by virtue. Being virtuous involved understanding what makes the good life (that is, what brings about peace) and then practising those behaviours that achieve this end. Virtue gave rise to a set of conduct rules based on honour, and for Cavendish honourable behaviour was gendered: 'Heroick Honour and Chastity are the two Thrones whereon a Married Couple is Placed, Heroick Honour is the Throne of the Husband, and Chastity the Throne of the Wife, on which Love Crowns their Lives with Peace'.¹⁸⁵ Through the language of kingship, the author intertwines the private with the public and suggests that honourable behaviour inspires affection, and affection brings

¹⁸⁴*WO*, 'Of Marriage', p. 80; Sir Philip Sidney expresses a similar view, saying, '[M]arriage being the most holy conjunction falling to mankind, out of which all families and so consequently all societies do proceed, which by not only community of goods but community of children is to knit the minds in a most perfect union; which whoso breaks, dissolves all humanity, no man living free from the danger of so near a neighbour' (*The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia* (London: 1868), p. 460).

¹⁸⁵*SL*, letter LX, p. 124.

peace to the family as well as the commonwealth. Peace was the materialization of the good life.

As her prefaces to *Natures Pictures* suggest, Cavendish believed that through the written word she could contribute to the improvement and education of her readers by inspiring them to contemplate those behaviours¹⁸⁶ most likely to result in stability in marriage and, consequently, peace. Literature, especially poetry, could inspire one to be more honourable, chaste, civil, generous, and just.¹⁸⁷ In ‘She Anchoret’, a dialogue in *Natures Pictures* that the author specifically enjoins her readers to examine, a female sage explains the purposes of poetry: poetry is ‘to correct errors, to condemn follies, to persecute vice, to crown virtue, [. . .] to encourage noble endeavours, [. . .] to increase knowledge, [and] to instruct understanding’.¹⁸⁸ As Emma Rees points out, the author is in concert with ‘her culture’s ideal of didacticism in literature’.¹⁸⁹

In the opening epistles of *Natures Pictures*, Cavendish presents the volume as having didactic properties and appears confident in the book’s potential ‘to instruct Youth with Noble Principles, and Profitable Rules and to let them know how beneficial and necessary Justice and Propriety is to the orderly Life of Man’.¹⁹⁰ She insists in the first line of the first address to the reader that ‘the design of these my feigned Stories is to present Virtue’. She continues, ‘Also, to shew that Vice is seldom crown’d with good Fortune’.¹⁹¹ In the third epistle, she repeats her intention: ‘My endeavour is to express the sweetness of Vertue, and the Graces, [. . .] beget chaste Thoughts, nourish love of Vertue [. . . and] instruct life’.¹⁹²

¹⁸⁶Martin Ingram observes that the ‘regulation of personal behaviour’ was viewed as ‘fundamental to social order’ (*Church Courts, Sex and Marriage in England, 1570-1640* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), p. 31).

¹⁸⁷See *SL*, letter LXXV, p.156.

¹⁸⁸*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), ‘She Anchoret’, p. 349.

¹⁸⁹Whitaker, p. 189.

¹⁹⁰*WO*, ‘The Liberty of Women’, p. 74.

¹⁹¹*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), ‘To the Reader’, sig. b3v.

¹⁹²*Ibid.*, sig. c2r.

As Emma Rees points out, Cavendish echoes Sir Philip Sidney's position, claiming 'a poetic didacticism conducive to virtuous conduct'.¹⁹³

To instruct the life of her readers, Cavendish spends a good deal of time promoting the traditional virtues, especially within courtship and marriage. Women were to be chaste and men honourable. Women's honour was primarily a sexual matter and was seated in chastity. A woman's chastity, especially a married woman's, as presented by many conduct manuals, was equivalent to a man's honour. Cavendish's perspective on the significance of female chastity was one shared by many people in Early Modern England. Ruth Kelso indicates in *Doctrine for the Lady of the Renaissance* that the effects of unchaste behaviour extended beyond the household:

To the wife it becomes a more important thing than to the unmarried woman, for if she is unchaste the offense multiplies, now not only against God and her parents, but against her husband and her children, her vows and the church, the laws, society, and her country.¹⁹⁴

Cavendish upholds this conventional view of chastity, and although her heroines may veer from traditional roles, stepping into the public sphere as sages, empresses, or travellers, they ultimately, at least those whom the author finds admirable, return to the fold of conservatism.¹⁹⁵ Cavendish might have been among the women who, as Helen Hackett claims, 'would have found disturbing and alienating a female character who [...] exercised "independence and power"', and would have concurred in the judgement that a female figure who pursued her own desires without restraint was licentious, dangerous and even evil.¹⁹⁶ Our author, therefore, like other women writing during the Renaissance, negotiated

¹⁹³Emma Rees, *Margaret Cavendish: Gender, Genre, Exile* (Manchester and New York: Manchester University Press, 2003), p. 9.

¹⁹⁴Ruth Kelso, *Doctrine for the Lady of the Renaissance* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1996), p. 97.

¹⁹⁵In *The Description of a New World called the Blazing-World*, a young woman travels to another world by way of the North Pole and becomes empress of a world populated by talking animals. However, she rules this world only with the permission of her Emperor husband, who gives her leave to govern as she pleases. See *Observations*.

¹⁹⁶Hackett, p. 30.

with rather than resisted the constraints of masculine hegemony, selecting generic forms conducive to presenting women as saintly or heroic in their chastity.¹⁹⁷ Female readers would have identified with heroines who displayed ‘strength and even defiance with some degree of conformity to patriarchal definitions of virtuous femininity. . . . Saintly qualities like constancy and endurance could embody female strength without threatening the security of conventional gender roles. In particular, heroic chastity [. . .] could become a form of immovable female resolution against masculine threats’.¹⁹⁸ In ‘Assaulted and Pursued Chastity’ (book 8), Margaret’s heroine, Travalia, preferring death over the unwanted attentions of an ‘Invader of Chastity’,¹⁹⁹ uses a pistol, wounding her would-be assailant and risking her life, to protect her honour. Travalia is the embodiment of heroic chastity as Margaret describes it in *The Worlds Olio*: ‘Women that consider the Worth and Honour that Chastity brings to themselves, and their Families, are never corrupted; for they account it more Honour to dye a Martyr to Chastity, than to be Empress of the whole World by Wantonness’.²⁰⁰ She declares women of unrestrained passions ‘the most foulest and falsest Creatures of all Natures Works’.²⁰¹

The honour of men, on the other hand, was primarily seated in the social virtues. Honourable men exhibited generosity, prudence, nobility, and honesty,²⁰² engaging themselves in useful, noble, and glorious endeavours, while refraining from idleness and profitless pursuits. They devoted themselves to family, but if affairs of the world called them out, they should be prepared. This entailed a man’s honing of those skills related to defence of his honour and his country. A gentleman, to command a troop of horsemen,

¹⁹⁷Ibid., p. 30.

¹⁹⁸Ibid., p. 31.

¹⁹⁹NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 221.

²⁰⁰WO, ‘Of Chastity’, p. 74.

²⁰¹Ibid.

²⁰²In *SL*, letter XXIX, Margaret says, ‘In that which is called Honour, are many Ingrediencies, as Justice, Chastity, Truth, Trust, Gratitude, Constancy, and many the like (p. 56).

should be adept in the use of his sword and in the managing of horses.²⁰³ In *The Worlds Olio*, published one year before *Natures Pictures*, Cavendish describes the ideal man. He should have physical prowess, including the ability to vault, so as 'to horse himself in Battle'; to wrestle, whereby he can 'keep himself from being overcome by a Clown or Pezant'; and to dance, which gives 'his limbs a graceful motion'. He should also engage in masculine activities, such as shoeing horses, 'for that sheweth the command Man hath over Beast'. Hewing down trees and digging in the bowels of the earth show his authority 'over the hardest of natures works'. Through development of these masculine skills, he will be 'like a God above all other Creatures, and to be like a God is never to be Idle, nor to be imployed but about things that tend to some useful, noble, and glorious end'.²⁰⁴ The idle man can neither help himself nor his country, and in his idleness he seeks to sate his appetites, engaging in amorous love, dalliances with kitchen maids, gossip, and even culinary chicanery, as do the men of leisure featured in the *Natures Pictures* tale entitled 'The two idle Gentlemen'.

Forming the backdrop of Cavendish's prescriptions are what she sees as the general tendencies nature has bestowed upon the sexes. Cavendish adheres to, as Susan James concludes, 'the strictly gendered nature of honour'.²⁰⁵ In a preface to *The Worlds Olio*, she makes clear her view on the differing qualities of men and women:

²⁰³Margaret's husband, William Cavendish (later Duke of Newcastle), as well as two of her brothers, Thomas and Charles Lucas, had skill in both swordsmanship and horsemanship. Her brothers fought against Spain in the Dutch wars as well as in the English civil war, and William was a royalist general who fought in the north of England during England's civil war. Her two brothers were career soldiers. In her autobiography she says of her brothers, 'They loved Virtue, endeavour'd Merit, practic'd Justice, and spoke Truth, they were constantly Loyal, and truly Valiant, two of my three Brothers were excellent Souldiers, and Martial Discipliners, being practic'd therein, for though they might have lived upon their own Estates very honourably, yet they rather chose to serve in the Wars under the States of Holland, than to live idly at home in Peace, my Brother Sir Thomas Lucas there having a Troop of Horse, my brother the youngest Sir Charles Lucas serving therein' (NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), 'A true Relation', p. 371).

²⁰⁴*WO*, 'How a Gentleman ought to be bred, and spend his time', p. 63. In *SL*, letter CIX, she says, '[A]mongst all Nature's Works True Men are the Scarcest, being the Rarest, as the most Excellent Works in Nature' (p. 219).

²⁰⁵Susan James, Introduction, *Margaret Cavendish: Political Writings* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), p. xviii.

[T]here is great difference betwixt the Masculine Brain and the Feminine, the Masculine Strength and the Feminine; For could we choose out of the World two of the ablest Brain and strongest Body of each Sex, there would be great difference in the Understanding and Strength; for Nature hath made Mans Body more able to endure Labour, and Mans Brain more clear to understand and contrive than Womans.²⁰⁶

She expresses a physiological understanding of the difference between men and women and asserts that these natural variations drive capacity. Moving, in the same passage, from biology to traditional images, Cavendish continues, comparing men and women to the sun and the moon while citing the 'Holy Writ': '*God made two great Lights, the one to Rule the Day, the other the Night.*' So, she concludes, men are made to govern in the public sphere and women the private. While this metaphor suggests a division between men and women, it also presumes a heavenly unity and balance.²⁰⁷ It is through this vision of the nature of men and women that Cavendish offers her prescriptive advice, but she finds nature more complex than this tidy division concedes, and she incorporates this complexity into her 'real-life' descriptions. While designing the sexes to complement and balance one another, nature also built variety into their design, thus threatening this balance:

And though it seem to be natural, that generally all Women are weaker than Men, both in Body and Understanding, and that the wisest Woman is not so wise as the wisest of Men, wherefore not so fit to Rule; yet some are far wiser than some men; [. . .] Besides, it is to be observed, that Nature hath Degrees in all her Mixtures and Temperaments, not only to her servile works, but in one and the same Matter and Form of Creatures, throughout all her Creations.²⁰⁸

Natures creatures, like nature herself, are various and live according to what nature has granted them:

²⁰⁶WO, 'The Preface to the Reader', sig. a4r.

²⁰⁷See Deborah Boyle, 'Fame, Virtue, and Government: Margaret Cavendish on Ethics and Politics', *Journal of the History of Ideas*, 67.2 (2006), 251-290.

²⁰⁸WO, 'The Preface to the Reader', sig. a5v.

She caus'd Varieties for us to taste,
 And other Appetites in us she plac'd:
 [. . .]
 For by the change, her Works do live
 By several Forms that she doth give:
 So that Inconstancy is Natures play,
 And we, her various Works, must her obey.²⁰⁹

That nature has a fondness for variety can be seen in the inconstancy of disposition among individuals; that is, one man may be predominantly kind while another cruel or one may be effeminate while another masculine: 'although all men have flesh and blood, and are of one particular kind, yet their interior natures and dispositions are so different, as seldom any two men are of the same complexion'.²¹⁰

Nature so rarely works exactly, says the *She Anchoret*, that variety occurs even within the making of one man. He might have 'well shapt hands, legs and feet, and [an] ill shapt' body. A similar phenomenon occurs with the minds of men:

For some have good capacities and understandings to some things, and to others, are as dull, as senseless blocks; And some are witty upon some subjects, and are meer fools to others, so some will be good natured to some things, and bad or cruell to others, without cause; Likewise nature seldom makes a body and mind answerable; for sometimes an ill favoured body hath a noble soul and rationall understanding;²¹¹ others most beautifull bodyes and base souls, and depraved understandings.²¹²

Because Cavendish admits to variety,²¹³ she acknowledges its consequences: variety brings into question the boundaries of acceptable behaviour and destabilizes the prescriptive

²⁰⁹*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), no title, p. 87.

²¹⁰*Observations*, 'Of Colours', p. 68.

²¹¹Margaret's brother-in-law, Charles Cavendish, described as 'a little, weak, crooked man', was admired for his accomplishments in mathematics. Known as being sweet-natured and noble, he became one of Margaret's closest friends and mentors (Whitaker, pp. 81-82).

²¹²*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), 'She Anchoret', p. 297.

²¹³Margaret's attitude toward variety varies depending on the context. She speaks negatively of variety as it relates to the appetites: seeking variety in company, in food, and in other delights leads to unrestrained, indecorous, or unvirtuous behaviour. She speaks positively of variety as it relates to the mind: variety in poetic forms, in music, and in the imagination. And variety in the natural world is delightful, but she seems

vision. While nature accounts for gendered patterns of acceptable behaviour, she can also produce unanticipated models of virtue who transcend gender and class precepts, or models, which, while deviations from prescriptive expectations, are harmless. In this way, she discovers a place for the unconventional, and sometimes finds their eccentricity entertaining. In fact, in an epistle to the second book of *Natures Pictures*, a selection of comical tales, she says she wrote the stories for recreation.²¹⁴ The author asserts, however, that most often variety in nature results in the bestial, the brutal, the crude, and the cruel. Through the persona of the She Anchoret, she says,

nature is apt to disorder, crosse and vex it self, as by excesse, mischief, and cruelty, as to strive to destroy to no use, to obstruct to no purpose, to slander the Creations, to displace Creations, to oppose a right, to defend falshood, to wrong Innocency, to hurt the helplesse, to destroy the hurtlesse; Likewise to overcharge the appetite, to inveterate the passions, to deceive the affections.²¹⁵

Later in the speech, she intensifies her language: ‘All evil lives in nature [. . .]. [N]ature [. . .] struggles and strives like an untoward jade, that would break lose to run wildly about’.²¹⁶ Nature’s ‘disorder’ and ‘excess’, as the following excerpt from *The Worlds Olio* suggests, ensure that men and women, for the most part, are incapable of controlling themselves:

It is the nature of mankinde to run into extreames; for their mindes are as their bodies are; for most commonly there is a predominate passion in the one, as a predominat humor in the other, so that dispositions of men are governed more by passion, then by reason, as the body is governed more by appetite, then by conveniencies.²¹⁷

In other works, Cavendish also expresses a negative view of the tendencies of nature’s creatures. In *Orations of Divers Sorts Accommodated to Divers Places*, she says, nature’s creatures

to be philosophical concerning variety in the nature of humans, both accepting it (as descriptive Margaret) and condemning it (as prescriptive Margaret).

²¹⁴*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), ‘An Epistle to my Readers’, p. 102.

²¹⁵*Ibid.*, ‘She Anchoret’, p. 319.

²¹⁶*Ibid.*, pp. 318-319.

²¹⁷*WO*, ‘The nature of Man’, p. 39; *conveniencies*] propriety (*OED* n. 4).

are ‘Wild and Ravenous, to be Unsatiabable and Injurious, [. . .] Unjust, Cruel, Destructive’ and ‘It is the nature of most of Mankind [. . .] to be Ungratefull, Malicious, Revengefull, and Inhumane’.²¹⁸ In significant ways, Cavendish’s view on human nature mimics that of the philosopher Thomas Hobbes: people are brutes and generally incline toward selfish behaviour.²¹⁹ Hobbes, a philosopher with whom William Cavendish was on close terms and with whom Margaret hoped to engage in dialogue,²²⁰ sought to establish a political philosophy based on the precepts of human nature. He arrived at a pessimistic view of human nature by postulating how humans would behave in a natural state, that is, in a state free of the artifices of government. In this state, people would look to their own good, seeking those objects that promote self-preservation, with each person having the liberty to decide what is necessary for his own survival. Hobbes terms this liberty the ‘right of nature’.²²¹ He envisions a moral wasteland where each person has the right to whatever he wants if he deems it necessary for his survival. From this presumption follows ‘a condition of Warre of every one against every one’, because ‘every man is governed by his own reason’.²²² He argues that the ‘Lawes of Nature (*Justice, Equity Modesty, Mercy* and (in summe) *doing to others, as wee would be done to*) [. . .] are contrary to our naturall Passions’.²²³ But people, he argues, are also rational beings and will see that war is inimical to ‘a more contented life’ and will recognize their duty to seek peace. As a result, they will establish a covenant with one another, relinquishing their right of nature and accepting a common authority to

²¹⁸*Oration*s, ‘An Oration to those Souldiers that are against an Agreement with the Citizens’, p. 27.

²¹⁹Lisa Sarasohn explains, ‘*Natures Pictures* is [. . .] the first of Cavendish’s works to reflect an acquaintance with the psychology and moral philosophy of Thomas Hobbes (*The Natural Philosophy*)’, p. 76.

²²⁰Hobbes was a tutor to William Cavendish’s cousin and namesake, the second Earl of Devonshire, and had a long association with the Cavendish family. On the Cavendish’s relationship with Hobbes, see Neil Ankers, ‘Paradigms and Politics: Hobbes and Cavendish Contrasted’, *A Princely Brave Woman: Essays on Margaret Cavendish Duchess of Newcastle*, ed. by Stephen Clucas (Aldershot: Ashgate, 2003), p. 243; Whitaker, pp. 94, 116, 117, 138, 184-185, 259, 308, 312; Lucy Worsley, *Cavalier: A Tale of Chivalry, Passion, and Great Houses* (New York: Bloomsbury, 2007), pp. 93-94; Lisa Sarasohn, ‘*Leviathan* and the Lady: Cavendish’s Critique of Hobbes in the *Philosophical Letters*’, *Authorial Conquests: Essays on Genre in the Writings of Margaret Cavendish*, ed. by Line Cottagnies and Nancy Weitz (Madison, NJ: Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 2003), pp. 40-58.

²²¹Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan* (London: 1651), *Wing* H2246, chapter XIV, pp. 64-70, p. 64

²²²Hobbes, chapter XIV, p. 64

²²³Hobbes, chapter XVII, p. 85.

ensure people adhere to their agreements. Thus, fear of one another as well as fear of a conqueror, argues Hobbes, will motivate people to establish a strong monarch who will ‘tye them by feare of punishment to the performance of their Covenants’.²²⁴

Although Cavendish is less systematic, she, like Hobbes, looks to nature for an explanation of human behaviour that could be tied to a political system. She finds nature various and capricious, locating the problem in the nature of nature rather than just in the nature of humans. Neil Ankers argues that she ‘suggests that nature (and human desire) is naturally “non-conformist”’.²²⁵ But unlike Hobbes, her most frequently mentioned solution²²⁶ to the non-conformity that gives rise to social upheaval is not to set up an all-powerful tyrannical sovereign. She instead advocates for a ruler who can inspire love and respect, thereby motivating his subjects to adhere to agreed upon laws. Cavendish suggests that leaders who are models of virtue can inspire love, and through love humans will establish binding commitments and willingly assent to do their duties, whether this means a woman’s acceptance of her husband’s authority or a man’s commitment to protecting the commonwealth. In *The Description of a New World Called the Blazing World*, Cavendish’s empress says, ‘For fear, though it makes people obey, yet does it not last so long, nor is it so sure a means to keep them to their duties, as love’.²²⁷ In *The Worlds Olio*, the author makes a similar statement: ‘Kindness melts hardest Hearts, and makes them flexible to form them as they please; where Cruelty or Severity hardens them so much, as they will rather break than bend’.²²⁸

²²⁴Hobbes, chapter XVII, p. 85.

²²⁵Ankers, p. 247.

²²⁶The She Anchoret does advocate for a tyrannical king who instils fear, but she does so in the context of answering the question, Which is worse ‘a Tyrant King’ or ‘a factious Councill?’ (NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 327).

²²⁷In *Observations*, p. 63. See also *PF*, ‘A Dialogue between Love, and Hate’, in which Love says, ‘I Men by Lawes in Common-wealthes do joyne’, pp. 82-83.

²²⁸*WO*, ‘The Ridiculous Malice amongst Mankind’, p. 83. Susan James explains that ‘Cavendish echoes the Ciceronian view that subjects are more likely to obey the sovereign out of love than fear (note 111, p. 51).

In keeping with the idea that virtue can motivate love and love duty, Cavendish fashions the ideal gentleman or woman, imagining models of virtue that inspire love and represent the rare examples of the best of variety at work. While variety is problematical, it also implies that within nature there exist humans who are naturally wise and virtuous. And it is these people who function as antidotes to social and political instability. Well-respected, they have the potential to serve as guides who can inspire people to perform their duties, thereby promoting peace. They are echoes of the rational and sensitive attributes of nature Cavendish refers to in her material philosophy: ‘these sensitive and rational parts of matter are the purest and subtlest parts of Nature, as the active parts, the knowing, understanding and prudent parts’.²²⁹ These rational and sensitive parts have parallels elsewhere, such as in ‘Natures House,’ a short piece in which Cavendish imagines the universe to be a house wherein each planet is a room. She describes the ‘Rational Creatures’ as nature’s nobles and the ‘Sensitive Creatures’ as her gentry.²³⁰

It is also significant that the author says, ‘It is the nature of most of Mankind [. . .] to be Ungratefull, Malicious, Revengefull, and Inhumane’. Cavendish’s use of the word ‘most’ is pivotal, as Debra Boyle remarks: ‘being ungrateful, malicious, and so on, is the nature of *most* [not all] of mankind. Some people are naturally wise and good’: “though Inferiour Men have inferiour Minds, rude and wild Natures, and barbarous Manners, yet Men of quality²³¹ usually have Generous, and noble Minds, gentle Natures, and civil Manners”²³². Some men and women are naturally models of excellence and virtue,

²²⁹Margaret Cavendish, *PL*, sig. b2.

²³⁰*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), ‘Natures House’, p. 156

²³¹Men of quality may include those of humble birth, though they are few, as Margaret concludes in *SL*: ‘Noble Births might have Mean Breeding, for some are Nobly Born and Meanly Bred, and some are Humbly Born and Nobly Bred, and some are Nobly Born and Nobly Bred, but those are Few, and some are neither Well Born nor Well Bred, and those are Many’ (letter XLIV, p. 90).

²³²Boyle, ‘Fame, Virtue, and Government’, p. 259; *Oration*s, ‘A Generals Oration to his Mutinous Souldiers’, p. 37.

although Cavendish believes these types to be rare.²³³ To a few, nature has granted the capacity²³⁴ to discern ‘what is good’ and ‘how we ought to live’.²³⁵ In her epistle to the learned in *Sociable Letters*, she pronounces, ‘I am Confident that Wisdom, and for the most part Virtue, is Inherent in those that are Masters of Learning, and Indued with Wit’.²³⁶ And in sociable letter XIV, she says,

'tis not History that makes men Wise, nor Law, nor Logick, nor to be Learn'd in all the Sciences, but to have a Natural Ingenuity, as to conceive Rationally, to judge Solidly, to understand Perfectly, to perceive Readily, to distinguish Clearly, to compare Rightly, to search Narrowly, to examine Strictly, to observe Generally, to consider Seriously, of all that hath been, is, or is not, or what may be, or cannot be; In all which, Natural Philosophers and Poets are the most Ingenious men; But of this sort of men the world hath not many.²³⁷

Other philosophers held a similar view. Both Spinoza and Descartes admitted that only a few had the intellect and will required to attain the virtues necessary to be wise men. Those who did so ‘embraced a degree of elitism’, gathering ‘in small groups [. . .] often as initiates or elective families clustered around a wise father, where wisdom was discussed and transmitted. The true moral philosophy was a means for the few who were seriously committed to separate themselves from the many’.²³⁸ The frontispiece to *Natures Pictures* suggests this sort of circle. Wearing laurel wreaths, Margaret and William sit at the head of a group of people, presumably family members, presiding over what appears to be a lively discussion. Cavendish perhaps envisioned herself as one of the naturally wise and virtuous

²³³In *SL*, Margaret proclaims, ‘But I wonder to Perceive or Find any one to be Constant Seven Years, or One Year, much more, to be Constant their Whole Life time; for Constancy is as Seldom or Rarely Seen, as a Blazing Star’ (letter CXVIII, p. 237).

²³⁴Margaret might have seen herself as one of these lucky few for early on in her career she argues that writing came to her naturally, and her thoughts are what her mind conjured, not what was suggested by others.

²³⁵*WO*, ‘Epistle’, p. 22.

²³⁶*SL*, ‘To All Professors of Learning and Art’, sig. b2r.

²³⁷*SL*, letter XIV, p. 22.

²³⁸Aaron Garrett, ‘Seventeenth-Century Moral Philosophy: Self-Help, Self-Knowledge, and the Devil’s Mountain’. *The Oxford Handbook of the History of Ethics* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), p. 240.

poets who could ‘instruct Youth with Noble Principles, and Profitable Rules and [. . .] let them know how beneficial and necessary Justice and Propriety is to the orderly Life of Man’.

Another antidote to the disorder variety produces is humans’ natural capacity to understand and be taught. Despite her insistence on an elite sort, Cavendish remains optimistic about the ability of the less gifted to behave virtuously. Even though the naturally wise, virtuous, and intelligent are but few, to most others, nature has bestowed the capacity for understanding. Cavendish explains: ‘Nature hath given men understanding, to bring them out of that darknesse into the light of knowledge [. . .] these gifts are general to mankinde’.²³⁹ Therefore, mankind’s tendency to vice can be balanced by the gift of understanding, which makes possible reason, and reason functions as a counterbalance to variety and to those natural appetites and passions that threaten contentment and unity. And through education, with the naturally wise functioning as teachers and models, those who lack natural wisdom and virtue can compensate for the deficit by discovering the governing properties of reason: ‘Education creates Virtue to govern the Appetites’.²⁴⁰ In a metaphor, Cavendish compares the senses to a city, education to government, and virtue to a governess: ‘the senses, which virtuous Education governs, are five great Cityes, and the various Appetities are the several Citizens dwelling therein; which Citizens are apt to rebel [. . .] if that Virtue, the Governess, be not severe and strict in executing Justice’.²⁴¹ In this view, Cavendish is also not unlike Luis Vives, who held that ‘the best means to secure the reform of society is through the moral and practical training of the individual’.²⁴² While Cavendish alludes to the difficulty of altering the bad, ‘she is also optimistic that the naturally bad can be

²³⁹WO, ‘Epistle’, sig. e2v.

²⁴⁰NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), ‘A Triennial Government, of Nature, Education, and Experience’, p. 155.

²⁴¹Ibid, p. 155.

²⁴²Luis Vives’, *Stanford Philosophical Encyclopedia*. Online.

improved through good education, gainful employment, and exposure to models of virtue'.²⁴³ She expounds upon this point repeatedly in her works and applies the concept to both men and women:

Custom and Education can Alter the Unaptness in Natural Capacities and Understandings, the Dull Dispositions, Froward, or Evil Passions of the Mind; also it oftentimes Tempers the Irregular Humours²⁴⁴ of the Body, and can Restrain the Unsatiabable Appetites of the Body and Senses, and Long Custom Alters the Nature of Men.²⁴⁵

Cavendish's position on the trainability of humans resonates with principles promoted by Stoic philosophers, who, as Eileen O'Neill remarks, were 'an early source of influence':

It is significant that when the Cavendishes were in Antwerp, they rented the house owned by the painter, Peter Paul Rubens, before his death. This famous baroque painter had been part of an important Neostoic circle. His brother had been a disciple of Justus Lipsius (1547-1606), who, with the publication of *De Constantia* [On Constancy] in 1584, had initiated the Neostoic movement.²⁴⁶

The Stoics asserted that while a person's nature fated him or her for a specific kind of action, each adult individual had the capacity to give or withhold assent to act on an external stimulus, thus, as Dorteia Frede states, retaining the 'possibility of improvement'.²⁴⁷ While heredity, inborn traits, and early environment in large part shape one's nature, once a person reaches adulthood and has the ability to reason, he or she can actively assent to and act on external stimuli. In assenting to and acting on those stimuli,

²⁴³Boyle, 'Fame, Virtue, and Government', p. 260.

²⁴⁴The understanding of the human body and mind was based on the theory of humours (fluids). India Aurora Mandelkern explains, 'By the fifth century BC, physicians had begun to understand human physiology in terms of four principal bodily fluids, or humors, which were concocted out of digested food. Not only did the humors actually nourish the body, but, conceived analogously to the four elements, they were also responsible for man's physiological and psychological health' (*The Politics of the Palate: Taste and Knowledge in Early Modern England*, PhD diss., (University of California, Berkeley, 2015).

²⁴⁵SL, letter CXXXVIII, p. 284. On this point Cavendish contrasts with John Milton, whose questioning of custom forms a point in his argument for divorce.

²⁴⁶Eileen O'Neill, p. xiv.

²⁴⁷Dorteia Frede, 'Stoic Determinism', *The Cambridge Companion to the Stoics*, ed. by Brad Inwood (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2003), p. 196. On the compatibility of determinism and moral responsibility in Stoic philosophy, see Susanne Bobzien, *Determinism and Freedom in Stoic Philosophy* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1998), especially chapter 6, pp. 234-329.

one can eventually alter his or her nature.²⁴⁸ The Stoics also contended that ‘experience can affect the inner conditions of an individual in such a way that he or she learns to avoid hastiness in his or her reactions [. . .].’ As a result, they advocated for the moral and intellectual education of an individual throughout life because ‘once the inner conditions of a person are settled, it is difficult to change the individual’s personality’.²⁴⁹ Like the Stoics, Cavendish argues that a man’s or woman’s inner nature can be altered by custom or education. Of course, this phenomenon holds true even when the external influence inspires vice.

Natures Pictures gives a sense of Cavendish’s political and moral philosophy in action. Underlying her stories is an understanding of the general traits nature has bestowed upon the sexes as well as her concession to natural variety, which makes the behaviour of most men and women unpredictable. As a consequence, marriage often results in faction and disharmony.²⁵⁰ Critical to her philosophy, however, are the contentions that virtuous behaviour can be inspired by naturally occurring models of virtue and that human nature can be altered through education and custom. Cavendish’s proclaimed purpose in writing *Natures Pictures* is, in part, ‘to alter the Unaptness in Natural Capacities’. In *Natures Pictures* Cavendish captures a range of behaviours from virtuous to villainous, and the behaviours function as talking points for discussion of correct conduct. Many of her stories were meant to inspire contemplation, for, as Cavendish explains, ‘Contemplation brings Consideration, Consideration brings Judgment, Judgment brings Reason, Reason brings Truth, Truth brings Peace’.²⁵¹ It is fitting then, although she does not sustain the practice

²⁴⁸Bobzien, p. 294

²⁴⁹Frede, p. 196.

²⁵⁰In *SL*, letter CCI, Margaret warns her sister Ann away from marriage, saying, ‘I Cannot Advise you to Marry, unless Men’s Souls, Minds, and Appetites, were as Visible to your Knowledge as their Persons to your Eyes’ (p. 425).

²⁵¹*SL*, letter LXXV, p. 156.

throughout all eleven books, that Margaret Cavendish begins the first book²⁵² of *Natures Pictures*, ‘Her Excellencies Tales in Verse’, in a fashion reminiscent of Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*. Men and women, storytellers, gather around a fire in the cold of winter, and to pass the time, they begin trading tales, many of which focus on the tensions between the sexes or the tension created when love and marriage are thwarted, often through inconstancy.

Cavendish suggests that although men and women may be designed to live in heavenly unity, they will do so only if they are exposed to virtuous models and aspire to the necessary virtues, honour and chastity. However, Cavendish distrusts men and women, doubting their ability to uphold the virtues through which marital stability is maintained, and variety in nature, which introduces a diversity of behaviours, compounds this problem. While Cavendish accepts and possibly even finds pleasure in a range of behaviours, she recognizes that variety undermines the prescriptions for living that are meant to forestall discord in marriage and, by extension, in the commonwealth.

A Paradigm of Proper Conduct: The Chaste Widow

One of the virtuous models to which Cavendish would have her female readers aspire is that of the chaste widow. Like writers of conduct manuals, Cavendish posits the widow as being in a prime position to show strength of character and constancy. ‘Widowhood’, as Barbara Todd remarks, ‘became a unique stage in a woman’s life, a time of female virility when legal independence gave her an opportunity to demonstrate her equality of virtue’.²⁵³ No longer pressured by the imperative to marry nor shielded by her husband’s physical presence, the chaste widow is an autonomous individual, choosing to

²⁵²Cavendish opens NP 1656 (*Wing* N855) with four comic tales in prose, ‘The strict Associate’, ‘The Judgment’, ‘The Vulgar fights’, and ‘The Tobacconist’, calling this section ‘Her Excellencies Comical Tales in Prose: The first Part’, distinguishing it from the first book. It is possible that the ‘first Part’ was added after the book was published given that in book 11 Cavendish provides instructions for where to place many of the pieces in this section.

²⁵³Barbara Todd, ‘The Virtuous Widow in Protestant England’, *Widowhood in Medieval and Early Modern Europe* (New York: Longman, 1999), p. 68.

adhere to her prescriptive role and continuing to emphasise her relationship with her husband by living as though he were still alive. In the tenth book of *Natures Pictures*, ‘She Anchoret’, a female sage, advances a position on widowhood that echoes throughout many of Cavendish’s works. A woman asks the Anchoret ‘if it were not allowed in Honours Laws for Widows to marry’. The anchoret emphatically replies, ‘[B]y no means; for Widows do both cuckold their dead Husbands, and their living Husbands’.²⁵⁴

In the first poem of ‘Her Excellencies Tales in Verse’ (book 1), titled ‘Of the faithfull Widow, or mournfull Wife’, Cavendish introduces a widow who represents the ideal of widowhood described in character sketches and conduct manuals. One of Cavendish’s storytellers, a man who blows his nose and spits before he begins the tale,²⁵⁵ presents the widow as one who is chaste and constant; she remains faithful to her husband even after his death. Phantom-like, she appears at her husband’s tomb every night to grieve, and a traveller, the poem’s speaker, in search of a constant woman, discovers that a widowed woman lives alone in the house and has ‘shunn[ed]’ all company. The stylized description of the widow reflects the deportment Cavendish and conduct book writers might expect of a grieving widow. Tears flow from her eyes as she kneels to pray, softly pleading with the Gods to allow her spirit leave to join her husband. She prefers death to life without her husband. She also wishes not to bring him disgrace while she remains in the world: ‘Grant I may honour to my Husband give’.²⁵⁶

The faithful widow embodies the virtues conduct book writers expected of a woman in her position. Her behaviour follows the counsel Juan Luis Vives extends in *De Institutione feminae christianae*: ‘al saintes and holy men with one voice and opinion say, that

²⁵⁴NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 345.

²⁵⁵The spitting, nose-blowing storyteller may be a reference to Margaret’s husband, William Cavendish, who ‘colourfully [recorded] his experiences of spitting, removing gum from his eyes, blowing his nose, extracting earwax with an ear-pick, his “lecherous sweating”, his “greatest pimple” and his “buttocks married to his open close stool” during a bout of diarrhoea’ (Worsley, p. 3).

²⁵⁶Cf. *PF*, ‘A Register of Mournful Verses’, pp. 193-197. (Note: the page numbers are out of sequence in this section of *PF*, beginning with 193, reverting to 192, and then moving consecutively thereafter.)

weeping and mourning, solitarines, and fasting be the moste precious doures and ornamentes of a Widowe'.²⁵⁷ The pious widow is to bury her pleasures with her husband, conducting herself as though her husband still lives and guarding her chastity accordingly: 'A goode Widowe ought to suppose, that her husband is not utterly dead, but liveth, both with life of his soul, which is the very life, beside with her remembrance'.²⁵⁸ She is to go out into public rarely, and when she does, she is to wear mourning garments and adopt a severe countenance to avoid tempting other men and exposing her chastity to danger.

Other authors, writers of guidance manuals as well as of plays and popular literature, also offered opinions regarding the widow's proper behaviour. John Webster's 'A vertuous Widdow' appears in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*. The widow, Webster²⁵⁹ says,

is like the purest gold, onely imploide for Princes medals, shee never receives but one mans impression . [. .] Her maine superstition is, shee thinks her husbands ghost would walke, should she not performe his Will. [. . She] hath laid his dead bodie in the worthiest monument that can be: Shee hath buried it in her owne heart.²⁶⁰

Cavendish's widow likewise remains true to her husband, whom she venerates and sees as generous, noble, prudent, temperate, well-spoken, honest, and pious. The poem's speaker would have the widow partake of pleasures she must reject, but her life resides in her husband.²⁶¹ That the teller of this tale appears to lack manners and that the speaker inexplicably hides behind the tomb add a comical note to the verse and constitute a nod to variety in nature. The crude and the ridiculous coexist with the virtuous. Their presence

²⁵⁷Vives, 'Of the Chastity and Honesty of a Widowe', p. 384.

²⁵⁸Vives, 'Of the Minding of her Husbände', p. 380.

²⁵⁹Webster contributed thirty-two characters to Overbury's book, which contained sketches of personality and occupational types.

²⁶⁰Sir Thomas Overbury, *His Wife, With New Elegies Upon His (Now Knowne) Untimely Death* (London: 1616), *STC* 18909, sig. L3.

²⁶¹See letter LII, in which the author says, '[T]hose that are truly Noble, that is, have Noble Souls and Honourable Natures, can never be Forced, Perswaded, or Inticed to do a Base Action . . . where Honour and Virtue takes a thorow Possession, they never leave their Habitation (pp. 106-107).

does not signal the author's dismissal of the virtues the widow possesses. Indeed, Cavendish ascribes the same virtues to her mother and perceives her as one of the naturally good and wise. Her mother, Elizabeth Lucas, lost her husband²⁶² when Cavendish was only two. She describes her widowed mother in her autobiography:²⁶³

my Mother [. . .] having lived a Widow many years, [. . .] never forgot my Father so as to marry again; indeed he remain'd so lively in her memory, and her grief was so lasting, as she never mention'd 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 Cloyster, inclosing her self, as it were therein, for she seldom went abroad, unless to Church.²⁶⁴

Cavendish goes on to describe her mother as having a 'Heroick Spirit' in facing the losses her family incurred during the English Civil War. She 'suffered patiently' when 'sequestred [. . .] from [her] Lands and Livings. [. . .] She was of a grave Behaviour, and had such a Majestick Grandeur, as it were continually hung about her, that it would [. . .] command respect from the rudest'.²⁶⁵

Along with character sketches of the grieving widow, Cavendish also draws on elements of the 'wise man' as described by the humanist and classical scholar Justus Lipsius. For Cavendish, the word 'constancy' has embedded in its meaning the idea of fidelity to one's partner as well as strength of mind, which Lipsius defined as 'judging and acting from right reason'. One learned to judge from right reason through the 'cultivation of patience', and having patience meant one would 'deliberate more rationally' and, as a result, act with more equanimity and stability. Cavendish claims that her mother 'suffered patiently' through the troubles the civil war brought her, suggesting that she adopted the

²⁶²Thomas Lucas died in September 1625 'after a sudden and severe illness' (Whitaker, p. 11).

²⁶³Jonathan Goldberg discusses the distinction between early and modern autobiographers, saying, 'Modern autobiographers discover unique selves by focusing their attention on their inner lives; early autobiographers are wont to come to self-understanding through generic models' ('Cellini's Vita and the Conventions of Early Autobiography', *Modern Language Notes*, 89.1 (January, 1974), p. 71).

²⁶⁴NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), 'A true Relation', p. 377.

²⁶⁵Ibid.

attitude of the wise man who recognizes that ‘violence is perennial’ and that refuge can only be found in recognizing ‘what is beyond one’s external control’.²⁶⁶

The steadfast widow represents the ideal, the woman who behaves in concert with nature’s gendered design, but the author suggests that the ideal rarely manifests itself. The ability to cultivate patience exists naturally only in the select few who are strong-minded enough to remain virtuous in the face of the multiplicity of situations and characters nature metes out. The widow exhibits the self-restraining, angelic deportment Cavendish admires. ‘Those that are Continent’, she says, ‘are like what we imagine the nature of Angels to be, that is, Incorruptible’.²⁶⁷ Cavendish’s speaker gives the impression that the search for a constant woman, the speaker’s purpose for wandering about, has been unsuccessful for quite some time. When the traveller does find the widow, she is ethereal, ghostlike, and almost unreal. The widow emerges after dark, wearing white,²⁶⁸ with only one candle to light her way. She thinks only of her husband and cannot be convinced of the futility of her tears or of her yearning.²⁶⁹ Cavendish’s juxtaposition of the nose-blowing, spitting storyteller and the angelic widow seems to be an invitation to take the widow less seriously. However, this juxtaposition serves as a reminder that the situation is as it should be: widows should be virtuous even in a world populated with bad-mannered ruffians. Through this tale in verse, Cavendish upholds the paradigm of the grieving widow while also acknowledging the rarity of such a woman and tolerating the cynics and the spitters. She upholds the lady-in-white’s chastity and constancy, even attributing similar behaviour to her widowed mother, but because she believes *most* women cannot live up to this ideal, the widow is ethereal, ghost-like, almost unreal.

²⁶⁶Garrett, pp. 242-243.

²⁶⁷WO, ‘Of Chastity’, p. 74.

²⁶⁸Dorothea Kehler writes that Albert Dürer, while visiting Antwerp (1520), reports having seen a church procession in which a group of widows dressed in white participated. Kehler suggests the white dress is symbolic of the widows’ purity (*Shakespeare’s Widows* (New York: Palgrave Macmillan, 2009), p. 20).

Margaret might have seen one such procession during her exile in Antwerp.

²⁶⁹Cf. PF, ‘On a Melting Beauty’, p. 193-192; ‘On a Mourning Beauty’, p. 193.

In this sentiment Cavendish resembles the ancient philosopher Diogenes of Sinope and the early modern poet John Donne.²⁷⁰ Diogenes the Cynic reportedly walked about with a lantern during the day seeking an incorruptible man. The performance suggested such a man did not exist.²⁷¹ Similarly, John Donne, in ‘Song: Go, and Catch a Falling Star’, comments on the unlikely existence of ‘a woman true, and faire’.²⁷² He suggests one is more likely to ‘catch a falling starre’ or discover ‘who cleft the Devils foot’²⁷³ than to find a beautiful woman who remains true to her husband. He catalogues a list of implausible wonders but none compare to the difficulty of finding a constant, chaste woman. Though Cavendish shares in the fun, by emphasising variety she actively supports the virtuous widow in the face of male cynicism (and spitting).

From this vision of the chaste widow emerges the advice Cavendish would extend to her readers: adherence to nature’s gendered design can preserve the balance between the sexes. Nature, however, rarely works so perfectly and is more likely to dash about wildly, introducing disorder and excess through variety. But variety is not always malignant and can in fact give rise to behaviours that, while outside gender expectations, are still virtuous. Cavendish’s recognition that people possess a wide range of differing capacities that do not conform to seventeenth-century gender mores makes her more likely to imagine *possible* ways of living beyond those promoted in conduct manuals, ways of living, especially for women, that do not pose threats to familial or political stability.

²⁷⁰Margaret refers to Diogenes the Cynic in ‘She Anchorite’ (NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 289) and to Donne in ‘Of Light, and Sight’ (PF, p. 39). Lara Dodds traces Donne’s influence on William and Margaret Cavendish in “‘poore Donne was out’: Reading and Writing Donne in the Works of Margaret Cavendish”, *John Donne Journal*, 29 (2010), 133-174. According to Dodds, ‘Cavendish attributes quotations to Donne by name three times in her many works’. She alludes to him ‘in *Poems and Fancies* (1653), [and] she quotes a couplet from ‘The Storm’ in *Plays* (1662) and a line from ‘Upon the Annunciation and Passion’ in *Observations Upon Experimental Philosophy* (1666)’ (p. 148).

²⁷¹ Diogenes Laertius, *Lives of Eminent Philosophers*, vol. II (Loeb Classical Library), trans. by R. D. Hicks (London: William Heinemann, 1925), book VI, pp. 25 and 43.

²⁷² John Donne, ‘Song’, *Poems by J. D. with Elegies on the Authors Death* (London: 1635), STC 7046, line 18, p. 3.

²⁷³ Donne, ‘Song’ lines 1 and 4, p. 3.

NATURES PICTURES
 DRAWN BY
 FANCIES
 PENCIL
 TO THE LIFE.

*Written by the thrice Noble, Illustrious, and Excellent
 Princess, the Lady Marchioness of
 NEWCASTLE.*

*In this Volume there are several feigned Stories of
 Natural Descriptions, as Comical, Tragical, and
 Tragi-Comical, Poetical, Romancical, Philosophical,
 and Historical, both in Prose and Verse, some all
 Verse, some all Prose, some mixt, partly Prose, and
 partly Verse. Also, there are some Morals, and
 some Dialogues; but they are as the Advantage
 Loaves of Bread to a Bakers dozen; and a true
 Story at the latter end, wherein there is no Feignings.*

L O N D O N ,

Printed for J. Martin, and J. Allestrye, at
 the Bell in Saint Paul's Church-yard. 1656.

*The Dedication.*²⁷⁴

TO Pastime I do dedicate this Book,
 When idle, then my Readers in't may look,
 And yet be idle still; yet wish they may
 Never mispend their time, or wast the day
 Worse or more idly; since it may concern
 My Readers all, in every piece to learn
 Something to lay up still in mem'ries Treasure;
 Thus for your sakes mix Profit with your Pleasure.
 I hope you'll like it, if not, I'm still the same,
 Careless, since Truth will vindicate my Fame. [*a4r; a4v*]

*To the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle,
 on her Book of Tales.*²⁷⁵

GAllants and Ladies, what do ye lack? pray²⁷⁶ buy
 Tales *a la mode*, new Fashion'd here do lye:
 So do Romancies, your grave studies too,
 Academies of Love, teaching to woo
 And to be woo'd, corrupts more Virgins then
 Hot Satyrs turn'd to Amorous Courtly Men:
 But these are innocent; then be not nice,²⁷⁷
 Will you not buy, because they teach not Vice?
 Nature will teach you that; then do not look
 To do't by Art and Learning by the Book;
 A Vestal Nun²⁷⁸ may reade this, and avow²⁷⁹ it,
 And a *Carthusian*²⁸⁰ Confessor allow it.
 Yet they are pleasant, but on this side harm,

²⁷⁴The Dedication' does not appear in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856).

²⁷⁵This preface is deleted from NP 1671 (*Wing* N856).

²⁷⁶*pray*] short for 'I pray you.' 'Adds urgency, solicitation, or deference to a request' (*OED* adv.).

²⁷⁷*nice*] foolish or silly (*OED* adj. A 1 a).

²⁷⁸*Vestal Nun*] an especially chaste and pure virgin. The adjective 'vestal' is derived from 'Vesta', the goddess of hearth and home. The vestal virgins were responsible for maintaining the sacred fires in the temple of Vesta at Rome (*OED* adj. A 1 and 3; *OED* n. 1).

²⁷⁹*avow*] approve (*OED* v.1 3).

²⁸⁰*Carthusian*] of an order of contemplative monks known for their austerity (*OED* adj. 1 a).

Witty expressions, yet no wanton charm,
 But virtuous Love, bright shining as the Sun,
 As innocent as Turtles,²⁸¹ Vice to shun.
 What do you lack? for here's the Shop of Wit
 With new spun finer Phancies, for to fit
 Your curious Brains: do you lack Prose or Verse?
 Which, when you want discourse, you may rehearse,
 And gossip too with Pleasure and Delight,
 So for to wast a tedious Winters night. [b1r]
 'Twixt every Tale's Act, for your Musick, think
 Of melting Sweet-meats, dissolv'd Wine your drink;
 Unbrasing²⁸² your Drums ears²⁸³ a while to stay,
 Whil'st on your Tongues-strings²⁸⁴ tast doth sweetly play:²⁸⁵
 Then to the pleasure of your Tales again,
 Thus feast your Senses; when they're wearied, then
 To your soft Beds, Sleep seize you with delight,
 So Noble Friends, I bid you all good night. [b1v]

W. NEWCASTLE.

²⁸¹*Turtles*] turtle-doves, often signifiers of marital love and affection (*OED* n.¹ 1 a).

²⁸²*Unbrasing*] loosening or relaxing the tension of, usually applied to a drum (*OED* v. 2 c).

²⁸³*Drums ears*] *OED* usage examples show the phrase as usually being 'drum of the ear' (*OED* n.¹ II 5).

²⁸⁴*Tongues-strings*] literally taste buds, but also a play on the word 'strings', alluding to the strings on a musical instrument. In a broader sense, strings or sinews were the conduits through which sensory information (spirits) travelled.

²⁸⁵*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855): The word 'play' is printed on the line above after 'stay', sig. b1v. When a line of poetry is too long to print without extending into the margin, it is Cavendish's printer's convention to place the last word of that line on either the line above or below. An opening parenthesis is placed before the first letter of the word to indicate to the reader that the word belongs with the subsequent or previous line.

*A Copy of Verses to the Lady Marchiones
of NEWCASTLE, of all her Works, which are now all
printed, except her Tragedies and Comedies, which will
shortly come out.*²⁸⁶

YOU various Readers various judgements give,
And think Books are condemn'd, or ought to live²⁸⁷
According to your censures,²⁸⁸ bad or good,
Before you read them, or they're understood,
Laying aspersions with a jeering brand;
But read them first, that is, to understand
On forfeit of your selves, like this that's writ,
Or prejudice your judgements and your wit.
Now for your own sakes, these Books like them then,
Have mercy on your selves you censuring Men;
For when you're dead, and all your envious looks,
These Writings they will live as long as Books.
O but a Woman writes them, she doth strive
T'intrench too much on Man's Prerogative;
Then that's the crime her learned Fame pulls down;
If you be Scholars, she's too of the Gown:
Therefore be civil to her, think it fit
She should not be condemn'd, 'cause she's a Wit. [b2r]
If you be Souldiers, Ladies you'll defend,
And your sheath'd Arguments, when drawn, will end
The small male Gossipings: but Gallants, pray
Be not you factious, though each Mistris say

²⁸⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) alters the title of this preface to 'The Duke of Newcastle Upon All The Works of the Duchess' (sig. A2). The manuscript of Margaret's plays was lost at sea 'when the ship carrying it . . . foundered'; although Margaret kept copies of her plays, their publication was delayed (Grant, *Margaret the First*, pp. 159-160). Later, in *SL*, letter CXLIII, Cavendish writes about the incident: 'I Heard the Ship was Drown'd, wherein the man was that had the Charge and Care of my Playes, to carry them into E. [England] to be Printed, I being then in A. [Amsterdam or Antwerp] which when I heard, I was extremely Troubled, and if I had not had the Original of them by me, truly I should have been much Afflicted, and accounted the Loss of my Twenty Playes, as the Loss of Twenty Lives, for in my Mind I should have Died Twenty Deaths, which would have been a great Torment (p. 295).

²⁸⁷NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): printer's convention - '(live' appears on the line below after 'good', sig. b2r.

²⁸⁸[*censures*] opinions (*OED* n. 3).

The Books are naught, but dance, & with them play,
 Sweet pretty Ladies, and discourse with those
 Of Ribbins, *point de Jane*,²⁸⁹ and finer Cloaths,
 Their better reading, and let Books alone;
 But these I will compare to every one
 That here doth follow. Nay, old *Homer* writ
 Not clearer²⁹⁰ Phancies, nor with clearer Wit;
 And that Philosophy she doth dispense,
 Beyond old *Aristotle's* hard non-sense;²⁹¹
 Her observations of Diseases new,
 More than *Hippocrates*²⁹² the Grecian knew;
 As eloquent as Roman *Cicero*,²⁹³
 And sweeter flowers of Rhet'rick there do grow;
 More lofty high descriptions she hath still
 Than swell'd lines of th' Imitator *Virgil*,²⁹⁴
 As good Odes too as *Horace*,²⁹⁵ nay, I can

²⁸⁹*point de Jane*] thread lace made with a needle, with the prepositional phrase denoting the place from which the lace originated (*OED* n.3 1 a). From the French *point* (stitch). Probably a lace made with the point de genes (Genoa) stitch. NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) spells the phrase 'Point de Gen's' (sig. A2v), which could also be a reference to the Point de Flandre or Flemish Point. See Clara M. Blum, *Old World Lace* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1920), pp. 29 and 35.

²⁹⁰NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): Although the 'p' is not quite discernible, it appears that the word 'purer' is handwritten in left margin next to 'Not clearer', but the insertion point is not indicated (sig. b2v). The word is perhaps meant to replace 'Not clearer'. However, NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) retains the line as it is, altering 'Phancies' to 'Fancies' and the semicolon to a colon (sig. A2v). The addition/correction noted in the 1656 edition does not appear in the errata and is obviously not typewritten. It is likely that this and other handwritten corrections were either directed by or inserted by Cavendish. See James Fitzmaurice, 'Margaret Cavendish on Her Own Writing: Evidence from Revision and Handmade Correction', *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America* 85.3 (September, 1991), pp. 297-307.

²⁹¹*Aristotle's hard non-sense*] Cavendish attacks Aristotle in *Observations upon Experimental Philosophy*, saying he 'may justly be called the "Idol of the Schools"; for his doctrine is generally embraced with such reverence, as if truth itself had declared it' (as cited in *Observations*, ed. by O'Neill, p. 267). She refutes Aristotle's doctrine concerning motion, in which he lists types of motions and reports that motion is finite. Margaret disagrees, asserting that motion is infinite and 'nature and all her parts are perpetually self-moving' (as cited in *Observations*, ed. by O'Neill, p. 268).

²⁹²Reverence for Hippocrates as the perfect doctor existed even in the fourth century BC. His name is invoked throughout Galen's writing, and he was known for 'saving patients from the plague, resisting the financial inducements of the Persian king, above all working strenuously as a Greek among fellow Greeks' (Mark Grant, ed., *Galen on Food and Diet* (London: Routledge, 2000).

²⁹³Marcus Tullius Cicero (106-43 BC), lawyer, politician, philosopher, and famous orator (Simon Hornblower and Anthony Spawforth, eds., *Oxford Classical Dictionary* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003)).

²⁹⁴Roman poet (70-19 BC) and author of the Latin epic poem *Aeneid*. This work has many parallels with Homer's *Odyssey* (Hornblower and Spawforth).

²⁹⁵Quintus Horatius Flaccus, Italian poet born December 65 BC in Venusa, Italy.

Compare her Dialogues to rare *Lucian*.²⁹⁶

Lucan,²⁹⁷ the Battail of thy Civil War

Is lost, this Lady doth exceed thee far;

More Fame by Morals than grave *Plutarch*²⁹⁸ gain'd,

Profitable Fables, as *Aesop* feign'd;²⁹⁹

And as good Language as ev'r *Terence*³⁰⁰ writ,

Thy Comedies, poor *Plautus*,³⁰¹ far less wit.

Thy rare Epistles all Epistles sully,

Beyond the two Familiars of vain *Tully*;³⁰²

And as wise Sentences thou still dost say

As the *Apocrypha*,³⁰³ or *Seneca*,³⁰⁴

[b2v]

As smooth and gentle Verse as *Ovid*³⁰⁵ writ,

And may compare with sweet *Tibullus*³⁰⁶ wit.

What takes the Soul more than a gentle vain?

²⁹⁶Lucian of Samosata (125 – 180 AD), a rhetorician famous for his satiric dialogues. His 'mission in life was not to reform society nor to chatise it, but simply to amuse it'. See *Lucian*, ed. by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse, vol. 1, Loeb Classical Library (London: William Heinemann, 1913), pp. vii - ix.

²⁹⁷Marcus Annaeus Lucanus (39-65 AD), born in Cordova, Spain, wrote the epic poem *De Bello Civili*, or *Concerning the Civil War*, which deals with the Roman civil war, with the conflicting forces being led by Julius Caesar and Pompey. See *Lucan*, ed. by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse, Loeb Classical Library (London: William Heinemann, 1962), pp. ix - xv.

²⁹⁸Greek Philosopher and biographer born around 50 AD and died after 120 AD. He wrote a number of essays on philosophical topics often referred to as 'Moralia' (Hornblower and Spawforth).

²⁹⁹Aesop, the supposed creator of a collection of moral tales featuring animals. The fables of this legendary figure proliferated during the English Civil War, perhaps because they frequently exposed the brutality of power relations. See Jane Elizabeth Lewis, *The English Fable: Aesop and Literary Culture, 1651-1740* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996).

³⁰⁰*Terence*] Publius Terentius Afer (185-159 BC), Roman playwright who is known as a 'master of style'. See *Terence*, ed. by E. Capps, T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse, vol. 1, Loeb Classical Library (London: William Heinemann, 1918), pp. vii - xi.

³⁰¹*Plautus*] Titus Maccius Plautus (c. 254 – 184 BC), Roman comic playwright, known for his verbal brilliance (Hornblower and Spawforth).

³⁰²*Tully*] Anglicanized name for Marcus Tullius Cicero, who, in addition to being a famous orator, also wrote a collection of letters titled *Epistulae ad Familiares*.

³⁰³*Apocrypha*] The Apocrypha refers to a number of the Old Testament books that Protestants excluded after the Reformation because they believed the books did not have a 'well-grounded claim to inspired authorship' (*OED* n. B 1 a). The Apocrypha, however, which contains the Book of Wisdom, would have been included in the 1611 King James Bible, which is the bible the Cavendishes would have read. In *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856), Margaret replaces 'the *Apocrypha*' with '*Marcus Aurelius*', possibly wanting to avoid religious controversy.

³⁰⁴*Seneca*] Roman philosopher whose philosophical works played a large role in the revival of Stoicism during the Renaissance. He also wrote a collection of moral essays (Katja Vogt, 'Seneca', *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, Online).

³⁰⁵*Ovid*] Publius Ovidius Naso. Roman poet born in 43 BC known for his epic poem on mythological transformations.

³⁰⁶*Tibullus*] Albius Tibullus, born between 55 and 48 BC and died 19 BC, a Roman knight and writer known for his love poems, elegies, and 'refined and elegant' style (Hornblower and Spawforth).

Thou charm'st the charming *Orpheus*³⁰⁷ with thy strain.
 If all these Wits were prais'd for several ways,
 What deserv'st thou that hast them all? what praise?³⁰⁸ [b3r:b3v]
 W. NEWCASTLE.

TO THE READER.

THE design of these my feigned Stories is to present *Virtue, the Muses leading her, and the Graces* attending her.

Likewise, to defend Innocency, to help the distressed, and lament the unfortunate.

Also, to shew that Vice is seldome crown'd with good Fortune; and in these Designs or Pieces I have described many sorts of Passions, Humours, Behaviours, Actions, Accidents,³⁰⁹ Misfortunes, Governments, Laws, Customes, Peace, Wars, Climates, Situations, Arts and Sciences: but these Pieces are not limb'd³¹⁰ alike, for some are done with Oil colours of Poetry, others in Watry colours of Prose, some upon dark grounds of Tragedy, and some upon light grounds of Comedy. But the work of either is rough, being not done by a skilfull hand, so not so smooth as I could wish; yet I hope the proportions exceed not their Symmetry, but that every part is made proportionable to the whole, and the whole to the distance of your view, and that the Colours are neither mis-matcht, nor the Shadows misplaced.³¹¹ [b4r:b4v]

AN EPISTLE

To my Readers.

PErchance my feigned Stories are not so lively described as they might have been, for that my descriptions are not so lively express by the pen, as Sir *Anthony Vandicke*³¹²

³⁰⁷*Orpheus*] Mythical poet and singer whose songs have the power to charm not only gods but also animals, trees, and rocks. While a corpus of hymns are attributed to him, his existence as a historical figure is contested (Hornblower and Spawforth).

³⁰⁸This opening preface by William is the first in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856).

³⁰⁹*Accidents*] unforeseen circumstances (*OED* n. II 7).

³¹⁰*limb'd*] painted or depicted (*OED* adj.).

³¹¹In NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), Margaret includes only one epistle, but it contains passages from her first, second, third, fifth, and sixth epistles found in NP 1656 (*Wing* N855). The NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) epistle is followed by a fifty-four line poem in which Margaret imagines she is entertaining, with her stories, a company that includes family, learned men, and poets. In NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), the company of people is a group of men and women who have met on a winter's night to exchange tales.

³¹²*Sir Anthony Vandicke*] Anthony Van Dyck (1599–1641), born in Antwerp, collaborated with painter Peter Paul Rubens on a number of projects and eventually became the court painter for Charles I (Jeremy Wood, 'Dyck, Sir Anthony Van (1599–1641)', *DNB*).

his Pictures by the pencill, by reason I have not copied them from true^{*313} Originalls, but just as phancy formes; for I have not read much History to inform me of the past Ages, indeed I dare not examin the former times, for fear I should meet with such of my Sex, that have out-done all the glory I can aime at, or hope to attaine; for I confess my Ambition is restless, and not ordinary; because it would have an extraordinary fame: And since all heroick Actions, publick Employments, powerfull Governments, and eloquent Pleadings are denyed our Sex in this age, or at least would be condemned for want of custome, is the cause I write so much, for my ambition being restless, though rather busie than industrious, yet it hath made that little wit I have to run upon [*c1r*] every subject I can think of, or is fit for me to write on; for after I have put out one Book more that I am writing, I cannot tell what more to write, unless I should write of the like subjects again, which would be as tedious as endless. [*c1v*]

M. Newcastle.

TO THE READER.

AS for those Tales I name Romancicall,³¹⁴ I would not have my Readers think I write them, either to please, or to make foolish whining Lovers, for it is a humor of all humors, I have an aversion to; but my endeavour is to express the sweetness of Vertue, and the Graces, and to dress and adorn them in the best expressions I can, as being one of their servants, that do unfeignedly, unweariedly, industriously, and faithfully wait upon them: Neither do I know the rule or method of Romancy Writing; for I never read a Romancy Book throughout in all my life, I mean such as I take to be Romances, wherein little is writ which ought to be practised, but rather shunned as foolish Amorosities, and desperate Follies, not noble Loves di- [*c2r*] scret Vertues, and true Valour. The most I

³¹³NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): An asterisk directs the reader to a note in the right margin, which reads: ‘*I meane true Originall from immediate action*’, sig. c1v.

³¹⁴Romancicall] characterized by romance (*OED* adj. 1). Charles Lamb saw the word as being particular to Margaret Cavendish. See ‘A Complaint of the Decay of the Beggars in the Metropolis’, *Elia*, ed. by George Benedict (Chicago: Scott, Forsman, 1911), pp. 250-261.

ever read of Romances was but part of three Books, as the three parts of one, and the half of the two others, otherwise I never read any; unless as I might by chance, as when I see a Book, not knowing of what it treats, I may take and read some half a dozen lines, where perceiving it a Romance, straight throw it from me, as an unprofitable study, which neither instructs, directs, nor delights me: And if I thought those Tales I call my Romancicall Tales, should or could neither benefit the life, nor delight the minde of my Readers, no more than those pieces of Romances I read, did me, I would never suffer them to be printed; but self-partiality perswades me otherwise, but if they should not, I desire those that have my book to pull out those tales and burn them: Likewise if I could think that any of my writings should create Amorous thoughts in idle brains, I would make blotts instead of letters; but I hope this work of mine will rather quench Amorous passions, than inflame them, and beget chast Thoughts, nourish love of Vertue, kindle humane Pitty, warme Charity, increase Civillity, strengthen fainting patience, encourage noble Industry, crown, Merit, instruct Life; and recreate Time, Also I hope, it will [*c2v*] damn vices, kill follies, prevent Errors, forwarne youth, and arme the life against misfortunes: Likewise to admonish, instruct, direct, and perswade to that which is good and best, and in so doing, I the Authoress have my wishes and reward. [*c3r*]

M. NEWCASTLE.

TO THE READER.

I Must intreat my Readers to understand, that though my Naturall Genius is to write fancy, yet in this Work, I have strove, as much as I can, to lay fancy by in some out-corner of my brain, for lively descriptions to take place; for descriptions are to imitate, and fancy to create; for fancy is not an imitation of nature, but a naturall Creation, which I take to be the true Poetry: so that there is as much difference between fancy, and

imitation³¹⁵ as between a Creature, and a Creator: but some Poeticall tales or discourses, both in verse and prose; but most in prose, hath crowded in amongst the rest, I cannot say against my will,³¹⁶ although my will was forced by my Naturall Inclinations and affections to fancy, but otherwise I have endeavoured to describe, and imitate the severall Actions of life, and changes of fortune, as well as my little Wit, weak observations, and lesse learning can compose [*c3v*] into severall discourses; Also I am to let my Readers to understand, that though my work is of Comicall, Tragicall, Poeticall, Philosophicall, Romancicall, Historicall and Morall discourses, yet I could not place them so exactly into severall Books, or parts as I would, but am forced to mix them one amongst another,³¹⁷ but my Readers will find them in the volume, if they please to take notice of them, if not there is no harme done to my Book, nor me the Authoress. [*c4r*]

M. NEWCASTLE.

TO MY READERS.

Although I hope every piece or discourse in my Book will delight my Readers, or at least some one, and some another, according as they shall agree and simpatize with their humors, dispositions and fancies, yet I do recommend two as the most solid and edifying, which are named, The Anchoret, and the Experienced Traveller, but especially the she Anchoret, they are the last of my feigned stories in my Book. [*c4v*]

TO MY READERS.³¹⁸

I Must intreat my Readers to take notice, that in this first Book or part of this volume, I was forced to order my severall Chapters, as Musicians doe their tunes, when they

³¹⁵*imitation*] imitation.

³¹⁶*will*] desire or wish (*OED* n.¹I 1 a), as opposed to the more modern sense of the word, which is coloured by the idea that 'will' means conscious intention.

³¹⁷Cavendish was in exile in Antwerp when she had *Natures Pictures* printed, a situation that likely affected the organisation of the book. See Rebecca Bullard, 'Gatherings in Exile: Interpreting the Bibliographical Structure of *Natures Pictures Drawn by Fancies Pencil to the Life* (1656)', *English Studies*, 92.7 (2011), pp. 786-805.

³¹⁸This long preface does not have signature numbers in NP 1656 (*Wing* N855) and comprises only two leaves (four pages). The signature pages are mine.

play upon Musically Instruments, who for the most part do mix light Aires, with solemn Sounds: and by reason I thought this first part of my Book would be too short, if I did divide them, I have mixed them altogether, and although in my opinion I have disadvantaged it very much with imitating Musicians, yet I could not conveniently avoid it, for the reason aforesaid, although the light Aires and solemn Tunes, which are the Comical & Tragical discourse mixt together, will so disunite the thoughts and disturb the passions, as my Readers will hardly fix their minds seriously on either, for my Readers will be like one that is intreated [*dtr*] or rather pull'd by two Companions, one to accompanie him to a house of Mourning, the other to a house of Mirth,³¹⁹ or rather to a shop of toys, in which posture,³²⁰ he can neither condole³²¹ with the unfortunate, nor mourn with the afflicted, nor rejoyce with the happy, nor chat with the idle, and so may grow angry with them both, and fling them by as troublesome: the like may my Readers with my discourse; also I must tell my Readers, I do not strive as many do, to put the choice pieces in the first place, to invite or rather to intice the Readers to read their following works, but endeavor to place my works properly and not subtilly.

Likewise, I have not endeavoured so much for the eloquence, and elegancy of speech, as the naturall and most usuall way of speaking, in severall Discourses, and ordinary Phrases; but perchance my Readers will say, or at least think I have dressed the severall subjects of my Discourses too vulgar, or that the Garments, which is the language, is thread-bare: 'tis true, they are not drest up in constraint fashions, which are set phrases, nor tied up with hard words, nor bumbast³²² sentences, but though they are carelesly, yet they are not loosely drest: but for fear my Reader should not take notice, I must repeat

³¹⁹*one to accompanie . . . of Mirth*] This line recalls Ecclesiastes 7:4: The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the heart of fooles is in the house of mirth (King James Bible, 1611). King Solomon is credited with having written Ecclesiastes.

³²⁰*posture*] situation (*OED* n. 3).

³²¹*condole*] to express sympathy with (*OED* v. I 2 a).

³²²*bumbast*] *bombast*; pompous, bombastic (*OED* adj. 2).

[*d1v*] once again to put them in remembrance that most of my discourses or Tales, are naturall Descriptions & not Fancies; also I must tell my Readers, if they meet any words in my discourse, that belongs to any other Language, pray let them not perswade you I understand their native Originall, but pray remember, or if you do not know, inquire of Linguists, and they will inform you, that English is a compounded Language, as mithredated³²³ of many ingredients, or it is like a Cordiall water, whose spirits are extracted from many severall simples³²⁴; so, if I speak the English that is spoken in this age, I must use such words as belongs to other Nations, being mixed therein, unless I should speak the English that was spoken in former Ages, as that they call old English, of which I am almost as ignorant as of other Languages: I would not have written this, but that I am condemned as a dissembler, for saying I do not understand any Language but English,³²⁵ which is my native Language, and the only reason is I use such words, as are mixed therein; but in this as in all things else, I am a Speaker of Truth, that is, I never say any thing for a Truth, that is false, and I am so great a lover of Truth, as I am one of her order, and have taken the habit of sincerity, in which I will live and dye.³²⁶ [*d2r:d2v*]

M. NEWCASTLE.

³²³*mithredated*] made of a mixture of elements, a verb from the noun 'mithridate', which is a medicinal concoction comprising a variety of ingredients (*OED* n. 1 a).

³²⁴*simples*] basic elements of a composition or mixture (*OED* n. B 7 a)

³²⁵Cavendish is probably responding to a letter written by Walter Charleton in January 1654. While he praises her, telling her that in giving him a copy of *WO* she has benefitted his reputation as well as his understanding, he also reports to her that the readers of her books doubt her authorship because of the scholastic language she uses. See *A Collection of Letters and Poems Written by Several Persons of Honour and Learning, upon Divers Important Subjects, to the Late Duke and Dutchess of Newcastle* (London: 1678), *Wing* C5146, pp. 142-149 and Whitaker, pp. 184-187. William defends Margaret in an epistle to *Philosophical and Physical Opinions* (London: 1655), *Wing* N863 (hereafter *PPO*) titled 'An Epistle to justifie the Lady Newcastle, and Truth against falshood, laying those false, and malicious aspersions of her that she was not the Authour of her Books' (London: J. Martin and Allestrye, 1655), sigs. A1v-A3r.

³²⁶This epistle is absent from *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856).

Her Excellencies Comical Tales in Prose.

*The first Part.**The strict Associate.*

THere was a Gentleman came to a Lady with a Message from his Lord,
which was to tell her his Lord would come and visit her.

Sir, said she, is your Lord a Poet?

No, Lady, said he.

Said she, then he hath no Divine Soul.

Is he a Philosopher, said she?

No, Madam, said he.

Then, said she, he hath no Rational Soul.

Is he an Historian, said she?

Neither, said he.

Then, said she, he hath no Learned Soul.

Is he an antient³²⁷ Man, said she?

No, Lady, said he.

Then he hath no Experienced Soul.

Is he an Orator, said she?

No, Lady, said he.

Then he hath no Eloquent Soul.

And if he hath neither Poetical Wit, Philosophical Wisdome, Studious Learning, Experienced Knowledge, nor Eloquent Language, he cannot be conversible; and if he be not conversible, his Visit can neither be profitable nor pleasant, but troublesome and

³²⁷*antient*] elderly, senior (*OED* adj. A I 6).

tedious; therefore I shall intreat your Lord by the return of my Answer, that he will spare his pains, and my pain, in giving me a Visit.

But, said the man, though my Lord is neither a Poet, a Philosopher, an Historian, Orator, or Aged, yet he is a young beautifull Man, which is more acceptable to a fair Lady.

Sir, said she, Youth and Beauty appears worse in Men, than Age and Deformity in Women; wherefore, said she, if it were in my [*1r]³²⁸ power, I would make a Law that all young Men should be kept to their Studies, so long as their Effeminate Beauty doth last; and old Women should be put into Cloysters³²⁹ when their Youth and Beauty is past: but, said she, the custome of the World is otherwise, for old Women and young Men appear most to the publick view in the World, when young Women and aged Men often retire from it.

The Judgement.

THere were two Gentlemen that had travelled both into *England* and *France*, and meeting another Gentleman, he asked one of them which he liked best, *England* or *France*.

The other said, he liked both well where they were like worthy, and disliked them both in things that were not worthy of praise.

Said he to the second Gentleman; and which like you best?

Which do you mean, said the second, the Countryes or Kingdomes?

Why, what difference is there betwixt saying a Country, and a Kingdome, said he?

Great difference, said the other; for to say a Country is such a circumference of earth, and to say a Kingdome is to say such a Countrey manured, inhabited, or rather

³²⁸The signatures in this gathering obviously break the alphabetical pattern – an indication that it was possibly added later.

³²⁹*Cloysters*] enclosures, such as monasteries or convents (*OED* n. 1 a).

populated with Men that dwell in Cities, Towns, and Villages, that are governed by Laws, either Natural or Artificial.³³⁰

Well, which Kingdome do you like best, said the other?

Truly, said the second, I cannot give a good judgement, unless I had travelled through every part in both Kingdomes, and had taken strict surveys of their Forts, Havens, Woods, Plains, Hills, Dales, Meadows, Pastures, Errable;³³¹ also, their Architectures, as Cities, Towns, Villages, Palaces, Churches, Theaters; also, their Laws, Customes, and Ceremonies, their Commodities, Trafficks,³³² and Transportations, their Climates and Situations, and the several humours of the several People in each Kingdome, which will not onely require a solid judgement, and a clear understanding, but a long life to judge thereon.

But, said the other, judge of as much as you have seen.

To judge of parts, answered the other, is not to judge of the whole: but to judge of as much as I have seen: I will compare or similize those parts of those two Kingdomes to two Ladies, whose faces I have onely seen, their bodies and constitutions unknown; the one hath a larger and fairer forehead than the other, and a more sanguine complexion, the other hath better eyes, eye-brows, and mouth, So France is a broader & plainer Countrey, and the climat is more cleer and somewhat hotter than England, and England hath better Sea-ports, Havens, and navigable Rivers, than France [**Iv*] hath; also the one hath a more haughty look or countenance than the other; and the other a more pleasing and modest countenance; So France appears more majesticall; and England more amiable.

³³⁰A possible reference to Thomas Hobbes' *The Leviathan*, chapters 13, 14, and 15, in which he discusses the natural condition of man and the attendant requirement for contracts (artificial agreements).

³³¹*Errable*] NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'arable'; arable land (*OED* n. B).

³³²*Trafficks*] trade between communities (*OED* n. 1 a).

*The Vulgar*³³³ fights.³³⁴

A Young Gentleman, that had a good naturall wit, had a desire to travell, but first, he would visit Every Province in his own Countrey before he went into forraign Kingdoms, preferring the knowledge of his own native soyl, before theirs, wherein he was neither born, nor meant to dwell: so he went to the chief Metropolitan City, where he did intend to stay some time, for there he might inform himself best of the severall Trades, Trafficks, Imposts,³³⁵ Lawes, Customes, Offices, and the like: so when he was come to the City, he sent his man to seek him out some Lodgings in some private house, because Innes are both troublesome, and not so convenient, besides more chargeable:³³⁶ so his man had not gone far, but he saw a bill³³⁷ over a Tradesmans doore to let passengers know there were Lodgings to be let; the Mistris sitting at the door, he asked her if he might see their Lodgings that were to be let?

She answered no, she would first see them that were to take them; but said she, who is it that would take them?

Said he, my Master?

Hath he a Wife, said she?

Why aske you that, said he?

Because said she, I will not let my lodgings to any man that brings a wife, for women to women are troublesome guests, when men are very acceptable, and I thank the Gods, said she, I am not so poor, as I care for the profit, but for company & conversation, for to have no other company but my husband is very dull and melancholy.

Said the man, my Master hath no wife.

Is he a young man, said she?

³³³*Vulgar*] relating to common people (*OED* adj. 1 a).

³³⁴In *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856), this story is the third in the second book (pp. 157-164).

³³⁵*Imposts*] taxes (*OED* n.¹ 1 a).

³³⁶*chargeable*] expensive (*OED* adj. I 4).

³³⁷*bill*] a placard (*OED* n.³ 8 a).

Yes, said he.

Is he a handsome man, said she?

Yes, said he;

Then said she, my lodging is at his service;

At what rate are they, said he?

Said she, Your Master and I shall not fall out about the price.

So he returned to his Master and told him, he had found not onely lodgings, but as he thought, a fair bedfellow³³⁸ to accompany him, for the Mistris would make no bargain but with himself.

So thither he went, where he found all things accommodated for his use, and his Landlady, who was a handsome Woman, and her husband a plain man, bid him very welcome, then taking their leave left him to himself; after which the good man seldome troubled him; but his wife was so officious;³³⁹ as he seldom mist of her [**2r*] Company, and so wondrous kinde as might be, making him white wine Caudles³⁴⁰ for his breakfast, and giving him very often collations;³⁴¹ besides, if he stayed out, she would send her husband to bed, but she would wait for his coming home, for which Kindness he would return her Courtly Civillities: but he went often abroad to view the City, and to see the course of the People,³⁴² and the severall passages therein; And one day as he went through a large street, a Coach-man and Car-man fell out for the right side of the way, the Car-man said he was loaded, and therefore would not give way; the Coach-man said, it was not fit for a Coach to give way to a cart, and therefore he should give way; so after words follow blowes, and

³³⁸*bedfellow*] 'one who shares a bed with another' (*OED* n. 1). Used in the sense that the master will be lodging in close quarters with the woman.

³³⁹*officious*] overly attentive and eager to please; intrusive (*OED* adj. 3).

³⁴⁰*Caudles*] Warm spiced drinks made with a thin gruel and wine or ale (*OED* n. a).

³⁴¹*collations*] light meals (*OED* n. II 9).

³⁴²*course of the People*] fashionable riding or driving path (*OED* n. II 14).

their whips were there mettled blades, which they fought withall, with which they lashed one another soundly.³⁴³

The Gentleman seeing them lashing one another so cruelly, spake to his man to part the fray; introth Master, said the man, if I shall go about to part all foolish frays, or but one in a City, I may chance to go home with a broken pate, and get no reputation for the losse of my blood; so they went to the market place, and there were two women which had fallen out about their Marchandize, and their fight was much fiercer than the Coachman and Carters, and their words more inveterated,³⁴⁴ and their nailes more wounding than their whips, in so much as they had scratched each other so as the blood trickled down their faces, whereupon the Gentleman being of a pitifull nature, commanded his man to part them; said the man, I will adventure on the effeminate Sex; for I believe I can pacify them, at least make my party good, so he went and spoke to them to forbear each other, but their eares were stopt with the sound of their scolding tongues; but when he went to part them, it did so enrage their fury, as they left fighting with each other, and fell upon him, where to help himself he was forced to fight with them both, at last it grew to be a very hot battle, first off went his hat, then down fell his Cloake, he thrust them from him, they prest upon him, he cuft them, they laid on blows on him, they tore his band, he tore their kerchers,³⁴⁵ they pull'd his haire, he pull'd there Petticoats, they scratcht his face, he beat their fingers, he kickt them, they spurned him, at last with strugling they all three fell in the kennell,³⁴⁶ and so close they fought, as those three bodyes seemed but one body, and that moved as a Whale on a shallow shore, which wants water to swim, even so they lay waving and rolling in the kennell; in this time a number of people were gathered about

³⁴³It is likely that there was much tension between cartmen and coachmen as is suggested by John Taylor, who, in a short work published in 1623, rails against the uselessness and wastefulness of coaches, comparing them to the grasshoppers that overran Egypt. See John Taylor, *The World Runnes on Wheeles: or Oddes, betwixt Carts and Coaches* (London: 1623), *STC* 23816.

³⁴⁴*more inveterated*] angrier.

³⁴⁵*kerchers*] cloths used to cover women's heads (*OED kerchiefs* n. 1 a).

³⁴⁶*kennell*] street gutter (*OED* n.2).

them to see them fight, for it is the nature of common people to view combats, but part none; They will make frayes, but not friends, but the people inveterated their spleenes,³⁴⁷ and inflamed their collars³⁴⁸ with their shooting noises which they made, but the Gentleman that was concerned for his man, desired the people to part them, but they cried out, let them fight, let them fight; and they that had so much good nature as to offer to pull them asunder, the rest did hinder them: at last the Constable came, and did cause them all three to be put into the Stockes, whereas the man was placed betwixt the [*2v] two Women, which almost made deafe both his eares, for though their leggs were fast, their tongues were loose; with which they rung him such a scolding peal, as made his head dizzye; but he without speaking one word sate³⁴⁹ in a most lamentable posture, with his clothes all rent and torne, his face all scratcht and bloody, and that haire they left on his head all snarled and rougled,³⁵⁰ and stood an end, as if he were affrighted; but at last his Master by bribing the Constable, got his man out of the stocks, and gave the Constable so much more to keep the women shakled a longer time; but when they saw the man let loose, and they still fast, were stark madd; but the man was so dogged, that he would not speak to his Master, because it was by his command he came into that effeminat quarrell; but his master to pacify him, and to reward him for his obedience, gave him new clothes, and all things suteable, and money to be friends again, and though the money did quallify his passion, yet he was wonderfull angry for the disgrace (as he thought it) to be beaten by women, and prayed his Master to give him leave to depart from him, that he might retire to some meaner mans service, where he might hide his dishonor; his Master told him he thought he never had much Honour to loose, neither would any trouble their thoughts, and burthen their memory with such foolish quarrells; but howsoever, said his master, if

³⁴⁷*inveterated their spleens*] provoked their anger.

³⁴⁸*collars*] feelings of anger; cholar (*OED* n. A 3).

³⁴⁹*sate*] sat.

³⁵⁰*rougled*] possible spelling variant of 'roughled,' a homophone for 'ruffled'. In *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856), the word is 'ruffled', p. 161.

you be a man of Honour, as you imagine your self, you should glory in this combat; for Honorable and gallant men will not refuse to graspe with the effeminate Sex, but take it as an honour to receive blows from them; a rent band³⁵¹ is their victory, a scatched face there trophy; & their scolding speech is their Chariot wherein they ride in triumph; Heaven, said the man deliver me from that Honour, for I had rather graspe a fury of Hell, than an angry woman; So home they went, and when they came to their lodging, they found the man and his wife together by the eares; the man cursing, the wife scolding, and there wares in their shop flung about: For they had hurled all they could lay hold on at each others head; whereat the Master and the man stood at the doore not daring to enter the house, for fear they should partake of the quarrell. At last said the man to his master; Sir, said he, now you may have those honorable victories, as trophyes, and triumphs you spake of, if you will endeavour to part them; his Master answered, that one man was enough for one woman; and two would be too much: said the man, I answer that I found two women too much for one man, and I dare lay a wager our Land-lady wil be too hard for our Land-lord; he had no sooner spoke, but the wife had broke her husbands head with a measure³⁵² that lay by,³⁵³ which as soone as she had done, she run into her Kitchin, and shut the door to secure herself, making it her Castle of defence, to which her husband followed with threatening language, then bounced & beat against the door to break it open, but she had not only barred and lockt it, but had set all the potts, panns and spitts³⁵⁴ against it, as a baracadoe to make it strong but at last the Gentleman went to his Land lord & perswaded him to be friends with his wife, at first he would not hear [**3r*] him; but at last when he found he could not get in, and that his furie was wasted with the many assaults against the doore, he was contented to have a parley: then there was a truce agreed upon for two hours, in which

³⁵¹*band*] collar (OED n.² I 4 a).

³⁵²*measure*] A pot used to measure liquid (OED n. compounds).

³⁵³The scold was often characterized as engaging in violence against her husband. See *The Scolding Wives Vindication: or, An Answer to the Cuckold's Complaint* (London: 1689), Wing S935.

³⁵⁴*spitts*] sharp metal or wood rods used to roast meat (OED n¹. a).

time the Gentleman had managed the quarrell so well, as he made them friends, for the wife was contented to be friends with her husband, for the Gentlemans sake, and the husband for quiets sake, and the man was contented to stay with his Master, when he saw he was not the only man, that was beaten by women; but triumphed that the Land-lord was beaten by one, when he had two against him, &c. [*3v]

THE TOBACCONIST.

THere were two maides talking of Husbands, for that for the most part is the theame of their discourse, and the subject of their thoughts;³⁵⁵

Said the one to the other, I would not marry a man that takes Tobacco³⁵⁶ for any thing.

Said the second, then it is likely you will have a fool for your husband, for Tobacco is able to make a fool a wise man: for though it doth not always work to wise effects, by reason some fools are beyond all improvement, yet it never failes where any improvement is to be made.

Why, said the first, how doth it worke such wise effects?

Said the second, it composes the mind, it busies the thoughts, it attracts all outward objects to the mindes view, it settles and retents the senses;³⁵⁷ it cleeres the understanding; strengthens the Judgement, spyes out Errors; it evaporates Follyes, it heates Ambition, it comforts sorrow, it abates passions, it excites to Noble actions; it digests conceptions, it inlarges knowledge, it elevates imaginations, it creates phancies, it quickens wit, and it

³⁵⁵Tobacco, especially cigars, enjoyed a new popularity in the nineteenth century, which may explain the appearance of the 'The Tobacconist' in a publication entitled *Once a Week: An Illustrated Miscellany of Literature, Popular Science, and Art*, vol. 1 (London: Bradbury, Evans, & Co., 1866), p. 684.

³⁵⁶Cavendish's tale reflects the early controversy over tobacco use. Peter C. Mancall claims, 'Nowhere was [the] early discussion of tobacco more intense than in England, where the competing tales that tobacco told took hold of readers' imaginations and spurred the creation of texts that either promoted or condemned the plant' ('Tales Tobacco Told in Sixteenth-Century Europe', *Environmental History* 9.4 (2004, Oct.), p. 659).

³⁵⁷*retents the senses*] stimulates the senses. NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'stays the Senses' (p. 164).

makes reason Pleader,³⁵⁸ and truth Judge in all disputes or Controversies betwixt Right and Wrong.

Said the first, it makes the breath stinke.

Said the second, you mistake, it will make a stinking breath sweet.

It is a beastly smell, said the first.

Said the second, Civet³⁵⁹ is a beastly smell, and that you will thrust your nose to, although it be an excrement, and for any thing we know, so is Amber-Greece,³⁶⁰ when Tobacco is a sweet and pleasant, wholesom and medicinable hearb. [**4r:*4v*]

Her Excellencies Tales in Verse.

The first Book.

REaders, I find the Works which I have wrote,
 Are not so bad, as you can find much fault;
 For if you could, I doubt you would not spare
 Me in your censures, but their faults declare;
 For I perceive the World is evil bent,
 Judging the worst, although it good was meant;
 And if a word to wantonness could wrest,³⁶¹
 They'll be so pleas'd, and often at it jest;
 When every foolish tongue can with words play,
 And turn good sense, with words, an evil way:
 But at my Writings let them do their worst,
 And for their pains with Ignorance be curst.

³⁵⁸*Pleader*] a lawyer or a person who pleads in court (*OED* n.¹ 1 a).

³⁵⁹*Civet*] a musky smelling substance, used in perfumery, which is secreted from the anal glands of the Civet (*OED* n.¹ 2 a). The early modern perfumer Simon Barbe claims civet is the sweat of the civet cat: 'THE Civet-Cat is a little bigger than a Pole-Cat, and naturally very Melancholick: They keep her in an Iron Cage, and those who keep them make them Sweat, by placing a great many Chafing-dishes full of Fire about their Cages, they Sweat presently, and as their Sweat thickens, they gather with an Ivory Knife all the Sweat which is under the Chest, and between the Legs, which Sweat we call Civet' (*The French Perfumer* (London: 1696), *Wing* B689A), sig. B3r.

³⁶⁰*Amber-Greece*] a waxy substance secreted in the intestines of the sperm-whale and found floating on the sea. It is used in perfumery and formerly in cookery (*OED* *Ambergis* n.). For various early uses of this substance in perfume, see Simon Barbe.

³⁶¹*wrest*] twist or alter 'from the true or proper signification' (*OED* v. I 5 a).

IN Winter cold, a Company was met
Both Men and Women by the Fire set;
 At last they did agree to pass the time,
 That every one should tell a Tale in Rhime.
 The Women said, they could no Number³⁶² keep,
 Or could they run on smooth and even Feet.
 Why, said the Men, all Womens Tongues are free
 To speak both out of time, and nonsen sly.³⁶³
 And drawing lots, the chance fell on a Man,
 When he had spit and blow'd his Nose, began.

[1:B1r]

Of the faithfull Widow, or mournfull Wife

I Travelling, it was my chance to see
A little House hard by a Tombe to be;
 My curiosity made me inquire
 Who dwelt therein; to further my desire,
 I knocked at the door, at last came one,
 Which told me 'twas a Lady liv'd alone:
 I pray'd that I the Lady might but see,
 She told me she did shun all Company.
 By her discourse the Lady had been Wife,
 But being a Widow, liv'd a lonely life.
 I told her, I did travel all about,
 If I could finde a Constant Woman out.³⁶⁴

³⁶²[Numbers] 'Metrical periods or feet; lines, verses' (*OED* n. IV 17 a).

³⁶³In this opening verse, Cavendish, through the voice of the men in the group, playfully criticizes women's supposed inability to control their tongues. Elsewhere, however, she broaches the topic with more vitriol. See *SL*, letter CIII, 'I, to Express the Nature of our Sex, (which is, that we cannot Refrain our Tongues from Speaking, although it be on such Themes as we Understand not, or of such Subjects or Causes as we have nothing to do with, and which do not Concern us) did most Foolishly Speak to the Ladies' (p. 208). She exempts herself from this vice in a letter she writes to William during their courtship: 'Pray, me lord, doe not messtrust me for telling of any thing that you have commanded my silence in, for though I am a woman I can keep counsel; but I hav not power ofr the emmaganacions of others' (Douglas Grant, ed., *The Phansseys of William Cavendish Marquis of Newcastle Addressed to Margaret Lucas and Her Letters in Reply* (London: Nonesuch, 1956), letter 18, p. 116. Cavendish's traditional view of women has caused much discussion among feminist critics, who would like to claim Cavendish as a proto-feminist but who are uncomfortable in doing so. For a lucid and measured discussion concerning Cavendish's position on gender, see Debra Boyle, 'Margaret Cavendish on Gender, Nature, and Freedom', *Hypatia*, 28.3 (Summer 2013), pp. 516-532.

³⁶⁴A possible allusion to the ancient philosopher Diogenes the Cynic, who supposedly lived in a large earthenware tub and walked about with a lit lantern during the day looking for someone not corrupt

She told me, if the World had any where
 A Constant Woman, sure she dwelled there.
 I stayed there, in hopes my chance might be,
 Some wayes or other, this Lady to see;
 And lying underneath a Tombe at night,
 At Curfue time, this Lady with a Light
 Came forth the House, all clothed in white,³⁶⁵
 And to the Tombe her walk she bended right;
 With a majestick grace she walk'd along,
 She seem'd to be both beautifull and young;
 And when she came, she kneeled down to pray,³⁶⁶
 And thus unto her self did softly say.

Give leave, you Gods, this loss for to lament,
 Give my soul leave to seek which wayes his went;
 O let my spirits with his run a Race,
 Not to out-go, but to get next in place.
 Amongst the Sons of Men raise up his Fame,
 Let not foul Envy Canker-fret³⁶⁷ the same;
 And whil'st, great Gods, I in the World do live,
 Grant I may Honour to my Husband give;
 O grant that all fond love away may fly,
 But let my Heart amongst his Ashes lye:³⁶⁸
 Here do I sacrifice each vainer dress,
 And idle words my ignorant youth express.

(Diogenes Laertius, book VI, pp. 25 and 43). The 'She Anchoret' lived to be as famous as 'Diogenes in his tub' (*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), 'She Anchoret', p. 289).

³⁶⁵While Cavendish can be critical of women, she also seeks to vindicate them by presenting female character types whose loyalty and chastity sanctify them, placing them on a par with saints and heroes. The sanctified female was an oft used device. John Milton, in sonnet 23, draws on this trope, writing, 'my late espoused Saint [. . .] / Came vested all in white' (*John Milton, Complete Poems and Major Prose*, ed. by Merritt Y. Hughes (Indianapolis, IN: Hackett Publishing, 2003), pp. 170-171, lines 1 and 11). The white dress is probably an allusion to Revelations 7 and 19, in which the blessed wear robes of white.

³⁶⁶Cavendish's mourning widow resembles the medieval 'monk or nun, [who], purified by fasting and illumined by prayer, learned to live as an "angel in the body" transcending both the defilement of sex and limitations of gender to become a passionless, spirit-filled, miracle working source of life and holiness' (Barbara Newman, *From Virile Woman to WomanChrist: Studies in Medieval Literature and Religion* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1990), p. 4).

³⁶⁷*Cranker-fret* Corrode or corrupt (*OED* v.).

³⁶⁸In sociable letter CXIX, Cavendish expresses a similar desire: '[I]f I could have my Wish, I Would my Dust might be Inurned, and mix'd with the Dust of those I Love Best' (p. 239). Her wish was granted. She lies entombed in Westminster Abbey with her husband.

Here, Dear, I cancel all Self-love, and make
 A Bond thy loving Memory to take, [2:B1v]
 And in my soul alwayes adore the same,
 My Thoughts shall build up Altars to thy name;
 Thy Image in my Heart shall fixed be,
 My Tears from thence shall Copies take of thee;
 And on my Cheeks those Tears as Pictures plac't,³⁶⁹
 Or like thy Carved Statue, ne'r shall waste;
 Thy praise my words, though Air, shall print³⁷⁰ so deep,
 By Repetition, shall for ever keep.
 With that, Tears from her Eyes in showers did flow.
 Then I rose up, to her my self did shew.
 She seem'd not to be moved at my sight,
 Because her Grief was far above her Fright.
 Said I, weep, weep no more, thou Beauteous Saint,
 Nor over these dull Ashes make complaint;
 They feel not thy warm Tears which liquid flow,³⁷¹
 Nor thy deep Sighs, which from thy Heart do go;
 They hear thee not, nor thank thee for thy love,
 Nor yet his Soul that's with the Gods above:
 Take comfort, Saint, since Life will not return,
 And bury not your Joyes within this Urn.³⁷²

³⁶⁹Cavendish may be recalling one of the poems William wrote for her during their courtship, 'Love's Consideration of his Mistres' Picture' (see Grant, *Phanseys*, p. 3). For a discussion of this poem, see James Fitzmaurice, 'The Intellectual and Literary Courtship of Margaret Cavendish', *Early Modern Literary Studies* Special Issue 14 (May, 2004): 7.1-16. Fitzmaurice notes that both William and Margaret refer to the poetic convention in which 'the image of the mistress makes its entry into the lover by way of the eye and then takes up residence in the heart' (para. 7), a conceit also used by John Donne. See John Donne, 'A Valediction of Weeping', pp. 32-33.

³⁷⁰NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten correction alters 'point' to 'print', p. 3.

³⁷¹Cf. George Sandys, *Ovid's Metamorphosis Englished by George Sandys* (Oxford, 1628), STC 18965, which contains the story of Numa and his wife, Aegeria. After Numa dies, Aegeria flees to the isolation of the woods and there remains inconsolable despite the wood nymphs' efforts to comfort her: 'His wife the City fled: / Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed, / The woods her shroud, disturbs with grones and cries / *Orestean Diana's* sacrifice. / How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake / Reprov'd her teares, and words of comfort spake!' (book 15, pp. 431-432).

³⁷²In her mourning widow poems from *PF* 'A Register of Mournful Verses', pp. 193-197, Cavendish seems to have in mind Artemisia, ruler of Caria, who after the death of her husband, Mausolus, is said to have drunk his ashes and gradually died of grief ('Artemisia (2)', Hornblower and Spawforth). Italian artist Francesco Furini immortalized Artemisia in his painting *Artemisia Prepares to Drink the Ashes of Her Husband, Mausolus* (1630, Yale University Art Gallery). In *SL*, letter CXII, Cavendish mentions the Tomb of Mausolus, revealing she was aware of the myth (p. 228). The revival of classical Greek virtue ethics brought with it an interest in Greek history, and Margaret too was engaged by this revitalization of the past,

She Answered.

I have no Joyes, in him they did reside,
 They fled away when that his Body dy'd;
 Not that my Love unto his Shape was ty'd,
 But to his Virtues which did in him bide.
 He had a Generosity beyond all merit,
 A Noble Fortitude possest his spirit;
 Foreseeing Prudence, which his Life did guide,
 And temperate Thoughts did in his Soul abide;
 His speech was sweet, and gentle to the ear,
 Delight sate close, as listning for to hear
 His Counsel wise, and all his Actions good;
 His Truth and Honesty as Judges stood
 For to direct, and give his Actions law;
 His Piety to Gods was full of awe.
 Wherefore return, your Counsels are in vain,
 For I must grieve whil'st I in th' world remain;
 For I have sacrific'd all my Delights
 Upon my Noble Husbands Grave, and slights
 All Vanities, which Women young do prize,
 Though they intangle them, as webs do Flyes. [3:B2r]

Lady, said I, you being young and fair,
 By Pleasures to the World invited are,
 Yet bury all your Youth and Beauty here,
 When like the Sun, may to all eyes appear.

O Sir, said she, the Sun that gave me light,
 Death hath eclips'd, and taken from my sight;
 In Melancholy Shades my Soul doth lye,
 And grieves my Body will not quickly dye;
 My Spirits long to wander in the Air,

evidenced by her familiarity with the works of Plutarch (see *SL*, letter XXX, p. 62-64; and letter CLXXXVII, pp. 388-389). It is likely that she had access to Sir Thomas North's *The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romains* (London: 1631, *Wing* 20070), an English translation of Plutarch's *Lives* and to other histories. Whitaker asserts, "Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World* and the classical histories of Thucydides, Plutarch, Livy, and Tacitus [were] all available in translation' (p. 20).

Hoping to finde its loving Partner there:
 Though Fates decree my life for to prolong,
 No power hath my Constant Minde to turn.³⁷³

But when I did perceiue no Rhetorick could
 Perswade her to take Comfort, grieve she would:
 Then did I take my leave to go away,
 With adoration thus to her did say.
 Farewell you Angel of a Heavenly Breed,
 For sure thou com'st not from a Mortal Seed;
 Thou art so constant unto Virtue, fair,³⁷⁴
 Which very few of either Sexes are.
 And after in short time I heard she dy'd,
 Her Tombe was built close by her Husbands side.

*After the Man, a Woman did begin
 To tell her Tale, and thus she entred in.*

A Description of diverted grief.

A Man that had a young and a fair Wife,
 Whose Virtue was unspotted all her life;
 Her words were smooth which from her tongue did slide,
 All her Discourse was wittily apply'd;
 Her Actions modest, her Behaviour so,
 As when she mov'd, the Graces seem'd to go.
 Whatever ill she chanc'd to hear or see,
 Yet still her Thoughts as pure as Angels be.
 Her Husbands love seem'd such, as no delight
 Nor joy could take out of his dear Wives sight.
 It chanc'd this virtuous Wife fell sick to death,
 Thus to her Husband spake with dying breath.

Farewell, my dearest Husband, dye I must,
 Yet do not you forget me in the Dust,

[4:B2v]

³⁷³Cf. *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, book 7, in which Procris resists the overtures of a stranger, saying, 'One I onely serve: / For him, where ever, I my joyes preserve', p. 196.

³⁷⁴For an additional description of the virtuous widow, see *Orations*, pp. 172-173.

Because my spirit³⁷⁵ would grieve, if it should see
 Another in my room thy *LOVE* to be;
 My Ghost would mourn, lament, that never dyes,
 Though Bodies do pure Loves eternalize.³⁷⁶
 You Gods, said he, that order Death and Life,
 O strike me dead, unless you spare my Wife.
 If your Decree is fix'd, nor alter'd can,
 But she must dye, O miserable man!
 Here do I vow, great Gods all witness be,
 That I will have no other Wife but thee;³⁷⁷
 No friendship will I make, converse with none,
 But live an Anchoret³⁷⁸ my self alone;
 Thy spirits sweet my thoughts shall entertain,
 And in my minde thy Memory remain.

Farewell, said she, for now my soul's at peace,
 And all the blessings of the Gods increase
 Upon thy Soul, yet wish you would not³⁷⁹ give
 Away that Love I had whil'st I did live.
 Turning her head, as if to sleep she lay,
 In a soft sigh her Spirits flew away.

When she was dead, great Mourning he did make,
 Would neither eat, nor drink, nor rest could take,
 Kissing her cold pale lips, her cheeks, each eye,
 Cursing his Fates he lives, and may not dye.
 Tears fell so fast, as if his Sorrows meant
 To lay her in a watry Monument.
 But when her Corps was laid upon the Hearse,

³⁷⁵*spirit*] NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'soul', p. 3.

³⁷⁶*My Ghost . . . eternalize*] NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) clarifies these lines: 'My Ghost would mourn, lament; that never dyes, / Though bodies do; pure Loves eternalize', p. 7.

³⁷⁷Cavendish holds her widowers to the same standards as she does her widows, extolling the virtue of fidelity in both sexes. The culture at large, however, did not reflect this standard. Widowers were more likely to remarry than widows were. See Margaret Pelling, 'Finding Widowers: Men without Women in English Towns before 1700', *Widowhood in Medieval and Early Modern Europe*, ed. by Sandra Cavallo and Lyndan Warner (New York: Pearson Education, 1999), pp. 37-54.

³⁷⁸*Anchoret*] A person who has withdrawn from society; a recluse (*OED* n. 1 a).

³⁷⁹*Yet wish you would not*] NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'but I pray do not', p. 7.

No tongue can tell, nor his great grief express.³⁸⁰
 Thus did he pass his time a week or two,
 In sad complaints, and melancholy wo;³⁸¹
 At last he was perswaded for to take
 Some Air abroad, ev'n for his own healths sake.
 But first, unto the Grave he went to pray,
 Kissing that Earth wherein her Body lay.
 After a month or two, his Grief to ease,
 Some Recreations seeks himself to please;
 And calling for his Horses, and his Hounds,
 He means to hunt upon the Champaign grounds:³⁸²
 By these pastimes his thoughts diverted are,
 Goes by the Grave, and never drops a Tear.
 At last he chanc'd a Company to meet
 Of Virgins young, and fresh as Flowers sweet;
 Their Clothing fine, their Humours pleasant gay,
 And with each other they did sport and play:
 Giving his Eyes a liberty to view,
 With interchanging looks in Love he grew.
 One Maid among the rest, most fair and young,
 Who had a ready wit, and pleasant tongue,
 He courtship made to her, he did address,
 Cast off his Mourning, Love for to express;
 Rich Clothes he made, and wondrous fine they were,
 He barb'd,³⁸³ and curl'd, and powder'd sweet his Hair;
 Rich Gifts unto his Mistris did present,
 And every day to visit her he went.
 They like each one so well, they both agree
 That in all haste they straight must married be.
 To Church they went, for joy the Bels did ring,
 When married were, he home the Bride did bring.

[5:B3r]

³⁸⁰*Nor his great grief express*] NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) replaces this clause with 'what mournful cries he made', p. 7.

³⁸¹*wo*] woe.

³⁸²*Champaign grounds*] an expanse of level, open grounds (*OED* n. A 1).

³⁸³*barb'd*] shaved his beard (*OED* v. 1 a).

But when he married was some half a year,
 Then Curtain lectures³⁸⁴ from his Wife did hear;
 And whatso'er he did, she did dislike,
 And all his kindness she with scorns did slight;
 Cross every word she would that he did say,
 Seem'd very sick, complaining every day
 Unless she went abroad, then she would be
 In humour good in other Company.
 Then he would sigh, and call into his minde
 His dear dead Wife that was so wondrous kinde;
 He jealous grew, and was so discontent,
 Soon of his later Marriage did repent;
 With Melancholy Thoughts fell sick and dy'd;
 His Wife soon after was anothers Bride.³⁸⁵
 When she had done, the Men aloud did cry,
 Said, she had quit her Tale most spitefully.

*Another Man, to answer what she told,
 Began to tell, and did his Tale unfold.*

The Effeminate Description.

A Man a walking did a Lady spy;
 To her he went, and when he came hard by;
 Fair Lady said he, why walk you alone?
 Because, said she, my Thoughts are then my own;
 For in a company my Thoughts do throng,
 And follow every foolish babbling Tongue.

[6:B3v]

Your Thoughts, said he, were boldness for to ask.
 To tell, said she, it were too great a task:

³⁸⁴*Curtain lectures*] reprimands a wife gives to her husband while they are in bed (*OED* n.) *Curtain lectures* were associated with the disorderly scold. See Thomas Heywood, *A Curtain Lecture* (London: 1637), *STC* 13312.

³⁸⁵The early death of the husband or wife made long-lasting marriages unlikely. Remarriage was common; about twenty-five percent of all marriages were remarriages. See Lawrence Stone, *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800* (New York: Harper and Row, 1977), pp. 55-56. William Cavendish's first wife, Elizabeth Bassett, was the widow of Henry Howard. William and Elizabeth's marriage (1618) lasted twenty-five years, that is, until Elizabeth's death in April of 1643. About two years after Elizabeth's death, William married Margaret (December, 1645). William was widowed again upon Margaret's death in December of 1673.

But yet to satisfie your Minde, said she,
 Ple tell you how our Thoughts run commonly.
 Sometimes they mount up to the Heavens high,
 Then straight fall down, and on the Earth will lye;
 Then circling runs to compass all they may,
 And then sometimes they all in heaps do stay;
 At other times they run from place to place,
 As if they had each other in a Chace;
 Sometimes they run as Phansie doth them guide,
 And then they swim as in a flowing Tide:³⁸⁶
 But if the Minde be discontent, they flow
 Against the Tide, their Motion's dull and slow.

Said he,

I travel now to satisfie my minde,
 Whether I can a Constant Woman finde.
 O Sir, said she, it's Labour without end,
 We cannot Constant be to any Friend;
 We seem to love to death, but 'tis not so,
 Because our Passions moveth to and fro;
 They are not fix'd, but do run all about;
 Every new Object thrusts the former out:
 Yet we are fond, and for a time so kinde,
 As nothing in the World should change our minde:
 But if Misfortune come, we weary grow,
 Then former Fondness we away straight throw;
 Although the Object alter not, yet may
 Time alter our fond Minds another way;
 We love, and like, and hate, and cry,
 Without a Cause, or Reason why.
 Wherefore go back, for you shall never finde
 Any Woman to have a Constant Minde;

³⁸⁶Cavendish took great pleasure in the life of the mind. Cf. *SL*, letter XXIX, pp. 56 and 57.

The best that is shall hold out for a time,
Wavering like Winde, which Women hold no Crime.

*A Woman said, this Tale I will requite,
To vindicate our Sex, which you did slight.*

[7:B4r]

A Man in love was with a Lady fair,
And for her sake would curl, perfume his Hair;
Professions thousands unto her did make,
And swore for her a Pilgrimage would take.
I swear, said he, Truth shall for me be bound,
Constant to be, whil'st Life in me is found.
With all his Rivals he would quarrels make,
In Duels fought he often for her sake.
It chanc'd this Lady sick was, like to dye
Of the small Pox, Beauties great Enemy.³⁸⁷
When she was well, her Beauty decay'd quite,
He did forsake her, and her Friendship slight;
Excuses makes, her cannot often see,
Then asketh leave a Traveller to be.
And thus, poor Lady, when her Beauty's gone,
Without her Lover she may sit alone.

*Then was the third Mans turn his Tale to tell,
Which to his Company he fitted well.*

A Description of Constancy.

THere was a Noble Man that had a Wife,
Young, Fair, and Virtuous, yet so short a life;
For after she had married been a year,
A Daughter born, which Daughter cost her dear:
No sooner born, the Mother laid in Bed,
Before her Lord could come, his Wife was dead;

³⁸⁷Many of Cavendish's contemporaries, including John Evelyn, suffered the ravages of smallpox, a malady feared almost as much as the bubonic plague. Evelyn, who contracted but survived the infection, lost his beloved daughter Mary to the disease. Those who survived often lived with disfiguring scars. See Raymond A. Anselment, 'Smallpox in Seventeenth-Century English Literature: Reality and the Metamorphosis of Wit', *Medical History*, 33 (1989), pp. 72-95.

Where at the sight he did not tear his Hair,
 Nor beat his Breast, nor sigh, nor shed a Tear;
 Nor buried her in state, as many do,
 And with that Funeral Charge³⁸⁸ a new Wife wo:³⁸⁹
 But silently he laid her in a Tombe,
 Where by her side he meant to have a Room;
 For by no other side he meant to lye,
 But as in Life, in Death keep Company.
 The whil'st he of his Daughter care did take,
 And fond he was ev'n for his dear Wifes sake:
 But Grief upon his spirits had got hold,
 Consum'd him more than Age that makes Men old;
 His Flesh did waste, his Manly Strength grew weak;
 His Face grew pale, and faintly did he speak; [8:B4v]
 As most that in a deep Consumption³⁹⁰ are,
 When Hective³⁹¹ Feavers with Life makes a war;
 And though he joy'd he had not long to live,
 Yet for to leave his Daughter young did grieve;
 For he no Kindred had to take a care
 Of his young Child, and Strangers he did fear
 They would neglect their Charge, not see her bred
 According to her birth when he was dead,
 Or rob her of her wealth, or else would sell
 Her to a Husband which might use her ill,
 Or else by Servants brib'd, might her betray
 With some mean³⁹² Man, and so might run away.

³⁸⁸*with that Funeral Charge*] with the funeral discharged or settled.

³⁸⁹*wo*] woo.

³⁹⁰*Consumption*] any wasting disease (*OED* n. 2 a).

³⁹¹*Hective*] indicative of a fever associated with consumption and characterized by 'flushed cheeks and hot dry skin' (*OED* *hectic*; adj. A 1 a). Gervase Markham warned that 'the fever hectic' was 'a very dangerous sickness' and those treating the sufferer should 'take the oil of violets, and mix it with a good quantity of the powder of white poppy seed finely searced, and therewith anoint the small and reins of the patient's back, evening and morning, and it will not only give ease to the fever, but also purge and cleanse away the dry scalings which is engendered either by this or any other fever whatsoever' (*The English Housewife: Containing the Inward and Outward Virtues Which Ought to Be in a Complete Woman; As Her Skill in Physic, Cookery, Banqueting-Stuff, Distillation, Perfumes, Wool, Hemp, Flax, Dairies, Brewing, Baking, and All Other Things*, ed. by Michael R. Best (Canada: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1998), p. 1.10).

³⁹²*mean*] inferior in rank and quality; low social status (*OED* adj. II 2 a).

These thoughts of his his³⁹³ minde did much torment,
 And her ill fortunes did his thoughts present.
 At last he did conclude, if any be
 True, Just, and full of Generosity,
 'Twas such as like were to the Gods on high,
 As powerfull Princes, and dread Majestic.

The Kingdome King was dead, but left to reign
 His widowed Queen, who prudent did maintain
 The Government, though forreign Wars she had,
 Which was a Charge,³⁹⁴ and oft-times made her sad.
 This Noble Man sent to the Queen to crave³⁹⁵
 That she upon his Child would pity have,
 To take her to the Court, there to be bred,
 That none might wrong her after he was dead.
 The Queen most willingly his suit did sign,
 And so in peace his Soul he did resign.
 This Lady young did to the Court repair,
 Where she was bred with tender love and care;
 And Youth that's bred in Courts may wisest be,
 Because they more do hear, and more do see
 Than other Children, that are bred obscure,³⁹⁶
 Because the Senses are best Tutors sure.
 But Nature in this Maid had done her part,
 And in her frame had shew'd her curious³⁹⁷ Art,
 Compos'd her every way, Body and Minde,
 Of best Extracts that were to form Mankinde;
 All which she gave to Time for to distill,³⁹⁸
 And of the subtil'st Spirits the Soul to fill
 With Reason, Wit, and Judgement, and to take

³⁹³*his his*] repetition possible printer's error.

³⁹⁴*Charge*] a burden (*OED* n.¹ II 8 a).

³⁹⁵*crave*] to beg or ask earnestly (*OED* v. 2 a)

³⁹⁶*bred obscure*] to bring up out of human contact (*OED* v. 4 and *OED breed* v. 10 b).

³⁹⁷*curious*] made skilfully and elaborately (*OED* adj. 11 7 a).

³⁹⁸*distill*] To subject to a heating and cooling process to obtain a concentrated or pure substance (*OED* v. 4 a); used figuratively.

The solid'st part the Body for to make. [9:C1r]
 For though that Nature all her works shapes out,
 Yet Time doth give strength, length and breadth about.
 And as her Person grew in stature tall,
 And that her Beauty did increase withall,
 So did Affection in her Heart grow high,
 Which there was planted in her Infancy.

There was a subject³⁹⁹ Prince within the Land,
 Although but young, the Army did command;
 He being chose for Birth, Wealth, Valour, Wit,
 And Prudence for to leade and martial it,
 The whil'st his Father did the Queen assist
 To manage State-affairs, as knowing best
 The Kingdomes Constitutions, and Natures bad
 Of Common People, who are sometimes mad,
 And wildly in distempers ruins brings,
 For most Rebellions from the Commons springs.⁴⁰⁰
 But he so just and loyally did serve
 His Queen and Country, as he did preserve
 Himself within her Favour, and her Love,
 As great Respect, and honour'd Praise did prove;
 And in the Wars his Son such Fame⁴⁰¹ did get,
 As in her Chariot he triumphant sate:
 For he was Valiant, and of Nature free,⁴⁰²
 Courteous, and full of Generosity;
 His Wit was quick, yet so as to delight,

³⁹⁹NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) clarifies this clause by placing a comma after 'subject', p. 14.

⁴⁰⁰This comment probably arises from Cavendish's recollection of her family's experiences of 1642. Elsewhere in her works she names causes other than a commoners' uprising - most of them having to do with vice. For example, in *WO*, 'A Monastical life', she asserts that idleness is the cause of rebellion (p. 30). Douglas Grant, perhaps unfairly, criticizes Cavendish for being removed from the evidence of unrest and for being blind 'to the significance of the events' leading up to the Civil War, comparing her response to that of Lucy Hutchinson, citing Hutchinson's 'greater perceptiveness' (*Margaret the First*, p. 49). However, scholars have more recently begun to examine the ways in which Cavendish did respond, analysing how she used 'historical and literary sources'. What they have begun to discover is she 'did not operate . . . in "political and social isolation"' (Amy Scott-Douglass, 'Enlarging Margaret', Romack and Fitzmaurice, pp. 150-151, and Catherine Gallagher as cited in Scott-Douglass, p. 151).

⁴⁰¹Pheme, goddess of rumour and by extension fame.

⁴⁰²*Nature free*] of a noble and honourable character (*OED free*, adj. 3 b).

Not for to cross, or in Disputes to fight;
 For gallant Sword-men that do fight in War,
 Do never use their Tongues to make a jar.⁴⁰³
 He was exact in Body and in Minde,
 For no defects in either could you finde.
 The Queen, that had a Neece both young and fair,
 Did strive to match her to this Prince and Heir
 Of all his Father's Wealth, who had such store,
 As all the Nobles else did seem but poor;
 And the young Princess lik'd so well the choyce,
 As thoughts of marrying him did her rejoyce;
 And through her Eyes such Messages Love sent,
 On smiling Rayes, and posting⁴⁰⁴ Glances went.
 The other Lady hearing the Report,
 For every one did talk of it in Court;
 Besides, she saw his Person still attend
 Upon the Princess, and did Presents send;
 And every day to visit her did go,
 As being commanded by his Father so.

[10:C1v]

At which she sad and melancholy grew,
 Yet her Disease not thorowly⁴⁰⁵ she knew.
 Like as a Plant that from the Earth doth spring,
 Sprouts high, before a blown Flower⁴⁰⁶ doth bring:
 So did her Love in bud obscurely lye,
 Not any one as yet did it descry;⁴⁰⁷
 Nor did the Prince the least affection finde,
 She being reserv'd in action, and in minde.
 Sober she was, and of a bashfull look,
 Of but few words, but great observance took;
 By which observ'd, for Love hath a quick Eye,
 And often by the Countenance doth spye

⁴⁰³*jar*] a conflict of opinions; disagreement (*OED* n.¹ II 5).

⁴⁰⁴*posting*] swift (*OED* adj.).

⁴⁰⁵*thorowly*] thoroughly.

⁴⁰⁶*blown*] that has blossomed (*OED* adj.²).

⁴⁰⁷*descry*] discover (*OED* v. I).

The hidden Thoughts, that the Tongue dare not tell,
 For in the Minde obscurity doth dwell:
 But yet she did espy something lay cross⁴⁰⁸
 To his desires, but guess'd not what it was:
 But griev'd that any thing should him displease;
 For those that love, do wish their Lov'd much ease;
 Nay so much ease, as torments would endure,
 If their Love benefit receive could sure.⁴⁰⁹
 But she grew restless, and her Thoughts did run
 About him, as about the World the Sun;
 For he was her World, and wish'd her Love
 Had influence, as Planets from above,
 To order his affections, and to bring
 From several Causes one Effect to spring;
 And the Effect, that he might love her so
 As love her best, or at least he might know
 How well she lov'd him, for she wish'd no more
 Then love for love, as Saints which do adore
 The Gods in Heaven, which love so pure,
 Can nothing of the drossy⁴¹⁰ flesh endure.
 At last she and her Thoughts in Counsel sate,
 What best was to be done of this or that;
 And they did all agree her Love to own,
 Since innocent and pure, to make it known
 By her Epistles, and her Pen, to write
 What her pure heart did dictate and indite;⁴¹¹
 No forfeit of her Modesty, because
 She had no ends, but onely Virtuous Laws.
 Then took she Pen and Paper, and her wit
 Did tell her Love the truth, and thus she writ.

 Sir, you may wonder much that I do send

[11:C2r]

⁴⁰⁸*cross*] contrary (*OED* adv. 3).

⁴⁰⁹The sense of this line is made clearer in *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856), which reads: 'If these, for those they love, might good procure', p. 16.

⁴¹⁰*drossy*] impure (*OED* adj. 2).

⁴¹¹*indite*] compose (*OED* v. 3 a).

This Letter, which by Love doth recommend
 It self and suit unto your judging ear,
 And that it was not stopt by bashfull fear:⁴¹²
 But let me tell you, this pure Love of mine
 Is built on virtue, not on base design;
 It hath no dross, nor high ambitions 'spire,
 The flame is made by emaculate fire,
 Which to the Altar of your merits bring,
 From whence the flame to Heaven high may spring.
 Your glorious Fame within my Heart, though young,
 Did plant a Slip⁴¹³ of Honour, from whence sprung
 Pure Love, and Chast Desires,⁴¹⁴ for I do crave
 Onely within your Heart a place to have.
 I do not plead, hoping to be your Wife,
 Nor 'twixt you and your Mistris to breed strife;
 Or wish I that her Love you should forsake,
 Or unto me a Courtly Friendship make;
 But onely when I'm dead, you would inshrine
 Within your Memory this Love of mine;
 Which Love to all the World I may proclaim
 Without a blush, or check, or spotted fame.
 'Tis not your Person I do so admire,
 Nor yet your Wealth, or Titles I desire;
 But your Heroick Soul, and Generous Minde,
 Your Affability, and Nature kinde;
 Your honest Heart, where Justice still doth reign,
 Your prudent Thoughts, and a well temper'd Brain;
 Your helping Hand, and your industrious Life,

⁴¹²The interchange of letters between the lovers contains autobiographical elements. In a letter written to William during their courtship, Margaret wrote, 'I am a lettell a shamed of my last leter mor then of the others; not that my affection can be to larg but I fear I discover [reveal] it to much in that leter, for wemen must love silently' (Grant, *The Phanseys*, p. 107).

⁴¹³*Slip*] a plant shoot taken for grafting (*OED* n. 1 1 a and b).

⁴¹⁴Cavendish's sentiment echoes that of Othello when he describes why Desdemona loves him. He explains, 'She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd' (William Shakespeare, *The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice, The Riverside Shakespeare* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1997), I.iii.167). (All references to Shakespeare's plays are from this edition.)

Not to make broyls,⁴¹⁵ but to decide all strife;
 And to advance all those are in distress,
 To help the weak, and those are powerless;
 For which my Heart and Life to Love is bound,
 And every thought of you with Honour crown'd.
 These are not feigning Lines that here I write,
 But Truths as clear and pure as Heavens light;⁴¹⁶
 Nor is it Impudence to let you know,
 Love of your Virtues in my Soul doth grow.

Her Love thus innocent she did enrole,⁴¹⁷
 Which was the pure Platonick of her Soul;⁴¹⁸
 Though in black Characters the Envious may
 Call the sense clear, as is the mornings day;
 And every word appear unto the sight,
 To make her smoother Paper yet more white.⁴¹⁹
 Thus she infolded Honour, and more Truth,
 Than ever yet was known in female youth.

[12:C2v]

Blush colour'd Silk her Letter then did binde,
 For to express how modest was her Minde;
 And Virgins Wax⁴²⁰ did close it with her Seal,
 Yet did that Letter all her Love reveal.
 Then to her Nurses Husband she did trust
 These loving Lines, knowing him faithfull, just
 To all her Family, obey'd her will,

⁴¹⁵*broyls*] quarrels (*OED* n.¹ a)

⁴¹⁶Cavendish might have been in earnest when she says 'these are not feigning Lines'. The previous fourteen lines echo the description she gives of her husband. See 'Of his Natural Humour and Disposition', *Life*, pp. 147-150.

⁴¹⁷*enrole*] honourably record (*OED* v. I 6).

⁴¹⁸In describing the prince (and her husband) Cavendish draws on the Platonic love doctrine, a trope also employed by Richard Burton in *Anatomy of Melancholy*: 'It was not his person that she did embrace and reverence, but with a Platonicke love, the divine beauty of his soule' (3.1.436). Anna Battagelli traces the court's adoption of the Platonic love doctrine to Queen Henrietta Maria. The queen's favorite book was Honoré D'Urfé's *L'Astrée*, a 'pastoral romance [that] served as the source book of the Platonic system, providing a code of manners for polite society in France and England'. The book gave rise to a court culture in which . . . the relationship between men and women was both idealized and celebrated' (*Margaret Cavendish and the Exiles of the Mind* (Lexington: University Press of Kentucky, 1998), p. 16).

⁴¹⁹*To make . . . yet more white*] with each word the innocence of her intentions increases or becomes more apparent.

⁴²⁰*Virgins Wax*] 'A purified and fine quality wax' (*OED* n.).

And would do so, I doubt,⁴²¹ though t'had been ill:

For his Obedience never ask'd the cause,

Nor was he Casuist in Divine Laws,⁴²²

But faithfull and most trusty: so was sent

With this most sacred Letter; then he went.

In the mean time that she her Letter sent,
The Prince to her a Letter did present
By a Servant, in whom he put much trust,
As finding him both dextrous,⁴²³ prudent, just
In all employments; he this Letter brought,
Which 'mongst this Ladies thoughts much wonder wrought;
Even so much, as she could not believe,
But thought he did mistake, and did conceive
She was the Princess. Whereupon, said she,
I doubt this Letter was not writ to me.
But he confirm'd to her that it was writ:
Then to her Closet went, and open'd it;
With trembling hands the Waxen Seal she broke,
And what he writ, with a faint voyce thus spoke.

Fairest of your Sex, for so you are
Unto all others as a Blazing Star,
Which shews it self, and to the World appears
As a great Wonder, once in many years;
And never comes, but doth portend on Earth
Either the fall of Princes, or their Birth.⁴²⁴
O let your influence onely at me aim,
Not for to work my overthrow or fame,
But Love, to make me happy all my life;

⁴²¹*I doubt*] I have no doubt. NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'I doubt' becomes 'no doubt', p. 19.

⁴²²*Casuist*] one who settles questions concerning duty and conduct (*OED* n.). Casuistry is often associated with sophistry, and the word here is meant to be derogatory, with a connection to medieval scholasticism.

⁴²³*dextrous*] clever (*OED* adj. 4 a).

⁴²⁴Comets were seen as divine communications. See Shakespeare's *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar*, 'When beggars die there are no comets seen; / The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes' (II.ii.30-32), and William Lilly, *Strange News from the East, or a Sober Account of the comet, or Blazingstar*: 'The effects or significations of Comets are either good or evil, the first by taking away from the Globe of Earth noxious Vapours, but for the most part they are a Token of some Divine Judgment' (London: 1677), *Wing* L2248, p. 5.

Then yeild your self to be my Virtuous Wife:
 But if you (this request) to me deny,
 The Gods, I hope, will grant me soon to dye.

[13:C3r]

But when she this had read, was in amaze,
 As senslesly did on the Letter gaze,
 By which her Spirits discomposed were,
 In quarrelling disputes, 'twixt Hope and Fear:
 At last Hope got the better; then did they
 Triumph with joy, and in her Heart did play.
 For when the Spirits mutually agree,
 Both in the Eye and Heart they dancing be.
 Then to the Gentleman that came, she went,
 And told him civilly that she had sent
 Unto the Prince, and that she could not fit
 So well an Answer to return as yet.

The Prince as melancholy sate alone,
 But all the while his Mistris thought upon;
 Staid for the Messenger's return, for he,
 Till Answer came, refus'd all Company.
 At last one of his Pages to him came, than,
 Told him without there was an antient Man,
 That would not be deny'd, for speak he must
 Unto the Prince, or else must break his trust
 He was in charge with, and rather than so,
 Would venture⁴²⁵ life before he back would go,
 And not his Message to the Prince to tell.
 Whereat the Prince, liking his Courage well,
 Sent for him, who came with humility,
 The Letter gave upon his bended Knee.
 The Prince the Letter read, and pleased so,
 As by his smiling Countenance did shew;
 Which made all cloudy thoughts disperse, and clears
 His minde, as in dark dayes when Sun appears.

⁴²⁵venture] risk (OED v. I 1 a).

Sure, said the Prince, the Gods our Loves decree,
 And in our Unions they do all agree;
 They joyn our Hearts in one, our Souls so mix,
 As if eternally in Heaven would fix.
 Then soon he all delays for to prevent,
 Another Letter writ, which to her sent
 In answer of her own; this Letter gave
 Unto her Foster-Nurse, who was as grave
 As old bald Father Time, of Courage stout,
 A rustick plainness, and not eas'ly out
 Of countenance, trusty to be imploy'd,
 And in his Ladies service would have dy'd.
 The Prince commended his fidelity,
 And pleas'd he was at his blunt quality:
 But with the Letter quickly did return,
 For he, though old, yet every step did run;
 And then the Letter which the Prince had sent,
 He to his Lady did in mirth present.
 But she the Letter broke with joyfull speed,
 And to her Foster-Nurse she did it read.

[14:C3v]

Sweetest, you have exprest your Love to me
 With so much plainness and sincerity;
 And yet your stile severely have you writ,
 And rul'd your Lines with a Commanding Wit;
 Heroick Flourishes your Pen doth draw,
 Or executes as in a Martial Law:
 Then solemnly doth march in mourning trail,
 And melancholy words all hopes do vail.⁴²⁶
 As golden dust on written lines strewn were,
 Your written Lines seem sprinkled with a Tear;
 As by the heart of passion spread about,
 For fear that Cruelty should blot it out.
 But let me tell you, that my love is such,

⁴²⁶*vai*] hide (*OED veil* v. 1 a).

As never Lover loved half so much;
 And with so fervent Zeal, and purest Flame,
 Nay something above Love, that wants a name;
 For to express it, like to Gods on high,
 For who can comprehend a Deity?
 And though I honour all your Sex, yet I,
 Having another Mistris, I deny,
 Besides your self; and though I do obey
 To visit the fair Princess, nothing say
 Concerning Love, nor yet professions make,
 As common Lovers, promise for her sake
 Wonders, and yet my Life to her will give
 To do her service: but whil'st I do live,
 My Heart and Soul is yours, and when I dye,
 Still will my Soul keep yours in company;
 Though by Honour my active life is bound
 Unto your Sex, you onely will be found
 Within my Heart, and onely Love to be,
 From whence my Brain doth Copies take of thee;⁴²⁷ [15:C4r]
 On which my Soul doth view with much delight,
 Because the Soul sees not with vulgar sight;
 For Souls do see, not as the Senses do:
 But as transparent Glass, the Minds quite through;
 Or rather, as the Gods see all that's past,
 Present, or what's to come, or the World vast,
 Or what can be, to them is known,⁴²⁸
 And so are Souls to one another shewn;

⁴²⁷The connection between the body, passions, and soul were based on Galen's theory of the humours. The heart, not merely a mechanical pump, was believed to transport vital spirits to the brain and other organs. The vital spirits were animating forces, in contrast to material elements. Patrick Crutwell explains, "The concept "spirit" seems to have been the maid of all the work" ('Physiology and Psychology in Shakespeare's Age', *Journal of the History of Ideas*, 12. 1 (Jan., 1951), p. 83). The organs were the instruments through which the spirits could operate. For a thorough explanation of Galen's theories, see Rudolph E. Siegel, *Galen's System of Physiology and Medicine* (New York: Karger, 1968).

⁴²⁸See also 'She Anchoret', in which the anchorite explains to the natural philosophers that man has a trichotomous soul: '[M]an hath three different natures or faculties; a sensitive body, animall spirit, and a Soul, this soul is a kinde of a Deity in it self, to direct and guide those things that are inferior to it, to perceive and descry those things that are far above it; and to create by invention: and though it hath not an absolute Power over it self, Yet, it is an harmonious & absolute thing, in it self' (p. 289).

And if our Souls do equally agree,
Our Thoughts and Passions to each known will be.

But after this Letter they both did get
An opportunity, by which they met:
No complemental wooing they did use,
True Love all flattering words it doth refuse.
But they agreed, and both did think it fit,
Their love to hide, not to discover⁴²⁹ it.

At last the Queen and Father did agree,
The Prince and Princess straight should married be;
Ne'r made a question, for they doubted not
But Youth and Beauty had each other shot
With amorous Loves. But when the Prince made known
How that his Heart was now none of his own,
His Father seem'd with trouble discontent:
But the enraged Queen,⁴³⁰ with malice bent,
Did strive all wayes she could for to disgrace
The sweet young Lady, oft disprais'd her face;
Her Person, Dress, Behaviour, and her Wit,
And for to match with such a Prince not fit.

The Princes Love so firm, no words could break,
Impatiently did hear, but little speak:
But when the Princess heard the Prince to be
A Lover to another Lady, then did she
Tear, rail, and rave, as if she frantick⁴³¹ were,
And of her Rival words she would not spare.
One day a Company of Nobles met,
And in a Room they were together set;

⁴²⁹*discover*] disclose (*OED* v. I 1).

⁴³⁰Margaret here is drawing on her own courtship experience. She and William upset Queen Henrietta Maria when the queen discovered their plans to marry. Grant says, "The Queen herself was annoyed when she learnt that she had not been kept informed of what was happening, but Margaret, though professing not to care for her good opinion, was too wise to lose it, and immediately before the marriage wrote, "I hop the Queene and I shall be very good frindes againe, and may be the beter for the deffarances we have had"" (*Margaret the First*, p. 82). In 'Love's Emulation', William hints that there were 'hissing Snakes' who wished "To parte [his and Margaret's] loves" (*Phancies*, p. 61).

⁴³¹*frantick*] ragingly insane (*OED*, adj. A 1).

The Prince and his fair Mistris she did spy,
And often at them cast a spightfull eye.

At last her Malice set awork her Tongue,
And at the Prince she evil words out flung;
Which he receiv'd with a submissive face,
Turning those scorns as favours of her grace.

[16:C4v]

But when she had with scorns his patience tried,
She, for to vent her spleen,⁴³² in passion cried;
Some of the company there jesting by,
The other Lady ask'd if she would cry;
She answer made, she had not the like cause
Nor had she broke the modest civill Laws;
But if her passion had misled her tongue,
She should have wept to water, or else flung
Her self to dust, for want of moisture die,
Unless her life could issue through her eye.
But when the Prince perceiv'd such storms to rise,
And showring tears to fall from beauteous eyes,
He did absent himself, and shun'd to be
A trouble to the Princes company.
But when the Queen had tried all means she could
To alter his affections, nothing would;
She then their Marriage strove for to prevent,
And to the Army she the Prince soon sent;
Then order gave not to return again,
But with the Army there for to remain.
He to his Mistris went, his leave to take,
Perswading her a journey she would make
Unto the Army, and there to agree,
When that they meet, straight married for to be;
At last she did resolve to leave the Court,
And privately her self for to transport
Her Person to the Prince where he was gone,

⁴³²*vent her spleen*] Release her anger.

For ne'r till then she found her self alone;
 When the Army began for to retire
 To winter-quarters, he did there desire
 His Mistris company, and then did write
 To those he had intrusted, how they might
 Convey her safely; but by some mistake
 The Queen did intercept, his Letter take,
 Which when she read, all in a rage she grew,
 And then his Letter into fire threw.
 When she her Neice had told, they both did strive,
 And both in Councill sate, for to contrive
 To hinder her wish'd meeting; wherefore they
 Did think it best, the Lady to convey
 Unto some private place, and then give out
 That she was dead, which soon was spred about,
 And every one in censuring spent some breath,
 And most did judge she died a violent death.
 But the Queens anger only would destroy
 Their loves, because her Neice she should enjoy
 The Prince, on whom her heart in love was set,
 And us'd all means she could, his Love to get:
 And though at first they thought the Prince might mourn,
 Yet when his grief had been, by time, out-worn,
 He then might take the Princes for his Wife,
 Concealing the young Lady all her life;
 And though they did not murther her, yet they
 Did strive to grieve, and cross her every way;
 Wherefore they did agree that some should tell
 Her, that the Prince in Battell fell.
 But her report of death, spread far and neer,
 At last it came unto the Prince his ear;
 The news strook him so hard, as it did make
 His strength grow weak, and manly limb, to shake,
 But when his strength return'd, his mind sad grew,

[17:D1r]

And from all company himself withdrew;
 No Orders he would give, but left the care
 Of all the Army to an Officer.
 From the Army without the Queens consent
 He did return, and to his Father went,
 And told him he all worldly things did wave,
 Had buri'd them all in his Mistris Grave,
 And the remainder of his daies would spend
 In holy devotion, his Praiers would send
 Unto the Gods, and my dear Saint, said he,
 Will be a Mediator there for me,
 His Father did dissuade him all he could,
 But all in vain, a Hermit be he would;
 Instead of Palaces he chose a Cell,
 Left Courts and Camps, did solitary dwell;
 Instead of Clothes that rich and costly were,
 He wore a Garment made of Camells hair,
 Instead of Arms, a Hermits Habit took,
 And for a Sword, he us'd a Praier book,
 Instead of treading Measures⁴³³ in a dance,
 And wanton eyes that oft would side-waies glance,
 His knees upon hard stone did bowing bend,
 And his sad eyes unto the Earth descend;
 Instead of flattering words to tempt Maids fair,
 No words did speak but what were us'd in Praier,
 All wild and wandering Thoughts were now compos'd,
 And the dead object of his Mistris clos'd,
 Like Multitudes that gather in a Ring
 To view some curious or some wondrous thing;
 Or like a devout Congregation met
 Will strive about the Altar neer to set;
 So did his Thoughts neer her *Idea* get,
 Where, as a Goddess, in his Soul did set;

[18:D1v]

⁴³³*Measures*] grave and stately dances or dance steps (*OED* n. III 15 a).

Then he an Altar built of Marble white,
 Which waxen Tapers round about did light;
 Her Picture on this Altar plac'd was high,
 As to be seen with an up-lifted eye.
 She was his Saint, and he there every day
 Did offer Tears, and Sighs, to her did pray,
 And her implore, she would the Gods request
 To take his Soul, his Body lay to rest.

In the mean time, his Mistris made believe
 That he was kill'd, for which she much did grieve;
 For when she at the first the news did heare,
 Her face turn'd pale, like death it did appear.
 Then gently sinking, she fell to the ground,
 Grief seiz'd her heart and put her in a swound;
 At last, life got the better, and then wept,
 And wisht to Heaven that she in death had slept;
 But Melancholly her whole Soul possest,
 And of all pleasing Thoughts it self divest;
 All Objects shun's that Pleasing were and fair,
 And all such sounds as were of a light Air,
 The splendrous Light and glorious Sun shut out,
 And all her Chamber hung with black about,
 No other light but blinking Lamps would have,
 And Earth and Turf therein, like to a Grave;
 The which she often view'd, or sate close by,
 Imagining the Prince therein did lye,
 And on that Grave her tears, like shows of rain,
 Keep fresh the Turfe, on the green grasse remain
 As pearled dew before the Sun doth rise,
 Or as refreshing showers from cloudy Skyes;⁴³⁴

⁴³⁴Poems featuring a weeping lover or the effects of a lover's tears were part of the English poetic landscape, having roots in the Petrarchan love sonnets as well as religious poems featuring weeping Madonnas (Nigel Smith, ed., *The Poems of Andrew Marvell*, rev. ed. (Harlow, England: Pearson Longman, 2007), p. 50). The lover's tears are both sexualized and made sacred. For example, see Thomas Carew, 'Lips and Eyes', *The Poems of Thomas Carew* (England: Whittingham and Wilkins, 1870), p. 6 and Richard

And often this supposed Grave doth dresse
 With such significant flow'rs as did expresse [19:D2r]
 His Virtues and his Disposition sweet,
 More than those Flowers when in Posies meet.
 His various Virtues known to all so well,
 More fragrant than those Flowers were for smell.
 But first she set a Laurel Garland green,
 To shew that he a Victor once had been;
 And in the midst a cypresse⁴³⁵ Branch did place,
 For to express he dyed in the chase
 Of his fierce enemies; his Courage was so true,
 That, after a long fight, away they flew.
 Thus melancholly past her time away,
 Besides sad solemn Musick twice a day;
 For every Sense with melancholly fill'd,
 And alwaies dropping tears from thence distill'd,
 With which her melancholly Soul did feed,
 And melancholly thoughts her mind did breed;
 Then on the ground her head aside-waies hung,
 Would ly along whilst these sad songs were song.⁴³⁶

⁴³⁷A Song.

Titan⁴³⁸ *I banish all thy joyes of light,
 Turning thy glorious Rays, to darker Night,
 Cloathing my Chamber with sad black, each part,
 Thus sutable unto my mournfull heart;
 Only a dimn wax Taper there shall wait
 On me, to shew my sad unhappy fate.*

Crashaw, 'The Weeper', *The Oxford Book of English Verse: 1250–1900*, ed. by Arthur Quiller-Couch (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1908), pp. 360–362.

⁴³⁵NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): Originally 'copious'; a handwritten note changes it to 'cypresse', p. 20. The errata list indicates the change but spells the word 'Cypress'.

⁴³⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'sung', p. 30.

⁴³⁷NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten note to the left declares, 'These songs following are my Lord Marquiss', p. 20. This and the other attributions to her husband are missing from NP 1671 (*Wing* N856).

⁴³⁸*Titan*] the sun god.

*With mournfull thoughts my head shall furnisht be,
 And all my breath sad sighs, for love of thee;
 My groans to sadder notes be set with skill,
 And sung in tears, and melancholly still;
 Languishing Musick to fill up each voice
 With palsied trembling strings, is all my choice.*

A Song.

*S*ince he is gone, oh then salt tears
 Drownd both mine Eyes and stop mine Ears
 With grief; my grief it is so much,
 It locks my Smell up, Taste, and Touch:
 In me remains but little breath,
 Which quickly take away, oh Death.⁴³⁹

[20:D2v]

A Song.

*W*HYY should I live, but who doth know
 The way to him, or where to go?
 Death's ignorant, the dead they have
 No sence of grief, when in the Grave:

 Forgetfull and unthankfull Death,
 Hast thou no love, when stopps the Breath,
 No Gratitude, but there dost lye
 In dark oblivion for to dye?

 No sence of Love, or Honour, there!
 Then Death I prethee me forbear;⁴⁴⁰
 Thousands of years in sorrow, I
 Would live in Grief, and never dye.

⁴³⁹Because the passions were believed to be 'realized in matter', sixteenth- and seventeenth-century thinkers viewed grief as being of great risk to one's health. See Stephen Pender, 'Rhetoric, Grief, and the Imagination in Early Modern England', *Philosophy & Rhetoric*, 43.1 (2010), pp. 54-85.

⁴⁴⁰*Forbear*] have patience with (OED v. 2).

A Song.

*MY Bed of Sorrow's made, since no relief,
 And all my Pillows shall be stuff'd with Grief,
 My Winding-Sheets⁴⁴¹ are those wheron I lye,
 My Curtains drawn with sad Melancholly.*

*Watching shall be my Food, Weeping my Drink,
 Sighing my Breath, and Groaning what I think,
 Trembling and shaking all my Exercise,
 Disquiet and disorder'd Thoughts now rise.*

*Wringing of hands, with folded arms lamenting,
 Is all the joy is left me of contenting,
 For he is gone, that was my joy, my life,
 Left me his Widdow, though was ne'r his Wife.*

But all the while the Queen was angry bent
 Against the Prince, because away he went,
 And left the Army without a General,
 For which she Rebell Traitor him did call;
 But she another General did make,
 Which of the Army he a charge did take;
 Yet his success in Warrs proved but bad,
 For afterward the Queen great losses had;
 And all the Souldiers they were discontent;
 Whereat the Queen another General sent,
 But he no better Fortune there could meet,
 The Enemy did force him to retreat;
 Then did the Enemy so pow'rfull grow,
 The Forces of the Queen they overthrow
 In every Fight and Skirmish which they had;
 For which the Queen and Kingdome all grew sad;

[21:D3r]

At last the Queen the Prince did flatter, and
 Intreated him again for to Command,

⁴⁴¹*Winding-Sheets*] burial sheets (OED n. 1 a).

But he deny'd the Queen, would not obey,
 Said, earthly Power to Gods they must give way:
 At last she sent him word she would not spare
 His life, and therefore bid him to prepare
 Himself for death, for dye he should
 For Disobedience, and Revenge she would
 Have on him; Then his Father to him went
 For to perswade him, and there did present
 Show'rs of tears, from sorrow pouring fell
 Upon his only Son, his greif to tell:
 For round about his Neck one Arm did wind,
 The other arm embrac'd his Body kind,
 His Cheeks his Sonn did joyn to his,
 And often he his Lipps did kiss.

*O pittie me my Sonn, and thy life spare,
 Thou art my onely Child, and onely Heir,
 Th' art my sole Joy, in thee I pleasure take,
 And wish to live but onely for thy sake.*

The Prince his Father answer'd, and said he,
 I am not worth those tears you shed for me.
 But why do you thus weep and thus lament
 For my death now? When to the Warrs I went
 You did encourage me to fight in field
 For Victory, or else my life to yield;
 I willingly obey'd, and joy'd to finde
 My Father⁴⁴² Sympathy unto my minde;
 Besides it shew'd a greater love to me
 Than Parents selfe-lov'd fondness us'd to be,
 For to preferr my Honour and my Fame
 Before the perpetuity of your Name;
 And as you priz'd my Honour and Renown,
 So do a Heavenly 'fore an Earthly Crown.
 And give me leave the better choice to make,

[22:D3v]

⁴⁴²NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) corrects to 'Father' to 'Father's', p. 33.

Te⁴⁴³ quit all troubles, and sweet Peace to take;
 I nere shall part more willingly, nor fitter be
 For Heaven, and the Gods pure company.
 For had I di'd in Wars, my soul had been
 Stained With blood, and spotted ore with sin:
 But now my Mistris, is a Saint in Heaven,
 Hath intercession made, my sins forgiven,
 And since shee's gone, all Joyes with her are fled,
 And I shall never happy be till dead;
 She was my souls delight, in her I view'd
 The pure and Celestial beatitude.
 But were I sure the soul that never dies,
 Should never meet, nor Bodies never rise
 By Resurrection, yet sure those were blest
 That pass this life, and in the Grave do rest.

Then said the Duke, his Father, to his Son,
 What ever comes Son, Heavens will be done,
 But since you are resolv'd, and needs will dye,
 I, in the Grave, will keep you company.

The young Prince said, I cannot you disswade,
 Since none are happy but those Death hath made.
 The day of execution drawing nigh
 Of the young Prince, his Father too would dye.

Then the young Prince askt leave, and leave he had,
 That he like to a Souldier might be clad,
 When he was brought to dye, and on that day
 Death he did meet in Souldierly Array;
 Instead of mourning garments, he had on
 A sute of Buff,⁴⁴⁴ embroidered thick upon
 And a rich Scarfe that was of watchet⁴⁴⁵ dye,
 Set thick with Pearls; instead of strings to tie
 It close together were Diamonds, so

⁴⁴³*Te*] To.

⁴⁴⁴*Buff*] stout leather used to make military attire (*OED* n². II 2 b).

⁴⁴⁵*watchet*] light blue (*OED* adj. B a).

As like a Ring or Garter it did shew,
 Of one entire Diamond, this did bind
 The Scarf so firm as an united mind;
 A scarlet Coat imbroidered thick with Gold,
 And Hangers⁴⁴⁶ like to it his Sword did hold,
 And in his hat a Plume of Fethers were;
 In falling folds, which hung below his Hair;
 Thus he being accouter'd death to meet
 In gallantry, yet Gently, Friendly, Sweet,
 He should imbrace him and gladly yield,
 Yet would he dye as Souldiers in the field;
 For gallant valiant men do court Death so
 As amorous courtly men a wooing go.

[23:D4r]

His Father all in mourning garments clad,
 Not griev'd to dye, but for his Son was sad;
 Millions of people throng'd about to see
 This gallant mourning Princes Tragedie;
 But in the time these preparations were,
 The Queen sent to th' young Lady to prepare
 Her self to dy; when she the news did hear,
 Joy in her countenance did then appear;
 Then she her self did dress like to a Bride,
 And in a rich and gilded Coach did ride,
 Thus triumphing as on her wedding day
 To meet her Bridegroom Death; but in the way
 The people all did weep that she should dye,
 Such Youth and Beauty in Deaths arms should lye.
 But she did smile, her countenance was glad,
 And in her eyes such lively spirits had,
 As the quick darting raies the Sun out-shin'd,
 And all she look'd on for a time were blind.

But when the Queen and Nobles all were set,
 And the condemned on the Scaffold met,

⁴⁴⁶*Hangers*] loops on a sword-belt from which to hang a sword; often richly ornamented (OED n.² 4 b).

Where when the Lovers, they each other spi'd,
 Their eystrings⁴⁴⁷ seem'd as if together ti'd,
 So firmly were they fix'd, and did so gaze,
 And with each other strook in such a maze,
 As if with wonder they were turn'd to stone,
 And that their feet unto the ground were grown,
 (They could not stir) but at the last mov'd he
 In a slow pace, amazed went to see
 That Heavenly object, who thought it may
 An Angell be, his Soul to take away.
 Her limbs did shake like shivering Agues cold,
 For fear upon her spirit had got hold:
 When she did see him move, for she had thought
 He was a Statue, and by Carvers wrought,
 And by the Queens command, was thither brought.⁴⁴⁸
 When he came neer, he kneeled down to pray,
 And thus unto her softly did he say, [24:D4v]
 My sense surprise my spirits, thy spirit my mind,
 And great disturbance in my thoughts I find,
 My reason's misty, Understanding blind,
 Tell me whether thou art of mortall kind.
 Said she, that question I would ask of you,
 For I doe doubt my Senses are not true

⁴⁴⁷The lovers' gaze is suggestive of Cavendish's theory of optics. While she critiqued the optic theories of Plato and Epicurus, she was influenced by both. Lisa Walters explains, 'Plato believed that vision was produced as a result of rays generating out of eyes', while Epicurus held that 'a flux of external objects continuously penetrate[d] into the individual, affecting and shaping the individual's perception and cognition'. Although Cavendish rejects the notion of force inherent in the 'extramission' and 'intramission' theories, her optics theory is shaped by both. She 'affords much agency to the observer upon the external world, as she suggests that the individual's sensory organs create images in order to perceive', but 'this patterning or framing does not force itself upon other objects' (Lisa Walters, 'Optics and Authorship in Margaret Cavendish's *Observations* and *The Blazing World*', *Medieval and Renaissance Studies*, 45.3 (2014), pp. 377-393). Cavendish may also be simply adopting a trope Donne uses in his poem 'Ecstasy'. He writes, 'Our eyebeams twisted, and did thread / Our eyes upon one double string'. The idea most likely originated from medical theory of the time. One of Henry VIII's royal surgeons, Thomas Vicary, 'explains the faculty of sight': "two sinews go from the eyes, and that these sinews: be hollowe as a reede, for two causes. The fyrst is, that might pass freely to the Eyes: The second is, that thinges might freely be presented to the common wits" (as cited in Crutwell, p. 83).

⁴⁴⁸NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): A brace to the right marks the rhyming triplet 'thought', 'wrought', 'brought', p. 24.

Intelligencers,⁴⁴⁹ are you the Prince I see,
Or are you a spirit that thus speaks to me.

With that the Queen did come their doubts to clear;
It was my plot, said she, to bring you here,
And why I crost your loves, I will forbear
To tell as now, but afterwards declare;
Then did she cause a Priest to joyn their hands,
Which he devoutly ty'd in wedlock bands.

Then did the Queen unto her Nobles say,
That she a debt to Gratitude must pay,
And to the Princes Father strait she went,
Here Sir, said she I do my selfe present
To be your Wife, for by your counsell I
Have Rul'd and Raign'd in great felicity;
He kneelling kist her hand, and both agree
That in few daies the Wedding kept should be.
Such joyes of acclamation loud of wonder,
Echoed the Air lowder than is *Joves* Thunder.

Her Princely Niece so noble was, that then
For joy she modestly threw up her Fann,
Since to a high-born Prince knew well that she
Shortly in glorious Nuptialls she should be.⁴⁵⁰

The Marriage Song.

W*ere all the joyes that ever yet were known.⁴⁵¹
And all those joyes met, and put into one,
Not like our Lovers joyes, but so much lesse;
Our Lovers height of joyes none can expresse.
They've made another Cupid I am told,
And buried the blind Boy⁴⁵² that was so old.*

⁴⁴⁹*Intelligencers*] a source of information (OED n. 3). In NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), the line is clarified with a change in punctuation: 'I do doubt my Senses are not true / Intelligencers', p. 37.

⁴⁵⁰NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) clarifies this line: 'she should be' is edited to read 'soon should joined be', p. 38.

⁴⁵¹NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A marginal note to the right declares, 'The songs following are my Lord Marquess', p. 25. This note does not appear in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856).

⁴⁵²Cupid is often depicted as blind, not because he is sightless but because he is reckless and indiscriminate.

Hymen⁴⁵³ *is proud, since Laurell crown's his Brow,
He never made his Triumphs untill now.*⁴⁵⁴

[25:E1r]

The Marriage Song for the old Duke
and the old Queens Marriage.

NOW *the old Cupid he is fled
Unto the Queen, she to her Bed
Brought the old Duke, so ends all harmes
In loves imbraces in their Arms.
This elder Wedlock more than ripe,
Was of the younger but a Type,
What wants of Cupid, Hymens Cup,
Ceres and Bacchus⁴⁵⁵ made it up.*

A Marriage Song of the Queens Niece

NOW *the old Queens beloved Niece,
For Beauty, Favour, such a peice
As Love could feign,⁴⁵⁶ not hope to see,
Just such a miracle was she.
She did congratulate, and eas'd
So Noble, when saw Lovers pleas'd
'Bove repining, and the Fates since
So just to give her a brave Prince.*⁴⁵⁷

⁴⁵³Hymen is the god of lawful marriage while Cupid is associated with illicit romances. See David Brumble, *Classical Myths and Legends in the Middle Ages and Renaissance* (London: Fitzroy Dearborn, 1998), pp. 174-175. Hymen is triumphant because, in this case, he has won the battle with Cupid.

⁴⁵⁴William draws on the ancient Greek tradition of the epithalamium, or wedding song, which was sung 'at the bridal chamber'. [. . .] [B]awdy humour [. . .] is natural to the tradition (Hornblower and Spawforth).

For an overview of this genre, see Thomas M. Green, 'Spenser and the Epithalamic Convention', *Comparative Literature* 9.3 (Summer, 1957), pp. 215-228. Ben Jonson, to whom William Cavendish was a patron, also wrote in this genre. See Ben Jonson, 'Epithalamion', *Rare Poems of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, ed. by William James Linton (Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1883), p. 61

⁴⁵⁵*Ceres and Bacchus*] Gods who preside over the appetites (*OED belly-gods* n. 2).

⁴⁵⁶*feign*] imagine or invent (*OED feign* v. II 2 a).

⁴⁵⁷NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): clarifies lines 4-8: 'She doth congratulate, and's eas'd / To see these Noble Lovers pleas'd / Above repining: The Fates since / Are just, and gave her a brave Prince', p. 39.

A Song.

HYmen *triumph in joy*
Since overcom'd Loves Boy,
All Ages, Sex and place
The Wedlock Laws embrace,
The looser sort can bind,
Monarch of whats Mankind.

*All things do fall so pat*⁴⁵⁸
In this Triumvirat,
Which now in Wedlock mix,
Now three, though once were six.

A Lady said such constant love was dead,
And all Fidelity to Heaven fled.

Another Lady said she fain would know,
When married were, if continued so.

[26:E1v]

O, said a Man, such Love (as this was) sure
 Doth never in a Married Pair endure:
 But Lovers cross'd use not to end so well;
 Which for to show, a Tale I mean to tell.

The Description of the Violence of Love.

THere was a Lady, Virtuous, Young, and Fair,
 Unto her Father onely Child and Heir;⁴⁵⁹
 In her Behaviour modest, sweet, and civil,
 So innocent, knew onely Good from Evil;
 Yet in her carriage had a Majestick Grace,
 And affable and pleasant was her Face.

⁴⁵⁸*pat*] exactly (OED adv. A 1).

⁴⁵⁹Cavendish's heroines are often bereft of at least one parent, a dynamic reflective of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century families. Among the English aristocracy of this time, 'one in three children had lost one parent by the age of fourteen' (Lawrence Stone, *The Family, Sex and Marriage in England 1500-1800* (New York: Harper & Row, 1977), p. 58). Cavendish herself was a member of this group, having lost her father when she was two.

Another Gentleman as neighbouring dwelt
 Hard by her Father's House which there was built,
 Who had a Son such Beauty did adorn,
 As some might think of *Venus* he was born;
 His Spirit Noble, Generous, and Great,
 By nature Valiant, Dispositions sweet;
 His Wit ingenious, and his Breeding such,
 Arts, Sciences, of Pedantry no touch.⁴⁶⁰
 This Noble Gentleman in Love did fall
 With this fair Lady, who was pleas'd withall;
 He courted her, his Service⁴⁶¹ did address,
 His Love by Words and Letters did express;
 Though she seem'd Coy, his Love she did not slight,
 But Civil Answers did in Letters write.
 At last so well acquainted they did grow,
 As but one Heart each others Thoughts did know.
 Mean time their Parents did their Loves descry,
 And sought alwayes to break that Unity;
 Forbid each others company frequent,
 Did all they could Loves Meetings to prevent.
 But Love regards not Parents, nor their Threats;⁴⁶²
 For Love, the more 'tis barr'd, more Strength begets.
 Thus being cross'd, by stealth they both did meet,
 With privacy did make their Love more sweet;
 Although their Fears did oft affright their Minde,
 Lest that their Parents should their walks out finde.
 But in the Kingdome did Rebellion spring,
 Most of the Commons fought against their King; [27:E2r]
 And all the Gentry that then Loyal were,
 Did to the Standard of the King repair.

⁴⁶⁰Clarifying this line, *NP 1671 (Wing N856)* reads, 'That his Sci'nces did not Pedantry t'uch', p. 40.

⁴⁶¹*Service*] 'The devotion or suit of a lover; professed love' (*OED* n.¹ 10).

⁴⁶²David Cressy points out that where love and marriage were concerned 'parental authority . . . often crumbled in the face of youthful independence' (David Cressy, *Birth, Marriage & Death* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997), p. 256. Margaret herself had to contend with William's friends' opposition to their marriage (see Grant, *Margaret the First*, pp. 81-83).

Amongst the rest this Noble Youth was one,
 Love bid him stay, but Honour spurr'd him on;
 When he declar'd his Minde, her Heart it rent,
 Rivers of Tears out of her Eyes grief sent;
 When every Tear like Bullets pierc'd his Breast,
 Scatter'd his Thoughts, and did his Minde molest.
 Silent long time they stood, at last spake he,
 Why doth my Love with Tears so torture me?

Why do you blame my Eyes, said she, to weep,
 Since they perceive you Faith nor Promise keep?
 For did you love but half so true as I,
 Rather than part, would choose to stay and dye:
 But you Excuses make, and take delight,
 Like cruel Thieves, to rob and spoyle by Night;
 Now you have stole my Heart, away you run,
 And leave a silly Virgin quite undone.

If I stay from the Wars, what will Men say?
 They'll say I make excuse to be away;
 By this Reproach a Coward I am thought,
 And my Disgrace will make you seem in fault,
 To set your Love upon a Man so base,
 Bring Infamy to us, and to our Race.⁴⁶³
 To sacrifice my Life for your content
 I would not spare; but (Dear) in this consent,
 'Tis for your sake Honour I strive to win,
 That I some Merit to your Worth may bring.⁴⁶⁴

She.

If you will go, let me not stay behind,
 But take such Fortune with you as I finde;
 I'll be your Page, attend you in the Field,

⁴⁶³*Race*] descendants (*OED* n. I 1 a).

⁴⁶⁴Cavendish, in linking ideal love and beauty and honour, makes use of a theme associated with chivalric cavalier poetry. Cf. Richard Lovelace, 'To Lucasta, Going to the Warrs', *Lucasta Epodes, Odes, Sonnets, Songs, &c. To Which is Added Aramantba* (London: 1649), *Wing* L3240I, p. 3.

When you are weary, I will hold your Shield.

He.

Dear Love, that must not be, for Women are
Of tender Bodies, and Minds full of Fear;
Besides, my Minde so full of Care will be,
For fear a Bullet should once light on thee,
That I shall never fight, but strengthless grow,
Through feeble Limbs be subject to my Foe.
When thou art safe, my Spirits high shall raise,
Striving to get a Victory or Praise.

[28:E2v]

With sad Laments these Lovers they did part,
Absence as Arrows sharp doth wound each Heart;
She spends her time, to Heaven high doth pray,
That Gods would bless, and safe conduct his way.

The whil'st he fights, and Fortunes favour had,
Fame brings his Honour to his Mistris sad;
All Cavaliers that in the Army were,
There was not one could with this Youth compare;
By Love his Spirits all were set on Fire,
Love gave him Courage, made his Foes retire.

But O ambitious Lovers, how they run
Without a †guidance, like *Apollo's* Sun;⁴⁶⁵
Run out of Moderations line, so he
Into the thickest of the Army flee
Singly alone, amongst the Squadrons deep
Fighting, sent many one with Death to sleep.
But Numbers, with united strength, at last
This Noble Gallant Man from Horse did cast;
His Body all so thick of Wounds were⁴⁶⁶ set,
It seem'd in Fight his safety did forget,
But not his Mistris, who in his Minde still lyes,

⁴⁶⁵NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Son', p. 43. The cross, although misplaced, is used to direct the reader to the marginal note: 'Phaeton', whom Cavendish identifies as Apollo's son.

⁴⁶⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'was', p. 43.

And wish'd her now to close his dying Eyes.
 Soul, said he, if thou wandrest in the Air,
 Thy service to thy Mistris; be thy care
 Attend her close, with her Soul friendship make,
 Then she perchance no other Love may take:
 But if thou sink down to the Shades below,
 As being a Lover, to *Elizium* go;
 Perchance my Mistris Soul you there may meet,
 So walk and talk in Loves Discourses sweet:
 But if thou art like to a Light put out,
 Thy Motions ceas'd, then all's forgot no doubt.
 With that a sigh, which from his Heart did rise,
 Did mount his Soul up to the Aery Skies.

The whil'st his Mistris being sad with care,
 Knees worn, Spirits spent, imploring Gods with prayer,
 A drowsie Sleep did all her Senses close.

But in her Dreams *Hermen*⁴⁶⁷ her Lover shews
 With all his Wounds, which made her loud to cry;
 Help, help, you Gods, said she, that dwell on high.

[29:E3r]

These fearfull Dreams her Senses all did wake,
 In a cold sweat with fear each Limb did shake.
 Then came a Messenger as pale as Death,
 With panting sides, swoln eyes, and shortned breath,
 And by his looks his sadder tale did tell;
 Which when she saw, strait in a swoun she fell;
 At last her stifled Spirits had recourse
 Unto their usual place, but of less force:
 Then lifting up her Eyes, her Tongue gave way,
 And thus unto the Gods did mourning say:

Why pray we, and offer to high Heaven,
 Since what we ask, we seldome have us given?
 If their Decrees are fix'd, what need we pray?

⁴⁶⁷NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): '*Hermen*' is replaced with 'Fancy', p. 44. Presumably *Hermen* is *Hymen*. Perhaps Cavendish replaces '*Hermen*' with 'Fancy' to bring the tale into line with her interest in the imaginative workings of the mind.

Nothing can alter Fates, nor cross their way:⁴⁶⁸
 If they leave all to Chance, who can apply?⁴⁶⁹
 For every Chance is then a Deity:
 But if a power they keep to work at will,
 It shews them cruel to torment us still.
 When we are made, in pain we allwayes live,
 Sick Bodyes, or griev'd Minds to us they give;
 With Motions which run cross, compos'd we are,
 Which makes our Reason and our Sense to jar;
 When they are weary to torment us, must
 We then return, and so dissolve to Dust.
 But if I have my Fate in my own power,
 I will not breath, nor live another hour:
 Then with the Gods I shall not be at strife,
 If my Decree can take away my Life.
 Then on her feebler Legs she straight did stand,
 And took a Pistol charg'd in either hand.
 Here, Dear, said she, I give my Heart to thee,
 And by my Death divulg'd our Loves shall be;
 Then Constant Lovers Mourners be, when dead,
 They'll strew our Graves, which is our Marriage Bed;
 Upon our Hearse a weeping Poplar set,⁴⁷⁰
 Whose Moysture-drops our Death's dry'd Cheeks may wet,
 And at our Heads two Cypress Garlands⁴⁷¹ stand,
 That were made up by some fair Virgins hand;
 And on our cold pale Corps such Flowers strew,

⁴⁶⁸Cavendish answers these questions with her position on matter. She avoids the determinism implicit in a wholly materialist philosophy by incorporating 'the power of self-movement into the very essence of matter' (Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, p. 91). Also see Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, pp. 78, 88-89, 99, 101, 103, and 116-117.

⁴⁶⁹*apply*] direct one's course (*OED* v. II 12 b).

⁴⁷⁰Margaret may be alluding to book 2 of *Metamorphosis*, in which Ovid tells the story of Phaeton, who, despite his father's warning against doing so, attempts to steer the sun chariot through the skies. He loses control of the wild horses and Zeus must intervene, killing Phaeton in the process. Phaeton's sisters grieve, and their grief transforms them into weeping poplar trees. See George Sandys, trans., *Ovid's Metamorphosis* (London: 1628), *STC* 18965, pp. 29-42.

⁴⁷¹The cypress tree as a symbol of grief is central to the Ovidian tale of Cyparissus, one of Apollo's favourites, who accidentally kills his beloved companion, a stag. Cyparissus is so distraught that he begs the gods to allow him to mourn forever. His grief transforms him into a cypress tree and Apollo mourns him saying, 'I for thee will mourne: Mourne thou for others: Herses still adorne' (Sandys, book 10, p. 266).

Which hang their Heads for grief, so downward grow;
 Then layes us in a deep and quiet Grave,
 Wherein our Bones long Rest and Peace may have. [30:E3v]
 Let not our Friends a Marble Tombe erect
 Upon our Graves, but Mirtle Trees⁴⁷² there set;
 Those may in time a shady Grove become,
 Fit for sad Lovers Walks, whose Thoughts are dumb;
 For Melancholy Love seeks place obscure,
 No Noyse or Company can it endure;
 And when to ground they cast their dull, sad eyes,
 Perchance may think on us that therein lyes.
 Thus though w'are dead, our Memories remain,
 And, like to Ghosts, may walk in moving Brains;
 And in each head Loves Altars for us build
 To sacrifice some Sighs, or Tears distill'd.
 Then to her Heart the Pistol set, and shot
 A Bullet in, by which her Grief forgot;
 Fame with her Trumpet⁴⁷³ blew in every ear,
 The sound of this great act spread every where;
 Lovers from all parts came, by the report,
 Unto her Urn, as Pilgrims did resort;⁴⁷⁴
 There offered praises of her Constancy,
 And vows the like unto Loves Deity.

A Woman said, that Tale exprest Love well,
 And shew'd that Constancy in Death did dwell;
 Friendship, they say, is so divine,⁴⁷⁵
 That *Jove* himself doth with himself so joyn,
 Dividing himself into equal parts three,
 Yet one pure Minde, and perfect Power agree;

⁴⁷²*Mirtle*] A myrtle wreath or garland was regarded as a symbol of love and honour (*OED myrtle* n. 3).

⁴⁷³The goddess Fame, or Pheme, is often depicted carrying a trumpet.

⁴⁷⁴*resort*] to return to (*OED* v. II 6 b).

⁴⁷⁵In *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856), 'divine' is replaced with 'sublime' and the next three lines are deleted and replaced with one line, which reads, 'That with the Gods there's nothing more Divine' (p. 46). The sense of the rest of the poem remains the same, but the wording is altered in places. Again, Cavendish might have been avoiding religious objections.

So Loving Friendships having but one Will,
 Their Bodyes two, one Soul doth govern still;
 Nor do their Bodyes sever much,
 Their Senses equally do touch:
 For what doth strike the Eye, or other parts,
 With Pain or Pleasure, like to each converts:⁴⁷⁶
 So though in Substance, Form divided be,
 Yet Soul and Senses joyn, as one agree.

A Man that to the Lady plac'd was nigh,

Said, he would tell another Tragedy.

[31:E4r]

Humanity, Despair, and Jealousie, express'd
 in three Persons.

Walking along close by a rivers side,
 The Waters smooth ran with a flowing tide:
 The Sunne did shine thereon darting his beams,
 Which made it glister like to diamond Chains,
 The purling⁴⁷⁷ streams invited me to swimme,
 Pull'd off my cloaths, then enter'd every limb:
 But envious cold did dart, and me oppresse,
 Its arrows sharp, which did me backwards presse:
 The river to imbrace me made great hast:
 Her moist soft arms incircled round my wast:
 Streams came so fast would force me there to stay,
 But that my arms did make my body way,
 My hands did strike the soft smooth waters face,
 As flatt'ring⁴⁷⁸ them to give my body place:
 But when I found them apt, and high to rise,
 Striving to stop my Breath, and blind my Eyes,
 Then did I spread my Arms, and Circles make,
 And the united Streams asunder brake;

⁴⁷⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): Altering this line to 'Begets in all like Pleasure, or like smart', Cavendish makes her meaning clearer, p. 47.

⁴⁷⁷*purling*] 'that curls, as a rivulet or stream; eddying, rippling; murmuring,' swirling, gurgling (*OED* adj.).

⁴⁷⁸*flatt'ring*] caressing (*OED* v.¹ 1 b).

My Legs did kick away those Waters clear,
 To keep them back, lest they should croud too near;
 And as I broke those Streams, they run away,
 Yet fresh supply'd their place to make me stay;
 Long did I struggle, and my strength did try,
 At last got hold upon a Bank near by,
 And on the side a Hill where Trees were plac'd,
 Which on the Waters did a shadow cast,
 Thither I went, and when I came close by,
 I saw a Woman there a weeping lye;
 Which when I saw, began to slack my pace,
 Straight did my Eyes view there a Lovely Face
 Under a Tree, close by the Root she sate,
 Which with her Tears as falling Showers she wet;
 At last she spake, and humbly thus did pray,
 You Gods, said she, my Life soon take away:
 No slander on my Innocency throw,
 Let my pure Soul into *Elizium* go;
 If I drown here within this watry Lake,
 O let my Tears a murmuring⁴⁷⁹ River make, [32:E4v]
 Give it both Voice and Words my grief to tell,
 My Innocency, and why therein I fell;
 Then strait she rose, the River leapt she in,
 Which when I saw, I after her did swim,
 My hands as Oares did well my body row,
 Though panting breath made waters rough to grow,
 Yet was my breast a Keell for to divide,
 And by that help my Body swift did glide;
 My eies the Needle⁴⁸⁰ to direct the way,
 Which from the North of grief did not stray,
 She, as the Loadstone,⁴⁸¹ drew me to her help,
 Though storms of fear within my minde I felt.

⁴⁷⁹*murmuring*] that murmurs, giving 'voice to an inarticulate discontent' (*OED* adj. from *OED* v. 1 a).

⁴⁸⁰*Needle*] compass (*OED* n. 2 a).

⁴⁸¹*Loadstone*] 'something which attracts' (*OED* n. 2).

Her Garments loose did on the waters flow,
 They puffing out like Sails when Winds do blow,
 I catch'd thereat to draw her to the Brink,
 But when I went to pull, she down did sink,
 Yet did not I my hold thereof let go,
 But drew her to the Shore, with much ado,
 I panting with short breath, as out of wind,
 My Spirits spent, my Eyes were dimly blind,
 My strength so weak, was forc'd to ly down straight,
 Because alas my life was over-fraught;
 When life got strength, my mind with thoughts did fill
 Then to the Lady us'd all Art and Skill,
 Bowing her forwards t'let the waters out,
 Which from her Nose and Mouth gusht like a spout;
 At last her Breath had liberty and scope,
 Then thus unto me passionatly spoke,
 O who are you that doth my Soul molest,
 Gives me not leave in Death to take my rest?
 Is there no peace in Nature to be found?
 Must Misery and Fear attend us round?
 O Gods said she, here grant me my desire,
 Here end my life and let my breath expire.

I Answered,

Thus you 'gainst Nature set your selfe at odds,
 And by this wish you do displease the Gods;
 By violence you cut off their Decree,
 No violence in Nature ought to be;
 But what makes you thus strive for to destroy
 That life, which Gods did give you to enjoy.

[33:F1r]

She Answered, O Sir

If you did know the torments I de⁴⁸² feel,

⁴⁸²*de]* do.

My Soul is wrackt⁴⁸³ upon ill Fortunes wheel,
 My innocency by aspersion whipt,
 My pure Chastity, of Fame is stript,
 My love's neglected, and forsaken quite,
 Banisht from that my Soul tooke most delight.
 My heart was plac'd upon a valiant man,
 Which in the Warrs much Honour had he wonne,
 His actions all by Wisdome placed were,
 And his discourse delighted every eare,
 His bounty, like the Sun, gave life and light
 To those that Misery had eclipsed quite;
 This man my person seem'd for to admire.
 My Love before the World he did desire,
 Told me the Gods might sooner Heaven leave,
 Than he forsake my love, or truth deceive;
 But O vile Jelousie, a Lovers Divell,
 Torments the Thoughts with suspicions⁴⁸⁴ evill,
 Frighting the mind with false imaginations,
 Burying all joies in deepest contemplations;
 Long lay it smother'd, but at last broke out
 With hate, in rage and spleen base words flung out;
 Slander and Infamy in circles round,
 My innocent youth sharp tongues doth wound
 But his inconstancy did wound me more
 Than all Spite, Slander, Malice did before;
 For he another married and left me
 Clouded in dark disgrace, black infamy;
 With that she fetcht a sigh, Heaven blesse, said she,
 This cruell unkind man where ere he be;
 I faint, Death diggs my Grave, O lay me in
 This watry Monument, then may the Spring

⁴⁸³*wrackt*] tormented (*OED rack* v.1 2 c). NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): The letters 'pt' are blotted out and 'crt' is handwritten with a caret indicating the insertion point above the word, altering 'wrapt' to 'wrackt', p. 34. The list of errata notes the change.

⁴⁸⁴*suspitions*] suspicious.

In murmures soft, with blubbering words relate,
 And dropping weep at my ill fortunes fate;
 Then on a Groan, her Soul with wings did fly
 Up to the Heavens, and the Gods on high;
 Which when I saw, my eyes for grief did flow
 Although her Soul, I thought to Heaven did go;
 And musing long, at last I chanc'd to see
 A Gentleman, which handsome seem'd to be:
 He coming neer, ask'd me who there did lye,
 I said 'twas one for Love and Grief did dye;
 Hearing my words, he started back, Brows bent,
 With trembling leggs, he to the Body went,
 Which when he view'd, his blood fell from his face,
 His eyes were fix'd, and standing in one place;
 At last kneel'd down, and thus did say,
 No hope is left, Life's fled away,
 Thou wandring Soul where ere thou art,
 Hear my confession from my Heart;
 I lov'd thee better far than life,
 Thought to be happy in a Wife;
 But O Suspition, that false Thiefe,
 Seiz'd on my Thoughts ruling as chiefe.
 Suspition, Malice, Spight commanded still,
 To carry false Reports thy Ears to fill;
 My jealousie did strive thee to torment,
 And glad to heare when thou wast discontent.
 I strove alwaies my love for to disguise,
 Report I married was, when all was lyes;
 But Jealousie begets all actions base,
 And in the Court of Honour hath no place.
 Forgive me, Soul, where ever thou dost rest,
 For of all Women I did love thee best:
 Here I do offer up my life to thee,
 Both dead, we in one Grave may buried be.

[34:F1v]

Swifter than Lightning straight his Sword he drew,
 Upon the point himself he desperate threw,
 And to his panting Breast made such dispatch,
 That I no help, nor hold thereat could catch;
 Turning his pale and ghastly eyes to me,
 Mix both our ashes in one Urne, said he;
 With that he fell close by his Mistris side,
 Imbrac'd, and kist, and groand, and there he died;
 Which when I saw, I drest, my Clothes put on,
 Then celebrate their Funerall Rites alone;
 First I did lay a heap of Cypress dry,
 With striking Flints I made a fire thereby,
 Laid both their Bodies thereupon to burn,
 Which in short time did into Ashes turn;
 And being mixt, I tooke them thence away,
 And digg'd a Grave those Ashes in to lay;
 Then did I gather Cockle-shells, though small,
 With Art I strove to build a Tomb withall,
 Placing some on, others in even layes,
 Others joyn'd close, till I a Tomb did raise;
 And afterwards I planted Mirtle green,
 Where Turtle Doves do come and build therein:
 And there young Nightingales come every spring
 To celebrate their Fames, do sit and sing.

[35:F'2r]

*A merry Lass amongst the rest
 Began her Tale and thus exprest.*

A Master was in love with his fair Maid,
 But of his scolding Wife was sore afraid,
 For she in every place would watch and pry,
 And peek through every key hole to espy;
 And if she found them out, aloud would call
 And cry she was undone, her Maid had all
 Her Husband's love, for she had none she was sure,
 Wherefore this life she never would endure:

But he did woo his Maid still by his eye,
 She apprehensive, understood thereby,
 And oft would finde some worke to come in place,
 Because her Master should behold her Face,
 Makeing excuses, as business she had great,
 Her business was her Master for to meet:
 With pretty smiles she trips it by,
 And on him casts a kind coy eye;
 To all the house besides would seeme demure,
 Oft singing Psalms, as if she were right pure,
 Repeating Scripture, sigh, turn up her eyes,
 As if her Soul straight flew unto the Skies,
 And that her Body were as chaste cold Ice,
 And she were onely fit for Paradise;
 But were her words precise,⁴⁸⁵ her thoughts were not,
 For with her Master, Scripture quite forgot:
 She *Venus* then as Goddess pray'd unto,
 Her Master as the Priest, with offering woo⁴⁸⁶
 Her Mistris like to *Juno*⁴⁸⁷ fret and fround
 When that her Husband and her Maid she found,
 And in the Clouds of Night would seek about,
 Sometimes she mist them, sometimes found them out; [36:F2v]
 But when she did, Lord what a noise was there,
 How *Jove* and she did thunder in the air;

⁴⁸⁵*precise* 'strict or scrupulous in religious observance' (*OED* adj. 3 b).

⁴⁸⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) clarifies: 'She then a Goddess was, prayed unto; / Her Master did, as Priests, with Offering woo', p. 54.

⁴⁸⁷Juno is often characterized as the embodiment of jealous. Ovid, in *The Art of Love*, poem XIX, speaks of Juno's jealousy, which drives her to turn Io into a cow to prevent Jove from making love to her. The attempt fails, however, when Jove finds Io even more alluring (Rolfe Humphries, trans. (London: Calder, 1958), pp. 65-66).

Like Simile,⁴⁸⁸ she with child was got,⁴⁸⁹ but sent
 Like unto *Hagar*,⁴⁹⁰ out of doores she went,
 Where he, like *Abraham* good, a bottle ty'd,⁴⁹¹
 And gave her means the Child for to provide;
 Whereat her Mistris angry was, and cry'd,
 And wish't her Maid, like Semele, might have dy'd.

Another man amongst the rest

Said, they their Tales had well exprest.

BUt they that study much and seldome speake
 For want of use of words are for to seeke;
 Their tongue is like a rusty key grown rough,
 Hard to unlock, so do the words come forth:
 Or like an Instrument that lies unstrung,
 Till it be tun'd cannot be plaid upon;
 For custome⁴⁹² makes the tongue both smooth and quick,

⁴⁸⁸Here and in the last line of this poem 'Ishmael' is blotted out and a handwritten note inserts the less religiously incendiary 'Simile' and 'Semele', respectively. Semele, in Greek mythology, was the mother of Dionysus, with whom she became pregnant when Zeus seduced her (Hornblower and Spawforth). Hera, jealous, tricks Semele into asking Zeus to appear before her in his full glory. Being a mortal, Semele cannot withstand the sight and is killed. In *NP 1671 (Wing N855)* Cavendish edits these lines again, restoring 'Ishmael' to both lines and altering them to read, 'She with an *Ishmael* big away was sent' and 'And wisht her maid (like *Ishmael*) might had died', respectively (p. 55). The word 'like' here has the sense of 'as well as' or 'likewise'.

⁴⁸⁹According to Laura Gowing, 'Servants were consistently a majority of illegitimately pregnant women. . . . [A] significant minority were pregnant by men in the household that employed them. . . . The majority of illegitimately pregnant women who were questioned in court and during labour on the paternity of their children named their masters, their masters' sons, or other family members. And while only a small proportion of servants became pregnant, the culture of sexual availability to masters and their friends was recognisable to many more ('The Haunting of Susan Lay: Servants and Mistresses in Seventeenth-Century England', *Gender and History*, 14.2 (August 2002), p. 187). For a satirical view of this problem, see *The Ladies Remonstrance; or, A Declaration of the Waiting Gentlewomen, Chamber-Maids, and Servant-Maids, of the City of London, and within the Loyns of Copulation; to All Gentlemen, London-Apprentices, and Others Whom It May Concern* (London: 1659), *Wing* 2172:09.

⁴⁹⁰Genesis chapters 16 and 21 relate the story of Abraham, Sarah, and Hagar. Hagar is the maid servant of Sarah, wife of Abraham. Because she believes she is barren, Sarah gives Abraham permission to lie with Hagar, who conceives and bears a son (see Genesis 16). Sarah, later, miraculously becomes pregnant and also bears a son, Isaac. She grows resentful of Hagar and does not want her son's position as inheritor to be threatened, so she asks Abraham to send Hagar and her son, Ishmael, away, which he does (see Genesis 21). This story has connections to one of the subplots in Cavendish's play *The Unnatural Tragedy*, in which a maid is supplanting a wife (*Plays Written by the Thrice noble, illustrious and Excellent Princess, the Lady Marchioness of Newcastle* (London: 1662), *Wing* N868. Lisa Hopkins explores 'the mention of a set of wall hangings showing the story of Abraham, Sarah and Hagar in . . . *The Unnatural Tragedy*' in 'Point, Counterpoint, Needlepoint: The Tapestry in Margaret Cavendish's *The Unnatural Tragedy*', *Women's Writing*, 20:4 (2013), pp. 555-566.

⁴⁹¹Abraham gives Hagar a bottle of water when she leaves (Genesis 21:14).

⁴⁹²*custome*] practice (*OED* n. 1 a).

And moving oft no words thereon will stick,
 Like to a flowing Tide, makes its own way,
 Runns smooth and clear, without a stop or stay;
 That makes a Lawyer plead well at the Bar,
 Because he talks there, foure parts of the year;
 That makes Divines in Pulpits well to preach,
 Because so often they the People teach;
 But those that use to contemplate alone
 May have fine thoughts, good words expresse they none;
 Good language they express in Black and White,
 Although they speak it not, yet well can write;⁴⁹³
 Much thoughts keep back the words from running out⁴⁹⁴
 The tongue's ty'd up, the sluice⁴⁹⁵ is stopt no doubt;
 For Phancie's quick and flies such several waies,
 For to be drest in words it seldome staies;
 Phancy is like an Eele; so slippery glides,
 Before the tongue takes hold, away it slides.
 Thus he that seldome speaks is like to those
 That travell, their own languages do lose.

Now saies a Lady which was sitting by,
 Pray let your rusty tongue with silence lie,
 And lissen to the Tale that I shall tell,
 Mark the misfortunes, that to them befell.

[37:F3r]

A description of Love and Courage.

A Gentleman was riding all about,
 As in a Progresse, he chanced to spie out

⁴⁹³That women talk much without thinking is a common theme in Cavendish's works. She feared she herself, being a woman, was guilty of the vice and so preferred writing over speaking. In *SL*, letter CCX, she states, 'for I, in my Conversation, Speak, as I may say, without Thinking, or rather Considering, but when I Write, I Think without Speaking; wherefore the Wisest way for me is, rather to Write than to Speak, for then my Speech will not Disgrace my Writings' (pp. 450-451).

⁴⁹⁴Cavendish often speaks of the unruliness of her thoughts, a phenomenon she associates with creativity. See Sylvia Bowerbank, 'The Spider's Delight: Margaret Cavendish and the "Female" Imagination', *English Literary Renaissance*, 14.3 (Autumn 1984), pp. 392-408.

⁴⁹⁵*sluice*] outpouring of words (from *sluice* – a dam or a body of water impounded by a dam) (*OED* n. 1 a).

Upon a rising Hill there grew a Wood,⁴⁹⁶
 And in the midst a little house there stood;
 It was but small, yet was it wondrous fine,
 As if 'twere builded for the Muses Nine;⁴⁹⁷
 The Platforme⁴⁹⁸ was so well contriv'd,⁴⁹⁹ that there
 Was ne'r a piece of ground lay waste or spare;⁵⁰⁰
 This house was built of pure rich Marble stone,
 And all of Marble Pillars stood it on;
 So smooth twas pollish'd, as like glass it shew'd,
 Which gave reflection to the wood there grow'd;
 Those trees upon the Walls seem'd painted green,
 Yet every Leaf thereon was shaking seen;
 The Roofs⁵⁰¹ therein were arch'd with artfull skill,
 Which over head hung like a hanging Hill,
 And there a man himself might entertain,
 With his own words, rebounding back again.
 The doors to every roome were very wide,
 And men like Statues carved on either side:
 And in such lively postures made they were,
 Seem'd like as Guards or Porters waiting there;
 The winding Stairs rising without account

⁴⁹⁶The inspiration for this verse narrative was probably Bolsover Castle. Situated on a hill in the Peak district, it was one of William's country homes. See Whitaker, pp. 268-270 and Worsley, pp. 25-54. Timothy Raylor describes Bolsover as 'a superb instance of that blend of romance, chivalry, and pageant merged with classical myth and legend that informed the court masques and tournaments of the late Renaissance' ("Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue": William Cavendish, Ben Jonson, and the Decorative Scheme of Bolsover Castle', *Renaissance Quarterly*, 52. 2 (Summer, 1999), p. 403). The castle 'contains the most extensive and important surviving wall paintings from Jacobean England. Influenced by the palace of Fontainebleau and the Palazzo del Te, the interior depicts the humours (anteroom), the labours of Hercules (hall), the five senses (pillar chamber), Old and New Testament figures (star chamber), the virtues (marble closet), Christ's ascent into heaven and Elysium (first floor closets)' (Lynn Hulse, 'Cavendish, William, first duke of Newcastle upon Tyne (bap. 1593, d. 1676), writer, patron, and royalist army officer' *DNB*. For an in-depth discussion of the iconography at Bolsover Castle, see Timothy Raylor, "Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue", pp. 402-439. Bolsover was featured in *The Unnatural Tragedy*. In Scene 27 (p. 351), Madame Malateste describes a stylish house that possesses some of the features of the castle (*Plays: Wing* N868). The castle was also designed to host plays. On the plays presented at Bolsover, see Lisa Hopkins, 'Play Houses: Drama at Bolsover and Welbeck', *Early Theatre: A Journal Associated with the Records of Early English Drama* 2 (1999), pp. 25-44.

⁴⁹⁷*Muses Nine*] Hesiod's nine goddesses who were responsible for creativity and inspiration.

⁴⁹⁸*Platforme*] 'the area of ground occupied by a structure' (*OED* n. 4).

⁴⁹⁹*contriv'd*] planned (*OED* adj. a).

⁵⁰⁰*spare*] 'uncultivated, unoccupied, vacant' (*OED* adj. I 1 c).

⁵⁰¹*Roofs*] ceilings (*OED* n. I 1 b).

Of any steps, ⁵⁰² up to the top did mount;
 There on the head a Cap of Lead⁵⁰³ did wear,
 Like to a Cardinals Cap, was made foure square;
 But flat it was, close to the Crown did lye,
 From Cold, and Heat, it keeps it warm and drye:
 And in the midst a Tower plac'd on high,
 Like to *Ulysses* Monster, with one eye;⁵⁰⁴
 But standing there, did view through windows out
 On every side fine Prospects⁵⁰⁵ all about.
 When that his eyes were satisfied with sight,
 And that his mind was fill'd with such delight,
 He did desend back by another way,
 Chance was his onely guide which did convey
 Him to a Gallery both large and long,
 Where Pictures by *Apelles*⁵⁰⁶ drawn, there hung,
 And at the end a Doore half ope, half shut,
 Where, in a Chamber did a Lady sit. [38:F3v]
 To him so beautifull she did appear,
 She seem'd an Angell, not a Mortall here;
 Cloth'd all in white she was, and from her head
 Her hair hung down, and on her shoulders spread,
 And in a Chair she sate, a Table by,
 Leaning thereon, her head did sidewaies lie
 Upon her hand, the Palm a Pillow made,
 Which being soft, her rosie Cheeks she laid,
 And from her eyes the Tears in showres did fall
 Upon her Breast, sparkling like Diamonds all;
 At last she fetcht a sigh, heart break said she,

⁵⁰²*The winding . . . Of any steps*] The steps are too numerous to count. Worsley describes Bolsover as being 'full of twisting staircases' (inset photo 9).

⁵⁰³The roof of Bolsover was probably lined with lead. See P. A. Faulkner, 'Haddon Hall and Bolsover Castle', *Archaeological Journal*, 118 (January 1961), pp. 188-205 and John Hamilton Gray, *Bolsover Castle*, repr. by T. Thorneley (Chesterfield, 1883).

⁵⁰⁴*Ulysses Monster*] Cyclops.

⁵⁰⁵*Prospects*] views afforded by position (*OED* n. I 1 b).

⁵⁰⁶*Apelles*] premier Ancient Greek painter whose works have not survived, but whose reputation for combining perfect beauty with the perfect imitation of nature lives on through ancient writers. Pliny dates the painter at 332 BC (Hornblower and Spawforth).

Gods take my life, or give me liberty:
 When that her words exprest, she was constrain'd;⁵⁰⁷
 He courage took on what she there complain'd,
 And boldly entring in, she seem'd afraid,
 He kneeling down, askt pardon and thus said,
 Celestial creature do not think me rude,
 Or want of breeding made me thus intrude,
 But Fortune me unto this house did bring,
 Whereby a Curiosity did spring
 From my desires this House to veiw throughout,
 Seeing such shady Groves to grow about,
 And when I came nere to the Gate, not one
 Was there to ask or make opposition;
 The House seem'd empty, not a creature stirring;
 But every Room I entred still admiring
 The Architect and Structure of each part,
 Those that designed were skilfull in that Art.⁵⁰⁸
 Wandring about at last, chance favouring me
 Hath brought me to this place, where I do see
 A beauty far beyond all Art, or any
 That Nature heretofore hath made, though many
 Of all the Sexe creates she sweet and fair,
 Yet never any of your sex so rare;
 This made me stand and gaze, amaz'd to see
 What wondrous glorious things in Nature be,
 But when I heard your words for to express
 Some griefe of heart, and wisht for a redress,
 My soul flew to your service, here I vow
 To Heaven high, my life I give to you,
 Not onely give my life, but for your sake
 Suffer all pains, Nature or Hell can make:
 Nor are my proffers for a base self-end,

[39:F4r]

⁵⁰⁷*constrain'd* embarrassed; feeling ashamed (*OED* adj. 3).

⁵⁰⁸Bolsover was built at the site of a medieval castle. Sir Charles Cavendish, William's father, and John Smithson, the architect, began work on Bolsover in 1613. Smithson's drawings survive (Faulkner, p. 199).

But to your Sex a servant, and a friend;
 My zeale is pure, my flame being clear,
 Choose me your Champion, and adopt me here;
 If I cannot your enemy destroy,
 Ile⁵⁰⁹ do my best, no rest I will enjoy,
 Because my Fortune, Life, and Industry
 Ple sacrifice unto thy liberty.
 When that the Lady heard him speak so free,
 And with such passion and so honestly;
 I do accept your favour, Sir, said she,
 For no condition can be worse to me
 Than this I live in, nor can I
 My Honour hazard in worse company,
 Wherefore to your protection I resign,
Heaven, O Heaven prosper this design;
 But how will you dispose of me, pray tell,
 I will, said he, convey you to a Cell
 Which is hard by, and there will counsel take
 What way is best to make a clear escape;
 With that his riding Coat, which he did wear,
 He pull'd strait off, which she put on; her Hair
 She ty'd up short, and covered close her face,
 And in this posture stole out of that place.
 An old ill natur'd Baud, that tended on her,
 She being asleep, she nere thought upon her;
 But when sleep fled, awak'd she up did rise,
 Sitting upon her Bed, rubbing her Eyes
 That were seal'd up with matter and with rhume,
 When that was done, she went into the Roome
 Wherein the Lady us'd alone to be,
 Strait missing her cry'd out most pitteously,
 Calling the Servants to search all about,
 But they unto a Wake were all gone out.

⁵⁰⁹*Ile* contraction of 'I will'.

The Peasants Ball is that we call a Wake,⁵¹⁰
 When Men and Maids do dance, and love do make,
 And she that danceth best is crown'd as Queen,
 With Garlands made of flowres and Laurell green;
 Those men that dance the best, have Ribbans ty'd
 By every Maid that hopes to be a Bride.

All Youth these kinde of Sports, likewise a Faire,
 Will venture life, rather than not be there,
 Which made the servants all, although⁵¹¹ not many,
 To be abroad, and leave the house for any
 To enter in, which caused this escape,
 And to the Owner brought so much mishap.

[40:F4v]

A Lord came galloping as from his Palace,
 With pleasing thoughts, thinking alone to solace
 Himself with his fair Mistris, who admired
 Her beauty more than Heaven, and desired
 Her favour more than *Joves*; her angry words
 Did wound him more than could the sharpest Swords;⁵¹²
 Her frowns would torture him as on a Wrack,
 Muffling his spirits in melancholly black:
 But if she chanc'd to smile, his joyes did rise
 So high beyond the Sun that lights the Skies;
 But riding on, the Castle coming nigh,
 The woman running about he did discry,
 His heart misgave⁵¹³ him, with doubts alighted,
 Asking the reason she was so affrighted;
 She shak'd so much, no answer could she make;
 He being impatient unto her thus spake:
 Divell said he, what is my Mistris dead,

⁵¹⁰*Wake*] a festival that originated from the early church's practice of conducting services all through the night before feast-days. The religious vigil, no longer a church ritual, became a nocturnal festival (*OED* n.1 4).

⁵¹¹*although*] although.

⁵¹²*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855): The 'd' and final 's' of 'Swords' and the end punctuation have almost completely faded out, but *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856) clearly prints the word as 'swords'. The end punctuation appears to be a semi-colon.

⁵¹³*misgave him*] filled him with foreboding (*OED* v. I 1 a).

Or sick, or stole away, or is she fled.
 She kneeling down cry'd out, O she is gone
 And I left to your mercy all alone,
 With that he tore his hair, his breast did beat,
 And all his body in a cold damp sweat,
 Which made his Nerves to slack,⁵¹⁴ his Pulse beat slow,
 His strength to fail, so weak he could not go
 But fell upon the ground, seeming as dead
 Untill his man did bear him to a bed,
 For he, did onely with him one man bring,
 Who prov'd himself trusty in every thing;
 But when his diffus'd⁵¹⁵ spirits did compose,
 Into a deep sad melancholly grows,
 Could neither eat, nor drink, nor take his rest,
 His thoughts and passions being so opprest.
 At last, this Lady and her noble Guide,
 Got to a place secure, yet forc'd to hide
 Her self a time, til she such friends could make
 That would protect vertue for vertues sake,
 Because her loving Foe, was great in power,
 Which might a friendless Innocent devoure.

[41:G1r]

This noble Gentleman, desir'd to know,
 From what Misfortunes her restraint did grow.
 Willing she was to tell this Gentleman
 The story of her life, and thus began.

After my birth, my Mother soon did dye,
 Leaving my Father to a Sonn and I,
 My Father nor my Brother liv'd not long,
 Then I was left alone, and being young,
 My Aunt did take the charge to see me bred,
 To mannage my Estate; my brother dead,
 I was the only Child and Heire, but she

⁵¹⁴*fo slack*] to weaken (*OED* v. 11 a).

⁵¹⁵*diffus'd*] confused; disordered (*OED* adj. I 1).

Was married to a Lord of high degree,
 Who had a Son, that Son a wife,
 They not agreeing liv'd an unhappy Life:
 When I was grown to sixteen yeas⁵¹⁶ of age
 My Aunt did die, her Husband did ingage⁵¹⁷
 To take the charge, and see me well bestowed,
 And by his tender care great love he shewed:
 But such was my misfortune, O sad fate,
 He di'd and left me to his Son's Wifes hate,
 Because this younger Lord grew much in Love,
 Which when his Wife by circumstance did prove,⁵¹⁸
 She sought all means she could to murther me:
 Yet she would have it done with privacy,
 The whilst her amorous Lord fresh courtships made,
 With his best Rhetorick for to perswade
 My honest youth to yeild to his desire,
 My beauty having set his heart on fire;
 At last, considering with my self, that I
 Having a plentiful Estate whereby
 I might live honorable, safe and free,
 Not subject to be betrai'd to slavery.
 Then to the Lady and the Lord I went,
 As a respect I told them my intent.
 The Lady my design she well approv'd,
 He nothing said, but seem'd with passion mov'd;
 But afterwards when I my leave did take,
 He did rejoyce as if 'twere for my sake,
 And so it was, but not unto my good,
 For he with Treachery my waies withstood;⁵¹⁹
 For as I travell'd, he beset me round,
 And forc'd me from my servants, which he found

[42:G1v]

⁵¹⁶yeas] years.

⁵¹⁷ingage] promise (OED v. II 4 a).

⁵¹⁸prove] find out; discover (OED v. II 7).

⁵¹⁹withstood] hindered the progress of (OED v. 1 d).

To be not many, when he had great store
 For to assault, but my defence was poor.
 Yet were they all disguised, no face was shown,
 Such unjust acts desire to be unknown.
 When I was in their power, help, help, said I,
 You Gods above, and heare a wretches cry;
 But from Heaven no assistance did I finde,
 All seem'd as cruel as the mad mankinde.
 At last unto the Castle me convey'd,
 The Lord discovering of himself,⁵²⁰ thus said,
 Cruellest of thy sex, since no remorse
 Can soften thy hard heart, Ile use my force,
 Unless your heart doth burn with equall fire,
 Or condescend to what I shall desire.
 I for my own defence, 'gainst this abuse,
 Soft flattering words, was forced for to use,
 Gently intreating his patience, that I
 A time might have my heavy heart to try
 That by perswasions it might entertain
 Not only love, but return love again;
 He seem'd well pleas'd, his temper calm did grow,
 Which by his smiling countenance did shew.
 Said he, if in your favour I may live,
 A greater blessing Heaven cannot give.
 Then to a woman old, he gave the charge
 For to attend, but not for to enlarge
 My liberty, with Rules my life did bind,
 Nothing was free but thoughts within my mind;
 Thus did I live some halfe a year and more,
 The whilst to Gods on high I did implore;
 For still he woo'd, and still I did deny,
 At last impatient grew, and swore that I

⁵²⁰*discovering of himself*] removing his mask (*OED* v. II 9 b).

Deluded⁵²¹ him, and that no longer would
 He be denied, but yield to him I should:
 With much intreaty I pacified his minde
 With words and countenance that seemed kinde;
 But praiers to Heaven more earnestly I sent
 With tears and sighs, that they would still prevent,
 By their great power, his evill design,
 Or take away this loathed life of mine;
 Although at first they seem'd to be all deaf,
 Yet now at last they sent me some relief.
 The whilst the Champion Knight, with his fair prize,
 Was strook with Love by her quick darting eies,
 Yet mov'd they so as modesty did guide,
 Not turning wantonly, or leird⁵²² aside;
 Nor did they sterne or proudly pierce,
 But gentle, soft, with sweet commerse,⁵²³
 And when those eyes were fill'd with watry streams,
 Seem'd like a Brook gilded with the Sun-beams;
 At last perswading love prevail'd so far
 As to present his Sute unto her care:
 Faire Maid I love thee, and my love so pure
 That no corrupted thoughts it can endure,
 My love is honest, my request is just,
 For one mans fault do not all men mistrust;
 I am a Batchelor and you a Maid,
 For which we lawfully may love he said,
 Wherefore dear Saint cast not my sute aside,
 Chuse me your Husband, and be you my Bride:
 I am a Gentleman, and have been bred
 As to my qualitie, my Father dead
 Left me his Possessions, which are not small,
 Nor yet so great to make me vain withall;

[43:G2r]

⁵²¹*deluded*] misled (OED adj.).

⁵²²*leird*] leered.

⁵²³*commerse*] interaction or conversation (OED n. 2 c).

My life is yet with an unspotted fame,
 Nor so obscure, not to be known by name;
 Amongst the best and most within this Land
 Favours receiv'd, yet none like your command.
 She stood a time, as in a musing thought,
 At last she spake, Sr. said she you have brought
 My Honor out of danger, and civilly
 Have entertain'd me with your company,
 For which I owe my life, much more my love,
 Should I refuse I should ingratfull prove;
 Tis not great wealth that I would marry to,
 Nor outward Honors that my love can wooe,
 But it is vertue and a heroick minde,
 A disposition sweet, noble, and kinde,
 And such a one I judge you for to be,
 Wherefore I'le not refuse if you chuse me.
 When they were thus agreed they did repaire
 Unto his house, and went to marry there,
 The whilst the Lord, the Kingdome all about
 He privatly had sent to search her out;
 At last newes came with whom, and where she dwelt;
 With that much grief within his heart he felt,
 That any man should have her in his power,
 He, like a Divell could his soul devour:
 But when he heard the messenger to say
 Was preparation 'gainst⁵²⁴ her wedding day,
 He grew outrageous, cursed Heaven and Earth,
 The marriage of his Parents, and his Birth:
 At last he did resolve what ere befell,
 That he would have her though he sank to Hell;
 When he had got a Companie together,

[44:G2v]

⁵²⁴ *'gainst*] Cf. 'Give me thy hand, Kate, I will unto Venice / To buy apparel 'gainst [in preparation for] the wedding-day' (Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, II.i.314-315).

Such as he fed,⁵²⁵ that would go any whether,⁵²⁶
 No act they would refuse that he desired,
 Obeyed most desperately⁵²⁷ what he required.
 Unto his house they went in a disguise,
 Intending then the Lady to surprize;
 But being upon her wedding day, was there
 A Company of Guests, that merry were,
 This Lord desir'd to part them if he might.
 Cause lie together they should not that night:
 So in they went, the Servants all did think
 Were Maskerades,⁵²⁸ and made them all to drink;
 But when they went into an inward roome,
 Where all were dancing, Bride and the Bridegroom,
 The Bride acquainted with⁵²⁹ that Maskardsight,⁵³⁰
 She ran away as in an extream fright;
 The Bridegeome⁵³¹ soon imagin'd what they were,
 And though unarm'd, his courage knew no fear.
 Their Swords they drew, aim'd onely at his life,
 That done, they thought to get away his Wife:
 His Hat and Cloak arms of defence did make,⁵³²
 The Tongs⁵³³ for to assault he up did take;
 The women shriekt,⁵³⁴ murther, murther cried out,
 The men flung all the Chairs and Stools about,
 With which they did resist, and did oppose,

⁵²⁵*Such as he fed*] those whom he provided for or indulged. Perhaps an allusion to the saying 'Better fed than taught', usually said of children who have been overindulged. In *All's Well That Ends Well*, the clown says, 'I will show myself highly fed and lowly / taught' (II.ii.3-4).

⁵²⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'whither', p. 67.

⁵²⁷*desperatly*] with utter disregard of how far one goes; with violence (*OED* adv. 4).

⁵²⁸*Maskerades*] masqueraders; attendees of a ball or party at which guests wear a mask (*OED* n.).

⁵²⁹*acquainted with*] having personal knowledge of.

⁵³⁰*Maskardsight*] masked multitude. See *OED* *sight* n.¹ 2 a] 'A show or display of something; hence, a great number or quantity; a multitude'.

⁵³¹*Bridegeome*] bridegroom.

⁵³²Margaret elevates her gentleman to expert swordsman with her mention of his use of the hat and cloak as arms. Joseph Swetnam, in *The Schoole of the Noble and Worthy Science of Defence* (1617) asserts that 'Masters of this Noble art of Defence [fencing], are, or, else ought to be expert' at 'more then twenty sorts of weapons' (London: 1617) *STC* (2nd ed.) 23543, pp. 186-187). Among the pairs of weapons he lists are the rapier and cloak.

⁵³³*Tongs*] probably fire tongs used for handling coal and wood (*OED* n.).

⁵³⁴*shriekt*] shrieked.

For some short time, the fury of his Foes.
 It chanc'd a Sword out of a hand did fall,
 The Bridegroom strait took up and fought withall,
 So well did manage it, and with such skill,
 That many of his Enemies did kill;
 Yet he was wounded sore, and out of breath,
 But heat of Courage kept out dull cold death; [45:G3r]
 At last his Friends got Arms to take his part,
 Who did the oppression of his Foes divert.
 The Vizard⁵³⁵ of the Lord fell off at length,
 Which when the Bridegroom saw, with vigorous strength
 He ran upon him with such force, that he
 Strook many down to make his passage free.
 The trembling Bride was almost dead with fear,
 Yet for her Husband had a lissening ear;
 At last the noise of murther did arrive,
 O he is dead, said she, and I alive.
 With that she run with all her power and might
 Into the roome, her Husband then in fight
 With her great enemy, and where they stood
 The Ground was like a foaming Sea of blood;
 Wounded they were, yet was each others heart
 So hot with passion, that they felt no smart.
 The Bride did pass and repass by their Swords
 As quick as flashing Lightning, and her words,
 Cried out, Desist, Desist, and let me die,
 It is decreed by the great Gods on high,
 Which nothing can prevent, then let my fall
 Be an atonement to make friends withall;
 But Death and Courage being long at strife
 About her Husbands Honour and his Life,
 They both did fall, and on the ground did lie,
 But honoured Courage receiv'd a fame thereby.

⁵³⁵ [Vizard] mask.

When Death turn'd out his life, it went
 Into his fame, and built a Monument.
 The Bride, when that she saw her Husband faint,
 She weeping mourn'd, and made a sad complaint;
 O Gods, said she, grant me but this request,
 That I might die here on my Husbands breast.
 With that she fell, and on his lipps did lie,
 Suckt out each others breath, and so did die.
 When that the Lover saw her soul was fled,
 And that her body was cold, pale, and dead,
 Then he impatient grew his life to hold,
 With desperat fury then both fierce and bold,
 He gave himself a mortall wound, and so
 Fell to the ground, and sick did grow.
 Then did he speak to all the Company,
 I do entreat you all for Charity,
 To lay me by my Mistris in a Grave,
 That my free soul may rest and quiet have;
 With that a Voice, heard in the Air to say
 My noble friends, you ought to disobey
 His dying words, for if you do not so,
 From our dead Ashes a jealousy will grow;
 But howsoever, their friends did so agree
 That they did put them in a Grave all three:
 And ever since fierce jealousy doth rage
 Throughout the World, and shall from age to age.

[46:G3v]

*A Batchelor that spightful was and old,
 Unto the Company his Tale he told:*

Women care not, nor seek for noble praise,
 All their delight runns to Romancy ways,
 To be in love and be belov'd again,

And to be fought for by the youngest men,
 Not for their Vertue, but their Beauty fair,
 Intangling men within their amorous snare,
 And turning up their eyes, not for to pray,
 Unless⁵³⁶ it be to see their Love that day,
 With whining voice, and foolish words implore
 The Gods, for what? unless to hold the dore.⁵³⁷
 And what is their desire, if I should guess,
 I straight should judge it tends to wantonness;
 Perchance they'l say tis for Conversation,
 But those Conversations bring Temptation.
 What Youth's in love with Age, where wisdom dwells,
 That all the follies of wild youth still tells;
 But youth will shun grave ages company,
 And from them fly as from an Enemy.
 Say they, their wit is all decay'd and gone,
 And that their wit is out of fashion grown,
 Say they are peevish, froward⁵³⁸ and displeas'd,
 And full of pain, and weak, and oft diseas'd.
 But that is fond excuse, to plead for youth,
 For age is valiant, prudent, full of truth;
 And sicknes oftner on the young takes hold,
 Making them feeble, weak before they'r old.
 If Women love, let it be for the sake
 Of noble vertue, and the wiser take,
 Else Vertue is depress'd, forsaken quite,
 For she allows no Revellers of Night.
 This Sex doth strive by all the art they can
 To draw away each others courtly man,
 And all the allurements that they can devise,
 They put in execution for the prise;
 Their eyes are quick and sparkling like the Sun,

[47:G4r]

⁵³⁶Unless] but (*OED* conj. 3 a).

⁵³⁷hold the dore] to guard or defend the door (*OED* hold v. I 1 b).

⁵³⁸froward] unreasonable or ungovernable; difficult to deal with (*OED* adj. A 1).

Yet allwaies after mankind do they run;
 Their words are smooth, their face in smiles are drest;
 Their heart is by their countenance exprest;⁵³⁹
 But in their older age they spightfull grow,
 And then they scorns upon their youngers throw,
 Industrious are a false report to make,
 Lord, Lord, what poor employments Women take
 To carry tales on tongues from eare to eare,
 Which faster run than Dromedaries⁵⁴⁰ far:
 In heat, with speed and haste, they run about
 From house to house to find their Comrades out;
 And when they meet, so earnest they are bent,
 As if the Fates Decrees they could prevent,
 The best is Rubbish; they their minds do load
 With severall dresses and what is the mode;
 But if they spightfull are, they straight defame
 Those that most vertue have or honored name,
 Or else about their carriage they find fault,
 And say their dancing-Masters were stark naught;⁵⁴¹
 But for their several dressings thus will say,
 How strangely such a one was drest to day,
 And if a Lady dress, or chance to weare
 A Gown to please her self, or curle her hair,
 If not according as the fashion runns,
 Lord how it sets awork their eyes and tongues,
 Strait she's fantasticall they all do cry,⁵⁴²

⁵³⁹Cavendish's years at court (1643-1645) resulted in her apparently developing a dislike for the artificiality of court life. In her play *The Presence* she condemns the behaviours of the courtiers. See Whitaker, pp. 51-54.

⁵⁴⁰*Dromedaries*] camels known for their swiftness (*OED* n. 4).

⁵⁴¹*stark naught*] completely worthless (*OED* adj. A).

⁵⁴²Cavendish's fashion sense often created a sensation among her detractors, and here she returns a parrying volley. In 1653, the year *Poems and Fancies* was published, Dorothy Osborne wrote a letter to Sir William Temple, her future husband, in which she remarks on Margaret's extravagant dress (*The Love Letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple*, ed. by Edward Abbott Parry (New York: Dodd Mead, 1901), p. 103). Margaret's reputation for extravagance followed her throughout her writing life. See Samuel Pepys, *Diary*, ed. by H. B. Wheatley, vol. VI (London: George Bell & Sons, 1895), p. 290; John Evelyn, *The Diary of John Evelyn*, ed. by Austin Dobson, vol. II (London: MacMillan, 1906), pp. 269, 271; and Whitaker, pp. 155, 156, 176, 294-295, 296, 297-298, and 299.

Yet they will imitate her presently,
 And what they laught at her in scorn,
 Think well themselves for to adorn:
 Thus every one doth each another pry,
 Not for to mend, but to find fault thereby.

With that the women rose, and angry were,
 And said they would not stay such tales to heare,
 But all the men upon their knees did fall,
 Begging his pardon, and their stay withall,
 And Womens natures being easy, free,
 Soon perswaded to keep them company.

[48:G4v]

*The Tale to tell, unto a Womans turn befell,
 And when their rusling twatling silks did cease,
 Their creaking chairs and whisperings held their peace,
 The Lady did a Tragick Tale unfold,
 Forcing their eyes to weep whil'st she it told.*

The Description of the Fondness of Parents,
 and the Credulity of Youth.

A Gentleman that lived long, and old,
 A Wife he had, which fifty years had told;
 Their Love was such, as Time could not decay,
 Devout they were, and to the Gods did pray:
 Yet Children they had none to bless their Life,
 She happy in a Husband, he a Wife.
 But Nature she the World her power to shew,
 From an old Stock caus'd a young Branch to grow,
 Because this aged Dame a Daughter bore,
 Got by her Husband, threescore years and more;
 They were so joy'd, they Natures Bounty praise,
 And thank'd the Gods that did the Issue raise.
 They were so fond, that none this Child must touch,
 Onely themselves, their pains they thought not much.
 She gave it suck, and dress'd it on her Lap,

The whil'st he warm'd the Clouts,⁵⁴³ then coold the Pap;⁵⁴⁴
 And when it slept, did by the Child abide,
 Both setting near the Cradle on each side.
 But when it cry'd, he danc'd it on his Arm,
 The whil'st she sung, its Passion for to charm.
 Thus did they strive to please it all they could,
 And for its good, yield up their lives they would.
 With pains and care they nurs'd their Daughter well,
 And with her Years her Beauty did excell:
 But when she came to sixteen years of age,
 Her Youth and Life to Love she did engage
 Unto a Gentleman, that liv'd hard by
 Unto her Father's house, who seem'd to dye
 If he enjoy'd her not, yet did he dread
 His Fathers curse to light upon his head;
 His Father to his Passion being cruel,
 Although he was his onely Son and Jewel,
 Charging⁵⁴⁵ upon his blessing not to marry
 This fairest Maid, nor Servants for to carry
 Letters or Tokens, Messages by stealth,
 Despising her, because of no great Wealth:⁵⁴⁶
 Yet she was nobly born, not very poor,
 But had not Wealth to equal his great store.
 But he did woo his Love in secret guise,
 Courting her privately for fear of Spyes,
 He strove to win her unto his embraces,
 Muffling⁵⁴⁷ the faults he would, and the disgraces.

[49:H1r]

Said he,

Why may not we our Senses all delight?

⁵⁴³*Clouts*] 'swaddling clothes' (*OED* n.¹ II 5 a).

⁵⁴⁴*Paps*] soft semi-liquefied food for infants (*OED* n.² 1 a).

⁵⁴⁵*Charging*] commanding (*OED* *charge* v. 14 a).

⁵⁴⁶Again, art echoes life. A cousin, friend, and fellow officer, Lord Widdrington, counselled William not to marry Margaret, probably claiming she was not his equal socially or economically (Whitaker, p. 76-77).

⁵⁴⁷*Muffling*] concealing (*OED* *muffle* v.¹ 1 b)

Heaven our Sense and our Souls unite.
 That we call Honour, onely Men creates,
 For it was never destin'd by the Fates;
 It is a word Nature not teaches, so
 A precept Nature doth forbid to go:⁵⁴⁸
 Then follow Nature, for that follows God,
 And not the Arts of Men, that's⁵⁴⁹ vain and odd;⁵⁵⁰
 Let every Sense lye steep'd, not drown'd, in pleasure,
 For to keep up their height is balanc'd measure.
 First let our Eyes all Beauteous Objects view,
 Our Ears all Sounds which Notes and Times keep true.
 Then scent all Odours to refresh the Brain,
 The tast delicious Tongue to entertain;
 Our Touch so pleasing, that all parts may feel
 Expansion of the Soul, from Head to Heel:
 Thus we shall use what Nature to us gave,
 For by restraint, in Life we dig our Grave;
 For in the Grave our Senses useless lye,
 Just so is Life, if Pleasures we deny:
 Thus Heaven that gave us Sense, may take it ill,
 If we refuse what's offered to us still:
 Then let our Sense and Souls take all delight,
 Though surfet not, yet feed each Appetite:
 Come, Pleasure, circle me within thy Arms,
 Inchant my Soul with thy delightfull Charms.⁵⁵¹
 Said she, it is not alwayes in our power
 To feed Delight, nor Pleasure to devour; [50:H1v]
 Man no free power hath of any thing,
 Onely⁵⁵² himself can to destruction bring,

⁵⁴⁸In NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), this line is clarified: 'It is a Precept she forbids t'obey', p. 75.

⁵⁴⁹NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) alters 'that's' to 'they're', p. 75.

⁵⁵⁰*odd*] unusual in a negative way.

⁵⁵¹William similarly courted Margaret. Using a *carpe diem* argument in many of his letters to Margaret, he expresses his 'honest sensual appreciation of her beauty', but he also conveys his sexual eagerness and 'besieges his mistress with all the forces at hand' (Grant, *Phancies*, pp. xxiv, xxv).

⁵⁵²*Only*] with this exception (*OED only* conj. B 1).

To kill his Body, and his Soul to damn,
 Although he cannot alienate⁵⁵³ the same,
 Nor can he make them always to remain,
 Nor turne them to what they were first again:
 Thus can we crosse and vex our selves with pain,
 But being sick, not to be well again:
 We can disturb great Natures work when will,⁵⁵⁴
 But to restore and make it, past our skill:
 But he did plead so hard, such Vows did make,
 Such large professions, and such oaths did take,
 That he would constant be, and for his Bride
 He would her make, when that his Father dy'd:
 She young and innocent knew no deceits,
 Nor thought that Words and Vows were us'd as baits.
 So yielded she to all he did desire,
 Thinking his Vows as much as Laws require:⁵⁵⁵
 But they so oft did meet till it befell,
 She sick did grow, her body big did swell,⁵⁵⁶
 Which she took care to hide, and would not be,
 As she was wont in other Company:
 But to her Parents she would often crie,
 And said she swell'd so with a Timpany:⁵⁵⁷
 They did believe her, and did make great moan
 Their onely child to be so sickly growne:
 But his old Father, the Marriage to prevent,
 He, in all hast, his Son to travel sent;

⁵⁵³*alienate*] separate (*OED* v. 3).

⁵⁵⁴[NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): replaces 'when will' with 'at will', p. 77.

⁵⁵⁵The young woman's assumption has a basis in marriage contracting conventions. Contracting agreements marked the step before marriage, and here the young man makes a conditional 'promise of future action' by stating he will make the young woman his bride when his father dies. Many couples, once contracted, consummated the relationship. Consummation previous to the marriage nuptials was a widely accepted practice despite social and religious pressure against doing so (David Cressy, *Birth, Marriage & Death: Ritual, Religion, and the Life-Cycle in Tudor and Stuart England* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997), pp. 267 and 277).

⁵⁵⁶Margaret, unlike the female character in this verse tale, managed William's passion to her advantage. Careful of her reputation, she reminded him that 'ther is a custumare law that must be sined before I may lawfully call you husband' (Grant, *Phancies*, p. xxviii).

⁵⁵⁷*Timpany*] swelling that is indicative of disease (*OED* n. 1 a).

Gave him no time, nor warning to be gone,
 Nor till he saw him shipp'd, left him alone.
 But he, to ease his Mistris of her fear,
 For to return he onely now took care.
 But she no sooner heard that he was gone,
 But in her Chamber lock'd her self alone,
 Complain'd against her Destiny and Fate,
 And all her Love to him was now turn'd Hate.

You Gods, said she, my fault's no wilfull sin,
 For I did think his Vows had Marriage been;
 But by his stealth, privately for to leave me,
 I finde my crime, and that he did deceive me;
 For which, said she, you Gods torment him more
 Than ever any Man on Earth before.

[51:H2r]

With that she rose, about her neck she flung
 A silken string, and in that string she hung.

Her Parents to her Chamber did repair,
 Calling her forth to take the fresh sweet Air,
 Supposing it might do her health some good,
 And at her Chamber door long time they stood:
 But when they call'd, and knock'd, no answer made,
 She being sick, they 'gan to be afraid;
 Their limbs that shake with age, nerves being slackt,
 Those nervous strings with fear were now contract.
 At last, though much ado they had to speak,
 Yet⁵⁵⁸ Servants call'd, to open or to break
 The Lock; no sooner done, but with great fear
 They entred in, and when that they were there,
 The horrid sight no sooner strook their eyes,
 But it congeal'd⁵⁵⁹ their hearts, and strait both dyes.
 The fame of their sad Fates around was spread,
 The Lover heard his Mistris then was dead;

⁵⁵⁸NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Yet' becomes 'They', p. 77.

⁵⁵⁹*congeal'd*] converted to a rigid state (*OED* v. I 1 a).

His cloaths, his hair he tore, his breast did beat,
His spirits issu'd out in a cold sweat.

Said he, O cursed Death, come kill me quick,
And in my heart thy Spear or Arrow stick,
Because my Love in thy cold Arms doth lye,
I now desire, nay am resolv'd to dye.
But O, Love is a powerless God, his flame
It is too weak to melt Death's icy change;
For though with Love my Heart so hot doth burn,
Yet cannot melt, I fear, Death's icy Urn.

Then he all in a rage to the Earth fell,
And there invoking up the Devils of Hell,
Saith he, ye powerfull Terrors me assist
For to command or force Death when I list,⁵⁶⁰
That by your help and power my Love might rise
From the dark Vault, or Grave wherein she lyes,
Or else by Deaths cold hand alone
Convert me into Marble stone.

Then running as distracted⁵⁶¹ in and out,
By Phansies Visions strange, saw all about;
And crying loud, my Mistris, she is there,
And seem'd to catch, but grasp'd nought else but Air;
See, see her Ghost, how it doth slide away,

Her Soul is pure, and shines as Glorious Day;
But my foul Soul, which is as black as Night,
Doth shadows cast upon her Soul that's bright,
Which makes her walk as in a gloomy shade,
Like Shadows which the Silver Moon hath made:
Hark how my Love sings sweetly in the Sky,
Her Soul is mounted up to Heavens high,
And there it shall be made a Deity,
And I a Devil in Hell tormented lye.

[52:H2v]

⁵⁶⁰*list*] choose, wish, or desire (*OED* v. 1 b).

⁵⁶¹*distracted*] mentally disturbed, confused, and troubled (*OED* adj. 4).

His spirit being spent, fell to the ground,
 And lying there a while as in a swoond,
 At last he rose, and with a sober pace
 He bent his steps, as to her burying place;
 And with his Cloak he muffled him about,
 His Hat pull'd over his Brows, his Eyes look'd out
 To guide his way; but far he had not gone,
 But straight he saw the Funerals coming on.
 Three Hearses all were born, as on a breast,
 Black-cover'd two, the third with White was drest;
 A Silver Crown upon that Hearse did stand,
 And Mirtle⁵⁶² Bows young Virgins bore in hand;
 The graver sort did Cypress Branches bear,
 The mournful Parents death for to declare;
 With solemn Musick to the Grave them brought,
 With Tears in-urn'd their Ashes in a Vault.
 But he, before the People did return,
 Did make great hast to get close to the Urn,
 His Hat puls off, then bows, lets loose his Cloak,
 With dropping Eyes, and Countenance sad, thus spoke.

You charitable Friends, who e're you be
 To see the Dead thus buried solemnly,
 The like to me your Favour I do crave,
 Stay all, and see me buried in this Grave.
 Giving himself a private wound, ⁵⁶³ there fell
 Into the Grave, and dying, there did tell
 Of his sad Love; but now, said he,
 Our Souls nor Bodyes ne'r shall parted be.
 With that he sighs, and breathing out his last,
 About his Mistris Corps his Arms he cast.
 The Urn seal'd up, Men there a Tombe did build,
 Famous it was, such Love therein it held.

⁵⁶²*Mirtle*] 'a symbol of love, peace, honour' (*OED myrtle* n. 3).

⁵⁶³*Giving . . . wound*] stabbing himself.

Most Parents do rejoyce, and Off-springs⁵⁶⁴ bring
 Of thankfull Hearts, or Prayers for their Off-spring. [53:H3r]
 These thought their Age was blest, but they were blind
 With Ignorance, and great Affections kind,
 More than with Age; but who knows Destiny?
 Or thinks that Joy can prove a Misery?

Some Parents love their Wealth more than their Breeds,
 Hoarding up more than Love or Nature needs;
 And rather than poor Virtue they will take,
 By crossing Love, Childless themselves will make.

*A sober Man, who had a thinking Brain,
 Of Vice and Vanity did thus complain:*

TIs strange to see the Follyes of Mankinde,
 How they for useless things do vex their Minde;
 For what superfluous is, serves them for nought,
 And more than necessary is a fault;⁵⁶⁵
 Yet Man is not content with a just measure,
 Unless he surfets with Delight and Pleasure;
 As if true Pleasure onely liv'd in Pain,
 For in Excess Pain onely doth remain;
 Riches bring Cares to keep, Trouble to spend,
 Beggars and Borrowers have ne'r a Friend;
 And Hospitality is oft diseased,
 And seldome any of their Guests are pleased;
 Great Feasts, much Company disturbs the rest,
 And with much noyse it doth the life molest;
 Much Wine and Women makes the Body sick,
 And doting Lovers they grow lunatick;
 Playing at Cards and Dice, Men Bankrupts grow,

⁵⁶⁴NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Offerings', p. 80.

⁵⁶⁵Margaret often attacked the excesses of the privileged class and argued that wealth brought with it a less temperate and virtuous life. In *SL*, letter CXLI, she says, "[T]is best to have no more than for Necessity, a Superfluity most commonly runs into Luxury, which causes Painful Diseases in the Body, Restless Desires in the Mind, and Hinders the Life from that Sweet Repose it would have in a Satisfactory Temperance, and in a Moderate Fortune' (pp. 291-292).

And with the Dice away their Time they throw;
 Their Manly Strength, their Reason, and their Wit,
 Which might in Wars be spent, or Letters writ;
 All Generosity seems buried here,
 Gamesters seem Covetous, as doth appear:
 But when they spend, most prodigally wast,
 As if their Treasures were the Indies vast;
 Or else their Purse an endless Mine of Gold,
 But they'll soon finde it doth a Bottom hold;
 Titles of Honour, Offices of State,
 Brings Trouble, Envy, and Malicious Hate;
 Ceremony⁵⁶⁶ restrains our Freedome, and
 State-offices commands, Men tottering stand; [54:H3v]
 And Vanity inchanters of the Minde,
 Doth muffle Reason, and the Judgement blinde;
 Doth leade the Life in strange phantastick wayes,
 To seek that Pleasure which doth live in Praise;
 Praise is no real thing, an empty name,
 Onely a sound which we do call a Fame;⁵⁶⁷
 Yet for this sound Men alwayes are at strife,
 Do spend their Fortunes, and do hazard Life;
 They give their Thoughts no rest, but hunt about,
 And never leave, untill the Life goes out.
 Thus Men that seek in Life for more than Health,

⁵⁶⁶Although critical of ceremony, Margaret, like her husband, saw it as necessary to stability. The rituals, they believed, had transformative powers. See 'Of Ceremony', *WO*, in which Cavendish states, 'Ceremony is rather of superstitious shew, then a substance, it lives in formality not in reality, yet it is that which keeps up the Church, and is the life of religion, it heightens and glories the power of Kings, and States, it strikes such a reverence and respect in the beholders, as it begets fear and wonder, in so much as it mazes the spirits of men to humiliation, and adoration, and gives such a distance as it deifies humane things' (p. 51). In a long letter of advice to Charles II, William similarly defends ceremony, writing: 'Seremoney though itt is nothing in itt Selfe, yet it doth Every thing,— for what is a king, more than a subiecte, Butt for seremoney' (William Newcastle, *Newcastle's Advice to Charles II* (Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1984), p. 44). Shakespeare, in *The Life of Henry the Fifth*, likewise addresses ceremony, but Henry experiences great anxiety over his kingship. He discusses a king's loss of personhood and expresses doubt about the efficacy of ceremony: 'What infinite heart's ease / Must kings neglect that private men enjoy! / And what have kings that privates have not too, / Save ceremony, save general ceremony? / And what art thou, thou idol ceremony? / . . . / Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, / Creating awe and fear in other men?' (4.1.236-240, 246-247).

⁵⁶⁷Cavendish distinguishes between the praise one receives as the result of ambition and the praise, or public recognition, one receives for being virtuous. See Boyle, 'Fame, Virtue, and Government', p. 269.

For Rest and Peace within his Commonwealth,
 Which is his Family, sure he's unwise,
 And knows not where true Happiness still lyes;
 Nor doth he guess that Temperance doth give
 The truest Pleasures, makes it longest live.
 You Gods, said he, give me a Temperate Minde,
 An Humble Cottage, a Chast Wife, and Kinde,
 To keep me Company, to bear a part
 Of all the Joys or Sorrows of my Heart;
 And let our Labours, Recreations be,
 To pass our Time, and not a Misery.
 Banish all Cares, you Gods, let them not lye
 As heavy Burthens; and when we must dye,
 Let's leave the World, as in a quiet Sleep,
 Draw gently out our Souls, our Ashes keep
 Safely in Urns, not separate our Dust,
 Or mix us so, if transmigrate⁵⁶⁸ we must,
 That in one Body we may still remain,
 That when dissolv'd, make us up new again.

A Lady said, she his Discourse would fit,

A Tale would tell that should his Humour hit.

THere was a Man and Woman marryed were,
 They liv'd just so as should a Marryed Pair;
 Though their Bodyes divided were in twain,
 Their Souls agreed, as one they did remain;
 They did so mutually agree in all,
 This Man and Wife we onely One may call.

⁵⁶⁸Margaret's interest in transmigration corresponds with her materialist epistemology. In *WO*, she explains her position on transmigration: "Transmigrations are not metamorphosed, for to metamorphose is to change the shape and interior form, but not the intellect, which cannot be without a new creation, nor then, but so as partly the intellect changes, with the shape and interior form, but all bodies are in the way of transmigrations perpetually. As for example, the nourishing food that is received into the stomach transmigrated into Chylus, Chylus into blood, blood into flesh, flesh into fat, and some of the chylus migrated into humors, as Choler, Flegme, and melancholy; some into excrement, which transmigrats through the body, into dung, dung into earth, earth into Vegetables, Vegetables into Animals; again by the way of food, and likewise Animals into Animals, and Vegetables into Vegetables, and so likewise the elements' ('Of Transmigrations', pp. 47-49).

They were not rich, nor were they very poor,
 Not pinch'd with want, nor troubled with great store. [55:H4r]
 They did not labour for the Bread they eat,
 Nor had they various or delicious Meat;
 Nor many Servants had to vex their Minde,
 Onely one Maid, that faithfull was, and kinde;
 Whose work was just so much as to imploy
 Her so, as Idleness her not annoy.
 Thus decently and cleanly did they live,
 And something had for Charity to give.
 Her pastime was, to spin in Winter cold,
 The whil'st he read, and to her stories told.
 And in the pleasant Spring, fresh Air to take,
 To neighbouring Villages short Journeys make.
 In Summer Evenings they the Fields did round,
 Or sit on Flow'ry Banks upon the Ground;
 And so the Autumn they their walks did keep,
 To see Men gather Grapes, or sheer their Sheep.
 Nor did they miss *Jove's* Temple, once a day
 Both kneeling down unto the Gods to pray
 For gracious mercy, their poor Souls to save,
 A healthfull Life, an easy Death might have.
 Thus did they live full forty years, and more,
 At last Death comes, and knocketh at the dore,
 And with his Dart he strook the Man full sick,
 For which the Wife was almost lunatick:
 But she with care did watch, great pains did take,
 Broths, Julips,⁵⁶⁹ Jellyes, she with skill did make;
 She most industrious was his pains to ease,
 Studying alwayes his humour for to please:
 For oft the sick are peevisish, froward, cross,
 And with their pains do tumble, groan and toss
 On their sad Couches; quietly he lay,

⁵⁶⁹*Julips*] sweet drinks sometimes used as a comforting mixture (*OED* n. 1 a).

And softly to himself to Heaven did pray.
 Yet was he melancholy at the heart,
 For nothing else, but from his Wife to part.
 But when she did perceive his Life decay,
 Close by his side upon a Bed she lay,
 Embrac'd and kiss'd him oft, untill his Breath
 And Soul did part, drawn forth by powerfull Death.
 Art gone, said she, then I will follow straight,
 For why, my Soul upon thy Soul shall wait:
 Then turn'd her self upon the other side,
 In breathing sighs and show'ring tears she dy'd.

[56:H4v]

A Single Life best.

A Man said, he liv'd a most happy Life,
 Because he was not ty'd unto a Wife;
 Said he, Marriage at best obstructs the Minde
 With too much Love, or Wives that were unkinde;
 Besides, a Man is still ty'd by the heel
 Unto the Cradle, Bed, Table, and Wheel;
 And cannot stir, but like a Bird in string,
 May hop a space, but cannot use his wing.⁵⁷⁰
 But those who're free, and not to Wedlock bound,
 They have the liberty the World to round;
 And in their Thoughts such Heavenly Peace doth dwell,
 When Marriage makes their Thoughts like pains of Hell;
 And when they dye, no Care doth grieve their Minde
 For any thing that they shall leave behinde.

*A Lady said, if Women had but Wit,
 Men neither Wives nor Mistresses should get;*

⁵⁷⁰Marriage signalled one's transformation into an adult. Because it was final and permanent, it was not to be entered into unadvisedly, thus the many polemics on the hazards of marriage. Deriding marriage 'as the bachelor's ruin', as David Cressy points out, was popular. Witticisms about the detrimental effects of marriage on a man's freedom circulated widely, among them were "winter and wedlock tame both man and beast", "wedlock is padlock", and "a married man turns his staff into a stake" (*Birth, Marriage & Death: Ritual, Religion, and the Life-Cycle in Tutor and Stuart England* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1997), p. 289). Margaret engaged in the debate from the woman's point of view. For a discussion of the marriage debate in Cavendish's plays, see Whitaker, pp. 205-208.

*No cause should have to murmure and complain,
 If Women their kinde Freedom⁵⁷¹ would restrain.
 But Marriage is to Women far more worse
 Than 'tis to Men, and proves the greater Curse;
 And I, said she, for proof a Tale will tell
 What to a virtuous married Wife befell.*

THere once a Lord and Lady marryed were,
 And for seven years did live a happy Pair;
 He seem'd to love his Wife, as well he might,
 For she was Modest, Virtuous, Fair, and Bright;
 A Disposition suitable and kinde,
 No more obedience Man in Wife could finde:
 Shee did esteem him so, and priz'd him such,
 Of merit she thought no Man had so much;
 And lov'd him more than Life lov'd perfect Health,
 Or Princes for to rule a Commonwealth.
 But as the natures of most Husbands be,
 Delight in Change, and seek Variety;
 Or else like Children, or Fools, eas'ly caught
 With pleasing looks, or flattering tongues are brought
 From Virtues side, in wicked wayes to run,
 And seldome back with Virtue doth return: [57:11r]
 But Misery may drive them back again,
 Or else with Vices they do still remain.
 It chanc'd this Lord a Lady fair did meet,
 Her Countenance was pleasing, Speech was sweet;
 And from her Eyes such wanton Glances went,
 As from her Heart Love Messages had sent,
 Whereby this Lord was catch'd in *Cupid's* snare;
 How to address, he onely now takes care:
 But he straight had access, and Courtships makes,
 The Lady in his Courtships pleasure takes;

⁵⁷¹*kinde Freedom*] The type of freedom natural to women, meant derogatorily (OED *kind* adj. 4 c).

And pride she takes, that she could so allure
 A Husband from a Wife, that was so pure
 As Heavens Light, and had the praise and fame
 Of being the most Fair and Virtuous Dame.
 At last this Lady by her wanton Charms
 Incharnted had this Lord, till in his Arms
 He might embrace her in an amorous way,
 His Thoughts were restless, working Night and Day
 To compass⁵⁷² his Designs; nor did he care
 To lose his Wifes Affection, but did fear
 His Mistris to displeas, and as her Slave,
 Obey'd her will in all that she would have.
 But she was subtil and of Nature bad,
 A crafty Wit in making Quarrels had,
 For which she seemed to be Coy and Nice,
 And sets her Beauty at so great a price,
 That she would never yeild, unless that he
 From his chast Wife would soon divorced be:
 Which he to please her, from his Wife did part,
 For which his Wife was grieved at the Heart,
 And sought obscurely her self to hide,
 And in a solitary house did bide,
 As if she had a grievous Criminal been,
 Or Causer was of his Adulterous sin,
 And for a Penance she so strict did live
 But she was Chast, and no Offence did give:
 Yet she in Sorrow liv'd, no rest could finde,
 Sad Melancholy Thoughts mov'd in her Minde;
 Most of her time in Prayers she did spend,
 Which as sweet Incense did to Heav'ns ascend;
 Did often for her Husband mercy crave,
 That they would pardon all his Faults, and save
 Him from Destruction, and that they would give

[58:11v]

⁵⁷²*compass*] contrive or devise, with a negative connotation (*OED* v.1 I 2 a).

Him happy Dayes as long as he should live.
 But after he his Mistris had injoy'd,
 And that his Amorous Appetite was cloy'd,⁵⁷³
 Then on his Virtuous Wife his Thoughts did run,
 The later Lady he did strive to shun;
 For often they did quarrel and fall out,
 He gladly would be rid of her no doubt.
 At last he was resolv'd his Wife to see,
 And to be Friends, if that she would agree.
 But when he saw his Wife, his Heart did ake,
 As being guilty, all his Limbs did shake;
 The terrour of his Conscience did present
 To him her Wrongs, but yet to her he went.
 She being set near to a Fountain low,
 Her Tears did make the Stream to overflow;
 Where, as he came, upon the Earth did kneel:
 But in his Soul such passions did he feel
 Of Shame, Fear, Sorrow, as he could not speak;
 At last his Passion through his Lips did break,
 Begging his pardon, and such Vows did make
 Of Reformation, and that for her sake,
 Would any Pain or Punishment endure,
 And that no Husband should to Wife be truer.
 Which when she heard, she sighing, did reply,
 You come too late, my Destiny is nigh;
 My Bark of Life with Grief is over-fraught,
 And ready is to sink with its own weight;
 For Showers of Tears, and stormy Sighs do blow
 Me to the Ports of Death, and Shades below:
 He being affrighted at the word she spake,
 In hast he rose, her in his Arms did take;
 Wherewith she pleas'd, and smiling, turn'd her Eye
 Upon his Face, so in his Arms did dye.

⁵⁷³*cloy'd*] sated (*OED* adj.).

And being dead, he layd⁵⁷⁴ her on the ground,
 He in the Fountain, and her Tears, was drown'd,
 Impatiently in a high discontent
 There dy'd, so had a Watry Monument.

Another Lady said, such Men I hate
 That wrong their Wives, and then repent too late:
 But all Adulterers I wish might have
 A violent Death, and an untimely Grave.

[59:12r]

*The next Man's turn to speak was one that in
 The Wars was bred, and thus he did begin.*

A Description of Natural Affection.

THere were two potent⁵⁷⁵ Princes, whose great Fames
 For Actions in the Wars got mighty Names:
 It chanc'd these potent Princes both did greet,
 And were resolv'd in open Wars to meet,
 Their Courages to try, their Strengths and Power,
 Their prudent Conducts, or their fatal hour;
 In short, these Armies meet, a Battle fight,
 Where one side beaten was by Fortunes spight.
 The Battle won, that Army routed, ran,
 And for to save their life, striv'd every one;
 And their Artillery they left behinde,
 Each for himself a shelter hop'd to finde;
 Where from pursuit the Victors did come back,
 The Souldiers for to plunder were not slack;
 And every Tent they search'd, and sought about
 To see if they could finde some Treasure out.
 To th' Princes Tent did some Commanders go,
 Where they did finde an Object of much wo:
 The Prince being dead, and on the ground was laid,

⁵⁷⁴NP 1656 (Wing N855): a handwritten correction inserts the 'd' on 'layd', p. 59. On the list of errata, the word is spelled 'laid'.

⁵⁷⁵potent] powerful, mighty (OED adj. A 1 a).

And by him sate a fair and sweet young Maid;
 Her Beauty was so splendrous, and so bright,
 Through clouds of Grief did shine like Heavens light.
 Which the Commander saw, then straight did go
 To let their General of this Beauty know.
 Who when he came, amazed was in minde,
 Such Beauty for to see, and Grief to finde:
 For this fair Princess by her Father set,
 Her Eyes being fix'd, her Tears his Cheeks did wet;
 For leaning ov'r his Head, his Eyes down bends,
 From whence her Tears upon his Face descends;
 Upon his Mouth such deep-fetch'd sighs did breath,
 As if therein her Soul she would bequeath;
 For which this General did her admire,
 Her Tears quench'd not, but kindled Loves Fire. [60:12v]
 With that he did command the Souldiers there
 The Dead to take, the Body up to bear.
 But then she spake. For pity have remorse,
 Remove not from me my dead Father's Course;⁵⁷⁶
 For had not Fortune, whom he never trust
 With any business, but when needs he must,
 Conspir'd with Death to work his overthrow,
 His Wisdome crossing her, she grew his Foe:
 But all her spight could never do him harm,
 For he with Prudence still himself did arm:
 But when that Death assisted her design,
 Did strike him dead when Battles were to joyn,
 His Souldiers forc'd to fight, when that their minde
 Was press'd with grief, which fast the spirits did binde;
 It was his Death that made him lose the day,
 And you the Victorers that wear the Bayes.⁵⁷⁷
 But look, said she, his Hands now strengthless lye,

⁵⁷⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Corpse', p. 91.

⁵⁷⁷*Bayes*] 'Leaves or sprigs of the laurel tree . . . woven into a wreath or garland to reward a conqueror' (*OED* n.¹ 3).

In Fight did make his Enemies to fly;
 His Eyes, now shut by Death, in Life gave light
 Unto his Souldiers in the Wars to fight;
 His Tongue, that silenc'd is by Death's cold hand,
 In Life mov'd wisely, and could well command;
 It Knowledge gave to those that little knew,
 And did instruct what was the best to do;
 His Heart lyes still, no Motion doth remain,
 Ceas'd are the Thoughts in his well-temper'd Brain;
 Where in his Heart all Virtues did abide,
 And in his Brain strong Reason did reside:
 But all is vanquish'd now, and Life doth seem
 No better than a Shadow, or a Dream.
 'Tis strange in Nature to observe and see
 The unproportion'd Links in Destiny;
 For Man's the wisest Creature Nature makes,
 And best Extracts to form his Figure takes;
 And yet so short a Life to him she gives,
 He's almost dead e're comes to know he lives:
 Yet she from Man receives the greatest praise,
 He doth admire all her curious wayes;
 With Wonder he her several Works doth see,
 And studyes all her Laws, and each Decree,
 And travels several wayes within his Minde,
 His Thoughts are restless her Effects to finde: [61:13r]
 But in his Travels, Death cuts him off short,
 And leads him into dark Oblivions Court;
 As Nature is unjust, Heaven unkinde,
 It strikes the Best, the Worst doth favour finde.
 My Father's Merits might have challeng'd⁵⁷⁸ still
 A longer Life, had it been Heavens will:
 But he is dead, and I am left behinde,
 Which is a torture to my troubled Minde.

⁵⁷⁸*challeng'd* laid claim to (OED v. 5 a).

If Souldiers pity have, grant my desire,
Here strike me dead, and let my Breath expire.

Said the Victorious Prince.

Heaven forbids all horrid Acts we shun,
For in the Field the purest Honour's won;
We stake our Lives for Lives, and justly play
A Game of Honour on a Fighting Day;
Perchance some Cheats may be amongst the Rout,
But if they're found, the Noblest throws them out.
But since you cannot alter Destiny,
Nor none that live, but have some Misery;
Raise up your spirits, to Heaven submit,
And do not here in Grief and Sorrow sit.
Your Father was a Souldier of great Fame,
His Valiant Deeds did get an Honoured Name;
And for his sake judge us, which Souldiers be,
To have Humanity and Civility.
Your Father he shall safely be convey'd,
That he may be by his Ancestors laid;
But you must stay, yet not as Prisoner, for
You shall command and rule our Peace and War.

She answered not in Words, her Tears did plead,
That she with her dead Father might be freed:
But her clear Advocates could not obtain
Their humble suit, but there she must remain
With the Victorious Prince; but he deny'd.
As Victor, in a Triumph for to ride;
For though the Battle I have won, he said,
Yet I am Prisoner to this Beautious Maid,
She is the Conqueress, therefore 'tis fit
I walk as Prisoner, she Triumphant sit.
Then all with great Respect to her did bow,
So doth the Prince, and plead, protest, and vow,
To be her Servant, and to yeild his Life

[62:13v]

To Death's fell strokes, unless she'd be his Wife.
 But she still weeps, his Suit no favour gains,
 Of Fates and Destiny she still complains.
 Why, said the Prince, should you my suit deny,
 Since I was not your Father's Enemy?
 Souldiers are Friends, though they each Blood do spill,
 'Tis not for Spight, or any Malice ill,
 But Honour to maintain, and Power to get,
 And that they may in Fames house higher set:
 For those of greatest Power, to Gods draw near,
 For nought but Power makes Men like Gods appear.
 But had I kill'd your Father in the Field,
 Unto my suit in Justice you might yeild:
 But I was not the Cause your Father dy'd,
 For Victory doth still with him abide;
 For though that Death did strike him to the Heart,
 Yet his great Name and Fame will never part.
 Men will suppose the loss is loss of Life,
 And had he liv'd, there would be greater strife
 Between our Armies; but if you'll be mine,
 Our Kingdomes in a Friendly Peace shall joyn.
 Then she began to listen, and give ear,
 She of her Country in distress took care.
 And in short time they were both Man and Wife,
 Long did they live, and had a happy Life.

The next, a Virgins turn a Tale to tell,

For Youth and Modesty, did fit it well.

The surprizal of Death.

A Company of Virgins young did meet,
 Their pastime was, to gather Flowers sweet;
 And white Straw-hats upon their heads did wear,
 And falling Feathers, which wav'd with the Air,

Fanning their Faces, like a Zephyrus winde,⁵⁷⁹
 Shadowing the Sun, that strove their Eyes to blinde;
 And in their Hands they each a Basket held,
 Which Baskets they with Fruits or Flowers fill'd.
 But one amongst the rest such Beauty had,
 That *Venus* for to change,⁵⁸⁰ might well be glad.
 Her Shape exact, her Skin was smooth and fair,
 Her Teeth white, even set, a long curl'd Hair;
 Her Nature modest, her Behaviour so,
 As when she mov'd, the Graces seem'd to go.
 Her Wit was quick, and pleasing to the ear,
 That all who heard her speak, straight Lovers were,
 But yet her words such Chast Love did create,
 That all Impurity they did abate.
 In every Heart or Head, where wilde Thoughts live,
 She did convert, and wise Instructions give;
 For her Discourse such Heavenly Seeds did sow,
 That where 'twas strew'd, there Virtues up did grow.
 These Virgins all were in a Garden set,
 And each did strive the finest Flowers to get.
 But this fair Lady on a Bank did lye
 Of most choyce Flowers, which did court her Eye;
 And every one did bend their Heads full low,
 Bowing their Stalks, from off the Roots they grow;
 And when her Hands did touch their tender Leaves,
 They seem'd to kiss, and to her Fingers cleaves.
 But she, as if in Nature 'twere a Crime,
 Was loth to crop their Stalks in their full prime;
 But with her Face close to those Flowers lay,
 That through her Nostrils might their sweets convey.
 Not for to rob them, for her Head was full
 Of Flow'ry Phancies, which her Wit did pull:

[63:14r]

⁵⁷⁹*Zephyrus winde*] gentle west wind (*OED* n. 2)

⁵⁸⁰*change*] to substitute one for the other; exchange (*OED* v. 2 a).

And Posies made, the World for to present,
 More lasting were, and of a sweeter scent.
 But as she lay upon this pleased Bank,
 For which those Flowers did great Nature thank,
 Death envious grew they such Delight did take,
 And with his Dart a deadly Wound did make;
 A sudden Cold did seize her every Limb,
 With which her Pulse beat slow, and Eyes grew dim.
 Some that sate by, observ'd her pale to be,
 But thought it some false light, but went to see;
 And when they came, she turn'd her Eyes aside,
 Spread forth her Arms, then stretch'd, and sigh'd, and dy'd.⁵⁸¹
 The frighted Virgins ran with panting breath,
 To tell the sadder story of her death;
 The whil'st the Flowers to her rescue bend,
 And all their Med'cinable Virtues send: [64:14v]
 But all in vain, their power's too weak, each head
 Then droop'd, when found they could not help the Dead;
 Their fresher colours will no longer stay,
 But faded straight, and wither'd all away.
 For Tears they dropp'd their Leaves, and thought it meet
 To strew her with them as her Winding Sheet.
 The Aëry⁵⁸² Choristers hover'd above,
 And sung her last sad Funeral Song of Love.
 The Earth grew proud, now having so much Honour,
 That Odoriferous⁵⁸³ Corps to lye upon her.
 When that pure Virgins stuff dissolved in Dew,
 Was the first cause new births of Flowers grew,
 And added Sweets to those it did renew.⁵⁸⁴

⁵⁸¹NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten marginal note below and to the left of this line reads: 'These verses to the end are my Lord Marquiss'. This note does not appear in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856).

⁵⁸²Aëry] belonging to the air; incorporeal (*OED* adj.).

⁵⁸³Odoriferous] pleasing, agreeable (*OED* adj. 2).

⁵⁸⁴NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A brace to the right marks the rhyming triplet of 'Dew', 'grew', and 'renew', p. 65.

The grosser⁵⁸⁵ parts the Curious soon did take,
 Of it transparent Purslain⁵⁸⁶ they did make;
 Her purer Dust they keep for to refine
 Best Poets Verse, and gild there every Line;
 And all Poetick Flames she did inspire,
 So her Name lives in that Eternal Fire.

A Mock-Tale of the Lord Marquis of NEWCASTLES.

Cupid Love-birding went, his Arrow laid,
 Aiming to hit a young fresh Country Maid;
 Being pore-blind,⁵⁸⁷ his Arrow it did glance,
 And hit an old-old Woman there by chance:
 She presently with Love sighs shorter breath,
 Groan'd so, as all the Neighbours thought it Death.
 Little she had of feeling, nor no ground
 To guess where *Cupid* us'd to make the Wound.
 A long forgetfulness there was, no doubt,
 Of what was Love, and all those thoughts worn out.
 At last, Love rubb'd her mem'ry up, and then
 She thought⁵⁸⁸ some threescore years ago and ten
 Was wounded so, but then was in her Prime,
 The Surgeon cured her was Father Time:
 But he's not skilfull for Loves Wounds, all those,
 Though they seem cured, yet they'll never close,
 But break out still again; not Winters cold
 Will freez them up, nor Age, though ne'er so old.
 She, with Laborious Hands, and Idle Breech,
 Us'd to weed Gardens, and for her grown rich,
 Some twenty Pounds she'd got, which she did hide
 For her great, great, great Grandchild, when a Bride.
 O powerfull Love! to see thy fatal Curse,

[65:K1r]

⁵⁸⁵*grosser*] material as opposed to ethereal (*OED gross* adj. III 8 c).

⁵⁸⁶*Purslain*] porcelain.

⁵⁸⁷*pore-blind*] completely blind (*OED purblind* adj. 1).

⁵⁸⁸*though*] remembered (*OED think* v.² II 7 b).

Now to forget her Noble Race and Purse,
 Inquires out the best Tailors in the Town
 To make her Wastcoats, Petticoats, and Gown,
 New Shoes of Shoemakers she did bespeak,⁵⁸⁹
 And bids him put three pennyworth of Creak
 Into the Soles, that Dew when them fills,
 Like *Hero's* Buskins, chirip through the Bills.⁵⁹⁰
 Hunts Pedlars out, and buyes fresh Ribbons blew,
 To shew that she is turn'd a Lover true.
 And now those hands, not white as *Venus* Doves,
 Not to preserve, but hide with Dog-skin Gloves,
 Takes keener Nettles⁵⁹¹ up, that by her stood
 To rub her skin for Cheeks, but found no Blood.
 No dangling Tresses there could any finde,
 Sister to Time, no Locks before, behinde:
 Yet smooth she was, not as the Billiard Ball,
 But bald as it all over you might call.
 When met her Love, he thought she smil'd to grace
 Her self, when 'twas but wrinkles in her face;
 And all Loves Arts she try'd, and oft she met him,
 This lusty young and labouring man, to get him.
 His Poverty with her Purse joyn'd, their hands,
 And so did enter in the Marriage Bands.
 But to describe their sumptuous Marriage Feast,
 Their richer Cloaths, and every honour'd Guest,
 Their melting Love-songs, softer Musicks touch,
 Are not to be express'd, not half so much
 As you may now imagine all my skill,

⁵⁸⁹*bespeak*] request (*OED* v. 5 c).

⁵⁹⁰'Chirip through the Bills' is a phrase taken directly from Christopher Marlowe's poem *Hero and Leander*: 'Buskins of shells all silvered used she, / And branched with blushing coral to the knee, / Where sparrows perched, of hollow pearl and gold, / Such as the world would wonder to behold: / Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills, / Which as she went would chirrup through the bills' (Christopher Marlowe, 'Hero and Leander', *Christopher Marlowe: The Complete Poems and Translations*, ed. by Stephen Orgel (New York: Penguin Books, 2007), p. 6, lns. 30-36. Artificial birds rest on Hero's boots and chirp as water moves through them.

⁵⁹¹*keener Nettles*] Stinging nettles (*OED keen* adj. 4 a). She attempts to make herself appear to have blushing cheeks.

And fainter Muse, too weak; nay *Virgil's* quill,
 With that description, it would blunter grow,
 And *Homer's* too, with all his Furies; so
 Then blush'd for shame, when saw this lovely Bride
 Put them all down: Thus triumphs she in Pride.
 Now after Supper, when they were both fed
 Your Thoughts must go along with them to Bed:
 Them being laid, he mounted now Love's Throne,
 She sigh'd with Love, then fetch'd a deeper groan,
 And so expired there, in height of Pleasure,
 So left him to enjoy her long got Treasure.

[66:K1v]

And so belov'd she was, that now lyes low,
 That all the Women wish'd for to dye so.

*Then came a Lady young, that had not been
 In that Society; and coming in,
 They told her, she a Tale must pay,
 Or, as a Bankrupt, she must go away.
 Truly, said she, I am not rich in Wit,
 Nor do I know what Tales your Humours fit:
 Yet in my young and budding Muse
 Will draw the Seasons of the Year,
 Like 'Prentice Painters, which do use
 The same to make their skill appear.
 But Nature is the Hand to guide
 The Pencil of the Brain, and place
 The Shadows so, that it may hide
 All the Defects, or giv't a grace.
 But Phansie pictures in the Brain,
 Not subject to the Outward Sense;
 They are Imaginations vain,
 Yet are they the Lifes Quintessence:
 For when Life's gone, yet they will live,
 And to the Life a Fame will give.*

The Tale of the four Seasons of the Year.

THe Spring is dress'd in Buds and Blossoms sweet,
 And grass-green Socks she draws upon her Feet;
 Of freshest Air a Garment she cuts out,
 With painted Tulips fringed round about,
 And lines it all within with Violets blew,
 And yellow Primrose of the palest hue:
 Then wears an Apron made of Lillyes white,
 And lac'd about it is⁵⁹² with Rayes of Light:
 Cuffs of *Narcissus* 'bout her hands she tyes,
 And pins them close with stings of Bees that flyes
 To gather Honey-dew that lyes thereon,
 If prick their Leaves, they leave their Stings upon:
 Ribbins of Pinks⁵⁹³ and Gilliflowers⁵⁹⁴ makes,
 Roses both white and red,⁵⁹⁵ for Knots⁵⁹⁶ she takes. [67:K2r]
 And when thus dress'd the Birds in Love do fall,
 And chirping, then do to each other call
 To sing, and hop, and merry make,
 And joy'd they're all for the sweet Springs sake.
 But of all Birds, the Nightingale delights
 To sing the Spring to Bed in Evening Nights;
 Because the Spring at Night draws in her head
 Into the Earth, for that she makes her Bed;
 And in the Morning, when asleep she lyes,

⁵⁹²NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten emendation alters 'his' to 'is', p. 67. This change is not noted in the list of errata.

⁵⁹³*Pink[s]* 'Plants of the genus *Dianthus*' (*OED* n⁵. A I 1 a).

⁵⁹⁴*Gillyflower* 'Spice clove or dianthus' (*OED* n. 1 and 2 a).

⁵⁹⁵Margaret assigns to spring the sanguine temperament developed from Galen's humoral theory. Although 'Galen's references to character were fragmentary', his theory of the humours was richly developed, and seventeenth-century authors such as Nicholas Culpeper were able extrapolate from and expand on his ideas, constructing well-developed schema concerning personality (Robert M. Steluack and Asgtasios Stalkas, 'Galen and the Humour Theory of Temperament', *Personality and Individual Differences* 12.3 (1991), p. 260). Margaret's spring embodies the characteristics of the sanguine individual, 'in whose Body heat and moisture abounds'. According to Culpeper, '[T]here is a redness intermingled with white in their Cheeks' and 'they are merry cheerful Creatures, bounteful, pitiful, merciful, courteous, bold, [and] trusty' (*Galen's Art of Physick* (London: 1657), *Wing* (2nd ed.) G159A, pp. 84 and 85). Margaret, like other natural philosophers and creative thinkers of the time, was inspired by the revived interest in Galen.

⁵⁹⁶*Knots* ribbons (sometimes tied into bows) used as ornaments on a dress (*OED* n¹. I 2 a, with connection to 7).

The Nightingale doth sing to make her rise,
 And calls the Sun to open her fair Eyes,
 Who gallops fast, that he might her surprize.
 But when the Spring is past her Virgins prime,
 And married is to old bald Father Time,
 The Nightingale, for grief, doth cease to sing,
 And silent is till comes another Spring.

The Summer's cloath'd in glorious Sunshine bright,
 And with a trailing⁵⁹⁷ Veil of long Day-light;
 And Dust as Powder on her Hair doth place,
 And with the Mornings Dew doth wash her Face;
 A *Zephyrus* Winde she for a Fan doth spread
 To cool her Cheeks, which are hot burning red;
 And with that Heat so thirsty she doth grow,
 As she drinks all the fresh sweet Springs that flow.
 Then in a thundering Chariot she doth ride
 For to astonish Mortals with her pride;
 Flashing Lightning before her Chariot flyes,
 A fluid Fire that spreads about the Skyes;
 Like Princes great, that in dry wayes do travel,
 Have Water thrown, t'allay the Dust and Gravel.
 This Fire allayes, clenses all Vapours gross,⁵⁹⁸
 Lest those ascend, should stop the Thunders force;
 And when she from her Chariot doth alight,
 Then is she waited on by Sun-beams bright;
 Or else the Rayes that from the Moon do spread
 As waxen Tapers, light her to her Bed;
 And with refreshing Sleeps awhile doth rest,
 There breathing sweet Air from her panting Breast.
 Yet Summer's proud, ambitious, high and hot,
 And full of Action, idle she is not;

⁵⁹⁷*NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten correction blots out a word and inserts 'trailing', p. 68. The change is noted in the errata.

⁵⁹⁸*gross*] dense (*OED* adj. III 8 b).

Choleric she is, and oft-times Quarrels make,⁵⁹⁹
 But yet sometimes she doth her Pleasure take;
 At high Noon with the Butter-flyes doth play,
 In th' Evening with the Bats doth dance the Hay;⁶⁰⁰
 Or at the setting of the Sun doth fly
 With Swallows swift, to keep them Company.
 But if she's cross'd, she straight malicious grows,
 And in a fury Plagues on Men she throws,
 Or other Sickness, and makes Beasts to dye,
 And cause the Marrow in the Bones to fry.
 But Creatures that with long time are grown old,
 Or such as are of Constitution cold,⁶⁰¹
 She nourishes, and Life she doth restore
 In Flyes, Bats, Swallows, and many Creatures more:
 For some do say, these Birds in Winter dye,
 And in the Summer revive again to fly.
 Of all the four Seasons of the full Year,
 This Season doth most full and fat appear;
 Her Blood is hot, and flowing as full Tide,
 She's onely fit to be *Apollo's* Bride:
 But she, as all young Ladies in their prime,
 Doth fade and wither with old Father Time;
 And all their Beauty, which they much admire,
 Doth vanish soon, and quickly doth expire.
 The like the Summer dryes, withers away,
 No powerfull Art can make sweet Beauty stay.
 The Autumn, though she's in her fading years,
 And sober, yet she pleasantly appears;
 Her Garments are not deck'd with Flowers gay,

[68:K2v]

⁵⁹⁹According to Culpeper, the choleric person, being hot and dry, was 'hasty [and] quarrelsome', (*Galen's Art of Physick*, p. 86).

⁶⁰⁰*Hay*] a winding country dance (*OED* n^t. 1 a).

⁶⁰¹Older people, associated with the phlegmatic humour, have cold, moist constitutions (Robert M. Steluack and Asgtasios Stalkas, p. 259). Phlegmatics 'are very dull, heavy and slothful . . . drowsie, sleepy' (Culpeper, *Galen's Art of Physick*, p. 88). In the antechamber of Bolsover Castle are paintings of three of the four humours. The painting representing the phlegmatic humour features a man and woman sitting calmly while preparing a dinner of fish and onions. The fish is probably indicative of the cold, moist humour.

Nor are they green, like to the Month of *May*,
 But of the colour are of dapple Deer,
 Or Hares, that to a sandy ground appear:
 Yet she is rich, with Plenty doth abound,
 All the increase of Earth is with her found;
 Most Creatures Nourishment to them doth give,
 And by her Bounty, Men, Beasts, Birds do live;
 Besides, the grieved Heart with Joy doth fill,
 When from the plump Grapes Wine she doth distill;
 And gathers Fruits, which lasting are, and sound,
 Her Brows about with Sheaves of Corn is round;
 Of which small Seeds, Man makes thereof some Bread,
 With which the Poor and Rich are nourished.
 Yet 'tis not Bounty can hinder Natures course,
 For constantly she changes in one source;
 For though the Matter may be still the same,
 Yet she doth change the figure of the frame;
 And though in Principles she constant be,
 And keeps to certain Rules, which well agree
 To a wise Government, yet doth not stay,
 But as one comes, another glides away:
 So doth the Autumn leave our Hemisphear
 To Winter cold, at which Trees shake for fear;
 And in that passion all their Leaves do shed,
 And all their Sap back to the Root is fled;
 Like to the Blood, which from the Face doth run
 To keep⁶⁰² the Heart, lest Death should seize thereon.

[69:K3r]

Then comes the Winter, with a lowring brow,
 No pleasant Recreations doth allow;
 Her Skin is wrinkled, and her Blood is cold,
 Her Flesh is numb, her Hands can nothing hold;
 Her Face is swarthy, and her Eyes are red,
 Her Lips are blew, with Palsie shakes her Head;

⁶⁰²*keep*] protect, preserve (*OED* v. 14).

She often coughs, and's very rheumatick,
 Her Nose doth drop, and often doth she spit;
 Her Humour's melancholy, as cold and dry,⁶⁰³
 Yet often she in show'ring Rain doth cry,
 And blustering Storms as in a passion sent,
 Which on the Earth and on the Water vent;
 As Rheums⁶⁰⁴ congeal to Flegm, the Waters so,
 By thickning Cold, congeals to Ice, Hail, Snow,
 Which she spits forth, upon the Earth doth lye
 In lumps and heaps, which makes the Plants to dye;
 She's poor and barren, little hath to give,
 For in this Season all things hardly live:
 But often those who're at the worst estate,
 By change of Times they grow more fortunate:
 So when the Winter's past, then comes the Spring,
 And Plenty doth restore to every thing.

A Poet in the Company

Said to this Lady.

YOur Fingers are *Minerva's*⁶⁰⁵ Loom, with which
 You Sense in Letters weave,
 No knots or snarls you leave;
 Work's Fancies Thread in Golden Numbers rich: [70:K3v]
 Your Breasts are Helicon,⁶⁰⁶ which makes a Poet;
 For though they do not drink,
 If thereon they do think,
 Their Brain is fill'd with high and sparkling Wit.

⁶⁰³Culpeper describes those with melancholic temperaments as 'Covetous, Self-lovers, Cowards, afraid of their own Shadows, fearful, careful, solitary, lumpish, unsociable, delighting to be alone, stubborn, ambitious, Envious, of a deep cogitation, obstinate in Opinion, mistrustful, suspicious, spiteful, squemish, and yet slovenly, they retain Anger long, and aim at no smal things' (*Galen's Art of Physick*, p. 87). In Galen's theory, the melancholic temperament was phlegmatic.

⁶⁰⁴Rheums] 'Watery or mucous secretions' (*OED* n.1 1 a).

⁶⁰⁵Minerva] goddess of handicrafts and the arts and patroness of wit and wisdom (*OED* n. 1 a). Minerva is featured in the Elysium closet at Bolsover.

⁶⁰⁶Helicon] fountains which rose from mountains sacred to the muses; used in reference to poetic inspiration (*OED* n. 1).

Your Tongue is high *Parnassus* Hill,⁶⁰⁷ whereon
 The Muses sit and sing,
 Or dance in Phansie's Rings,
 Crown'd with your Rosie Lips, sweet Garlands.

Your Eyes *Diana's* Arrows, and no doubt
 Your arched Brows her Bows,
 Black Ebony it shews,
 From whence sweet gentle Modesty shoots out.

Your Hairs are fatal Threads,⁶⁰⁸ Lovers hang by;
 Your Brain is *Vulcan's* Net,⁶⁰⁹
 Fine Fancies for to get,
 Which like to winged Birds, aspiring fly.

The next a Man of Scholarship profest,

He in his turn this Tale told to the rest

The Expression of the Doubts and Curiosity of Man's Minde.

THere was a Man which much desir'd to know,
 When he was dead, whether⁶¹⁰ his Soul should go;
 Whether to Heaven high, or down to Hell,
 Or the *Elyzium* Fields, where Lovers dwell;⁶¹¹
 Or whether in the Air to flee about,

⁶⁰⁷*Parnassus*] A mountain in Central Greece that the ancient Greeks regarded as sacred to Apollo and the Muses; a source of literary inspiration (*OED* n. 1 a).

⁶⁰⁸*fatal Threads*] The Fates, typically three goddesses, spin and cut the thread of human life, determining the length of one's life (*OED fatal* adj. 4 a).

⁶⁰⁹*Vulcan's Net*] Ovid tells the tale of Vulcan's net in book IV of the *Metamorphoses*. Vulcan, the ugliest of the gods, is married to Venus. He discovers his wife is having an affair with Mars, so he fashions a finely wrought bronze net in which to trap them. At Bolsover Castle, in William Cavendish's Elysium closet, Vulcan's story is portrayed in a wall painting.

⁶¹⁰NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'whither', p. 107.

⁶¹¹*Elyzium Fields*] The place where the blessed reside in the afterlife. In the *Aeneid* Virgil describes Elysium as 'long extended plains of pleasure' with 'verdant fields' and 'purple sky' (VI, 638–640). (John Dryden, trans., vol. 13 (New York: P.F. Collier and Sons, 1909)). It is the abode of unblemished priests, worthy poets, and searching wits. Lovers, however, are not among the blessed in Virgil's tale. In fact, when Aeneas sees Dido, his dead lover, in the afterlife, she turns away from him because he had abandoned her in Carthage. Perhaps Cavendish is taking her cue from Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. Antony envisions Cleopatra and himself in Elysium, their love, rather than their noble actions, having distinguished them (IV.xiv.50-54).

Or whether it like to a Light goes out.
 At last the Thoughts, the Servants to the Minde,
 Which dwell in Contemplation, yet to finde
 The truth, they said, no pains that we would spare
 To travel every where, and thus prepare.
 Each Thought did cloath it self with Language fit
 For to enquire, and to dispute for it;
 And Reason they did take to be their Guide:
 Then straight unto a Colledge they did ride,
 Where Scholars dwell, and learned Books are read,
 The living Works of the most Wise who're dead.
 There they enquired, the truth for to know,
 And every one was ready for to shew
 Through every several Work, and several Head,
 And several tongues a several path still leade,
 Where all the thoughts were scattered several wayes,
 Some tedious long, others like short Essayes.
 But Reason, which they took to be their Guide,
 With rest and silence quietly did bide
 Till their return, who ragged and all torn,
 Came back as naked as when they were born;
 For in their travels hard disputes had past,
 Yet all were forc'd for to return at last.
 But when that Reason saw their poor condition,
 Naked of sense, and words, and expedition,⁶¹²
 And expectation too, and seem'd all sad,
 But some were frantick, and despairing, mad.
 He told them, they might wander all about,
 But he did fear, the truth would ne'r finde out.
 Which when they heard, with Rage they angry grew,
 And straight from Reason they themselves withdrew.
 Then all agreed they to the Court would go,
 In hopes the Courtiers they the truth might know;

[71:K4r]

⁶¹²*expedition*] from rhetoric, 'dismissal of all points except one' (OED n. 6).

The Courtiers laugh'd, and said they could not tell;
 They thought the Soul in Sensual Pleasures dwell,
 And that it had no other Heaven or Hell;
 The Soul they slight, but wish the Body well.
 This answer made the Thoughts not long to stay
 Among the Courtiers, but soon went their way.

Then to the Army straight they did repair,
 Hoping the truth of Souls they should finde there;
 And of the Chief Commander they enquire,
 Who willing was to answer their desire.
 They said for certain, that all Souls did dye
 But those that liv'd in Fame or Infamy.
 Those that Infamous were, without all doubt
 Were damn'd, and from reproach should n'er get out:
 But such whose Fame their Noble Deeds did raise,
 Their Souls were blest with an Eternal Praise;
 And those that dy'd, and never mention'd were,
 They thought their Souls breath'd out to nought but Air. [72:K4v]
 With that, the Thoughts were very much perplext,
 Then did resolve, the Chymists should be next
 Which they would ask; so unto them did go,
 To be resolved, if they of Souls did know.
 They said unto the Thoughts, when Bodyes dye,
 Was Souls the Elixer, and pure Chymistry;
 For Gold, said they, can never wasted⁶¹³ be,
 Nor can it alter from its purity;
 'Tis Eternal, and shall for ever last,
 And as pure Gold, so Souls do never wast.
 Souls are the Essence, and pure spirits of Gold,
 Which never change, but shall for ever hold;
 And as the Fire the pure from dross divides,
 So Souls in death are clens'd and purifi'd
 From grosser parts, the Body, and no doubt

⁶¹³*Wasted* diminished or reduced (*OED* adj. 2a).

The Soul the spirits Death doth vapour out;⁶¹⁴
 And is the essence of great Natures store,
 All Matter hath this essence, less or more.
 After the Thoughts had mused long, in fine,
 Said they, we think the Soul is more divine
 Than from a Metal'd Earth for to proceed,
 Well known it is, all Metals Earth doth breed;
 And though the Gold the purest Earth it be,
 Being refin'd by Heat to that degree
 Of pureness, by which it long doth last,
 Yet may long time and labour make it wast,
 To shew 'tis not eternal, and perchance
 Some slight experience may that work advance
 Which Man hath not yet found; but Time, said they,
 May Chymists teach, and so they went away.

But travelling about, they weary grew,
 To rest a while, they for a time withdrew.
 The search of truth into a Cottage went,
 Where liv'd an aged Couple well content,
 A Man and Wife, which pious were, and old,
 To them the Thoughts their tedious Journeys told,
 And what they went to seek, the truth to finde
 Concerning Souls, to tell unto the Minde;
 For we desire, said he,⁶¹⁵ the truth to know,
 From whence the Soul proceeds, or where 'twill go,
 When parted from the Body, the Old Man said,
 Of such imployment he should be afraid,
 Lest Nature or the Gods should angry be
 For his presumption and curiosity.⁶¹⁶

[73:L1r]

⁶¹⁴NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'The Soul, as Spirits, Death exhaleth out', p. 110.

⁶¹⁵NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'they', p. 111.

⁶¹⁶Cavendish repeatedly speaks of the incomprehensibility of God, and by extension the immaterial soul. Those who claimed to comprehend God committed, according to her, a form of blasphemy. See, for example, *Observations*, p. 10; and *SL*, letters LXXIV, pp. 153-155, and letter CLXX, pp. 353-358. Sarasohn asserts that Cavendish 'absolutely rejected any possibility that philosophers could understand the nature of God's being, besides knowing innately that he exists. In her epistemology she argued that an infinite God cannot be known or understood by a finite creature' ('Fideism, Negative Theology, and Christianity', *God*

If it be Natures works, there is no doubt
 But she doth transmigrate all things about;
 And who can follow Natures steps and pace,
 And all⁶¹⁷ the subtil ways that she doth trace?
 Her various Forms, which curious Motions makes,
 Or what Ingredients for those Forms she takes?
 Who knows, said he, first⁶¹⁸ Cause of any thing,
 Or what the Matter is whence all doth spring?
 Or who at first did Matter make to move
 So wisely, and in order, none can prove;
 Nor the Decrease, nor Destinies can finde,
 Which are the Laws that every thing doth binde.
 But who can tell that Nature is not Wife
 For mighty *Jove*? and he begets the life
 Of every Creature which she breeds, and brings
 Forth several Forms, each Figure from her⁶¹⁹ Spring.
 Thus Souls and Bodyes in one Figure joyn,
 Though Bodyes mortal be, the Soul's divine,
 As being begot by *Jove*, and so
 The purest part of Life is Souls, we know;
 For the innated⁶²⁰ part from *Jove* proceeds,

and *Nature in the Thought of Margaret Cavendish*, ed. by Brandie Siegfried and Lisa Sarasohn (Farnham and Burlington: Ashgate Press, 2014), p. 95).

⁶¹⁷NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten note inserts 'all', p. 74. This addition is noted in the errata.

⁶¹⁸In NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), the word 'first' is excised, p. 111. Margaret probably removed this word because it recalled the argument which stated that God was the first cause of the existence of the material world. In *SL*, letter CLVII, she rejects this idea on grounds that because God is infinite, He has no beginning and His power is eternal; therefore 'there can be no First, Or Beginning, either in Quantity or Quality' (p. 329).

⁶¹⁹NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten correction changes 'the' to 'her' (p. 74) and is meant to look like print. The correction appears in the errata, but there the word 'Spring' becomes 'Springs'.

⁶²⁰NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Animated', p. 111. Cavendish explains innate matter in 'A Condemning Treatise of Atomes', *PPO*: '[E]very atom must be of a living substance, that is innate matter, for else they could not move, but would be an infinite dull and immoving body, for figures cannot make motion, unlesse motion be in the matter, and it cannot be a motion that sets them at work without substance, for motion cannot be without substance or produced there from, and if motion proceeds from substance, that substance is moving innately. [. . .] [S]pirits of life, or knowledge [. . .] I call the innated matter' (n.p.). It was neither God nor spirit that animated matter; 'motion was an inherent quality of [. . .] matter' (Sarasohn, p. 56). Innate matter is pivotal in Cavendish's natural philosophy. In *PF*, she asserts, 'Innate Matter is a kind of God, or Gods to the dull part of matter' (p. 12). From this concept, she builds 'a hierarchy of matter' (Sarasohn, p. 57). For a discussion of the connection between 'the matrimonial state of Nature and Jove' and Cavendish's philosophy of vitalistic materialism, see Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, 81-82

The grosser part from Natures self she breeds;⁶²¹
 And what is more innated⁶²² than Mankinde,
 Unless his Soul, which is of higher kinde.
 Thus every Creature to *Jove* and Nature are
 As Sons and Daughters, and their Off-spring fair;
 And as their Parents of them taketh care,
 So they, as Children, ought not for to fear
 How they dispose of them, but to submit
 Obediently to all that they think fit;
 Not to dispute, or questions making still,
 But shew obedience to their Makers will.
 Man asketh blessing of his Father *Jove*,
 And *Jove* doth seem Mankinde the best to love
 And Nature she her blessing doth bestow,
 When she gives Health, makes Plenty for to flow.
 The blessings which *Jove* gives unto Mankinde
 Are peacefull Thoughts, and a still quiet Minde;
 And *Jove* is pleas'd, when that we serve his Wife,
 Our Mother Nature, with a Virtuous Life; [74:L1v]
 For Moral Virtues are the Ground whereon
 All *Jove's* Commands and Laws are built upon.
 Thoughts trouble not your selves, said he, which way,
 The Soul shall go to *Jove*, and Nature pay:
 For Temperance, wherein the Life is blest,
 That Temperance doth please the Life the best;
 Intemperance doth torture Life with pain,
 And what is superfluous to us is vain:
 Therefore return, and temper well the Minde,
 For you the truth of Souls shall never⁶²³ finde.
 At last came Reason, which had been their Guide,
 And brought them Faith, in her they did confide:

⁶²¹NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten correction changes 'proceeds' to 'she breeds', p. 74. The change is noted on the errata list.

⁶²²NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Animated', p. 112.

⁶²³NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): The word 'never' is not printed or inserted manually into the text. It does, however, appear on the errata list and is required for the proper sense of the sentence.

Taking their leave, away with Faith they ride,
 And Faith ev'r since doth with the Minde reside:⁶²⁴

*A Lady which all Vanities had left,
 Since she of Youth and Beauty was bereft;
 She said, that Pride in Youth was a great sin,
 Of which a Tale did tell, thus entering in.*

A Description of the Fall of foolish and
 self-conceited Pride.

THere was a Lady rich, that sate in state,
 And round about her did her servants wait;
 Where every tongue did walk still in their turn,
 But in the wayes of Flattery they run.
 You are, said one, the finest drest to day,
 A Heavenly Creature, did another say;
 Your Skin is purer far than Lillyes white,
 And yet is clear and glassy as the Light;
 And from your Eyes such splendrous Rayes do spread,
 As they seem like a Glory round your Head;
 Your Wit is such, 'tis supernatural,
 And all that hear you speak, straight Lovers fall;
 The sound but of your Voyce charms every Ear,
 And when you speak, your Breath perfumes the Air.

Thus falsly flatt'ring her, she so proud grew,
 As scornfull looks on every Object threw;
 All Men she scorn'd that did to her address,
 And laught at those that Lovers did profess.
 Her Senses for to please, she was so nice,
 That nothing serv'd, but what was of great price.
 Thus did she live in Luxury, Pride, and Ease,
 And all her thoughts were still her self to please.

[75:L2r]

⁶²⁴For an instructive discussion on the tension between God and nature in Cavendish's natural philosophy, see Karen Detlefsen, 'Margaret Cavendish on the Relation between God and World', *Philosophy Compass*, 4.3 (2009), pp. 421–438.

She never pray'd unto the Gods on high,
 For she did think her self a Deity;
 That all Mankinde was made her to admire,
 And ought her Favours most for to desire;
 That every knee that bow'd not to her low,
 Or their demeanours did not reverence shew;
 She thought them Beasts that did not Merit know,
 Or that her Frowns should work their overthrow;
 Her Smiles and Frowns she thought such power had
 As Destiny, to work both good and bad.
 At last the Gods, that allwayes have an eye
 Upon the Earth, which all things do descry
 Amongst poor Mortals, they this Lady spy'd,
 Whose Heart was swell'd, and Thoughts were big with Pride,
 Begot by *Pluto's Wealth*,⁶²⁵ and Natures Paint,⁶²⁶
 Bred in the Soul, which makes it sick and faint.
 But Pride is nurs'd still by the Senses five,
 From what each Sense it sucks, keeps it alive:
 But if no Nourishment it gets from those,
 As neither touch, taste, scent pleas'd, sound, or shews,
 It faints and pines away as starv'd, so dyes,
 And in a Grave of Melancholy lyes.
 But, as I said, when Gods poor Mortals view'd,
 They for their sins with punishment pursu'd.
 Then with this Lady they did first begin,
 Many ill accidents they at her fling.
 First, they did set her house and goods on fire,
 Where her rich Furniture did soon expire:
 Then Envy sought all wayes to pull her down,
 And tax'd her Land, as due unto the Crown;
 And in that Suit great sums of Money vast

⁶²⁵*Pluto's Wealth*] Pluto, the god of the underworld and the riches found therein (precious metals), is depicted in a wall painting in the Elysium Closet at Bolsover Castle.

⁶²⁶*Natures Paint*] Natural beauty.

Lawyers ingross'd,⁶²⁷ which made those sums to wast;
 And when those Lawyers got all that she had,
 They cast her Suit, as if her Cause was bad;
 By which her Lands she lost, then onely left
 Her rich with Beauty, but of Lands bereft;
 In which she pleasure took, although but poor,
 Of Fortunes Goods, of Natures Gifts had store.
 But when the Gods did see her still content,
 At last unto her Body Sickness sent;
 She patient was, her Beauty still did last:
 But when that they their Judgements on that cast,
 Making a Grave to bury Beauty in,
 Which Beauty once did tempt the Saints to sin;
 Because her Face so full of Pock-holes were,
 That none could judge that Beauty once dwelt there.
 Then did she sit and weep, turn'd day to Night,
 Asham'd she was to shew her Face the Light.

[76:L2v]

Time, an Ingraver, cuts the seal of truth,
 And, as a Painter, draws both age and youth;
 His colours mix'd with Oil of Health, layes on,
 The plump smooth Youth he pencils then upon;
 Shadows of Age he placeth with much skill,
 Making the hollow places darkest still.
 But Time is slow, and leisure he doth take,
 No price will hasten him his Works to make:
 But accidental Chance, who oft doth jar
 With aged Time, and then some Works doth mar.

But when her Wealth was gone, and state was down,
 Then did her friends and servants on her frown;
 So far from flattering, or professors be,
 As they did use her most uncivilly;
 Would rail against her, spiteful words throw out,
 Or had she been but guilty, would no doubt

⁶²⁷*ingross'd*] unfairly gained possession of (*OED* v. II 4 b).

Betray her life, such natures have mankinde,
 That those in misery no friends can finde:
 For Fortunes favour onely Friendships make,
 But few are Friends onely for Virtues sake;
 In Fortunes frowns they will not onely be
 A Neuter,⁶²⁸ but a deadly Enemy;
 Nay Devils are for to torment the Minde,
 Where no more mischief 'gainst the Body finde.

But after she had mourn'd three hundred dayes,
 Considering Natures Fortunes various wayes,
 She did repent, weeping for what was past,
 Imploring Gods to pity her at last.

Good Gods, forgive my Vanity and Pride,
 Let not my Soul with sinfull spots be dy'd;
 Let thy great mercies skour those spots off clean,
 That by thy Justice may no spots be seen.
 Consider, Lord, the Works that Nature makes,
 The Matter, Motion, and the Form she take,
 The Grounds and Principles on which she builds,
 The Life and Death into all things distils,
 Is various still, and what she doth compose,
 Nothing but wilde Inconstancy still shews.
 Nor is it onely the substantial part⁶²⁹
 That is compos'd thus by her Curious Art,
 But what we call Immortal, as the Soul,
 Doth various passions appetites controul;
 And as all Bodes that are young, want strength,
 And wait for time to give them bredth and length;
 So doth the Soul want Understanding too,
 And knows not what is best to think or do:
 Wherefore, great *Jove*, I never shall despair
 Of thy sweet Mercy, nor yet Devils fear.

[77:L3r]

⁶²⁸[*Neuter*] someone who remains neutral (*OED* n. II 4 b).

⁶²⁹[*substantial part*] material existence (*OED* *substantial* adj. 10).

To punish the ignorant wayes Youth runs,
 Which Age by long experienc'd Knowledge shuns:
 But Age oft times as faulty as Youths be
 Corrupted with bad principles they see;
 And length of time and Custome makes them shew
 As if in Man they naturally grew.

But to conclude, the time she had to live
 Did dedicate, and to the Gods did give.
 Though young, into a Nunnery she went,
 Her Vows unto the Gods she did present.
 Her Dayes not being long, she soon there dy'd,
 And now her Soul with Angels doth reside:
 For with her Penance, Tears, and Contrite Spirit,
 She wash'd away her Sins, and Heaven did merit.

*The next Tale when you reade, it will discover*⁶³⁰

The fortunate, or unfortunate Lover.

[78:L3v]

*A Mock-Tale of the Marquis of Newcastles, which
 serves but as Shadows to set off the rest. And
 confesseth ingeniously, that he was never good
 at telling a Tale, for he loves Truths too well.
 But he sayes, his Readers will believe him
 without swearing.*

A young and lusty *Cheshire* Lad did move
 In *Venus* Sphear, and was so fill'd with Love
 When first he saw a lovely Lass at *Chester*,⁶³¹
 Her Badge of Christianity was *Hester*.⁶³²
 So beautifull and fair she did appear,

⁶³⁰*discover*] reveal; make known (*OED* v. I 2 a).

⁶³¹Chester, a seaport city in Cheshire County, was a royalist stronghold from 1642 to 1646. The people of Chester surrendered only because the parliamentarians had cut off their supplies and they could no longer withstand the privations. See John Broster, *History of the Siege of Chester, during the Civil Wars in the Time of King Charles I* (London: 1800?) and 'Early modern Chester 1550-1762: The Civil War and Interregnum, 1642-60', *British History Online*.

⁶³²The biblical Esther, the beautiful and fair maid who caught the eye of King Ahasuerus. See Esther 2:7.

Fresh as the welcome Spring to the New Year,
 And Odoriferous as Flowers Birth,
 As fair as new-born Lillyes from the Earth.
 This set the young Mans heart in Loves Flames Fire,
 Struck dumb in Love, turn'd all now to admire.
 At last Love found a Tongue, which did not fail
 To burst out violently, and thus to rail,
 Cursing now partial Nature, that did give
 More Beauty to her, than elsewhere doth live.
 Bankrupt in Beauty, since her store is gone,
 Mankinde condemn'd to foul ones now, or none.
 Was Nature lavish? or else made the theft
 Upon her self, since she had nothing left
 Of what is handsome? so I now do finde,
 He enjoys thee, enjoys all Woman-kinde,
 For Beauty, Favour, and what's height of Pleasure,
 Since thou art Natures Store-house, and her Treasure.
 O love me then, since all my hopes are crost,
 If I enjoy you not, I'm wholly lost;
 For what I can call happiness, nay worse,
 My Life then to me's but a fatal Curse:
 But if you yeild, I'll bless Dame Natures gift,
 And Bounty to you, since 'twas all her drift
 To make her Master-piece in you, and vex
 The envious Females, angring all your Sex;
 And if her Bounty to you, you give me,
 I shall be Deified in Love by thee.

[79:LA^r]

Here on my knees I beg thy Love, thus low,
 Untill I have it, my knees here shall grow:
 Therefore be kinde. She answer'd with sweet eyes,
 Which spoke, not speaking for to bid him rise;
 And then discours'd with modest blushes so,
 As that did tell him all her Heart did know.
 Trembling and shaking with Loves palsied tongue,

With broken sighs, and half words it was strung;
 Love's Commas, full Points, and Parenthesis,
 And this Loves Rhetorick, Oratory is.
 With Loves pale difficulty then afraid,
 She softly said, O I'm a tender Maid,
 And never heard such Language, you'll deceive me,
 And now I wish I could wish you would leave me.
 Why d'ye inchant a silly Maid? alas,
 I never saw such Beauty in my Glass;
 And yet I've heard of flatt'ring Glasses too,
 But nothing flatters like you Men that woo;
 Your Tongues, Loves Conjuraton, without doubt
 Circles me here in love, cannot get out
 By your Loves Magick, whispering: Then did yield,
 And said, you've conquer'd, and have won the Field.
 Such Joy between them such new Passions rais'd,
 Which made the God of Love himself amaz'd;
 Since by no Tongue or Pen can be exprest,
Cupid and *Hymen*, ne'r hop't such a feast.
 But see the fate of business, which doth move
 So cross, *For Business hath no sense of Love.*
 O thou dull Business, yet some Statesmen pry
 Into Loves Secrets with a glancing Eye:
 But here our Lover was arraign'd to stand
 Condemn'd to Business, that in *Ireland*
 Necessity doth urge him. That word, part,
 So cruel was, it strook each others heart,
 Which inwardly did bleed with sorrows grief,
 Since nothing now but hopes were their relief.
 Sadly he goes aboard, Love fills his Sails,
 And *Cupid* with his wings fans gentle Gales
 To waft him over, he thus thought to please
 His wounded Lover ov'r those rocky Seas.
 Love would not leave him, nor was he content

Unless this dangerous passage with him went:
 In the mean time, his Mistris did commit
 Her self to sorrow, and with her to sit
 As her close Prisoner, this was all her end,
 And grieved more than Widows do pretend.
 Safely is landed now our Lover ov'r,
 And *Cupid* with him, on the Irish Shore.
 Love is so various, which some Lovers see,
 Now Love an Irish *Cupid's* turn'd to be;
 And takes all memory thus from our Lover
 Of his first Mistris, and doth now discover
 Love's new Plantation in the Irish pale,
 In Love's rich Island there, which doth not fail
 To take our Lover, and inflame him more
 Under an Irish Mantle, than what's store
 Of Gowns of Cloth of Gold, Curls, painted Art
 Cheats Love, when *Simple Nature wounds Loves Heart*.

[80:LA^v]

This change of Love is blown so up and down,
 By Fames loud Trumpet, through all *Chester* Town:
 The Women gossip'd it, and could not hold
 Till to his former Mistris they it told.
 This was the first time that she smil'd to see
 Impossible reports of him to be;
 They might as well say, *Phoebus*⁶³³ gives no light,
 Or Stars to fall, or make a Day of Night,
 As he inconstant was; yet Love doth doubt,
 Not doubting, yet inquires all about,
 And set her Love-spyes to inquire anew:
 But those reports each minute stronger grew;
 So she resolv'd her self to know the truth,
 And was disguis'd in Cloaths now like a Youth,

⁶³³*Phoebus*] Apollo as the god of light (*OED* n. 1). Apollo appears in a wall painting in the Elysium Closet at Bolsover Castle.

And went in Cavalier:⁶³⁴ The gentle Winde
 Did favour her, and landed to her Minde.
 The Port was *Dublin*, and could not forbear
 To make inquiries for her Love, and there
 She found him at an Inne. He then began
 To take such liking to his Countryman,
 All his discourse inquiring for his ends,
 To know the welfare of his English Friends;
 Which she so fully satisfied, as he
 Was now inamour'd of her company;
 And was so fond, in her took such delight,
 As supp'd, and lay together too that night,
 Never suspecting her his Mistris, then
 Blindly went on, and took her for a Man;
 So full of love and friendship, could not hold,
 But to her all his Irish love he told,
 Desiring her to go along and see
 This Miracle of Beauty, which was she;
 And so she did. Her love turn'd now disdain,
 To see his falshood, and no love remain;
 So base, unworthy, and unconstant too,
 As now began to think what she should do,
 And quenched her Passion, which is wise and better
 Than Loves complaints: so writ to him a Letter
 Of her whole Voyage, and Loves constant Hist'ry
 All her Designs, disguises in Loves Myst'ry;
 And left this Letter in the Window, so
 Three or four dayes it was 'fore he did know,
 Or found it out. In the mean time she's gone,
 And shipp'd for *England*, leaving him alone.
 When found her Letter, then such Passions grew

[81:M1r]

⁶³⁴The Cavalier, a name given to Royalists who fought for Charles I, typically wore a waistcoat with loose breeches tied with ribbons at the knee or tucked into boots. Embellished with ribbons, silk, and lace, their clothes were often flamboyant. For an example of the style, see Anthony van Dyck's portrait of Prince Rupert, nephew of King Charles I. (National Art Gallery (London: Studio of Van Dyck, 1637)).

Stronger upon him, than ev'r Lover knew;
 Resolv'd the foaming Billows to embrace,
 Those liquid steps of hers he meant to trace,
 And lay him self in pickled tears of Love
 Now at her feet, to see what that would move:
 But all in vain, he thought too long had tarry'd,
 When landed, found the same day she was marry'd;
 Fell in such extasies, cursing his Fate,
 The Ship and Winds, that made him come so late.
 With Loves new hopes his Sails he fill'd, and then
 Invoked God *Neptune* to go back again;
 And all the passage as he went along,
 Challeng'd the Mermaids in a loving Song;
 With Loves assurances so overjoy'd,
 As now his loving Heart was not annoy'd,
 But fill'd with Pleasure, and with all Delight,
 Thinking t'embrace his Irish Love that Night.
 No sooner landed so - - - he thought to woo⁶³⁵
 His Mistris, but he found her marry'd too.
 Cursing the Stars of his Nativity,
 Thus short of Wedlock at both ends to be,
 Mad⁶³⁶ him grow desperate, and, as they say,
 Then in despair, he made himself away [82:M1v]
 Upon a Wench, and some swear without doubt,
 That there he knock'd the Brains of's *Cupid* out;
 So murder'd Love, and there he did enroul⁶³⁷
 Each one a Fool, with a Platonick Soul;
 And so despis'd and scorn'd the old God *Hymen*,
 That with so easy words so long did tye men,
 To make them Galley-slaves in Marriage, so
 Ty'd in his Chains, condemn'd for life to row

⁶³⁵The dashed lines appear in NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 82.

⁶³⁶*mad*] made.

⁶³⁷*enroul*] enrol.

In Wedlocks Galley - - Give me freedome then,⁶³⁸
 Thy Godhead I invoke, whil'st foolish Men
 To Love and *Hymens* Prisons there do sit,
 Justly committed for their want of Wit:
 For he's a Fool that's ty'd when might be free;
 And thus he rav'd, and talk'd nonsense you see.
 As he that writ this story, you may mend it,
 So for his sake, and yours, and mine, I'll end it.

*A Lady said, his Tale of Love did tell,
 And she a Tale of Death would fit it well;
 For Death, said she, untyes the Lovers knot,
 And from his Bow he deadly Arrows shot.*

A Lady on her Death-bed panting lay,
 She call'd her Friends, and thus to them did say;
 Farewell my dearest Friends, for I must go
 Unto a place which you nor I yet know;
 May be my Spirits will wander in the shade
 Of glimmering light, which is by Moonshine made;
 Or in my Tomb in peace may lye asleep
 So long as Ashes in my Urn doth keep;
 Or else my Soul, like Birds, it may have wings,
 Or like to *Hercules* Flyes, that want their stings.⁶³⁹
 But howsoever, Friends, grieve not, nor cry,
 For fear my Soul should be disturb'd thereby;
 Cloath not your Thoughts with Melancholy black,
 Call not your Grief unto remembrance back;
 But let your Joyes a Resurrection have,
 Call'd forth by Comfort from the sorrowfull Grave;
 Let not Delight intomb'd lye
 In the sad Heart, or weeping Eye;

⁶³⁸The dashed lines appear in *NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 83.

⁶³⁹*Hercules Flyes*] Probably a reference to the bumble-bee, or humble-bee, a large bee-like flying insect known to have no sting and to make a loud humming sound. A humble cow is a cow without horns (*OED* *humble* adj.1 a). The word 'humble' seems to mean without a weapon (see *Encyclopedia Perthensis or Universal Dictionary of the Arts, Sciences, and Literature*, 2nd ed., vol. 11 (Edinburgh: 1816).

Let not pale Grief my Soul affright,
 Shrouded in Melancholy, as dark Night:
 But Death, she said, I fear him not,
 So turn'd her head, and Death her shot.
 Then on a Cypress Hearse was laid forth dead,
 As if Death scorn'd, aside was turn'd her head;
 By cruel Death her arms were careless flung,
 Her hands over the sides as strengthless hung;
 Her eyes were clos'd, as if she lay asleep,
 Though she was pale, her Countenance was sweet.

[83:M2r]

Her Elogie was thus,

Tears rain apace, and so a River make,
 To drown all Grief within a watry Lake;
 Make Seas of Tears, for Winde of Sighs to blow
 Salt Billows up, the Eyes to overflow;
 Let Ships of Patience traffick on the Main,
 To bring in Comfort to sad Hearts again.

The next turn, a Man,

And he thus began.

THE Silk-worm and the Spider houses make,
 All their Materials from their Bowels take;
 They cut no Timber down, nor carve they stone,
 Nor buy they Ground to build their Houses on:
 Yet they are Curious, made with Art and Care,
 Like Lovers, who build Castles in the Air,
 Which every puff of Winde is apt to break,
 As Imaginations, when Reason's weak.⁶⁴⁰

⁶⁴⁰Cavendish saw imagination, or fancy, and reason as products of rational matter. In her natural philosophy, she described matter as being of three kinds: dull matter, sensitive matter, and rational matter. The dull part of matter (inanimate matter) is not self-moving. It is moved by innate (vital) matter, which is of two kinds: sensitive and rational. Sensitive matter produces sensory impressions and then presents them to rational matter, which uses the impressions 'to produce conceptions. The motion of the rational matter "makes figures; which figures are Thoughts, as Memory, Understanding, Imaginations, or Fancy, and Remembrance, and Will"' (Sarsohn, *Natural Philosophy*, pp. 58-59; *PF*, p. 30). Imagination and reason are twin figures in that they are the result of the motions of rational matter. Both are responses to sensory impressions, and when they work together, they create a balance. See also Margaret Cavendish, "To the Reader", *Observations*.

*They said, his Tale was short,
 He answer Made, I'll piece it out,⁶⁴¹
 And thus he said.*

THE Silk-worm digs her Grave as she doth spin,
 And makes her Winding-sheet to lap⁶⁴² her in;
 And from her Bowels takes a heap of Silk,
 Which on her Body as a Tomb is built;
 Out of her Ashes doth her young ones rise,
 Bequeaths her Life to them, and so she dyes.
 They onely take that Life to spin a Death,
 For as they winde up Silk, they winde out Breath.
 Thus, rather than do nought, or idle be,
 They'll work, and spin out Lifes small Thread we see. [84:M2v]
 When all their work is done, ready to dye,
 Their Wings are grown, for Life away to fly.

*The Silk-worm is first a small Seed, then turns into a Worm,
 at last grows to have Wings like a Fly, but lives not to make use
 of them; as soon as she receives Life, she spins a Ball of Silk all
 about her self; and when she is grown to be a Fly, she makes a hole
 to come out, and dyes in the passage; the seed she leaves is the
 generation of her young; and like a Phoenix, they revive after her
 death.*

*The Women said, the Men made such dispatch
 In telling Tales, like Dogs that Bones do snatch.
 But howsoev'r, a Woman did begin
 To tell a Tale, and thus she entred in:*

A Description of the Passion of Love mis-placed.

A Lady on the Ground a mourning lay,
 Complaining to the Gods, and thus did say.
 You Gods, said she, why do you me torment?

⁶⁴¹ *Piece it out*] Expand or enlarge by addition (OED *piece* phrase v.).

⁶⁴² *Lap*] Wrap (OED v². 1 a).

Why give you Life, without the Minds content?
 Why do you Passions in a Minde create?
 Then leave it all to Destiny and Fate;
 With knots and snarls they spin the Thread of Life,
 Then weave it cross, and make a web of strife.
 Come Death, though Fates are cross, yet thou'rt a Friend,
 And in the Grave dost peace and quiet send.

It chanc'd a Gentleman that way came by,
 And seeing there a weeping Beauty lye;
 Alas, dear Lady, why do you so weep,
 Unless your Tears you mean the Gods shall keep?
Jove will present those Tears to *Juno* fair,
 For Pendants, and for Neck-laces to wear;
 And so present that Breath to *Juno* fair,
 That she may allwayes move in perfum'd Air;
 Forbear, forbear, make not the World so poor,
 Send not such Riches, for the Gods have store.

[85:M3r]

I am, said she, to whom Fortunes a Foe,
 Crossing my Love, and works my overthrow;
 A Man which to *Narcissus* might compare
 For Youth and Beauty, and the Graces fair
 Doth him adorn, on him my love is plac'd,
 But his neglect doth make my life to wast;
 My soul doth mourn, my thoughts no rest can take,
 And by his scorn doth me unhappy make.
 With that she cry'd, O Death, said she, come quick,
 And in my heart thy leaden Arrow stick.

Take comfort, Lady green,⁶⁴³ nor weep no more,
 For Nature handsome Men hath more in store;
 Besides, dear Lady, Beauty will decay,
 And with that Beauty, Love will flee away;
 If you take time, this heat of Love will wast,

⁶⁴³NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'grieve', p. 129.

Because 'tis onely on a Beauty plac'd:
 But if your Love did from his Virtue spring,
 You might have lov'd, though not so fond have been.
 The love of Virtue is for to admire
 The Soul, and not the Body to desire;
 That's a gross Love, which onely dull Beasts use,
 But noble Man to love the Soul will choose;
 Because the Soul is like a Deity,
 There pure Love will live eternally.

O Sir, but Nature hath the Soul so fix'd
 Unto the Body, and such Passions mix'd,
 That nothing can divide or dis-unite,
 Unless that Death will separate them quite;
 For when the Senses in Delights agree,
 Binds fast the Soul, makes it a Slave to be.

He answered.

If that the Soul should give consent
 In every thing the Senses to content,
 No Peace, but War amongst Mankinde will be,
 Ruine and Desolation would have Victory;
 Few Men can call or challenge what's his own,
 For he would Master be that was most strong.
 Lady, love Virtue, and let Beauty dye,
 And in the Grave of Ruins let it lye.

With that she rose, and with great joy, said she,
 Farewell, fond Love, and foolish Vanity.

[86:M3v]

*The Men condemn'd the Tale, because, said they,
 None but a Fool would preach so, Wise Men pray.
 Ladyes, but hear me, did another say.*

TO love but one, is a great fault,
 For Nature otherwise is taught;
 She caus'd Varieties for us to taste,

And other Appetites in us she plac'd;
 And caus'd dislike in us to rise,
 To surfet when we gormandize;⁶⁴⁴
 For of one Dish we glut our palat,
 Although it be but of a Salat.
 When *Salomon* the Wise did try
 Of all things underneath the Skye,
 Although he found it Vanity,⁶⁴⁵
 Yet by it Nature made us free;
 For by the change, her Works do live
 By several Forms that she doth give:
 So that Inconstancy is Natures play,
 And we, her various Works, must her obey.

A Woman said, that Men were foolish Lovers,
 And whining Passions often times discovers;
 They're full of thoughts, said she, yet never pleas'd,
 Allwayes complaining, and yet never eas'd;
 They sigh, they mourn, they groan, they make great moan,
 They'll sit cross legg'd, with folded arms alone.
 Sometimes their dress is careless with despair,
 With hopes rais'd up, as costly rich and rare,
 Setting their looks and faces in a frame,⁶⁴⁶
 Their garb's⁶⁴⁷ affected by their Mistris name;
 Flattering their loves, forswear, or else they⁶⁴⁸ boasts
 What valiant deeds they've done in Forreign Coasts;
 What hard adventures, and through dangers run,
 Such acts as *Hercules* had never done;⁶⁴⁹

⁶⁴⁴*gormandize*] eat greedily, indulge (*OED* v. 1)

⁶⁴⁵See Ecclesiastes 2, in which Solomon chronicles his many youthful and foolish pursuits.

⁶⁴⁶*Setting . . . frame*] strike a pose.

⁶⁴⁷*garb*] outward bearing (*OED* n.2 2).

⁶⁴⁸NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten correction inserts 'they', p. 87. The errata list notes the change, but inserts 'their' rather than 'they'.

⁶⁴⁹A reference to the many labours of Hercules. The heroic Hercules figures prominently at Bolsover Castle. The Great Hall features several paintings showing Hercules subduing the beasts associated with his labours. At the entrance to the castle above the door, a statue of Hercules, made of red sandstone, shoulders the weight of a balcony. He also appears upstairs in the Elysium closet (*Worsley*, p. 103).

That every one that hears, doth fear their name,
 And every tongue that speaks, sounds forth their fame;
 And thus their tongues extravagantly move,
 Caus'd by vain-glorious, foolish amorous love,
 Which onely the masculine Sex do prove.

[87:M4r]

*But when their Rallery⁶⁵⁰ was past,
 The Tale upon a Man was cast:
 Then crying peace to all that talking were
 To hold their tongues, and each to lend an ear
 To lissen to a Tale, their words forbear.*

*A Man amongst the rest was somewhat old,
 They said to him, your Tale you have not told;
 Alas, said he, my Memory is bad,
 And I have none so good as you have had.
 Then musing a short time, thus did begin;
 I hope, said he, my Tale may credit win.*

A Description of Civil Wars.

A Kingdome which long time had live⁶⁵¹ in Peace,
 Her People rich with Plenty, fat with Ease,
 With Pride were haughty grown, Pride Envy bred,
 From Envy Factions grew, then Mischief spread;
 And Libels every where were strew'd about,
 Which after soon a Civil War broke out.
 Some for the Commons fought, some for the King,
 And great disorder was 'mongst every thing;
 Battles were lost and won on either side,
 Where Fortune ebb'd and flow'd, like to a Tide;
 At last the Commons won, and then astride
 Fierce Tyrannie on Noble Necks did ride;
 All Monuments pull'd down, that stood long time,

⁶⁵⁰Rallery] teasing banter often with a serious purpose (OED n. 1 a).

⁶⁵¹NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'liv'd', p. 132.

And Ornaments were then thought a great Crime;⁶⁵²
 No Law did plead, unless the Martial Law,⁶⁵³
 The Sword did rule, and keep them all in aw;
 No Prayers offer'd to the Gods on high,
 All Ceremony in the Dust did lye;
 Nothing was done in Order, Truth, and Right,
 Nought govern'd then but Malice, Spleen, and Spight.
 But mark how justly Gods do punish Men
 To make them humble, and to bow to them;
 Though they had Plenty, and thereof did eat,
 They relish'd not that good and savoury Meat;
 Because their Conscience did them so torment,
 For all their Plenty they were discontent;
 They took no rest, Cares so oppress'd their Minde,
 No Joy nor Comfort in the World could finde. [88:M4v]
 When drowsie sleep upon their eyes did set,
 Then fearful visions in their dreams they met;
 In Life no pleasure take, yet fear to dye,
 No mercy can they hope from Gods on high.
 O serve the Gods, and then the Minde will be
 Allways in peace, and sweet tranquillity.

A Woman said, a Tale I mean to tell,

That in these Wars unto a Cross befell.

AN antient Cross liv'd in our Fathers time,

⁶⁵²*Ornaments*] church accessories and furnishings (*OED* n. 1 b). For an in-depth analysis of the destruction of church property by Puritans, see Julie Spraggon, *Puritan Iconoclasm during the English Civil War* (Woodbridge: Boydell Press), 2004.

⁶⁵³Likely a reference to Oliver Cromwell's rule. In 1655, after receiving news that a group of royalists were planning a rebellion, he divided England into eleven districts, and to each he assigned a major-general, who, along with his mounted militia, was charged with ferreting out royalist schemes. The major-generals also enforced 'the ban on country sports and city pleasures', suppressed alehouses, and spurred 'easy-going justices into enforcing the puritan laws against drunkenness, swearing, sabbath-breaking, celebrating Christmas and Easter, and other breaches of the godly code' (Austin Woolrych, 'The Cromwellian Protectorate: A Military Dictatorship?' *History*, 75.244 (June 1990), p. 221).

With as much Fame, as did the Worthyes nine;⁶⁵⁴

No harm it did, nor injury to none,
 But dwelt in peace, and quietly alone;
 On Times nor Government did not complain,
 But stood stone-still, not stirr'd in no Kings reign;
 Both Winters Snow, and Summers scorching Sun
 He did endure, and urin'd was upon:
 Yet peacefull Nature, nor yet humble Minde,
 Shall not avoyd rude Ignorance that's blinde,
 That superstitiously beats down all things
 Which smell but of Antiquity, or springs
 From Noble Deeds, nor love, nor take delight
 In Laws, or Justice, hating Truth and Right;
 But Innovations love, for that seems fine,
 And what is new, adore they as divine;
 That makes them so neglect the Gods above,
 For time doth waste both their respect and love.
 And so this Cross, poor Cross, all in a rage
 They pull'd down quite, the fault was onely Age.
 Had it been gilded gloriously and brave,
 Then Vanity for an excuse might have:
 But he was poor, his Morter all off worn,
 Which time had eaten off, as Dogs had torn
 The flesh from bones of Hares, or harmless Sheep,
 Or like to Skeletons, that Scholars keep.
 If they had pious been, it might have stood
 To mollifie the Minds of Men to good:
 But they were wicked, hating everything
 That by example might to goodness bring:
 Then down they pull'd it, leaving not one stone
 Upon another, for it to be known
 To after Ages, for the Ground lyes bare,

[89:N1r]

⁶⁵⁴*Worthyes Nine*] nine famous conquerors - Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabaeus; Hector, Alexander, and Julius Caesar; and Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon (*OED* n. C 1 c).

That none can know once Antient Cross stood there.

*Then, said a Man, I can this Tale well fit,
For I a Tale can tell that's like to it.*

IN former times, when false Devotion reign'd,
A Church was built, although to use profan'd,
Was Consecrated as *Diana's* right,
Who was their Goddess of the Moon-shine bright.
But afterwards when Truth with Zeal did flame,
It Christned was, and bore *Jove's* mighty name,
And dedicated to the Sun above,
Then marryed was, became his Spouse and Love.
Long did she live in duty, peace, and zeal,
Became an Honour to the Common-weal;
Was curiously adorn'd, within, without,
The Choire⁶⁵⁵ all hung with Hangings rich about;
With Marble Tombs and Statues carv'd and cut,
Wherein the Bodyes of good Saints were put.
There polish'd Pillars 'long the Iles did stand,
And arched Roofs built by a skilfull hand;
With painted Windows plac'd on either side,
At every end were Gates, large, open, wide;
And all the inside was most bravely gilt,
And all the outside with Free stone⁶⁵⁶ was built:
There Choristers did sing each several note,
And Organs loud did answer every throat;
And Priests there taught Men how to pray and live,
Rewards and Punishments which *Jove* did give.
But mark, this Temple was destroy'd by sin,
Since they did leave to worship *Jove* therein;
Because this Church profan'd by sinfull Men,
Then made a Stable, and for Thieves a Den.
No surer mark the Gods on Men do frown,

⁶⁵⁵*Choire*] the part of a church reserved for the clergy and choir (*OED* n. 2 a).

⁶⁵⁶*Free stone*] a fine-grained stone that can be easily shaped using a chisel or saw (*OED* n. 1 a).

As to give leave to pull their Temples down.

A Lady said, these Wars her Soul did shake,
And the remembrance made her Heart to ake.

My Brother then was murther'd in cold Blood,⁶⁵⁷

Incircled round with Enemies he stood;

[90:N1v]

Where he, like to a fixed Star, shin'd bright,

They like to black and pitchy Clouds of Night;

He like the Sun, his Courage like that heat;

Their envy, like bad Vapours, strove to beat

His Light of Honour out, but pow'rfull Fame

Did throw their spight back on their heads with shame;

And though they struck his Body, not his Minde,

For that in Death through all their Malice shin'd;

He Valiant was, his Spirits knew no fear,

They never chil'd, when in a Battle were,

And strove to give more blows than safety sought,

His Limbs most vigour had when that he fought;

He spoke not loud, nor sung, his fear to hide,

With silence march'd, and quietly did ride,

Viewing the Armyes with a watchfull eye,

And carefull was, Advantages to spye.

If that his Souldiers chanc'd to run away,

He ran not after, as to make them stay,

As some Commanders, which will call and run

After the Souldiers, for them to return:

But when once gone, seldome return again,

But with their Souldiers they will safe remain.

But he amongst his Foes like Earth was fix'd,

Or like to Fire, himself was intermix'd,

⁶⁵⁷In August of 1648 Margaret's brother, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were executed after holding Colchester, Sir Charles' hometown, against Fairfax for two months. Both were buried at St Giles, and Fairfax was vilified, evidence of which remains on the tombstone of Lucas and Lisle, which reads: 'Under this marble ly the bodies of the most valiant captains S^R Charles Lucas and S^R George Lisle knights who for their eminent loyalty to their soverain were on the 28 day of August 1648 by the command of S^R Thomas Fairfax then general of the parliament army, in cold blood barbarously murderd'.

Within their solid Bodyes did divide,
 Pulling their Fabrick down on either side;
 Untill his Mercy did for Favour pray
 Unto his Courage, so to run away.
 He made them know he was a Souldier good,
 Train'd up in Wars, the Art he understood;
 Besides, his Genius was prompt thereunto,
 Wit, skill, Invention, knew the best to do;
 Which made the Foe more fierce⁶⁵⁸ his life to take,
 For fear that he their ruine soon would make:
 For they, as soon as had them in their power,
 Like greedy Vultures, did his Life devour;
 He stood their Rage, his Courage knew no fear,
 Nor on grim Death with Terrour did he stare,
 But did embrace him with a Generous Minde,
 With Noble Thoughts, and Kisses that were kinde;
 Vollyes of Shot did all his Body tear,
 Where his Blood's spilt, the Earth no Grass will bear.⁶⁵⁹ [91:N2r]
 As if for to revenge his Death, the Earth
 Was curs'd with Barrenness even from her Birth.
 And though his Body in the Grave doth lye,
 His Fame doth live, and will eternally.
 His Soul's Immortal, and so is his Fame,
 His Soul in Heaven doth live, and here his Name.⁶⁶⁰

*The next time was a Man his turn to speak,
 Who said, that Civil Wars made Rich Men break;
 Populate Kingdomes, that do flourish well*

⁶⁵⁸NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten correction blots out a word and inserts 'fierce', p. 91. The correction is noted on the errata list.

⁶⁵⁹A myth grew around the deaths of Lucas and Lisle with many believing that grass would not grow on the ground where they were executed.

⁶⁶⁰Ironically, Cavendish does not give her brother's name here or in the poem she published in *PF* titled 'An Elegy on my Brother, killed in these unhappy Wars' (p. 196). His and her fame might have been such that inclusion of his name was unnecessary. Lucas and Lisle's martyrdom was extolled in a number of panegyrics, including Henry King's 'An Elegy on Sir Charls Lucas, and Sir George Lisle', *Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, And Sonets* (London: 1664), *Wing* K502.

In Peace and Plenty, they to ruine fell.

When I, with grief, unto remembrance bring
 The blessed time Men liv'd with a good King;
 To think at first how happy such do reign,
 And in sweet Peace such Kingdomes do remain;
 Where Magistrates do sit in Justice Throne,
 Few Crimes committed, Punishments scarce known;
 The Nobles liv'd in state, and high degree,
 All happy, even to the Peasantry;
 Where easy Laws, no Tax to make them poor,
 All live with Plenty, full in every Store;
 They Customes have to recreate the Minde,
 Not barbarous, but civil, gentle, kinde;
 And those where Chance and Fortune bad do fall,
 Have means straight given to be kept withall;
 Their Lands are fertile, and their Barns are full,
 Orchards thick planted, from whence Fruit may pull;
 Store of Cattle feeding in Meadows green,
 Where Chrystal Brooks run every Field between;
 Where Cowslips⁶⁶¹ growing, which makes Butter yellow,
 And fatted Beasts, two inches thick with Tallow;
 And many Parks for fallow⁶⁶² Deer to run,
 Shadow'd with Woods, to keep them from the Sun;
 And in such Kingdomes, Beasts, Fowl, Fish, have store
 Those that industrious are, can nev'r be poor.
 But O sad Fate and Fortune, if it chance
 The Sword of Civil War for to advance;
 As when Rebellions, like a watry Flood,
 Ov'rflows all Monarchy in Royal Blood,
 Builds Aristocracy with cruel hands,
 On unjust grounds of Tyrannie it stands.

[92:N2v]

⁶⁶¹*Cowslips*] wild plants with drooping yellow blooms (*OED* n. 1). Growing wild in fields throughout England, the flower was connected with country life.

⁶⁶²*Fallow*] 'of a pale brownish or reddish-yellow colour' (*OED* adj.¹ A 1).

Then into wicked States such Kingdomes go,
 Where Virtue's beaten out, no truth they know;
 And all Religion flyes away for fear,
 And Atheism is preached every where.
 Their Magistrates by Bribes do govern all,
 No Suit is heard, but what Injustice call;
 For Covetousness and Malice plead at Bar
 Against poor Honesty, with whom they jar;
 Calamity doth finde no Pity, for
 All Pity's buried in a Civil War.

*A Ladyes turn was next,
 Which told this Tale perplex.*

SHE said, I over Sea to happ' land went,
 My Husband being then in Banishment;
 His estate gone, and being very poor,
 I thought some means Compassion might restore:
 But when I ask'd, no pity could I finde,
 Hard were their Hearts, and cruel every Minde.

*Eye, saith a Man, you do all orders break,
 So long on Melancholy subjects speak.*

The Prologue to the Beggars Marriage.

I've serv'd two 'Prenticeships, and now am made
 Free of the Beggars Company to trade;
 My Stock, in secret to your Ear I speak,
 Is such, as I am sure I shall not break:
 Let *Boreas*⁶⁶³ burst his Cheeks, and the Sea roar,
 The Beggars Bark can nev'r be tumbled ov'r.
 What fitter subject for my Muse can be,
 Than make Descriptions of our Company?
 The Beggars Theme too well my Fortunes fit,
 My Begg'rly Phansie too, and so my Wit.

[93:N3r]

⁶⁶³*Boreas*] Greek god of the north wind.

The Marquis of Newcastles Description of
The Beggars Marriage.⁶⁶⁴

W Hileome⁶⁶⁵ there was an aged Beggar old,
 Who in his time full fourscore Winters told;
 His head all frozen, beard long, white as snow,
 With a staffs prop, unneath else might he go;
 With bleared eyne,⁶⁶⁶ all parched, dry, and cold;
 With shaking Palsey, little could he hold;
 His cloaths so tatter'd, for they were so worn,
 Older than he, in many pieces torn;
 The subtill'st Brain, and pryingst Eye, those seen,
 Both could not guess what stuff they'd ever been;
 On's Cloak more several patches there did stick
 Then labour'd *Algebrase* Arithmetick
 Could once tell how to number, and was fuller
 Than was the Rainbow of each various colour,
 But not so fresh, so faded when th'were seen,
 That none could guess which red, which blue, which green;
 His Turf-house lean'd to an old stump of Oak,
 A hole at top there for to voyd the Smoak
 Of stollen scatter'd Boughs, could not be fed,
 But by his daily begging daily bread:
 There on his little bench I'll leave him, then
 Within a while I'll speak of him again.

A wither'd Beggar-woman, little sunder'd⁶⁶⁷
 From him, who all the Town said, was a hundred;
 Toothless she was, nay more, worn all her Gums,
 And all her Fingers too were worn to Thumbs;

⁶⁶⁴The Beggars Marriage' appears in a manuscript of William Newcastle's *Phanseys*. The manuscript is divided into five parts, 'The Beggars Marriage' being in the fifth. For a discussion of the manuscript, see Grant, *Phanseys*, pp. xxix-xxxii. Edward Jenkins also published this piece in his book *The Cavalier and His Lady* (London: 1872), pp. 155-159.

⁶⁶⁵*Whileome*] *Whilom*; 'At some past time; some time before or ago; once upon a time' (*OED* adv. 2 a).

⁶⁶⁶*eyne*] plural of eye.

⁶⁶⁷*sunder'd*] separated; apart from (*OED* adj.).

Wrinkles, deep Graves to bury all Delight,
 Eyes now sunk holes, little she had of sight,
 Little could speak, as little sense could tell,
 Seldome she heard, sometimes the great Towns Bell;
 A long forgetfulness her legs had seiz'd,
 For many years her Crutches them had eas'd;
 Cloaths, thousand rags torn with the Winde and Weather.
 Her houswifry long since had sew'd together;
 No livelyhood, but Charity grown cold,
 As she was, this more than her years made old.
 In a hot Summers day they out did creep,
 Enliven'd just like Flies, for else they sleep; [94:N3v]
 Creeping at last, each one to other get,
 Lousing each other, kindly thus they met;
Apollo's Master-piece⁶⁶⁸ shining, did aim
 To light dead Ashes sparks, not make a flame
 To stir up Nature in them, now so cold,
 And whether *Cupid* dwelt in them who're old;
 Now heat and kindness made him try to kiss her,
 Her palsy'd head so shaked, he still did miss her;
 He thought it Modesty, she 'gainst her will,
 Striving to please him, could not hold it still;
 She mumb'l'd, but he could not understand her,
 He cry'd, sweet *Hero*, I'll be thy *Leander*;⁶⁶⁹
 She said, before we met, cold as a stone is,
 I was, but now am *Venus*, thou *Adonis*.⁶⁷⁰
 Such heights of Passions love utter'd these two,
 As youngest Lovers, when they 'gin to woo;

⁶⁶⁸Cupid, Apollo's son.

⁶⁶⁹The story of Hero and Leander is from Greek mythology. Hero, a priestess of Aphrodite, lives in a tower on one side of Hellsport straight and Leander on the other. He swims to her each night, but one stormy, tempestuous night he is caught in the waves and drowns. Hero, grieving, jumps from the tower and dies. Christopher Marlowe tells their story in his poem 'Hero and Leander'.

⁶⁷⁰In book 10 of *Metamorphosis*, Ovid tells the story of Venus and Adonis. Venus falls in love with the beautiful Adonis after Cupid accidentally pricks her with one of his arrows. Adonis likes to hunt but Venus fears for his life and tells him several stories meant to warn him away from the activity, but he does not listen and is gored by a boar and dies. Venus, mourning him, turns him into an anemone. Shakespeare also writes a version of the story in his poem 'Venus and Adonis'.

For *Cupid's* reign ov'r Mankinde still will have,
 He governs from the Cradle to the Grave.
 Their Virtues such, not sin, yet would not tarry,
 So heated, vow'd a Contract, then to marry.

This Marriage now divulg'd was every where
 To neighbour Beggars, Beggars far and near;
 The Day appointed, and the Marriage set,
 The Lame, the Blinde, the Deaf, they all were met;
 Such throngs of Beggars, Women, Children, seen
 Muster'd all on the Towns fair Grassy green;
 The Bridegroom led between two Lame Men, so,
 Because our Bridegroom fast he could not go;
 The Bride was led by Blinde Men, him behinde,
 Because you know that Love is allwayes blinde.
 The Hedge-Priest⁶⁷¹ then was call'd for, did him bring,
 Marry'd them both with an old Curtain Ring;
 No Father there was found, nor could be ever,
 She was so old, that there was none to give her.
 With Acclamations now of louder joy,
 Pray'd *Hymen Priapus*⁶⁷² to send a Boy,
 To shew a Miracle; in Vows most deep,
 The Parish swore their Children all to keep.
 Then *Tom a Bedlam*⁶⁷³ wound his Horn, at best,
 Their Trumpet now, to bring away the Feast;
 Pick'd Marrow-bones they had found in the Street,
 Carrots kick'd out of Kennels with their feet; [95:N4r]
 Crusts gather'd up, for Bisket twas so dry'd,
 Alms-tubs *Olio pudridoes*⁶⁷⁴ had beside;
 Many such Dishes had, but it would cumber
 Any to name them, more than I can number.
 Then came the Banquet, that must never fail,

⁶⁷¹*Hedge Priest*] 'an illiterate or uneducated priest of inferior status' (*OED* n.).

⁶⁷²*Priapus*] God of procreation and fertility, usually represented as being deformed and having an oversized penis (*OED* n.). Several priapic figures surround the Venus fountain at Bolsover Castle.

⁶⁷³*Tom a Bedlam*] a madman.

⁶⁷⁴*Olio pudridoes*] spoiled stew, perhaps a play on *olla podrida*, a spicy Spanish-style stew.

Which the Town gave, that's white Bread, and strong Ale;
 Each was so tipsy, that they could not go,
 And yet would dance, and cry'd for Musick, ho;
 Gridirons, and Tongs, with Keys, they play'd on too,
 And blinde Men sung to them, as use to do;
 Some whistled then, and hollow sticks did sound,
 And thus melodiously they play'd a Round;
 Lame Men, lame Women mingled, cry'd advance,
 And so all limping, jovially did dance;
 The deaf Men too, for they could not forbear
 When they saw this, although they did not hear,
 Which was their happiness, now to the House
 Of Bridegroom brought the Bride, each drunk as Mouse;⁶⁷⁵
 No room for any but them two they saw,
 So laid them both in Bed of fresher Straw:
 Then took their leave, put out their rushen light,⁶⁷⁶
 But they themselves did revel all the night:
 The Bridegroom russles now, kiss'd, and said, Friend,
 But when he kiss'd, thought 'twas at the other end,
 And cry'd her mercy, said he could not look,
 It was so dark, and thought he had mistook;
 No, said the Bride most sweetly, you are right,
 And if our Taper here was shining bright.
 Now Loves Hesperides⁶⁷⁷ would touch the same,
 That place, O place, which place, no tongue should name;
 She, gentle, Dame, with roving hand indeed,
 Instead of Crutches, found a broken Reed.
 They both now fill'd with Ale, Brains in't did steep,
 So, arms in arms, our Lovers fell asleep.
 So for the Will, though nothing else indeed,
 To Love the Beggars built a Pyramid.

[96:N4v]

⁶⁷⁵*drunk as Mouse*] very drunk (OED P 1).

⁶⁷⁶*rushen lights*] bound rushes turned into torches.

⁶⁷⁷*Hesperides*] The nymphs who guard the golden apples that grew on the Isles of the Blest (OED n. 1 a). One of Hercules' labours was to retrieve the golden apples.

A Tale of my Lord Marquis of NEWCASTLES,
called the Philosophers Complaint.⁶⁷⁸

I Through a Cranny there did spye
A grave Philosopher all sad,
With a dim Taper burning by,
His Study was in Mourning clad.

He sigh'd, and did lament his state,
Cursing Dame Nature, for 'twas she,
For to allot him such a Fate,
To make him of Mankinde to be.

All other Animals, their mould
Of thousand Passions makes them free,
Since they're not subject unto Gold,
Which doth corrupt Mankinde we see.

The busy Merchant plows the Main,
The pleading Lawyer for his Fee,
Pious Divines for Lawfull Gain,
Mechanicks⁶⁷⁹ all still Coseners⁶⁸⁰ be.

With Plow-shares, Farmers wound the Earth,
Look to their Cattle, Swine, and Sheep,
To multiply their Seed, Corns birth,
And all for Money which they keep.

The Sun-burnt Dame prevents the Day,
As her laborious Bees for Honey,
Doth milk her Kine,⁶⁸¹ and spins away

⁶⁷⁸This tale is published in Jenkins' book *The Cavalier and His Lady*, pp. 159-166. Jenkins marks the verses he altered for their clumsiness and other verses he leaves out because their 'form made them unrepresentable'. Jenkins chooses to preserve this piece despite its flaws because of its 'quaint, amusing irony' (p. 160).

⁶⁷⁹*Mechanicks*] those who work with their hands; manual labourers, artisans (*OED* B I 1 a).

⁶⁸⁰*Coseners*] deceivers, cheats, impostors (*OED* n.).

⁶⁸¹*Kine*] cows (*OED* n.¹)

Her fatal thread of Life for Money.

Mankinde doth on God *Pluto* call,
 To serve him still, is all their pleasure,
 Love here doth little, Money all,
 For of this World it is the measure.

[97:01r]

Beasts do despise this orient mettle,
 Each freely grazing fills his maw,
 After Love's procreating, settle
 To softer sleep, wise Natures Law.

They're not Litigious, but are mute,
 False Propositions never make,
 Nor of unknown things do dispute
 Follyes, for wise things do not take.

Or flow'ry Rhet'rick to deceive,
 Nor Logick to enforce the wrong,
 Or tedious History to weave,
 Troubling the hearers all along.

Nor study the inamell'd⁶⁸² Skye,
 Thinking they're govern'd by each Star;
 But scorn Mans false Astrology,
 And think themselves just as they are.

Their Pride not being so supream,
 Celestial Bodyes moving thus,
 Poor Mortals each awaking dream,
 To think those Lights were made for us.

Nor are they troubled where they run,
 What the Suns matter it might be,
 Whether the Earth moves, or the Sun,

⁶⁸²*Inamell'd*] Enamelled; made beautiful by various colours (*OED* 3 a). A fashion trend.

And yet they know as well as we.

Nor do they with grave troubled looks,
By studious Learning for to stay,
Or multiplicity of Books
To put them out of Truths right way.

For Policyes, Beasts never weaves,
Or subt'ler traps they ever lay
With false dissembling, which deceives
Their kinde to ruine, or betray.

[98:01v]

No hot ambition in them are,
Trumpets are silent, Drums do cease,
No troublers in their kinde in War
For to destroy, but all for Peace.

The Stranger valu'd Jems that dress
Our beauteous Ladies like the day,
A Parrots feathers are no less,
And gossips too as well as they.

Man's ever troubled 'bout his Fame,
For Glory and Ambition hot,
When Beasts are constantly the same,
In them those follies enter not;

Nor hope of Worlds to come that's higher,
With several Sects divisions make,
Or fear an everlasting Fire,
But quiet sleep, and so awake.

Man still with thoughts himself torments,
Various desires, what shall be,
And in his life hath small contents,
Beasts pleas'd with what they have, not we.

Repining Man, for what is past,

Hating the present what they see,
 Frighted with what's to come at last,
 Beasts pleas'd with what is, and must be.

Ease Man doth hate, and business store,
 A burthen to himself he is,
 Weary of time, yet wishes more,
 Beasts all these Vanities they miss.

Self-loving Man so proud a durt,⁶⁸³
 Vain 'bove all things, when understood,
 Studies alwayes himself to hurt,
 Where Beasts are wise to their own good.

[99:O2r]

Man makes himself a troubled way,
 Runs into several dangers still,
 When in those thoughts Beasts never stray,
 But do avoyd them with their will.

Man's troubled head and brain still swelling
 Beyond the power of Senses five,
 Not capable of those things telling,
 Beasts beyond senses do not strive.

Natures just measure Senses are,
 And no Impossible desire,
 Beasts seek not after things that's far,
 Or Toyes or Bables⁶⁸⁴ still admire.

Beasts slander not, or falshoods raise,
 But full of truth, as Nature taught,
 And wisely shun dissembling wayes,
 Follow Dame Nature as they ought.

Nor to false Gods do sacrifice,

⁶⁸³*durt*] an abusive appellation for a person (*OED* n. 2 d).

⁶⁸⁴*Bables*] baubles.

Or promise Vows to break them, no,
 No Doctrine to delude with lyes,
 Or worship Gods they do not know.

Nor envy any that do rise,
 Or joyfull seem at those that fall,
 Or crooked wayes 'gainst others tries,
 But love their kinde, themselves and all.

Hard labour suffer when they must,
 When over-aw'd, they wisely bend,
 In onely Patience then they trust,
 As miseries and afflictions Friend.

They seek not after Beauties blase⁶⁸⁵
 To tempt their appetite when dull,
 But drink the Stream that Tempests raise,
 And grumble not when they are full.

[100:O2v]

They take no Physick to destroy
 That health which Nature to them gave,
 Nor rul'd by Tyrants Laws, annoy,
 Yet happy seem with what they have.

With cares Men break their sweet repose,
 Like Wheels that wear with turning round;
 Beasts quiet thoughts their eye-lids close,
 And in soft sleep all cares they drown'd.

No Rattles, Fairins,⁶⁸⁶ Ribbins, Strings,
 Fiddles, Pipes, Minstrelses them move,
 Or Bugle Bracelets,⁶⁸⁷ or fine Rings,

⁶⁸⁵*blase*] 'blaze' in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), p. 149.

⁶⁸⁶*Fairins*] 'Fairings' in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), p. 150. 'A present or gift of any kind, esp. one given by a lover' (*OED* n.¹ 2 a). Jenkins defines the word as 'presents given at a fair' and provides the following couplet from *Gay's Pastorals*: 'How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid / The various fairings of the country maid', p. 165.

⁶⁸⁷*Bugle Bracelets*] 'tube-shaped, usually black' (*OED bracelet*, n.³ 1 and 2).

And without *Cupid*, maketh Love.

O happy Beasts, that spend the day
 In pleasure with their nearest Kin,
 And all is lawful in their way,
 And live and dye without a sin.

Their Conscience nev'r troubled is,
 We made so, yet forbid it too,
 For Nature here is not amiss,
 We strive 'gainst what w'are made to do.

Beasts need not Language, they despise
 Unusefull things, all Mens delight,
 Those marks which Language from doth rise,
 If pleas'd with them, discourse they might.

And out of words they argue not,
 But Reason out of things they do,
 When we vain gossipings have got,
 They quiet silent lives have too.

Complain'd of Scholars, that they sought
 With envious watching, and with spight,
 To have the goode to finde a fault
 In any Author that doth write.

[101:O3r]

O vain Philosophy! their Laws
 With hard words still for matter brings,
 Which is nothing, nor knows the cause
 Of any thing; unusefull things.

Why are our Learned then so proud,
 Thinking to bring us to their bow,
 And Ignorance, Wisdome allow'd,
 And know not that they do not know.

Motions cessation is the end

Of Animals, both Beasts and Men,
 The longest lives to that do tend,
 And to Deaths Palace, his dark Den.

Or that Beasts breath doth downwards go,
 And that Mens souls do upward rise;
 No Post from that World comes you know,
 It puzzled *Salomon* the Wise.⁶⁸⁸

Thus he complain'd, and was annoy'd,
 Our grave Philosopher for's birth,
 That he was made to be destroy'd,
 Or turn'd to sad or colder Earth.

I pity'd him, and his sad case,
 Wishing our Vicar him to teach,
 For to infuse a saving Grace,
 By his tongues rhet'rick for to preach.

[102:03v]

⁶⁸⁸See Ecclesiastes 9:1-5.

An Epistle to my Readers.

I Desire my Readers to judge this Book of mine according to the harmless Recreation of my idle time, and not as a laborious, learned, studious, or a methodical Work. I did not pencil them so much for sale, as pleasure; not but that I should be well pleased to receive Fame for my several Pieces and Copies of nature, or natural Copies. But I shall not exact high Praises, nor expect great Renown for this Work: but if I can get an indifferent Commendation, I shall think I have enough for these Pieces, if not, yet the pleasure of writing them is a sufficient reward to me the Authoress,

MARGARET NEWCASTLE.

[O4r:O4v]

Her Excellencies Comical Tales in Prose.

*The second Book.**The Schools Quarrels, or Scholars Battles.*

A Man travelling, and being very weary, seeing a large House, alighted, and went to the Gates, which he found open for any to pass without opposition; and entring therein, he came into a large paved Court; and walking about it, he heard a noyse or sound like a great Wind; whereat he looks up towards the Clouds, and seeing the Air not much agitated, he wondred at it; at last he looked in at a Door that was open, but there was such a mist, that he could see no further than the entrance: yet going in, he perceived a long Gallery, wherein were Books placed in long rows, and Men in old tatter'd Gowns reading therein, and turning the leaves thereof; which shewed him his errour in thinking he heard a Winde, for it was the shuffling of the numberless leaves of the numerous Books that were turned over by those many men. But desiring to instruct himself of their several studyes, he went softly to peruse them.

Where the first Man he took notice of, was one, that as he read, did beat his hands upon the Desk whereon his Book lay; and looking over his shoulder, perceived he was studying the Laws, and acted, against he pleaded at the Bar.

Then he went to the next, and he was counting on his fingers; and looking in his Book, saw he was studying Arithmetick.

A third was with a Celestial Globe, and a pair of Compasses, very busy studying of Astronomy, measuring of the Planets, and their distance.

The fourth was with a Terrestrial Globe before his Book; and one while he would reade, then view the Globe, and then reade again; and he was studying Geography.

[105:P1r]

On the other side he saw one very serious in his study, and he was reading Moral Philosophy.

Another he saw reading, and he would often lay his hand upon his breast, and cast up the black of his eyes; and he was studying Theology.

Then there were others, as they read, would often scratch their heads; and they were Natural Philosophers.

But one amongst the rest looked very merrily, and he was studying the old Poets.⁶⁸⁹

Likewise there were very many more, as Historians, Grammarians, Logicians, Geometricians, Physicians, and the like.

At last there was a little Bell which rung; whereupon they all left off their studying, and began to walk about, discoursing to each other, applying themselves according to their several studies. So the Grammarians and the Logicians began to dispute, one for the

⁶⁸⁹In letter XIV, Cavendish says, 'Natural Philosophers and Poets are not only the Wisest, but the Happiest men' (*SL*, p. 22). On the author's esteem for poets, see also *SL*, letter CXVII, pp. 234-236.

words, or rather for the letters; the other, for the sense, subject, and matter of discourse; the one troubling himself with Derivations, the other about Quantities and Qualities.⁶⁹⁰

Then fell into dispute two Divines about Controversies; but they grew so hot with zeal, that their discourse flamed up high, and their fiery words flew above all respect or civility, calling one another Heretick, and Beelzebub, and the Whore of *Babylon*,⁶⁹¹ and the like terms, that the rest of the Scholars had much ado to appease them. But amongst the rest there were two Historians, the one a Grecian, the other a Roman: these two talking of *Caesar* and *Alexander*, the Roman Historian said, there was no comparison between those two Worthyees; for, said he, *Alexander* was onely a Darling of Fortune, whose favour gave him a free passage without opposition, in which he had no occasion to shew his Courage, Skill, Conduct, or Industry; and, said he, Fools, Cowards, and Slothfull persons have had good fortune sometimes. At this discourse the Grecian grew very angry, saying, that *Alexander* was born from a Warriier, and bred a Souldier, and was a valiant, wise Commander; and that *Caesar* was onely a Man of Fortune, Traiterous, Desperate, and whatsoever he got was all by Chance:⁶⁹² But one in the defence of *Alexander*, the other of

⁶⁹⁰*Quantities and Qualities*] From Aristotelian logic: in categorical propositions, quantity refers to whether a proposition is universal or particular, and quality refers to the kind of affirmation, negative or positive, that a proposition makes.

⁶⁹¹*Whore of Babylon*] a phrase suggesting corruption and idolatry, often applied to the Church of Rome (OED *whore* n. 2). See also Revelation 17.

⁶⁹²While Cavendish treats the scholars' squabble lightly, in *SL*, letter XL, she takes difference of opinion in religion and law more seriously: 'though School-men and Books of Controversies do not Fight Combats, yet they make Quarrels and Disputations, so that there are More, Oftener, and Continual Wars in Schools than in the Field, onely that their Weapons they use in Schools, are not so deadly as those that are used in the Field, for there is great difference between Tongues and Swords, Words and Blows; the truth is, Scholars and Women quarrel much alike, as after the same manner, wherein is more Noise than Danger, and more Spite than Mischief; but yet different Opinions in Religion and Laws in a Commonwealth, cause Cruel Civil Wars, making Factions and Parties, with Disputations and Arguments, and nothing will decide the Quarrel but Blood and Death, nor end the War, but Destruction of the Whole, or Conquering Victory of the one Party over the other, whereof the late Wars in this Country are a woful Example, all being brought to Confusion with Preaching and Pleading, on the one side Preachers and Pleaders became Souldiers, on the other side, Souldiers became Preachers and Pleaders, so that the Word and the Sword made great Troubles' (pp. 84-85). She elsewhere presents scholars as disputatious. See *SL*, letters LXXIV (pp. 153-155); 'The Tale of the Traveler' (*NP* 1656, *Wing* N855, p. 273). In *Blazing-World*, the Empress warns the Bear-men, saying 'that their disputes and quarrels should remain within their Schools, and cause no factions or disturbances in State, or Government' (*The Description of a New World, Called the Blazing-World* (London, *Wing* N850), p. 28). This sentiment may be one she had discussed with her husband. In his letter of advice to Charles II, written in late 1658, William states there should be 'no disputation but in schools, nor no books of controversy writ but in Latin or else people get overheated with passion' (as cited in

Caesar, they fell from words to blows, and like two School-boyes, to cuffs they went; and such notable thumping blows they gave each other, that either had a bloody nose; whereupon the rest of the Scholars began to side in Factions, some taking one part, some another, that at last they were all together by the ears; and so fierce in fight they were, that the Drums of their Heads, and the Trumpets of their Tongues, arrived to the Master of the Colledge's hearing; at which noyse he went running up to inform himself of the Cause; but when he came, his questions could not be heard, nor his commands obeyed, for all the Scholars were divided so equally, as if it had been a pitched Battle; for all the Scepticks⁶⁹³ were against the Mathematicians, the Natural Philosophers against the Divines, the severe Moralists against the Poets, and in the like opposition were all the rest: but at last they grew out of all order, and there became such a confusion, that [106:P1v] they cared not whom they did strike, so they did fight,⁶⁹⁴ although 'twere their own parties: Whereupon the Master of the Colledge hollowed so loud, and bestirr'd himself so prudently, that he appeased them; and after their fury was quenched, at least abated, they began to consider; and finding their quarrels needless, they were ashamed; and feeling their received blows painfull, they did repent. But howsoever, it was a strange sight to behold them, some having black and blew eyes, others swelled foreheads like Camels backs, others scratched faces; some blowing blood out of their nostrils, others spitting blood out of their mouths, and some their teeth also; and all the hair both of their heads and beards was in a ruffled, snarled, affrighted posture; and the poor Library was like a Ship after a storm at Sea, in great disorder; for there was strewed about pieces of papers rent from Books, and old patches of cloth and stuff torn from Gowns; Slippers kick'd from their feet, Caps flown from their heads, handfuls of hairs pulled from their crowns, and pen and ink, *sans* number.

Thomas P. Slaughter, ed., *Ideology and Politics on the Eve of Restoration: Newcastle's Advice to Charles II* (Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1984), p. xv).

⁶⁹³NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Scepticks', p. 168.

⁶⁹⁴Only the 'ht' of 'fight' is discernible in NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 107. The word, however, is clearly 'fight' in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), p. 169.

But the man that came by chance, crept into a hole, and was in such an agony & fear to see this distraction, that he had not power to come forth: but at last, when they were all gone out of the Library to supper, or prayers, he took courage, and came out of the corner, stealing forth the same way he came in. But when he was clearly got from the Colledge, full glad he was, and then began to call into his minde their Quarrels; and when he had considered, Well, said he to himself, if there be no more tranquillity and order amongst Scholars, I will keep the company of my merry, harmless, ignorant neighbours, and so returned home.⁶⁹⁵

The Observer.

A Gentleman desirous to travel to see the Varieties of several Countryes and Governments, at last he arrived in a Kingdome, where he went to the chief City; and there wandring about, came to the Kings Palace; and though there was a Guard, yet there was a Porter sitting at the outward Gate of the Palace; so he went to the Porter. Sir, said he, I am a Stranger that travel to see several Kingdomes, and also Courts; and I have heard great praises and fame of your King for his peaceable and wise Government, wherefore I desire you would please to assist me, if you can, to see the King. So putting two or three pieces of Gold into his hand, that the Porter might as well feel his bounty, as hear his desire, to help make his passage free, the Porter making legs⁶⁹⁶ without thanks, for Bribes have onely civil Congies,⁶⁹⁷ he told him there was a Gentleman at Court that was his very good Friend, and that he used to come and go through the Gates late at night, and

⁶⁹⁵Geoffrey Trease suggests that Margaret's stories of disputatious scholars may, in part, be based on William Cavendish's experiences at St John's College, Cambridge (*Portrait of a Cavalier: William Cavendish, First Duke of Newcastle* (London: MacMillan, 1979), p. 27). St John's was not immune to the religious turmoil of the times and 'in 1590 . . . became fiercely divided over the question of whether a nonconformist "presbytery" existed' there (*DNB*); however, when William entered St John's in 1608, during Richard Clayton's tenure as master, the university was experiencing a period of conviviality. According to Robert Forsyth Scott, '[T]he tenor of many letters which have come down from that time shows that the Fellows in residence were on good terms with each other, and with those of the Society who had gone out into the world' (*St. John's College, Cambridge* (London: 1907), p. 49).

⁶⁹⁶*making legs*] 'An obeisance made by drawing back one leg and bending the other' (*OED leg* n. 4).

⁶⁹⁷*Congies*] bows to show obeisance or deference (*OED n.*² 3).

early in the morning; which he need not have told, but he thought he should have as much knowledge for his money as he could give: but, said he, I will [107:P2r] go and try if I can⁶⁹⁸ finde this Gentleman, my good Friend, and he will shew you the King for my sake.

No sooner had he spoke, but the Gentleman came by, which, at the Porters intreaty, conducts this Stranger to the sight of the King and Queen; for Courtiers will oblige one another for interest sake, although they have neither kindness, nor civility, where they have or rather cannot have ends or designs.⁶⁹⁹ So he guided this Gentleman through a great Court-yard, wherein were many walking and talking, like Merchants in an Exchange, or as a Court of Judicature; and so up a pair of stairs into a large Room, where was a Guard of Souldiers with Halberts, which were more for shew than for danger, for the Halberts lay by, and great Jacks⁷⁰⁰ of Beer and Wine were in their hands, and some at their mouths, drinking to one another; and by their strong large stature, and swell'd bulk, they seemed as if they did use to eat to the same proportion of their drinking. From thence he was guided into a long Gallery, where at the end was the Presence,⁷⁰¹ where were many young Gallants, and fair Ladyes, the young Men courting their fair Mistrisses, in repeating

⁶⁹⁸Although the 'I' and 'c' of the phrase 'I can' cannot be seen in the NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), possibly due to damage (p. 107), the phrase is clear in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), p. 171.

⁶⁹⁹Cavendish's criticism of courtiers may be based on her experience at court as one of Queen Henrietta Maria's maids of honour. In her play *The Presence*, she sardonically says of courtiers, they 'have little time to pray, for what with dressing, trimming, waiting, ushering, watching, courting and the like, all our time is spent . . . as for the soul it is not well known what it is' (*Plays Never Before Printed*, p. 4). But she may also be participating in the long-standing tradition of castigating courtiers. Mary Partridge points out that 'criticism of courtiers enjoyed a long literary pedigree in England - and more generally, throughout Western Europe' (*Images of the Courtier in Elizabethan England*, PhD thesis, University of Birmingham (University of Birmingham eTheses Repository, 2008), p. 130). The courtier's reputation suffered under the pens of many writers, including Thomas Overbury, who, in his popular book of characters, says the courtier 'followes nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beautie, honours nothing but fortune. Loves nothing' (*His Wife, With New Elegies Upon His (Now Knowne) Untimely Death* (London: 1616), STC 18909, sig. c5r). Interestingly, Jason Peacey states parliamentary newspapers used the negative reputation of courtiers to attack what they saw as court corruption, portraying the court as being 'inhabited by men obsessed with their own interests, pursued to the detriment of the king's cause'. Peacey continues, 'The court had, of course, always been analysed in terms of ambitious courtiers, and with tales of the king being subjected to "other men's ambition and flattery", and of the need to free his heart "from the snares of flattery", parliamentary journalists were merely ensuring that such a message became widely known' ("Hot and eager in courtship": Representations of Court Life in the Parliamentary Press, 1642-9', *Early Modern Literary Studies* Special Issue 15 (August, 2007) 2.1-36, para. 13).

⁷⁰⁰Jack] A leathern jug (*OED* n.2 2).

⁷⁰¹Presence] Short for *presence chamber*, a room in which a distinguished person admits visitors (*OED* n. 1 b).

of Love-verses and Sonnets, some dancing, others singing, some congeying, and some complementing, and thus diverting themselves in pleasant pastimes. From thence he was guided into the Privy Chamber, where the King and Queen were set, with many of their Nobles about them, discoursing of Plays, Masques, Balls, Huntings, Progresses,⁷⁰² and the like. After he had been there a little while, the King and Queen rose to go to Supper, and the Gentleman invited the Stranger to sup at the Waiters Table, which offer he civilly received; where when he was there, he found good store of Company, which Company were full of discourse; where, amongst much talk, they complained of their long Peace, saying, that Peace was good for nothing but to breed laziness, and that the Youth of the Kingdome were degenerated, and become effeminate, concluding, that there ought to be a War, were it for no other Reason, but to exercise their Youth in Arms, which would breed Courage, and inflame their Spirits to Action.⁷⁰³ But after Supper, the Stranger was guided into the Presence again, where there were a great Company of Lords and Ladyes waiting for the King and Queens coming forth, which gave the Stranger some time of observation.

Where by chance he stood by a Lord, that had many of his Friends, or rather Flatterers, about him; where he, speaking to him of another Lord at the other side of the Room, which stood with his Friends or Flatterers; said he to his Company, Do you think that Lord worthy of those Favours the King throws on him, having neither Merit nor Worth to deserve them; when Men of Noble Qualities, and great Deserts, are neither regarded nor rewarded:⁷⁰⁴ But Gentleman, said he, this must not be, for we are born free

⁷⁰²*Progress*] 'An official journey, tour, or visit made by a monarch, church dignitary, or person of noble birth or high office' (*OED* n. II 5 a).

⁷⁰³Cf. William Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, in which Imogen says, 'Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever / Of hardiness is mother' (III.vi.20-21).

⁷⁰⁴Cavendish would later voice a similar grievance regarding her husband's lack of political influence on Charles II's court. In William's biography she writes, 'I being much grieved that my Lord for his loyalty and honest Service, had so many Enemies, used sometimes to speak somewhat sharply of them; but he gently reproving me, said, I should do like experienced Sea-men, and as they either turn their Sails with the wind, or take them down; so should I either comply with Time, or abate my Passion' (*Life*, p. 184). On William's flagging political influence, see Whitaker, p. 210; Grant, pp. 171-173; and Trease, pp. 180-181.

Subjects to the King, not Slaves to his Favourite, making our estates the Exchequer to supply his Vanities by the way of large Taxes, which are intollerable, and not to be suffered; [108:P2v] for though the King commands by his advice, yet he⁷⁰⁵ receives the Summes.

But the Stranger, that had but a time to stay, removed from that side to the other, where the other Lord was talking to his Faction; said he, Do you see that formal Lord, who loves and affects Popularity, who would be the absolute Man in the Kingdome to rule and govern all? Let me tell you, Gentlemen, said he, he is a dangerous Man, whom the King should be aware of: but alas, said he, the King is so facile, that whosoever comes with a clear brow, and a smooth tongue, he believes all he sayes is truth; besides, he is so cockred up⁷⁰⁶ with a long Peace,⁷⁰⁷ that he cannot believe any body dares be Traitors; and thus he lives in secure credulity; or else he is so timerous, that he dares not displease any one; for those that are against him, he prefers; and those that are faithfull to him, he cares not for, at least rejects them.

From that Company the Stranger removed to the Womens side, where was a Lady, with others by her; said she to one of them, Prithee look on yonder Lady, how she is painted and curled to allure the Youth of the Court; but ifaith, said she, it will not do, for if one comes near, she is as withered and dry as a leaf in Autumn. So he, desiring to hear all parts, removed to the other Ladyes, where was one that said to some others, Do you see, saith she, the Wit of the Court, meaning the other Lady that was opposite; ifaith, said she, if I were her, I would rather conceal my Wit, than discover my breath; and she is so full of talk, that she will suffer none to speak but her self. And every Lady of each Company

Shortly after the Restoration, however, William '[resumes] his prewar status as the leading nobleman of the North of England, . . . [and] was famed for the lavish entertainments he had provided for the king and queen before the war . . . ' (Whitaker, pp. 271, 272).

⁷⁰⁵Again a word is partially concealed. Only the 'y' of yet is apparent in NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 109. The complete word in NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) is 'yet', p. 173.

⁷⁰⁶*Cockred up*] Cockered up; indulged or pampered (*OED* v.¹ b).

⁷⁰⁷Cf. *SL*, letter LXXXVIII, in which Cavendish says, ' . . . few Nations live long in Peace, and most part of the World, at least all Europe is at this time fill'd with bloody War, and most Nations are forced to War with each other to Keep their Natives from Civil Dissentions' (p. 174).

flung spightfull words upon each others back: but the Musick began to play, so that every one unroosted, and flock'd together; where meeting, they did all embrace, kiss, profess, and protest such affections, and vowed such friendships, as neither their lives nor fortunes should be wanting in one anothers service; which the Stranger hearing, went out of the Court as fast as he could, for fear of the Courts infection; and when he came to the Gate, the Porter that he first spoke to, ask'd him, why he went away so soon, for, said he, the Company seldome part untill one or two a clock in the morning, nay, said he, some not all the night long, if their Mistrisses favour them, or at least take pity of them.

The Stranger said, he saw so much as did affright him; what, said the Porter, some Devils in the Play, or Masques, or so: Yes, said the Gentleman, they could change into as many shapes as they would; that is onely in their Cloaths, answered the Porter; no, said the stranger, it was their tongues and faces, and so God give you good night, &c.

The Discreet Virgin.

THere was a grave Matron who came to visit a young Virgin, whom she ask'd why she did not marry, since she was of mar- [109:P3r] riageable years.⁷⁰⁸ Truly, said she, I am best pleased with a single life.⁷⁰⁹

What! answered the Matron, will you lead Apes in Hell?⁷¹⁰ The young Lady said, it was better to lead Apes in Hell, than live like Devils on Earth, for, said she, I have heard that a married Couple seldome or never agree, the Husband roars in his drink, and the Wife scolds in her Choler, the Servants quarrell, the Children cry, and all is in more disorder, than tis thought Hell is, and a more confused noise.

⁷⁰⁸The word is concealed with only the 'y' discernable in NP 1656 (*Wing* N855), p. 110. In NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), the word is 'years', p. 175.

⁷⁰⁹Like Francis Bacon, Jane Barker, and others, Margaret participates in the seventeenth-century literary convention of finding problems in married life. See Francis Bacon, 'Of Marriage and the Single Life', *The Essays, or Councils, Civil and Moral, of Sir Francis Bacon* (London: 1696), *Wing* B296, pp. 17-18; Jane Barker, *Poetical Recreations Consisting of Original Poems, Songs, Odes, &c. with Several New Translations* (London: 1688), *Wing* B770; and *JL*, letters IV (pp. 5-6); V (pp. 6-7); XXXII (pp. 65-68); XXXIX (pp. 82-83); LX (pp. 123-124); and CCI (pp. 425-427).

⁷¹⁰*Lead apes in hell*] For a comprehensive discussion of this phrase, see Gwendolyn B. Needham, 'New Light on "Maids Leading Apes in Hell"', *The Journal of American Folklore*, 75.296, pp. 106-119.

Said the Matron, such are onely the poor meaner sort of people, that live so; but the noble and rich men and their wives live otherwise; for the better sort, as the noble and rich, when they are drunk are carried straight to bed, and laid to sleep, and their wives dance untill their husbands are sober.

Said the Lady, if they dance until their Husbands are sober, they will dance untill they are weary; So they do, replied the Matron.

Why said the Lady, the Husbands are for the most part drunk: And the other answered, and the Ladies are for the most part dancing.

But by your favour, said the Matron, men are not so often nor so constantly drunk as you report them.

Answered the young Lady, you shall be Judge if I slander them; for they drink drunk at dinner, and before they are throughly sober, they go to supper; and they drink so as they go drunk to bed, and in the morning they will have their refreshing draughts: But, said she, I perceive you think none are drunk but those that drink in a Tavern; but they, let me tell you, are sober men to home Drunkards; and Taverns are quiet orderly Houses, to great, noble, and rich Mens Houses; for Palaces are oft-times but hospitable Taverns, Inns, and Baudy Houses, onely their Guests pay nothing for their fare: but when they are Gaming Houses, then they pay the Box.⁷¹¹

Fye, Lady, fye, said the Matron, why do you abuse Noble Persons.

I do not abuse them, answered she, they abuse themselves.

We will leave off this discourse, said the Matron, and talk of Husbands.

We have talk'd, said the young Lady, of Husbands already; besides, the Theme is so bad, that the discourse thereon cannot be good.

I am come, said the Matron, to offer you a Husband.

⁷¹¹*Box*] A gambling fee (*OED* n². C3. *box-money*).

She replied, she was offered Husbands enough, but there were none worth the taking; for, said she, Men in this Age are far worse than Women, and more ridiculous in their behaviours, discourses, dressings, vanities, and idleness; as for their humours, said she, they are either apish, constrained, or rude; if they be apish, they put themselves into a hundred several postures in an hour; and so full of apish actions, as scratching their heads, or some other parts, when they do not itch, or setting their hair, or [110:P3v] goggling⁷¹² their hats, with jogging their heads, the while backwards, as to the noddle⁷¹³ of their heads, and then forwards, as to their brows; or fumbling with their buttons, band-strings, or boot-hose;⁷¹⁴ or pulling their cloaks the one while upon one shoulder, and then on another, and then back again; or else pull their cloak with one hand, and hold it fast with the other; this pulling motion being a mode-motion: but those that are very much in the mode, lap it about their waste all in a crumple like a scarf; or else like malecontents, muffle themselves therein. As for their behaviour, those that are phantastical, their bodies are in a perpetual motion, winding, or turning, or wreathing about, or dancing affectedly, singing fa, fa, la; or whistling like a Carter, or lye careless upon the ground kicking back their heels, or with the end of their feet lye kicking the ground. But when they affect a careless behaviour, as thinking it dignifies them (as all those that have been meanly born or bred, and have had some advancement either by riches, offices, royal favours, or by fortune) then they will sit lolling upon their breech, or lean on their elbows, gaping or stretching themselves, or else

⁷¹²*Goggling*] Moving back and forth (*OED* v¹. II 3).

⁷¹³*Noddle*] 'The back of the head' (*OED* n¹. 1 a).

⁷¹⁴See Richard Brathwaite's *The English Gentleman Containing Sundry Excellent Rules or Exquisite Observations, Tending to Direction of Every Gentleman, of Selecter Ranke and Qualitie; how to Demeane or Accommodate Himselfe in the Manage of Publike or Private Affaires* (London: 1630), *STC* 3563. Brathwaite advises gentleman to avoid these behaviours: 'Others there are, who can never enter into any set or serious Discourse, but they must play with a button, as if they drained their Subject from such trifling action: and These, me thinkes, resemble our Common-Fidlers, who cannot play a stroake, to gaine a world, without motion or wagging of their head, as if they had rare Crochets in their braine: but this mimicke and apish action keeps small concurrence with the Postures of a Gentleman, whose Speech as it should be free, native and generous; so should the action of his bodie admit of no phantasticke imitation' (p. 87); Alexander Garden says a worthy gentleman's 'Carriage is not Carledge, nor austere, / Nor Apishly doth hee his Bodie beare' (*Characters and Essays* (1625), *STC* 11595), p. 26).

laying the ancle of one leg upon the knee of the other, heaving their feet up towards the nostrils of their company, especially when Ladyes are by.⁷¹⁵

Methinks, said the Matron, that is an ill behaviour, to thrust their feet towards a fair Ladyes nose.

They do so, answered she; also they have a restless mode, to stand up one minute, the next sit down, dividing the time of visiting, as neither in going, nor staying, but between both; for they neither quietly stay, nor civilly take their leave; and in Winter, where there is Fire, as soon as they come into a room they straight go to the fire, and there turn their backs to warm their breeches with their hands turned back upon them: but if it be in Summer, then they lean their breech upon the chimney side, or against a wall, standing cross legg'd; or else they stand bowing over a chairs back, or set their stomacks against the edge of a table, and lay the upper part of the body thereon; and sometimes they rest their elbows thereon, and hold up their chins with the palm of their hands, or wrist, and in all these actions their tongues run with nonsense. But the rudest behaviour is to pull out the Ladyes fans, or muffs out of their hands, to fling their cloaks or coats on their beds, couches, or tables, or to lye rudely upon their beds or couches, or to come unawares and kiss their necks, or embrace their waste, and twenty such like tricks, which no Woman of Honour can like, but will be very angry: yet they know not how to be revenged, unless they engage their nearest Friends, as Fathers, Brothers, Uncles, or Husbands in a Quarrel, for they cannot fight with Men themselves, their strength is too weak, although their will is good. And as for Mens discourse, for the most part, it is swearing, bragging, ranting, rallery, railling, or lascivious; and in their dressings and fashions they are more phantastical, various and unconstant than Women are;⁷¹⁶ for [111:P4r] they change their blocks⁷¹⁷ for their hats, although they cannot their block-heads, forty times oftner than Women change the shapes

⁷¹⁵Foyster notes that 'good manners were increasingly concerned with bodily self-control' (p. 36).

⁷¹⁶See *SL*, letter CLXXVIII, pp. 372-375, in which Margaret similarly discusses the inconstancy of men.

⁷¹⁷*Blocks*] Molds for hats (*OED* n. I 4).

of their bags or hoods for their heads; and Mens bands,⁷¹⁸ cuffs, and boot-hose-tops are changed into more several shapes than Womens gorgets,⁷¹⁹ handkerchiefs, or any linnen they wear; and for their doublets, breeches, cloaks, coats, and cassocks, they change their fashions oftner than the winds change their corners, where Women will keep to the fashion of their gowns, petticoats, and wastcoats, two or three years before they alter their shapes. Neither do Men change for convenience, grace, or behaviour, but out of a phantastical vanity. And are not Men more perfumed, curled and powdred than Women? and more various colours, and greater quantities of ribbins ty'd and set upon their hats, cloaths, gloves, boots, shoes, and belts, than Women on their heads and gowns? And have not Men richer and more gayer cloaths than Women have? and where Women make cloaths once, Men make cloaths three times; and Men exclaim against the vanities of Women, when they are a hundred times vainer than Women, and are more unnecessary expensive than Women are, when Women may be allowed by the severest judgements to be a little vain, as being Women, when it ought to be condemned in Men as an effeminacy, and effeminacy in Men is a vice.⁷²⁰ The last is their idleness; for do not Men spend their time far more idly, besides, wickeder than Women? And do not Men run visiting from house to house for no other purpose, but to twattle, spending their time in idle and fruitless discourse? And do not Men meet every day in Taverns and Ordinaries,⁷²¹ to sit and gossip over a cup of wine, when Women are condemned for gossiping once in a quarter of a year, at a Labour, or a Christning, or at the Upsitting⁷²² of a Childbed Woman? And do not Men run and hunt about for news, and then meet to gossip on it with their censuring verdicts? besides, they are so greedy of twattle, that rather than want idle matter to prate of, they will invent news,

⁷¹⁸*Bands*] Collars (*OED* n². I 4).

⁷¹⁹*Gorget*] Garment worn to cover the neck and breast (*OED* n¹. 2).

⁷²⁰Effeminacy was associated with ungoverned appetites. Parents' overindugance of sons exposed them to a number of vices, and male interest in luxury was considered unmanly and unnatural. Men were to avoid effeminate dress because 'it worked against nature and turned them into women' (Alexandra Shepard, *Meanings of Manhood in Early Modern England* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2003), pp. 28-29).

⁷²¹*Ordinaryes*] an inn or public house where meals are served (*OED* n. III 12 c).

⁷²²*Upsitting*] 'a woman's first sitting up to receive company after a confinement' (*OED* n. 1).

and then falsly report it: but such are accounted Wits that can make the most probable lyes, which they call gulling.⁷²³

Also have not Men more foolish quarrels than Women have? and are not Men more apt to take exceptions at each other than Women are? and will not Men dissemble, lye and flatter with each other more than Women do? and will not Men rail and backbite each other more than Women will? and are not Men more spightfull, envious, and malicious at each other than Women? and will not Men imitate each others phantastical garbs, dress, and the like, more than Women? and will not Men ride from place to place to no purpose, more than Women? and do not Men take more delight in idle pastimes, and foolish sports, than Women? and in all this time of their visiting, club, gossiping, news, travelling, news venting, news making, vain spending, mode fashioning, foolish quarrelling, and unprofitable journeying, what advantage do they bring to the Commonwealth, or [112:P4v] honour to their Posterity, or profit to themselves; none but are like Flyes bred out of a dunghill, buzzing idly about, and then dye;⁷²⁴ when Women are like industrious Ants, and prudent Bees, always imployed to the benefit of their families; And unless I can have a Husband that is so wise that he can entertain himself with his own thoughts, to dwell quietly in his own house, governing prudently his own family, also to behave himself civilly, to speak rationally, to accoutre himself manfully, to defend himself and maintain his honour valiantly, to do nobly, to judge charitably, to live honestly, as to temper his appetites, rule his passions, or be industrious thereunto, I will never marry; for it is not onely a Good Husband, but a Wise Man, that makes a Woman happy in Marriage, &c.

⁷²³*gulling*] deceiving the unsuspecting (OED *gull* v.³ 1).

⁷²⁴Cavendish combines the roles of the discreet virgin and the scold. The virgin here offers not chaste silence, but a scolding speech.

Of three Travellers.

THere were three Travellers that inquired of each other about their travels; and after they had recounted their tedious journeys, dangerous passages, and their many inconveniencies, they discoursed of the climates of each Country they had been in, their situations, commodity, trade and traffick, the customes, fashions and humours of the People, the laws and government of their Princes, the peace and wars of neighbour Nations, at last they became to question one another, who had seen the greatest Wonders in their Travels.

Said one, I have seen the greatest wonder, for I have seen a mean man become an Emperour.

Pish, said the second, that is nothing, for I have seen a mean fellow, without merit, a powerful Emperours bosome friend, and chief Ruler; for though the power of Fortune can inthroned Slaves, and unthroned Kings, yet Fortune hath no power over the Souls of Kings; for although Fortune hath power over the Body, she hath none over the Minde.

Why, said the third, that is no more wonder for Nature to put a Subjects Soul, fill'd with mean Thoughts, into an Emperours Body, than for Fortune to set an Emperours Crown on a Slaves Head: but I can tell you, said he, a Wonder indeed; for where I travelled, there was an Emperour the Wisest Man in the World.

That is no wonder, answered the other, for all great Monarchs, as Emperours, ought⁷²⁵ to be the wisest, because they rule all others.

But though they ought to be so, said the other, yet they are not allways so; for were not many of the Roman Emperours called the Foolish Emperours? and when there are so few Wise Men in the World, that there is scarce a Wise Man to be found in an Age, it is a wonder when Wisdome lights in the right line, as in a Royal Line.

⁷²⁵NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten correction blots out the original word and inserts 'ought', p. 113. This change is noted in the list of errata.

No, answered the third, it is no wonder, for the Gods take a particular care to indue a Royal Head with Understanding, and [113:Q1r] a Royal Heart with Justice; for inhereditary Royalty is sacred, since the Gods anoint those Lines to that Dignity.

But those that have not a right by inheritance, the Gods take no care of, nay many times the Gods punish with plagues and other miseries, those People that make a King of their own choosing, and justly, since Royalties are Gods Vicegerents,⁷²⁶ or Deputies on Earth; for as the Gods are chief in Heaven, and rule the Works of Nature as they will, so Royalties are chief on Earth, and rule the rest of Mankinde as they please.⁷²⁷

But, said the other, if they rule not well, they are to give an account.

Yes, answered the other, but not unto those Men they rule, but to the Gods that placed them in their Thrones.⁷²⁸

The Loving Cuckold.

THere was a Gentleman that had married a Wife, beautifull, modest, chaste, and of a milde and sweet disposition; and after he had been married some time, he began to neglect her, and make courtship to other Women; which she perceiving, grew very melancholy; and sitting one day very pensive alone, in comes one of her Husbands acquaintance to see him; but this Lady told him, her Husband was abroad.⁷²⁹

Said he, I have been to visit him many times, and still he is gone abroad.

⁷²⁶*Gods Vicegerents*] God's representatives on Earth. See *OED* *vice* n.⁷ and *gerent* n.

⁷²⁷As Susan James explains, Cavendish 'argues that the form of government best adapted to securing [a country's constitution] varies with circumstances'. However, 'Cavendish takes the superiority of monarchy for granted (*Margaret Cavendish: Political Writings*, p. xxv). See also *SL*, letter LXV, pp. 136-137, and *Orations*, pp. 277-283. For more resources on Cavendish's politics, see Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, n6, p. 219.

⁷²⁸Cavendish's defence of monarchy echoes that of other royalists. Robert Filmer, in *The Necessity of the Absolute power of all Kings: and in Particular, of the King of England*, states, '... the Lawes of a Sovereign Prince although they be grounded upon reason, yet depend upon nothing but his meer & frank good will. But as for the Lawes of God, all Princes and people are unto them subject; neither is it in their power to impugne them, if they wil not be guilty of High Treason against God; under the greatnesse of whom, all *Monarchs* of the world ought to bow their heads in all feare and Reverence' (London: 1648), *Wing* F917, p. 2. See also Roger Maynwaring, *Religion and Alegiance in two Sermons Preached before the Kings Maiestie* (London: 1627), *STC* 17751.5. Like these writers Cavendish advocates for a powerful ruler, but she rejects absolutism and insists 'on the rights and liberties of subjects/citizens' (Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, pp. 106-107). See also *Newcastle's Advice*, pp. 44-49.

⁷²⁹*abroad*] away from home (*OED* *adv.* 3).

Said she, my Husband finds better Company abroad than he hath at home, or at least thinks so, which makes him go so often forth.

So he, discoursing with the Lady, told her, he thought she was of a very melancholy disposition.

She said, she was not naturally so, but what her misfortunes caused.

Said he, can Fortune be cruel to a Beautifull Lady?

'Tis a sign, said she, I am not Beautifull, to match me to an unkinde Husband.

Said he, to my thinking it is as impossible for your Husband to be unkinde, as Fortune to be cruel.

Said she, you shall be Judge whether he be not so; for first, said she, I have been an obedient Wife, observed his humours, and obeyed his will in every thing; next, I have been a thrifty, cleanly, patient and chaste Wife; thirdly, I brought him a great Portion; and lastly, my Neighbours say I am handsome, and yet my Husband doth neglect me, and despise me, making courtships to other Women, and sometimes, to vex me the more, before my face.

Said he, your Husband is not worthy of you; therefore if I may advise you, I would cast aside the affection I had placed upon him, and bestow it upon a Person that will worship [114:Q1v] you with an Idolatrous Zeal; and if you please to bestow it on me, I will offer my Heart on the Altar of your Favours, and sacrifice my Services thereon; and my Love shall be as the Vestal Fire that never goeth out, but perpetually burn with a Religious Flame.

Thus speaking and pleading, made courtship to her, but she at first did not receive it; but he having opportunity by reason her Husband was much from home, and using importunity, at last corrupted her, and she making a friendship with this Gentleman, began to neglect her Husband as much as he had done her; which he perceiving, began to pull in the bridle of his loose carriage: but when he perceived his Acquaintance was her courtly

Admirer, he began to wooe her anew to gain her from him; but it would not be; for she became from a meek, modest, obedient, and thrifty Wife, to be a ranting, flanting,⁷³⁰ bold, imperious Wife.

But her Husband grew so fond of her, that he sought all the wayes he could to please her, and was the observants Creature to her that might be, striving to please her in all things or wayes he could devise; insomuch as observing she was never pleased but when she had Gallants to court her, he would invite Gentlemen to his House, and make Entertainments for them; and those she seemed most to favour, he would make dear Friendships with; and would often be absent, to give them opportunities to be with his Wife alone, hoping to get a favourable look, or a kiss for his good services, which she would craftily give him to encourage him.

But the other Gentleman that made the first addresses to her, being a married Man, his Wife hearing her Husband was so great a Lover of that Lady, and that that Ladyes Husband was reformed from his incontinent life, and was become a doting fond Wittal,⁷³¹ loving and admiring her for being courted and made love to, esteeming that most that others seemed to like well of; she began to imitate her; which her Husband perceiving, gave her warning not to do so, but she would take no warning, but entertained those that would address themselves; whereupon her Husband threatned her: but at last she was so delighted with variety, that she regarded not his threats; whereupon he used her cruelly, but nothing would reclaim her, onely she would make more secret meetings, wherewith she was better pleased; for secret meetings, as I have heard, give an edge to Adultery; for it is the nature of Mankinde to be most delighted with that which is most unlawfull. But her Husband finding no reformation could be made, he parted with her, for he thought it a greater dishonour to be a Wittal than a Cuckold, although he was very much troubled to

⁷³⁰*flanting*] flaunting (*OED flaut v*).

⁷³¹*Wittal*] a man who is aware of and tolerates his wife's infidelity (*OED n. 1 a*).

be either; for though he was willing to make a Cuckold, yet he was not willing to be one himself. Thus you may see the different natures of Men. [115:Q2r]

The Converts in Marriage.

THere were four young Gentlewomen whose Fathers were near Neighbours each to other, whereupon there grew an acquaintance, and so a society.

The first was reserved and coy.

The second was bold and ranting.

The third was merry and gay.

The fourth was peevish and spitefull.

She that was reserved and coy, was generous and ambitious.

She that was bold and ranting, was covetous and wanton.

She that was merry and gay, was vain and phantastical.⁷³²

She that was peevish and spitefull, was cross and unconstant.

It chanced the four Fathers were offered four Husbands for their four Daughters all at one time, who by reason they had good estates, they caused their Daughters to marry.

The Husband that was to marry the first Lady, was covetous, miserable, and timerous, as all miserable covetous persons for the most part are fearfull; but being very rich, the Father to this Lady forced her to marry him.

And he that was to marry the second Lady, was temperate, prudent, and chaste.

And he that was to marry the third Lady, was melancholy, solitary, and studious.

And he that was to marry the fourth Lady, was choleric and impatient.

And after they had been married some time, the covetous and timerous man became hospitable, bountifull, valiant, and aspiring, doing high and noble deeds.

And she that was bold and wanton, became chaste, sober, and obedient.

⁷³²*phantastical*] given to showy or extravagant dress (*OED fantastical* adj. 6 a).

And he that was melancholy, became sociable, conversible, and pleasant, and she thrifty and staid.

But he that was cholerick and impatient, who married her that was peevish and spightfull, did live like Dogs and Cats, spit, scrawl,⁷³³ scratch and bite, insomuch as they were forced to part; for being both faulty, they could not live happily, because they could never agree; for errours and faults multiply, being joyned together, &c.

Ages Folly.

THere was a Man and his Wife that had been married many years together, and had agreed and lived happily, loving each other wondrous well: but at last, after they were stricken in years, the Husband was catch'd with a crafty young Wench, like a Woodcock in a Nooze, or [116:Q2v] Net,⁷³⁴ wherein he was intangled in Loves fetters; and though he flutred and flutred to get loose, yet she kept him fast, not that she loved Age, but Wealth, for Amorous Age is prodigal,⁷³⁵ and yet more self-conceited than those that are young, or in their prime of years, but easily caught, which is strange; for most commonly those that are self-conceited, are proud, disdainfull, despising, thinking few or none worthy of their love: but Amorous Age, although they are self conceited, take a pride, as bragging that they can have a Love as well as those that are Young; which makes each smile, and every amorous glance from youthfull eyes, a snare, or rather baits, which Age doth nibble on.

But his Wife observing her Husband to prank⁷³⁶ and prune, to jet and set⁷³⁷ himself in several postures, to be extravagant in his actions, phantastical in his dress, loose in his discourse, wondred to see him on a sudden transformed from a sober, grave, staid, wise Man, to a Jackanapes.⁷³⁸ At last concluded with her self, for certain he was mad; with which opinion she became wondrous melancholy. But by chance finding him making amorous addresses to a young Woman, she then perceived the cause was Love,

⁷³³*scrawl*] to scramble and shuffle (OED v.1 2).

⁷³⁴The woodcock, an easily snared bird, was emblematic of the gullible or foolish person. In Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio 'is the woodcock near the gin' (II.v.83); Hamlet's vows are 'springes to catch woodcocks' (*Hamlet*, I.iii.115); and Parolles is the muffled woodcock (*All's Well That Ends Well*, IV.i.89-91). Anti-marriage poems often characterized marriage as a 'snare' or 'trap'. See Ezell, *Patriarch's Wife*, p. 107.

⁷³⁵*prodigal*] wasteful, reckless, and wayward (OED adj. 2).

⁷³⁶*prank*] dress ostentatiously (OED v.4 1 a).

⁷³⁷*jet and set*] assume a pompous carriage (OED v.1 I 1 a).

⁷³⁸*Jackanapes*] A man who assumes ridiculous airs (OED n. 2 c). Cavendish may be suggesting that he literally transformed into a monkey.

and nothing but Love, I mean, Amorous Love, and powerfull Amorous Love,⁷³⁹ that blindfolds long and wise experience with a foul, false appetite, making not onely young, but old Men fools.

But his Wife, like a discreet Woman, moderated her passion for a while, hoping it was but a sudden flash, or faint blast, that would soon dye: But when she perceived his Amorous Humour not to quench, but rather to burn, though smotheredly,⁷⁴⁰ and no perswasions could reform him, but rather make him worse, as Cordials in hot Feavers, she parted from him, after that they had been, and as she thought, happily married many years; and so resigned that part of the command and government of his Family that was left, for the Maid had inroach'd by her Masters favour, and had ingross'd⁷⁴¹ the chiefest power of rule in the Houshold affairs, as well as in the hearts affections.

Thus his Wife left him,⁷⁴² and his dotage; but Death in a short time did come and revenge her Quarrel; and that Tinder-fire *Cupid* had made, Death put out.

By this wee see, there is no certainty of constancy,⁷⁴³ nor no cure in time, nor no settlement in life, &c.

The three Wooers.

THere were three Knights went a wooing.

A Covetous Knight.

An Amorous Knight.

And a Judicious Knight.⁷⁴⁴

⁷³⁹In *SL*, letter LXXVII, Margaret describes amorous love as love 'between Appetite or Desire and Fruition of Different Sexes of Men and Women' (p. 161). She speaks derogatorily of amorous love throughout *SL*, equating it to love of sex or sexual love. She viewed it as particularly antithetical to constancy in marriage.

⁷⁴⁰*smotheredly*] derivative of *smothered*: concealed (*OED* adj. 2 a).

⁷⁴¹*ingross'd*] unfairly gained possession (*OED* *ingross* v. 4 b).

⁷⁴²Cavendish may have imagined a situation in which divorce as we know it was allowed. However, as Frances Dolan points out, 'England did not make divorce readily available. Spouses could achieve a legal separation from an ecclesiastical court, but this would not enable them to marry again' ('An Ideal and Its Contradictions', *The Taming of the Shrew: Texts and Contexts* (Boston: Bedford Books, 1996), p. 165).

⁷⁴³'A Homily of the State of Matrimony' presents marriage 'as a perilous adventure with high stakes [. . . and] the threats to marriage come from both inside and outside the household' (Dolan, 'An Ideal', p. 171).

⁷⁴⁴During the seventeenth century, character writing in England emerged as a genre, with such notable authors as Joseph Hall, Thomas Overbury, and Ben Jonson engaging in the practice. Cavendish, too, seems to have been interested in this genre, whose origins, as John David Pizer asserts, 'can be traced back to Aristotle's prize student, Theophrastus. Theophrastus sought in his *Characters* to explore the broad range of human foibles by compiling, defining, and illustrating them through a description of bad behavior on the part of individuals whose acts provide paradigmatic instances of the comprehensive catalogue of human errancy' ('From Jean de La Bruyère to John Aubrey and Beyond: The Development of Elias Canetti's Character Sketches', *Comparative Literature Studies*, 44.1 (2007), pp. 166-182.). The knights here function as embodiments of their named vice or virtue. Cavendish's use of a satirical tone in her description of the

The Covetous Knight sought a rich Wife, not caring for her birth, breeding, or beauty. [117:Q3r]

The Amorous sought for a beautifull Wife, not caring for her wealth or birth.

The Judicious sought for a Wife virtuous, well bred, and honourably born, not caring for the wealth or beauty.

And having all three good estates, every Man that had Daughters invited and feasted them.

So they went to visit all Noble, Hospitable House-keepers, as Gentlemen, Honourable Persons, that live in the Country.

Where the Amorous Knight made love to all those Ladyes and Gentlewomen that were handsome; but as soon as he was to treat with their Parents or friends about marriage, or to appoint a Wedding-day, he would finde some excuse or other to break off.

The Covetous Knight would be so far from wooing, that he would not speak to any of the young Ladyes, nor often look on them, for fear they should claim marriage: but he still would treat with their Parents or Friends, to know what Portions they had, or what Estates were likely to befall them by the death of their Friends.

The Judicious Knight would neither wooe the Ladyes, nor treat⁷⁴⁵ with their Parents or Friends, but discoursed with them civilly, observing strictly of what capacities, wits and behaviours the Women were of; also imploying Agents secretly to inquire of their Servants, Neighbours, and Acquaintance, of what natures, dispositions and humours they

covetous and amorous knights suggests she too viewed the character sketch as a medium conducive to the correction of errant behaviour. See also Joseph Hall, *Characters of Vertues and Vices in Two Books* (London: 1608), STC 724:13; Joseph Healey, *Epictetus Manuall. Cebes Table. Theophrastus Characters* (London: 1636), STC 10427; Thomas Overbury, *His Wife, With New Elegies Upon His (Now Knowne) Untimely Death* (London: 1616), STC 18909; Ben Jonson, *The Comicall Satyre of Enevry Man out of his Humor* (London: 1600), STC 14767; Anna Janney DeArmond, 'Some Aspects of Character-Writing in the Period of the Restoration', *Delaware Notes*, 16th Series (1943), pp. 55-89; Edward Chauncey Baldwin, 'The Relation of the English "Character" to Its Greek Prototype', *PMLA*, 18.3 (1903), pp. 412-423; Henry Morley, ed., *Character Writings of the Seventeenth Century* (London: 1891).

⁷⁴⁵Treat] Negotiate terms (OED v. 1 a).

were of, not trusting to their sober outsides, and formalities they used to Strangers. And after they had visited all Noble Entertainers, they went to the City.

For, said the Covetous Knight, I will not choose a Wife in these Families; for these Daughters, Sisters, and Nieces, are too prodigally bred to make thrifty Wives. So they went to visit the City.

But the Amorous Knight said, he would not choose a Wife out of the City; for, said he, I shall never love my Wife but on Holydayes or Sundayes, for they then appear indifferent handsome when they have their best cloaths; but on working dayes they smell of the Shop, and appear like their Fathers faded, mouldy, withered Wares. Besides, said he, they discoursing to none but their Journey-men, and 'Prentice boyes, cannot tell how to entertain a Gentleman, or a Lover, with Romancical Speeches, or pieces or parts of Plays, or copies of Verses, or the like.

Said the Covetous Knight, you condemn that I shall commend, and dislike that which I shall like, and love that which I shall hate, for I hate whining love; and I shall be unwilling to marry a Woman, although she should bring me a great Portion, that would be reading in Romancy-books, and the like, and be entertaining with repeating Verses, singing Love-sonnets, and the like, when she should be looking to my Servants, ordering my Family, and giving directions therein. Or such a one that would be half the day dress'd so fine she cannot stir about her house, or will not for fear of dirtying or crumpling her cloaths, besides the in- [118:Q3v] finite expence their Bravery⁷⁴⁶ will put me to. But when they dress fine but on Sundayes and Holydayes, I mean onely at such good times as Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide,⁷⁴⁷ or so, a Silk Gown will last some seven years. And he is a good Husband that will or can love his Wife sometimes, as on Holydayes, although I

⁷⁴⁶Bravery] fine clothes (*OED* n. 3 b).

⁷⁴⁷Whitsuntide] Whitsunday is the 'seventh Sunday after Easter', and Whitsuntide is the season during which Christians celebrate the descent of the holy spirit on the disciples (also Pentecost) (*OED* n. 1 a.).

shall love my Wife best those dayes she is most in her houswifry, which is in her Sluttery,⁷⁴⁸ and not on Holydayes, when she is in her Bravery. But he that loves his Wife every day, as at all times, is luxurious, and ought to be banished a Commonwealth; for fond Husbands make proud, vain, idle, and expensive Wives, who spoyle Servants, kill industry, and all good houswifry, which is the ruine to Noble and Antient Families.

But after they had traversed the City, they went to the Court.

And when the Covetous Man saw the bravery of the Court, he would by any means be gone from thence; the other two asked him the reason; he said he was afraid that they would cheat him, or bring some false witness to accuse him of Treason, so get his estate, or at least to bring him into some Court to get a Fine; for, said he, I verily believe they have no Money, having no Lands but what they get by such shifting, sharking, flattery, bribing, betraying, accusing wayes; and, said he, poor Courtiers are like starved Prisoners, devour all they can get, and sometimes they devour one another. But the Amorous Knight was so ravished with the glistering shews, and was more inamoured with the gay cloaths than with the fair Ladyes, and did long to embrace their Silver lace, which made him use all his Rhetorick to the Covetous Knight to stay.

As for the Judicious Knight, he was neither moved with fear, as the Covetous Knight, nor struck with admiration, as the Amorous Knight; said little, but observed much, and was willing to go, or stay, as either could agree.

But when the Covetous Knight heard them to talk of nothing but Fashions, Gowns, Gorgets,⁷⁴⁹ Fans, Feathers, and Love-servants, he fell into a cold sweat, for fear he should be forced by the King and Queen to marry one of those Maids of Honour. And when he heard them talk of Love, Justice, and justifying loving Friendships, he was forced to go out of the room, or otherwise he should have sounded with an Appoplexy, or

⁷⁴⁸*Sluttery*] dirtiness, untidiness (*OED* n. 1 a).

⁷⁴⁹*Gorget(s)*] articles of clothing that cover the neck and breasts (*OED* n¹. 2).

Lethargy, or the like Disease, for he did imagine himself married to one of them, and all his estate spent, and he only left with a pair of Horns, or like a Horned Beast,⁷⁵⁰ in the wild Forest of Poverty.

But these sorts of discourse did enslave the Amorous Knight, binding him in Loves Fetters, insomuch as he became a Servant to them all: but then finding it was impossible to please them all, he only applied, and at last yielded himself to one, where after a short time they were married.

The Covetous Knight being afraid of being forced to marry a Courtier, took a Wife out of the City.

The Judicious Knight, seeing his wooing Travellers married, thought it would shew an unconstant humour not to marry, since [119:Q4r] he travelled about with them to get a Wife, or else it would seem as if he thought no Woman virtuous, or at least discreet. So he went to a Noble Gentleman, who had a fair well-bred virtuous Lady to his Daughter, although but a small Portion; and having the Fathers consent, and the Ladies affection, at least good will, married.

And when these three Knights were married, each carried his Wife to his dwelling house.

Where the Covetous Knight did spare from his back and belly,⁷⁵¹ rise early, and go to Bed late; yet his Wife and Servants did agree, at least wink at each other, to cosen⁷⁵² him, let him do what he could to spare, they out-witted him with craft to get.

The Amorous Knight, when he had lived at home a little while to himself, and his Wives gay cloaths were faded, and she appeared in her natural complexion, and become like her Neighbours, he courted others, and despised his Wife: then she strives to spruce

⁷⁵⁰*Horned Beast*] a reference to being cuckolded. The cuckold traditionally wore horns.

⁷⁵¹*spare*] to practise frugality (*OED v*^l. II 5 a.); *belly*] 'the body in its capacity for food: opposed to *back*, as the recipient of clothing' (*OED n*. 5 b.). The knight goes without clothing and food to hoard money.

⁷⁵²*cosen*] deceive (*OED v*. 2 a.).

up, to get others to court her; these courtships cause expenses, in dancing, and meetings, and revelling, and feasting.

The Judicious Knight and his Lady lived happily, loved dearly, governed orderly, thrived moderately, and became very rich, when the other two were Bankrupts; the one being cosen'd by his Wife and Servants, he not allowing them sufficiently; the other being impoverished with Mistrisses and Vanities.

Ambition preferr'd before Love.

THere was a Noble Gallant Man made love to a virtuous fair Lady, and after he had express d⁷⁵³ his affection, and desired a return, and so agree to marry, she told him, if she would marry, and had her liberty to choose a Husband through all the World, it should be him; for, said she, the fame of your Worth, and praise of your Merits, hath planted a Root of Affection in my Infant Years, which hath grown up with my time: but, said she, there was another Root also planted therein by encouragement, which is Ambition, which Ambition, sayes she, hath out grown that; so that the Tree of Love is like an Oak to a Cedar, for though it may be more lasting, yet it will never be so high. On this high Tree of Ambition, said she, my Life is industrious to climbe to Fames high Tower, for the top reaches thereto; which if I marry, I shall never do.⁷⁵⁴

Why, said her Lover, Marriage can be no hindrance.

O yes, said the Lady, Husbands will never suffer them to climbe, but keep them fast lock'd in their arms, or tye them to houshold imployments, or through a foolish obstinacy bar up their Liberty: but did they not onely give them Liberty, but assist them all

⁷⁵³Express'd' or 'expressed'. The apostrophe or 'e' is missing.

⁷⁵⁴Cavendish typically views ambition as a vice, especially when it pertains to advancing oneself politically. However, in the context of honour, she views ambition as a virtue. See *JL*, letter LXXXII, in which the author states, 'I should Weep my self into Water, if I could have no other Fame than Rich Coaches, Lackies, and what State and Ceremony could produce, for my Ambition flies higher, as to Worth and Merit, not State and Vanity; I would be Known to the World by my Wit, not by my Folly, and I would have my Actions so Wise and Just, as I might neither be Asham'd nor Afrai'd to Hear of my self' (p. 167); and letter CLXVII: 'I am Ambitious, yet it is not for such Trifles as Worldly Wealth, Gay Shews, and Empty Titles, but for Inward Worth, Just Actions, and Outward Fame' (p. 348). See also *PF*, 'On Ambition', pp. 93-94.

they could, yet the unavoydable troubles of Marriage would be like great storms, which would shake them off, or throw them down, before they had climbed half the way; wherefore, [120:Q4v] said she, I will never marry, unless you can assure me that Marriage shall not hinder my climbing, nor cause me to fall therefrom.

Said her Lover, I will give you all the assurance I can; but, said he, you cannot be ignorant, but know, that Fortune, Fates, and Destiny, have power in the wayes to Fame, as much as in the wayes to Death; and Fates, said he, do spin the Thread of Fame as unevenly as they do Threads of Life.

Yes, said she, but there is a Destiny belongs to Industry, and Prudence is a good Decree in Nature; wherefore, said she, I will be so prudent, as not to marry; and so industrious, that all the actions of my life, and studious contemplations, shall be busily employed to my Ambitious Designs; for I will omit nothing towards the life of my Memory.⁷⁵⁵

The Matrimonial Agreement.

A handsome young Man fell in love with a fair young Lady, insomuch that if he had her not, he was resolved to dye, for live without her he could not: so wooing her long, at last, although she had no great nor good opinion of married life,⁷⁵⁶ being afraid to enter into so strict bonds, observing the discords therein that trouble a quiet life, being raised by a disagreement of humours, and jealousy of Rivals: but considering withall, that Marriage gave a respect to Women, although Beauty were gone; and seeing the Man personable, and knowing him to have a good Fortune, which would help to counterpoyze the inconveniencies and troubles that go along with Marriage, she was resolved to consent

⁷⁵⁵Cavendish, like the character in this story, desired fame, but, as Jean Gagen asserts, Margaret's desire was 'in accordance with the ideals of Renaissance humanism', which integrated fame with honour. Margaret's goal 'was to live forever in the grateful memory of mankind' ('Honour and Fame in the Works of the Duchess of Newcastle', *Studies in Philology*, 56.3 (July, 1959), pp. 520 and 523).

⁷⁵⁶For a discussion of the anti-marriage sentiment in literature, see Margaret Ezell, *The Patriarch's Wife* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1987), pp. 106-108.

to his request. The Gentleman coming as he was used to do, and perswading her to choose him for her Husband; she told him she would, but that she found her self of that humour that she could not endure a Rival in Wedlock; and the fear of having one, would cause Jealousie, which would make her very unhappy; and the more, because she must be bound to live with her Enemy, for so she should account of her Husband when he had broken his faith and promise to her.

He smiling, told her, she need not fear; and that Death was not more certain to Man, than he would be constant to her, sealing it with many oaths and solemn protestations; nay, said he, when I am false, I wish you may be so, which is the worst of ills. She told him, words would not serve her turn, but that he should be bound in Bond, that not onely whensoever she could give a proof, but when she had cause of suspicion, she might depart from him, with such an allowance out of his estate as she thought fit to maintain her.⁷⁵⁷

He told her, he was so confident, and knew himself so well, that he would unmaster himself of all his estate, and make her onely Mistris. [121:R1r]

She answered, a part should serve her turn; so the agreement was made and sealed, they married, and lived together as if they had but one soul; for whatsoever the one did or said, the other disliked not; nor had they reason, for their study⁷⁵⁸ was onely to please each other.

After two years, the Wife had a great fit of sickness, which made her pale and wan, and not so full of lively spirits as she was wont to be, but yet as kinde and loving to her Husband as could be; and the Husband at her first sickness, wept, watched, and tormented

⁷⁵⁷Susan Amussen notes that ‘women were particularly likely to worry about property at the time of their marriage because according to English law they ceased to exist as legal individuals when they married’ (*An Ordered Society* (New York: Columbia UP, 1988), p. 72). Wealthy couples routinely negotiated property agreements, with the bride’s father contributing his daughter’s portion in exchange for ‘the [daughter’s] right to support from her husband’s property for the rest of her life’ (Ralph Houlbrooke, *The English Family: 1450-1700* (London: Longman, 1984), p. 83).

⁷⁵⁸*Study*] Desire, inclination (*OED* n. 1).

himself beyond all measure: but the continuance made him so dull and heavy, that he could take no delight in himself, or any thing else.

His occasions calling him abroad, he found himself so refreshed, that his spirits revived again; but returning home, and finding not that mirth in the sick as in the healthy, it grew wearysome to him, insomuch that he allwayes would have occasions to be abroad, and thought home his onely Prison.⁷⁵⁹ His Wife mourning for his absence, complained to him at his return, and said she was not onely unhappy for her sickness, but miserable, in that his occasions were more urgent to call him from her when she had most need of his company to comfort her in the loss of the absence of⁷⁶⁰ her health, than in all the time they had been married before; and therefore pray Husband, said she, what is this misfortunate business that imployes you so much, that makes me see you so seldome? He told her, the worldly affairs of Men, Women did not understand, and therefore it were a folly to recite them. Besides, said he, I am so weary in following them, that I hate to repeat them. She, like a good Wife, submitted to her Husbands affairs, and was content to sit without him.

The Husband returning home one day from jolly Company, whose discourse was merry and wanton, he met with his Wifes Maid at the door, and ask'd her how her Mistris did; she said, not very well; thou lookest well, said he, and chucks her under the chin; she, proud of her Masters kindness, smerks and smiles upon him, insomuch that the next time he met her, he kiss'd her.⁷⁶¹ Now she begins to despise her Mistris, and onely admires her

⁷⁵⁹In a letter of advice to her sister, Ann, Cavendish writes, men are 'alwayes Wandering Abroad to Divert their Home-Disquiets, not that they need to go out of Doors to Seek Vice, for Vice Dwells in most Houses or Families, but that by going into many Houses or Families, they may take Infection from every one, for Vice many times is Multiplied by Acquaintance' (*SL*, letter CCI, p. 425).

⁷⁶⁰The absence of² may have been a misprint or a phrase that was meant to be deleted. In *NP* 1671, *Wing* N856), this clause reads 'when she had most need of his company to comfort her in the loss of her Health' (p. 203).

⁷⁶¹William Cavendish wrote a number of coarse verses whose subjects were the household maids. In one such verse, written to the maid in charge of the starching, he writes, 'Your'e nimble in your Trade, att anye Hande, / You love to starch, to make Itt stiff to Stand' (cited in Worsley, p. 193). See also 'Autobiography, Parody, and the *Sociable Letters* of Margaret Cavendish', *A Princely Brave Woman*, ed. by Stephen Clucas, pp. 69–83, in which James Fitzmaurice addresses Margaret's concern about William's reputation as 'a great lover and admirer of the Female Sex' (p. 71; *Life*, p. 149). Margaret seems to have overlooked William's flaws. Using the initials M. L. (Margaret Lucas), possibly to identify herself, she says her 'Love makes her

self, and is allwayes the first person or servant that opens her Master the door; and through the diligence of the Maid, the Masters great affairs abroad were ended, and his onely imployment and busy care is now at home; that whensoever he was abroad, he was in such haste that he could scarce salute any body by the way; and when his Friends spake to him, his head was so full of thoughts, that he would answer quite from the question, insomuch that he was thought one of the best and carefulest Husbands in the World.

In the mean time his Wife grew well, and his Maid grew pert and bold toward her Mistris; and the Mistris wondred at it; began to observe more strictly what made her so; for perceiving the Wench came oftner than accustomed where her Husband and she were; also she found her Husband had allwayes some ex- [122:R1v] cuse to turn his head and eyes to that place where she was; and whensoever the Wench came where they were, he would alter his discourse, talking extravagantly.

Whereupon not liking it, examined her Husband whether his affections were as strong to her as ever they were; He answered, he was the perfectest good Husband in the World, and so he should be untill he dyed.

It chanc'd he was imployed by the State into another Country; where, at the parting, his Wife and he lamented most sadly, and many tears were shed. But when he was abroad, he being in much Company who took their Liberty, and had many Mistrisses, he then considered with himself, he was a most miserable Man that must be bound onely to one; and begins to consider what promises he made his Wife, and what advantages she had on him in his Estate, which kept him in good order for a time.

Wink at her Husband's Faults, and had rather Die, or Indure Torment, than to Part, or be Divorced from him? (SL, letter CLV, p. 324).

But being persuaded by his Companions to fling off all care, and take his pleasure whil'st he might; for, said they, what do our Wives know what we do? ⁷⁶² Besides, said they, Wives are onely to keep our House, to bring us Children, not to give us Laws. Thus preaching to him, at last he followed their Doctrine, and improved so well, that he became the greatest Libertine of them all; like a Horse that hath broken his reins, when he finds himself loose, skips over Hedges, Ditches, Pales, ⁷⁶³ or whatsoever is in his way: so wildly he runs about untill he hath wearied himself.

But his Wife having some intelligence, as most commonly they want none, or may be out of pure love, comes to see him; he receives her with the greatest joy, and makes so much of her, carrying her to see all the Country and Towns thereabouts, and all the Varieties, Curiosities, and Sights that were to be seen. But when she had been there a month, or such a time, he tells her how dangerous it is to leave his House to Servants who are negligent, and his Estate to be intrusted he knows not to whom, so that there is no way but to return, both for her and his good, especially if they had Children, although, said he, I had rather part with my life than be absent from you; but Necessity hath no Law. So she, good Woman, goeth home to care and spare, whil'st he spends; for in the mean time he follows his humours; and Custome making Confidence, and Confidence Carelesness, begins to be less shy, and more free; insomuch as when he returned home, his Maid, whom he did but eye, and friendly kiss, now he courts in every room; and were it not for his Estate he made over, even before his Wives face; but that made him fawn and flatter, and somewhat for quietness sake.

But his Wife one day being in his Closet, by chance opened a Cabinet, wherein she found a Letter from a Mistris of his; whereat she was much amazed; and being startled at

⁷⁶²According to William Gouge, it was the practice of many men to live separately from their wives, having lodgings in the city while their wives were shut up in country houses. See *Of Domesticall Duties* (London: 1622), *STC* 12119, p. 234.

⁷⁶³*Pales*] Wooden fences (*OED* n.¹ 2 a).

it, at last calling her self to her self again, shewed it to her Husband; he fain would have excused it, but that the plainness of truth would [123:R2r] not give him leave; whereupon he craved pardon, promising amendment, and swearing he never would do so again; no, said she, I never will trust a broken Wheel; do you know what is in my power, said she? yes, said he, a great part of my Estate. O how I adore Dame Nature, said she, that gave me those two Eyes, Prudence to foresee, and Providence to provide; but I have not onely your Estate, but your Honour and Fame in my power; so that if I please, all that see you shall hiss at you, and condemn whatsoever you do.

For if you had the Beauty of *Paris*, they would say you were but a fair Cuckold. If you had the Courage of *Hector*, they would say you were but a desperate Cuckold.

Had you the Wisdome of *Ulysses*, or *Salomon*, they would laugh, and say, there goes he that is not yet so wise as to keep his Wife honest. If you had the Tongue of *Tully*,⁷⁶⁴ and made as Eloquent Orations, they would say, there is the prating Cuckold.

If you were as fine a Poet as *Virgil*, or as sweet as *Ovid*, yet they would laugh, and scorn, and say, he makes Verses whilst his Wife makes him a Cuckold.⁷⁶⁵

Now Jealousie and Rage are her two Bawds to corrupt her Chastity; the one perswading her to be revenged, to shew her Husband she could take delight, and have Lovers as well as he.⁷⁶⁶ This makes her curl, paint, prune, dress, make Feasts, Plays, Balls, Masques, and the like, have merry Meetings abroad; whereupon she began to finde as much pleasure as her Husband, in Variety; and now begins to flatter him, and to dissemble with him, that she may play the Whore more privately, finding a delight in obscurity, thinking

⁷⁶⁴Marcus Tullius Cicero, designated 'Tully' by the English.

⁷⁶⁵In her discussion of cuckoldry, Elizabeth A. Foyster says 'there was a clear link between a husband's actions and sexual ability, and his wife's behaviour. A woman was not seen to be an adulteress without some fault of her husband. . . If a wife did offend, a husband was told to examine his own life (*Manhood in Early Modern England: Honour, Sex and Marriage* (London: Longman, 1999), p. 67. See also Shepard, pp. 152-185. The wife's wantonness in the story is a fitting punishment for the husband in this story. He loses his reputation as a man who can satisfy his wife sexually and govern his household well.

⁷⁶⁶For an exploration of the double standard in England, see Keith Thomas, 'The Double Standard', *Journal of the History of Ideas*, 20.2 (April, 1959), pp. 195-216.

that most sweet which is stolne; so they play like Children at bo-peep in Adultery; and face it out⁷⁶⁷ with fair looks, and smooth it over with sweet words, and live with false hearts, and dye with large Consciences.⁷⁶⁸ But these repenting when they dyed, made a fair end, &c.⁷⁶⁹

Of two Ladyes different Humours.

THere were two young Ladyes bred together; the one proved a Stoick, living a retired life; the other proved a Gossip, her head being full of vain designs, her tongue full of idle discourses, her body busily, restless, running from place to place, spending her life in fruitless visits, and expensive entertainments, gleaning up all the news of the Town; and when she had gathered up a bundle, or sheaf of this unprofitable grain, her custome was to come and thrash it out, with the flail of her tongue, at the doors of the other Ladyes ears; which she, although with great inconvenience, suffered, by reason of their long acquaintance, which many times breeds a kinde of friendship, although between different humours, [124:R2v] natures, and dispositions; for custome of acquaintance begets some small affections even in the most obdurate hearts.

But this Stoical Lady did comply so much with her Friends humour, as to give her the hearing, although she would often advise and perswade her to that course of life she lived; which course of life the other Lady would often dislike, and speak against, saying, that Solitariness was a Grave that buryed the Life; and that a Contemplatory Minde was a Tombe, wherein lay nothing but insipit⁷⁷⁰ thoughts.

The other Lady said, that Solitariness was a Paradice of true Happiness,⁷⁷¹ and that Contemplation was a Heaven of Fruition; for in Imagination, said she, we enjoy all things

⁷⁶⁷*face it out*] carry through with impudence (*OED face*, v. P1 d).

⁷⁶⁸*large Consciences*] 'not strict or rigorous' (*OED large*, adj. A III 10).

⁷⁶⁹Also see *SL*, letter CXCV, p. 403, in which Cavendish compares the indulgent behaviour carnival-goers exhibit at Shrovetide to the behaviour of those who sin before confession.

⁷⁷⁰*NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Insipid', p. 209.

⁷⁷¹Cf. *SL*, letters LXXXII (pp. 167-168) and CCX (pp. 449-452).

with ease, and as we will, where in Action we finde great disturbance and opposition, cross'd in every thing, and enjoy nothing. At last, the Lady Gossip marryed, whereat the Stoick Lady rejoyced, imagining her Friend would become grave, and staid, and that her thoughts would be more composed and settled to a retired life, being marryed, than when she was a Maid, by reason marryed Wives have more imployment than Maids, as in ordering their Familyes, directing and overseeing their Servants, nursing their Children, and the like.

But after she had been marryed some time, she came with her Eyes full of Tears, and her Mouth full of Complaints; one while for the debaucheries of her Husband, and other times for carelessness and cosenage of her Servants.

Other times she would come in a choleric humour, with railing speeches, telling her Friend what quarrels she hath had with such a Lady, and such a Neighbour, and what abuses she had received; which the Stoick Lady would endeavour to pacifie, and perswade her to patience as much as she could. But at last the Stoick Lady marryed to a Gallant Heroick Man.

But soon after, a Civil War broke out; where these two Ladies Husbands being for the Emperour, after great Dangers, and many Wounds got in their Royal Masters services, with the loss of their Estates, and banishment of their Persons, were forced to wander into other Nations to live with Strangers upon cold Charity;⁷⁷² where these two Ladies were forced to take up their crosses, and travel with their Husbands; where the Stoick Lady did bear her part patiently.

The other Lady was impatient with her Misfortunes, which made her quarrel with every thing, even with her self; and yet sometimes would take delight with the least hopes

⁷⁷²William and Margaret lived on credit during their years in exile and the narrator here echoes their experience. On the Cavendishes' financial difficulties, see Grant, *Margaret the First*, pp. 88-90, 97, 99, 102, and 109, and Whitaker, pp. 95, 97, 98, 127-128, 130-131, and 229-330.

of a repair, and would lend a credulous ear to every hopefull report, although never so improbable.

But the Stoick Lady, as she bare her Misfortunes patiently, so she lived quietly, making her Necessities a School of Wisdome, where Truth taught, and Judgement corrected, wherein she learned neither to be credulous, nor obstinate; not to believe every report, nor to reject all reports, but settled her self, if good [125:R3r] came, so; if not, she knew how to suffer without repining at that which could not be avoyded nor amended.

But one day the Lady Gossip came to the Stoick Lady with a pleased humour, and merry countenance, and told her, that her Husband had been with the Emperour, and that the Emperour used him very kindly, and had spoke to him very affectionately.

The other Lady said, that Princes would do so to them that had deserved no favour.

Nay, said the Lady Gossip, he told my Husband, that when he had his power, he would reward his service.

O, said the other Lady, Princes forget to reward when they have power, although they never forget to promise rewards when they have no power.

Nay, said the Lady Gossip, the Emperours Favourite said, the Emperour had a great esteem of my Husband; and that he takes an occasion in all his discourse to commend my Husband, and to express his love and kindness to him.

The Stoick Lady said, that was but a petty Favourites policy to keep off envy from himself, and to feed half starved Sufferers; for it is not to your Husband onely, who is a Gallant Man, and deserves much, but to every one, he sayes the like to; even to Grooms, Trumpeters, Cooks, and Skullions,⁷⁷³ making no difference in promises nor commendations. The like in Letters; for one kinde of stile serves for all qualities and degrees; which is as one Deed of Gift to several Friends, which in effect proves nothing;

⁷⁷³*Skullions*] low-ranking domestic servants who completed menial kitchen tasks (*OED scullion* n. a).

and though they think it is not perceived, yet it is as publick as a Proclamation, which begins, *May it be known to all People.*

But, said she, although this kinde of Policy may deceive unpracticed Men, and please young Men, and foolish Women, with vain hopes, causing them to build Castles in the Air: yet they that are wise, and experienced, are not muffled nor blinded therewith, nor build any design thereon, by reason their politick foundation is rotten and weak; and that such poor, smooth, smiling, dissembling policyes will sooner pull down Monarchy than defend it, much less set up one that hath been cast down by Rebellion.

No, said she, Wise Men know, that the best Policy is true and plain dealing.

And, said she, let me forewarn you not to feed upon Court-promises, Smiles, Commendations, and Letters, for they will breed in you Vain Crudities, and fill you with Hypodropsical⁷⁷⁴ Spleen, and Spightfull Vapours, and hot Malicious Humours, which are apt to turn Honest Men Knaves.

Said the Lady Gossip, If I thought my Husbands great losses, and faithfull services, should not be rewarded, I should hate the Favourite for playing the Politician with my Husband; and, for revenge, I will work up a Faction of Women against him, and ifaith, said she, they will not fail to pull him down. [126:R3v]

Indeed, said the Stoick Lady, our Sex is prevalent and prompt in any revengefull Design; and those in Authority might safer displease ten Men than one Woman; for though they can do no good (said she) in State affairs, yet we can do hurt.

Yes, said the Lady Gossip, and so secretly, that Men shall not perceive it.

But, said the Stoick Lady, it is against the nature and temper of our Sex to do so.

No, said the Lady Gossip, we were born to do it; and so went out in choler.

[127:R4r]

⁷⁷⁴*Hypodropsical*] characterised by 'an insatiable thirst or craving' (OED *hydropsical* n. A 2).

*The third Book.**The Drunken Poets.*

There were a Company of Men met at a Well called *Helicon*, which place of Society is the cause many times of good Fellowship, and drinking they take for their pastime. But here at first they drank soberly, discoursing orderly: but at last they began to drink Healths, and so many, that they grew so drunk that they could not stand, and so drowsie that they all fell asleep. But in their sleep, this Drink did work such effects, that when they awaked from being drunk, they became all mad in Poetry, some merry, some melancholy, others envious, some amorous, some divinely poetically mad.

Those that were mad-merry, were Lyrick Poets, who did nothing but sing Sonnets.

The Melancholy were Tragedians.

The Envious were Satyrs,⁷⁷⁵ who describe the World a Hell, and the Men therein Devils.

The Amorous run all into blank Verses, putting them into such numbers as to raise the Voyce to a passionate whining, folding their Arms, fixing their Eyes.

But a grave Moral Philosopher walking that way, seeing a Company together, out of a curiosity went to them; where the first that he saw, was blinde *Homer*, acting of *Paris*; and he hearing one come towards him, imagined straight it was a Woman, because his desire would have it so, and would have him act the part of *Helen*. The Philosopher told him, he was not fit to make a Courtezan. Why, said *Homer*, *Pythagoras*⁷⁷⁶ was one in his

⁷⁷⁵NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Satyrists' (satirists), p. 214.

⁷⁷⁶Pythagoras, mathematician and philosopher (c. 569 BC – c. 475 BC). Connected with the Pythagorean Theorem and transmigration of the soul (Hornblower and Spawforth). Pythagoras was well known for his belief that the soul was immortal and went through several rebirths or reincarnations. Dicaearchus (c. 320 BC), an itinerant Greek philosopher, is said to have satirically suggested 'that Pythagoras was the beautiful prostitute, Alco, in another incarnation' (Carl Huffman, 'Pythagoras', *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* (summer 2014 ed.), ed. by Edward N. Zalta).

Transmigrations.⁷⁷⁷ Whereat the Philosopher was very angry, and left him, and went to see who the rest were.

The next he met, was *Virgil* acting of *Aeneas*; where as soon [128:R4v] as he saw the Philosopher, would needs take him up for his Father *Augenes*.⁷⁷⁸ The Philosopher desired to be excused; for though, said he, I am old enough to be thy Father, yet I love not the few remainder of my dayes so well as to have them be a cause to burthen my Son; nor so uncharitable as he was to his Daughter-in-law, to expose her to danger, and so to be lost, whil'st he rid lazily upon his Sons shoulders.

The third Person he saw, was *Ovid*, transforming Gods, Men, and Beasts, mingling them all together. As soon as he saw the Philosopher, he would needs have him *Europa*, and himself *Jupiter*, and lay tumbling upon the Grass, feigning himself like a Bull, and would have him get upon him, as *Europa* did, and bid him lay hold upon his Horns.⁷⁷⁹ The Philosopher said, he thought them all horn'd-mad, and so left him.

The fourth he met, was *Lucan*, describing the Battles between *Caesar* and *Pompey*; and when he saw the Philosopher, he would have him stand for *Pompey*, whil'st he represented *Caesar*, and so would have had them fought.⁷⁸⁰ But the Philosopher told him, he was a Man of Peace, and not for War; my study, said he, is to conquer unsatiabie Ambition, and not to fight and kill for Power and Authority by Usurpation.

⁷⁷⁷While Cavendish was not formally educated, she was familiar with 'the popular reading matter of her class' and was conversant in ancient literature. On Margaret's education, see Whitaker, pp. 18-21 and 112-113.

⁷⁷⁸NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Anchises' (Aeneas's father), p. 215.

⁷⁷⁹Ovid tells the story of Jupiter's rape of Europa in book two of the *Metamorphosis*. Jupiter, in the form of a white bull, seduces Europa using his beauty and gentleness to beguile her. She, trusting him, 'Ascends the bull, not knowing whom she backt' and allowing him to carry her out to sea. She realizes too late the god's intention (Sandys, book 2, p. 64). Peter Paul Rubens depicts the story in his copy of Titian's painting 'The Rape of Europa' (1629). Cavendish was probably aware of the painting, having lived in Rubens' home in Antwerp during her and William's exile.

⁷⁸⁰Marcus Annaeus Lucanus (39-65 AD). Roman poet whose only extant poem is the *Bellum Civile*, an account of the war between Julius Caesar and Pompey (Hornblower and Spawforth).

The fifth he met, was *Martial*, who was writing Epigrams, and would needs write one of the Philosopher.⁷⁸¹ But he prayed him to forbear; for, said he, my wayes are so dull and sober, that they will not produce such phancies as must go to the making of jesting Epigrams.

The sixth he met, was *Horace*, who was describing in his discourse a Country Life, and would needs have the Philosopher a Country Lass; and would have had him sit down upon a Bank by him, that he might make love to him by repeating of Amorous Poems. But after much struggling, the Philosopher got from him; and growing weary of their Company, left them to their vain Phantasms, and Phantistical Humours.

Loves Cure.

THere was a Man which was Amorous by nature, and of a Courtly Behaviour, made love to a young Lady, who returned him Affection for his kinde Professions: but after a while he forsook her, and made love to another; where he had the good fortune, as oft times Amorous Men have, to be beloved by reason they address their suits to Credulous Women, who are self-conceited and opinionated, who easily believe, and soon perswade themselves, that Mens Praises and Promises, their Vows and Protestations are real; and that their Affections are unalterably fix'd, when they address themselves as Suiters and Servants: but this Gallant left her as he did the other, and made love to a third; for it is the nature of Amorous Persons to love Variety, and seek for change, being soon weary of one and the same. [129:51r]

Whereupon these two forsaken Ladyes became very melancholy; and though they were Enemies whil'st he made love to either, yet now became dear Friends since he made

⁷⁸¹Marcus Valerius Martialis (c. 38- c. 101 AD). Latin poet famous for his series of twelve books of epigrams, which he began publishing in 86 AD (Hornblower and Spawforth).

love to neither. And every day they would visit one another, to condole⁷⁸² and bewail their misfortunate loves.

But the second forsaken Lady having been some time in the Country, and returning thence, went to visit her Friend, with a Face cloathed in a sad Countenance, and veiled with dull Eyes: but seeing her Friend, who had wont to have as mourning a Face as she, to have now a merry Countenance, and a lively Behaviour, and a healthfull Complexion, began to be jealous, thinking her unconstant Lover had renewed his Love-suit to her; for Friendships made by loss, dissolve, when either get what they before did lose, and think they had a right thereto, at least a share therein.

But to be resolved, she asked her the reason she seemed so well disposed to be so pleasant; when that she parted from her last, she seemed to be like one newly raised from the dead, or like a Statue made of Stone, that had no Life nor Motion.

Truly, said she, my Minde is in such peace, that my Thoughts take a harmless freedome to sport and play; besides, it gives my Body leave to nourish Life.

Said the second Lady, would my Minde could finde the same tranquillity.

Said the first, truly if your Minde be troubled still, and finds no rest, I pity you, by what I have felt my self; for when my Minde was troubled, there was a Civil War amongst my Passions, such Factions, Side-takings, and Disputations, with Anger, Spight, Spleen, and Malice, against Love, Hope, and Jealousie, which caused many Tears to be shed, and Groans to be sent forth.

But how came you to be cured? said she.

I tell you, said she; after a long Civil War amongst my Passions, my Body being almost wasted to skin and bone for want of rest and nourishment, for my Passions had devoured Sleep, and banished Appetite, whereupon my Minde began to be infected with

⁷⁸²*Condole*] Lament (*OED* v. I 1).

a feverish distemper; which Reason perceiving came to the rescue, bringing an Army of Arguments, making Understanding and Truth chief Commanders; where, after many Skirmishes, those Passions being often foyled, and put to a rout, they grew weak, and so dispersed several wayes. But after these Wars, a dark Melancholy cover'd my Minde like a Cloud, which eclipsed all the light of Comfort; whereupon it murmured against the Gods Decree, and complained against Natures Works, and cursed Fortunes Instability. At which, poor Virtue, whom Education had put to be my Governess, was very angry, and said, the Gods had been too mercifull, Nature too bountifull, and Fortune too favourable, unless I were more thankfull. Yet she commanded Patience and Charity, who were two of her Handmaids, to stand by me. But as my Minde was musing, in [130:51v] came my grave and sober Companions the Sciences; and seeing me in that posture, began to counsel me, perswading me to follow their studyes; for, said they, there are none compose and settle the Minde more than we.

My Minde bowing to them, gave them thanks for their advice; but as soon as they were gone, in came my Domestick Acquaintance the Arts, who offered me all their Industry and Ingenuity to do me service; but I told them, I was past the cure of any Art, whereupon they very sorrowfully departed.

No sooner were they gone, but in came my Play-fellows, the Muses; who seeing me sit so dejected, began to sport with me; one pulled me out to dance, another would have me sing, another repeated Love-verses, another described Battles and Wars; another, like a Mimmick, imitated several humours; and so every one in their turns. But the Tragedian Muse said, that she liked my humour very well, and said, I was the onely fit Company for her that was: but my Moral Governess chid them away, and said, she would order me better than to suffer such wanton Wenches and idle Houswives to keep me Company, saying, they were able to spoyl and corrupt a whole Nation with their wildness, and impoverish a Kingdome with their laziness; whereupon some went laughing away, but

others went weeping. So after I had been some time chastised by Virtue, the Sciences returned in a Chariot which the Arts had made, being finely carved, neatly cut, and lively painted; also joynd with curious Scrues,⁷⁸³ and subtil⁷⁸⁴ Engins, the Wheels being in a Mathematical Compass; which Chariot was drawn by six new, sound, strong, and well-breath'd Opinions, harnessed with Speculations, shod with Disputations, wherewith they often stumble upon the ridge of Ignorance, or plunging into holes of Nonsense. The Charioteer that drives the Chariot, was Ambition; the Postilion⁷⁸⁵ was Curiosity; the Sciences sitting therein, and Doubts and Hopes running as Lacquais⁷⁸⁶ by; which Lacquais did bear me upon their shoulders, and placed me in the midst of the Chariot, the Sciences round about me. Where I was no sooner set, but Rhetorick presented me with a Posie of sweet Eloquence; and the Mathematiques crown'd me with Truth. But they all in their turns encouraged me, telling me, they would carry me to Fames Palace, and there I should remain.

No sooner had the Charioteer, Ambition, given a lash to make the Opinions run, but the Muses came in a Chariot made by Contemplation, cut out of Imagination, lined with several colour'd Phancies, imbroydered with Rhymes, trowling⁷⁸⁷ upon the Wheels of Numbers, drawn by Distinguishments; whose Trappings were Similizing, plumed with Delight, shod with Pleasure, which makes them run smooth, swift, and easy; the Charioteer was Judgement; and the Postilion, Wit.

But when the Muses who were therein saw I was in the Chariot of the Sciences, they began to quarrel, drawing out their Satyrical Swords.

⁷⁸³NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Screws', p. 221.

⁷⁸⁴*subtil*] skilfully designed; ingenious (*OED* adj. A I 5).

⁷⁸⁵*Postilion*] 'a person who rides the (leading) nearside (left-hand side) horse drawing a coach or carriage' (*OED* n 3).

⁷⁸⁶*Lacquais*] Footmen (*OED* *lackey* n. 1 a).

⁷⁸⁷NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'trowling' is altered to 'rowling', p. 221.

The Sciences, being more grave and temperate, receive their [131:52r] Assaults very civilly, as coming from fair Ladyes. But after some dispute, they did agree to take turns to carry me to Fames Palace. And after I had travelled some time with the Sciences, I was received into the Chariot of the Muses, where I was received with great Joy, and crowned with a Wreath of Flame. And thus I am travelling with very wise and pleasant Company, but as yet I have no sight of the Palace: but howsoever, my Minde is so pleased with the Journey, and so delighted with the Society, and so proud of the Favours and Gifts it receives from them every day, that it despises the Follyes, hates the Falshood of Mankinde, and scorns the proffers of Fortune, not regarding the Vanities of the World.

Would you could bring me into that Society, said the second Lady.

Answered the first, I will do my endeavour.

But after a short time she pleaded so earnestly in her Friends behalf, that she was received into their Company, and also into their Chariots, where each Lady took their turns to ride in each Chariot, whereby the Muses and Sciences were both pleased at one time, having allwayes one of them with each. And when at any time, they rested from travelling, the Sciences and Muses made Pastimes for those two Ladyes, like those of the Olympick Games, the Sciences found out new places to play in; likewise took the Height, the Longitude and Latitude.

Also, by the help of the Arts, they fortified and made them strong, and built thereon; and the Muses invented Masques, made Plays, and the like; for the Sciences, Arts, and Muses, were so proud, and did so glory that they had gotten two of the Effeminate Sex, that they strove with all their Industry to delight them, and to entertain them after the best manner.⁷⁸⁸

⁷⁸⁸Margaret adorns her works with many 'similitudes', a skill even Hobbes admires. In 'Of Man' he says, 'Besides the Discretion of times, places, and persons, necessary to a good Fancy, there is required also an often application of his thoughts to their End; that is to say, to some use to be made of them. This done; he that hath this Vertue, will be easily fitted with similitudes, that will please, not onely by illustration of his discourse, and adorning it with new and apt metaphors; but also, by the rarity of their invention' (Hobbes,

The propagating Souls.

There was a handsome young Lord, and a young beautiful Lady, did love most passionately and entirely, that their Affections could never be dissolved: but their Parents not agreeing, would by no means be perswaded to let them marry, nor so much as converse as Strangers, setting Spyes to watch them.

But when they found they would meet in despite of their Spyes, they inclosed them up from coming at each other; whereat they grew so discontent, and melancholy, that they both dyed, and just at one and the same time, to the great grief and repentance of their Parents, who now wish'd they had not been so cruel.

But when their Bodyes were dead, these Lovers Souls, leaving their Fleshly Mansions, went towards the River of *Syx*, to pass over to the *Elyzium* Fields, where in the way they met each other; at which meeting they were extreamly joyed, but knew [132:S2v] not how to express it, for they had no Lips to kiss, nor Arms to embrace, being Bodyless, and onely Spirits. But the passion of Love being allwayes ingenuous, found out a way, as thus; their Souls, which are their Spirits, did mingle and intermix, as liquid Essences, whereby each others Soul became as one.

But after these gentle, smooth, soft Love-expressions, they began to remember each other of their crosses and interpositions⁷⁸⁹ whilst they lived in their Bodyes: but, at last, considering of the place they were moving to, where the Masculine Soul was unwilling to go; for since he had his Beloved Soul, he cared not to live in the *Elyzium*. Then, speaking in the Souls Language, perswaded his Love not to go thither, for, said he, I desire no other

'Of Man: Being the First Part of Leviathan' (Chap. VIII, p. 33)). Her baroque style, however, lent to her reputation for extravagancy. Hobbes continues in this passage: 'But without Steddinesse, and Direction to some End, a great Fancy is one kind of Madnesse; such as they have, that entering into any discourse, are snatched from their purpose, by every thing that comes in their thought, into so many, and so long digressions, and Parentheses, that they utterly lose themselves' (p. 33). For a discussion of Cavendish's style in the context of the seventeenth-century, see John Stark Ryan, 'Margaret Cavendish and Composition Style', *Rhetoric Review* 17.2 (Spring, 1999), pp. 264-281.

⁷⁸⁹NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Oppositions', p. 224.

Company but yours, nor would I be troubled or disturbed with other Lovers Souls. Besides, I have heard, said he, they that are there do nothing but walk and talk of their past life, which we may desire to forget. Then let us, said he, onely enjoy ourselves by intermixing thus.

She answered, she did approve of his desire, and that her Minde did joyn in all consents. But where, said she, shall be our habitation? He answered, he would build a Mansion in the Air, of Poets Phancies, and Philosophers Imaginations, and make Gardens of Oratory:

*Wherein should Flowers of Rhetorick grow,
By which, Rivers of Divine Faith should flow.
Said she, that place a Paradise would be,
But I no strong Foundation there can see;
For it will shake with every puff of Winde,
No certainty nor surance will you finde.
My Soul, said he, then we will higher fly,
And there another Mansion we will try.*

And after they had argued some time, at last they did agree to dwell in one of the Planets: but before such time as they could arrive to the lowest Planet, these two Noble Souls by Conjunction produced several Flames, which were called Meteors: these being not able to travel so high, lived in the lower Region; and by intermixing together, as their Parents did, produced more of their kinde.

But after those productions of these Souls, they went to the Planets, where they found some of their Climates too cold, others too moyst, others too cold and moyst, others hot, and others hot and moyst, others hot and dry, others cold and dry; with which they did not agree, being not equally temper'd.

But yet on every Planet these Souls being fruitfull, they left many of their issues, called Meteors, which are shining Lights like Stars: but being produced from the mortal

temper of the Souls, are subject to Mortality; for Amorous Thoughts are the bodily Dregs of Mortality, which made these Meteors subject to dye, as other Generations, being the mortal effects of their [133:53r] Immortality; otherwise they would be Stars; for whatsoever is Mortal, may beget their like, or kinde, which other things that are Immortal never do.

But when these two Souls had travelled above the Planets, they became one fix'd Star, as being eternal, and not subject to dye.

But when they were thus, they did produce no more Issues; for what Mortality the Body left,

*Those Souls to Earth and Planets did resign,
Which in a Generation of Meteors shine.*

Phancies Monarchy in the Land of Poetry.

IN the Land of Poetry, Reason was King; a Gallant Prince he was, and of a Heroick Spirit, a Majestical Presence, and of a sober and grave Countenance; he was tall of Stature, and strong of Limbs. His Queen was the Lady Wit, a Lady of a quick Spirit, of a pleasant Conversation, an amiable Countenance, a free Behaviour, and of a sweet Disposition; she was neatly shap'd, fair complexion'd, and finely, but variously, attired.

This King and Queen loved with an extraordinary Affection, and lived very happily and peaceably, for he governed wisely. His Kingdome was large, and fully populated, well manured, and of great Traffick. He made profitable Laws, set strict Rules, and kept good Orders both in the Church and State.

As for the Church, Faith and Zeal were the two Archbishops; which Bishops were sworn to consecrate none but Moral Virtues, to preach Good Life, devesting⁷⁹⁰ all several Sects, Opinions, Superstitious Idolatry, and the like. Neither were they suffered to make

⁷⁹⁰NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'devesting' is altered to 'and leave', p. 227.

Lectures of Learning, because they allways preach Controversies, puzzling Belief with nice⁷⁹¹ Distinctions, vain Phantasms, and empty Words, without sense.

The Cathedral Church was the Conscience; the two Universities were Study and Practice, wherein all the Masculine Youth of the Kingdome were bred.

As for the State, there were Superintendent Officers and Magistrates made of all degrees. The Senses were the five Ports to this Kingdome; the Head and the Heart were the two Magazines.⁷⁹²

There were two Governours made to every Port, to command and rule; Judgement and Understanding allways sit at the Ports called the Ears, to examine all that enter through, having a strict Command from the King to let in no Sound, but Harmony; no Reports, but Truth; no Discourses, but Rational or Witty; and that they should shut the Gates against Flattery, Falshood, Discord, harsh loud Strains, Scraping, Creaking, Squealing Noyses. [134:33v]

And Love and Skill were the two Commanders to the Port, Eyes; who were commanded that they should let none in, but Uniformity, Cimmetry, Beauty, gracefull Motions, pleasing Aspects, light and well mix'd Colours; and to shut the Gates against Deformity or Monstrosity, rude Actions, cruel Actions, glaring Lights, ill mix'd Colours, false Shadows, and Darkness and to set up the light of Dreams when they were shut. Also to let no Tears pass through the Eyes, but those that have a Pass-port from the Governour of the Heart.

At the Port of the Nostrils sate Like and Dislike, who were commanded to let in none but sweet Smels, such as refresh the Brain, as the scent of sweet Flowers, savoury Herbs, Earth new plough'd, new bak'd Bread, also sweet Gums,⁷⁹³ sweet Essences, and the

⁷⁹¹*nice*] foolish, senseless (*OED* adj. A 1 b).

⁷⁹²*Magazines*] Repositories of ideas (*OED* n. I 5).

⁷⁹³*Gums*] secretions from trees and shrubs used as perfume or incense (*OED* n.² 1 a and b).

like: But to shut the Gates of the Nostrils against snuffs⁷⁹⁴ of Candles, stinking Breaths, corrupted Flesh, stale Fish, old Apples, strong Cheese, spilt Drink, foul Gutters, especially the Pump or Sink in a Ship;⁷⁹⁵ also no smells of Suet or Grease, and from many more stinking Scents, which would be too tedious to mention. But in cases of necessity they were to be allowed, or rather commanded to let in some sorts of Stinks, as *Ace fertita*,⁷⁹⁶ and burnt Feathers, to cure the Fits of the Mother.

Then the two Commanders of the Mouth were Truth and Pleasure; one was to govern the Words, the other the Taste.

Pleasure was commanded to let nothing into the Mouth that was either too sharp, too bitter, too salt, or too deliciously sweet.

Truth was commanded to suffer no Lyes, Cursing, Slandering, Railings, Flattering, nor Amorous, Lascivious, nor Factious Discourses.

Likewise, never to let pass an Oath, but to confirm a Truth; no threatenng, nor terrifie or reclaim⁷⁹⁷ the Wicked, or cross natur'd; no Pleading, but for Right; no Commands, but for Good; no Praises, but for Worth.

Also, to let no Sighs nor Groans pass, nor no Professions, except they have a Pass-port from the Heart.

Nor no Promises, but when they have a Pass-port from the King, which is Reason.

The two Commanders of Touch, were Pain and Pleasure; who were commanded to keep out all sharp Colds, burning Heats, Bruises, Pinches, Smartings, Cuttings, Prickings, Nippings, Pressing, Razing;⁷⁹⁸ and to let in none but nourishing Warmth, soft Rubbing, gentle Scratching, refreshing Colds, and the like. And upon pain of Death, or at

⁷⁹⁴*snuff[s]* burnt wicks of a candle; the unpleasant smell emitted from smoking wicks (*OED* n¹. I 1 and II 4).

⁷⁹⁵*Pump or sink of a ship*] the cavity, or well, in a ship's hull where bilgewater (dirty water) collected (*OED* n.¹ II 5).

⁷⁹⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Assfoetida', p. 229. *Asyfoetida*] a garlicky smelling resin which is collected from specific plants found in Asia and used as an antispasmodic (*OED* n. a).

⁷⁹⁷*reclaim*] save or restore to a better way of life (*OED* v. 2). NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) clarifies the sense of this construction, altering it to 'no Threatning, but to terrifie or reclaim the Wicked', p. 229.

⁷⁹⁸*Razing*] scratches or cuts caused by slashing the skin with something sharp (*OED* n. from *razze* v. 4 a).

least high Displeasure, these Rules were to be kept. Yet sometimes Bribery corrupted the Commanders.

The Privy Council was the Breast; the Privy Counsellors were Secrecy, Constancy, Fidelity, Unity, Truth, Justice, Fortitude, Prudence, and Temperance. These Privy Counsellors helped the King to manage the Affairs of the Kingdome.

The Secretaries of State were Intelligence and Dispatch.

The Treasurer was Memory.

The Lord Keeper was Remembrance. [135:54r]

The Mayors of every City were Authority.

The Constables were Care.

The Judges were Communitive and Distributive. Honesty was the Commander of all the Forces of the Actions and Thoughts.

The Heroick Actions are the chief Commanders, as Captains and Colonels, and the like:

The Common Souldiers are the ordinary and necessary Actions, which are employed in offensive and defensive Wars.

The Merchants are the Imaginations, which traffick and trade all⁷⁹⁹ over the World.

The Inventions are the Handicraftsmen, and Labourers.

The Appetites are the Citizens, that are so covetous as to ingross all Commodities, and the Wealth of the Kingdome; and they are the most Luxurious People in the Land.

But, as I said, the King was a Wise Prince, and to divert his Subjects from serious Studies, dull Contemplations, and laborious Dictatings, he had Masques, Plays, Pastrols,⁸⁰⁰ and the like; being attended by his Nobles, the Sciences; and the Gentry of the Kingdome, which were the several Languages.

⁷⁹⁹Only the final 'l' of 'all' is legible. NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) prints the phrase as 'all over the world', p. 231.

⁸⁰⁰*Pastrols*] Pastorals.

The Queen, by the Muses and Graces.

The Marriage of Life and Death.

DEath went a wooing to Life: but his grim and terrible Aspect did so affright Life, that she ran away, and would by no means hearken unto his suit.⁸⁰¹

Then Death sent Age and Weakness, as two Embassadors, to present his Affection: but Life would not give them Audience.

Whereupon Death sent Pain; who had such a perswasive power, or power of perswasion, that made Life yeild to Deaths embracements. And after they were agreed, the Wedding-day was set, and Guests invited.

Life invited the five Senses, and all the Passions and Affections; and Beauty, Pleasure, Youth, Wit, Prosperity; and also Virtue, and the Graces.

But Health, Strength, Cordials, and Charms, refuse to come; which troubled Life much.

But none that Death invited refused to come, as being old Father Time, Weakness, Sickness, also all sorts of Pains, and all sorts of Diseases, and killing Instruments; besides, Sighs, Tears, and Groans, and Numness and Paleness.

But when Life and Death met, Death took Life by the Hand, then Peace married them, and Rest made their Bed of Oblivion, wherein Life lay in the cold Arms of Death. Yet Death got numerous Issues; and ever since, whatsoever is produced from Life, dyes. Where, before this Marriage, there was no such thing as dying, for Death and Life were single, Death being a [136:54v] Batchelor, and Life a Maid. But Life proved not so good a Wife as Death a Husband; for Death is sober, stayed, grave, discreet, patient, dwelling

⁸⁰¹A persistent theme in Cavendish's oeuvre is the conflict between life and death. See especially 'Nature Calls A Councell, Which Was Motion, Figure, Matter, and Life, To Advise About Making The World' (*PF*, pp. 1-4); 'Deaths Endeavour to Hinder, and Obstruct Nature' (*PF*, p. 5); and *SL*, letter XC, pp. 177-179. Lisa Sarasohn states that Cavendish attempts to reconcile this conflict through her materialist philosophy (*Natural Philosophy*, pp. 182-189).

silently and solitary; where Life is wilde, various, unconstant, and runs about, shunning her Husband Deaths company.

But he, as a loving and fond Husband, follows her; and when he embraces her, she grows big, and soon produces young Lives. But all the Off-spring of Death and Life are divided, half dwelling with Life, and half with Death.

But at this Wedding, old Father Time, which looked the youngest, although he was the oldest in the Company, and danced the nimblest and best, making several changes in his Dances; besides, he trod so gently, and moved so smoothly, that none could perceive how he did turn, and winde, and leade about. And being wiser than all the rest with long Experience, he behaved himself so handsomely, insinuated so subtilly, courted so civilly, that he got all the Ladyes Affections; and being dextrous, got Favours from every one of them, and some extraordinary ones; for he devirginated Youth, Beauty, Pleasure, Prosperity, and all the five Senses, but could not corrupt Wit, Virtue, nor the Graces.

But Nature, hearing of the abuse of her Maids, was very angry, and forced him to marry them all: But they, although they were inamoured of him before they were married, yet now they do as most other Wives do, not care for him, nay they hate him, rail and exclaim against him; that what with his peevisish, froward, and cross Wives, and with the Jealousie he hath of Sickness, Pains and Mischances that often ravish them, he is become so full of Wrinkles, and his Hair is turned all grey.

But Virtue and Wit, which are his sworn Friends, and sweet Companions, he recreates himself with their pleasant, free, honest, and honourable Societies.

Of the Indispositions of the Minde.

THE Minde was very sick, and sent for Physicians, whereupon there came some Divines: but they disputed so long, and contradicted one another so much, that they could conclude of nothing. One advising the Minde to take a Scruple of *Calvin's* Institutions; others, a Dram of *Luther's* Doctrine; some, two Drams of the Romish Treacle,

or Opinions; some, of the Anabaptists Water; others, to take some of the Brownists Spirits. But there were some quite from these Opinions, and would advise the Minde to lay some of *Mahomet's* Pigeons at the feet,⁸⁰² cutting them with the Turkish Scimitar, then binde it up with his *Alkaron*;⁸⁰³ others would have the Minde binde the head with the *Talmud* of the Jews.

But the Minde grew sicker and sicker, insomuch that it was allmost at the last gasp; whereupon the Minde desired them to depart, for, said he, your Controversies will kill me sooner than [137:11r] your Doctrine will cure me. But the Minde being very sick, sent for other Sects of Physicians, who were Moral Philosophers. So when they were come, they set round a Table, and there began to discourse and dispute of the Diseases of the Minde.

Sayes one, Grief is a Lethargy.

No, said another, Stupidity is a Lethargie; for Grief rather weeps than sleeps.

O, but said another, there are dry Grieffs that sweat no Tears.

Pray, Gentleman, dispatch, said the Minde, for I am in great pain.

Sayes one, Hate is an Appoplexy.⁸⁰⁴

No, sayes another, Love is an Appoplexy; for it is dead to it self, though it lives to the Beloved.

⁸⁰²In this passage, Margaret demonstrates her facility with puns: Calvin's Institutions were a list of moral principles, or scruples. A scruple is also a measurement. A treacle is a medicinal compound taken against 'venomous bites, poisons generally, and malignant diseases'; 'an antidotal virtue' (*OED* n. 1 1 a and b). The Anabaptists restored the use of immersion in the baptism ceremony, but the word 'water' also connotes the idea of a health restorative. The Brownists were followers of Robert Brown, a school teacher and separatist. Influenced by the Puritans, 'he taught that the only true churches were those congregations gathered by the Spirit and living in covenant with God and among themselves' (William H. Brackney, *Historical Dictionary of Radical Christianity* (Lanham, UK: Scarecrow Press, 2012), p. 66). The word 'spirit' was also associated with health. The story of Mahomet's pigeon was popularized by Sir Walter Raleigh. In *The History of the World*, he writes, 'Mahomets Dove, which he had used to feed with Wheate out of his eare: which Dove, when it was hungrie, lighted on Mahomets shoulder, and thrust his Bill therein to find his breake-fast: Mahomet perswading the rude and simple Arabians, that it was the Holy Ghost that gave him advice' (p. 209). The myth is also suggested in Shakespeare's *The First Part of Henry VI*, when Charles says to Joan de Pucelle, 'Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?' (I.ii.140). Margaret combines with this myth another early modern notion: that laying pigeons at one's feet has curative powers. In a diary entry dated October 20, 1667, Pepys mentions the practice. He visits a friend who is quite ill: 'his [friend's] breath rattled in his throate, and they did lay pigeons to his feet, and all despair of him' (vol. 7, p. 288).

⁸⁰³*Alkaron*] the Qur'an (*OED* n. 1).

⁸⁰⁴*Appoplexy*] a sickness that attacks suddenly and affects one's ability to think or move (*OED* n 1 a).

No, said he, but Hate is a dead Palsey.

No, said the other, Ignorance is a dead Palsey, but Hate is an Appoplexy, caused by the stopping of the Spirits, either the Animal or Vital Spirits; the Vital Spirits being Compassion; the Animal Spirits, Generosity.

You are most strangely mistaken, said another, for all the Spirits are composed of Fortitude; the Vital Spirits are actual,⁸⁰⁵ the Animal are passive.

But they disputed so long upon this Point, that they had almost fallen out. But the Minde prayed them not to quarrel, for wrangling noyse did disturb him much.

Then one said, Spight and Envy were Cancers; the one caused by sharp humours,⁸⁰⁶ the other by salt.

Another said, that Spight was not a Cancer, but a Fistula, that broke out in many several places; and that Envy was the Scurvy, that speckled the whole Body of the Minde like Flea-bite.

But the Minde prayed them to go no further in that dispute.

Then one of them said, that Anger was a hot burning Feaver.

Nay, by your favour, said another, Anger is an Epilepsy, that foams at the Mouth and beats its Breast, struggling and striving; and will be often in cold Sweats, and as pale as Death.

Then another said, that an Ague in the Minde was Doubt and Hope; the cold Fit being Doubt, and the hot Fit, Hope.

A second answered, that Agues were Fear, which caused shaking Fits.

A third said, that Jealousie was an Ague, that had cold and hot Fits.

⁸⁰⁵NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'active', p. 235.

⁸⁰⁶*Sharp humours*] Corrosive or corrupt humours. Related to peccant humours, those causing disease (*OED* adj. A 1 a). The physicality of the atoms that made up a substance determined the substance's effect on the body. So corrosive foods or diseases were made up of sharp atoms, which had a cutting, abrasive quality.

Nay, said a fourth, Jealousie is an Hective Feaver, that is, an extraordinary Heat got into the Arteries, which inflames the Spirit of Action, drinks up the Blood of Tranquillity, and at last wasts and consumes the Body of Love.

A fith said, Jealousie is the Gout, which is a burning, beating, throbbing, pulsive pain, never letting the Minde be at rest.

Said a sixth, Jealousie is a Head-ake, caused from an ill-affected Friend. But there grew such a Dispute upon this, as whether it was the Head, Heart, or Arteries, that the Minde was forced to threaten them they should have no Fees if they did dispute so much.

[138:T1v]

As for the *Winde-collick*⁸⁰⁷ in the Minde, some said, it was an overflow of Imaginations and Conceptions; others, that it was strange Opinions; others said, it was wilde Phancye; others, that it was the over-dilating of the Thoughts; and many more several Judgements were given; whereupon they were ready to fight.

To which the Minde replied, that it is impossible you should prescribe effectual Medicines, if you cannot agree about the Disease.

Then another said, Slander was the spotted Feaver.

Another said, a spotted Feaver was Malice.

Sayes another, a spotted Feaver and the Plague have near relation; but the Plague, said he, is Discontent, that is caused by Envy, Slander, Malice, and the like. This Plague of Discontent breaks out into Factions, Soars, and great Spots of Rebellion, which causeth Death and Destruction.

But one of the former Doctors was about contradicting him: but the Minde forbid him.

⁸⁰⁷*Winde-collick*] 'colic caused by flatulence', used figuratively (*OED wind* n.¹ C2 combinations).

Then one said, Melancholy was the Stone, caused by a cold congealment of the Spirits.

Another said, Cruelty was the Stone, caused by hot Revenge, or covetous Contractings, which bakes all the tender and soft Humours into a hard confirmed Body, as Stone.

Then one said, that Rage and Fury were Convulsions.

No, said another, Inconstancies are Convulsions.

Then one said, Pity was a Consumption, pining and wasting by degrees.

Nay, by your favour, said a second, Forgetfulness is a Consumption, which fades as Light or Colours, or moulders as Dust.

Then another said, Desire was a Dropsie,⁸⁰⁸ which was allways dry.

Nay, said a second, Desire is that Disease which is called a Dog-like Appetite;⁸⁰⁹ which causes the Appetite of the Minde to be allways hungry; and the Stomack of the Minde seeming allways empty, which makes the Thoughts hunt after Food: But a Dropsie, said he, is a Reluctancy, which allways swells out with Aversions.

O, said a third, a Dropsie in the Minde is Voluptuousness.

Nay, said a fourth, a Dropsie is Pride, which swells out with Vain-glory.

But they disputed so much, whether a Dropsie, or a Dog-like Appetite, or a Reluctancy, or Voluptuousness, or Pride, that they fell together by the Ears.

And the Minde was well content to let them fight. But for fear the Minde should be disturbed, his Friends parted them; and pray'd the Doctors, that they would prescribe the Minde something to take. Then they began their Prescriptions.

⁸⁰⁸*Dropsie*] a build-up of fluid in the body (*OED* n. 1 a).

⁸⁰⁹*Dog-like Appetite*] abnormally large appetite (*OED* adj. A, see Bracken quote).

For the Lethargy of Grief, said one, you must take some Crums of Comfort mix'd with the Juice of Patience, the Spirits [*139:T2r*] of Grace, and Sprigs of Time, and lay it to the Heart of the Minde, and it will prove a perfect Cure.

Said another, a Lethargy is Stupidity; and therefore you must take hot and reviving Drinks, as the Vapour of Wine, or the like Drinks, variety of Objects, pleasant Conversation; mix these together: then put this Liquor into a Serenge of Musick, and squirt it into the Ears of the Minde, and this will bring a perfect Cure.

The Doctor that said, an Appoplexy was Hate, said, the Minde must take a few Obligations, and mix them with a mollifying Oil of good Nature, and Spirits of Gratitude, and binde them upon the grieved part, and that would cure it.

No, said the Doctor that said, Appoplexies were Love, you must take the Drug of Misfortunes, and the Sirrop of Misery; and when you have mix'd them together, you must set them a stewing on the Fire of Trial, then drink it off warm; and although it will make the Minde sick with Unkindness for the present, yet it will purge all the doting Humours out of the Minde.

But he that said Hate was a dead Palsey, prescribed the same Medicine as he that said it was an Appoplexy; for he said, an Appoplexy is a kinde of a dead Palsey.

But he that said, Ignorance was a dead Palsey, said, the Minde must take some good Books, whose Authors were Learned Persons, and squeez them hard through a Strainer of Study, and mix some practiced Experience thereto, and make a Salve of Industry, then spread it upon a strong Canvass of Time, and lay it upon the Malady, and it will be a perfect Cure.

And he that said, Spight and Envy were Cancers, bid the Minde take the Honey of Self-conceit once in two or three hours, and it would abate that sharp or salt humours.

But the other, that said that Spight and Envy were Fistola's,⁸¹⁰ bid the Minde get some of the Powder of Inferiors, or the Tears of the Distressed, and mix them well together, and lay it to the Soar, and it will be a perfect Cure.

But he that said, that Envy was the Scurvy, bid him bath in Solitariness and drink of the Water of Meditation, wherein run thoughts of Death, like Mineral Veins, and it will cure him.

And the Doctor that said, Anger was a Feaver, bid the Minde drink cold Julips of Patience.

And he that said, Anger was an Epilepsy, bid the Minde take the Powder of Discretion.

And the Doctor that said, an Ague was Doubts and Hopes, bid him take the Powder of Watchfulness and mix it with a Draught of Courage, and drink it in his cold Fit; and that he take the Powder of Industry in the Liquor of Judgement in his hot Fit, and it will cure him.

And he that said, an Ague in the Minde was Fear, his Prescription was the same of the former Medicine for that cold Fit. [140:T2v]

But he that said, Jealousie was an Ague, bid the Minde take of some of the Spirits of Confidence.

And he that said, Jealousie was a Consumption, bid the Minde take nourishing Broths of Variety, and bath in the River of Oblivion, which could cool the Feaver of Suspicion.

But he that said that Jealousie was the Gout in the Minde, bid the Minde lay a Plaster of Absence spread on the Canvass of Time, and it would cure him.

⁸¹⁰*Fistola's*] ulcers (*OED fistula* n. 1).

As for the Winde-collick, he that said it was the overflow of the Imaginations and Conceptions, bid the Minde take some several Noyses, both Verbal and Vocal, and mix them with much Company, and lay them to the Ears of the Minde, and it would cure.

*Probatum est.*⁸¹¹

And those that said, that Winde-collick was strange Opinions, or wilde Phancies, bid the Minde take some Pills of Employment to purge out those crude Fleteous, and undigested Humours.

But he that said, it was caused by a dilation of the Thoughts, bid him take the Eyes of Dice, and the Spots of Cards, and the Chequers of Chess boards, and the Points of Table men,⁸¹² and put those together, and when they are thoroughly mix'd, and dissolved into an Oil, anoint the Fingers ends, the Palms of the Hands, the Wrist, the Elbows, and the Eyes of the Minde; this, sayes he, will contract the Thoughts to the compass of a single Penny, which will cure that Disease.

As for the Disease called the spotted Feaver, which is Slander, they bid the Minde take a good quantity of Repentance, and distil it, from whence will drop Tears, and take a Draught of that ditilled Water every morning fasting.

But he that said, that Malice was the spotted Feaver, bid the Minde distil Merits, from whence will drop Praises; and bid the Minde take a draught of that Water every evening.

But he that said, Discontent was the Plague, being a part of all the Diseases, bid the Minde take Humility, Magnanimity, Obedience, Loyalty, Fidelity, and Temper, and put all these together, and make a Pultis, and lay it upon the Swelling, it will keep it from breaking; asswage the pain, and cure the Patient. But if they come out in Spots of Rebellion, there is no Remedy to avoyd Death.

⁸¹¹*Probatum est*] Latin: 'It has been proved' (*OED* n. phr. A).

⁸¹²*Table men*] 'pieces used in a board game' (*OED* n. 1).

As for Melancholy, he that said that it was the Stone in the Minde, caused by a cold congealment in the Spirits, which stupifies the Senses of the Minde into Stone, bid him take Beauty, Wit, fine Landskips, Prospects, Musick, fresh Air; put this into the Liquor of Mirth, and drink of it every day, it would prove a perfect Cure.

But he that said, the Stone in the Minde was Cruelty, caused by the sharpness of Envy, the bitterness of Hate, and greedy Covetousness, to drink a draught of Prodigality once a week, and it would cure him.

And he that said, Cruelty was the Stone, that baked the tender and soft Humours into a hard confirmed Body of Stone, bid him [141:T3r] take an Ounce of Compassion, two Ounces of Charity, two Ounces of Generosity, as much Clemency, and bray⁸¹³ them all together; then divide them into two parts, and lay one half to the Heart, and another to the Reins of the Minde; and those Medicines will soon dissolve the Stone.

As for Convulsions of the Minde, he that said it was Fury, bid the Minde take an Ounce of Discretion, half an Ounce of Judgement, a Scruple of Gravity; mix them all together, as in an Electuary,⁸¹⁴ and take it fasting, and it will cure him.

And he that said, that Inconstancy was the Convulsion in the Minde, bid him take an Ounce of Temperance, and an Ounce of Judgement, one of Understanding, two Ounces of Resolution; mix these into an Electuary, and take a good quantity of it every morning, and this would cure him.

As for a Consumption, he that said, Pity was a Consumption, bid the Minde take a Heart, and bake it dry; and when it was dried to Powder, mix it in his ordinary Drink, and it would cure him.

But he that said, Forgetfulness was a Consumption, bid him onely take a draught of Remembrance every day.

⁸¹³*bray*] crush to powder (*OED* v.2 1 a).

⁸¹⁴*Electuary*] a medicinal paste (*OED* n. 1 a).

As for Dropsies, he that said Desires were Dropsies, bid the Minde take a Bunch of Reason, that grows in a well temper'd Brain; and as much Humility, that grows in a good Heart; boyl them in the Water of Content, and drink a draught three times a day; this, said he, will dry up the superfluous matter.

But he that said, that Desire was that Disease which was called the Dog-like Appetite, bid the Minde make a Bisk of Vanity, and Oil of Curiosity, a Hodgepodge of Variety; and eat so long, till he did vomit it up again; and if he could surfet thereof, it would prove a Cure, otherwise there was no remedy, unless the Minde could get some Fruition, which is seldome to be had, yet sometimes it is found, said he.

But he that said, a Dropsie was a Reluctancy, that swelled out with an adversion,⁸¹⁵ bid the Minde onely use Abstinence, and it would cure him.

And he that said it was Voluptuousness, said, that the same Medicine was to be prescribed.

And he that said it was Pride that swelled out with Vain-glory, bid the Minde take a great quantity of Humility: but if you take it from the hand of Misfortunes, said he, it will make you sick.

But the Minde perceiving that they agreed not in any one Medicine or Disease, desired that they would depart from him; For, said he, Gentlemen, it is impossible you should prescribe an effectual Medicine, or Remedy, since you cannot agree about the Disease. So he paid them their Fees, and they departed; and the Minde became his own Physician, and Apothecary, and Chyrurgion.

First, he let himself Blood, opening the wilfull Vein, taking out the obstinate Blood.

[142:T3v]

⁸¹⁵*adversion*] something that draws the attention (*OED* n.).

Then he did take Pills made of Society and Mirth, and those purged all strange and vain Conceits.

Also, the Minde eat every morning a Mess of Broth, wherein was Herbs of Grace, Fruits of Justice, Spice of Prudence, Bread of Fortitude; these were boyled with the Flesh of Judgement, in the Water of Temperance. This Breakfast was a sovereign Remedy against the malignant Passions; for it did temper the Heat, qualifie the Sharpness, allay their Vapours, and mollifie the obdurate Passions, and the foolish Affections.⁸¹⁶

Likewise, he did take to his service the strongest, soundest, and quickest Senses, which were five; these waited on him; and each in their turn gave him intelligence of every thing, and brought him all the news in the Country, which was a Recreation and a Pastime for him. And in thus doing, he became the healthfullest and jollyest Man in the Parish.

The Thoughts feasted.

THere were two Men that were Companions; one of them told the other, that he had made a particular search, and a strict enquiry for him three dayes together, and could not hear of him, insomuch that he had thought some unfortunate Accident, or violent Death had befallen him.

He answered, his Senses had been to visit the Soul, which was the cause of his Bodyes retirement.

Said the other, I have heard the Soul did use to visit the Senses, but never heard that the Senses did use to visit the Soul.

He answered, that the Sensitive Spirits did as often, in some men, visit the Rational, as the Rational did the Sensitive.

⁸¹⁶Cavendish was diagnosed with a number of medical problems, as Hilda Smith explains, among them infertility and an irregular menstrual cycle. Margaret herself says, 'I have not a very Strong Body, nor a very Healthful Constitution. . . . I do not find my self so Healthful as I wish I were' (*SL*, letter CCX, p. 449). Margaret, like the Minde in this tale, insisted on treating these problems herself and was 'resistant to the physicians her husband had chosen for her' (Hilda Smith, 'Claims to Orthodoxy: How Far Can We Trust Margaret Cavendish's Autobiography?' *God and Nature*, pp. 21-25).

Well, said he; and how doth the Soul live?

Said he, as a great Prince should do; for the Mansion of the Soul is nobly situated upon a high Hill of Ambition, which ascends by steps of Desires, whereon stands a very curious Castle of Imaginations; and all about are solitary Walks of Contemplations, and dark Groves of Melancholy,⁸¹⁷ wherein run Rivers of Tears.

The Castle is walled with Vain-glory, and built upon Pillars of Hope. Within the Walls are fine Gardens of Eloquence, set full of Flowers of Rhetorick; and Orchards of Invention, wherein grow fruitfull Arts. In this Orchard, many Birds of Fancies, which flee from Tree to Tree, from Branch to Branch, from Bow to Bow, singing fine Notes of Poetry in sweet strain of Verse, in chirping Rhymes, building their Nests in Arbours of Love, wherein they hatched Conceits.

Said he, Likewise the Soul hath another House, which is a most stately Palace; it stands in the midst of a large Plain of good Nature, wherein run Rivers of Generosity: This Palace is walled about with Fortitude, and stands upon Pillars of Justice. [143:14r] There are long, straight, level Walks of Temperance, where is fresh Air of Health.

This Palace is built very convenient; for on the outside are Stables of Discretion, wherein are tyed up wilde Opinions, Phantasms, and all skittish Humours; and a large riding Room of Judgement, where all Opinions are managed.

Also, there are Granges of thrifty Contrivance, wherein are Cattle of Prudence, that give the Milk of Profit. Besides, there are Kitchens of Appetite, Dining Rooms of Luxury, Galleries of Memory, Cellars of Forgetfulness, Chambers of Rest, Closets of Peace.

⁸¹⁷In her autobiography, Cavendish presents herself as a melancholic. Her use of the term here and in her autobiography is in keeping with the description of the melancholic Robert Burton gives in *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (see Whitaker, pp. 194-195). She identifies herself as having the 'disease of heroes' (Whitaker, p. 196). Elsewhere, Cavendish offers a more Galenic view of the condition. See *PF*, 'Of Melancholy', p. 118. In *PF*, 'Of a Dull Melancholy Disposition Proceeding from the Body, and The Melancholy Proceeding from the Soul', she makes a distinction between the two types, pp. 118-119.

But, said he, after my Senses had viewed every place, they took their leave of the Soul: but the Soul answered, that they should stay and feast with him. So the Soul invited all his Subjects, the Thoughts. For first, there were the Generous Thoughts invited, who are the Nobles; then the Gentry, who are the Obliging and Gratefull Thoughts; the Heroick Thoughts were Commanders of War; the Factious Thoughts were the Commons; the Mercenary were of Trades; the plodding Thoughts were the Yeomanry; the ordinary Thoughts were Labourers and Servants. Then there were the Politick Thoughts, which were Statists;⁸¹⁸ the Proud Thoughts, Magistrates; and the Pious Thoughts were Priests; the Censuring Thoughts were the Judges; the Wrangling and Pleading Thoughts were Lawyers; the Terrifying Thoughts were Sergeants; the Arguing Thoughts were Logicians; the Doubting Thoughts were Septicks; the Hoping Thoughts were Physicians; the Inquisitive Thoughts were Natural Philosophers; the Humble Thoughts were Moral Philosophers; the Phantastical Thoughts were Poets; the Modest Thoughts, Virgins; the Jealous Thoughts, Wives; the Incontinent⁸¹⁹ Thoughts, Courtezans; the Amorous Thoughts, Lovers; the Vain Thoughts, Courtiers; the Bragging or Lying Thoughts, Travellers.

And when all these Thoughts were met, the Soul feasted them with Delight, and the Senses with Pleasure, presenting them with Reason and Truth.

*The Travelling Spirit.*⁸²⁰

THere was a Man went to a Witch, whom he intreated to aid his Desires; for, said he, I have a curiosity to travel, but I would go into those Countryes, which, without your power to assist me, I cannot do.

The Witch asked him, what those Countryes were.

He said, he would go to the Moon.

⁸¹⁸*Statists*] a person skilled in state affairs (*OED* n.¹ A 1 a).

⁸¹⁹*Incontinent*] lacking self-control, especially concerning sexual desire (*OED* adj. A 1).

⁸²⁰Sarasohn suggests that Cavendish's portrayal of the witch was not only 'a dig at the witch-hunters' but also an indication of her 'sympathy for all kinds of material being' (p. 94). Also see Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy of Margaret Cavendish*, pp. 93-95.

Why, said she, the Natural Philosophers are the onely Men for that Journey, for they travel all the Planets over; and indeed, study Nature so much, and are so diligent and devout in her services, that they despise our great Master the Devil, and would [144:T4v] hinder our wayes very much, but that they travel most by Speculation.

Then, said he, I would go to Heaven.

Truly, said she, I cannot carry you thither, for I am as unpracticed in those wayes, and have as little acquaintance there, as the Natural Philosophers have, for they believe there is no such Kingdome.

But if you desire to travel to that Kingdome, you must go to the Divines, who are the onely Guides; yet you must have a care in the choyce; for some will carry you a great way about, and through very troublesome and painfull places; others, a shorter, but a very strait, narrow way; others, through wayes that are pleasant and easy; and you will finde, not onely in the Natural Philosophers, but also Divines, such Combats and Dissentions amongst them, that it is both a great hindrance and a trouble to the Passengers, which shews they are not very perfect in their wayes; for many Travellers go, some a quarter, and some half, and some three parts of the way, and then are forced to turn back again, and take another Guide; and so from Guide to Guide, untill they have run them all over, or out of breath, and yet be as far to seek of their way as when they first set out.

Why then, said the Man, carry me to Hell.

Truly, said the Witch, I am but a Servant extraordinary, and have no power to go to my Masters Kingdome untill I dye; although the Way be broad and plain, and the Guides sure; so that I am but his Factor to do him service on the Earth: but yet I can call forth any from thence, although it were the King himself.

Why then, pray, said he, carry me to the Center of the Earth.

That I can do, said she, and so obscurely, that the Natural Philosophers shall never spye us. So she prayed him to come into her House; for, said she, it is a great Journey,

therefore you must take some repast before you go. Besides, said she, your Body will be too cumbersome; wherefore we will leave that behinde, that you may go the lighter, as being all Spirit. So she went out, and came and brought a Dish of *Opium*, and prayed him to eat well thereof; so he eat very heartily; and when he had done, his Senses grew very heavy, insomuch as his Body fell down, as in a swoond, remaining without sense; in the mean while, his Spirit stole out, and left the Body asleep.⁸²¹

So the Witch and he took their Journey; and as they went, he found the Climate very untemperate, sometimes very hot, and sometimes very cold: but there were great Varieties in the way; and in some places, monstrous great and high Mountains of the Bones of Men and Beasts, which lay alltogether with one another. Then he saw a very large Sea of Blood, which had issued from slain Bodyes, but those Seas seemed very rough; whereupon he asked what was the reason; she answered, because their [145:V1r] Deaths were violent. And there were other Seas of Blood, which seemed so smooth, that there was not a wave to be seen; said he, how comes this to be so smooth and calm? she said, it was the Blood of those that dyed in peace. Then he asked her, where was the Blood of other Creatures, as Beasts, Birds, Fish, and the like. She said, amongst the Blood of Men; for, said she, the Earth knows no difference.⁸²² And as they went along, they came through a most pleasant place, which she said was the Storehouse of Nature, where were the shapes

⁸²¹While this story predates Cavendish's correspondence with Joseph Glanville concerning the existence of witches, it does foreshadow her position on the topic. She argued against their existence. On Cavendish, Glanville, and Witches, see Jacqueline Broad, 'Margaret Cavendish and Joseph Glanvill: Science, Religion, and Witchcraft', *Studies in History and Philosophy of Science*, 38 (2007), pp. 493–505. See also Whitaker, pp. 316–319. Cavendish also had objections to the idea of the disembodied soul, rejecting Descartes' dualism: '[T]he natural soul is not like a Traveller, going out of one body into another, neither is air her lodging; for certainly, if the natural humane soul should travel through the airy regions, she would at last grow weary, it being so great a journey, except she did meet with the soul of a Horse, and so ease her self with riding on Horseback' (*PL*, p. 218).

⁸²²Margaret's attitude concerning animals conflicted with the viewpoint of mechanical philosophers. Peter Harrison writes, the 'common conception of the subservience of nature to human ends hardened into an even more rigid orthodoxy with the growth of natural science and the advent of the mechanical model of nature' ('Animal Souls, Metempsychosis, and Theodicy in Seventeenth-Century English Thought', *Journal of the History of Philosophy*, 31.4 (October 1993), p. 520. Cavendish's triune view of matter intersected with her sympathy for animals. See Mihoko Suzuki, 'Animals and the Political in Lucy Hutchinson and Margaret Cavendish', *The Seventeenth Century*, 30.2 (2015), pp. 229–247.

and substances of all kinds of Fruits and Flowers, Trees, or any other Vegetables, but all were of a dusky colour. Then he gathered some Fruit to eat, but it had no tast; and he gathered some Flowers, and they had no smell; whereupon he asked the reason; she said, that the Earth gave onely the form and substance, but the Sun was the onely cause of the tast, smell, and colours. And as they went, they saw great Mines, Quarries, and Pits; but she, being vers'd, and knew the way well, did avoyd them, so that they were no hindrance in their Journey, which otherwise would have been. But going down further, it began to grow very dark, being far from the face of the Earth, insomuch that they could hardly see the plainest way, whereupon he told the Witch, that the Hill was so hideously steep, and the place began to grow so dark, that it was very dangerous.

No, said she, there is no danger, since our Bodies are not here; for our Spirits are so light, that they bear up themselves. So they went; and they went a great length, untill the place grew so strait,⁸²³ as began to be a pain even to their Spirits; whereof he told the Witch, his Spirit was in pain; she said, he must endure it, for the Center of the Earth was a Point in a small Circle. So when he came to the Center of the Earth, he saw a Light like Moonshine: but when he came near, he saw the Circle about the Center was Glow-worms Tails, which gave that Light; and in the Center was an old Man, who neither stood nor sit, for there was nothing to stand or sit on; but he hung as it were in the Air, nor never stirred out of his place, and had been there ever since the World was made; for he having never had a Woman to tempt him to sin, never dyed; and allthough he could never remove out of that place, yet he had the power to call all things on the Earth unto him by degrees, and to dispose of them as he would.

But when they were near the old Man, the Witch excused her coming, and prayed him not to be offended with them; for there was a Man desired Knowledge, and would

⁸²³*strait]* narrow (*OED* adj. A I).

not spare any pains or industry thereunto; for which he praised the Man, and said, he was welcome; and any thing he could inform him of, he would.

But the old Man asked him about the Chymists that lived upon the face of the Earth.

The Man answered, they made much noyse in talk, and took great pains, and bestowed great costs, to finde the Philosophers Stone,⁸²⁴ which is to make the Elixar, but could never come to any perfection. [146:V1v]

Alas, said the old Man, they are first too unconstant to bring any thing to perfection, for they never keep to one certain ground or track, but are allwayes trying of new Experiments; so that they are allwayes beginning, but never go on towards an end. Besides, said he, they live not long enough to finde the Philosophers Stone, for, said he, 'tis not one nor two Ages will do it, but there must be many Ages to bring it to perfection: but I, said he, living long, and observing the course of Nature strictly, and much, I am arrived to the height of that Art; for all the Gold that is digged out of the Mines was converted by me; for in the beginning of the World there was very little Gold to be found; for my Brother *Adam* said, he nor his Posterity after him for many Ages knew no such thing:⁸²⁵ but since I have attained to the perfection of that Art, I have caused so many Mines, that it hath caused all the outward part of the World to go together by the ears for it:⁸²⁶ but I will not make so much as to have it depised.

As for my Stills, said he, they are the Pores of the Earth; and the Waters I distill, said he, are the sweet Dews which issue out of the Earth; the Oily part is the Amber-greece that is cast upon the Earth; and they know not how, or from whence, or from what it

⁸²⁴*Philosophers Stone*] a legendary substance believed to turn base metals into gold or silver and to cure the body and extend life indefinitely; the elixir of life (*OED* n. 1 a).

⁸²⁵*NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856) clarifies this construction: 'and neither my Brother *Adam*, nor his Posterity after him, for many Ages, knew any such thing' (p. 254).

⁸²⁶*Go together by the ears*] Fight (*OED* n.¹ P1 c (d)).

comes; for some say, from Trees; others, that it is the spawn of some kinds of Fish; so some think it one thing, some another.⁸²⁷

And also, the saltness of the Sea comes from my⁸²⁸ Chymistry; and the Vapour that arises from the Earth, is the Smoke that steems from my Stills. But, said he, the World is not to continue long as it is, for, said he, I by my Art intend to turn it all into Glass; for as my Brother *Adam* transplanted Men from Earth by his sin, as some to Heaven, some to Hell, so I will transplant the World from Earth to Glass, for that is the last act of Chymistry.

Then the Man observing a great concourse of Waters that went with a violent force close by the Center, he asked the old Man how came that Water there; he answered, it was the Gutter and Sink of the Earth; for whatsoever Water the Sun drank from the Sea, and spued upon the Earth, run through the Veins into the Sea again by the Center, all little Pipe-veins meeting there, or else, said he, the World would be drowned again; for at *Noah's* Flood those Pipe-veins were commanded by *Jove* to be stopp'd, and after such a time to be opened again. I wonder, said the Man, that all the weighty Materials in the World do not fall upon your head, and so kill you; why so they would, said he, if they lay altogether on a heap; but as every thing hath a several motion, so every thing hath a proper place; for Gold and Iron never dwell together in the Earth; neither are all kinds of Stones found in one Quarrie, nor do all the Mines or Quarries joyn together, but some are in one place, and some in another, which poyses the weight of the Earth equal, and keeps it from falling.

Said the Man, you have but a melancholy life, being none but your self. [147:V2r]

O, said the old Man, the Riches of the Earth, and all the Varieties thereof, come into my Compass; this place is the Heart or Soul of Plenty; here have I sweet Dormice,⁸²⁹

⁸²⁷The source of ambergris has been identified only within the last decade or so. See Sophia Read, 'Ambergris and Early Modern Languages of Scent', *The Seventeenth Century* 28.2 (2013), pp. 221-237.

⁸²⁸NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A handwritten note inserts 'my', p. 147. The change is noted in the errata list.

⁸²⁹*Dormice*] small squirrel-like rodents known for their hibernation (*OED* n. 1). The ancient Romans considered this mammal a delicacy (Gkjseppe M. Carpaneto and Mauro Cristaldi, 'Dormice and Man: A Review of Past and Present Relations', *Hystrix: The Italian Journal of Mammalogy* 6.1-2 (1994): pp. 303-330.

fat Moals, nourishing Worms, industrious Ants, and many other things for Food; here are no Storms to trouble me, nor Tempests to disorder me, but Warmth to cherish me, and Peace and Quiet to comfort and joy me; the drilling Waters are my Musick, the Glow-worms my Lights, and my Art of Chymistry my pastime. So when he had done speaking, they took their leaves, craving pardon for their abrupt visit, giving him thanks for his gentle entertainment. But the old Man very kindly prayed them to have a care of themselves as they returned; for, said he, you must go through cold, crude, aguish,⁸³⁰ and hot burning and pestilent places: for there are great damps in the Earth; also, a great Heat and Fire in the Earth, although it gives not Light like the Sun; for the heat of the Earth, said he, is like the Fire in a Coal; but the heat of the Sun is like that of a Flame, which is a thinner part or substance set on fire, which is a weaker or fainter Heat: but the Sun, said he, gives Heat more by his quick motion, than that the Heat gives motion; and though, said he, the Fire be the subtillest of all Elements, yet it is made slower and more active, by the substance it works upon; for Fire is not so active upon solid Bodyes, as it is upon lighter and thinner Bodyes.

So the Witch and the young Mans Spirits gave him thanks, and departed.

But going back, they found not the wayes so pleasant as when they went; for some wayes were deep and dirty, others heavy and clayie, some boggy and sandy, some dry and dusty; and great Waters, high Mountains, stony and craggy Hills, some chalky and limy.

But at last arriving where they set out, he found his Body where he left it; so putting on the Body as a Garment, gave thanks to the Witch, and then went home to rest his weary Spirits, &c.

⁸³⁰*aguish*] relating to a high fever or a disease characterized by a high fever (*OED* adj. 1).

The Tale of the Lady in the Elyzium.

THere was a Lord that made love to a Lady upon very honourable terms, for the end was Marriage. This Lady received his Love with great Affection. It chanced, that upon the hearing of a Report that he was married to another, she fell into a swoond for above an hour, insomuch that they all thought her to be dead: but at last, returning to her self again, one told her, that he thought her Soul had utterly forsaken her Mansion the Body. No, said she, 'twas onely the sudden and violent passion which had hurried my Soul to *Charon's* Boat in a distracted Whirlwinde of Sighs, where in the Croud I was ferryed over to the *Elyzium* Fields.

They ask'd her, what manner of place it was. [148:V2v]

She answered, just such a place the Poets had described, pleasant green Fields, but as dark as a shady Grove, or the dawning of the Day, or like a sweet Summers evening when the Nightingale begins to sing, that's at the shutting up of the day. But when I was there, said she, I met with such Company as I expected not; who were those, said they? the first was *Lot* and his two Daughters, said she; and a little further I saw *David* and *Beersheba*. After these, I met *Tamar*, and *Hamon* her Brother, and *Salomon* with a Seraglia⁸³¹ of Mistrisses after him, that he was almost smothered with the multitude of them.⁸³² The next were *Daniel* and *Sampson*,⁸³³ who are now reconciled. After these, came *Julius Caesar*,

⁸³¹*Seraglia*] A haram (*OED* n. I 1 a). Solomon 'loved many strange women' and 'had seven hundred wives'. See 1 Kings 11:1-3.

⁸³²Cavendish jokes about the sexual misdeeds Christians would find reprehensible. She references biblical stories in which the characters engage in various sins, including incest (*Lot* and his daughters), covetousness, adultery, murder (*David* and *Bathsheba*), rape (*Tamar* and *Hamon*), and idolatry (*Solomon*). See Genesis 19:30-38; 2 Samuel 11; 2 Samuel 13; and 1 Kings 11. In *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856), she deletes 114 words from this paragraph, excising the biblical references, perhaps again to avoid insulting the powerful Anglican Church.

⁸³³There are some parallels between the biblical *Daniel* and *Sampson*. They both are associated with lions. *Samson* kills a lion with his hands and later consumes wild honey from the rib cage of the lion's corpse (Judges 14:5-9). *Daniel* famously avoids harm when he is thrown into a lion's den (Daniel 6:16-23). They are both associated with riddling and interpretation. *Samson* poses a riddle to the *Philistines* at his wedding feast (Judges 14:10-20). *Daniel*, on the other hand, is an interpreter of dreams (riddles) (Daniel 2:1-49). Both experience captivity. But in his captivity, *Daniel* rises to a position of influence and leadership (Daniel 1:1-21), while *Samson* is humiliated and tortured (Judges 16:21). *Daniel's* faith in God memorializes him, whereas it is *Samson's* warrior values that bring him fame. Perhaps, it is the opposing characters of the two men that are reconciled. However, there is also a possibility that the printer erred and

and the Vestal Nun; and *Nero* and his Mother; *Agrippa* and *Catiline*, and his Daughter *Cornelia*; and such as *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, *Dido* and *Aeneas*,⁸³⁴ sans number. But I observed some things that, said she, seemed strange; the one was *Beersheba's* Soul, that looked nakeder than the rest; and *Lot* and his Daughters were more merrily disposed than the rest: I asked the reason; and it was answered me, that as they fell in love in the World, so they should there continue for ever.

But I finding not my chaste Lover there, said she, I went to *Charon*, and told him, the Fates had neither spun out my Thread, nor cut it in sunder; but they being careless in the spinning, it was not so hard twisted as it should have been; insomuch that the report of my Lovers Marriage had given it such a pull, that if the Fates had not had great care in slacking it, it had broke from the Spindle. So I told *Charon*, he must carry me back again; where, with much intreaty, he set my Soul where he had taken it up, and from thence it returned into my Body to be alive again.

The Speculators.

A Man having occasion to travel, being in the heat of Summer, for more ease took his Journey when Night was running from Day, for fear the glorious Sun should overtake her. And looking earnestly to observe how her darker Clouds retired, or were illuminated; at last, in the dawning, before the Sun appeared in glory, he thought he saw something appear in the Air more than usual; which phancy of his caused him to alight

read 'Delilah' as 'Daniel'. Sampson shows a weakness against the pleadings of women, and it is his lover Delilah who ultimately causes his downfall (Judges 16:16-21).

⁸³⁴The characters on the list have transgressed in some way. The young Julius Caesar (100 BC-44 BC) was nominated to the office of high-priest of Jupiter, but under the restrictive rules of this office, divorce was disallowed. Despite the rules, Caesar divorced his first wife and married Cornelia. Sylla, the ruler, insisted that Caesar divorce Cornelia, but he refused and was compelled to escape. He was eventually allowed to return when the Vestal Virgins interceded on his behalf (Suetonius Tranquillus, *The Lives of the Twelve Caesars*, trans. by Alexander Thomson (Philadelphia: Gebbie, 1883), pp. 1-2). Nero, the son of Julia Agrippina, was adopted by Claudius and became the Roman emperor in 54 AD, ruling until 68 AD. Nero was trained in rhetoric by Seneca and his first few years as ruler were 'hailed as the golden age'. He eventually clashed with his domineering mother and she was 'stabbed at her villa', an event that seems to have marked the end of his excellence as a ruler (Hornblower and Spawforth). The last among the group are lovers, real and mythological, whose affairs ended in tragic death.

from his Horse; and fastning his Bridle to a Bush, himself went and lay upon his back on the Ground, that he might fix his eyes the more stedfastly: But his desires were cross'd with the dullness and dimness of his sight, which by over-earnestness could view nothing at all.

But there coming to him a grave old Man, who asked him why he lay in that posture.

He answered, it was to look up to see more perfectly that which in the Air he had but a glimpse of; but, said he, striving to see more, I saw less; for I have not onely lost the Vision, but allmost my sight. [149:V3r]

That may well be, said the old Man, for the Body is like the Minde; for if you take in more Learning into the Minde than the Understanding can discuss, it overwhelms it, and knocks Reason on the head: so if you take more Meat into the Stomack than it can digest, it surfeits; if the Ear receives too swift or hard a sound, it makes it deaf, as smothering the distinct notes.

Likewise, if you draw more Species than can pass through the Eye in order to the Optick Nerve, it's like a Croud of People at a narrow Pass, every one striving to get in first, wedging themselves so close, sticking so fast, one binding in the other, that they can neither pass backward nor forward, but stop up the place: just so come the Eyes to be dimmed or obstructed. Besides, said the old Man, Nature is not onely curious in her Workings, but secret in her Works, for none of her Works know themselves perfectly; not Man, who seems to have the best Understanding; for Nature governs her Creatures by Ignorance; for if any had perfect Knowledge, they would be as great as she.

Sayes the other Man, Doth she know her self?

Answered he, It is a question not to be resolved: but surely, if her Creatures knew her, she would be slighted; for what they know, they despise; for Ignorance begets Fear; Fear, Superstition; Superstition, Admiration; Admiration, Adoration. Yet by that we

perceive Nature takes delight that her Creatures should search her wayes, and observe her several motions; and those are esteemed her perfectest and best Works that do so. And because your Desires fly high, I will give you such Glasses as shall satisfie your Minde concerning the Celestial Globe. Here be three Glasses;⁸³⁵ the first shews you the lower Region; the next, the second Region; and the third Glass shews you the upper Region, that is as high as can be observed: so taking leave of the Gentleman, left him to his observation. Where soon after, the Gentleman takes the first Glass, and laying his Eye near to it, he saw a Vapour arise from the Earth strait upward in small Lines or Streams, streaming through every Pore of the Earth, which Pores were like a Sieve full of small holes: this was a fine sight to see how small, strait and thick those Streams were, for it seemed as an ascending Rain; and those Streams at a certain height gathered together, and became spongie Clouds;⁸³⁶ which Clouds were of the fashion of Honey-combs, where in every hole lye drops of Water, which are squeezed by the agitation of the Air, or by the heat of the Sun made to bubble out; or when those Holes are over full, they fall down with their own weight, or, as one may say, they overflow.

Then turning his Glass to the two Poles, first to the North, then to the South, saw they were like to Crystal Squirts, which some call Serenges;⁸³⁷ those suck and draw in a

⁸³⁵Whitaker points out that by 1648, the Cavendishes owned a collection of telescopes that was the talk of intellectual circles in Europe. Margaret owned a microscope through which she could observe other smaller 'worlds' (see Whitaker, p. 99). She found inspiration in the world the microscope opened to her and wrote such poems as 'It is hard to beleive, that there are other Worlds in this World', 'Of many Worlds in this World', '*A World in an Eare-Ring*', and '*Severall Worlds in severall Circles*' (PF, pp. 43-47). But she also saw a kind of futility in trying to unravel the mysteries of nature (see PF, 'Of Stars', pp. 35-36) and later lost faith in the microscope and telescope, preferring 'rational and judicious observations before deluding glasses and experiments' ('To His Grace The Duke of Newcastle', *Observations*, p. 4).

⁸³⁶While Margaret's description here seems fanciful to the modern ear, her language mimics that of other natural philosophers of the time. See, for example, the following excerpt from an essay by Bulstrode Whitelock: 'The Air (the winged Messenger of the Gods) big with the Heavenly Fire, penetrates the porous Earth, and there abides. Being there detained, it is congealed into a moist Vapour, or subtil Water; and by the internal Vulcan of Nature sublim'd in the Vessel of Earth, through the Pores and Chinks thereof, till meeting with compact Matter, that denies it entrance, or through defect of the moving Instrument, it falls back into the Nest from whence it came. By which means it become less subtil, carrying with it somewhat of the gross Matter, through which it passed both in its Ascension and Descension; it having not yet obtain'd the Gravity of a fix'd Body, but enjoying still the Priviledge of a pure and subtil, quick and volatill Nature it again takes another flight through the dark Chambers of the Earth' ('Of Transmigrations', *An Essay of Transmigrations, in Defence of Pythagoras, or, A Discourse of Natural Philosophy* (London: 1692), pp. 9-10).

⁸³⁷NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Syringes', p. 262.

certain quantity of Water from those Honey-comb Clouds; and when they are full, they spout that Water with such a force back, that it goeth a great length; and the smallness of the passage wire-draws⁸³⁸ it, as it were; and by the agitation it becomes so powerfull, that it drives all [150:V3v] before it, if they be not very firmly fix'd; and it enters all Porous Bodyes; and those that are sensible, it puts to pain, as if it were sharp; for the smallness, thinness, and quickness, makes it cut and divide;⁸³⁹ and the force makes it break and cast down all that doth oppose it. These are called the South and North Winds.

Then directing his Perspective⁸⁴⁰ to the midst, between the East and the West, which is called the Torrid Zone, he perceived it was like a Symbole of Fire⁸⁴¹ which had three holes, the one in the midst, by which it drinks in Water; the other two holes of each side, which are called the East and West, for the Water that is drawn in. When it is in this hollow Ball, the Heat rarifies⁸⁴² it so thin, that it breaths forth at the lesser holes; for as the Water is rarified into Air by the Heat, so the Air is rarified into Winde; and those two small holes let out the thinner part, and keep the grosser in untill it be more rarified into Winde. And those Winds that are made thus, are much gentler and softer than those that proceed from the Squirts, because this is onely a voluntary Motion, which breaths out, and spreads gently; the other is forced, and goeth out with Violence.

Now the hole that is in the midst of this Symbole, which serves as the Mouth, drinking perpetually, being very dry by reason of the Heat within, cannot digest it all at once, but by degrees. Now if that part of the Water be rarified soonest which is of that side we call the East, that blows out first: but it if be rarified of that side first that we call

⁸³⁸*wire-draws*] 'to cause (steam or water) to pass through a small aperture' (*OED* v. 1 c).

⁸³⁹Cavendish's description of the winds echoes her description of innated matter. In *PPO*, she says 'innated matter is the thinnest part of onely matter' (p. 96). Sarasohn points out that for Cavendish, 'the crucial determinant of life is how thin matter is: the thinner, the more agile and sharper its motion will be "to cut and divide all that opposeth their way"' (*Natural Philosophy*, p. 58). See also Margaret Cavendish, 'Of Life', *PPO*, p. 7.

⁸⁴⁰*Perspective*] a telescope, short for 'perspective glass'.

⁸⁴¹*Symbole of Fire*] NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Cymbal of Fire', p. 263.

⁸⁴²*Rarifies*] Makes thinner or less solid; vaporizes (*OED* v. 1 a).

the West, that blowes soonest: but if it blows from several places or parts, then that predominates that is most powerfull.

After he had perceived how the Winds were made, he laid by that Glass, and took up the second, and looked into the middle Region; then saw curling, folding, and rowling Waver⁸⁴³ of Air, every Wave as thin as the thinnest and shierest⁸⁴⁴ Cypress; and through those Waves he saw many Cities, and they had great Champains of Air, and those were full of Flowers, Fruits, and sweet Herbs; which Champain of Air the Winds plough or dig; and the Sun plants, sows, and sets those Incorporeal Vegetables with his Instrumental⁸⁴⁵ Beams; for they draw the Vapours or Scents of all Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits, and the like, from the Earth, and plants them there; so there grows nothing but the sweet and delicious Scents, and not the gross Corporeal part.

As for the People in that Region, they are of upright shapes, and very slender, but their substance is of the same of Fish, and they swim in the Air as Fishes in the Sea,⁸⁴⁶ which do not admit of a firm footing, so that they swim or ride upon Waves of Clouds every where.

As for their Houses, they are made of the Azure Skye, which are so clear, that the Inhabitants are seen in them when the Sun shines, and are onely obscured when the Sun is from them; their Houses are covered with flakes of Snow, and all their Streets are pitch'd⁸⁴⁷ with Hail-stones. [151:V4r]

⁸⁴³*rowling*] undulating, swelling and surging (*OED rolling* adj. 6 b). *Waver*] waves. NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Waves', p. 265.

⁸⁴⁴*shierest*] possibly means the straightest vertically, but the *OED* shows no adjective forms of the word used in this way, but see *OED sheer* adv. B 2. This word is deleted from NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), p. 264.

⁸⁴⁵*Instrumental*] used in the sense of an instrumental cause: 'a causal agent which is used by another causal agent to bring about an effect outside of itself' (*OED* A 1 a).

⁸⁴⁶In *The Blazing World*, a romance/utopian/science-fiction novel published ten years after NP 1656, *Wing* N855, Cavendish fashions a world populated by bear-men, worm-men, bird-men, fish-men, and a variety of other animal-like creatures. The fish people here may prefigure the fish-men (the natural philosophers) found in *The Blazing World*.

⁸⁴⁷*pitch'd*] paved (*OED* v². I 3 c).

But when the Chariot of the Sun runs through their Streets in the Winter time, their furious Horses are more heady in Winter, which is, to run in such a Line;⁸⁴⁸ for in Summer they are lazy and faint with Heat; but with the trampling, they loosen the Stones, and then they fall to Earth, and there melt to Water. Neither are their Tiles or Slats safe, for the Wheels of the Chariot do so shake their Houses, that the flakes of Snow fall many times from their Houses upon the Earth: But they being of a nature as industrious as little Ants, do straight pitch their Streets anew, and repair their Houses, having enough Materials; for there are great Rocks of Hail-stones, and huge Mountains of Snow.

But when the Chariot runs in Summer time, the Streets being dried and hard, or, as I may say, crystalined, which makes such a rattling noyse, which noyse we call Thunder; and the Horses being very hot, such flashes of Fire proceeds out of their Nostrils, which we call Lightning; and many times their Breath is so exceeding hot, and being moyst withall, softens their Streets, which melting, their Hail-stones cause great overflows; those falling down in pouring showers of Rain, as wee oft see in Thunders there are. Now Snow and Hail do as naturally engender there by Cold, as Minerals in the Earth by Heat, both being wrought by Contraction; onely the one is more dissolvable than the others, because the Matter contracted is different in solidity, but the Manner is the same, although by different Wayes, yet they meet at one End.

Thus when he had observed the middle Region, he takes the third Glass to view the highest Region. There he saw six moving Cityes, which we call Planets; every City had a governing Prince therein; their Compass was very large, their Form round, moving in a Circular Motion. The midst of those Cityes was a Center City, as I may say, a Metropolitan City, the which we call the Sun the King thereof; and all his People are of the nature of Salamanders, for they live allwayes in Fire, as Fishes in Water; for it is not so hot as is

⁸⁴⁸In *NP* 1656 (*Wing* N855), a printed note in the upper left margin reads: 'Near, or the further the Sun is to such a Continent, I call swifter or slower' (p. 152). (A lower case 'p' in the text after the semicolon directs the reader to the note.)

imagined, because that which feeds the Flame is not a gross combustible and solid Matter, to burn like Coals, but a thin, voluble, and Oily substance, which makes onely a Flame clear and bright, having no Dross mix'd in it; and whatsoever is wasted by the Flame, is supplied by the six Cityes, which is the Tribute they pay to the seventh City, which is the Monarchical City, to whom all the rest are some wayes or other subject unto.

But indeed, these Cityes are forced by necessity to send Oily Matter, or the like, or else they should be in perpetual Darkness, wanting Light; so that this Oily Matter comes into the Metropolitan City, and Flame goeth out like the Water in the Sea; for the Water of the Sea goeth out salt, and returns fresh, being clarified by the Earth: so this Oil, when it runs to the Center City, is refined, and made more thin and pure, and is sent back in Streams and Beams of Light.

But though the King and People be of the nature of Salaman- [152:V4v] ders, yet their shapes are like those we describe Angels to be, and fly about through Beams of Light, though our grosser Sense cannot see them without the help of some miraculous Glass, as these were.

But some of them perceiving this Man saw them, went to the King, and complained thereof; which when he heard, was very angry, and rose in a great Rage, casting a Blaze of Light, which dazled his Eyes, blinded his Sight, and in this heat melted his Glasses.

The Body, Time, and Minde, disputed for Preheminency.

WHich Dispute was begun by Time. Said Time, if it were not for me, the Body would neither have Growth nor Strength, nor the Minde Knowledge or Understanding.

The Minde answered, That though the Body had a fix'd time to arrive to a perfect growth, and mature strength, yet the Minde had not; for I, said the Minde, can never know

and understand so much, as I might not know and understand more; neither hath Time such a Tyrannical power over the Minde to bring it to ruine, as it hath over the Body.

Why, said the Body, Time hath not an absolute power over me; for Chance and evil Accidents prevents Times ruins; and Sickness and evil Diets⁸⁴⁹ obstruct and hinder Times Buildings. Neither is it onely Time that nourishes the Body, but Food; for without Food the Body would wast to nothing; for the Stomach is as the Pot, and the Heart as the Fire to boyl the Food, to make it fit for Nourishment, making a Broth for Blood, a Jelly for Sinews, a Gravie for Flesh, an Oil for Fat, from which a Vapour steems forth to make Spirits; and the several parts of the Body are the several Vessels, wherein and by which is the Body nourished, and Life maintained. Neither doth Time give the Minde Knowledge and Understanding, but the Senses, which are the Porters that carry them in, and furnish the Minde therewith; for the Eyes bring in several Lights, Colours, Figures, and Forms; and the Ear several Sounds, both Verbal and Vocal; the Nose several Scents; the Tongue several Tasts, and the Body several Touches; without which, the Minde would be as an empty, poor, thatch'd House with bare Walls, did not the Senses furnish it.

And I say, Time to build upon it.

Besides, said the Body, the Minde could have no pleasure nor delight, were it not by my Senses.

But the Minde answered, that Delight belonged onely to the Soul, and Pleasure onely to the Body. 'Tis true, sayes the Minde, they often make a Friendship, as the Soul and the Body do, yet they consist by, and of themselves. And for Time, said the Minde, he is onely like a Page or Lacquay, which brings [153:X1r] Messages, runs of Errants,⁸⁵⁰ and present Necessaries for the Minds use; but, said the Minde, had Time no Employment, or

⁸⁴⁹Margaret believed a spare diet was best. In 'Of Diet' she asserts, 'There is nothing preserves Health more, and lengthens Life, than due and just proportion of Diet' (*WO*, p. 181). She herself claimed to eat sparingly, 'a little boyld chickin, or the like' with water (*A true Relation*, p. 173). See also *SL*, letters CXLIX and CLIV (p. 309 and pp. 322-324).

⁸⁵⁰*runs of Errants*] runs errands.

the Senses no Goods to bring in, and neither would or could do the Minde any service, yet the Minde would not be like a thatch'd House, empty and unfurnished, for Delight would be there as Queen without Discontent,⁸⁵¹ who is begot in the Body, but born in the Minde; which if he lives, he becomes a Tyrant, unthroning Delight, who is the natural Queen thereof, as Pleasure is in the Body; and if it were not for this Tyrannical Usurper, Delight would have more perfect fruition than Pleasure hath, by reason Perfection lives more in the Minde than in the Senses. And let me tell you, said the Minde, that Nature builds some Minds like a curious and stately Palace, and furnishes so richly, that it needs neither Time nor the Senses; laying Reason as the Foundation, and Judgement the Building thereof, wherein are firm and strait Pillars of Fortitude, Justice, Prudence, and Temperance; paved with Understanding, which is solid and hard; walled with Faith, which is roofed with Love, which bows like an Arch, as to embrace all towards a round Compass or Center; leaded with Discretion, which sticks close, keeping out watry Errours, and windy Vanities; it hath passages of Memory and Remembrance to let Objects in, and doors of Forgetfulness to shut them out; likewise, it hath windows of Hopes, that let in the light of Joy, and Shuts⁸⁵² of Doubts to keep it out; also, it hath large Stairs of Desire, which arise by steps or windings up by degrees, to the Towers of Ambition.

Besides, in the Architecture of the Minde there are wide Rooms of Conception, furnish'd richly with Invention; and long Galleries of Contemplation, which are carved and wrought with Imagination, and hung with the Pictures of Phancy.

Likewise, there are large Gardens of Varieties, wherein flow Rivers of Poetry, with full Streams of Numbers, making a purling Noyse with Rhymes; on each side are Banks of Oratory, whereon grow Flowers of Rhetorick; and high Trees of Perswasion, upon which a Credulous Fool, helped by the Senses, will climbe, and from the top falls on the Ground

⁸⁵¹NP 1671 (*Wing* N856) clarifies this clause: 'for Delight would be there as Queen, were it not for Discontent, which is begot in the *Body*, but born in the *Mind*' (p. 269).

⁸⁵²*Shuts*] shutters (*OED* n.¹ 1 b).

of Repentance, from whence old Father Time takes him up, and puts him into the Arms of Experience, who carries him in to the Chyrurgeon of Expence, and is healed with the Plaster of Warning, or else dyes of the Apoplexical Disease called Stupidity. But Wisdome will onely look up to the top, viewing the growth, and observing what kinde they are of, and the difference therein, but never adventures to climbe; he will sit sometimes under the Branches for Pleasure, but never hang on the Boughs of Insinuation.

But while they were disputing, in comes grim Death, whose terrible Aspect did so affright the Minde, that the very fear put out the Light therein, and quenched out the Flame thereof; and the Body being struck by Death, became senseless, and dissolved into Dust. But old Father Time run away from Death as nimble as a light heel'd Boy, or like those that slide upon the Ice; but [154:X1v] never turned to see whether Death followed or no: Death called him; but he made himself as it were deaf with Age, and could not hear.

A Triennial Government, of Nature, Education, and Experience.

Nature, Education, and Experience, did agree to make a Juncto⁸⁵³ to govern the Monarchy of Mans Life, every one ruling by turns, or rather in parts, being a Triangular Government, the Soul, the Senses, and the Brain; where Nature creates Reason as the chief Magistrate, to govern the Soul.

Education creates Virtue to govern the Appetites; for Virtue is bred, not born, in Man.

And Experience creates Wit to govern the Brain; for Wit, though native, without Experience is defective.

As for the Soul, which Natural Reason governs, it hath large Territories of Capacity and Understanding, and many Nobles living therein, as heroick Passions, and generous Affections, subtil Inquiries, strong Arguments, and plain Proofs.

⁸⁵³*Juncto*] a council or committee created usually for political reasons (*OED* n. 1 a).

And the Senses, which virtuous Education governs, are five great Cityes; and the various Appetites are the several Citizens dwelling therein; which Citizens are apt to rebel, and turn Traitors, if that Virtue, the Governess, be not severe and strict in executing Justice with Courage, cutting off the Heads of Curiosity, Nicety, Variety, Luxury, and Excess; and though Temperance must weigh, measure, and set Limits, yet Prudence must distribute to Necessity and Conveniency, the several gifts of Nature, Fortune, and Art.

The third is the Brain, wherein experienc'd Wit governs; it is the pleasantest part, and hath the largest Compass, wherein are built many Towers of Conceptions, and Castles of Imaginations; Grounds ploughed with Numbers, and sowed with Phancies; Gardens planted with Study, set with Practice, from whence Flowers of Rhetorick grow, and Rivers of Elegancy through this Garden flow.

This part of the Kingdome hath the greatest Traffick and Commerce of any of the three parts, and flourishes most, being populated with the Graces and Muses; and Wit being popular, hath great power on the Passions and Affections; and in the Senses makes civil Entertainments of Pleasure and Delight, feeding the Appetites with delicious Banquets, &c. [155:X2r]

Natures House.

THE whole Globe is Natures House, and the several Planets are Natures several Rooms; the Earth is her Bed-chamber; the Floor is Gold and Silver; and the Walls Marble and Purfry;⁸⁵⁴ the Portals and Doors are *Lapo-Lazarus*;⁸⁵⁵ in stead of Tapistry-Hangings, it is hung with all sorts of Plants; her Bed is of several Pretious Stones; the Bedposts are of Rocks of Diamonds; the Beads-head⁸⁵⁶ of Rubyes, Saphires, Topus,⁸⁵⁷ and Emeralds; in stead of a Feather-bed, there is a Bed of sweet Flowers laid therein; and the

⁸⁵⁴NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Porphyrie', p. 273. A very hard red or purple stone with small crystals of feldspar. Quarried in Egypt (*OED* n. 2 a).

⁸⁵⁵*Lapo-Lazarus*] a bright blue precious stone; azure (*OED lapis lazuli* n.)

⁸⁵⁶NP 1671 (*Wing* N856): 'Bed's head', p. 273.

⁸⁵⁷*Topus*] topaz.

Sheets are fresh Air; her Table is of Agats, and the like: yet the Roof of the Chamber is Earth, but so curiously vaulted, and so finely wrought, that no Dust falls down; it is built much like unto a Martin's⁸⁵⁸ Nest; the Windows are the Pores of the Earth.

Saturn is her Gallery; a long, but a dark Room, and stands the highest Story of her House.

Sol is her Dining Room; which is a round Room built with Heat, and lined with Light.

Venus is her Dressing Room.

*Cynthia*⁸⁵⁹ is her Supping Room; which is divided into four Quarters, wherein stand four Tables; one being round, at which she sits, being furnished with all Plenty; the others are sideboard Tables.

Mercury is her Room of Entertainment.

The Rational Creatures are her Nobles.

The Sensitive Creatures are her Gentry.

The Insensible Creatures are her Commons.

Life is her Gentleman-usher.

Time is her Steward.

And Death is her Treasurer.

A Dispute.

THE Soul caused Reason and Love to dispute with the Senses and Appetites.

Reason brought Religion; for whatsoever Reason could not make good, Faith did.

Love brought Will; for whatsoever Love said, Will confirmed.

⁸⁵⁸*Martin*] Swift-flying songbird (*OED* n³. A). Martins build their nests with twigs, grasses, pebbles, and mud.

⁸⁵⁹*Cynthia*] the moon.

The Senses brought Pleasure and Pain, which were as two Witnesses. Pleasure was a false Witness: but Pain would not, nor could not be bribed.

Appetite brought Opinion; which in some things would be obstinate, in others very facile.

But they had not disputed long, but they were so intangled in their Arguments, and so invective in their Words, as most [156:X2v] Disputers are, that they began to quarrel, as most Disputers do.

Whereupon the Soul dismiss'd them, although with much difficulty; for Disputers are Captains or Colonels of ragged Regiments of Arguments; and when a Multitude are gathered together in a Rout, they seldome disperse untill some Mischief is done; and then they are well pleased and fully satisfied.

I had a Design to put my Opinions of my Atomes in Prose, as thinking Verse not so proper for Philosophy:⁸⁶⁰ but finding it would put me to charge of labour and study, and not likely to be well done, I desisted: but those few Lines which I did write to try, I present to my Readers View. I began with my first Chapter of Nature.

Nature, when she made the World, thought it best to call a Council; for though she had power to Command, yet there must be those that must execute her Authority. Her Counsellors were four, Matter, Form, Motion, and Life.

Matter was grave, and solid, and of a sound Judgement.

Form or Figure had a clear Understanding, but was unconstant and facile, complying still to the last Council, though it were the worst.

Motion had a subtil, ingenious, and quick Wit; and was most dextrous in all his dispatches of Affairs.

⁸⁶⁰This section on atoms does not appear in *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856). In this later publication, 'A Dispute' (pp. 274-275) is followed by 'The Preaching-Lady' (pp. 275-280). Only two years after she published *PF*, a work in which she presented her version of atomism, Margaret criticized atomism, claiming it could not explain the intelligent design in nature (see Whitaker, p. 182).

Life would give very strong and sound reason in the height and heat of his discourse, but at first would seem weak, and at latter end dull, as if his Understanding wanted either maturity, or wear⁸⁶¹ tired. But this Council was not without Faction or Side-taking, as all other Councils are, which is the cause there is such a Sympathy and Antipathy in all Natures Works; for betwixt Matter and Form there was allwayes a League and Friendship, which made them allwayes agree to one anothers Propositions; and so likewise between Motion and Life.

Which two Factions many times disagreeing, their Councils did antipathize;⁸⁶² and often crossing and thwarting each other, caused so many Obstructions, and Contradictions, and Imperfections, in Natures Works as are which caused great Troubles in Natures Government. But when they were set, then Nature rose up, and thus spake.

*A Description begun of the severall Figures of my Atomes.*⁸⁶³

OF all Figures, a flat square Figure is unapt to move; one reason is, because it is solid, by the flatness; for what is flat, is as a press'd Substance; and what is press'd close, is confir- [157:X3r] med;⁸⁶⁴ and what is confirmed, is solid; and what is solid, is unactive.

The other reason is, being square; for what is square, hath four Corners; and what hath equal corners, poyzes as a balanced and equal weight. Besides, the Circumference being not in an equal and smooth Line, makes the Figure rough, or rugged, as being uneven, by reason the Points jet out from the strait Lines.

⁸⁶¹Were (was).

⁸⁶²*Antipathize*] Disagree (*OED* v. 1).

⁸⁶³Cf. 'The Foure Principall Figur'd Atomes Make the Foure Elements. As *Square*, Round, Long, and Sharpe', *PF*, pp. 6-7. Although by 1653, Margaret had already begun to embrace 'a vitalistic theory of matter' (Sarasohn, p. 35), the vocabulary of atomic theory continued to populate her works. On Cavendish's early theory of atoms, see Sarasohn, *Natural Philosophy*, pp. 34-53. Sarasohn explains that Cavendish's version of atomism was not 'classic Epicurean'. By 1653, Margaret had already begun to embrace 'a vitalistic theory of matter' (p. 35).

⁸⁶⁴*confirmed*] solidified (*OED* v. 11).

But the round Figure is more apt for motion, by reason the Circumference Lines are smooth and even, having no Parts nor Points to make it uneven, or rugged, which would hinder its motion. Besides, the round Figure having no Basis, or bottom, to rest on, being all alike, as in an entire Figure without ends; so that it moves all together, being a shape which cannot be fix'd, having no Points to fix it self, or stick to any thing, unless some other Substances which have a more stronger restraining power than that hath a voluble⁸⁶⁵ motion, do hold it. But yet a round Figure is not apt to move upward, unless it be forced by a stronger ascent than that hath a descent; or pulled or drawn up by a stronger hold than that hath weight to sink: for though a round Figure may be porous and hollow, which makes the substance softer and lighter than those that are compact by Contraction, yet as being an united Figure, as in one Body or Circle, it makes it more weighty than those Spungie Substances that are in parts, or several lines or points. That is the reason that Snow falls lighter and slower than Hail, because Snow is drawn into triangular Lines: so Points, which cause odde number; and being odde, it is not so united; and being not united, it is lighter; and being lighter, it is slower in the descent; where Hail falls forceable, being contracted into an united Lump.

The like doth Rain, fall more forcible than Snow, although it be more spungie and hollow, being not contracted by Cold into a solid Body; for Hail and Snow we see are onely contracted Water. But by reason, as I said, Water hath a more unite Figure, it is heavier than Snow, which is an uneven Figure. Thus when the exterior parts of Water are drawn into a triangular Form or Figure, it is lighter, although the Substance be one and the same, as onely Water. Thus we see the outward shape causes Figures to be lighter and heavyer, in despite of the interior form of Nature; for it is not allwayes the interior Form, Nature, but the outward shape, that makes several alterations in one and the same thing.

⁸⁶⁵*voluble*] revolving or rolling rapidly and easily (*OED* adj. 2 a and 3).

As for the Figure which makes Air, which is a long hollow pipe Figure; which Figure is light, being hollow or porous; and is lighter than Water, by reason it is not compacted into an united Circle, as Water is; This makes it more apt to ascend, being lighter; and more unapt to descend, being not united; and to stream about every way, being not composed: but is as a strait parallel Line, which hath no Byas⁸⁶⁶ or Center; for strait Lines run allwayes outward, which is a stretching or drawing outward. This is the reason Air is of a spreading Nature. [158:X3v]

As for the Figure which makes Fire, which are sharp Points, their agileness is caused by their Points, which causeth a self-passage; unless it be over-power'd by numbers of other Figures; and being agil, as making their own way, so they are apt to mount highest, as having no obstruction; and to be light, as having no poyze.⁸⁶⁷

For Earth is more poyzed than Fire, having four equal Lines, and an even number of Points, as four, which give it ballance.

And Water is more poyzed than Fire, being contracted into a Circle, and so hath a Center.

And Air is more poyzed than Fire, being equally ballanced at both ends; the Figure being as a long strait Pipe.

But the Figure of Fire hath neither Poyze nor Center to ballance it; yet it can hold or stay it self on other Figures, sticking it self therein like Anchors.

The Preaching Lady.

Dearly beloved Brethren,

I Have called you together, to instruct, exhort, and admonish you. My Text I take out of Nature, the third Chapter in Nature, at the beginning of the fourth verse; mark it, dear Beloved, the third Chapter, beginning at the fourth verse; (the Text) *In the Land of*

⁸⁶⁶Byas] centre of gravity (OED n. 5 b).

⁸⁶⁷poyze] equality of weight (OED n.¹ II).

Poetry there stands a steep high Mount, named Parnassus; at the top issues out a Flame, which ascends unto Fames Mansion.

This Text, dearly Beloved, I will divide into seven parts.

As first, *In the Land of Poetry.*

Secondly, *there stands a Mount.*

Thirdly, *a steep Mount.*

Fourthly, *a high Mount.*

Fifthly, *the name is Parnassus.*

Sixthly, *there issues from the top a Flame.*

Seventhly and Lastly, *the Flame ascends to Fames Mansion.*

First, *in the Land of Poetry.*

Which Land, dearly Beloved, is both large, sweet, pleasant, and fertile, and hath been possessed by our Fore-fathers ever since the time of our Father *Adam* in Poetry, which was *Homer*, from whom all Poets are descended, (as the Antients say.) This our very great Grandfather, named *Homer*, did excell all other Men; for he did not onely give some names to Creatures on Earth, but he gave names to all the Gods in *Jove's* Mansion, and to all the Devils in the Infernals. Nay, he did more; for he made Heavens and Hells, Gods and Devils, and inscribed them for his Posterity to know them in after-Ages. In this Land of Poetry he lived, which Land flowed with Wit and Phancy; and is so large, that it doth not onely reach to all parts and places of, or in the World, spreading it self like Air, about, and into every nook and corner in this World, but beyond it, as into many other Worlds.

[159:X4r] In this most spacious Land runs a clear Stream, called *Helicon*; it is a most pleasant Spring, and refreshes, not onely the Life of the Senses, but the Sense of Life. In this Spring did our very great Grandfather bathe himself in; also, with this Spring he watered numerous and several Roots growing in this Land, that the sweet Flowers of

Rhetorick might sprout forth in due season, and that the Trees of Invention might bear their fruitfull Arts for the nourishment of Common-weals.

Secondly, *In the midst of this Land there is a Mount*. A Mount, dearly Beloved, is a swell'd, contracted, and elevated Body or Form: but you must not conceive this Mount to be of Earth, but of Thoughts; it is a swell'd, contracted, and elevated Form in the Minde.

Thirdly, *It is a steep Mount*; that is, dearly Beloved, it is not slope or shelving, but so strait as to be perpendicular; insomuch that those that have not sure and sinnewy Feet, can never walk up this Mount; indeed it requires *Mercurie's* Feet, which have Wings, that when they are in danger to slip, their Wings might bear them up.

Fourthly, *It is a high Mount*; that is, dearly Beloved, when there is a great space, or long Line from the bottom to the top; unto which top all that have light and empty Heads can never attain, for the height will soon make them dizzy, and cause them to fall into the Gulph of Oblivion.

Fifthly, *The name of this Mount is Parnassus*; a name, dearly Beloved, is a word, not a thing, but the marks of things, as to distinguish several things, or conceptions of things, whereby to know and understand them.

Sixthly, *From the top of this Mount Parnassus issues out a Flame*; a Flame, dearly Beloved, is the fluid part of Fire. But, Beloved, you must know, there are two sorts of Fire; the one, a bright shining Fire, which is visible to the vulgar sense; the other is so pure and subtil a Fire, that it is not subject to the outward Sense, but is onely perceived by the Understanding; indeed it is a Spiritual Fire, which causes a spritely and pure Flame; the other, a Corporeal Fire, which causeth, a gross and smoaking Flame.

Seventhly and Lastly, *This insensible Flame ascends to Fames Mansion*; and though, dearly Beloved, Fames Mansion is but an old Library, wherein lyes antient Records of Actions, Accidents, Chronologies, Moulds, Medals, Coyns, and the like; yet Fame her self is a Goddess, and the Sister to Fortune; and she is not onely a Goddess, but a powerfull

Goddess; and not onely a powerfull Goddess, but a terrible Goddess; for she can both damn and glorifie: but her Sentence of Damnation is most commonly of more force than her Sentence of Glorification; for those that she damns, she damns without redemption; but those she glorifies, many times she sets a period to.

Thus, beloved Brethren, I have interpreted to you the Text, now I am to exhort you, that none should venture up to this Mount but those that can fly with Phancies Wings, or walk with [160:X4v] a measured pace on Velvet Feet, or Comick Socks, or Tragique Buskins,⁸⁶⁸ nor to venture if you finde any infirmity or weakness in the Head, or Brain, or other parts; for the Flame which issues out of the Mount called *Parnassus*, is not onely a Flame, but a wondrous hot, sindging, scorching, burning Flame, insomuch that many times it is insufferable, and oft times burns the Brains into Sindes, and consumes the rational Understanding, at least it sindges the Health, and indangers the Life of the Body.

But to conclude, beloved Brethren, in Poetry; Let me admonish you to be devout in the name of great Fame, who is able to save or damn you: wherefore be industrious in your Actions; let no opportunity slip you, neither in Schools, Courts, Cityes, Camps, or several Climates, to gain the favour of great Fame; offer up your several Conceptions upon the * white Altars,⁸⁶⁹ sprinkling Golden Letters thereon; and let the Sense be as sweet Incense to her Deity; that the Perfumes of your Renown may be smelt in after Ages, and your Noble Actions recorded in her antient Mansion.

And so the Love of Fame be with you,

And the Blessing of Fortune light upon you. [161:Y1r]

⁸⁶⁸*Buskins*] in ancient Greece, boots worn by actors of tragedy (*OED* n. 2 a).

⁸⁶⁹The asterisk directs readers to a printed note in the right margin that reads 'white Paper', p.161.

Her Excellencies Moral Tales in Prose.

*The fourth Book.**A Moral Tale of the Ant and the Bee.*

IN the midst of a pleasant Wood stood a large Oak, in its prime and strength of years, which by long time was brought to maturity. A Company of Ants meeting together, chose the root or bottom thereof to build a City: but wheresoever any of them build, they build after one fashion, which is like a Hill, or a half Globe, the outside being Convex, the inside Concave; a Figure, it seems, they think most lasting, and least subject to ruine, having no Corners, Points, or Joints to break off; and every one of the little Creatures, industrious to the Common good,⁸⁷⁰ in which they never loyter nor laze, but labour and take pains; and not onely laboriously, but prudently; for those that bring the Materials to build, lay those Materials in their Architecture form, not hindring one another by any retardments;⁸⁷¹ as one Man brings the Brick, another the Morter, and a third builds them together; and if any come to a mischance, the work is not onely hindred, and time lost, but the Builder is forced to be idle for want of Materials; and if the Builder comes to any mischance, the Materials are useless for want of a Worker. But they being wiser than Man, know Time is pretious, and therefore judiciously order it, forecasting⁸⁷² while they work, and not forecast, and be idle, taking up the whole time with Contrivance,⁸⁷³ leaving none for Practice;⁸⁷⁴ neither do they prefer Curiosity before Convenience. Likewise, they are carefull of repairs, lest ruine should grow upon them; insomuch that if the least Grain of Dust is misplaced, they stop, or close it up again. Allso, they are as prudent for their Provisions, having a

⁸⁷⁰Cf. 'Of the Ant', *PF* (London: 1653), pp. 103-104.

⁸⁷¹*retardments*] delaying actions (*OED* n.).

⁸⁷²*forecasting*] planning before executing the work (*OED* v. 1 a). In *NP* 1671 (*Wing* N856) the phrase 'and not forecast, and be idle' has been deleted, p. 281.

⁸⁷³*Contrivance*] the action of ingeniously endeavouring to accomplish something (*OED* n. 1).

⁸⁷⁴*leaving none for Practice*] leaving no time for scheming, treachery, or trickery (*OED* n. 5 a).

Magazine⁸⁷⁵ of Meat in their City, as Men have Arms: but this Magazine is like a Farmers [162:Y1v] Cupboard, which is never without Bread and Cheese, wholesome, although not delicious Fare; so is theirs. Neither do they shut their Door, for all is open and free; they need not beg for Victuals, since every one labours and takes pains for what they eat; neither are they factious and mutinous, through Envy, by reason there is no superiority amongst them, for their Commonwealth is composed of Labourers. They have no impertinent commanding Magistrates, nor unjust Judges, nor wrangling Lawyers; for as their Commonwealth is as one Body, or rather, all those little Bodyes are as one great Head, or rather, as one wise Brain, so are they united by a general Agreement, as one Minde; and their Industries are united, as to the general Good, which makes the Profit thereof return equally to each particular; for as their Industry, so Power and Riches are levelled amongst them, which makes them free from those Inconveniencies and Troubles, and oft times Ruins, that are subject to those Commonwealths, that make Distinctions and Degrees, which beget Pride, Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, Treachery and Treason, causing Civil Wars, Tyrannical Laws, unjust Judgements, false Accusations, cruel Executions, faint Friendships, dissembling Affections, Luxury, Bribery, Beggery, Slavery, heavy Taxes, and unconscionable Extortions: but these Citizens, Ants, have little Heads, and great Wisdome, which shews it is not the quantity of Brain that makes any particular Creature wise, for then an Oxe would be wiser than a Man. Nor is it the bigness of the Heart that makes a Creature good natured; for these little Creatures, although they have little Hearts, yet they have great Generosity, Compassion and Charity to each other;⁸⁷⁶ for as their assistance is allwayes ready and free to bear a part of a Burthen, so their care and affection is not less to bury their Dead. I know not whether they have the passion of Sorrow, or rather I may

⁸⁷⁵*Magazine*] a place where goods are stored (*OED* n. I 1 a).

⁸⁷⁶According to Sarasohn, Margaret's holistic view of matter 'broadened the scope of nature to include all living beings. . . . [and as a result she] had a profound sympathy for the natural world' (*Natural Philosophy*, p. 11). See also 'Of the Animal Figure' *PPO*, pp. 21-22.

say the moisture of Tears, to weep at their Funerals; but they do lay them into the Earth, and cover them over with Earth with great Solemnity. But they have as all other Creatures have, that Nature hath made Enemies; for though they are Friends among themselves, yet they cannot make Friendships of all Natures Works, by reason some Creatures live upon other Creatures, by which these Creatures are often devoured; for they have many Foreign Enemies, as Swallows, and the like Birds, which come with their sharp and digging Bills, and pull down their City, devour their Eggs, and make a Massacre of their Citizens; which Cruelty makes them fearful and careful in concealing themselves, creeping allways out at little Holes, lest they should be discovered.

It happened upon a hot Summers day, a Company of Bees flying to that Tree to swarm on a Bough or Branch thereof, they thinking it might be some of their Enemies, Birds, were in an extraordinary fright; whereupon they withdrew all into the City, shutting up the Gates thereof, onely sending out a few Spyes at Postern doors,⁸⁷⁷ and setting Centinels to view their approaches. [163:Y2r] At last, they observed these Birds, which Man calls Bees, gathered in a round Figure or Globe, like the World; which shews, the round Figure is not onely the most profitable, having the least waste, and largest compass, but the securest Figure, being the most united, not onely by drawing in all loose and wandring parts, but combines them all together with a round Circle Line. But when these Bees were swarmed, which swarming is a general Meeting to make up one Council, there was such a humming noyse, as did more affright the Ants than they were before; for Bees do not as Men in publick Councils, speak by turns, but they speak all at once, after the leading Bee hath spoke; I suppose either all consenting or not consenting to the chief Bee, which is called the Humble-Bees⁸⁷⁸ proposition. Neither can I perceive they speak studied

⁸⁷⁷Postern doors] back or hidden doors (OED adj. B 1).

⁸⁷⁸Humble-Bees] large bees that make a loud humming sound; bumble-bees (OED n.). NP 1671 (Wing N856) leaves out 'which is called the Humble-Bees', altering the sentence to read, 'I suppose, either all consenting, or not consenting to the chief Bee's Proposition', p. 284.

Speeches, as Men do, taking more care and pains therein than for the Common Good. Neither do they as Man doth, which is, to speak as Passion perswades them, not as Reason advises, or Truth discovers, or Honesty commands them, but as Self-love, or Self-will draws them, driving their own particular Interest, following their own Appetites, preferring their own Luxuriousness and Pleasure before the public Felicity or Safety, venturing the publick Ruine for a titled Honour, or Bribe, or Office, or Envy, or Hate, or Revenge, or Love, or the like; nay, for a vain and affected Speech: But Bees are wiser; for they know, that if the Commonwealth be ruined, no particular Person can be free. Also, Bees do like those that send out Colonies out of over populated Kingdomes to make new Plantations; for if there should be more Mouths than Meat, and more Men than Business, they would devour one another in Civil Wars, and pull down the Fabrick of the Commonwealth, by breaking the Laws and civil Customes thereof.

But this Colony of Bees swarming together, agreed where to settle, and so to meet all at the appointed place; whereupon the Council broke up, and every one took their flight several ways to gather Honey and Wax, wisely providing for Food and Storehouses to lay their Provisions in, building them a City in some hollow Tree, or cleaved part of the Earth, or the like places; and their several Partiments⁸⁷⁹ are built so close together, and in such a strange Mathematical Figure, that there is not the least waste or loss; and they are so industriously wise, that they carry their Provisions of Victuals, and their Materials to build withall, at one time, as one burthen; for they have a natural Bag, like a Budget or Wallet, which they fill with Honey; and they carry their Wax on their Thighs, a small Rest for so heavy a Load. But when the Ants had heard their wise Propositions, their general Agreements, their firm Conclusions, their quick Executions, their methodical Orders, their prudent Managements, or Compartments, & their laborious Industry, they did admire,

⁸⁷⁹*Partiments*] constituent parts (*OED* n.). The word is rare and has military overtones as it is especially applied to a company or division of an army.

commend and approve of their Commonwealth; and the more, because it was somewhat like to theirs. But the truth is, the Ant and the Bee resemble more in their wise Industry, than in their [164:Y2v] Government of the Commonwealth; for the Bees are a Monarchical Government, as any may observe; and the Ants are a Republick.

But by this we may perceive, it is not such or such kinds of Governments, but such and such ways of governing, that make a Commonwealth flourish with Plenty, Conveniency, Curiosity, Peace, and Tranquillity; for the Monarchical Government of the Bees is as wise and happy as the Republick Commonwealth of the Ants, &c.

The second Moral Tale of the Ant and the Bee.

AN Ant and a Bee meeting together upon a Gilly-flower,⁸⁸⁰ condemned each other for doing wrong to the Flower; for, said the Ant to the Bee, you luxuriously and covetously come and suck out the sweet and nourishing Juice therein.

You are deceived, said the Bee, for I onely gather off the sweet Dew that lyes thereon; I neither draw out the Juice nor Scent, nor fade the Colour, nor wither the Leaves, nor shorten the Life, for it may live as long as Nature pleases, for all me; but you eat out the Seeds, which are their young Off-springs; and the Earwigs eat off the Leaves, and the Worms devour the Roots; when I bear nothing away, but what is free for all, which is that which falls from the Heavens.

But I perceive it is the nature of most Creatures to be the first Accusers, that are guilty, and do the greatest Wrongs.

⁸⁸⁰*Gilly-flower*] A flower resembling the dianthus (OED n. 2 a). This clove-scented flower was often used in salads (Michael R. Best, ed., *The English Housewife: Containing the Inward and Outward Virtues Which Ought to Be in a Complete Woman; As Her Skill in Physic, Cookery, Banqueting-Stuff, Distillation, Perfumes, Wool, Hemp, Flax, Dairies, Brewing, Baking, and All Other Things*, by Gervase Markam (Canada: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1998), p. 302).

The third Moral Tale of the Ant and the Bee.

IT chanced, an Ant and a Bee wandring about, met in a Honey-pot; the Honey being very clammy, stuck so close to the Ant, and weighed so heavy, that it could not get out; but like a Horse in a Quagmire, the more pains it took to get out, the deeper it sunk in; whereupon he intreated the Bee to help him.

The Bee denied him, saying, he should become guilty of Theft in assisting a Thief.

Why, said the Ant, I do not intreat you to assist my Stealth, but my Life; but for all your pretended Honesty, and nicety of Conscience, you endeavour to steal Honey as much as I.

No, said the Bee, this Honey was stollen by Man out of our Commonwealth; and it is lawfull not onely to challenge our own, but to take it wheresoever we finde it. Besides, Man most commonly doth cruelly murther us, by smothering us with [165:Y3r] Smoke, then destroyes our City, and carries away the Spoyls therein. But men are not onely the wickedest of Creatures in making the greatest Spoyls, and disturbance of Nature, but they are the subtillest of all Creatures to compass their Designs; and the most invective for several destructive and enslaving Arts. But Nature, knowing the Ingenuity of Man to Evil, and the proneness of his Nature to Cruelty, gave us Stings for Weapons to oppose and defend our selves against them; which they finding by experience, invented the way of smothering us with Smoke.

Said the Ant, I hope that Cruelty you condemn, and have found by experience in Man, will cause you to be so charitable as to help me out of my Misery.

There is no reason for that, answered the Bee; for if Man doth unjustly strive to destroy me, it doth not follow I must unjustly strive to help you.

But whil'st the Bee was thus talking, the Honey had clammed the Bees Wings close to his Sides, so that he could not loosen them to fly; and in struggling to get liberty for flight, plunged his whole Body in the Honey.

O, said the Bee, I shall be swallowed up, and choaked immediately.

What, said the Ant, with your own Honey?

O, said the Bee, the quantity devours me; for Water refreshes Life, and drowns Life; Meat feeds the Body, and destroys the Body by Surfeits; besides, a Creature may choak with that which might nourish him. O unhappy Creature that I am, said the Bee, that my Labour and Industry should prove my ruine: but the Honey rising above his head, stopped his speech, and kill'd him.

The Ant, after a short languishing, dyed also.

Thus we see, the same Mercy and Assistance we refused to others, are refused to us in the like Distress.

And many times, in the midst of Abundancy, are our Lives taken away.

And when we are too greedily earnest in keeping or taking what we can justly call our own, we seldom enjoy them, either by the loss of them, or our selves.

Which shews, there is no secure Safety, nor perfect Felicity, nor constant Continuance in the Works of Nature.

A Tale of the Woodcock and the Cow.

A Cow seeing a Woodcock sitting close to a green Turf, and observing him not to stir, asked him why he sate so lazily there, having so strong a Wing as he had to fly.

O, said the Woodcock, it is a laborious action to fly; but sitting here, I take my ease and rest.

Said the Cow, if I had Wings to fly, I would never lye upon [166:Y3v] the cold Earth, but I would mount up near to the warm Sun, whose Heat clarifies the Air to a Chrystalline Skye; where the Earth is onely a gross Body, sending forth thick and stinking Fogs, which many times give us the Rot, and other Diseases, by the unwholsome Vapours

that arise from it, and cold Dews that lye upon the Ground; when the Air is sweet and refreshing, warm and comfortable.

'Tis true, said the Woodcock, the Sun is a glorious and powerfull Planet; his Heat is our Comfort, and his Light is our Joy, and the Air is a thin and fine Element. But alas, said he, though we be Birds that can fly therein, yet we cannot rest therein, and every Creature requires Rest sometimes; neither can we live onely by the Sun, for the Sun cannot fill us, though he warms us; his Light fills not our Crops⁸⁸¹, although it doth our Eyes, nor is the Seed sown in the Air; and though the Winds furrow and plough the Clouds, yet the Air is too soft an Element to bear Corn, or any other Vegetable; nor doth there grow sweet Berries on the Sun-beams as on the Bushes; besides, great Winds beat down our failing Wings; and when the Air is thick, and full of Water, it wets or cleaves our Feathers so close, they will not spread, which causeth difficulty of flight, which tires us, and puts our Limbs to pain, when you sit lazily here all day long chewing the Cud, having your Meat brought by Man to increase your Milk; and in the Summer you are put to rich Pasture, or lye in green Meadows growing thick with Cowslips and Dasies; or else for change, you walk up to the Mountains tops to brouse on wilde Time, or sweet Marjerum; and yet you rail against our good Mother, Earth, from whose Bowels we receive Life, and Food to maintain that Life she gives us; she is our kinde Nurse, from whence we suck out of her springing Breasts fresh Water, and are fed by her Hand of Bounty, shaded under her spreading Boughs, and sheltered from Storms in her thick Groves.

Besides, said the Woodcock, you are safe from Dangers, when we have many Aery Enemies, as the Tyrant Eagle, and murtherous Hawk: But, said the Cow, we that onely live upon the Earth, are dull and melancholy Creatures in comparison of those that fly in the Air; for all Birds are Ingenious, and seem to have more Wit than Beasts; besides, they are

⁸⁸¹*Cmp*] a small extension of the oesophagus in many birds which aids in digestion (OED n. I 1 a).

of chearfuller Dispositions, and have clearer Voyces, by reason their Spirits are more refined, whereof the serene Air, and the hot Sun is the Cause, by agitating the Spirits to that degree, that they seem to have more Life than we Beasts have, or any other Creature; for those Bodies that are most active, and those Minds that are more chearfull, have most, although not longest Life, having more of the innated Matter, which is, self-motion, in them, than duller Creatures have. And since Nature hath given you a greater proportion of Life, that is, more lively Spirits, slight not her Benefits, but make use of them, for to that purpose she gives them. [167:Y4r]

*Wherefore get up, and sit not idly here,
Mount up on high, above the Clouds appear,
The Woodcock said, when we are up on high,
We rather swim like Fishes, and not fly.
The Air is like the Ocean, liquid, plain;
The Clouds are Water, and the Proof is Rain;
Where, like a Ship, our Bodies swift do glide;
Our Wings, as Sails, are spread on either side;
Our Head's the Card⁸⁸², our Eyes the Needles be
For to direct us in our Aery Sea;
Our Tail's the Rudder, moves from side to side,
And by that motion we our Bodies guide;
Our Feet's the Anchors, when to Ground them set,
We mend our Sails; that's prune our Feathers wet;
And every Bush like several Ports they be,
But a large Haven is a broad spread Tree.⁸⁸³
O, said the Cow, this Voyage to the Skye
I fain would see, whilst on the Ground I lye:
To satisfie you, said the Woodcock, I
Will mount, so rose, and shak'd his Wings to fly.*

⁸⁸²Card] 'The circular piece of stiff paper on which the 32 points are marked in the mariner's compass' (OED n. II 4 a).

⁸⁸³NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): A printed note in the left margin reads: 'I mean, for all sorts of Birds', p. 168.

But the Woodcock had not flown above a cast⁸⁸⁴ high, but a Faulcon, who had soared above for a Prey, seeing the Woodcock underneath him, came down with such force, that knocked him on the Head with his Pounces.⁸⁸⁵

Which when the Cow saw, she lowed out with Sorrow, and made a most lamenting Voyce, bewailing the Woodcocks misfortune; and out of a sad, melancholy, and discontented Grief, for the Woodcock his Death, and for the unfortunate counsel she gave him, she mourned and lamented, putting on a black Hide; which Hide she wore to her dying day, and all her Posterity after her; and not onely her Posterity, but many of her acquaintance.

The Moral. Some are so busily good, or goodly busy, that they will perswade and counsel, not onely all those they have relation or interest to, or all they know or have acquaintance with, but all they meet, although they be meer Strangers to them. But although some do it out of a meer busy nature, and intermedling humour and disposition, yet questionless some do it out of a desire and natural inclination they have for a general fruition of Happiness, putting themselves in the last place.

But these sort of Men have more good nature than judgement; for their Councils oft times bring ruine, at least sorrow to themselves and others, as those that take it, and those that give it, through a blinde ignorance of either Party.

But those that are prudently wise, never give Council, but when it's asked, and then not without great Caution, choosing the safest wayes, and the likelyest means, joyning his own reputation with the Parties good, fearing to lose the one, or hurt the other by his rash advice. [168:Y4v]

⁸⁸⁴*cast*] the distance that an object can be thrown; a stone's throw (*OED* n. I 1 c).

⁸⁸⁵*Pounces*] claws (*OED* n.¹ II 7).

Of a Butcher and a Fly.

IN Shamble-Row⁸⁸⁶ a Butcher walking in his Shop, where Meat was lying upon his Shopboard;⁸⁸⁷ and being in the heat of Summer, a number of Flyes were busily working thereupon; which the Butcher seeing, was very angry, and said, that Flyes were good for nothing but to corrupt dead Flesh. At which words, the Flyes murmured against the Butcher, making a humming Noyse to express their Passion.

But one of the antientest and gravest Flyes amongst them, which Fly living long, and observing much, had studyed Natural and Moral Philosophy, having observed the humours, and all actions of all Creatures, especially Man, and more especially Butchers, by reason they most commonly frequent the Shambles; he answered the Butcher thus.

Why, said the Fly, do you rail and exclaim against us, when we do nothing against Nature, but to the contrary⁸⁸⁸ we do good services, for we create living Creatures out of that you destroy, whereby we keep Nature from ruine; and those that destroy Life, are Natures Enemies; when those that maintain or create Life, are Natures Friends: thus we are Friends, and you are Enemies to Nature; for you are cruel, striving to destroy Nature, not onely by taking the Life of barren Creatures, such as never will bear, or are past producing, but young Creatures, such as would increase, had they been kept or let to live, as not killing them before their natural time to dye. Besides, said the Fly to the Butcher, you are a Cheat and Robber, as well as a Murtherer, for you cosen and rob Time of the Goods he is intrusted to keep untill such time as Nature requires them, to whom he carefully, easily, peaceably delivers them to the right Owner. Also, you do not rob him of those Goods he hath in charge, but you maliciously or covetously spoyl his work; for those Creatures that he hath but newly made and shaped, and some before they are quite

⁸⁸⁶*Shamble-Rom*] a place where meat is sold (*OED* *shamble* n. 3 a).

⁸⁸⁷*Shopboard*] a tradesman's display table (*OED* 1).

⁸⁸⁸NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): 'Country' is scribbled out and 'contrary' written in the right margin. A handwritten caret indicates the insertion point, p. 169. This change is noted on the errata list.

finished; nay some, which he hath but moulded into a lump together, you destroy; which not onely spoils old Father Times Labours, but defaces his Architecture, disgracing his Skill. Likewise, you do not onely endeavour to destroy Nature, and rob and disgrace Time, but you take away Divine Worship from the Gods, for the Gods receive onely Worship from Life, which Life you destroy that should adore the Gods, for which they may justly punish you in Death.

After the Fly had made an end of this discourse, now, saith the Butcher to the Fly, you think you have spoke wisely, honestly, and piously; but your Speeches shew you to be a formal prating Coxcomb; for first, Nature creates more Creatures from Death than from Life, from the Grave than from the Womb; for those Creatures she creates from the Womb, she creates for the most part by single ones, or couples, as witness Mankinde, and most [169:Z1r] sorts of Beasts: but those that she creates from Death and the Grave, as from dead Carcasses, and rotten Corruption, she produceth by numbers, as witness Maggots, Worms, and the like Creatures; and most commonly your impertinent Worships are created by that kinde of manner. And if the Gods are onely serv'd by Life, we serve the Gods best; for we by killing of single Creatures, are the cause of creating Millions of living Creatures. Neither have you reason to brag; for it is not you that are the onely cause that those Creatures are produced from those Carcasses, but Corruption, for Corruption is the Mother of Life; but onely by your sucking thereon, the dead Flesh is corrupted sooner than otherwise it would be; by which you take Times work out of his hands, and so you do usurp on Times prerogative, for which I will whisk you out of my Shop as a Company of busy, prating, idle, foolish Creatures you are. Whereat they being affrighted, flew away.

The Tale of a Man and a Spider.

A Man whose Thoughts were not busily employed upon potent Affairs, but lazily sitting in his Chair, leaning his Head on his Hand, with his Face towards the Window, viewing the crafty Spider, and marking what pains she took in spinning a Web to intangle the innocent Flies; her Work no sooner done, but a Fly was catch'd therein. He seeing this poor Fly dragg'd along, and ready to be murdered by the cruel Spider, who had watched her coming that way, thus spake.

Mischievous Spider, sayes he, who are onely industrious to an evil Design, spinning out thy own Bowels onely to intrap a Creature that never did not meant thee harm; hadst thou spun out of a charitable intention, as to cloath the Naked, thou hadst been worthy of a Commendation, but now thy Malice falls justly under my Wrath; and taking the Tongs, intended to kill her: but the Spider perceiving his intentions, thus spake.

Sir, you that pretend to Justice, be just to me, and hear me first speak; for what is more unjust than to censure, strike, or kill, before you know whether your doom be deservedly given; next, you must be clear from the same Faults, before you can justly punish another of the like Crime; next, you must be from Partiality,⁸⁸⁹ lest you become cruel to one through your tender pity to the other. But to answer for my self; I do not onely spin thus to catch the Flies, but it is my House in which I dwell; where no sooner have I built it up, but the Flies strive to break it down; for if you would but observe, that when I have spun my Web, they straight fly into it; which I no sooner see, but I run upon my Threads to assault them, and so catch them if I can; for since I cannot keep my House from being assaulted, I strive to make it a Snare to intangle my Foes therein, and by that means I make [170:Z1v] it a Mischief to fall on their own Heads; and what Creature hath Nature made, but if they had power would not defend themselves: but say, I spun this

⁸⁸⁹In NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), this line is clarified and reads, 'as also, be free from Partiality', p. 298. NP 1656 (*Wing* N855) is missing 'free', p. 170.

Web onely to catch the Flyes to feed upon, it were no crime in Nature; for what Creature is there that will spare the life of another, if it be to maintain his own, since Self-preservation is the chief of Natures Works; and of all her Works, Man seeks it most; and not onely so, but they delight in Spoyl, which is against Nature; for doth not Man take Delight, and account it as one of his chiefest Recreations to kill those Creatures that he refuses to eat? Nay, Man will destroy his own kinde; for what Wars and Slaughters do they make out of a covetous Ambition for Power and Authority? But if you be so just as you pretend, then first cast out all intemperate Desires, make Peace among your selves, then may you be fit Judges to decide the Quarrels of other Creatures, and to punish Offenders, when you are innocent; otherwise you will but shew your self an Usurper, wresting that Power that belongs not to you; and a Tyrant, to execute with the Sword of Cruelty, destroying the Truth and the Right. The Man, when he had heard the Spiders discourse, turned his Back, and went his wayes. [171:Z2r]

Her Excellencies Dialogues in Prose.

The fifth Book.

*A Dialogue betwixt a great Lady, and her Maid of Honour.*⁸⁹⁰

THere was a great titled rich Lady talking to one of her Maids of Honour of several things; at last, she began to speak of the false Reports, Envy and Malice had raised in the World.

Her Maid told her, if she would not be angry, she would tell her what they said.

Do so, said she, for I do not censure⁸⁹¹ my self according as the World reports, for most commonly Reports are false: but I judge my self according to my Life, which are my Thoughts and Actions, wherefore they cannot move my Anger at any thing they say, wherefore you may relate without offence.

⁸⁹⁰*Maid of Honour*] an unmarried noble woman who attends upon a queen or princess (*OED* n. 1.a).

⁸⁹¹*censure*] judge (*OED* v. 3).

Maid. They say, you are Proud.

Lady. I am so, in scorning what is base.

Maid. They say, you prize your titled Honour at too high a rate.

Lady. That's false, said she, I onely prize such Titles as the marks of Merits; for onely Merit dignifies a Man, and not those Honours: for titled Honour gains a Luster from the Worth of those they are placed upon.

Maid. They say, you are vain in making Shews of State, or Stately Shews.

Lady. Why, answered she, the Gods in Shews delight, as witness devout Ceremonial Shews; besides, this World which they did make, is like a Pageant, or Masquing Scenes; and when Great Kings neglect their Ceremonies, their State goes down;

*And with their State they lose their Kingly Crown.*⁸⁹² [172:Z2v]

Maid. They say, you are so proud that you will not sit, because all others by should stand.

Lady. They are deceived, said she, for I would stand whil'st others sit; for as they sit, they bow lower towards the Earth;

By which my Slaves and Vassals they do shew.

Maid. They say, you will not eat your Meat but by your self alone, which proves you Proud, or Covetous.

Lady. It proves me neither; for why should I disgust my Palate in hearing a confused Noyse; for when good Meat and Wine fumes to their Brains, their Tongues become unruly.

Neither is it out of Covetousness; for I do not onely keep one furnished Table, but many, and do allow to entertain all civil Guests.

⁸⁹²In the little book of advice William Cavendish writes for Charles II, he asks rhetorically, 'What is a king more than a subject but for ceremony and order. When that fails him he is ruined'. According to Thomas P. Slaughter, this view is echoed in Hobbes' *Leviathan*. (See Thomas P. Slaughter, ed., *Ideology and Politics on the Eve of Restoration: Newcastle's Advice to Charles II* (Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society, 1984), p. xvii).

Maid. They say, you are Proud, because you will receive no Visits, but at set and certain times.

Lady. Why should I spend my time in idle talk, since Life is short; or to disturb my solitary hours, which is the best and happiest time of Life, wherein Man onely doth enjoy himself.

Maid. They say, you are not sociable, in carrying not abroad⁸⁹³ your Neighbours or your Friends, as other Ladies of great Titles do, which send about to other Ladies to accompany them abroad to fill their Train, and make a Shew.

Lady. I hate to be attended upon courtesy, or make a Shew on borrowed Favours, or fill my Train with bare Acquaintance, or humble Companions, to have my Estate none of my own, onely to make a seeming Shew; and when they are gone, my Estate is gone, and I left alone naked and bare, having none can command about me. No, when I appear abroad, I will onely be attended and waited upon by such as live upon my Bounty, or by my Favours raised. I will have no patch'd⁸⁹⁴ Train made up of Strangers, it shall be all my own, although it be the shorter; otherwise, what Shews soever it makes, it is but mean⁸⁹⁵ and poor, expressing more Vain-glory than it doth State. Besides it cheats and cosens Noble Honour; for should a King be attended and served in State with other Subjects than his own upon another Kings charge or courtesy, he would not seem, to those that are wise, of potent Power. But he is Great whose Kingdome is fully populated, and all do bow with an obedient Knee, and ready to serve his Will. So, like as potent Kings, in my Degree,⁸⁹⁶ will I be served and waited on by my own Family with Duty and Obedience; and not by Strangers, who are like Forreigners, who are apt to mutiny, and make a War, or think they do me Honour. No, I will have none but such as I think I honour them; and if I merit

⁸⁹³*abroad*] outdoors; away from one's home (*OED* adv. 3.a).

⁸⁹⁴*patch'd*] put together hastily or in a makeshift manner (*OED* adj. 1).

⁸⁹⁵*mean*] ignoble; lacking honour or moral dignity (*OED* adj. 1 5 a).

⁸⁹⁶*Degree*] relative social position in the scale of dignity or rank (*OED* n. 4.a).

have, I do, although of equal rank, if by my Worth or Fortune I do grace or assist them any way; for it is an Honour to receive a Bounty or Favour from the Meritorious.

Maid. They say, you do dislike when any Man salutes you, although of Quality.

[173:Z3r]

Lady. How! salutes me?

Maid. Why, as to kiss you.

Lady. Why ought not every honest Woman so to do? for Kisses are *Cupid's* Gentlemen-ushers, and *Venus* Waiting maids, which oft betray the Men to wilde Desires, and kindles in their Hearts unlawfull Fire; wherefore I would have that Custome banished quite, especially by Husbands that do prize their Honour. But Envy doth mis imploy the Tongue, and leads Mankinde to Actions base, making their Life like leaking Vessels, where pretious Time doth idly drop away.

Maid. I have heard, that all the World was pictured in a Fool's Cap.

Lady. 'Tis strange it should be so; for Nature that did make it, and Gods that rule it, are wise; but Men are bad, which makes me not care what they say; for of Mankinde, I divide them into four parts, whereof three are naught.

One part I hate, as being wicked; the second I scorn, as being base, and the third I pity, as being ignorantly foolish.

Maid. What is the fourth part, Madam?

Lady. The fourth part I may divide into four parts more.

One part I admire, as being Wise; the second part I honour, as being Noble; the third part I love, as being Good; the fourth part I rely on, as being Valiant.

Maid. There would be little Security if onely the fourth part of the fourth part were Valiant, for the other parts might overpower them.

Lady. O no, Cowards know not their own strength, because they dare not try it; and one Valiant Man, if Fortune sits but idle, will beat at least twenty Cowards: But Fortune

for the most part is a Friend to Cowards and to Fools, more than to the Valiant and the Wise; yet oft-times the Valiant and the Wise do make a Passage through, though Fortune do obstruct.

Maid. But Madam, if there were so few Valiant, there would not be so much War amongst Mankind as is.

Lady. O yes, for Cowards fight for fear, and Valiant Men do set them on;⁸⁹⁷ and were it not for those that are Valiant and Wise, there would be neither Justice nor Propriety.

Maid. Indeed, Justice is pictured with a Sword in one hand, and a pair of Ballances in the other.

Lady. That shews, that Wisdome doth justly weigh Truth, and Valour doth maintain the Right.

Maid. I have heard a Proverb, Madam, that he that is wise is honest.

Lady. And those that are not Valiant, could never be constantly Honest; for, said she, Fear would put them out of Honest ways. And so she left off discoursing. [174:Z3v]

A Dialogue betwixt a Contemplatory Lady and a Poet.

Poet. P^Ray, Madam, think me not rude to intrude upon your Contemplation.

Lady. *A Poets Wit, Companion's
Fit for vain Imagination.*

Poet. That is not vainly done which gives Delight to the Minde, without indangering the Soul, or distempering the Body; for Vanity lives onely in that which is useless or unprofitable.

Lady. Indeed, to delight the Minde is more necessary than to feed the Body, for a discontented Minde is worse than Death; but the most part of the World think nothing usefull to the Life, but what is Substantial.

⁸⁹⁷*Set (a person) on*] To impel or urge a person toward some action (*OED set* v¹. 114. a).

Poet. If they do so, they must account Thoughts vain; for Thoughts are onely an Incorporeal Motion, or at least believed to be so.

Lady. But without the Incorporeal Motion, the World would onely be a dead Carcass; for were it not for Contemplation, there would be no Invention; if no Invention, no Conveniency;⁸⁹⁸ if no Conveniency, no Ease; if no Ease, no Pleasure; if no Pleasure, no Happiness; and to be unhappy, is worse than Death: but Contemplation is the Mother of Invention.

Poet. But Language⁸⁹⁹ is the Midwife, and Practice the Nurse. Besides, if there were no Practice or Conversation, all Invention and Industry would be Abortive;⁹⁰⁰

*And Language utterly unknown,
The Trumpet loud of Fame unblown,
No Ladder set upto her Throne,
The Hill untrod she sits upon.*

Wherefore we ought not to bury our selves in Contemplation, nor to banish our selves from Conversation; for Conversation gives the Minde breath, and makes the Imagination the stronger, the Conception larger, the Invention apter, and Phancy livelier; otherwise we shall smother the Thoughts for want of vent, and put out their Light for want of Oil, and then the Life would sit in Darkness.

Lady. Certainly the greatest Delight that Life gives, is Contemplation; and the Life of Contemplation is silent Solitariness.

Poet. 'Tis true; but the Minde, as the Body, may feed so long of Pleasure, that they may prove tormenting Pain; so that the Minde must be exercised with discourse, cleansed with writing, otherwise the Streams of Phancie, which arise in several [175:Z4r] Springs from the Imagination, may overflow the Minde, causing it to be flatuous⁹⁰¹ and

⁸⁹⁸*Conveniency*] the quality of being suitable or well-adapted to perform some action (*OED* n. 5).

⁸⁹⁹NP 1656 (*Wing* N855): The existing word is blotted out and the word 'Language' is inserted, p. 175.

⁹⁰⁰*Abortive*] pointless (*OED* A 3).

⁹⁰¹*Flatuous*] Flatulent (*OED* adj. 1.a)

hydropical;⁹⁰² or the several and singular Opinions, which are most commonly tough and hard, may obstruct the Minde, causing it to be pursy⁹⁰³ and short breath'd; and the cold and hot Passions, for want of purging words, may either stupifie or inflame the Minde; and too much Solitariness will bed-rid the Minde, making it faint and weak. Besides, if the Minde do not travel to several Objects and Subjects, and traffick with the Senses and Discourses, it would have no acquaintance of the World, no knowledge of Men, nor Monumental Fame. And give me leave, Lady, to tell you, Extreame in Nature, are an Enemy to Life and Lifes delight; wherefore let me advise you to intermingle with your harmless Contemplations, rational Discourses, knowing Societies, and worthy Actions; and imploy your Senses on profitable Labours, and not suffer them to live idly and useless to the Minde.

Lady. Let me tell you, Sir, the Minde needs them not; for the Minde is so well attended, so richly furnished, such witty Companions, such wise Acquaintance, such numbers of Strangers, such faithfull Friends, such industrious Servants, such various Pleasures, such sweet Delights, such spacious Walks, such safe Habitations, and such a peaceable Life, that it neither needs to converse or commerce either with the Senses, Mankinde, or the World; for it is a World within itself.

*For the Minde a vaster World it self doth prove,
Where several Passions like the Planets move;
Poeticke Phancies like fix'd Stars shine bright
Upon the Brain, which makes a Day of Night;
As flux of things produceth from the Earth,
As some decays, to others gives new birth.
Nature and Time are equal in their ends,
As some decay, to others new Life sends.
The Circulation of Times World, we see,
May prove Immortal, the Minde Eternal be.*

⁹⁰²*hydropical*] swollen with water (OED adj. 3).

⁹⁰³*pursy*] wheezy or asthmatic (OED adj. 1).

*But the Material World hath Compass round,
 But in the Minde no Compass can be found;
 'Tis infinite, like Nature can create
 Thoughts, several Creatures, Destiny and Fate;
 And Life and Death do in the Minde still lye,
 Death to forget, and Life is Memory.*

Poet. But, Lady, in justice the Body as well as the Minde must share in the Pleasures of Life; for it were unjust that onely the Body should endure Restraint and Pain, and take no Delight; wherefore you ought not to imprison it to dark and solitary places, to chain it up with Contemplation, and to starve it with Abstinency, but let it take a moderate pleasure.

Lady. Well, I will try to be more sociable, and not starve the Life of my Body with over-feeding my Minde. [176:Z4v]

*But hard 'twill be for me for to abstain,
 And leave the Banquet of a thinking Brain;
 Where all delicious Pleasures and Delights
 Are there set forth to feed each Appetites.*

*The Dialogue of the Wise Lady, the Learned Lady,
 and the Witty Lady.*

Learning. SOme are of opinion, that the World is a living Creature, and the Sun is the Soul.

The wise and learned Philosopher held opinion, that the World was made of Atomes, the Chaos being nothing but small Febers.⁹⁰⁴

Wit. I think, the Chaos was a great Lump of Wit, which run it self into several Figures, creating several Forms. Thus the Chaos being Wit, and the Wit being Motion,

⁹⁰⁴Febers] Fibres. The 'wise and learned Philosopher' is probably Epicurus, who believed that order in nature occurred by chance. Cavendish rejected this doctrine, stating, 'It is not probable that the Substance of Infinite matter is only Infinite, Small, Senseless Fibres, Moving and Composing all Creatures by Chance, and that Chance should produce all things in such order and Method, unless every Single Atome were Animated Matter, having Animated Motion, which is Sense and Reason, Life and Knowledge' ('Another Epistle to the Reader', *PPO*, sig. c2).

hath invented this World, and many more, for all we know; for Wit is never idle, but is still producing something either of Delight or Profit.

Wis. The best is not to dispute of what Matter it is, or how it was made, or when it was made, but to enjoy the Pleasures thereof, to make use of the Profits it hath, and to avoid as much as we can the Inconveniencies and Troubles therein; for Disputes carry more out of the ways of Truth, and leads us further into the ways of Ignorance, than all the reason Nature hath given can adde to our Knowledge; and there is no Reason so strong, but may be contradicted by another.

Wit. If our Reason be so false a Guide, as not onely the Creation, but the Tract of the World is so hard to be found out, how shall we finde a direct way to *Jove's* Mansion?

Wisdom. I will tell you; the way to walk is by the Line of a good Life, and to take hold of Faith, and to climb up to Heaven by the Ladder of Prayers. *Enter the three Sisters.*

Learning. Nature is a Chymist, and Water is the Mercury, Fire is the Sulphur, Air is the volatil Salt, Earth is the fixed Salt, the fixed Stars are the chrystalline part, Life is the Spirits or Essences, --- Death is the Diadem⁹⁰⁵ -- Nature --

Wit. Wit, which is the Scholar of Nature, is as good a Chymist; for Wit doth extract something out of every thing.

Wisdom. And Wisdom knows how to apply the Extractions to the best use.

Learning. As the agitation of the Air makes us draw our Breath, so the agitation of the World makes it continue.

Wit. The agitation of the Brain makes a sharp, ready Wit.

Wisdom. The agitation of Virtue makes a peaceable Common-wealth.

Learning. Some Moral Philosophers hold, that no Creature hath Reason but Man.

[177:Aa1r]

⁹⁰⁵In NP 1671 (*Wing* N856), rather than death being the diadem, it is the 'caput mortuum' - the residue or worthless remains.

Wisdom. Men onely talk of Reason, but live like Beasts, following their Appetites without Rules.

Wit. Men may as soon set Rules to Eternity as to themselves; for their Desires are so infinite and so intricate, that we may as soon measure Eternity as them; for Desires are like Time, still run forward; and what is past, is as it had never been.

Wisdom. But Man may set Rules to himself, not to his Desires; and as wise Laws govern the Life, so that Reason, which Men say they have, should govern their insatiable Desires.

Learning. 'Tis said, Historie instructs the Life, it registers Time, it inthrones Virtue, it proclaims Noble Natures, it crowns Heroick Actions, it divulges Baseness, and hangs up Wickedness; it is a Torch, that gives light to dark Ignorance; it is a Monument to the Dead, and a Fame to the Meritorious.

Wit. In Poetry is included Musick and Rhetorick, which is Number and Measure, Judgement and Phancy, Imitation and Invention; it is the finest Art in Nature, for it animates the Spirits to Devotion, it fires the Spirits to Action, it begets Love, it abates Hate, it tempers Anger, it asswages Grief, it eases Pain, it increases Joy, allayes Fears, and sweetens the whole Life of Man, by playing so well upon the Brain, that it strikes the strings of the Heart with Delight, which makes the Spirits to dance, and keeps the Minde in tune, whereby the Thoughts move equally in a round Circle, where Love sits in the Center as Mistris and Judge.

Learning. Some Philosophers hold opinion, that all the changes in the World are onely caused by dilation and contraction.

Wit. I am sure, too much dilation of the Spirits causeth a weakness, by dis-uniting their Forces, and contracting of Humours, causeth Diseases. Yet a dilating Wit is best,

spreading it self, smoothly flowing, and easily; which if it be contracted, it makes it constraint,⁹⁰⁶ hard, and unpleasant, and becomes difficult to the Understanding.

Wisdom. Let us contract our Vanities, and moderate our Appetites with sober Temperance, and dilate our Virtues and good Graces by Noble Actions, and Pious Endeavours.

Learning. The Minde, some say, is nothing but Local Motion in the Brain, which we call Spirits in Animals, that is, Vapour, indeed Vapour of Vapours, that is, the thin and sharp Vapours; it is an extract of Vapour, from Vapours like Essences, or Smoke that arises from the porous and liquid parts of the Body, especially the Blood. This Essence hath an innated Motion arising from the acuteness thereof, yet their strength is often allayed by the dullness and coldness of grosser Vapours, or obstructed or hindred by the thickness of that dull Matter; and oft times it evaporates out of the Body by too much rarification,⁹⁰⁷ caused by too quick a Motion.

Wit. The Minde is like a God, an Incorporeal thing; and so infinite, that it is as impossible to measure the Minde, as Eternity. [178: *Aa1v*] Indeed Vapour is a great Instrument to the Wit; for gross Vapour stops up the Wit, cold Vapour congeals it, hot Vapour inflames it, thin and sharp Vapour quickens it. Thus all sorts of Vapours makes variety of Wit; and the several Figures, and Works, and Forms, that the vaporious Smoke ariseth in, causeth several Phancies, by giving several Motions to the Brain.

Wisdom. Well, Sister Wit, and Sister Learning, to conclude your Dispute; the best Ingredient of the Minde is Honesty, and the best Motion of the Brain is Reason, otherwise the Brain would be mad, and the Minde wicked; wherefore moderate the one, and temper the other.

⁹⁰⁶*constraint*] forced, as opposed to natural (OED adj. 2).

⁹⁰⁷*Rarification*] reduction in density (OED n. 1 a).

Learning. Learning increases Knowledge, begets Understanding, imployes Time, and enriches the Minde.

Wit. Wit invents profitable Arts, it creates Sciences, it delights the Minde, it recreates the Life, and entertains Time.

Wisdome. Wisdome guides the Life safe, gives honest Laws to the Will, sets noble Rules to the Actions; it governs Misfortunes easily, it prevents Misfortunes prudently, it imployes Time thriftily, it makes Peace, it gets Victory, it tempers those Passions that would disturb the Soul, it moderates those Appetites that would cause Pain to the Body; it endures Sickness patiently, and suffers Death valiantly.

Learning. There are many several kinds of Arts, as well as several sorts, as Arts of Pleasure, enticing Arts, vain-glorious Arts, vain Arts, superfluous Arts, superstitious Arts, ambitious Arts, covetous Arts, profitable Arts, destructive Arts.

Arts of Pleasure are Gardens, Groves, Bowers, Arbours, Grots,⁹⁰⁸ Fountains, Prospects, Landskips,⁹⁰⁹ Gilding, Painting, Sculpture; likewise Musick of all sorts; likewise, Confectionary, and Cookery, and Perfumes.

Enticing Arts are Artificial Singing, Artificial Speaking, Artificial Dressing, Dancing, Powdring, Curling, Perfuming, Rich Cloathing, Luxurious Entertainments.

Vain Arts are Feathers, Fancies, Ribbins, black Patches, Bobes,⁹¹⁰ and Side glasses.⁹¹¹

Amorous Arts are flattering Complements, false Professions, affected Garbs, affected Speeches, affected Countenances, affected Actions, Sonnets, Poems, Frolicks, Questions and Commands, Purposes and Riddles, Presents, private Meetings, and Confidence.

⁹⁰⁸*Grots*] natural or constructed caverns or caves that function as cool retreats (*OED grotto* n. 1 and 2).

⁹⁰⁹*Landskips*] landscapes.

⁹¹⁰*Bobes*] pendants (*OED* n.1 3).

⁹¹¹*Side glasses*] carriage windows (*OED* n. 2).

Expensive Arts are Feasting, Masquing, Balling, Carding, Dicing, Racing, Betting, Wager-laying and the like.

Ill natur'd Arts are Bull-baiting, Cock fighting, Dog fighting, Cudgel-playing.

Exercising Arts are Bowling, Shooting, Hunting, Wrestling, pitching the Bar, Racket, or Tennis-court-play.

Vain-glorious Arts are Oratory, Pleading, Disputing, Proposing, Objecting, magnificent Entertainments, great Revenues, sumptuous Palaces, and costly Furnitures.

Coverous⁹¹² Arts are Bribery, Monopolies, Taxes, Excises, and Compositions.⁹¹³

[179:Aa2r]

Ambitious Arts are Time-serving, Observing, Insinuating.

Malicious Arts are Attachings,⁹¹⁴ Appeachings,⁹¹⁵ Back-bitings, and Libels.

Superstitious⁹¹⁶ Arts are Interpretations, false Visions, Impostures,⁹¹⁷ Imprecations,⁹¹⁸ Ceremonies, Postures, Garbs, Countenances, and Paces, and particular Customes, Habits, and Diets.

Idolatrous Arts are Groves, Altars, Images, and Sacrifices.

Dangerous Arts, though necessary Arts for the safety of Honour, are Fencing, Riding, Tilting, Vaulting, Wrestling, and Swimming.

Murthering Arts are Swords, Knives, Hatchets, Saws, Sithes,⁹¹⁹ Pick-axes, Pikes, Darts, Granadoes, Guns, Bullets, Shot, Powder.

Arts of Safety are Trenches, Moats, Bridges, Walls, Arms, Chyrurgery, Drugstery.

⁹¹²*Coverous*] covetous.

⁹¹³*Compositions*] fines paid to avoid prosecution and thereby loss of property. 'The fines paid by Royalists under the commonwealth were called Compositions of Delinquents' (*OED* n. III 25 a).

⁹¹⁴*Attachings*] acts of taking into legal custody a person or property (*OED* n. 1).

⁹¹⁵*Appeachings*] accusations (*OED* n.).

⁹¹⁶*Superstitious*] credited with supernatural power (*OED* adj. A I 1 b).

⁹¹⁷*Impostures*] acts of fraud or deception (*OED* n. 2 a).

⁹¹⁸*Imprecations*] invocations of evil, curses (*OED* n. 1 b).

⁹¹⁹*Sithes*] scythes.

Profitable Arts are Geometry, Geography, Cosmography, Arithmetick, Navigation, Fortification, Architecture, Fire-works, Water-works, Winde-works, Cultivating, Manuring, Distilling, Extracting, Pounding, Mixing, Sifting, Grinding, as Maulting, Brewing, Baking, Cooking, Granging,⁹²⁰ Carding, Spinning, Weaving, Colouring, Tanning, Writing, Printing.

As for Tailery, Shoemakery, Knittery, and Semstry,⁹²¹ they may be reckoned amongst the Architectures.

Wit. Why, Sister Learning, all these Arts, and innumerable more, are produced from the Forge of the Brain, being all invented by Wit; and the Inventer is to be more valued than the Art, the Cause more than the Effect; for without a Cause there would be no Effect, so without an Inventive Brain there could be no Ingenious Arts.

Wisdom. Dear Sister Wit, do not ingross⁹²² more than what is justly your own; for there are more Arts produced from Accidents and Experiments, than from Ingenious Wit.

Wisdom. Some Learned Opinions hold, that the Motion of the Sun makes the heat; others, that Heat makes Motion.

Wit. Then it is like the Brain; for a hot Brain makes a quick Wit, and a quick Wit makes the Brain hot.

Wisdom. We ought not to spend our time in studying of the Motions and Heat of the Sun, as the Motions and Passions of the Heart.

Learning. Some are of opinion, that Light hath no Body; others, that it hath a Body; and that the Light of the Sun enlightens the Air, as one Candle doth another.

Wit. Light is like Imagination, an Incorporeal Thing, or an Accidental Proceeding from a Substance; and as one Candle doth light another, so one Phancy produceth another.

⁹²⁰*Granging*] farming, as applied to a gentleman farmer (*OED* n. 2 a).

⁹²¹*Semstry*] the act of sewing (*OED seamstres.sy* n.)

⁹²²*ingross*] collect or gather up (*OED engross* v. 4 a).

Wisdom. Pray discourse of Virtue, which is the Light of the Soul, and Generosity an Effect thereof, which distributes to Necessity, producing comfortable Reliefs therewith.

Learning. And some say, Colours are no Colours in the dark, being produced by light on such and such Bodies. [180:Aa2v]

Wit. We may as well say, Wit is no Wit, or Thoughts no Thoughts in the Brain, being produced by such and such Objects; nor Passion is no Passion in the Heart, being raised by such and such Causes.

Wisdom. I pray dispute not how Colours are produced, whether from the Light, or from their own Natures, or Natural Substances: but consider from whence Good Works are produced, as from a Soul that is pure and bright.

Learning. The Learned say, that Numbers are without sound, and Opticks are Lines with Light.⁹²³

Wit. Wit sets the Number, and Motion draws the Lines.

Wisdom. There is no Musick so harmonious as honest Professions, nor no Light so pure as Truth.

Learning. And they say, Discord in Musick well applyed, makes the Harmony the delightfuller.

Wit. So Satyr⁹²⁴ in Wit makes it more quick and pleasant.

Wisdom. So Truths mix'd with Falshood, make Flattery more plausible and acceptable.

Learn. Time, which is the Dissolver of all Corporeal Things, yet it is the Mother, Midwife, and Nurse to Knowledge; whereby we finde all modern Romancy Writers,

⁹²³Possibly a reference to Euclid. In his book *The Optics*, Euclid proposes 'that objects are seen by rays emitted from the eye in straight lines' (William Walter Rouse Ball, *A Short History of Mathematics* (London: Macmillan, 1935), p. 61).

⁹²⁴Satyr] Satire. 'The confusion between "satiric" and "satyric" gave rise to the notion that the satyrs who formed the chorus in Greek drama had to deliver 'satirical' speeches. Hence, in the 16th-17th c. the frequent attribution to the satyrs of censoriousness as a characteristic quality' (*OED* n. 1.c).

although they seem to laugh and make a scorn of *Amadys de Gall*,⁹²⁵ yet he is the Original Table, or Ground from whence they draw their Draughts, and take out Copies, although covertly. Indeed *Amadys de Gall* is the Romancy-writers Homer.

Wit. Although Wit is not a Dissolver, yet 'tis a Creator. Wit doth descry and divulge more Knowledge than Time; for that which Time could never finde out, Wit will discover.

Wit is like a Goddess in Nature; for though it cannot dissolve, yet it can produce, not onely something out of something, but something out of nothing, as from the Imaginations, which are nothing; and Wit needs no other Table or Ground to draw its Draughts, or take Copy from, but its own Brain, which creates and invents, simlizes and distinguisheth.

Wisdome. But Time and Wit would soon produce a Chaos of Disorder, if it were not for Wisdome, which is composed of Judgement, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance. For Judgement distinguishes Times and Wits; Justice governs Times and Wits; Prudence orders Times and Wits; Fortitude marshals Times and Wits; and Temperance measures Times and Wits.

Learning. Scholars say, that one Man can see higher and further when he is set upon another Mans Shoulders, than when he stands or sits on the Ground by himself: so when one is raised by another Mans Opinion, he can descry more into hidden Mysteries.

Wit. But if a Man see a Lark tour in the Skye, which another Man doth not, having weaker Eyes, yet he is no wiser than the other that onely saw the Lark picking Corn on the

⁹²⁵This best-seller chivalric romance, first printed in Spain in 1508, was 'translated into English by Anthony Munday and published [in] England in 1618-19'. The four volumes of the translation 'were dedicated to Philip Herbert, husband of Wroth's close friend Susan, Countess of Montgomery' (Trudy L. Darby and Alexander Samson, 'Cervantes on the Jacobean Stage', *The Cervantean Heritage: Reception and Influence of Cervantes in Britain*, ed. by J. A. G. Ardila (Leeds: Legenda, 2009), p. 208). Cervantes's *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, inspired by *Amadis of Gaul*, was translated by Thomas Shelton in 1607 and published in 1612 (Clark Colahan, 'Shelton and the Farcical Perception of *Don Quixote* in Seventeenth Century Britain', Ardila, p. 61). Cervantes references *Amadis of Gaul* in *Don Quixote* in a scene that may have been one of Margaret's inspirations for 'Heaven's Library'. When the knight's library is being purged, *Amadis* is saved from the fire because it is declared to be the best of its kind. In 'Heavens Library', however, *Amadis de Gaul* is cast out first because it was the inspiration for other romances; this conclusion may be a veiled joke given that Cavendish seems to have enjoyed both books.

Ground. But he that sees him not in the Skye, knows he is in the Skye, as well [181: Aa3r] as the other, because he saw from whence he took his flight.

But if the other, that is raised, can see a Bird in the Skye that was never seen before, it were something to adde to his Knowledge. Besides, a sharp quick Eye will see further on his own Legs than on the Shoulder of another; for most grow dizzy if set on high, which casts a mist on the Eyes of the Understanding.

Wisdom. Leave the Shoulders of your Neighbours, and let your Eye of Faith reach to Heaven. As some Meats nourish the Body, so some destroy the Body: so some Thoughts nourish the Soul, and destroy it. The Senses are the working Labourers to bring Lifes Materials in. As Nature is the best Tutor to instruct the Minde, so the Minde is the best Tutor to instruct the Senses. And my Minde instructs my Senses to leave you, &c.

There are learned Arts and Sciences; a Poetical and Satyrical Wit; a Comical and Tragical Wit; a Historical and Romancical Wit; an Ingenious and Inventive Wit; a Scholastical Wit; a Sociable Wit; a Philosophical Wit.

There is Moral, Humane, and Divine Wisdome. [182: Aa3v]