

**Of gardens. Four books / First written in Latine verse by Renatus Rapinvs.  
And now made English by J[ohn] E[velyn the younger].**

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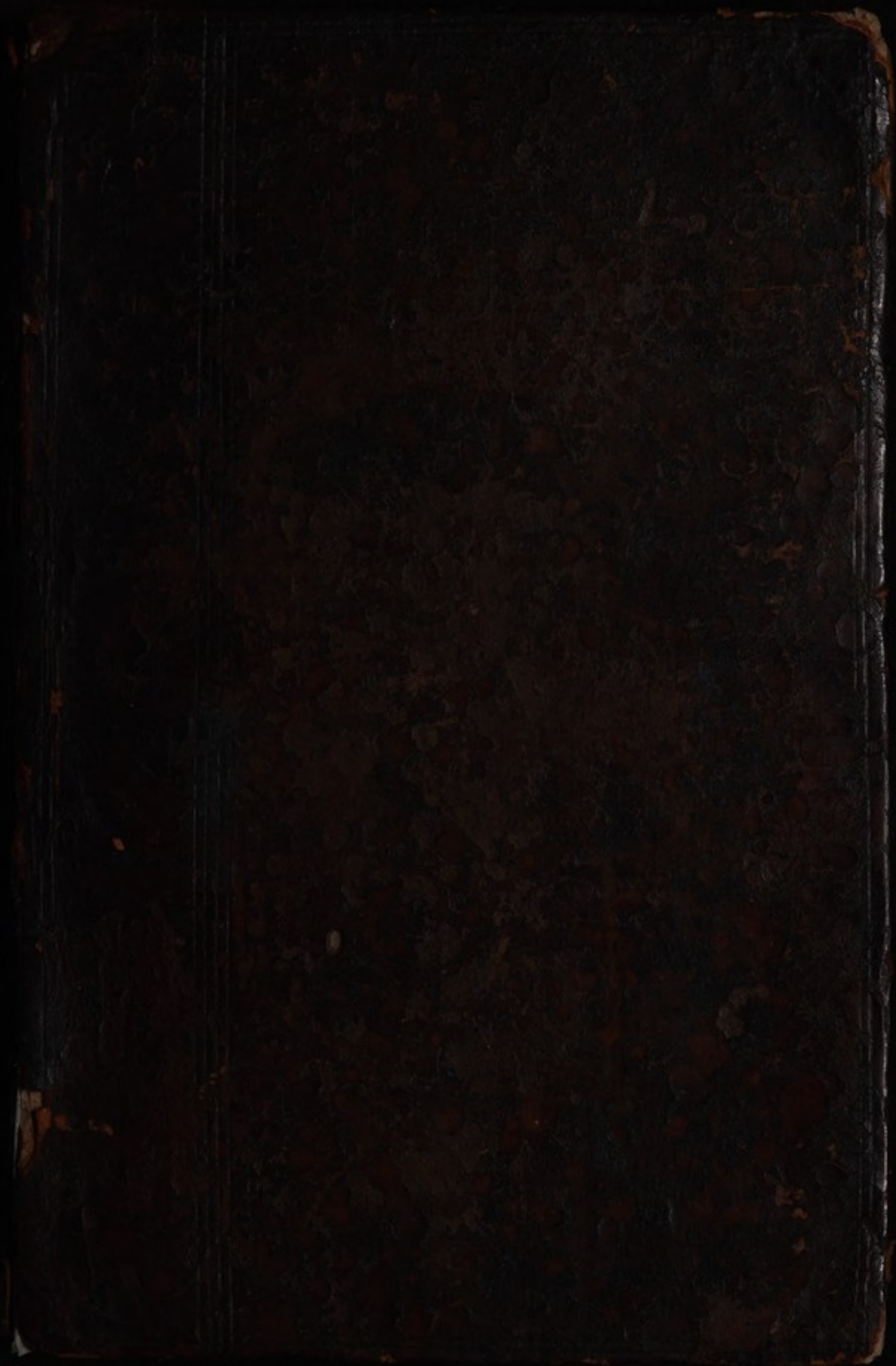
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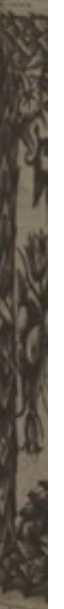


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LONDON  
Collins &  
Benjan

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# GARDENS.

Four Books.

First written in Latine Verse

BY

RENATUS RAPINUS.

And now made English

By J. E.



LONDON, Printed by T. R. & N. T. for Thomas  
 Collins and John Ford at the Middle-Temple Gate, and  
 Benjamin Tooke at the Ship in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1673.

W. & A. R. D. E. W. S.

Four Books

Printed in London by W. & A. R. D. E. W. S.

REPRINTED BY W. & A. R. D. E. W. S.

And now made ready for the Press



LONDON, Printed by W. & A. R. D. E. W. S. for Thomas  
Collins and John Taylor, the Booksellers, in Pall Mall, 1797.



To the Right Honourable  
**HENRY**

*Earl of*

**ARLINGTON,**

Viscount *THETFORD*, &c.

*His Majesties Principal Secretary of  
State, of his most honourable Privy  
Council; and Knight of the most  
noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

MY LORD,

**T***IS become the mode of this  
writing age, to trouble Per-  
sons*

A 2

## The Epistle

sons of the highest Rank, not only  
with the Real Productions of Wit;  
but (if so I may be allowed to  
speak) with the trifles and follies of  
it; hardly dos an ill Play come  
forth without a Dedication to some  
great Lady, or man of Honour;  
and all think themselves sufficiently  
secure, if they can obtain but the  
least pretence of Authority to cover  
their imperfections: My Lord,  
I am sensible of mine: but they  
concern only myself, and can never  
lessen the dignity of a Subject,  
which the best of Poets, and per-  
haps

## Dedicatory.

haps the greatest Wits too, have  
celebrated with just applause.

I know not how, my Lord, I may  
have succeeded with this adven-  
ture, in an age so nice and re-  
fin'd, but the Die is cast, and I  
had rather expose my self to the for-  
tune of it, then loose an occasion of  
acknowledging your Lordships fa-  
vours, which as they have oblig'd  
the Father, so ought they to com-  
mand the gratitude of the Son:  
nor must I forget to acquaint your  
Lordship, that the Author of this  
Poem address'd it to one of the most

## The Epistle

*Eminent Persons in France; and it were unhappy if it should not meet with the same good Fortune in England; I am sure the original deserves it, which though it may have lost much of its Lustre by my Translation, will yet recover its credit with advantage, by having found in your Lordship so Illustrious a Patron. Great Men have in all Ages bin favourable to the Muses, and done them honour; and your Lordship, who is the true Model of Virtue and Greatness, cannot but have the same inclinations.*

for

## Dedicatory.

for the delights which adorn,  
those Titles; especially, when  
they are innocent, and useful,  
and excellent, as this Poem is pro-  
nounced to be by the Suffra-  
ges of the most discerning; I  
had else my Lord, suppress'd my  
ambition of being in Print, and  
setting up for a Poet, which is  
neither my talent nor design:  
But my Lord, to importune you  
no further, this peice presumes not  
to intrude into your Cabinet, but to  
wait upon you in your Gardens at  
Euston, where, if when your  
Lord-



## The Epistle

Lordships more weighty affairs  
give leave, you vouchsafe to di-  
vert your self with the first Blos-  
soms of my Youth, they may by  
the influence of your Lordships fa-  
vour, one day produce fruits of  
more maturity, and worthy the obla-  
tion of

My Lord,

Your Lordships

Most dutiful,

and most obedient

Servant

J. EVELYN.

The



T H E

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# The Preface.

**I**T will doubtless appear an intollerable presumption in me to prosecute that part of the perfectest Work of all Antiquity, which was omitted by the most accomplished Poet that ever wrote. Few are ignorant of what he says in the fourth of his *Georgicks*.

*Forſitan & Pingues hortos quæ cura colendi,*

*Ornaret, canerem, biſeriq; roſaria Pœſti:*

*Quoque modo potis gauderent intybarivis,*

*Et virides apio ripæ.*

**A**

**You**

The Preface.

You would think in this place that *Virgil* was pleased with his own fancy, he is so fluent; nor without cause, where he is invited by the charms of so liberal a Subject. But whether he was hastened by his design'd Poem of Bees; or that he reserved his time for the setting forth of his *Hero*, not much after he leaves off what he had begun; yet not without a Commendation of the Argument, as worthy to be handled by all posterity.

*Verum hæc ipse equidem spatiiis discretus  
iniquis*  
*Prætereo, atque aliis post commemoranda  
relinquo.*

Now to go on where so great a man left off, to treat of a matter, which if we may believe *Pliny*, was able to deter so expert a Writer, makes me fear I can scarce free my self from the guilt of an extream confidence, besides in the imitation of so divine a Pattern, I

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raise a greater expectation than I can satisfy: And the example which I propose to my self is not so much an advantage to me, as it leads me to an infallible despair. What a rashness is it to attempt that which partly for the difficulty of what *Virgil* has omitted, partly for the excellency of what he has perform'd, none ever yet dared to undertake? The Culture of Gardens also being arriv'd to that height, that nothing can render it more perfect; and their dignity is such, that when I have done all I can, I shall have done less than they deserve.

Nor was I a little discouraged by the defects of the *Latine* Tongue, since it is an insufferable arrogance to write of a thing in *Latine*, of which the *Latines* were wholly ignorant: For the method of Gardening which is now in vogue, either of disposing Flowers in Beds, or the planting, and

*The Preface.*

ordering of Wall-Fruits, was not used among them. But yet if I transgress either through the penury of the Language, or my own ignorance; I am so vain as to hope, that our Age which admires Gardens above all others, will forgive me, if I fall short in an Essay which none have made trial of before me. On the other side, I was encouraged by the kind reception which Gardening finds every where, even with those of the highest and noblest rank; insomuch, that I question whether it was ever in greater esteem. And it was requisite since we are grown more curious in this affair then formerly, that somewhat of the delightful part of it should be communicated, which as well by the discipline of the times, as the industry of the improvers, is come to its utmost perfection. For certainly that symmetry of parts, which

is

*The Preface.*

is now visible in every Garden, is that exact beauty to which nothing can be added.

I need not say much here of the nature of that Verse, in which Precepts were wont to be deliyered; the *Georgicks* of *Virgil* are the best patterns of it; whose natural Ingenuity is such, as will hardly admit of that more elegant dress which I have put on; considering also the humility of that style, in which a naked and unmixed simplicity is most sought after. I will not go about to excuse my self, since I have happened on a Subject in which *Virgil* could not easily contain himself; though it was no difficult matter for him to do it, especially in that duller part of Husbandry; in which nevertheless, as *Pliny* observes, he onely cull'd the flowers of things, leaving out nothing that was capable of any splen-

## The Preface

dour or ornament : hence proceeded those frequent digressions from his purpose, that he might avoid the inconvenience of being tedious, which *Macrobius* speaks of in the 5<sup>th</sup>. book of his *Saturnalia*. In the *Georgicks* (says he) after the precepts which are naturally harsh, he concludes each book with the interposition of some quicker argument : As the first with the signs of the Weather ; the second with the praises of a countrey Life ; the third with a mortality among Cattel ; and the fourth with a pertinent story of *Orpheus* and *Aristæus*. Nor have I bin wanting in that particular : having made it my business to teach with as little rudeness as I can : and to advance the dulness of the instruction by the freedom of my fancy, that I might allay the harshness of those places, which the humility of the subject has so debas'd, that  
other-

*The Preface.*

otherwise they would be displeasing to the Reader. Yet if I appear too curious : I can defend myself by the authority of all those Greeks, who have written of Flowers, or their Culture. What can be more elegant then the description which *Nicander* makes in the second of his *Georgicks* of those Gardens in the territories of *Pisa*, which were water'd by the river *Alpheus*? In which he so often makes use of those ornaments, which Poetry derives from its fabulous times. It is almost incredible how copious and eloquent the rest are in that argument, of whom *Athenæus* makes mention in his 15th. book. Those who in verse treated of flow'ry Garlands, as *Cratinus*, *Hege-  
sias*, *Anacreon*, *Sappho*, *Panocrates*, *Chæremon*, *Eubulus*, and innumerable others. But I should not have so freely made use of Fables, in a matter that



### The Preface.

is expected to be grave and instructive: I should have inquired into the nature of Flowers and Plants, have described their properties, and estimated their virtues. I confess I should; and I think I have done so: Yet not forgetting that I act the part of a Poet, and not of a Philosopher, to gain credit by the raw simplicity of a scrupulous discourse. But though this be a middle, and more contracted way of writing, yet it sometimes takes courage, and exalts it self, that the slenderness of the matter may not make it appear too mean and dejected. To prevent which, the Soul must be excited, that so the mind (as *Anacreon* has it) being raised to a Poetique height, may breath forth divine raptures.

Νῶς ἐς θεὸς ἀσθεῖς.

But

### The Preface.

But the mention of the Heathen Deitys, by a Christian Authour, perhaps will seem absurd to those, who are ignorant of the *Genius* of Poetry, which by the services of the gods, and a feigned terrour of their decrees, ought sometimes to elevate the mind, that it may create admiration; and for this the liberty that is usually allowed the Muses is warrant enough, if we had not that of Religion too, which neither thinks it self, or morality injured, by that licence which a Poet takes to set off the truth, by the beauty and gracefulness of fiction.

I have not been so nice in Wood, and Water, as in Flowers, whose charms forced me to be a little more exuberant: unless it be in some places, where it was convenient to make the excellency of Poetry shine forth in the delightfulness of Fables; that

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that to the work might not wholly labour under the barrenness of the precepts, which it treats of.

In the Orchard, I fear I have not satisfy'd their expectations, who looked for a long Catalogue of Fruits and Apples, which are so numerous that it were endless to go about it; in describing the different kinds of Fruit, I have only touched the heads of things, after the example of *Virgil*, who in the second of his *Georgicks*, speaks but of a few of those wines which *Italy* afforded with so much variety and abundance; nor dos he take notice of any more then three sorts of Olives, and as many of Pears: for nothing is more abhorrent from the nature of that verse, then the hateful enumeration of particulars, which cannot but be very tedious, when it descends so low as to divide every thing into atomes, like that impertinent

work-

The Preface.

workman whom Horace speaks of in  
his Poems.

*Amilium circa ludum faber imus, &  
ungues  
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ere ca-  
pillos,  
Infelix operis summa.*

A correct writer can never fall in-  
to this error, he will rather make  
choice with judgment, than be volu-  
minous. But since I cannot avoid  
being faulty in many things: I were  
unwise if I should endeavour to excuse  
all. Therefore not to tire the Reader  
(whose favour I implore) with a long  
Preface, I will make no more apolo-  
gies for my self, but only add a word  
or two of the end, that is proposed in  
an instructive Poem: which as it is  
the same with that of all Poetry, is  
very easie. Not but that it is more  
generous

*The Preface.*

generous, then to insist wholly upon vanities and trifles : although its chief talent lies in being delightful : that which makes Philosophy it self appear wiser then other things, is the harshness, by which it renders the truth more difficult to be attain'd. The end of that Poetry is as of all the rest to teach : which as *Horace* intimates to *Lollius*.

*Quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non :  
Plenius ac melius Chrysisippo, & Crantore dicit.*

Though *Seneca* in other things is no inconsiderate writer, yet here he is so confident a Critique, that I have no patience with him, when he censures *Virgil* in his *Georgicks*, for making it his business not so much to speak truth, as what was graceful and ornamental ;  
and

### The Preface.

and to have rather aimed at the delight of the Reader, then the improvement of the Husband-man: Thus he destroys the main design of the Gentiler sort of Poetry, which was never more happily carryed on then by *Virgil*. Therefore as to this point, I value the opinion of *Seneca* but little; from whom I may appeal to the judgment of antiquity, which is ever to be revered by all wise men. It is manifest enough, how improbable it is, that a man so well seen in the works of nature, and one who acts with so much strictness in other things, should play the fool where he intends to instruct. For what is more below a generous man, then to trifle where he should teach; or to dwell upon nicety, where he promises that which is serious: and no one who is not very stupid can impute this to *Virgil*?

In *Varro* I find innumerable of the  
ancients

### The Preface.

ancients to have written of agriculture. But of all those none but *Menecrates* the *Ephesian*, and *Hesiod* wrote in verse, and *Hesiod* was the first, who as *Pliny* testifies: Thousands of years ago, in the infancy of learning, gave the first rules of Husbandry; though indeed *Hesiod* treated of the manners of men, more then the nature of things; which was what he proposed to himself: so that he acts the part of a Moralist rather then of a true Poet: Yet he deserves infinite praise; but not so much as *Virgil*, whose performances in that kind, are above admiration. This is the reason that makes me look upon him, as one who contrary to the mode of the rest of the Poets, promises nothing of himself, but without modesty and plainness, which in my opinion, is the most approved method of a good understanding; whose clearness is the perfect accomplishment

The Preface.

plishment of that wisdom, which  
*Horace ad Pisones* requires as the stan-  
dard of sound and correct writing.

*Scribendi recte, sapere est & principi-  
um, & Fons.*

Book I.

Flowers.

RAPINUS.



The Preface

plishment of that wisdom which  
Horace and Ptolemy requires as the first  
step or found and correct writing.

Sturbon's recto, paper of C. principis  
m. C. E. 1700.

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RAPINUS.

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R A P I N U S  
OF  
G A R D E N S.

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Book I.

---

*Flowers.*

**O** *Flowers*, a *Gardens* chiefest grace I sing,  
How you may *Groves* to best perfection  
bring ;  
Of *Aqueducts*, of *Fruit*, the cure and use :  
This to the world is publish'd by my Muse:  
Ye *Gods* that make the earth to fructifie,  
Let no rude tempest now disturb the Skie:

B

Through

Through paths by the Poetick Train untrod,  
*Apollo* calls, though first to *Maro* show'd ;  
 When in the end of his discourse he writes,  
 What most th' *Italian* fertile Soyl delights ;  
 To till the field his thrifty Swain he taught ;  
 Gardens to plant, left for some later thought.

This Poets footsteps I can onely trace ;  
 Nor dare I think to equalize his pace,  
 Whose heav'nly flight by nothing I pursue,  
 But my weak eyes, and keep him in my view.  
 Thou that art mine, and learnings greatest light,  
 Under whose influence justice shines more bright  
*Lamon*, if with thy Laws severe defence,  
 And State-affairs a while thou canst dispence ;  
 Afford my Gardens room within thy mind,  
 Though to the Laws and Government resign'd :

While

While with impartial sentence you decide  
 Causes, by int'rest, nor affection ty'd ;  
 While your example is to all a law,  
 And your own virtue vice it self do's awe ;  
 Yet to alleviate this sublimer care,  
 Grant to the Muses in your thoughts a share.  
 Though I perhaps to lower ends aspire,  
 Some kinder God may set my soul on fire ;  
 Then shall I sing, and publish loud your fame,  
 And in due numbers celebrate your name :  
 The *Woods* shall you, the *Fountains* you resound,  
 Your praise shal eccho from the fruitful ground.  
 My *Flowers* to your Temples shall be joyn'd,  
 Which for immortal Garlands are design'd.

Soyl fit for Gardens first of all prepare,  
 To th'East expos'd, refresh'd with wholesom air,

Where no near hill his lofty head presumes  
 T' advance, or noisome Fens exhale in fumes,  
 Where no dull vapours from the Pools infect;  
 Flow'rs most of all the open air affect.  
 But before this you ought to know the state,  
 And nature of the earth you cultivate,  
 'Tis best, where fat and clammy ground you see;  
 Flow'rs with rich soyl most properly agree.  
 This rank with weeds of a luxuriant blade,  
 Culture admits, and is for flowers made.  
 Learn that t' avoid, where deep in barren clay  
 The speckled *Ents* their yellow bellies lay.  
 Where burning sand the upper-hand obtains,  
 Or where with chalk unfruitful gravel reigns.  
 And lest th' external redness of the Soyl  
 Deceive your labours, and despise your toyl;  
 Deeply beneath the furrows thrust your spade:  
 Outward appearance many hath betray'd.

Earth

Earth under the green Sward may be inclos'd  
To a rough sand, or burning clay dispos'd.  
Some I've observ'd, who, if the ground they find  
To bring forth stones or Pebbles be inclin'd,  
Sift it, lest they the tender blade molest,  
And by their weight the flowers be oppress'd.

Now if both earth and air answer your ends,  
(For earth upon air's influence depends)

In large your prospect, nor confine your sight  
To narrow bounds; Flow'rs in no shades delight.

Break with the Rake, if stiffer clods abound,  
And with it's rollers level well the ground.

Nor yet make haste your borders to describe;  
But let the earth the Autumn show'rs imbibe;  
That after it hath felt the Winter cold,

You may next Spring turn up, & rake the mold.

This

This done, your Box in various forms dispose,  
 Such as were heretofore unknown to those,  
 Whose gardens nothing ow'd to modern art;  
 Deckt by what kinder Nature did impart,  
 Among ignobler Plants you then might view,  
 Where blushing Roses intermingled grew:  
 No spacious Walks, no Alleys were design'd,  
 Edg'd by green Box, all yet was unrefin'd.

*Flora* at first was unadorn'd, and rude;  
 Happ'ning at *Liber's* Orgies to intrude.  
 The Feast approach'd, the neighb'ring Deities  
 Were present; thither old *Silenus* hies,  
 Mounted on's Ass; with whom the Satyrs joyn  
 In drunken Bacchanals, and sparkling Wine.  
 Here *Cibele* through *Phrygia* so rever'd,  
 And with the rest our *Flora* too appear'd:

Her

Her hair upon her shoulders loosely plaid ;  
Or pride, or beauty this neglect had made.  
How e're it was, the other Goddeffes  
Laugh'd, and despis'd the rudens of her dress.  
This pity mov'd in *Berecinthia's* heart,  
Who griev'd to see her Daughter want that art,  
Which others us'd ; and therefore to repair  
Those imperfections, she adorn'd her hair  
With various flow'rs, her temples these inclose,  
And Box which Nature on each field bestows,  
Her Mine's now alt'red, every charming grace  
Strives to be most conspicuous in her face.

As this to *Flora* greater beauty gives ;  
So hence the Gard'ner all his art derives.  
The *Romans*, and the *Grecians* knew not how  
To form their Paths, and set their Flowers as  
now.



Goodness of air and soyl perhaps might be  
 Occasions of our curiosity  
 In Gardens; and the *Genius* too of *France*,  
 With time, this blest improvement might ad-  
 vance.

So that if you a *Villa* do desire  
 With Gardens, for a skilful man enquire,  
 Who with his Pensil can on Parchment draw  
 The form of your intended Work. No flaw,  
 No error 'scapes you: Thus deformity  
 Timely appears to your considerate eye.

In thousand Figures some their Box infold,  
 As was the *Cretan* Labyrinth of old.  
 These artificial Mazes some reject,  
 Who more the *Phrygian* Flourishes affect:  
 And these as many various textures taught,  
 As uncomb'd wool by *Tyrian* Virgins wrought.

Others

Others with Squares, less different, strive to  
please

Themselves, in which the fragrant flow'rs with  
ease,

And pleasure too, may stoop to the command  
Of the spectators eye, and gath'ers hand.

I will not divers knots to you suggest,

To chuse of them which please your fancy best,

That is preferable beyond compare,

Which with the scantling of your ground doth  
square.

When all things thus provided are, again

Level your ground, that, being smooth & plain,

Garden, and borders both may even be,

Admitting no irregularity.

As soon as snowy Winter disappears,

In planting Box employ your Labourers :

You

You must not trifle then, let no delay  
 Retard, when Sun and temp'rate air give way.  
 Where smaller limits cannot this afford,  
 With brick they must contented be, or board.  
 For Box would there the flowers over-shade,  
 And too much of the narrow spot invade.  
 This rule for larger Gardens was not meant,  
 Where Box is thought the greatest ornament.  
 And howsoe're you cultivate a place;  
 If it wants Box, you take away its grace.

In flow'rs so great a difference we find,  
 Do we regard their natures, or their kind;  
 That a good Florist cannot do amiss,  
 To learn their natures, and their properties:  
 Chiefly the seasons when to set and Sow,  
 And in what soyl what Plants do use to grow.

The seeds, and sorts of flow'rs no number owns;  
Neither is that of *Bulbous* roots more known.

The tenderness of some makes them desire  
Propitious Spring, that then they may aspire  
Into the air; while others which are bold,  
Contemn North-winds, and flourish through  
the cold.

These love the warmer sun; those, cooler shade.  
Nor is the vigor equally convai'd

To all from th' earth; for flowers will abound  
Sometimes in dry, oft in unfruitful ground,  
Earth that is barren, and do's stones produce,  
Though often 'tis improper, is of use  
Sometimes in raising flow'rs: Therefore again  
I must give warning to the Husbandman,

That he observe the seasons, and with care  
Read the contents of the Celestial Sphear:

That he take notice in the monethly state,  
And order, how the Stars discriminate.

What

What alterations, in the calmer air?  
 The East, and troubled Southern winds prepare:  
 That from the Rise and Setting of the Sun,  
 And by the aspect of the horned Moon,  
 Showers to come, and tempests he presage,  
 And how to Heav'n we may our faith engage,  
 Wherein the greater and the lesser Bear  
 Do's your Plantations infest, or spare:  
 How far the *Hyads* with excessive showers,  
 And the *Atlantick Pleiads* hurt your flowers.  
 Who th' observation of the stars neglect,  
 Too late are sensible of their effect.  
 They with our labours correspondence hold,  
 And all the secrets of our Art infold.

To be more sure, you ought before to know  
 The Winds, and different Quarters whence  
 they blow.

Else other Gardens you in vain admire,  
Though Western Breezes with the Spring con-  
spire,  
Yet no appearance of the Winds obey,  
For most of all they now their faith betray.  
If *Aries* with his golden fleece appear,  
And *Zephyrus* foretells the Spring is near,  
Yet some unlucky Planet menaces  
The Fields, and Gardens, and disturbs the Skies.  
The South-wind now against the Corn, and  
Flowers,  
Rages with frequent and destructive showers.  
Of the remaining cold we should beware,  
And see if ought of Winter hang i'th' air;  
Its cruel footsteps often stay behind:  
Therefore remember still to bear in mind  
The Seasons that most proper are to sow;  
For thus your seed will prosper best, and grow.

As

As soon as e're the knots have fill'd their space,  
 Left noxious weeds should over-spread the  
 place,  
 Between the Borders, and the Beds, you may  
 Lay Gravel, and so take the weeds away ;  
 For if you suffer them to get to head,  
 Mallows & Thistles o're your walks will spread.  
 But let not this check your design at all ;  
 The earth in time will be reciprocal.  
 No sooner has the Sun o'recome the cold,  
 When with astonishment you will behold  
 Your Gardens riches, whiter far then snow,  
 On a broad leaf the Primrose first will blow.  
 It keeps not always constant to a dye,  
 But loves its colours to diversifie.  
 The Grecian *Cyclamine* from far they bring,  
 The red and white both flourish in the Spring ;

Woody

Woody *Zacynthus*, stony *Coritus*,  
 And *Corcyraan* Mountains these produce :  
 T' th' Summer moneths they flourish, and though  
 late,  
 In Autumn too their flowers propagate.

This Season soft *Fumaria* too obeys,  
 And in *Bavarian* Rocks it self displays  
 In various colours ; but is known to die,  
 Soon as we hear th' Artill'ry of the Sky ;  
 Blasted by Sulph'rous vapours, as if dead,  
 It droops, and yields to th' earth its vanquish'd  
 head.

Now *Iris* springs, which from the heav'nly Bow,  
 Is nam'd, and doth as many colours show.  
 Its Species, and its Tinctures different are,  
 According to the seasons of the year.

By



By th' coming of the Swallows we divine,  
 'Twill not be long before that *Celandine*,  
 Which from that bird alone its name derives,  
 Favour'd by gentler Western-winds revives.

Golden *Narcissus* also now aspires ;  
 Who looking on himself, himself admires,  
 He fondly tempting the destructive Pow'r  
 Of Beauty, from a Boy became a Flow'r.

Nor longer can the Violets suppress  
 Their odours, clouded in a rustick dress ;  
 Girt round with Leaves, without varieties  
 Of colours, from the humble turf they rise.  
 If we may credit what the Poets write,  
 she was *Diana's* Nymph, her sole delight,  
 With her *Ianthis* follow'd in each chace,  
 Next to the Goddess, after none in place.

As

As she was feeding the *Pheræan* Cows,  
 By *Phæbus* seen, in love with her he grows :  
 Nor could he long conceal within his breast  
 Loves wound, the frighted Maiden straight ad-  
 dressed

Her self to th' Goddess. Ah! dear sister, fly,  
 Said she, if you'll preserve Virginity  
 Untouch't: you must all open grounds forbear  
 And lofty hills, for he'll pursue you there.  
 To Thickets, and forsaken Vales she hies,  
 And all alone by shady Fountains lyes.  
 Nor did her modesty her form depress,  
 But she was valued more, for her recess.  
 The God perceiving nothing else avail,  
 Attempts by theft, and cunning to prevail.  
*Diana* then foreseeing 'twas in vain  
 To think with life her honour to maintain ;

C

Ah!

A

Ah! let that beauty perish then, she said,  
 And soon a dusky colour did invade  
 The changing Nymph, who rather chose to be  
 Still virtuous, though with deformity.  
 The fields and lower valleys these afford,  
 And among brambles of their own accord,  
 They spring; nor should their site at all abate  
 Of their esteem, whose value is so great.

If sharper cold give leave, about this time  
 The *Hyacinth* shoots up from *Phæbus* crime.  
 At *Quoits* he playing, by *Europa's* side,  
 Chanc'd the boy's tender temples to divide.  
 The God and youth at once appalled stood;  
 He through his guilt, and he through want of  
 blood;  
 From which, in pity of his angry fate,  
 A flow'r arose, which oft do's change its state,

And colour; and to one peculiar kind,  
No more then to one season is confin'd.

Now Meadow-Saffron divers colours yields;  
And on a slender stalk adorns the fields.

Th' earth grown by reason of internal heat,  
Patient of Culture, let your Gard'ner set  
In beds prepar'd, what Seeds he do's intend  
For Summer, and with care their growth attend

As *Linum, Caltha, Lychnis, Cyanies,*

*Malva, Delphinium,* and *Anthemis,*

With fragrant *Melilot* for seed receiv'd,

In ground before prepar'd, may be reliev'd;

If th' earth defective be by being drest;

Or by refreshing streams if drowth molest:

It were an endless labour to set down

The flow'rs, which in the Spring are to be sown

The moister Spring makes all in time appear;  
And shews the hopes of the succeeding year.

Then, above all the flowers in the bed,  
The Crown Imperial elevates his head:  
Around him all the num'rous vulgar spring;  
As if they humbly would salute their King.

Beneath the top a golden Crown is plac't;  
This by a verdant tuft of leaves is grac't:  
Four flow'rs, with leaves inverted to the earth,  
Do from one stalk alone derive their birth.  
Nor would there any other this excell,  
If to its Beauty, were but added Smell.

Let not your Tulips, through the vernal  
show'rs,  
Make too much haste, to spread abroad their  
flow'rs.

For th' heavy aspects of the Moon would prove,  
With frost pernicious to them which love  
To flourish most; when Winters cold gives way,  
And gladsome Sun shine do's serene the day,  
Then on the beds in thicker ranks they stand,  
And in the air their spotted leaves expand.  
Their beauty chiefly from their colour flows;  
For whither on the leaves they do inclose  
A snowy whiteness intermixt with red;  
Or like the Crimson Bloud a Purple shed;  
Or the deep Murrey into Wan decay'd;  
Like a pale Widow under a black shade;  
Or in strip'd strakes with py'd *Achates* vies,  
The Tulip from the rest still bears the prize.

Though now a flow'r, yet *Dalmatis* before,  
Hard by *Timavus* Sping a blew Nymph bore;

This was her mother: changing *Proteus*  
 Her Father was; whose fickle *Genius*  
 She follows, when *Vertumnus* had searcht o're  
 The world, at last near to *Timavus* shore,  
 In the *Ilyrian* bounds, the Maid he sees;  
 And while with flatt'ring words he strives to  
 please

His Mistress, she from his addresses flies,  
 Though in her colours he diversifies  
 Himself, yet still she frustrate his desires;  
 And would not nourish his unlawful fires.  
 At last, in hopes this would all doubts remove,  
 He tells her he's a God, a God in love.  
 Yet she persists; which causes him to try  
 By force to make the tender Maid comply:  
 Now she implores the Gods, and by their pow'r  
 T' avoid the ravisher, becomes a flow'r.

The ornaments and fillets which adorn'd  
Her head and golden hair, to leaves were turn'd.  
Where her breast was, a slender stalk do's grow'  
Girt with a tuft of spreading leaves below ;  
In an orbicular figure, like a Cup,  
Upon this stalk a flower rises up,  
Consisting of six leaves, which proudly show  
The different colours Nature can bestow.

This Nymph, though now a Flower, cannot yet  
Her fancy for strange colour'd clothes forget,

In the worst mold this flower better thrives ;  
And barren earth miraculously gives.

More beauty to it, then a fertile ground,  
And when least strong, it is most comely found.  
If to your Tulips you will adde more grace,  
'Tis best to set them in a fainter place.



For if you put them in a richer bed,  
The goodness of the soyl will make them red.

When out of ev'ry bed the flow'rs disclose  
Themselves, if that the humid South-wind  
blows,

Or from the drier North if *Boreas* move,  
Bring Garlands to the Altars; for they love  
With these to be adorn'd. Thus *Glycera*  
Appeas'd great *Jove*, and did the storms allay.  
A flow'ry Wreath was then the ornament,  
With which the modest temples were content.  
Profuseness had not on the vulgar gain'd;  
And Vows to lesser bounds were then restrain'd.

I by my own experience do find,  
That a wet *April* with a Southern wind,

Destroys

Destroys the horror of the Spring again,  
And makes our early expectations vain.

Throughout the *Sabine* Valleys heretofore  
Bath'd all in Wine, the Shepherds us'd t'adore  
Celestial *Pales*: Hay was th' Offering,  
Which for their Seed & Cattle they did bring;  
The Chaff consum'd th' Infernals to appease:  
Them with their Februan Rites they strove to  
please.

That Moneth o're which the Ram is president,  
Brings forth the *Bellides*, the ornament  
Of Virgins now, though heretofore they were  
Nymphs of the Meads themselves; among  
them are

Those of the Woods, whose stalks discriminate  
Their Species, from them which propagate

Them-

Themselves in Gardens, made of finer threads,  
On lesser stalks these shew their painted heads,

The white *Etrurian Iris* now appears;  
But those are yellow, *Lusitania* bears:

One, for its figure, is by some desir'd;  
The other, for its colour, more admir'd.

With leaves condens't on the *Iberian* hills  
Exalted high, now springs the *Daffodills*;  
And *Water-mint* in moister vales we find,  
For *Garlands* fit, when 'tis with *Myrtle* joyn'd.  
With its three colours too the flow'r of *Jove*  
We see, which had it Smell, would equal prove  
To th' *Violets*: *Adonis* also flow'rs,  
Whose loss *Idalian Venus* so deplores.

And thou *Ranunculus*, whose fame resounds  
Among the *Nymphs* that dwell in *Lybian* bounds.

Thou

Thou through the fields in parti-colour'd dress  
 Aspir'st, thy paleness do's thy thoughts confess.  
 The love-sick youth once with the same desire  
 Infram'd himself, and set the Nymphs on fire.

These flow'rs with easie culture are content;  
 The Mattock, Rake, or other Instrument,  
 They trouble not; for if with fast'ned root  
 Into the air they once but dare to shoot,  
 The bed once made, by wat'ring them you gain  
 So much of pleasure for so little pain.

Nor yellow *Caltha* with their paler light  
 Would I forget, shew'd first to *Acis* fight  
 On the *Sicilian* shore; which from the Sun,  
 Towards which they look, draw their com-  
 plexion.

With curled threads, and top divided now  
 Along the margin of your borders grow

Stock-Gilly-flow'rs, whose blushing leaf may  
fear,

And justly too, the sharpness of the air.

Therefore because they cannot well preserve  
Themselves against ill weather, they deserve  
A place in earthen pots; the best defence  
Against the North, and Winters violence.

Then if *November* with its horrid show'rs  
Should rage, it cannot prejudice your flow'rs.

- For thus dispos'd, when danger menaces,  
To warmer sheds they are remov'd with ease.

Our fields may now of that *Sambucus* boast,  
Which first was borrow'd from the *Geldrian*  
Coast;  
Its candid flow'rs when they themselves dilate,  
Do most the swelling *Roses* imitate.

To

To make the year prove kind, *Postumius*  
I'th' *Mayan* Calends first did introduce  
The Rites of *Flora*; for the Husbandman  
In Rural matters newly then began  
T'employ himself, his hair with Privet bound;  
About the place the Floral Rites resound,  
Swains to their Temples pleited Garlands joyn;  
Then new-blown flow'rs they offer'd at the  
Shrine  
O'th' Goddess; for such Offerings as these  
Did best the Mother of the flow'rs appease.  
But when the Ram, who boldly heretofore  
Upon his back essay'd to carry o're  
His *Helle*, disappears, from other seed  
Another race of flow'rs will succeed.

If with kind aspects gentle *Mercury*  
 Favour his mother *Maia* from the Sky;  
 If the *Olenian* Goat no storms portend,  
 And no black showers from the clouds descend;  
 Now, more then ever, will the wanton ground  
 With all the *Species* of Herbs abound.  
 The prickly Hedges now their Odours give;  
 And *Tam'risks* with their precious leaves revive.  
 Soft *Cicer* too will flourish, and green Broom,  
 With *Colocasia* which from *Egypt* come;  
*Acanthus* girt with knots, and thorns, we see,  
 And bright *Parthenium*, with Rosemary,  
*Triorchis*, Sage, and Parsley, once the Meed,  
 Which to the *Isthmian* Victor was decreed;  
 Dames Violets appear, with Meadow-Rue;  
 Among the *Alps Phalangium* we pursue.

Through

Through *Allebrogian* Vales *Isopyrum*,  
Time, *Rhamnus*, *Houflock*, and *Antirrhinum*,  
With woody *Nard*, *Arcadian Moly* that  
Which *Homers* Poems so much celebrate.  
By the same culture these we raise from Seed:  
With them invest your fields, let ev'ry bed  
Be then replenisht; for a naked space  
The honour of your Garden would disgrace.  
The Seasons known, next learn how deep in  
mold  
You ought the seeds of flowers to infold.

Among high branches lofty Piony  
Proudly aspires, stain'd with a *Crimson-dye*.  
A colour, as it guilty odours show,  
Its crimes, and not its blushes did bestow.  
A happy Nymph, if her more peaceful hours  
Had not been troubled by divine amours;

Mortal



Mortal addressees she refus'd, as vain,  
 Guarding *Alcinous* sheep upon the Plain.  
 And nothing yet perhaps had made her yield,  
 Till an immortal Lover won the field.

*Convolvulus* disdain'g to be bound  
 With divers flow'rs dilated, now is found  
 In the moist Vales ; then mighty Nature  
 wrought,  
 While Lillies once employ'd her busie thought,  
 A little work, if with the rest compar'd ;  
 When she to greater things her self prepar'd.

Blew-bottle, Lark-spur, of their own accord  
 Now in the fields their diff'rent leaves afford.  
 Painted *Blattaria*, pois'nous *Aconite*  
 Wolfs-grass, wild *Basil*, Fennel which delight

In

In various forms and colours all, and now  
 Along the borders all their beauties show.

These, and a thousand others will contend  
 T' enrich your Garden; Odours too ascend  
 Spreading themselves through the serener air,  
 Where gentle breezes strive to bless the year.  
 This makes the fertile Meadows all rejoyce,  
 And *Philomela* with her charming voice;  
 And this invites the wanton flocks to play,  
 As they amidst their fruitful Pastures stray.

Who could be so unkind as to perswade,  
 I should for th' Town forsake my Countrey  
 shade?

Such joys I'll ever love, and should be glad  
 At those delightful Rivers to be staid,

D

Near

Near thee, O *Tours*, between the *Cher* and *Loir*,  
 Where we the Rural Miracles admire  
 Of *France*. Thou native Soyl of Gardens  
 hail!

To the *Surrentine* Hills, the *Sabine* Vale,  
 Or the *Oebalian* fields thou giv'st not place.  
 Thee soft *Ferentum*, nor the *Bantine* Chace  
 Excell, nor what *Phalantus* did possess,  
 Or the sweet shades which happy *Tibur* bless.

Besides the Coast with Streams and Foun-  
 tains grac't,  
 And on each side vast tracts of Meadows plac't;  
 The neighb'ring Hills all set with Vines, the  
 Town,  
 Which its rich merchandizes so renown;  
 The peoples inclinations, whose soft clime  
 Ha's rendred them polite, they spend their time  
 In

In filken works ; here shady Woods are seen,  
 And Meadows cover'd with eternal green :  
 Gardens, as if immortal, ne're decay,  
 And fading flow'rs to fresher still give way.

Such is Saint *Germain's*, which the Pow'rs of  
*France*

Inhabit, or the Vale of *Mommorance*,  
 Such fields are wash'd by th' *Sein* ; *Medun's* like  
 this ;  
 And such Saint *Cloud*, with famous *Ruel* is.

The Pensile Gardens of *Semiramis*,  
 The Orchard kept by the *Hesperides*,  
 Whose Apples watch'd by Dragons are be-  
 liev'd ;  
 Or vain *Elyzium* of the *Greeks* receiv'd ;

Cannot approach the Streams, and Groves,  
 which *France*  
 Adorn, or the proud Structures which advance  
 Her Fame, where pow'ful Art with Nature  
 strives,  
 And Rivers into large Canales derives.

From *Taurus* front in *June* the *Hyades*  
 Appear, and lowring clouds disturb the Skies;  
 With prayers therefore you must Heaven ap-  
 pease,  
 And by devotion make the tempests cease:  
 Then will the earth be spangled o're anew,  
 And high-topt *Lychnis* brings it self in view.  
*Asphodel* too, by learned *Hesiod* priz'd,  
 Whose roots out temp'rate Ancestors suffic'd.  
 Next these the greater *Cyanys*, which bring  
 Their name of old from a *Bizantine* King.

The

The Shield-leav'd *Cresse*, and *Cityssus* both  
fain'd,

In humane figures to be once contain'd :

The first, a famous *Dardan* Hunter was ;

The last, a Shepherd of the *Argive* race.

Like the Cone-bearing *Cypress* now we see  
*Linaria*, which obtain'd in *Italy*

A better name, by them call'd *Belvedere* ;

Nor *Aquilegia* longer can defer

To flow'r, its leaves a Violet-purple stains,

With *Anthemis*, as long as *Taurus* reigns,

It grows : The flow'r of *Helen* too ascends,

Which in it self both colours comprehends.

That *Helen* ancient *Ilium* did destroy ;

Her eyes, and not the *Greeks*, set fire on *Troy*.

She *Asia* fill'd, and *Europe* with alarms,

And her high quarrel put the world in arms.

Then *German* Fox-glove, with discolour'd rays,  
 And lovely Calamint it self displays:  
*Thryallis*, *Anthora*, *Æthiopsis*,  
 With *Scylla*, whose thrice flow'ring signifies,  
 Like *Lentisk*, the three Seasons fit to plow.  
*Lytrum*, obscure *Cerynthe*, All-heal too  
 Will shew it self, known by its *Tyrian* dye,  
 With multitudes of the ignobler fry.

Now I perceive from whence these Odours  
 flow;  
 While on the *Roses* kinder *Zephyrs* blow,  
 Out of the prickly stalk the Purple-flow'r  
 Springs, and commands the vulgar to adore.  
 The *Garden-Queen* do's now her self display,  
 Soiling the lustre of the rising day.

And

And *Cynthia* too withdraws her wearied fight,  
Grown pale, and vanquish'd by excess of light.  
She, who not yet had spread her tender leaves,  
Impatient now of her confinement, cleaves  
Through all impediments; her form divine  
Speaking her justly of a Royal Line.  
Her blushing modesty would make you guess,  
That she was chaste, if not her *Virgin-dress*.  
Therefore since *Bloud and Virtue* so agree,  
It shews her *Chasteness, and her Majesty*.

The *Amazonians* falsely do combine  
Among themselves to place this *Heroine*.  
Falsly, I say; for she's to *Greece* allow'd,  
Where *Sea-girt Corinth* to her Scepter bow'd.  
Fame of her Beauty spreads through ev'ry  
place,  
And Kings themselves pay homage to her Face.



Warlike *Halesus* first of all arrives,  
 Then high-born *Brias*, who himself derives,  
 From seven-fold *Nile*; next *Ax-armid Arcas*  
 hies,  
 Cover'd with Laurels, proud of Victories;  
 Which after various perils undergone,  
 His conquering arms on *Theban* Plains had won.  
 All these he prostrates at her Royal Feet,  
 In hope such Offerings might acceptance meet.

Proud of her Beauty, she replies, her charms  
 Yield not to such mean Arts, but manly Arms.  
 No longer hearkens to their idle vows,  
 But in the midst of armed Troups she goes  
 To *Phœbus*, and his sisters fane, desires  
*Diana's* aid against immodest fires.  
 The furious Lovers now with force attaque  
 The Queen, the Temple-doors they open break.

From

From whence repell'd, their Mistress makes  
them feel

The dire effects of her intraged steel.

Perhaps her courage, more then feminine,  
Mingled with modest blushes made her shine  
More splendidly; or else some fresh supplies  
Of lightning were conspicuous in her eyes.

Something there was that had amaz'd the rude  
And duller *Genius* of the multitude:

For with loud shouts they daringly prefer  
*Rhodanthes* name before *Diana's*: her

They now adore, and in the Goddess stead,  
Cry out *Rhodanthe* shall be deified

When learn'd *Apollo* from the Azure Sky

Beheld *Rhodanthes* great impiety,

With vengefull flames, that did obliquely glide,

He makes her curse her sacrilegious pride.

Close

Close to the Altar now her feet are joyn'd;  
Which spreading roots do yet more firmly  
bind.

Her arms are boughs; and though she senseless  
grows,

Yet great and comely in her change she shows.

She had not less perfection, then before;

And fair *Rhodanthe* is as fair a flow'r:

Happy, if she had never merited

Those honours which to her destruction led.

*Apollo's* vengeance stops not coldly here;

The irreligious vulgar now appear

Transform'd to thorns; which in that shape

contend

With dreadful points *Rhodanthe* to defend.

Into a Butter-fly *Halesus* goes;

*Arcas* t' a Drone; while valiant *Brias* grows

A Caterpillar ; who with one consent  
Their former Mistress in new shapes frequent.

And though this flow'r be justly plac't above  
All others, yet it do's not lasting prove,  
*Thus the best things do soonest bend to Fate ;*  
*And nothing can be durable that's great.*

I cannot all the *Species* rehearse  
Of Roses, in the narrow bounds of Verse.  
Some curl'd, some wav'd about the top are  
found,  
And others with a thousand leaves are crown'd ;  
Through which the flaming colours do appear.  
Others are single, not t' insift on here  
Either the Damask, or *Numidian* Rose,  
Or *Cistus*, which in *Lusitania* grows.

Roses unarm'd, if you the earth prepare,  
 May be produc't, but they in danger are;  
 Because unguarded; for what excellence  
 Can be secure on earth without defence?  
 Though *Saltunga* to the Roses yields,  
 Yet it will adde some beauty to our fields.

These flow'rs are quickly subject to decay,  
 And when *Orion* shines, they fade away.  
 In Pots the candid *Hyacinths* remain  
 Intire, which from their tub'rous roots obtain  
 Another name; our Merchants those of late  
 From the far distant *Indies* did translate:  
 Their station first in *Italy* they had;  
 And then to *Rome*, and *Latium* were conuai'd.  
 From whence all *Europe* ha's been furnish'd,  
 where  
 In ev'ry Garden now they domineer.

Not onely boasting of the native Snow,  
Which decks their front, but of their Odours

100.

If ever any flow'rs you admire,  
These above all will greatest care require,  
In earthen *Vasa's* when they are secure,  
The shocks of wind and rain they best endure.  
And lest the parching rayes of *Sirius* prove  
Destructive, you must soon your flow'r remove  
Into your house; nor think it labour lost,  
That cannot be unworthy of your cost;  
Which, to adorn, and to augment our store,  
By Sea we borrow from the farthest shore.

Nor *Cymbalum* will long be wanting found  
With Purple Flow'rs inverted to the ground.

The

The onely nat'ral difference we see  
 Of them, and Lillies since their smells agree.  
*Chrysanthes* next with radiant threads appears,  
 Its leaf a deep *Sidonian* tincture bears.  
 And though *Amaracus* at first may seem  
 Unworthy of a place in your esteem,  
 Contemn it not ; for it will recompence  
 The want of form, in pleasing th' other sence.  
*Venus* with fragrant smell did heretofore  
 Indue this Plant hard by deep *Simois* shore.

Yarrow will now a thousand leaves expose,  
 And Summer *Iris* various colours shows.  
 With, *Malva*, *Linum*, yellow *Melilot*,  
 And red *Ononis* too ; whose binding root  
 Do's oft the tardy Husbandman molest,  
 And stops the progress of his lab'ring beast:

The Nymphs may now frequent the verdant Meads,

And make them pleited Chaplets for their heads:

Their hands, and Ozier baskets may be fill'd  
With flow'rs, which spread themselves o're  
ev'ry field.

But let all Nymphs that tragick use avoid,  
By which th' *Aegyptian* Queen her self de-  
stroy'd.

When vanquish'd *Antony* from *Actium* ran,  
Leaving *Augustus* th' Empire of the Main;  
She fearing to adorn his victory,  
Rather chose death, then living infamy.

But lest her resolutions should be known,  
Beneath the flow'rs the pois'nous *Asps* were  
thrown.

Thus



*Thus she expir'd in death with pleasure blest,  
Applying fatal Serpents to her breast.*

Flowers in many things convenient are ;  
Our Tables, and our Cupboards we prepare  
With them ; and better to diffuse their scent,  
We place them in our Rooms for ornament.  
By others into Garlands they are wrought ;  
And so for off'rings to the Altars brought.  
Sometimes to Princes Bankets they ascend,  
And to their Tables fragrant Odours lend ;  
*As oft they serve to grace a temperate Mess,  
where the content is more, the plenty less.*

Nor want there those, who with sublime  
skill,  
In hollow Limbecks flowers can distill.  
Now with a slow, now with a quicker fire  
They work, which makes the vapor strait aspire  
To

To the cool brass, whence heated once anew,  
It gently trickles into Pearly dew.  
The Spirit thus of flowers is convey'd  
To Water, and by trial stronger made.

Unguents from them are drawn, such as of old  
To rub the hair *Capuan Seplasia* sold;  
*Capua*, whose soft delights, and pleasing charms  
Prov'd worse then *Canna* to the *Punick* arms,  
Where *Hannibal* that enemy to peace,  
Indulg'd himself to luxury and ease.

Painting it self, from flow'rs we derive,  
Whose colours did the first examples give:  
By *Glycera Pausiades* thus taught,  
Painted the different flowers which she brought  
From them, & by the care of those that weave,  
Such great improvements figur'd Silks receive.

E

And

And from that Nectar which the flow'rs contain,  
 Industrious Bees their Honey too obtain,

I should too tedious be, if I should sing  
 The mighty aids which herbs and flowers bring  
 To the Diseases men are subject to :  
 For these the Gods with virtue did indue.

Near *Paris*, where the rapid *Sein* do's glide,  
 In a *sub urban Villa* did reside  
 A single man ; his Garden was his Wife ;  
 And his delight a solitary life.  
 Few Acres were the limits of his land ;  
 No costly Tapestry his walls prophan'd :  
 And yet he was as satisfi'd as those,  
 On whom too partial fortune oft bestows

Her greatest favours, since 'tis not excess,  
But moderation causes happiness,  
From Regions far remote he flowers brought,  
And wholesome herbs on distant Mountains  
sought.

Into his Garden these he did translate,  
And to his friends their qualities relate.

He could not long enjoy his solitude,  
Fame soon attracts the neighb'ring multitude;  
Who importune him that he would impart  
His skill, and not conceal his pow'ful art.  
Those who of shortness in their breath com-  
plain'd,

And in whose bowels scorching Feavers reign'd;  
Some for ill humors, joynts ne're standing still,  
And beating at the heart, implor'd his skill.

Those, whom Physicians long had given o're,  
 He by reviving Med'cines did restore.  
 But he that could renew lost health àgen,  
 Deserves the praises of a better Pen.

*Peruvian Granadil* in Summer blows,  
 Which near the *Amazonian* River grows:  
 Nature her self this flowers leaves divides  
 Into three parts, and waves them on the sides.  
 From a tall stalk sharp prickles it do's send,  
 Like those that do the Holy Thorn defend:  
 With triple-pointed leaves resembling those  
 Accursed Nails, which fix'd Christ to the  
 Cross.

Next painted *Meleagris*, *Echium* shew  
 Themselves with *Rumex*, *Adiantum* too,

And

And *Hesperis* ; to which the influence  
Of *Phæbus* various colours dispence.

Lovely Carnations then their flow'rs dilate ;  
The worth of them is, as their beauty, great.  
Their Smell is excellent ; a Cod below  
Restrains the swelling leaves, which curled grow  
Divided too ; this flow'r exacts our care :  
For if th' extreams of heat or cold the air  
Molest too much, they're blasted in their birth,  
Unable to aspire above the earth.  
Morning and evening therefore you must chuse  
To water them, or else their charms they lose.

*Hemerocallis* next we see, whose name  
Deservedly from its short duration came.  
Its flowers always do obliquely bend,  
And into purple leaves themselves extend.

With numbers of them all your Garden store,  
While they are fresh you will admire them  
more.

If pois'nous *Orobanche* should by chance,  
Among the rest, its noxious head advance;  
Let not your Cattle eat it, lest they find  
Too late the dire effects it leaves behind.  
Cows set on fire by its pernicious taste,  
Without delay, straight to ingender haste.  
Whole flocks besides, as if they were untam'd,  
Stray through the Woods with lustful rage in-  
flam'd.

High *Matricaria* on long branches shows  
Her candid flow'rs : about them *Thlaspis* grows.  
*Thlaspis* was once a *Cretan* youth ; he lov'd  
This Nymph ; & their amours had happy prov'd  
If

If fate had crown'd their innocent delights,  
With less unlucky *Hymeneal* Rites.

*Chamaedris* near cold Springs new vigour takes;  
Nature its leaves like saws indented makes.

Two sorts of the wild *Orchis* now appear;  
And on their leaves two diff'rent colours bear.

Within a while your Garden waxes white,  
And snowy flowers will surprize your sight.

For if the Summer do's not late arrive,  
On verdant stalks the Lillies will revive.

*France* more then any Nation has preferr'd  
This flow'r, some say, from *Phrygia* 'twas transferr'd

By *Francus*, sprung from *Hector*; full o'th' fame  
Of his great Ancestours; that his own name



Might be extoll'd, remoter Climes he fought,  
And settling here to us our Lillies brought.  
But our Forefathers, by Tradition, prove  
They fell, like the *Ancile*, from above.  
Saint *Clodoveus*, who did first advance  
The Doctrine, and the Faith of Christ in *France*,  
With his pure hands receiv'd the heav'nly gift  
And to the care of his Successors left ;  
That it should be preserv'd from age to age  
His Kingdoms Ensign, and prædestin'd Badge.  
These Arms shall flourish, when propitious fate  
In lasting peace shall on great *Lewis* wait.  
When he th' affrighted world shall have com-  
pos'd,  
And all the wounds of war and tumult clos'd ;  
When fraud and murder he ha's put to flight,  
And with firm Leagues he shall mankind unite.

Now

Now for past loves unhappy *Clytie* grieves,  
 And paleness from the parching Sun receives.  
 Sh' aspires o're other flow'rs, in hopes, by chance  
 Her former lover might vouchsafe a glance.

*Crocus*, and *Smilax* too in *June* appear,  
 Which heretofore did humane bodies wear.  
 Their tufted heads when Poppies have expos'd,  
 And th' earth for new productions is dispos'd ;  
 To make her riches in more splendour shine,  
 In the same flower diff'rent colours joyn.  
 To *Eleansian Ceres* Poppies owe  
 Their rise ; with purple leaves some higher  
 grow :  
 But the white kind a dye, like silver, yields,  
 Shewing the modest treasures of the fields.

The

The Seeds to Med'c'nal uses are applied,  
 And often in Diseases have been tried.  
 Sometimes short-winded Coughs they moderate,  
 And welcome sleep in sickly men create.

In Greece *Eryngus* is deserv'dly sought ;  
 Born in a Womans Breast, while green, 'tis  
 thought  
 An antidote against all lustful fires ;  
 And to allay a Husband's wild desires.  
*Phaon* did thus his *Sappho's* love obtain,  
 If the records of time may credit gain.

But while the Dog-star rages in the Sky,  
 And cruel Clouds their wonted show'rs deny ;  
 When burning *Phæbus* lengthens out the days,  
 Scatt'ring the dew by his refulgent rays ;

Lest all your Plants should at the root decay,  
 And wanting moisture quickly fade away;  
 From neighb'ring Fountains flow your Garden  
 o're,  
 Such vital drops will life again restore.  
 For now *Aurora* no refreshment gives,  
 No humid dew the dying grafs relieves.

Among the flow'rs, which late i'th' year arrive,  
 Immortal *Amaranthus* will survive.

For at that time an unknown multitude  
 Of vulgar flowers will themselves extrude.

*Conyza, Horminum, Hedyfarum,*

*Angelica, small Henbane, Apium,*

*Marchmallows, woad, Armeria, Clematis,*

With trembling *Coriander, Barberis,*

Both the *Abrotonums, Myrrhe, Centory,*

Slender *Melissa, Sium, Cicory,*

*Bupb-*

*Bupthalmum*, *Stœchas*, *Hyosciamus*,

And spotted *Calendule* their flow'rs produce.

*Mint*, and *Nigella* too ; with these we see

The Summer thus and Autumn still agree

To fructifie, and thus the year goes round,

While ev'ry season is with flowers crown'd.

The golden *Attick* Star in Meadows reigns,

So term'd by *Greece* ; but by the *Latine* Swains,

*Amellus* : In wet Vales, near Fountain fides,

It grows, or where some crook'd *Maander*

glides.

In making nooses it is useful found,

When the ripe Vintage hangs upon the ground.

Purple *Narcissus* of *Fapan* now flow'rs,

Its leaves so shine, as if with golden showers

It had been wet; which makes it far out-vy  
The lustre of *Phœnician* Tapestry.

Therefore t'augment the grace of *France*, 'tis fit  
This flow'r into our Gardens we admit.

'Tis true, it hardly answers our desires  
At first, but longer culture still requires.

Yet let not this occasion our despair,  
When once it blows, 'twill recompence our  
care.

The Box about the borders, ev'ry year,  
About the Spring, or Autumn always shear.  
It's best to let the Boughs be mollifi'd  
By rain, which makes them easier to divide.

But you must know, that flowers are not all  
Deduc'd at first from one original :

For

For some alone from tub'rous roots proceed,  
From *Bulbous* some, and others rise from seed.

The Beds we in *October* should disclose,  
And on large floors the *Bulbous* roots expose  
To th' air, that the Suns rays may then attract  
That moisture which in Summer they contract.  
By lying under ground; thus purg'd and clean.  
After some time they may be set agen.  
And better to resist the Winters cold,  
They must be deeply buried in their mold.

But with less care we set the tub'rous root,  
That of its own accord will downward shoot.  
While others if not deeply plac'd are lost,  
As well by drowth, as by the piercing frost.

Perhaps

Perhaps your stupid lab'ers may not know  
The Seasons that convenient are to Sow.

Therefore you must observe, if *Scorpio* meet  
*Erigone*, and move his lazie feet.

When the hoarse Crane cuts th' air with tardy  
wing,

And makes the Clouds with horrid clangor ring.

Then's the best time of all to plant your flow'rs,

If humid Autumn but with mod'rate show'rs

Some days before refresh the parched face

Of th' earth, which in its bosome will embrace

The *Bulbous* roots, and kindly warmth infuse,

Supplying ev'ry branch with quick'ning juyce.

But lest the rain should stagnate, and be found  
By its unequal wetting of the ground.



Hurtful to th' roots, by swelling banks you may  
All the superfluous water drain away.

Our lab'ers thus the Royal Gard'ner taught ;  
From him, this way of planting flow'rs they  
brought.

In all that could improve, or grace the field,  
In all the arts of Culture he excell'd.

By the Moons face you should the Seasons  
know,

O're tempests she, the air, and earth below  
An influence ha's ; if she her Orb displays,  
Piercing the opacous Clouds with silver rays.  
When with soft breezes she inspires the air,  
And makes the winds their wonted rage for-  
bear.

Till it be Full Moon, from her first increase,  
The Season's good ; but if she once decrease,

Stir

Stir not the earth, nor let the Husbandman  
Sow any seed; when Heav'n forbids, 'tis vain.  
You must obey, when th' heav'nly Signs invite,  
Have the *Parrhasian* Stars still in your sight,  
Which less than any do their lustre hide;  
And best of all the erring Plowman guide.

Some in preparing of their seed excell,  
Making their flow'rs t' a larger compass swell.  
Thus narrow bolls with curled leaves they fill,  
Helping defective nature by their skill.  
Others are able by their powerful art,  
New odours, and new colours to impart;  
To change their figures, to retard their birth,  
Or make them sooner cleave their Mother  
Earth.

These pleasures are with small expence and ease  
Obtain'd, if such delights your fancy please.

Spite of hot *Sirius Tanacetum* lives,  
And, while he burns the fields, in *Africk* thrives,  
Its lovely colours, and thick foliage  
Will also flourish through the Winters rage.  
This flow'r great *Austrian Charls* did heretofore  
Besieging *Tunis*, from the *Punick* shore  
Transmit to *Spain*. When frost first binds the  
ground,  
And sharp *December* spreads its ice aground  
I'th' *Scythian* Clime, in the *Sarmatian* fields,  
Distracting *Helebore* black flowers yields.  
And yellow *Aconites* on th' *Alps* appear,  
Others at other seasons of the year.

Now *Persian Cyclamine*, and *Lawrel* blows,  
Which on the bank of winding *Mosa* grows.

Broad-

Broad-leav'd *Merascus*, and green *Sonchus* live,  
With *Crocus*, which from *Fura* we derive,  
The late *Narcissus* in these Months we find,  
And Winter *Hyacinths*; but from the wind,  
And killing frost, to save your flowers, draw  
Over your beds a covering of warm straw.  
Thus they avoid the Winters violence,  
Till the kind Spring renews its influence.

What angry Deity did first expose  
To the rough tempests, and more rigid snows,  
The soft *Anemony*, whose comely grace  
A gentler season, and a better place  
Deserves? For when with native purple bright  
It shews its leaves to the propitious light,  
With diff'rent colours strip't, and curled flames  
Encompast, it out love and wonder claims.

There is not any other that out-vies  
 This flowers curled leaves, or num'rous dyes ;  
 Nor the *Sidonian* art could e're compose  
 So sweet a blush, as this by nature shows.

*Flora* inrag'd, because she was so fair,  
 Banish't this Nymph into the open air ;  
 She was the boast and ornament of *Greece*,  
 But beauty seldom meets with happiness.  
 So't prov'd to her ; for whilst the careless Maid  
 To take the air, about the fresh fields stray'd :  
 Straight jealous thoughts the angry Goddess  
 move ;

Angry her Husband *Zephyrus* should love  
 Ought but her self ; th' effects of her disdain  
 On *Anemona* light ; her form in vain  
 Adorns her now, to that she ow'd her fate :  
 Less beauty might have made her fortunate.

Thus

Thus she who once among the Nymphs excel'd,  
Transform'd is now the best of flowers held.

While *Venus* for her lov'd *Adonis* griev'd,  
After he had his mortal wound receiv'd;  
Her onely comfort in this flow'r remain'd;  
For from his streaming blood, when she had  
drain'd

All that was humane, and had sprinkled o're  
The corps with sacred juyce, from the thick gore  
Immediately a purple flow'r arose,  
Which did a little recompence her loss.

This flowers form and colours so invite,  
That some whole cases full of turf delight  
To sow with seed; which when they first arise,  
With colours pleasingly confus'd surprife.

Victorious *Gasto* so this flower did grace,  
 That in his *Luxemburgh* he gave it place;  
 Call'd for the Pots ; nor could at meals refrain,  
 With it himself and Court to entertain.

These in the Winter you should cultivate,  
 That so upon the beds they may dilate  
 Their precious flow'rs, which only can restore  
 Your Gardens life ; for when the frost before  
 Destroy'd without repulse, these triumph still,  
 And conquer that which all the rest do's kill,  
 When others with dejected leaves do mourn,  
 And wet *Aquarius* do's discharge his urne ;  
 This with illustrious purple decks the fields,  
 But if her *Zephyrus* kind breezes yields,  
 She'l flourish more ; by which we well may find,  
 That to each other they are yet inclin'd.

While

While with succeeding flow'rs the year is  
crown'd,  
Whose painted leaves enamel all the ground ;  
Admire not them, but with more grateful eyes  
To Heaven look, and their great Maker prize.  
In a calm night the earth and heaven agree,  
There radiant Stars, here brighter Flow'rs we  
see.

---



T. B. B. B. S.

1

White with luscious flow  
Whole dainted face  
Admire not that, O! well we  
To Heaven's and on Earth  
In a calm night the  
These radiant stars  
let.

T. B. B. B. S.

2

White with luscious flow  
Whole dainted face  
Admire not that, O! well we  
To Heaven's and on Earth  
In a calm night the  
These radiant stars  
let.

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For

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R A P I N U S  
OF  
G A R D E N S.

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Book II.

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W O O D S.

**L**ong rows of Trees and Woods my Pen  
invite,

With shady Walks a Gardens chief delight :

For nothing without them is pleasant made ;

They beauty to the ruder Countrey adde.

Ye

Ye Woods and spreading Groves afford my  
Muse  
That bough, with which the sacred Poets use  
T' adorn their brows; that by their pattern led,  
I with due Laurels may impale my head.

Methinks the Okes their willing tops incline,  
Their trembling leaves applauding my design;  
With joyful murmurs, and unforc't assent,  
The Woods of *Gaule* accord me their consent.  
*Citharon* I, and *Menalus* despise,  
Oft grac't by the *Arcadian* Deities;  
I, nor *Molochus*, or *Dodona's* Grove,  
Or thee crown'd with black Okes, *Calydne* loves;  
*Cyllene* thick with *Cypress* too I flye;  
To *France* alone my *Genius* I apply.

Where

Where noble Woods in ev'ry part abound,  
And pleasant Groves commend the fertile  
ground.

If on thy native soyl thou dost prepare  
T' erect a *Villa*, you must place it there,  
Where a free prospect do's it self extend  
Into a Garden; whence the Sun may lend  
His influence from the East; his radiant heat  
Should on your house through various windows  
beat:

But on that side which chiefly open lies  
To the North-wind, whence storms and show'rs  
arise,

There plant a wood; for, without that defence,  
Nothing resists the Northern violence.

While with destructive blasts o're cliffs & hills  
Rough *Boreas* moves, & all with murmurs fills;

The

The Oke with shaken boughs on mountains  
rends,

The Valleys rore, and great *Olympus* bends.

Trees therefore to the winds you must expose,  
Whose branches best their pow'rful rage oppose

Thus woods defend that part of *Normandy*,  
Which spreads it self upon the *Brittish* Sea.  
Where trees do all along the Ocean side  
Great Villages and Meadows too divide.

But now the means of raising woods I sing;  
Though from the parent Oke young shoots  
may spring,

Or may transplanted flourish, yet I know  
No better means then if from seed they grow.

'Tis true this way a longer time will need,  
And Okes but slowly are produc'd by seed:

Yet

Yet they with far the happier shades are blest ;  
For those that rise from Acorns, as they best  
With deep-fixt roots beneath the earth descend,  
So their large boughs into the air ascend.

Perhaps because, when we young Sets translate,  
They lose their virtue, and degenerate.

While Acorns better thrive, since from their  
birth

They have been more acquainted with the earth

Thus we to Woods by Acorns Being give:

But yet before the ground your seed receive,

To dig it first employ your Laborer ;

Then level it ; and, if young shoots appear

Above the ground, sprung from the cloven bud,

If th' earth be planted in the Spring, 'tis good

Those weeds by frequent culture to remove,

Whose roots would to the blossoms hurtful prove

Nor

Nor think it labour lost to use the Plow :  
By Dung and Tillage all things fertile grow,  
There are more ways then one to plant a Grove,  
For some do best a rude confusion love :  
Some into even squares dispose their trees,  
Where ev'ry side do's equal bounds possess,  
Thus boxen legions with false arms appear  
At Chess, and represent a face of war.  
Which sport to *Schaccia* the *Italians* owe ;  
The painted frames alternate colours show.  
So should the field in space and form agree ;  
And should unequal bounds divided be.  
Whether you plant yong Sets, or Acorns sow,  
Still order keep ; for so they best will grow.  
Order to ev'ry tree like vigour gives,  
And room for the aspiring branches leaves.

When

When with the leaf your hopes begin to bud,  
Banish all wanton Cattle from the wood.  
The browzing Goat the tender blossom kills;  
Let the swift Horse then neigh upon the hills,  
And the free Herds still in large Pastures tread;  
But not upon the new-sprung branches feed.  
For whose defence Inclosures should be made  
Of twigs, or water into rills convey'd.  
When ripening time ha's made your trees dilate,  
And the strong roots do deeply penetrate,  
All the superfluous branches must be fell'd,  
Lest the oppressed trunk should chance to yield  
Under the weight, and so its spirits lose  
In such excrescencies; but as for those  
Which from the stock you cut, they better  
thrive,  
As if their ruine caus'd them to revive.

And



And the slow Plant, which scarce advanc'd its  
head,

Into the air its leavy boughs will spread:

When from the fastned root it springs amain,  
And can the fury of the North sustain ;  
On the smooth bark the shepherds should indite  
Their rural strifes, and there their verses write.

But let no impious axe prophane the woods,  
Or violate the sacred shades ; the Gods  
Themselves inhabit there. Some have beheld  
Where drops of bloud from wounded Okes  
distill'd:

Have seen the trembling boughs with horroure  
shake !

So great a conscience did the Ancients make

To cut down *Okes*, that it was held a crime  
In that obscure and superstitious time,

For *Driopeius* Heaven did provoke,

By daring to destroy th' *Aemonian Oke*,

And with it it's included *Dryad*' too:

Avenging *Ceres* here her faith did show

To the wrong'd Nymph; while *Erisichthon* bore

Torments, as great as was his crime before.

Therefore it well might be esteem'd no less

Then Sacrilege, when ev'ry dark recess

The awful silence, and each gloomy shade,

Was sacred by the zealous vulgar made,

When e're they cut down Groves, or spoil'd

the Trees,

With gifts the Antients *Pales* did appease.

Due honours once *Dodona's* Forrest had,

When Oracles were through the *Okes* convoid.

When woods instructed Prophets to foretell,  
And the decrees of fate in trees did dwell.

If the aspiring Plant large branches bear,  
And Beeches with extended arms appear ;  
There near his flocks upon the cooler ground  
The Swain may lie, and with his Pipe resound  
His loves ; but let no vice these shades disgrace :  
We ought to bear a rev'ence to the place.

The boughs, th' unbroken silence of a wood,  
The leaves themselves demonstrate that some  
God

Inhabits there, whose flames might be so just,  
To burn those groves that had been fir'd by lust

But through the woods while thus the Ru-  
sticks sport,

Whole flights of Birds will thither too resort ;

Whose

Whose diff'rent notes and murmurs fill the air :  
 Thither sad *Philomela* will repair ;  
 Once to her sister she complain'd, but now  
 She warbles forth her grief on ev'ry bough :  
 Fills all with *Terens* crimes, her own hard fate ;  
 And makes the melting rocks compassionate.  
 Disturb not birds which in your trees abide,  
 By them the will of Heav'n is signified :  
 How oft from hollow Okes the boading Crow,  
 The winds and future tempests do's foreshow.  
 Of these the wary Plowman should make use ;  
 Hence observations of his own deduce :  
 And so the changes of the weather tell.  
 But from your Groves all hurtful birds expell.  
 When e're you plant, through Okes your  
 Beech diffuse ;  
 The hard Male-oke, and lofty *Cerrus* chuse.

While *Esculus* of the mast-bearing kind,  
 Chief in *Ilicean* Groves we always find.  
 For it affords a far extending shade ;  
 Of one of these some times a wood is made.  
 They stand unmov'd, though winter do's assail,  
 Nor more can winds, or rain, or storms prevail.

To their own race they ever are inclin'd,  
 And love with their associates to be joyn'd.  
 When Fleets are rigg'd, and we to fight prepare,  
 They yield us Plank, and furnish arms for war.  
 Fewel to fire, to Plowmen Plows they give,  
 To other uses we may them derive.  
 But nothing must the sacred Tree prophane :  
 Some boughs for Garlands from it may be ta'ne.  
 For those whose arms their Countrey-men pre-  
 ferve,  
 Such are the honours which the Okes deserve.

We

We know not certainly whence first of all  
This Plant did borrow its original.  
Whether on *Ladon*, or on *Manalus*  
It grew, if fat *Chaonia* did produce  
It first, but better from our Mother Earth,  
Then modern rumours we may learn their birth.  
When *Jupiter* the worlds foundation laid,  
Great Earth-born Giants Heaven did invade.  
And *Jove* himself, (when these he did subdue,)  
His lightning on the factious brethren threw.  
*Tellus* her sons misfortunes do's deplore;  
And while she cherishes the yet-warm gore  
Of *Rhæcus*, from his monstrous body grows  
A vaster trunk, and from his breast arose  
A hardned Oke; his shoulders are the same,  
And Oke his high exalted head became.

His hundred arms which lately through the air  
Were spread, now to as many boughs repair.  
A sevenfold bark his now stiff trunk do's bind ;  
And where the Giant stood, a Tree we find.  
The earth to *Jove* strait consecrates this Tree,  
Appeasing so his injur'd Deity ;  
Then 'twas that man did the first Acorns eat.

Although the honour of this Plant be great,  
Both for its shade, and that it sacred is ;  
Yet when its branches shoot into the Skies,  
Let them take heed, while with his brandish'd  
flame,

The Thund'rer rages, shaking Natures frame,  
Lest they be blasted by his pow'rful hand,  
While Tamarisks secure, and Mirtles stand.

The other parts of woods I now must sing ;  
 With Beech, and Oke, let Elm, and Linden  
 spring.

Nor may your Grove the Alder-tree disdain,  
 Or Maple of a double-colour'd grain.

The fruitful Pine, which on the mountain stands,  
 And there at large its noble front expands ;

Thick-shooting Hazle, with the Quick-beam  
 set,

The Pitch-tree, Withy, Lotus ever wet,

With well-made trunk here let the Cornel  
 grow,

And here *Orician Terebinthus* too ;

And warlike Ash: but Birch and Ewe repress ;

Let Pines and Firrs the highest hills possess:

Brambles and Brakes fill up each vacant space

With hurtful thorns ; in your fields Walnuts  
 place.



And hoary Junipers, with Chesnuts good,  
 VVith hoops to barrel up *Lyæus* blood.

The difference which in planting each is found,  
 Now learn; since th' Elm with happy verdure's  
 crown'd:

Since its thick branches do themselves extend,  
 And a fair bark do's the tall trunk commend;

VVith rows of Elm your garden or your field  
 May be adorn'd, and the Suns heat repell'd.

They best the borders of your walks compose;  
 Their comely green still ornamental shows.

On a large flat continu'd ranks may rise,

VVhose length will tire our feet, and bound  
 our eyes.

The Gardens thus of *Fountain-bleau* are grac'd  
 By spreading Elms, which on each side are  
 plac'd.

VVhere

Where endless walks the pleas'd spectator  
views,

And ev'ry turn the verdant Scene renews.

The sage *Corycian* thus his native field

Near swift *Oobalian* *Galesus* till'd.

A thousand ways of planting Elms he found ;

With them he would sometimes inclose his  
ground :

Oft in directer lines to plant he chose ;

From one vast tree a num'rous offspring rose.

Each younger Plant with its old Parent vies,

And from its trunk like branches still arise.

They hurt each other if too near they grow ;

Therefore to all a proper space allow.

The *Thracian* Bard a pleasing Elm-tree chose,

Nor thought it was below him to repose

Beneath

Beneath its shade, when he from hell return'd,  
 And for twice-lost *Enrydice* so mourn'd,  
 Hard by cool *Hebrus Rhodop'* do's aspire;  
 The Artist, here, no sooner touch'd his lyre,  
 But from the shade the spreading boughs drew  
 near,

And the thick trees a sudden wood appear,  
 Holm, Withy, Cypress, Plane trees thither prest:  
 The prouder Elm advanc'd before the rest;  
 And shewing him his wife, the Vine, advis'd,  
 That Nuptial Rites were not to be despis'd.  
 But he the counsel scorn'd, and by his hate  
 Of Wedlock, and the Sex, incurr'd his fate.

High shooting *Linden* next exacts your care;  
 With grateful shades to those who take the air.

V When

When these you plant, you still should bear in  
mind

*Philemon* and chaste *Baucis*: These were joyn'd

In a poor Cottage, by their pious love,

Whose sacred ties did no less lasting prove,

Then life it self. They *Fove* once entertain'd,

And by their kindness so much on him gain'd;

That, being worn by times devouring rage,

He chang'd to trees their weak and useles age.

Though now transform'd, they Male and Fe-

male are;

Nor did their change ought of their Sex impair.

Their Timber chiefly is for Turners good;

They soon shoot up, and rise into a wood.

Respect is likewise to the Maple due,

Whose leaves, both in their figure, and their hue,

Are

Are like the *Linden* ; but it rudely grows,  
And horrid wrinkles all its trunk inclose.

The Pine, which spreads it self in ev'ry part,  
And from each side large branches do's impart,  
Addes not the least perfection to your Groves ;  
Nothing the glory of its leaf removes.

A noble verdure ever it retains,  
And o're the humbler plants it proudly reigns.  
To the Gods Mother dear ; for *Cybele*  
Turn'd her beloved *Atys* to this Tree.

On one of these vain-glorious *Marsyas* died,  
And paid his skin to *Phœbus* for his pride.

A way of boring holes in Box he found,  
And with his artful fingers chang'd the sound.

Glad of himself, and thirsty after praise,  
On his shrill Box he to the shepherds plays.

With

With thee, *Apollo*, next he will contend ;  
From thee all charms of musick do descend.

But the bold Piper soon receiv'd his doom ;  
( *who strive with Heaven never overcome.* )

A strong made nut their apples fortifies,  
Against the storms which threaten from the  
Skies.

The trees are hardy, as the fruits they bear,  
And where rough winds the rugged mountains  
tear,

There flourish best : the lower vales they dread,  
And languish if they have not room to spread.

Hazle dispers'd in any place will live :  
In stony grounds wild Ash, and Cornel thrive ;  
In more abrupt recesses these we find,  
Spontaneously expos'd to rain and wind.

Alder

Alder, and Withy, chearful streams frequent,  
And are the Rivers onely ornament.  
If ancient Fables are to be believ'd,  
These were associates heretofore, and liv'd  
On fishy Rivers, in a little Boat,  
And with their Nets their painful living got.  
The Festival approach'd; with one consent  
All on the Rites of *Pales* are intent:  
While these unmindful of the Holy-day,  
Their Nets to dry upon the shore display.  
But vengeance soon th' offenders overtook,  
Persisting still to labour in the Brook.  
The angry Goddess fix'd them to the shore,  
And for their fault doom'd them to work no  
more.  
Thus to eternal idleness condemn'd;  
They felt the weight of Heaven, when con-  
The

The moisture of those streams by which they  
stand,

Indues them both with power to expand

Their leaves abroad; leaves, which from guilt  
look pale;

In which the never-ceasing Frogs bewail.

Let lofty hills, and each declining ground,

(For there they flourish) with tall Firrs abound.

Layers of these cut from some ancient Grove,

And buried deep in mold, in time will move

Young shoots above the earth, which soon  
disdain

The Southern blasts, and launch into the Main.

But in more even fields the Ash delights,

Where a good soyl the generous Plant invites.

For



For from an Ash, which *Pelion* once did bear,  
 Divine *Achilles* took that happy Spear,  
 Which *Hector* kill'd; and in their Champions  
 Fate  
 Involv'd the ruine of the *Trojan* State.  
 The Gods were kind to let brave *Hector* dye  
 By arms, as noble, as his enemy.  
 Ash, like the stubborn Heroe in his end,  
 Always resolves rather to break then bend.

Some tears are due to the *Heliades*;  
 Those many which they shed deserve no less.  
 Griev'd for their brothers death in Woods they  
 range,  
 And worn with sorrow into *Poplars* change.  
 By which their grief was rend'ed more divine,  
 While all their tears in precious *Amber* shine.

These, with your other Plants, still propagate :

'Tis true indeed they are appropriate

To *Italy*, alone, and near the *Po*,

Who gave them their first being, best they  
grow,

Into your Forrests shady Poplars bring,

Which from their seed with equal vigor spring :

Rich Groves of Ebony let *India* show ;

*Judæa* Balsoms which in *Gilead* flow :

*Persia* from trees her filken Fleeces comb ;

*Arabia* furnish the *Sabeen* Gum ;

Whose odours sweetness to our Temples lend,

And at the Altar with our pray'rs ascend :

Yet I the Groves of *France* do more admire,

Which now on Meads, and now on hills aspire.

I not the Wood-nymph, not the Pontick Pine  
 Esteem, which boasts the splendor of its Line;  
 Or those which old *Lycæum* did adorn;  
 Or Box on the *Cytorian* mountain born:  
 Th' *Idean* Vale, or *Erimanthian* Grove,  
 In me no reverence, no horreur move;  
 Since I no trees can find so large, so tall,  
 As those which fill the shady Woods of *Gaul*.

When from the cloven bud young boughs  
 proceed,  
 And the Mast-bearing trees their leaves do  
 spread;  
 The pestilential air oft vitiates  
 The seasons of the year, and this creates  
 Whole swarms of Vermin, which the leaves  
 assail,  
 And on the woods in num'rous armies fall.

Creatures in different shapes together joyn'd,  
 The horrid Eruc's, Palmer-worm design'd  
 With its pestif'rous odours to annoy  
 Your Plants, and their young offspring to de-  
 stroy.

Remember then to take these plagues away,  
 Lest they break out in the first show'rs of *May*.

From planting new, and lopping aged trees,  
 The prudent Ancients bid us never cease :

Thus no decay is in our Forrests known ;  
 But in their honour we preserve our own.

Thus in your fields a sudden race will rise,  
 Which with your Nurseries will yield supplies ;

That may agen some drooping Grove renew :

*For trees like men have their successions too.*

Their solid bodies worms and age impair,  
 And the vast Oke give place to his next heir.  
 While such designs employ your vacant hours,  
 As ordering your woods, and shady bow'rs;  
 Despise not humbler Plants, for they no less,  
 Then trees, your Gardens beauty do increase.  
 With what content we look on Myrtle Groves!  
 On verdant Laurels! There's no man but loves  
 To find his *Limon*, with *Acanthus*, thrive.  
 To see the lovely *Phyllirea* live;  
 With *Oleander*. Ah! to what delights  
 Shorn Cypress, and sweet *Gelsemine* invites.

If any Plain be near your Garden found,  
 With Cypress, or with Horn-beam hedge it  
 round.

Which

Which in a thousand Mazes will conspire,  
And to recesses unperceiv'd retire.

Its branches, like a wall, the paths divide ;  
Affording a fresh Scene on ev'ry side.

'Tis true, that it was honour'd heretofore ;

But order quickly made it valued more,

By its shorn leaves, and those delights which  
rose

From the distinguish'd forms in which it grows,

To some cool Arbor, by the ways deceit,

Allur'd, we haste, or some oblique retreat :

Where underneath its umbrage we may meet

With sure defence against the raging heat.

Though Cypresses contiguous well appear,

They better shew if planted not so near.

And since to any shape, with ease, they yield,

What bound's more proper to divide a field ?

Repine not *Cyparissus*, then in vain ;  
For by your change you glory did obtain.

*Silvanus* and this Boy with equal fire  
Did heretofore a lovely Hart admire ;  
While in the cooler Pastures once it fed,  
An arrow shot at random struck it dead.  
But when the youth the dying beast had found,  
And knew himself the author of the wound,  
With never ceasing sorrow he laments,  
And on his breast his grief and anger vents.  
*Silvanus* mov'd with the poor creatures fate,  
Converts his former love to present hate,  
And no more pity in his angry words,  
Then to himself th' afflicted youth affords.  
Weary of life, and quite oppress'd with woe,  
Upon the ground his tears in channels flow :

Which

Which having water'd the productive earth,  
The Cypress first from thence deriv'd its birth  
With *Silvan's* aid; nor was it onely meant  
T' express our sorrow, but for ornament.  
Chiefly when growing low your fields they  
bound,  
Or when your Gardens *Avenues* are crown'd  
With their long rows; sometimes it serves to  
hide  
Some Trench delining on the other side.  
Th' unequal branches always keep that green,  
Of which its leaves are ne're devested seen.  
Though shook with storms, yet it unmov'd re-  
mains,  
And by its trial greater glory gains.  
Let *Phyllirea* on your walls be plac'd,  
Either with wire, or slender twigs made fast,



Its brighter leaf with proudest *Arras* vies,  
 And lends a pleasing object to our eyes.  
 Then let it freely on your walls ascend,  
 And there its native Tapestry extend.

Nor knows he well to make his Garden shine  
 With all delights, who fragrant *Fassimine*  
 Neglects to cherish, wherein heretofore  
 Industrious Bees laid up their precious store.  
 Unless with poles you fix it to the wall,  
 Its own deceitful trunk will quickly fall.  
 These shrubs, like wanton Ivy, still mount  
 high;  
 But wanting strength on other props rely.  
 The pliant branches which they always bear,  
 Make them with ease to any thing adhear.  
 The pleasing odors which their flow'rs expire,  
 Make the young Nymphs and Matrons them  
 desire, Those

Those to adorn themselves withall; but these  
To grace the Altars of the Deities.

With forreign *Fassimine* be also stor'd,

Such as *Iberian* Valleys do afford:

Those which we borrow from the *Portuguese*;

With them which from the *Indies* o're the Seas

We fetch by ship; in each of which we find

A difference of colour, and of kind.

Though gentle *Zephyrus* propitious proves,

And welcome Spring the rigid cold removes;

Haste not too soon this tender Plant t' expose.

Your Gardens glory, the rash Primrose, shows

Delay is better; since they oft are lost,

By venturing too much into the frost.

The cruel blasts which come from the North

wind,

To over-hasty flow'rs are still unkind.

Let

Let others ills create this good in you,  
 Without deliberation nothing do.  
 For this will scarce the open air endure,  
 Till by sufficient warmth it is secure.

No Tree your Gardens, or your Fountains  
 more  
 Adorns, then what th' *Atlantick Apples* bore.  
 A deathless beauty crowns its shining leaves,  
 And to dark Groves its flower lustre gives.  
 Besides the splendour of its golden fruit,  
 Of which the boughs are never destitute;  
 This gen'rous Shrub in Cases then dispose,  
 Made of strong Oke, these little woods com-  
 pose;  
 Whose gilded fruits, and flow'rs which never  
 fade,  
 A grace to th' Countrey and your Garden adde,  
 Proud

Proud of the treasures Nature ha's bestow'd.

When snowy flow'rs the slender branches load,

And straying Nymphs to gather them prepare,

Molest them not; but let your Wife be there;

Your Children, all your Family employ,

That so your house its orders may enjoy:

That with sweet Garlands all may shade their

brows;

For in their flow'rs these Plants their vigor lose.

Suffer the Nymphs to crop luxuriant trees,

And with their fragrant wreaths themselves

to please.

Such soft delights they love; then let them still

With their fresh-gather'd fruit their bosoms fill.

These Apples *Atalanta* once betray'd:

They, and not Love, o'rcame the cruel Maid.

These

These were the golden Balls which slack'd her  
pace,

And made her lose the honour of the race.

But these sweet smells, and pleasant shades  
will cease,

Nor longer be your Gardens happiness ;

Unless the hostile winter be repress'd,

And those strong blasts sent from the stormy  
East.

Wherefore to hinder these from doing harm,

You must your trees with walls defensive arm.

To such warm seats they ever are inclin'd,

Where they avoid the fury of the wind.

These Plants, besides that they this cold  
would shun,

Look for th' *Assyrian*, and the *Median* Sun.

In parched *Africa* they flourish more,  
Then if they grow by *Strimons* Icy shore.  
Lest then the frost, or barb'rous North should  
blast

Your flow'rs, while all the Sky is over-cast  
With duskish clouds, sheds set apart prepare,  
To guard them from the winters piercing air;  
Till the kind Sun these tempests do's disperse,  
And with his influence chears the Universe.

Then calmer breezes shall o're storms prevail,  
And your fresh Groves shall sweet Perfumes  
exbale.

These trees are various, and the fruits they  
bear,

Are different too. The Limons always are  
Of oval figure, underneath whose rind  
A juyce ungrateful to our taste we find.

But

But though at first our Palates it displease,  
 Yes better with our stomack it agrees.  
 Others less sharp do in *Hetruria* spring;  
 Some, that are mild, from *Portugal* we bring.  
 Another sort from old *Aurantia* came,  
 To which that City do's impart its name.  
 Hard by *Dircean Aracynthus* lies  
 This ancient Town; the Orange hence do's rise.  
 To which in rind and juyce the Limons yield,  
 By each new soyl new tafts are oft instill'd.

Mind not the fables by the *Grecians* told  
 Of the *Hesperian* Sisters, who of old  
 On vast Mount *Atlas*, near the *Libyan* Sea,  
 With greatest care did cultivate this Tree  
 Of fierce *Alcides*, who by force brake in,  
 And in the spoils o'th' *Nemean* skin;

And

And from the Dragon, who securely slept,  
Stole, with success, the apples which he kept.  
Return'd to th' *Aventine*, he sets that hill,  
With Orange-trees, which *Italy* now fill.  
But things of greater moment are behind;  
For Purple *Oleander* may be joyn'd  
With Oranges, and Myrtles; each of these  
Peculiar graces of their own possess.  
The Myrtle chiefly, which, if fame says true,  
From the God's bounty its beginning drew.

When *Venus* plac'd it in the pleasant shade  
Of the *Idean* Vales, about it plaid  
Whole troupes of wanton *Cupids*, while the  
night  
Was clear, and *Cynthia* did display her light.  
This *Citherea* above all prefers,  
And by transcendent favour made it hers.

The



With Myrtle, hence, the wedded pair delights  
 To crown their brows at *Hymeneal* Rites.  
 Hence *Juno*, who at Marriages presides,  
 For Nuptial Torches always these provide,  
*Eriphyle*, sad *Procris*, *Phadra* too,  
 And all those fools, who in *Elysiun* woo,  
 Honour this Plant, and under Myrtle Groves,  
 If after death they last, recount their loves.

Proud Victors with its boughs themselves  
 adorn,  
 While round their temples wreaths with it are  
 worn,  
*Tudertus*, when the vanquish'd *Sabines* fled,  
 Plac'd one of these on his triumphant head.  
 The trunk is humble, and the top as low,  
 On which soft leaves and curled branches grow.

Its grateful smell, and beauty so exact,  
Th' admiring Nymphs from ev'ry part attract.  
If too much heat, or sudden cold surprize,  
Which are alike the Myrtles enemies,  
You must avoid them both, and quickly place  
The tender Plant within a wooden Case.  
Sheds may protect them, if the cold be great,  
Or watering from the Summers scorching heat,  
No impious tool our tenderness allows,  
To fell these groves, nor cattel here must browse

Oft *Oleanders* in great *Vasa's* live,  
With Myrtles mix'd, and Oranges, and give  
Some graces to your Garden, which arise  
From the confusion of their diff'rent dies.

In watry Vales, where pleasant Fountains flow,  
Their fragrant berries lovely Bay-trees show.

With leaves for ever green, nor can we guess  
 By their endowments their extraction less.  
 The charming Nymph liv'd by clear *Peneus* side,  
 And might to *Jove* himself have been ally'd,  
 But that she chose in virtues path to tread,  
 And thought a *God* unworthy of her bed.  
*Phæbus*, whose darts of late successful prov'd  
 In *Pythons* death, expected to be lov'd,  
 And had she not withstood blind *Cupids* pow'r,  
 The fiery steeds and hea'vn had been her dow'r.  
 But she by her refusal more obtain'd,  
 And losing him, immortal honour gain'd.  
 Cherish'd by thee *Apollo*. Temples wear  
 The Bays, and ev'ry clam'rous Theater.  
 The *Capitol* it self; and the proud gate  
 Of great *Tarpeian Jove* they celebrate.  
 Into the *Delphick* Rites, the Stars they dive,  
 And all the hidden laws of *Fate* perceive.

They

They in the field (where death, and danger's  
found;

Where clashing Arms, [and louder Trumpets  
found)

Incite true courage: hence the Bays, each *Muse*,  
Th' inspiring *God*, and all good Poets chuse.

*Persian Lignstrum* grows among the rest,

Whose azure flowers imitate the Crest  
Of an *Exotick Fowl*; they first appear  
When the warm Sun, and kinder Spring draws  
near,

Then the green leaves upon the boughs depend,  
And sweet Perfumes into the air ascend.

*Pomegranates* next their glory vindicate;

Their boughs in gardens pleasing charms create.

Nothing their flaming Purple can exceed,  
From the green leaf the golden flow'rs proceed:  
Whose splendor, and the various curls they  
yield,

Add more then usual beauty to the field.

As soon as e're the flowers fade away,

Yet to preserve their lustre from decay,

To them the fruit succeeds, which in a round

Conforms it self, whose top is ever crown'd

In seats apart, stain'd with the *Tyrian* dye,

A thousand seeds within in order lye.

Thus, when industrious Bees do undertake

To raise a waxen Empire, first they make

Rooms for their honey in divided rows;

And last of all, on twigs the Combs dispose.

So ev'ry seed a narrow cell contains,

Made of hard skin, which all the frame sustains.

Neither

Neither to sharp or sweet the seeds incline  
Too much, but in one mixture both conjoyn.

From whence this Crown, this Tincture is  
deriv'd,

We now relate; the Nymph in *Africk* liv'd :

Descended from the old *Numidians* Race,

Beauty enough adorn'd her swarthy face ;

As much as that tann'd Nation can admit,

Too much, unless her stars had equall'd it.

Mov'd by ambition she desir'd to know

What e're the Priests or Oracles could show

Of things to come, a Kingdom they dispense

In words including an ambiguous sense.

She thought a crown no less had signifi'd,

But in the Priests she did in vain confide.

When *Bacchus* th' Author of the fruitful Vine

From *India* came, her for his Concubine

He takes, and to repair her honour lost,  
 Presents her with a Crown, by fate thus crost,  
 The too ambitious Virgin ceas'd to be,  
 Transmitting her own beauty to this Tree.

Sharp *Paliurus*, *Rhamnus*, (which by some  
 Is White-thorn term'd) your Garden will be-  
 come.

There leavy *Caprifoil*, *Alcea* too,  
 Th' *Idean* Bush, and *Halimus* may grow.  
 Woody *Acanthus*, *Ruscus* there may spring,  
 With other Shrubs, these skilful Gard'ners  
 bring  
 Into a thousand forms; but 'tis not fit  
 To tell their *Species* almost infinite.

From brighter woods the prospect may descend  
 Into your Garden, there it self extend

In spacious walks, divided equally,  
Where the same angles in all parts agree,  
In oblique windings others plant their Groves,  
For ev'ry man a different figure loves.

Thus the same paths, respecting still their bound  
In various tracts diffuse themselves around.

Whether your walks are strait, or crooked  
made,

Let gravel, or green turf be on them laid.

The Nymphs and Matrons then in woods may  
meet,

There walk, and to refresh their weary'd feet,  
Into their Chariots mount, though to the young  
Labour and exercise does more belong.

If close-shorn *Phylliræa* you deduce  
Into a hedge, for knots the *Carpine* use;



Or into Arbors with a hollow back,  
 The pliant twigs of soft *Acanthus* make.  
 With stronger wires the flowing branches bind,  
 For if the boughs by nothing are confin'd,  
 The Tonfile Hedge no longer will excell;  
 But uncontroll'd beyond its limits swell.  
 And since the lawless Grass will oft invade  
 The neighb'ring walks, repress th' aspiring blade  
 Suffer no grass, or rugged dirt t' impair  
 Your smoother paths; but to the Gard'ners care  
 These things we leave; they are his business,  
 With setting flow'rs, and planting fruitful trees:  
 And with the master let the servants joyn,  
 With him their willing hearts and hands com-  
 bine:

Some should with rowlers tame the yielding  
 ground,  
 Making it plain, where ruder clods abound.

Some

Some may fit moisture to your Meadows give,  
And to the Plants and Garden may derive  
Refreshing streams; let others sweep away  
The fallen leaves; mend hedges that decay;  
Cut off superfluous boughs; or with a Spade  
Find where the Moles their winding nests have  
made;  
Then close them up: Another flow'rs may sow  
In beds prepar'd; on all some task bestow:  
That if the Master happens to come down,  
To fly the smoak and clamour of the Town;  
He in his *Villa* none may idle find,  
But secret joys may please his wearied mind.

And blest is he, who tir'd with his affairs,  
Far from all noise, all vain applause, prepares  
To go, and underneath some silent shade,  
Which neither cares nor anxious thoughts in-  
vade,

Do's

Do's, for a while, himself alone possess ;  
Changing the Town for Rural happiness,  
He, when the Suns hot steeds to th' Ocean hast,  
E're sable night the world ha's over-cast,  
May from the hills the fields below descry,  
At once diverting both his mind and eye.  
Or if he please, into the woods may stray,  
Listen to th' Birds, which sing at break of day :  
Or, when the Cattle come from pasture, hear  
The bellowing Oxe, the hollow Valleys tear  
With his hoarse voice : Sometimes his flow'rs  
invite :

The Fountains too are worthy of his sight.  
To ev'ry part he may his care extend,  
And these delights all others so transcend,  
That we the City now no more respect,  
Or the vain honours of the Court affect.

But

But to cool Streams, to aged Groves retire,  
And th' unmix'd pleasures of the fields desire.  
Making our beds upon the grassie bank,  
For which no art, but nature we must thank.  
No Marble Pillars, no proud Pavements there,  
No Galleries, or fretted Roofs appear,  
The modest rooms to *India* nothing owe;  
Nor Gold, nor Ivory, nor Arras know:  
Thus liv'd our Ancestors, when *Saturn* reign'd,  
While the first Oracles in Okes remain'd.  
A harmless course of life they did pursue;  
And nought beyond their hills their Rivers  
knew.

*Rome* had not yet the Universe ingross'd,  
Her Seven Hills few Triumphs then could  
boast.

Small herds then graz'd in the *Laurentine* Mead;  
Nor many more th' *Arician* Valleys feed.

Of

Of Rural Ornaments, of Woods much more  
 I could relate, then what I have before:  
 But what's unfinish'd my next care requires,  
 And my tir'd Bark the neighb'ring Port desires.

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R A P I -

R A P I N U S  
 OF  
 G A R D E N S.

Book III.

W A T E R.

OF pleasant Flouds, and Streams, my  
*Muse* now sings,

Of Chrystal Lakes, Grotts, and transparent  
 Springs:

By these a Garden is more charming made,

They chiefly beautifie the Rural Shade.

To

To me ye River-gods, your influence give,  
If Deities in Springs, in Rivers live.

Into the secret caverns of the earth,  
Where these perennial waters have their birth,  
I now descend; as well to know the source,  
As to explore which way they take their course:  
To learn where all this liquid Treasure lies,  
And whence the Channels still have fresh supplies.

Wherefore let those who would instructed be  
In *Aqueducts*, their Precepts take from me.  
Into th' unskilful Gard'ner I'll infuse  
What may be ornamental, what of use.  
You then who would your *Villa's* grace augment  
And on its honour always are intent:

You

You who employ your time to cultivate  
Your Gardens, and to make their glory great:  
Among your groves and flow'rs let water flow;  
Water, the soul of groves and flow'rs too.  
He that intends to do as I direct,  
Must in the Vales the scatter'd flouds collect.  
He into th' bowels of the earth must dive,  
To find out Springs, which may the fields re-  
vive,  
All parch'd and dry; for else, within a while.  
No grafs will live upon the thirsty Soyl.  
Nor is it hard to do what you desire,  
If on the neighb'ring Hills some Rock aspire;  
For in such places waters always flow,  
From whence you may refresh the Meads be-  
lows

Thus



Thus the swift *Loir*, the *Rhine*, and the *Garonne*,  
*Parisian Sein*, the *Sealdis*, and the *Rhone*;  
The mighty *Danube* too, and almost all  
The streams in nature from the mountains fall.  
Whether some space be in the hollow Caves,  
Made for a receptacle of the Waves;  
Or that the vital air no sooner feels  
Th' included cold, but it as soon distills  
Into small Brooks; thus the warm Caverns  
sweat  
Such humid drops, as when the season's wet,  
And winter has obscur'd the air again,  
From marble pillars are observ'd to drain.  
With dewy moisture lofty Cliffs abound,  
All places weep perhaps into the ground,

And

And through the hills, help'd by the Rain and

Snows,

The water runs, still sinking as it goes,

Till forc'd for want of room, it then disdains

More narrow bounds, insulting o're the Plains.

Those before others should our credit gain,

Who would deduce all Fountains from the

Main:

Whose boundless waves the Universe embrace,

And penetrate into each vacant space,

Each cranny of the earth; as in our veins

That active blood which humane life sustains,

Is always mov'd, so th' Ocean circulates,

And into ev'ry part it self dilates.

Hence, though all rivers to the Ocean hast,

And in its depth are swallow'd up at last:

Yet these additions make it not run o're,  
 Or violate the limits of the shore.  
 Nor is the ground so close together knit,  
 But that its Pores and Caverns will admit  
 The subtle waves, which sinking by degrees,  
 Descend into its deep Concavities.  
 When uncontroll'd, they gently take their  
 course,  
 But if disturb'd, they make their way by force.  
 Where frequent clefts the gaping earth divide,  
 The waters there in greater plenty slide.  
 Thus too fresh streams do from the sea proceed,  
 Which of their native Salt are wholly freed.  
 They through the sand, and crook'd *Meanders*  
 stray,  
 And through uneven places force their way,

Strain'd by their foyle, through which they are  
convai'd,

They lose that brackishness which once they had

No taste, no other colour water knows,

But what alone its mother Earth bestows,

For she alone distinguishes its end;

By causing it to heal, or to offend.

*Borbon* and *Pugla* such Springs produce,

Which borrow from the ground a wholesome  
juyce.

By drinking them, diseases reign no more,

To dying men they welcom health restore:

The Gods in nothing more their pow'r declare,

In nothing more we may discern their care.

What need of drugs? what use of Medicine?

Pains cannot, dare not conquer aids divine.

Art sure must starve ; Physicians must grow  
poor,

If nature the decays of nature cure.

Let your first labour be to find a Spring,  
Which from the neighb'ring hillock you may  
bring.

Such places seldom fail of these supplies,  
Therefore with digging you must exercise  
The earth, be diligent on ev'ry side:  
Then if success be to your hopes deny'd ;  
If heavy sand compose the glebe, in vain  
You wish for what you never can obtain.

When in their fields some have for Fountains  
sought,  
Which thence they to their Gardens would  
have brought,

I saw their thirsty wishes unrepaid,  
While the deaf Gods neglected those who  
pray'd.

Where the *Medonian* hills do lose their height,  
There lately dwell'd the greatest Favorite  
Fortune e're had, the greatest *France* e're saw,  
A hundred Plows his num'rous Oxen draw,  
The Treasures of the Kingdom he commands,  
The nerves of peace and war were in his hands,  
To be dispos'd of, as the King thought fit,  
And as the rules of Government permit.  
He on th' advantage of the Hill had plac'd  
A noble House, which underneath was grac'd  
By a large Plain, o're which it might be seen  
From *Paris*, and the Countrey too between.

No Gardens there, no Woods were wanting  
found,

The spacious Prospect stretch'd it self around,

But by the grassie banks no water straid,

Nor with hoarse murmurs wanton rivers plaid.

The owner of the Seat, a thousand ways,

To find out Springs beneath the earth essays.

He left no means, no charges unapply'd:

All the efforts of art and labour try'd.

Still his desire of Fountains did incerease,

And no repulses made his wishes cease.

With empty hopes he feeds his longing mind,

And sought for that which he could never find.

For though he left no place unsearch'd, un-

mov'd,

Yet his attempts still unsuccessful prov'd.

So hard it is, unless the Soyl consent,

To find a Spring; which done, your thanks pre-

sent

To

To the kind Gods, the Rural Pow'r adore ;  
Do this, as I have done for you before.

Water, 'tis true, through Pipes may be convoid  
From hollow Pits ; so Fountains oft are made,  
By Art, when Nature aids not our designs,  
The pensile Machine to a Tunnel joyns ;  
Which by the motion of a *Siphon* straight,  
The element attracts, though by its weight  
It be deprest ; and thus, O *Sein*, thy waves  
Beneath *Pontneuf*, the tall *Samaritan* Laves ;  
And pours them out above : But let all those,  
Who want these helps , to him address their  
VOWS,  
Whose arm, whose voice alone can water draw,  
And make obdurate rocks to rivers thaw.



Now that success may equalize your pains,  
 Because the Earth the Searcher entertains  
 With seeming hopes, these cautions take from  
 me,  
 Which may prevent too rash credulity.  
 Where small declining hillocks you perceive,  
 Or a y soyl where Flags and Rushes live,  
 Where the fat ground a slimy moisture yields,  
 It weeds and prickly sedge o'erspread the fields;  
 There hidden Springs with confidence expect:  
 For sedgy places still to Springs direct.  
 The same *Coryza* which with Sea-weed grows,  
 And Moss condens'd upon the surface shows,  
*Barrachium*, and *Sium* too express  
 Unerring marks of neighb'ring streams. No less  
 By reedy *Calamint* we may divine.  
 But you may make the scatter'd flouds combine

And

And though in different hills they were begun,

They must united to your Garden run.

If in the hanging brow of some near hill,

A copious vein be found; then if you will,

You may of lead, or earthen tiles make use,

And so the Springs into the Vales deduce.

For where the little vein you would compell,

By adventitious waters still to swell;

There hollow Vaults of Slate do best convey

The Springs themselves, and Rains which fall

that way.

Th' adjacent Brooks which ran before to waste,

Will by degrees to these Inclosures haste.

Collected there they soon the Channels fill,

Which will at length to larger currents swell.

Next that the waves may unmolested slide,

And not through rough and darksome windings

glide;

That

That you may sep'rate the gross sediment,  
 At distances with drains your course indent.  
 For where through even ways the stream runs  
 strong,  
 That heavy slime, which it had forc'd along,  
 Proceeds, till the next trench its course con-  
 trols,  
 Then intercepted sinks into the holes.  
 Though underground the vaulted channel goes,  
 Yet grates upon the top of Wells dispose;  
 Through which the water may its passage find,  
 Leaving the dirt and slimy mud behind.  
 No sordid mire can make it now less pure,  
 Since by these means 'tis rendred more secure.

What if illustrious *Medisea* calls  
*Arcolian* Springs to the *Parisian* walls?

Though

Though her endeavours *Aqueducts* have made,  
And murmuring streams on hollow bridges laid;

Yet such expences are too great for me,  
Nor with my narrow fortune can agree.

With endless walls the stately Pile appears,  
Which a proud row of haughty arches bears.

Within the Vault suspended waters flow,  
O're cloven hills, and vales which lye below.

For with stone-walls the distances are joyn'd,  
To their extent the current is confin'd.

Hence come those Springs, which all the City  
bles,

The Royal bounty caus'd this happiness.

*For publick work on publick souls depend;*

*To them no private fortune can pretend.*

Such benefits from them alone are due,

Who with their treasures have profuseness too.

Though

Though your estate be great, let me advise,  
 That to no publick works you sacrifice,  
 That which your Fathers left: for he's to blame,  
 Who with his ruine buys an empty name.  
 In all such enterprizes ruine lurks ;

*who have not sunk themselves in Water-works ?*

Be modest therefore, fly from all extreams ;  
 And in canales of tile convey your streams,  
 Or troughs of Alder prostrate on the ground,  
 For to this purpose they are useful found.

But blest is he, who can without the aid  
 Of lead, or tile, or troughs of Alder made,  
 All through his Garden neighb'ring Brooks  
 dispose ;

Such as near *Paris* noble *Bearny* shows :

Where

Where copious *Bivara* the happy place  
 With swelling waves do's pleasingly embrace.  
 And such is *Liancourt*; so we admire  
 At *Borgniel* in *Anjou* the rapid *Loire*.  
 Which through the wide *Salmurian* Vales and  
 Meads,  
 It self with loud resounding murmurs spreads;  
 Abounding so with water *Polycrene*,  
 (If nature would have suffer'd it) had been,  
 Whose warbling noise the Poets now invites,  
 And the inspiring Muses more delights.  
 Nor be offended lovely Fountain, though  
 Through *Sancaronian* Forrests thou dost go;  
 Though th' unkind earth affords no smoother  
 way,  
 And makes thee through uneven chambers stray:  
 Yet art thou welcom to *Lamon*: If so  
 With thy moist springs and streams which ever  
 flow,

Thou

Thou wouldst refresh his gardens, and agree  
 To wash sweet *Bavillæum*, thou wouldst be  
 More fortunate, thy Deity would seem  
 The greatest then in *Themis*'s esteem.

For where we find a liberal vein at hand,  
 And can with ease the neighb'ring waves com-  
 mand,  
 'Tis better far than Pipes of brittle lead,  
 Which often crack, as oft the liquor shed.  
 Besides confinement is an injury;  
 A force on water which was ever free.

But if the place you live in be so dry,  
 That neither Springs nor Rivers they are nigh;  
 Then at some distance from your garden make  
 Within the gaping earth a spacious Lake:

That

That like a Magazine may comprehend  
Th' assembled floods, which from the hills de-  
scend,

And all the bottom pave with chalky lome,  
Since that can best the falling waves o' recome.

How to distribute Springs I now impart,  
The means of spreading them, and with what  
art

Their motion must be guided, how restrain'd;  
Your Gard'ner all these things must under-  
stand.

The docile streams will any shape put on,  
A thousand different courses they will run.

All these instructions I to none refuse,  
Who listen to the dictates of my *Muse*.



If you would have your water useful be,  
Where neighb'ring Vales beneath your Gar-  
den lye,  
In Pipes of lead let it be closely penn'd ;  
Without restraint it never will ascend.  
Others do rather brazen Conduits use,  
That the stiff mettal might more strength in-  
fuse ;  
To make th' imprison'd Element retire,  
And then with greater force again aspire.  
But still take heed that the included air  
Within the Pipes move no intestine war :  
That its fierce motion force them not to leak,  
And to get loose, the empty prison break.  
Therefore through spiracles the air restore,  
To those wide mansions it possess'd before.  
Thus in *Falernian* Cellars, when the Wine,  
'Which is the product of that gen'rous Vine,

Is pour'd into the Cask, and hoop't about,  
 They leave a vent to let the air go out :  
 Were this undone, the wine would quickly fly,  
 Through the weak ribs, and all restraint defie.

When in your gardens entrance you provide,  
 The waters, there united, to divide :  
 First, in the middle a large Fountain make ;  
 Which from a narrow pipe its rise may take,  
 And to the air those waves, by which 'tis fed,  
 Remit agen : About it raise a bed  
 Of moss, or grass, or if you think this base,  
 With well-wrought Marble circle in the place.  
 Statues of various shapes may be dispos'd  
 About the Tube ; sometimes it is inclos'd  
 By dubious *Scylla* ; or with Sea-calves grac'd ;  
 Or by a brazen *Triton* 'tis embrac'd.

A *Triton* thus at *Luxembourg* presides,  
And from the *Dolphin*, which he proudly rides,  
Spouts out the streams: This place, though  
    beautified  
With Marble round, though from *Arcueil*  
    supply'd;  
Yet to *Saint Cloud* must yield in this out-shin'd,  
That there the *Hostel d' Orleans* we find.  
The little Town, the Groves before scarce  
    known,  
Enabled thus, will now give place to none.  
So great an owner any seat improves;  
One whom the King, one whom the people  
    loves.

This Garden, as a Pattern, may be shown  
To those who would adde beauty to their own.

All other Fountains this so far transcends,  
That none in *France* besides with it contends.  
None so much plenty yields; none flows so  
high,

A Gulf, i'th' middle of the Pond do's lye,  
In which a swollen tunnel opens wide;  
Through hissing chinks the waters freely slide;  
And in their passage like a whirlwind move,  
With rapid force into the air above;  
As if a watry dart were upward thrown.

But when these haughty waves do once fall  
down,  
Resounding loud, they on each other beat,  
And with a dewy show'r the *Basin* wet.

How Fountains first had being now I tell;  
If any truth in ancient stories dwell.

Hard by the *Phasian* Bank, with prosp'rous  
Gales,  
Arm'd with his Club, while great *Alcides* sails;  
A band of *Argian* youth was with him sent,  
And among them his dearest *Hylas* went.  
Near old *Ascanius* in *Bithynia* stood  
A lofty Grove of Beech: as by this Wood  
The swift Bark sayls, the weary *Minya* land,  
And stretch their limbs on the inviting Sand.  
The nimble Favourite now goes in quest  
Of hidden Springs, and wanders from the rest;  
With travel tir'd he comes to one at last,  
Straight from his shoulders on the grass he cast  
The weighty Pitcher which they hither bore,  
And for refreshment fits upon the shore.  
*Ascanius* had invited to a feast  
The neighb'ring Nymphs, fair *Isis* thither prest,  
With

With graceful *Ephjra*, th' *Inachian* Dame,  
And *Lycaonian Melanina* came.  
The Rural, and the River-Nymphs were here,  
And none were absent, whose abodes were near.  
The Charms of *Hylas Isis* first surprize ;  
His features she admires ; his sparkling eyes,  
On the green turf the weary youth repos'd :  
Now all her artifices she disclos'd ;  
She uses all th' Artillery of Love,  
All that could pity or affection move ;  
And though she saw but little cause, so vain  
All Lovers are, she hop'd he lov'd again.  
While he by stooping to draw water strives,  
Either the slipp'ry bank his foot deceives ;  
Or by the vessels weight too much opprest,  
He tumbles in ; to succour the distrest  
Kind *Isis* soon approach'd ; the offer'd aid  
Not with acceptance, but with scorn he paid.

Th' assisting waves he scatters in the wind,  
 And wrestles with that stream which would be  
 kind.

Now all the other Nymphs their pray'rs unite,  
 And to the room with Pumice arch'd invite  
 The sullen boy ; there promise he shall be,  
 As he deserv'd, a liquid Deity.

Refusing still, his arms now wearied lose  
 Their strength, and he a sacred Fountain grows.  
 To which the Nymph indulging her revenge,  
 (*For Love repuls'd to cruelty will change*)  
 Designs still proud, a lofty *Genius* gave,  
 That it by nature might a diff'rence have  
 From other water ; always might aspire,  
 Always, in vain, to be more high desire.  
 A copious fall its ruine hastens on ;  
 And by its own ambition 'tis undone.

Mean while *Alcides* all along the Coast,  
Vainly enquires for him whom he had lost :

Th' *Ascanian* Shores, the hills his name re-  
sound,

The Rocks and Woods of *Hylas* echo round.

*Hylas*, whose change alone was the first cause,

That water rises against natures laws.

Thus he, who the embrace of *Iphis* flies,

Was punish'd by that Nymph he did despise.

Hence spouting streams in verdant Groves  
we see,

And noble Gardens to a luxury,

By Art diversify'd : for pow'rful Art

To the ambitious water can impart

Such different shapes, as great *Ruel* can boast,

Where glorious *Richthen* with excessive cost,



And pains, the waves into subjection brings ;  
 And still survives in Monumental Springs.  
 All this he did, while he, not *Lewis* reign'd,  
 And *Atlas*-like the tott'ring State sustain'd.  
 Here variously dispos'd the Fountains run,  
 First head-long fall, then rise where they begun.  
 Receive all forms, and move on ev'ry side  
 With horrid noise, *Chimera* gaping wide,  
 Out of her open mouth the water throws,  
 For from her mouth a rapid torrent flows,  
 From her wide throat, as waves in circles spout,  
 A Serpent turning sprinkles all the rout.  
 A brazen Hunter warchfully attends ;  
 And threatning death the crooked tunnel  
 bends.  
 Instead of shot, thence pearly drops proceed,  
 Drops not so fatal as if made of Lead.

This soon the laughter of the vulgar moves,  
Whose acclamation the deceit approves.

But why should I repeat how many ways  
In the deep Caves Art with the water plays?  
The place grows moist with artificial Rain,  
And hissing Springs, which here burst out again.  
Rebounding high, streams ev'ry where sweat  
through,  
And with great drops the hanging stones bedew:  
They who the Grotts, and Fountains over-see,  
May as they please the streams diversifie,  
Though the kind *Naiades* comply with those,  
Who when they Grotts of Pebble do compose,  
And Springs bring in, still beautifie the Cells,  
With Eastern stones, or *Erythrean* shells.  
Others of hollow Pumice may be made,  
And well-plac'd shells may on the top be laid.

But

But all these arts, which modern ages own,  
 Were to our happy ancestors unknown.  
 These sights must be expos'd to th' peoples  
 view,

Whose greedy eyes such novelties pursue,

To serious things you must your self apply,

And water love in greater quantity:

Learn how to manage it when it falls down,

Either that like a River it may crown

The deeper brims of some capacious Lake;

Or the resemblance of a Pond may make.

The tube, if wide enough, may more contain,

And at a distance render it again.

Plenty in Fountains always graceful flows,

*And greatest beauty from abundance flows.*

Nor

Nor is the spout of water to be pois'd  
One way, or in one form to be compriz'd,  
It must be varied, if you pleasure seek.  
Some from divided streams make showers break.  
The Solar Rays and Light some represent ;  
Or from a twanging Bow swift arrows sent ;  
Others in waves from *precipices* cast,  
More pleasure take ; then rap't about as fast,  
In little they *Charybdis* imitate,  
Which so indangers the *Sicilan* Straight.  
As in the bubling brass, o're rustling fires,  
Hot liquor boils, the water so aspires,

Where it abounds, the current there divide  
Into small brooks, which o're the fields may  
glide:  
And into ponds these brooks must fall at last ;  
Lest the best Element should run to wast.

Now

Now learn how art restrains the wandring flood,  
 And at due distance makes it spread abroad,  
 Though to its nat'ral course the stream's inclin'd,  
 And being free is hard to be confin'd ;  
 Yet you may soon compell it to that course  
 Which you prescribe, and make it run by force  
 Through dubious errors ; for it will delight  
 To take false channels, having lost the right.  
 By frequent windings water thus is staid,  
 Till over all the field it is convoid.

So *Amymona's* fabled to have err'd,  
 As soon as *Neptunes* passion she had heard.  
 Th' unhappy Virgin, fearing her disgrace,  
 Follows, and flies her self with equal pace ;

Perhaps

Perhaps she had not yet the power to see,

That she was chang'd by th' am'rous Deity

Chang'd to a stream; which in her footsteps

strays,

And through *Dircaan* fields its pace delays.

Rivers diffus'd a thousand ways may pass,

With hast'ning waves through the divided

grafs.

Like sudden torrents, which the rain gives head,

Through *precipices* some may swiftly spread;

And in the pebbles a soft noise excite.

Some on the surface with a tim'rous flight,

May steal; if any thing its speed retard,

Then its shrill murmurs through the fields are

heard.

Inrag'd it leaps up high, and with weak strokes

The pebbles, which it overflows, provokes.

Threat-

Threatning the bank it beats against the shore,  
And roots of trees which froth all sprinkles o're.  
That slender brook, from whence hoarse noises  
came,

Which as it had no substance, had no name ;  
When other riv'lets from the Vales come in,  
Th' ignoble current then will soon begin  
To gather strength ; for bridges may be fit,  
And by degrees great Vessels will admit.  
Sometimes by grassie banks the River goes ;  
Sometimes with joy it skips upon green moss ;  
Sometimes it murmurs in exalted Groves,  
And with its threats the narrow path reproves.  
When 'tis dispers'd , then let the Meads be  
drown'd,

Let slimy mud enrich the barren ground.  
If it runs deep, with dams its force restrain ;  
And from the Meadows noxious water drain.

Where

Where from their fountains Rivers do break  
loose,

And the moist Spring the Valleys overflows ;

When on the Meads black showers do descend,

With mounds of earth the Groves from floods  
defend.

As diff'rent figures best with streams agree,

So on the sides let there some diff'rence be.

Still with variety the borders grace,

There either grass, or fragrant flowers place ;

Or with a wharf of stone the bank secure ;

But troubled Fens let their own reeds obscure :

Or Weeds, where croaking Frogs and Moor-  
hens lye ;

Nothing but grass your banks must beautifie.

Where



Where silver Springs afford transparent waves,  
And glist'ring sand the even bottom paves.

On which green Elms their leaves in *Autumn*  
shed.

Thus Rivers both our care and culture need,  
While in their channels they run headlong  
down,

We must take heed, that, as they hast, no stone  
Fall'n from the hanging brink, may keep them  
back,

And through the Vales their course uneasy  
make.

Ye Springs and Fountains in the Woods re-  
found,  
And with your noise the silent Groves con-  
found.

Frequent

Frequent their windings, all their avenues,  
And into the dry roots new life infuse.

While pleasant streams invite your thoughts  
and eyes,

And with resistless charms your sense surprize;

*Of humane life you then may meditate,*

*Obnoxious to the violence of fate,*

*Life unperceiv'd, like Rivers, steals away.*

*And though we court it, yet it will not stay:*

Then may you think of *its uncertainty,*

*Constant in nothing but inconstancy.*

See what rude waves disturb the things below,

And through what stormy voyages we go.

So Hypanis, you'll say, and Peneus so,

Simois, and Volsoian Amasenus flow;

Naupactian Achelous, Inachus,

With slow Melanthus, swift Parthenius,

M

Thus

*Thus ran along, and so Dyraspes went,  
whose current Borysthenian streams augment.*

Besides the Fountains, which to art we owe,  
That falls of water also can bestow  
Such, as on rugged *Fura* we descry,  
On Rocks; and on the *Alps* which touch the  
Sky.

Where from steep *precipices* it descends,  
And where *America* it self extends  
To the rude North; expos'd to *Eurus* blast:  
On *Canadas* bold shore the Ocean past.  
There among Groves of Fir-trees ever green,  
streams falling headlong from the Cliffs are  
seen:  
The cataracts resound along the shore;  
Struck with the noise, the Woods and Valleys  
re-  
re.

These

These wonders which by nature here are shown,  
*Ruellian Naiads* have by Art out-done.

Into the air a Rock with lofty head  
Aspires, the hasty waters thence proceed.  
Dash'd against rugged places they descend,  
And broken thus themselves in foam they  
spend,

They sound, as when some torrent uncontroll'd,  
With mighty force is from a Mountain roll'd.

The earth with horrid noise affrighted grones,  
Flints which lye underneath, and moistned  
stones,

Are beat with waves; th' untrodden paths re-  
found,

And groves and woods do loudly eccho round.

But if on even ground your Garden stand,  
If no unequal hill, or cliff command,  
Whence you the falling waters may revoke,  
From the declining ridge of some kind rock.  
Then in long ranges your Cascades digest:  
The Nymph of *Liancourt* so hers ha's drest.  
For by the Gardens side, the Rivers pass  
From no steep cliff, but down a bank of grass.  
Nor should it less deserve of our esteem,  
When from an even bed diffus'd the stream  
Runs down a polish'd rock, and as it flows,  
Like Linnen in the air expanded shows.  
The *Textile* flood a slender Current holds,  
And in a wavy veil the place infolds.

But

But these Cascades and sports you need not  
there,

Where spacious Pools with wider brims appear,  
And scarce within their banks and chambers  
held,

Run into brooks, and visit all the field.

And to this end, if my advice you take,

In the low places of your Garden make,

Besides the other Springs, large trenches too;

To which from ev'ry part the streams may flow.

For little Brooks and Springs are not so good,

Nor please so much as a more noble floud.

But if square Pools, and deeper Ponds you love,

Dig a broad channel; all the earth remove;

To make it level to that watry bed,

Or the deep Marsh by which it must be fed.

Then with a wharf of stone secure the place,  
With cement bound; let this the shore embrace.

For the foundation you with stone must lay;  
Though that it self ha's oft been forc'd away,  
Always by force the Element restrain,  
And let the shores the raging flouds contain.

The empty Lakes from Springs will be supply'd,  
Brought from the field along the Gardens side:  
An hundred Brooks from flowing never cease,  
And with their plenty make the Pools increase:  
Some I have seen, who all their ponds have fill'd,  
With those supplies which the deep torrents yield.

And

And in a Laver, by its bank inclos'd,  
The waves collected in the vales dispos'd:  
Collected through the fields from fallen rains,  
And *Bavillæum* such a Pond maintains.  
The Nymph o'th' place ha's this of late prepar'd  
The owners fortune ha's the house repair'd.  
From him the seat its greatest glory draws,  
And he obtain'd his honour by the laws.  
The slender stream through ancient ruines went,  
Unless the Winter showers did augment  
Its force, it wash'd a *Villa* quite decai'd,  
And with its fully'd waves through rubbish  
    straid.  
The *Sancaronian* Cattle on the brink,  
And *Bavillaean* Cows were wont to drink.  
Once with a leap I could have past it o're,  
But its great master quickly did restore



The beauty it had lost ; and as he rose,  
So still with him the current bigger grows.  
That which with rushes cover'd ran of late,  
Though small, was destin'd to a better Fate.  
In a great Laver now the water swells,  
And stor'd with Fish a spacious channel fills.  
The graver Senators here often meet ;  
Here the Civilians, and the Lawyers sit.  
Here wearied with the Town, and their affairs,  
They please themselves, and put off all their  
cares.

A Spout whose fall makes all the garden sound,  
Discharges in the middle of the Pond.

Nor will the plenteous waters please you less,  
When in the ground a circle they possess.  
Which Figure with a Garden best agrees :  
If on the grassie bank a Grove of Trees,

With

With shining Scenes, and branches hanging  
down,

The seats of stone, and verdant shores do's  
crown.

But whether they stand still, or swiftly glide,

With their broad leaves let Woods the Rivers  
hide.

Bestowing on each place their cooling shade;

For Springs by that alone are pleasant made.

Still banish frogs, who their old strifes recite,

And in their murmurs and complaints delight.

Drive them away; for the malicious rout

Pollutes the Springs, and stirs the mud about:

Let silver Swans upon your Rivers swim:

Let painted Barges beautifie the stream;

And yielding waves with num'rous oars divide.

But let no Matrons in the shores confide;

For we, too well, have known their perfidy.

After her husbands fate *Alcyone*,

And

And *Anna* sister to *Elisa* too,  
 The Water-gods displeas'd, nor did they go  
 Unpunish'd long; swift vengeance did descend,  
 On them, and all who dare the Gods offend.  
 Therefore with care these Deities adore,  
 Lest while your servants work along the shore,  
 Some swelling tide should snatch them from  
 your sight:

But on our foes let these misfortunes light.

Now to proceed to what I have begun,  
 That through your fields continued streams may  
 run,

Let the collected floods from ev'ry side  
 O'th' Garden, of themselves extended wide,  
 Upon the banks in equal channels beat.

No water makes a Garden more compleat,

Then

Then if arising from a copious Source,  
O're all the Meads it freely takes its course.  
If seen all round with sounding waves it flows,  
And as it runs a noble River grows.

To adde more rules to those already known,  
Were vain; for if in Verse I should set down  
All that this art contains, I then should swerve  
From those strict laws which Poets should ob-  
serve.

If you'll know more, then see those vales of late  
In their successful owner fortunate.  
See there the Springs in order plac'd; some  
bound

In pipes of lead, and buried under ground.  
There you will find the Grotts with Springs  
adorn'd;  
And how by art the fountains may be turn'd.

Nor

Nor suffer *Liancourt* t' escape your sight,  
 Whose humid streams, and grassie banks invite.  
 See how the Nymph the *Schomberg-water*  
 guides

A thousand ways, and o're the place presides.  
 And thou, *Bellaquean Naias* must be seen  
 Ennobled by a Prince. Thou, like a Queen,  
 Rul'st over all the waves of *France*; none dare  
 Affect such honours, or with thee compare:  
 The Rivers, Fountains, and the Lakes of *Gaul*,  
 Broad *Sein*, which washes the *Parisian* wall:  
*Loire*, and *Elaver*, swallow'd by the *Loire*,  
 Our own, and forreign waters thee admire.  
 To thee great *Rome* her *Tiber* must submit,  
 And *Greece* her self must all her streams forget.  
 As other Nations must subscribe to *France*,  
 So o're the rest thy happy waves advance.

Victorious *Lewis* having settled peace,  
And by his conduct made all quarrels cease,  
This Garden by additions fairer made,  
And from a Rock contriv'd a new *Cascade*.  
But what should I these haughty Springs repeat  
Or the immense Canale, with waves repleat?  
How, like a River, with majestick pride,  
Betwixt steep banks the tardy waters glide.  
These shores have witness'd deep intrigues of  
State,  
Have seen when Nations have receiv'd their  
fate,  
When suppliant Princes have our aid implor'd,  
And on their knees our rising Sun ador'd,  
When from all parts Embassadors have come,  
To sue for peace, or to expect their doom.

But

But here it is impossible to show  
The riches which adorn thee *Fountainbleau*,  
Or all the honours which thy Gardens boast :  
Thy Palaces erected by the cost,  
And happy luxury of former Kings,  
My humble Muse of Gardens onely sings.  
How should I think to make thy wonders  
known !  
When the shrill Trumpets, ev'ry where are  
blown  
By Fames loud breath , how should my feeble  
voice,  
Be understood amidst so great a noise ?  
See how much joy appears in all the Court !  
And what a sacred Pledge fit to support  
An Empires weight ! *Lucina* brings to light.  
You might perceive the world in joy unite ;

As

As if the *Dauphins* Birth-day were design'd  
To settle peace, and blessings on mankind.

While the glad Nymph redoubles her applause,  
And celebrates great *Lewis*, who gives Laws  
To quiet *France*, and with unshaken reins,  
His glory with a lasting Peace maintains:  
I sing the other Treasures of the Field,  
And all those gifts which fruitful *Orchards* yield.

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R A P I -



R A P I N U S  
 OF  
 G A R D E N S.

Book IV.

O R C H A R D S.

**N**Or thee, *Pomona*, will my Muse forget;  
 Thou flourishest amidst the Sum-  
 mers heat ;

All things are full of thee : *Autumnus* shows  
 Thy honour too, adorn'd by verdant boughs:

To thee *Lamon*, this part of my design  
Relates ; let prosp'rous Breezes then combine:  
And suffer thou my voyage to succeed,  
That through the main my Bark may cut with  
speed.

Though you maintain severe *Astræas* right,  
Incourage virtue, and from vice affright:  
Yet have we seen you play the Gard'ner too,  
And giving precepts how your trees should  
grow.

Their culture, and their *species* too by thee  
At large describ'd, the Husbandman may see.

And for this benefit so let thy ground  
Be ever kind, be ever grateful found!  
Let thy luxuriant Orchards so be filld  
That the weak boughs beneath their load may  
yeild!

That *Bavillean* barns with store may break,  
And Plenty never may thy house forsake!

Though to all plants each soil is not dispos'd,  
And on some places nature has impos'd  
Peculiar laws, which she unchang'd preserves,  
Such servile laws, *France* scarce at all observes.  
Shee's fertile to excess: all fruits she bears,  
And willingly repays the Plowmans cares.

What if *Burgundian* Hills with vines abound?  
Or if with Orchards *Normandy* be crown'd?  
Though *Beausse* her corn? *Bigorre* her metals  
shows?

Though *Bearn* be woody? *Troys* with wine  
o'reflows?

If *Burdeaux* cattel breeds? and *Auvergne* yeilds  
The best and noblest horses. Yet the fields

All

All over *France* improvement will admit:  
 And are for trees, or else for tillage fit,  
 Chiefly near thee, moist *Tours*, where may be  
 seen

A lasting spring, and meadows ever-green.

Those fields which the *Durance*, and flower *Soane*

Refresh, and the sweet vales which the *Garonne*

With slimy waters gently passes by,

With those blest meads which near great *Paris* ly;

Choose a rich soil when you intend to plant

Not that which heavy sand has rendred faint.

Avoid low vales, which lye between close hills,

Which some thick Pool with noisome vapours

fills.

Where pithy Mists, and hurtful steams ascend,

Least an ill tast they to your fruit may lend.

Still fly that place, where *Auster* always blows,  
 And for your trees that scituation choose,  
 Where in the open air on a descent,  
 To bless their growth more gentle winds consent.

And though the field toth' Sun exposed be  
 Or the hot winds, yet this may well agree  
 With flowers, but then you must some distance  
 make

Between the flow'rs, and trees, and to keep back  
 People and Cattle, which would else offend,  
 With Iron-grates the avenues defend.

How to choose Land I here omit to tell,  
 In different grounds what different habits dwell  
 As also how to plant, or when to sow,  
 These arts the Husbandmen already know.

But

But if the ground cannot the Trees maintain,  
In open furrows till it o're again.

Dig all the barren field with care and toil,  
And for exhausted earth bring better Soil.

That which comes nearest sand is best of all,  
If it be moist and colour'd well withall.

Too many weeds from too much moisture rise:  
Destructive weeds, a Gardens enemies.

Now that the plant may with the mold comply,  
What fruits it most approves you first must try:

Whether the Vine thrives best upon the place,  
Or other trees, for there can be no grace

In any ground that's forc'd against its will

To bring forth fruit: therefore remember still

Never with nature any force to use,

For tis injurious if she should refuse.

When once the field is levell'd, and prepar'd,  
Let it in equal distances be shar'd,  
Appoint the seats in which your trees shall stand,  
Then choose a quince from a selected band:  
And having cut the woody part away,  
Into warm mold you then the Plant may lay,  
Nor think it is unworthy of your hand  
To make the furrows hollow, or t'expand  
The Earth about the roots, for still we find,  
That he who does the laws of planting mind,  
He who from parent-stocks, young branches  
cuts,  
And then in trenches the soft layers puts,  
Seldom repents these necessary pains,  
But rather profit by his care obtains.

While

While Fortune waited on the *Persian* state ;  
*Cyrus*, who from *Astyages* the great  
Himself deriv'd, himself his Gardens till'd,  
How oft astonish'd *Tmolus* has beheld  
Th' industrious Prince in planting Trees and  
Flow'rs.

And watering them imploy his vacant hours !  
How oft *Orontes* stopp'd his hasty flood,  
And gazing on the Royal Gardner stood.  
The *Sabine* vallys heretofore have known  
When noblest *Romans* have forsok the town ;  
When they their Pomp and Glory laid aside,  
And to the Rake and Plow themselves applied.

And this employment warlike *Fabius* chose,  
When he return'd from vanquishing his foes.



He, who in open Senate made decrees,  
Manures his ground, and now gives laws to  
Trees.

No longer o're his *legions* he commands,  
But sows the earth with his victorious hands,  
The Glebe by this triumphant swain subdued,  
Repay'd his pains with timely gratitude.  
Became more fruitful, then it was before,  
And better plants, and larger apples bore.  
Thus *Massinissa*, when he wonne the day,  
And made false *Syphax* with his troops obey;  
In tilling of his ground he spent his time,  
And try'd t'improve the barb'rous *Lilian* clime,

Great *Lewis* too, who carefully attends  
His Kingdom Government, sometimes descends

From

From his high throne, and in the Country

daigns

To please him self, and slack his Empires rains.

For to St, *Germans* if he chance to go,

To the *Versalian* hills, or *Fountainbleau*,

He thinks not that it makes his glory less,

T'improve his ground : his Servants round him

press ;

Hundreds with Fruits, Hundreds with Flowers

strive

To fill the place : the water some derive

Into the Gardens, while with watchful eye

He oversees the work, and equally

To ev'ry laborer his duty shows ;

And the same care on all the field bestows.

Nor dos the King these arts in vain approve :

The gratefull Earth rewards his Royal love.

But

But why should I such great examples name ?  
Our age wants nothing that should more in-  
flame

Its zeal, for since the greatest men now please  
Themselves in cultivating of their trees ;  
Since tis their praise to do do it, why should you  
Refuse this sweet imployment to pursue.

If fruit of your own raising can invite,

If in your *Villa* you can take delight,

Or can the Country love, so that apply

Your self, and to your Plants no pains deny.

The Stars if kind, or goodness of the soil,

Help not so much, as never-ceasing toil.

Then let the Earth more frequent tillage know.

The stubborn Glebe is vanquish'd by the Plow.

When rain or stormy winds pernicious are,

When the Suns influence or intemp'rate Air

Injurious

Injurious proves the Tillers industry

And culture all defects will soon supply.

That this is true, a *Marsian* clown has shown,

Who in a little Garden of his own,

Which he himself manur'd, had store of fruit,

While all the Country else was destitute.

The standing Corn you on his ground might  
view :

And Apples broke the boughs on which they  
grew.

His neighbours quickly envied his success,

He by *Thessalian* arts his grounds did dress,

They said, and hastned on his early Corn

By herbs upon the *Marsian* mountains born,

Or magical infusions : then repleat

With rage and envy to the judgment-seat

They hale the blameless swain, where his defence

He makes, with plain and Rural eloquence.

His

His sickle he produces, and his spade,  
 And rake, which by long use were brighter  
 made.

See here, said he, the crimes which I have done :  
 If tools by time and usage bright are one.

These are my magick arts; these are my charms:

Then, stretching forth his labour stiffned arms

His *Sabine* Dame, and Daughters brawny hand

Inur'd to work, and with the Sun-beams tann'd,

Thus by his industry his cause he gains :

So much a field improves by constant pains.

Hence comes good Corn, and hence the Trees  
 are crown'd

With leavy boughs, hence tis that they abound

In their choice fruits, in each of which we find

A colour proper to it self assign'd.

Then let the forked *Shears*, the *Rake*, and *Prong*,

*Crows*, *Barrows*, *Mattocks*, *Rowlers* which belong

To

To th' garden, be for ever clean and bright.  
Let rust on Arms and Trumpets only light.  
Let useless Helmets in the dust be thrown:  
But let Peace bless the Country and the Town.  
Neglect that ground which culture doth refuse,  
Least there the tiller all his hopes should lose.  
Transfer your pains to some more grateful soil,  
The way of raising Plants now learn a while.

From all your Garden first a place divide,  
There let the hopeful race be multiplied?  
Seed for your Trees about your fields prepare,  
And let the Stocks confus'd spring ev'ry where.  
There let them all together upward shoot;  
By these supply's your losses you recruit.  
The fairest Plant from stones or kernels grows,  
Then your mix'd Seedlings in no rank dispose.

Along

Along the walls and beds : if from their birth  
They are accustomed to their mother earth ;  
They flourish better, be it they derive  
More proper nourishment from her, or thrive  
With more success, where their Forefathers  
were,  
But you must still a gen'rous stock prefer.  
Whose vigor, and whose spirits are no less,  
Then what its ancestors did once possess.  
That's best which has most joints, but those re-  
fuse  
Which at wide distances few buds produce.  
When with due judgment you would choose  
a place,  
Proper, wherein to raise a future race ;  
Let it be in the Sun ; without his aid  
The ground will languish, and the fruit will fade,  
He

He rules the winds, and tempests in the sky ;  
And while he views the world with his bright  
eye,

He cherishes all things, and vital juice  
Into the witherd herbage can infuse,

He governs the twelve signs, and by him steer  
The courses of the Earth, the Heav'n, and year.

Heav'n if observ'd, great benefits imparts,

Nor less the rayes which glorious *Phorbis* darts,

Either when setting he do's disapear,

Or rising guilds the Northern *Hemispher*.

His radiant beams will never shine in vain,

To him and his sister then who raign

Together, and *Olympus* Empire sway ;

Let the glad youth deserved honours pay.

They both are kind to trees ; and both expect

To be observ'd : by them your course direct:

For



For they well known you have no cause to fear,  
Though different colours in sky appear.

Yet in the Spring desire not too much heat,  
Least the remaining cold your hopes defeat :

And the Suns kindness then should prove his  
crime,

If forward fruit appear before its time,

Though chearful blossoms promise you success,

Trust not the fading Flow'r, but still suppress

Your expectations, and for summer stay,

Whose *genial* warmth secures them from decay.

The gardner oft vain Blossoms has believ'd ;

And with false hopes as oft has bin deceiv'd.

Ith' end of Spring when welcome heat returns

When ev'ry Garden lovely fruit adorns,

Sometimes a Tree by sudden tempests crost

The whole years Hopes in one short Night has

lost.

The

The cruel winds now most their rage employ,  
Rough *Boreas* more then any will destroy.

The Trees and Orchards, therefore, now, ye  
swains

While the fresh Spring your lively plants main-  
tains.

Now, on your Festivals, by frequent prair

Avert pernicious winds, and have a care

In Summer nights of Moons, which nip with  
cold,

The cloud ingendred Southern gusts with-hold;

And the *Sithonian* Northern blasts; for these,

Unless the cautious husband-man foresees

That they approach him always hurtful are,

When ever lowring clouds disturb the air

Your self with care from future ills defend,

The Seasons mark, and what the Heav'ns por-  
tend.

O

When

When among other seasons of the year  
 The time of Graffing comes ; do not defer  
 In proper stocks young Cions to inclose ;  
 Then buds between the cloven bark dispose.  
 And if your fruit be bad, as oft it will,  
 Make choice of better, and remove the ill.  
 By these improvements greatest praise you get,  
 And thus your Gardens honour you compleat.  
 Into your stocks the forraign pears admit,  
 And far fetch'd Apples place within the flit.  
 Hence springs a nobler race, and greater store  
 Of hopeful offspring then you had before.

The plants you want the neighbourhood will  
 give:  
 If not, from distant countrey's them derive.

*Greece* first sought plant in barb'rous climes, and

then

She civiliz'd the trees as well as men.

These still at home she fortunately plac'd,

And by translation did correct their taste.

While auncient Fables reputation gain'd,

The then white Mulberry with red was stain'd.

*Thisbe* and *Pyramus* who yet survive

In *Naso's* verse, in *Babylon* did live:

A spotless love united both their souls;

But Parents hate their happiness controlls.

Deluded by their passion they grow bold;

Nor walls, nor strict injunctions them withhold!

That bliss, which in their life they could not

have,

They found at last by meeting in the grave.

Hard by the place there stood an aged tree

Which, as if touch'd with their sad destiny.

Imbibes their blood, and caus'd its fruit, which  
late

Was pale, to blush at the poor lover's fate.

So *Rhodopeian Phillis* heretofore,

Left by her faithless servant, on the shore,

When she was pin'd away with grief and shame,

An Almond in her fathers ground became.

*Pallas* gives Olives; *Bacchus* do's bestow

The Figgs and Vines to *Ceres*, Corn we owe.

But, whae the *Romans* did, why should I tell

Whose arms on trees as well as nations fell?

While they in chains the victors Chariots drew,

Their plants as much inflav'd by *Tiber* grew,

Into his garden thus from *Cerasus*

*Lucullus* first did Cherrys introduce,

*Damascus* Plums afforded; *Media*,

With *Lydia*, *Egypt*, *India*, *Caria*,

And

And *Persia* Apples gave; and these were brought  
From the *Geloni*, who with Axes fought.

Each Nation which had her arms overcome,  
Did thus pay tribute to triumphant *Rome*.

*Phaliscians* then, who *Funo* most ador'd,  
Their empty fields with rows of Apples stor'd.

And the *Crustumian* Pears, the *Sabines* plac't

Ich' *Amiternan* Vale, th' *Auruncans* grac't

*Taburnus* then with Vines and Olives too;

At these new plants amazed *Anio*

Admires: *Oenotria* likewise then possess't

Of wholesom air, and with a fat soil blest.

Fruit bearing trees, which were before unknown

From other Gardens brought into her own.

When Plants of a corrected taste are found,  
 And Stocks are chosen which are young and  
 sound;

The Grafter then th' adoptive bough must bring  
 Into those Stocks: of this the means I sing.

Which though they are distinct, you learn with  
 ease

How to Graff fruitful slips in barren trees.

Some cut down trunks, which bore a lofty top,

And hollow them above, thus wood-men lop

The tallest Oaks, and cut out four square

stakes;

But first of all a wedge its passage makes.

This done, the *Cions* may descend down right

Into the cleft; and with the Stock unite.

Though

Though others in the rind betwixt each bud  
Make an incision, and the graff include,  
Which by degrees is afterwards inclin'd  
T' incorporate it self with the moist rind.  
Some like a slender Pipe the bark divide,  
Or like a Scutcheon slit it down the side.  
Or the hard trunk, which a sharp augur cleaves,  
Into its solid part the Graff receives.  
Mean while, with care, the branches which are  
joyn'd,  
You with a sev'nfold cord must strongly bind.  
And all the chinks with pitch or wax defend;  
For if the cruel air should once descend  
Into the cleft, it would impede the juice:  
And to the plant its nourishment refuse.



But, if these dangers it has once indur'd,  
 When the adopted branch is well secur'd;  
 By their conjunction trees their nature loose;  
 That which was wild before, more civil grows.  
 Unmindful of their mother they forsake  
 The tast, which they from her at first did take.  
 From yellow *Quinces*, and *Cornellians* rise  
 Fruits, which are differenc'd by various dies.  
 The Pear thus mends: the Slow affords good  
 Plums:  
 And the bad Cherry better now becomes.  
 From diff'rent boughs distinguish'd *Species*  
 shoot;  
 But now I tell how you must mix your fruit,  
 What branches with each other you may joyn:  
 What sorts will best in amity combine.

All kinds of Pears the Quinces entertain;  
 And them receiv'd with their own tincture  
 stain.

The hoary Pears their tast to Apples give,  
 They with the shrubby Willow too will live.

The Fig would love the Mulberry, if that  
 Its blacker hue would somewhat moderate.

Cherrys with Laurels blushes will compound;

Apples with Apples do their tast confound.

And, from the salvage Plum, we Pears may  
 raise:

( If we may credit what *Palladius* says )

But Gardners now, by long experience wise,

What former ages taught them may despise.

They of *Auvergne* in Willows fruits inclose;

Tis true, at first their colour grateful shows.

But,

But, by this Marriage they degen'rate are,  
And tast but ill, although they look so fair.

For various Plants what air, and soil is good,  
And that, which hurts them, must be under-  
stood.

Warm air, and moisture is by Apples lov'd:  
But, if to stony hills they are remov'd,  
You must not blame them, if they then decay.  
Through a crude soil the Figg will make its  
way :

If it be not expos'd to the rude North,  
A humid Sand will make the Peach bring forth.  
The Pear, when it has room enough to spread,  
Where it has warmth sufficient over head,  
If it be seconded by the wet ground,  
With swelling fruits, and blossoms will be  
crown'd.

The

The backward Mulb'ry chuses to be dry,  
For constant moisture is its enemy.

And a wet soil the Apple vitiates,

The Cherry deeply rooted propogates

It self with freedom as in *Italy*

The thriving Olives every where we see.

A milder ground the Lemmon most desires :

One more severe the yellow Quince requires.

It is not fit that Apricots should stand

In a hot mold, and Cherrys love not sand,

No more then Strawberrys ; which last, if set

In earth that's well subdued, if to the heat

Of the warm Sun expos'd, they soon abound

With juice, their Berrys then grow plump and

round.

Those hills, which favour *Bacchus*, Lemmons

deserve :

And Melons which a gentler clime deserve,

When

When a warm scituation Plums obtain,  
They quickly recompence the Gardners pain.

If in your Orchards any tree seems faint,  
With wonted culture cure the sickly plant ;  
Er'e the whole Trunk is touch'd with the dis-  
ease.

Briars and Weeds which fatal are to Trees  
Where ere the ground is bad the fields infest,  
Whence ev'ry bough with faintness is oppress'd,  
Culture mends bitter plants ; they then, who  
break

The surface oftneft up ; who most their rake,  
And forked tools about the roots employ ;  
They, the best fruits, and nobleft trees enjoy.  
But if the foilor sow'r, or brackish be,  
Neither the careful Plow-mans industry,

Nor

Nor cold, nor frost, or storms of wind or  
rain,

Improve those fields, they never can obtain

Their ancient reputation; all things there

Grow worse and worse, forgetting what they  
were.

When for an Orchard you a seat will chuse,

First learn what sorts of planting are in use

This with the humours of each place complys,

In open Plains on which the warm Sun lyes.

There let your Trees aspire in grounds inclos'd,

Let a Dwarf-race of fruit-trees be dispos'd,

Whose boughs are round and short: nor bodys

tall.

Some Plash, and tack their Layers on the

wall:

Whilst

Whilst others make their twisted Branches  
grow,

Like a shorn hedge, in a continued row.

These Rural ornaments by all are sought;

And if they vary, are more graceful thought.

Follow these precepts rather much, than those,

Which our own ancient Husband-men impose.

The former age must all its claims resign,

Now all these arts in perfect lustre shine.

Trust not your tender Plants too much abroad;

To Figgs the summer Sun must be allow'd.

Apples, and Nuts, with Cherrys, Plums & Pears,

And the soft *Almond*, which all weather bears;

Let them with freedom in the air ascend.

And if just taste you to your Fruit would lend,

If you would mend their *genius*, let them take

Their liberty, for if the Sun do's bake

Them

Them well, if to his light they are displaid,  
 They vanquish those which sculk within the  
 shade.  
 Either this benefit from *Phæbus* flows,  
 Who on all things his influence bestows;  
 Or else great Trunks to make their off-spring  
 thrive,  
 More juice and vigour from the earth derive.  
 Perhaps the middle region of the sky,  
 (For duller vapours dare not mount so high)  
 Sometimes imparts a favourable Breeze,  
 And fans with purer air the tops of Trees.

Then let your Gardens in the Sun be plac'd;  
 From him your Apples must receive their tast,  
 And hardned thus the Summer they endure,  
 Those which were crude he renders more ma-  
 ture.



The tender brood you must defend with care,  
 And if you can the little race repair,  
 With sharper tools you must restrain excess,  
 Or with your hand superfluous leaves suppress,  
 And let no bough its parent overshadow,  
 Nor on a branch let greater weight be laid  
 Than it can bear: those blossoms which decay,  
 Or are not hopeful you must take away,  
 Till a more gen'rous off-spring dos succeed:  
 This is the only way to mend the breed,  
 The Mother of her children thus bereav'd  
 Must with assiduous culture be reliev'd.

Though it be welcome to the fordid swain,  
 Too fruitful trees their plenty boast in vain:  
 Their store destroys them; rather let them feel  
 The wholesome sharpness of the crooked steel.

For, while the Gard'ner th' useless Flow'rs in-  
vades,  
He greater glory to the Parent adds.  
No tree can long its fruitfulness enjoy ;  
Such virtues their possessors soon destroy.  
Unless they cease from bearing, they must wast ;  
For no extream of good can ever last.  
They who retard their fruit deserve more praise,  
Then they who nature by incitements raise.  
Some Gardners I remember near the town,  
With dung their slower Apples hastned on.  
The usual Method could not them content,  
They by their hast the Seasons did prevent.  
Let no such customs in your Gardens be,  
For these productions are an injury.  
They in a Lethargy the Plants ingage,  
And make them subject to untimely age.

Let not your fruits their seasons then forsake,  
 Nor with ungentle hand sow'r Apples take :  
 Least with Abortian you the mothers kill,  
 And your nice stomach with raw humours fill.

If you are curious how your fruits are died,  
 To neighb'ring walls their branches must be  
 tyed.

When *Titans* raies on them at mid day beat,  
 And grow more pow'rful by reflected heat ;  
 Those, which are most expos'd, will best de-  
 rive  
 The pleasing colours which the Sun can give.

How this advantage is to be obtain'd ;  
 And how t'augment the heat shall be explain'd,  
 First a long wall you must due South erect,  
 From thence the most intensive warmth expect.

This

This dawbe with Morter o're ; which being  
plain

Will best reverberate the raies again.

Those vermine too are kill'd by scorching lime?  
Which would destroy the trees themselves in  
time.

Next hooks of Iron fix along the wall,  
On them let Poles or Rods of Willow fall:  
On which the branches may depend in rows,  
The Husband-man with twiggs may tye them  
close,

Though others fasten them with knotts of wire,  
In time the pliant boughs themselves desire  
To bear that yoke, to which they are restrain'd,  
If from their tender youth they are inchain'd.  
That so by long obedience being taught,  
They to their duty may with ease be brought.

Age dos rebellion into shoots instill :

And makes them stubborn to the benders will.

Then, that they may comply with greater  
ease,

Instruct them in submission by degrees.

While blooming years permit, and while they

have

An inclination proper to inflave ;

Along your walls young trees betimes expand,

Which by degrees may stoop to your com-  
mand.

The branches, if in decent order plac'd.

By servitude are not at all disgrac'd.

No more, then when a woman dos with care

Within strict fillets bind her flowing hair :

Disposing

Disposing it according to the mode,  
 When she intends to show her dress abroad.  
 Restraint becomes her hair; and thus a Tree  
 When it is captive will more lovely be.  
 If lawless twiggs rebell not from the rest;  
 And the green mantle dos the wall invest.

These textures noblest tapestry transcend,  
 And with their beauty all the place commend.  
 Chiefly when diff'rent fruits their seasons know,  
 And to your sight their various colours show.  
 How must it then the Gardners heart affect,  
 To see those beautys he ne're durst expect;  
 While on the fruit-charg'd wall, the Figgs grow  
 black,  
 And Peaches red, the boughs with Apples  
 crack.

For when the Summers particolour'd race  
Appears, then ev'ry tree its wealth displaies,  
Which was before beneath the leaves conceal'd;  
Then tis delightful to survey each field,  
To visit all your *Villa*, and to see  
What fruits and treasures in your Gardens be.  
Nor unaffecting to admire those dies,  
Which on the branchy folds your sight surprize.  
To pluck the early fruit, or if you will,  
Home to convey the Panniers which you fill.  
Whether you search what fruits are of good  
kind,  
Or would the *Genius* of your Orchards find;  
Or with what culture Plants will flourish best,  
And when aspiring twiggs must be repress.  
If you would find what stocks will Grass admit,  
And how far Grass their former names forget.

Your Rural pleasures will excel the pride  
 And riches of the great; fame you'll deride.  
 And city noise, nor the unconstant wind  
 Of Kings, or Peoples favour stirs your mind.

Thrice happy they who these delights pursue!  
 For whether they their Plants in order view,  
 Or overladen boughs with props relieve,  
 Or if to forraign fruits new names they give,  
 If they the tast of ev'ry Plum explore,  
 To eat at second course, what would they  
 more?

What greater happiness can be desir'd,  
 Then what by these diversions is acquir'd?

You who the beauty of your trees design,  
 To each along the walls its seat assign.



Cherrys with Cherrys, Figgs with Figgs may  
 meet,  
 The *Syrian* and *Crustumian* Pears are fit  
 To mingle with the *Brittish*, but we find  
 That Apples and red Plums must not be joyn'd.  
 All that are of a sort together plant,  
 They must succeed if they no culture want.  
 And when affairs of greater moment cease  
 To set their stations be your business,  
 For if they have not ample room to spread  
 They then both strength and nourishment will  
 need.

But what the kinds and various natures are  
 Of fruitful trees, I must not now declare:  
 Nor tell their different appearances,  
 Or how the *Gardners* art has with success

Improv'd our Orchards, what should I count

Those fruits, which *Persia* sent us heretofore?

Why or their taste should I relate, or hue,

Which more illustrious by its purple grew?

Some of a thicker substance stick fast on,

While others which are thinner quit the stone.

These last with Juice and dewy Moisture swell,

And all the other sorts by much excell.

Others there are which, like the Plum, are

thin,

And have no down upon their naked skin.

Their Species, Forms, nor Names I here must

sing;

As those which the *Armenians* once did bring

From their high hills, by native Blushes prais'd;

Or those which from great stones *Alcinous* rais'd.

*Tiburian* Peaches I must here forget,  
 Then which *Picenian* ones were thought more  
 sweet.

Nor here at all of *Quinces* must I boast,  
 Which, when they have no smell, are valued  
 most.

*Cherrys*, which at first course are grateful still ;  
 Or *Figgs*, which heav'nly Nectar do distill.  
 I here pass ore, these from their taste obtain  
 More honour, then the mellow *Apples* gain.

But Nature never show'd more wantonness  
 Then, when so many shapes she did impress,  
 From *Wardens* to the *Pears* which lesser grow,  
 And did to each its proper Juice allow.  
 Some imitate the brisk *Falernian* Wine,  
 Others, like *Must*, to sweetness more incline.

In swelling some extravagant appear ;  
And crooked Necks with oblong bellys bear.  
To Plums and Grapes just commendations  
yeild,  
If on the Wall they are by props upheld.  
Muscat, and Purple Vines, which both observe  
Their wonted seasons, may our praise deserve.  
The humble Strawberrys I would repeat,  
Which are by nature with sweet Juice repleat.  
And, if I had but leisure, I would sing  
The fragrant odours which from Melons spring.  
When Husbandmen give precepts to expand  
Their trees, to imitate the spreading hand,  
Or backbone of a Fish they sometimes chuse,  
When er'e one Trunk the branches dos pro-  
duce.

Successful

Successful trialls both these ways have had :

And therefore use of either may be made.

You cannot be too often put in mind

Of that advantage which your Plants will find

By being prun'd : the boughs will thus obey,

And by your tool are fashion'd any way.

Though tough with age, they stoop to your

command,

Nor can the crooked pruning Knife withstand.

And when the Trees thus cut revive agen,

When from their wounds they borrow courage,

then

oft exercise your pow'r, and so restore

Beauty to that, which was deform'd before.

Youth unadvise'd dos in desire exceed :

And would without all moderation breed.

The Pruners care must succour each defect,  
He with his hook their vices must correct.  
Superfluous shoots his servants may repress,  
Destructive pity makes them more increase.

But in what part they must be cut, and how,  
From the experienc'd you will better know,  
Always untouch'd the chiefest branches save,  
From whom you hope a future race to have.

Now if the Season proves reciprocall;  
You may behold your fruit upon the wall.  
Yours Gardens riches then will make you glad,  
Nor think that any thing can colour add,  
Or bigness to them, but that influence,  
Which on their ranks kind *Phœbus* do's dis-  
pence.

Nature your wishes then will satisfy,  
If with these Methods only you comply.

An

And though we ripeness to our fruits impart  
 By heat on walls reflected, yet this art  
 By the reports of dark antiquity,  
 In the records of time is set more high,

And if we may at all our faith engage  
 To what we hear of the preceding age.

*Alcinous* first, who the *Phœacians* swaid,  
 Thus to have cultivated Trees is said.  
 His stores with usual plenty overflow'd,  
 And when the year its usual hope had show'd,  
 From the malicious North arose a blast,  
 Which in one night laid all the Garden wast.  
 If any Plant by fortune was retriev'd,  
 And, in the fields, the common fate surviv'd;  
 That ruine, which by *Boreas* was begun,  
 Was finish'd by the spiteful Air and Sun.

All

All through the sky unwonted tempests rore,  
 And horrid noises the clear Welkin tore.  
 The greatest slaughter on the Orchard falls;  
 Struck with portents the King the *Augurs* calls.  
 The meaning of the prodigies inquires,  
 And their advice upon his loss desires.  
 From *Calais* and *Zethes* some pretend,  
 ( Both sprung from *Boreas* ) that these plagues  
 descend.

The Kings alliance both of them had sought,  
 Nor were unworthy by the Mother thought:  
 The Daughter too their passion had approv'd,  
 But neither were by Prince or People lov'd.  
 Their Father vex'd to see his Sons deceiv'd,  
 By them perhaps had his revenge contriv'd.  
 Because they both were angry with the King.  
 Some from *Atlantian Calypso* bring

These



These mischiefs. *Circe* only, some accus'd,  
*Calypso* mindful how she was abus'd  
 By the *Phœacians*, when *Laertes* she  
 From drowning sav'd, and boasted him to be  
 Her right, she then to be reveng'd, decreed  
 That *Circes* neighbourhood, and hate might  
 breed

These ills some think, that she the Moons  
 aspect

Had chang'd, and did the purer air infect.

But good *Eurymedon*, who was the Priest  
 Of *Phœbus*, and a Prophet better ghest.

Think not, says he, that our misfortunes flow  
 From outward causes, to our selves we owe  
 Our dire mishaps; nor did he longer speak.

The King commands he should his silence  
 break,

And

And bids him undiscover'd crimes recite.

Then he, The weight of our affairs permits

Not many words, when worse events are

fear'd,

Appease the gods, while prayers may be heard,

The objects of their vengeance now we are,

When plenty fill'd his stores, to his own care,

And art, *Alcinous* did ascribe his fruit,

Madman that should the gifts of Heav'n dis-

pute!

That, he the Sun and Winds should so neglect,

Nor his devotions to great *Jove* direct.

Himself the criminal he then did find,

Accusing his prov'd thoughts and haughty

mind,

Strait he repairs to the *Phœacian* wood,

Where the *Hesperian Nymph* had her abode,

Q.

Where

Where she the Oracles of Heaven spoke,

Soon a soft voice the sacred silence broke.

To mighty *Jupiter* twelve *Bullocks* pay :

As many more on *Titans* Altars lay.

Both Deity's have bin provok'd ; from them

Our fruits, and all other our blessings stream.

They went, and to great *Jove* twelve *Bullocks*

paid :

And twice six more on *Titans* altars laid.

These rites *Eurymedon* ordain'd, should be

Yearly perform'd by their posterity.

Taught by the Nymph *Alcinous* now im-  
mures

His Orchards in, and so his Plants secures

From hurtful blasts, and where they wanted  
heat,

Upon the Walls he makes the Sun-beams beat.

This

This way of setting Trees arose from hence ;  
Which, though th' *Hesperians* had forgot long  
since,  
The *Norman* swains reviv'd again ; and shew'd  
Their Servants, that their ground must be al-  
low'd  
More warmth, for the reflected Sun alone,  
Could make their fruits attain perfection.  
From hence, this art to *Paris* did advance,  
And stretch'd it self through all the parts of  
*France*.

You, who my precepts hear, this ornament,  
Bestow upon your Gardens nor repent  
The building of long walls, and them infold  
With the green tapistry ; no pains withhold ;  
And while you do the fruitful youth survey,  
Or among leavy textures loose your way ;

When you behold your thriving nurserys,  
 Cut all superfluous branches from your Trees.  
 The masters hand improves the Orchard most:  
 For he, if any Plant its hold has lost,  
 Or hang; he trims and ties it up again;  
 Thus the neat hedge its beauty dos regain.  
 Vermin and Erwigs from the leaves he shakes,  
 And of those fruits before a trial makes,  
 Which he designs at second course to eat:  
 The times of gathering he best can set.  
 To the deserving praises he extends;  
 And those which are deceitful discommends.

When once the ground is till'd, the Gardner  
 then  
 Begins t' instruct the ruder Husbandmen.  
 The taste and merit of each Tree he shows,  
 And by what Graffs the Parent better grows.

For

For thus is he imploy'd ; while ev'ry where  
He visits all his wealth with equal care.

No time is lost : the year with fruits is blest :

Or else the boughs with blossoms are oppress'd.

Nor slow nor idle lab'ers must you hire,

These works exceeds of diligence require.

The stubborn Earth and Plants exact the same,

Which are by pains and culture only tame.

A backward soil with rottea dung improve,

And often in the Sun the clods remove.

If after this the year should prove unkind,

You must impute it to the spiteful wind.

Whose pow'rful blasts all situations sway,

For still the ground dos Heav'ns command obey.

Be kind ye winds, so shall your altars share

A part of that, which you with pity spare.

A thousand enemy's, a thousand ills  
Ore Plants prevail : sometimes the bad air  
kills

The hopes oth' Spring, and therefore you must  
try

With greatest care these threatenng Plagues to  
fly.

If that disease which springs from faulty air,  
With its infection should your fruits impair;  
The gods with vows and prayers supplicate,  
No other remedy is left but that.

To fell those Trees can be no loss at all,  
Whose age and sickness would your Axe fore-  
stall.

A youthful successour, with better grace,  
And plenty, will supply the vacant place.

Plants

Plants by their looks betray their strength and  
years,

If through the gaping rind the wood appears,

If dying leaves upon the boughs are seen,

While all the rest are flourishing and green :

If they look pale, then with your knife invade

Those branches which afforded too much shade.

Sometimes beneath the bark a Canker breeds,

Or burning Moss which like a scab o're spreads

The trunk with cruel Venom, these repress

Before they reach the quick, and ere they seize

The inward parts, before that all the race

With a pernicious leanness they disgrace.

If the exhausted spirits fail to do

Their offices, if they degen'rate grow,

Dig up the Earth and with the dung of swine

Or the hoarse Stock-dove make it then combine



The hungry Mold must thus be satisfi'd.  
 And those do well who in deep trenches hide  
 Dry Leaves among their Dung, with Fern, or  
 Broom,  
 Bean shales, or dirty Ashes are by some  
 Thrown on their fields, all these the ground  
 will aid,  
 But let it never be too fertile made.  
 For as a Tree due nourishment may want,  
 So too rich Soil destroys the tender Plant.  
 And if you know not how a barren field  
 Must be encourag'd, and with pains be till'd,  
 Or if you would allay rich Mold, that art,  
 The rules of culture fully will impart.

When from swift clouds or rain descends, or  
 hail,  
 A thousand Plagues your Orchards will assail.

As

As Gnats, Worms, Caterpillers which infold  
The boughs, with buzzing Drones, and Snails  
inroll'd,

Within their Shells made always circular,

Of Merops too, and other Birds beware,

Which, from the mischiefs that their Beaks  
effect,

Are Tigers call'd; when these begin t'infest

Your Nurseries, they are a Pestilence

With which no careful Gardner must dispence

With flying smoak these Enemy's oppose,

And kill the Vermin on the Leaves and Boughs.

Flys here, and painted Lizards I omit,

With cunning Moles, which still avoid the  
light,

And Mice, who from their holes their thefts  
repeat,

All these with diff'rent Traps you must defeat,

As

As custom and experience teaches best,  
 Nor ought I here more precepts to suggest;  
 I write not now to dull unskilful swains,  
 Such as of old till'd the Laurentine plains,  
 All Husbandmen are now so artful grown,  
 That almost nothing can be further shown  
 Of culture, nothing can be found out more,  
 Then what has bin invented long before.  
 My hasty Muse permits me not to write  
 Of famous Gardens here, or to recite  
 Those noble *Villa's*, which deserve my verse,  
 Nor here my Countreys honours I rehearse.  
 Ye Gardens therefore, and your owners too,  
 Forgive me, if you have not what's your due.

When *France* her former riches shall regain,  
 If our affairs should prosper once again;

Then

Then by the bounty of a lasting Peace,  
Our labours may be crown'd with more success.  
The World of late in Warrs has bin engag'd,  
And stern *Enyo* through all *Europe* rag'd;  
Famine, and Pestilence, and Feavers raign'd,  
The blushing fields with civil Gore were stain'd.  
The gods were all averse, who can remount  
Those crimes, which do the reach of thought  
surmount?  
The violated Laws, the broken faith,  
And Nations guilty of their Sov'rains death?  
And heavier ills then these had yet remain'd,  
If *Lewis* from the gift of Heav'n obtain'd,  
Had not with pow'rful arms, and greater mind,  
Repair'd our fortune, ere it quite declin'd,  
Then having stretch'd his bounds from shore to  
shore,  
That he might arts and manners too restore,  
And

And through the World the golden age re-  
new ;

The rains of Justice great *Lamon* to you

He gave, and you ore his Tribunals plac't :

When led by you *Astræa* shall, at last,

Return to us agen, as we have cause

To hope from the beginnings of your Laws ;

Then shall the Earth in her first glory be ;

And those new arts and methods which by  
thee

T' improve their Plants the Husbandmen re-  
ceive,

Shall ever in thy native Soil survive.

Thus much of Gardens, I at *Clermont*  
sung,

In thee sweet *Paris* ; treading all along

Those sacred steps; which *Virgil* led before,  
When blest in her affairs, in her King more,  
Ore willing Nations *France* began to sway:  
And made the universe her Pow'r obey.

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F I N I S.

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Those sacred Rites, which we had before  
When first in her arms, that King  
Oe-will's Nones, that began to say;  
And made the universe for ever

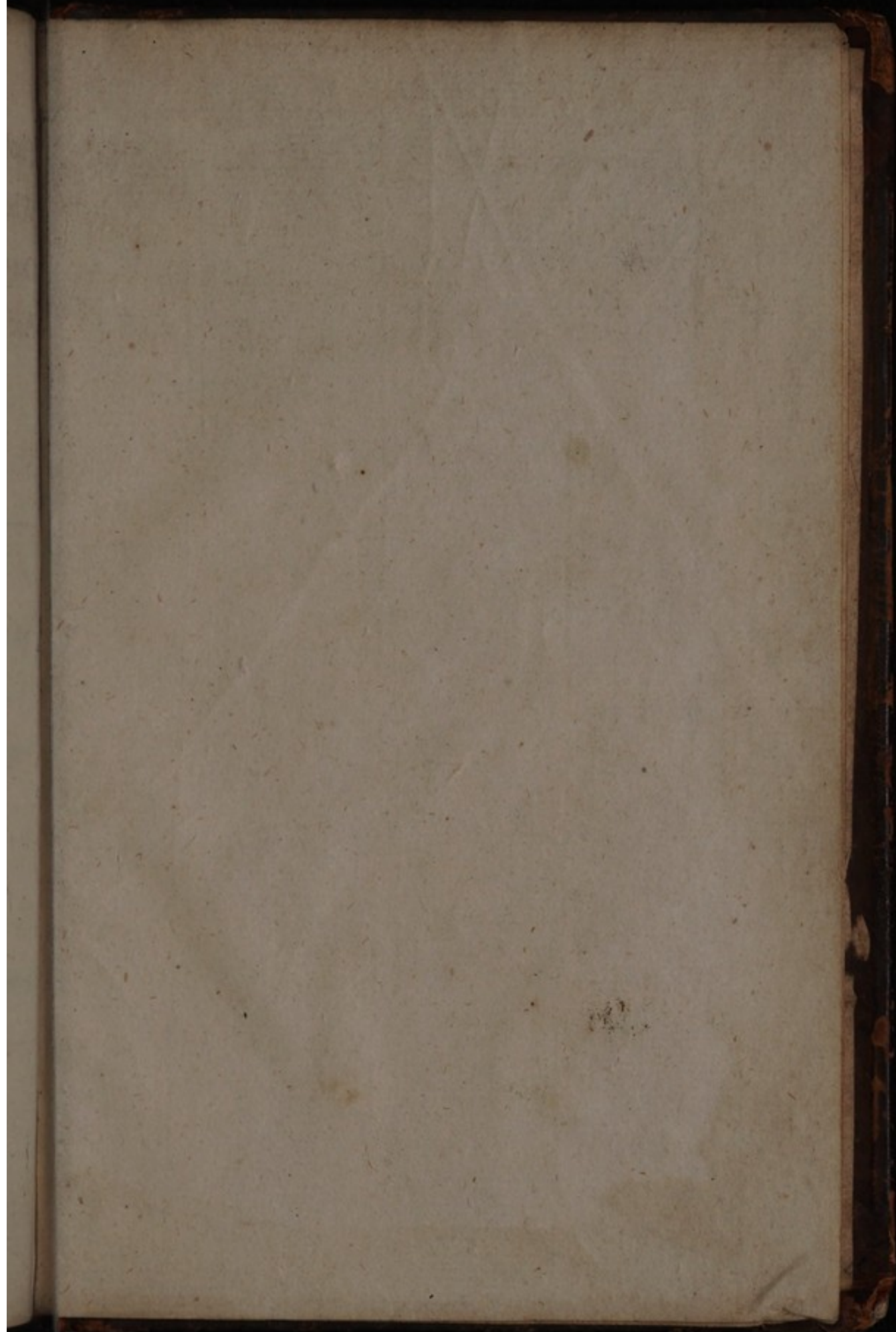
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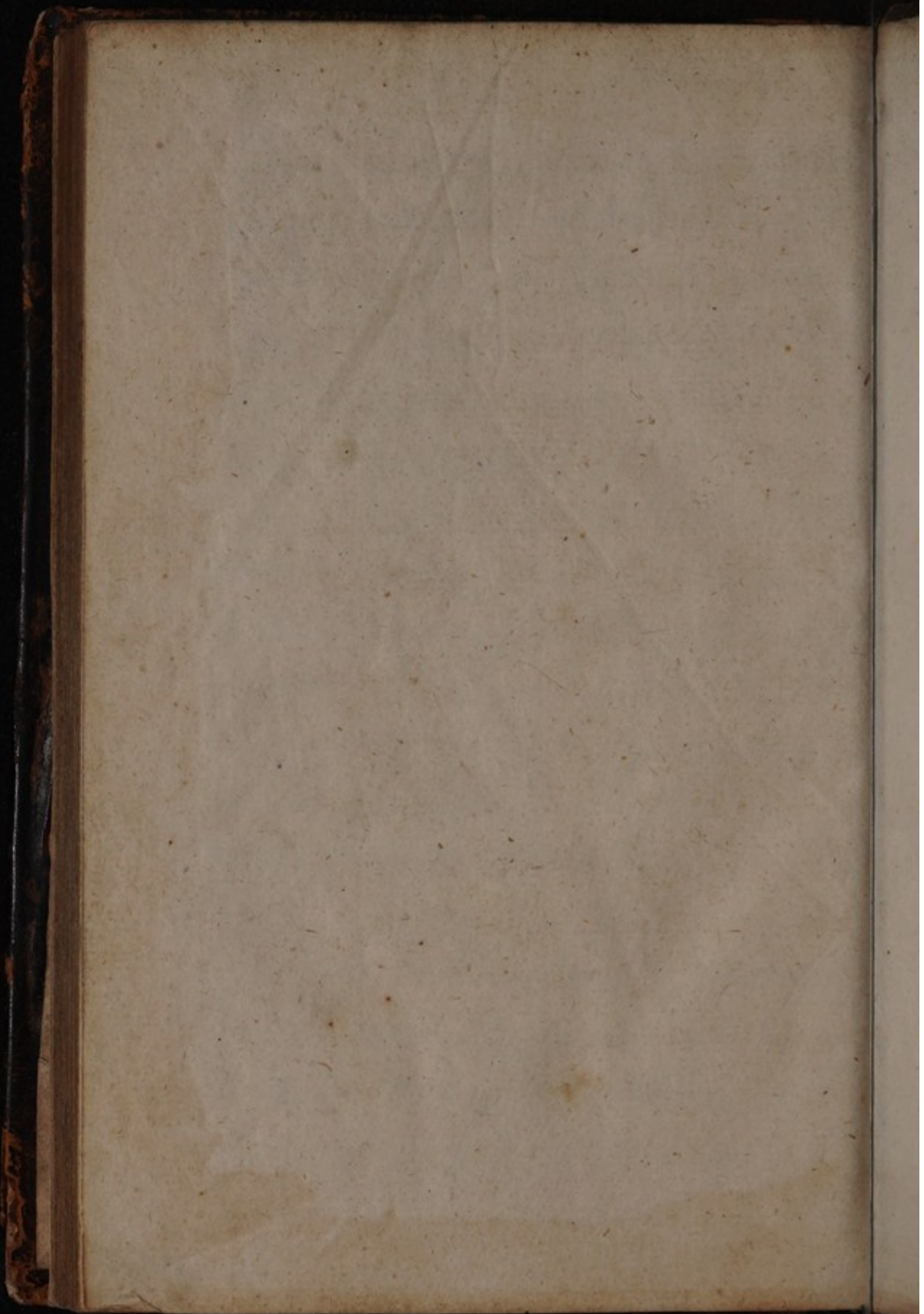
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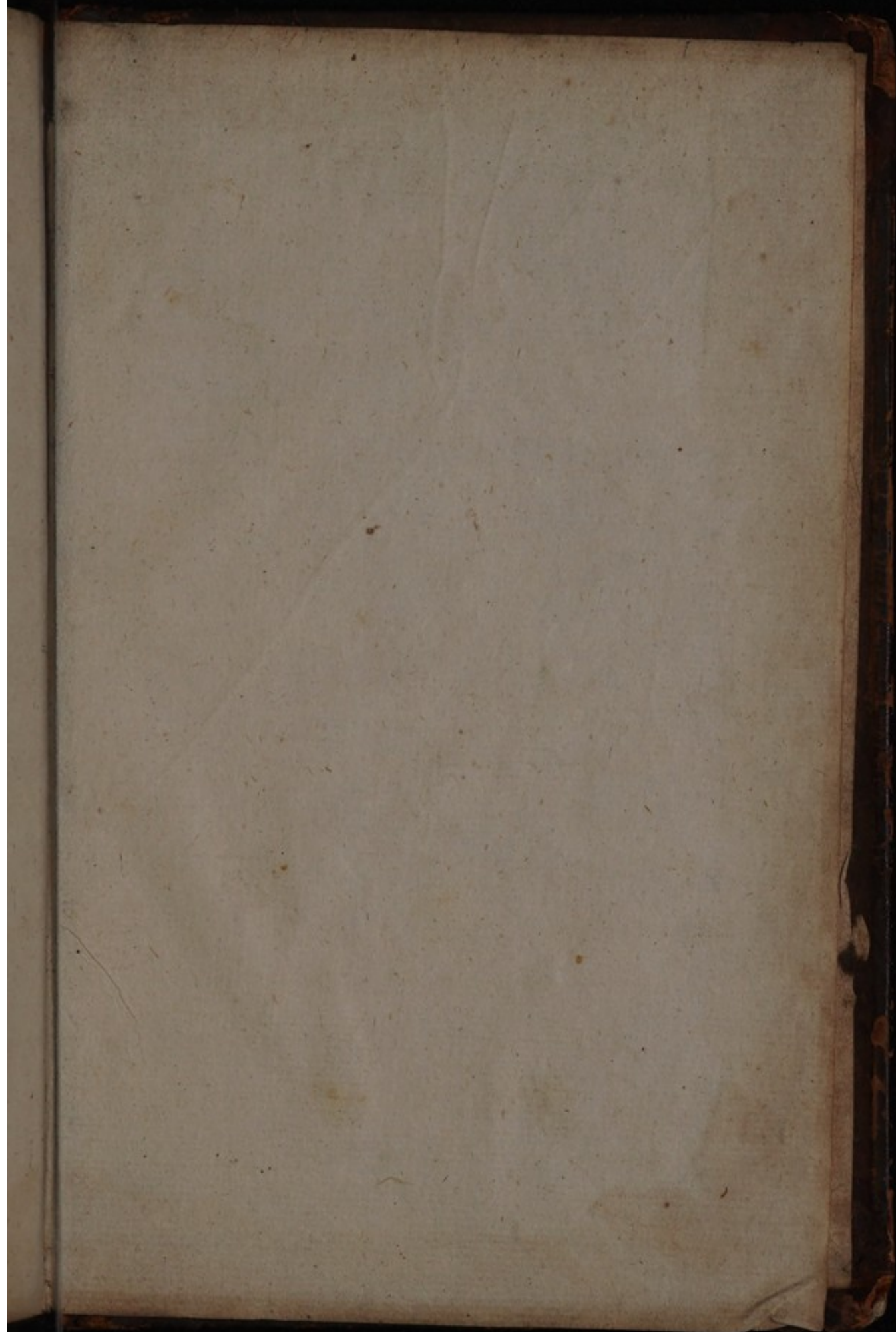
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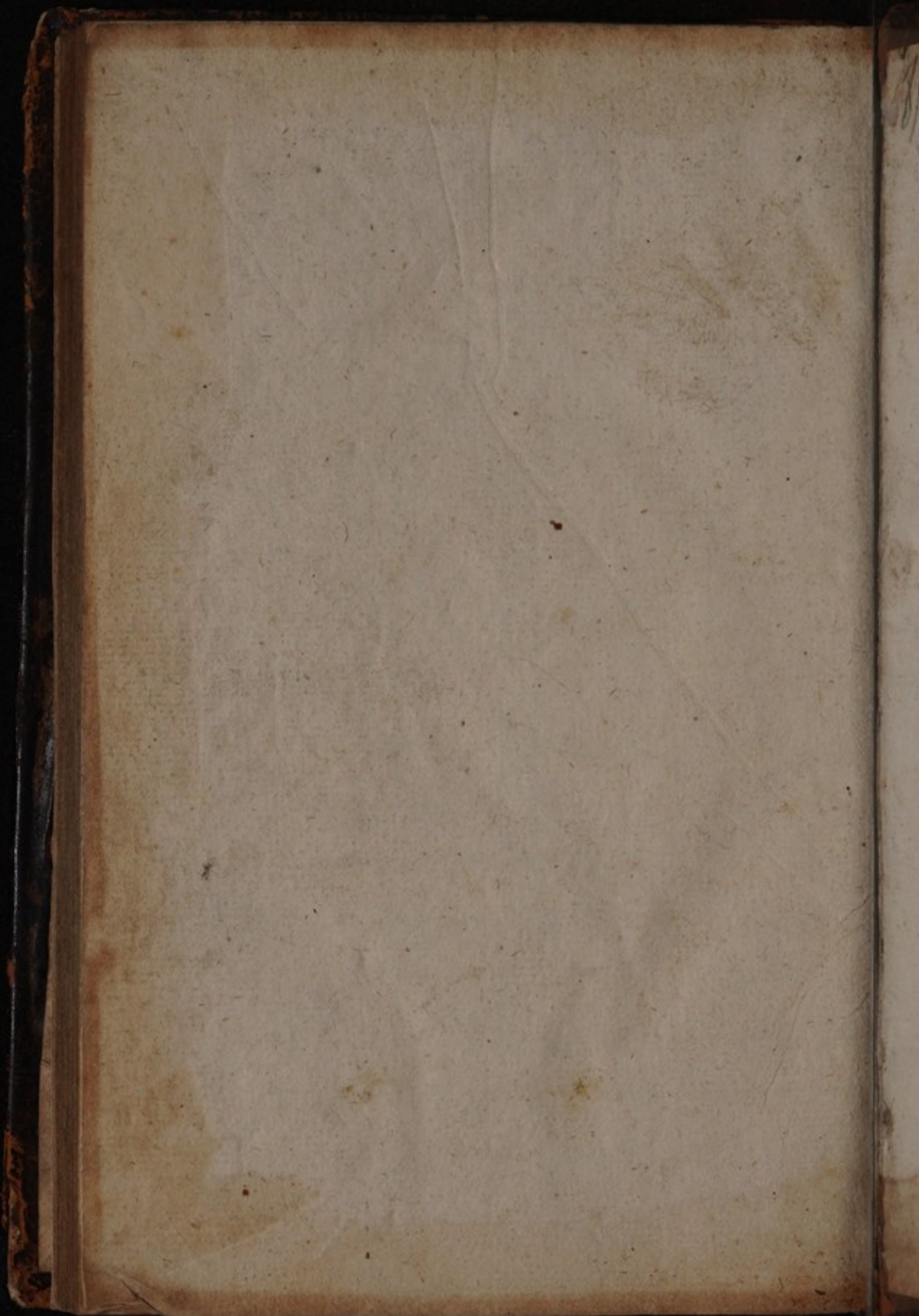
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