

The second and third parts of the works. Of Mr. Abraham Cowley. The second containing what was written and published by himself in his younger years ; now reprinted together ; the third containing his six books of plants ... / [Abraham Cowley].

Contributors

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18996/c

Original edition of
translation of Cowley's
'Sic Urbis Plantarum'

Not mentioned by Lounsbury

Abraham Cowley
The Third Part
OF THE
WORKS

OF
M^r Abraham Cowley,
BEING

His Six Books of Plants,

Never before Printed in English:

Viz. { The *First* and *Second* of HERBS.
The *Third* and *Fourth* of FLOWERS.
The *Fifth* and *Sixth* of TREES.

Now made English by several Hands.

With a Necessary INDEX.

Licensed and Entered.

L O N D O N :

Printed for Charles Harper, at the *Flower-de-luce* over
against S. Dunstan's Church in *Fleet-street*. 1689.

THE THIRD PART
OF THE
WORKS
OF
M^r ABRAHAM COWLEY,

BEING
1671
His Six Books of *Epigrams*

Never before Printed in English:
The First and Second of *HERES*.
N^x. The Third and Fourth of *FLOWERS*.
The Fifth and Sixth of *TEARS*.
Now made English by several Hands.

With a Necessary INDEX.

Revised and Corrected.

L O N D O N:
Printed for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce over
against St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street. 1682.



To his GRACE
CHARLES
Duke of
SOMERSET.

My LORD,



Dare appeal to that Learned University, that at present enjoys the Honor of being under Your Graces Patronage, to justifie me in presenting these Remains of their ever Celebrated COWLEY to your Graces Protection. I have long had the Ambition of Addressing some part of my Endeavours to your Grace, that might come recommended to a following Age, by being devoted to a Patron that was the Glory and Ornament of his own. But while I despair'd of performing what could merit Encouragement from a

Person of your Graces Worth and Honor, I was obliged to Fortune for this Opportunity of gratifying my Wishes in a way that renders my Application a just Homage and Duty, that otherwise had been Presumption. The best Products of my Invention must have proved too mean an Offering for your Graces Acceptance: But coming embark'd in COWLEY's rich Bottom, laden with the Treasures of his Divine Fancy, I can with the more assurance approach your Altar. The Author sufficiently obliged the World with his Latin Original of this Work, and how he would have approved the Translation here attempted, I must leave others to determine; but am certain, that if he had lik'd the Undertaking, he would consequently have allowed me in ascribing this Version to the Illustrious Duke of SOMERSET. I dare not attempt your Graces Character which would have been a proportioned Task for the mighty Genius of COWLEY himself; I will only presume to say (and have all Mankind to abet me) that your Grace is accomplish'd with all those noble Qualifications which his elevated Muse would have chosen to celebrate. Virtue and Honor were the Themes he delighted in, and would have been transported to have seen in his own Age and Climate an Example that might compare with the most noble of the Ancient Romans. Besides the Advantages of Birth and Quality, your Grace is endow'd with such greatness of Soul, such Piety of Mind, such Generosity of Temper, with all those Charms of condescending Goodness and Courtesy,

tesie, as have even in your blooming Years procur'd
you an universal Love and Admiration. It is upon
these Accounts that the Muses claim a share in
your Favour. It has in all times been the Province
of the most worthy to patronize Wit and Learning.

Carmen amat quisquis carmine dignus.

It is from thence I am encouraged (at least, in be-
half of my Fellow-Undertakers) to entitle your
Grace to the Version of this Latin Volumn, which
we hope is not so much dispirited by the Transfusion,
but that a modest Censure may in a manner allow
it to be COWLEY's still. Could we have done
him that Right which he performed to the best
of the Latin Poets, it might confidently take
Sanctuary under your Graces Name. However
I may conclude my self safer in this Translation
than in any Original which I was capable of de-
signing. I proposed in setting forward this Work,
that every English Man, as far as was possible,
should be master of their beloved COWLEY
entire; and hope your Grace will approve my Zeal,
if not the performance: At least, I will have recourse
to that Indulgence you never fail of extending to
your Petitioners, and beg the Honour of subscribing
my self, with all sincerity,

YOUR GRACES

Most Devoted Humble Servant,

a

N. Tate.

test, as this even in your glowing years proved
you an universal Love and admiration. It is upon
these Accounts that the Author claims a share in
your Pardon. It has in all times been the Province
of the most worthy to pardon it and Learning

Carmina sunt digne carmine digna

It is from thence I am encouraged (at least in be-
half of my Fellow-Undergrads) to entreat your
Grace to the Version of this Latin Volume, which
the paper is not so much dignified by the Translation,
but that a modest Confusion may in a manner allow
it to be *Quod est* still. Could we have done
him that Right which he performed to the best
of the Latin Poets, it might consistently take
Zambardus under your Grace's Name. However
I may conclude my self safer in this Translation
than in any Original which I was capable of de-
signing. I proposed in setting forward this Work
that every English Man, as far as was possible,
should be master of their beloved *Quod est*
cause; and hope your Grace will approve my Zeal,
if not the performance. At least, I will have recourse
to that Indulgence and lenity full of extending to
your Petitioners, and beg the Honour of inscribing
my self, with all sincerity,

Yours Grace's

Most Devoted Humble Servant,

M. T. 16.

TO THE READER.

BEing obliged before we speak of this Translation, to give some prefatory Account of the Original; it will be necessary to resume what has been delivered on that Subject by the incomparable Dr. *Spratt*, the present Bishop of *Rocheſter*, in the Account he has given us of the Life and Writings of Mr. *Cowley*. Concerning theſe Six Books of Plants, he has thus expreſs'd his Sentiments with that ſtrength of Judgment and freedom of Ingenuity which was requiſite.

“The occaſion (ſays he) of his chooſing the Subject of his Six Books of Plants, was this: When he returned into *England*, he was adviſed to diſſemble the main intention of his coming over, under the diſguiſe of applying himſelf to ſome ſetled Profeſſion. And that of Phyſick was thought moſt proper. To this purpoſe, after many Anatomical Diſſections, he proceeded to the conſideration of Simples; and having furniſh'd himſelf with Books of that Nature, he retir'd into a fruitful part of *Kent*, where every Field and Wood might ſhew him the real Figures of thoſe Plants, of which he read. Thus he ſpeedily maſter'd that part of the Art of Medicine. But then, as one of the Ancients did before him in the Study of the Law, inſtead of employing his Skill for Practice and Profit, he preſently digeſted it into that form which we behold.

The two firſt Books treat of Herbs, in a Style reſembling the Elegies of *Ovid* and *Tibullus*, in the ſweetneſs and freedom of the Verſe; but excelling them in the ſtrength of the Fancy, and vigour of the Senſe. The third and fourth diſcourſe of Flowers in all the variety of *Catullus*

and *Horace's* Numbers; for the last of which Authors he had a peculiar Reverence, and imitated him, not only in the stately and numerous pace of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, but in the familiar easiness of his *Epistles* and *Speeches*. The two last speak of *Trees*, in the way of *Virgil's Georgicks*: Of these the sixth Book is wholly Dedicated to the Honor of his Country. For making the *British Oak* to preside in the Assembly of the Forest Trees, upon that occasion he enlarges on the History of our late Troubles, the King's Affliction and Return, and the beginning of the *Dutch Wars*; and manages all in a Style, that (to say all in a word) is equal to the Valor and Greatness of the *English Nation*.——

This was as much as could be expected in a transient and general Account, and what has left but little room for a more particular Essay. As the nature of the Subject has sometimes furnish'd our Author with great and beautiful occasions of Wit and Poetry, so it must be confess'd, that in the main he has but a barren Province to cultivate, where the Soil was to be enrich'd by the Improvements of Art and Fancy. He must so frequently descend to such minute Descriptions of Herbs and Flowers, which administer so feeble occasions for Thought, and unfurnished of Variety, that since the enumerations are no where tedious, but every thing made beautiful and entertaining, it must be wholly ascribed to the Faculty of the Artist, with a *Materiem superavit Opus*.

This wonderful Performance put me on a consideration, by what Artifices of Ingenuity he could possibly effect it: I was sensible that the smallest Subjects were capable of some Ornament in the hands of a good Poet,

*In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria, siquem
Numina leva smant auditque vocatus Apollo.*

This was actually hinted by *Virgil* when he came to his Description of *Bees*, to raise the credit of his own Performance; whereas those Manners, Politicks, and Battels with which he has adorn'd his Poem, were for the most part true in Fact, and the rest lay obvious to
Invention;

Invention ; but our Author was oblig'd to animate his silent Tribe of Plants, to inspire them with Motion and Discourse, in order to lighten his Descriptions with Story : But where he is confin'd to the descriptive part it self, where he is to register them standing mute in their Beds, divested of that imaginary Life which might beautifie the Work, *Hic labor, hoc opus*, it is there it seems worth our while to observe the sagacious Methods of his Fancy, in finding Topicks for his Wit, and Instances of amiable Variety. He had the Judgment to perceive, that where the Subjects he was to treat of in their own naked Nature, and simply consider'd, could afford but slender Matter ; yet that many things were greater in their Circumstances than they are in themselves : Accordingly he has most nicely fastened upon each minute Circumstance of the places where his Plants and Herbs delight to spring, the Seasons of their Flowering, Seeding, and Withering, their long or short Duration, their noxious or healthful Qualities, their Figures and Colouring ; all which he has managed with such dexterity of Fancy and unexhausted Conceit, that each Individual (as he has dress'd and set them out) appears with a different Aspect and peculiar Beauty : The very agreeableness or disagreeableness of their Names to those Dispositions wherewith Nature has indued them, are frequently the surprizing and diverting occasion of his Wit.

Yet in all this Liberty, you find him no where diverted from his Point, Judgment, that is to say, a just regard to his Subject is every where conspicuous, being never carried too remote by the heat of his Imagination and quickness of his Apprehension. His Invention exerts its utmost Faculties, but so constantly over-rul'd by the Dictates of Sense, that even those Conceits which are so unexpectedly started, and had lain undiscover'd by a less piercing Wit, are no sooner brought to light, but they appear the result of a genuine Thought, and naturally arising from his Matter. Antiquity had been before-hand, in furnishing him with diverting Fables relating to several Plants, which he never suffers to escape his hands, of which he is not a cold and dull Reciter, but delivers them with so new a Grace, such an ingenious connexion and application

plication to his Design, that in every one, instead of a stale Tradition, we have the pleasure of a Story first told.

Having mention'd our Authors Design in this Work, we must speak something of the Oeconomy thereof, the most important part of a Poem, and from whence it properly takes its Character; for without that artificial cast and drift, it can never be able to support it self, the boldest Efforts of Wit and Fancy being otherwise but extravagant Excursions. This it is that has compleated the *Georgicks* of *Virgil*, where each Book is concluded with a surprising and natural Turn. Nor does our Author here fall short of him in Contrivance and artificial Periods. For having in his First and Second of these Books taken in the Species of Herbs, the First is a promiscuous Account (not without poetical Starts upon all Occasions.) The Second is an Assembly of such chiefly as come under the Female Province, and are serviceable in Generation or Birth: The Scene which he has chosen for calling this Council is the Physick Garden at *Oxford*, which having adjusted Matters for the benefit of the teeming Sex, they are not at last tumultuously dissolved, but artificially broke up by the approach of the Gardiner, whom our Author fancies to have entered that Morning more early than usual, to gather such Herbs as he knew would be of assistance to his Wife who was fallen in Labour. The Third and Fourth Books treat of Flowers; in the Third he ranges those that appear in the Spring, in the Fourth he musters up the Tribes of Summer and Autumn Flowers, which together with the former, are assembled before *Flora*, to offer their respective Claims for the Precedency; the Goddess at last being doubtful how to determin amongst such noble Competitors, and to decline the Odium of a Decision, she puts them in mind of the Insolence of *Tarquin*, the dangerous Consequences of a single and arbitrary Principality; that she was a *Roman* Deity, and they themselves were Flowers of a *Roman* Breed; she therefore advises them to follow the Model of the *Roman* Government, and resolve themselves into a Common-Wealth of Plants, where the Preferments or Offices being annual and successive, there would be room left to gratifie their several Merits. Here we see
the

the utmost force of Judgment and Invention in most happy Conjunction, what more beautiful Cast or Turn could the Poet have given to the Subject before him, or where can we see the Drama it self wind up with a more artificial close. In his Fifth Book, the Competition is between the Trees of the *American* World and ours. *Pomona* seated in one of the fortunate Islands between the two Worlds, the Convention from each is assembled before; the Author finding the Preference to be in truth due to the *Indian* Plants, yet unwilling to determin for the Savage Climate, prevents the Decision by a quarrel between *Omelichilus* the *Indian Bacchus*, and the *European*: The Powers of both Countries are thereupon drawn into Parties, and ready to engage. When *Apollo* disarms the barbarous Deity by the Charms of his Musick, which is so beautiful and artificial a Turn, that an ordinary Poet would have rested satisfied with the Discovery. Our Author pursues his Advantage, and besides the Conquest of his Harp, puts a Song into *Apollo's* Mouth, and fastens upon the most noble as well as agreeable Subject that the Nature could afford, of *Columbus* his Discovery of *America*. The drift of his last Book, which yet seems to top upon the rest, is described to our Hands in the forementioned Preface, where the impartial Reader may judge if *Virgil* himself has better designed for the Glory of *Rome* and *August*, than *Cowley* for his Country and the Monarch of his time.

As for the Translation we have here presented, I fear I shall be thought too much a Party to speak with any great Freedom: I will only presume to say, that if the Reader considers the difficulty of the Task, he will not think the Version altogether unworthy of the Original: He that takes the pains to compare them, will at least find a justness to the Authors Sense, and I hope that the performance of the rest that were engaged with me in the Attempt, will not only support their Parts of the Undertaking, but make amends for the Defects of mine. If in the main you meet with that Diverſion I proposed, it is all that is expected by

Your Humble Servant,

N. TATE.

the utmost force of Judgment and Intention in itself has
 by Conjunction, what more beautiful Gift or Task could
 the Poet have given to the Subject before him, or where
 can we see the Drama is less wound up with a more anti-
 clastic. In his Fifth Book, the Competition is between
 the Tyers of the *Amazons World* and ours. Poets stand
 in one of the fortunate Islands between the two Worlds, the
 Convention from each is assembled before the Author
 finding the Preference to be in truth due to the *Latin Plans*,
 yet unwilling to determine for the *Stagnant Climate*, presents
 the Decision by a quarrel between themselves the *Latin*
Barbar, and the *Favours*. The Powers of both Countries
 are therefore drawn into Parties, and ready to engage.
 When Apollon claims the *barbarous Day* by the *Climes*
 of his *Musick*, which is so beautiful and amiable a Tune,
 that an ordinary Poet would have retired himself with the
 Discovery. Our Author pursues his *Advantage*, and be-
 sides the Conquest of his *Ship*, puts a Song into Apollon's
 Mouth, and listens upon the most noble as well as agree-
 able Subject that the *Nature* could afford, of *Columbus* his
 Discovery of *America*. The Gift of his last Book, which
 yet seems to top upon the rest, is dedicated to our Hands
 in the *formidant* *Prize*, where the *impartial Reader*
 may judge if *Wells* himself has better designed for the
 Glory of *Great Britain*, than I was for the *Country*
 and the *Monarch* of his time.

As for the *Translation* we have before printed, I fear I
 shall be thought too much a Party to speak with any great
 Freedom: I will only pretend to say, that if the Reader
 considers the difficulty of the Task, he will not think the
Version altogether unworthy of the Original: He that
 takes the pains to compare them, will at least find a just
 ness to the *Author's* Sense, and I hope that the performance
 of the rest that were engaged with me in the *Arrangement*, will
 not only support their Part of the *Undertaking*, but make
 amends for the Defect of mine. If in the main you were
 with this *Division* I proposed, it is all that is expected by

John Howell Esq.

T H E

Author s Preface

To his Two first BOOKS of

P L A N T S,

Published before the rest.

Considering the incredible Veneration which the best Poets always had for Gardens, Fields, and Woods, insomuch that in all other Subjects they seem'd to be banish'd from the Muses Territories, I wondered what evil Planet was so malicious to the Breed of Plants, as to permit none of the inspired Tribe to celebrate their Beauty and admirable Virtues. Certainly a copious Field of Matter, and what would yield them a plentiful return of Fruit; where each particular, besides its pleasant History (the extent whereof every body, or to speak more truly, no body, can sufficiently understand) which contains the whole Fabrick of humane Frame, and a compleat Body of Physick: From whence I am induc'd to believe, that those great Men did not so much think them improper Subjects of Poetry, as discouraged by the greatness and almost inexplicable Variety of the Matter, and that they were unwilling to begin a Work which they despaired of finishing. I therefore who am but a Pigmy in Learning, and scarce sufficient to express the Virtues of the vile Sea-Weed, attempt that Work which those Giants declaim'd: Yet wherefore should I not attempt? Forasmuch as they disdain'd to take up with less than comprehending the whole, and I am proud of conquering some part. I shall think it Reputation enough for me to have my Name carved on the Barks of some Trees, or (what is reckon'd a Royal Prerogative) inscribed upon a few Flowers. You must not therefore expect to find so many Herbs collected for this Fardle, as sometimes go to the compounding of one single Medicine. These Two little Books are therefore offer'd as small Pills made up of sundry Herbs, and gilt with a certain brightness of Scile; in the choice whereof I have not much labour'd

labour'd, but took them as they came to Hand, there being none amongst them which contain'd not plenty of Juice, if it were drawn out according to Art, none so insipid that would not afford Matter for a whole Book, if well extrall'd. The Method which I judg'd most genuine and proper for this Work, was not to press out their Liquor crude in a simple enumeration, but as it were in a Lymbeck, by the gentle Heat of Poetry, to distil and extract their Spirits. Nor have I chos'n to put them together which had Affinity in Nature, that might create a disgust for want of Variety; I rather connect'd those of the most different Qualities, that their contrary Colours, being mixt, might the better set off each other.

I have added short Notes, not for ostentation of Learning (whereof there is no occasion here offer'd; for what is more easie than to turn over one or two Herbalists?) but because that beside Physicians (whom I pretend not to instruct, but divert) there are few so well vers'd in the History of Plants, as to be acquainted with the Names of them all. It is a part of Philosophy that lies out of the common Road of Learning; to such Persons I was to supply the place of a Lexicon. But for the sake of the very Plants themselves, lest the treating of them in a Poetical way might derogate from their real Merit, and that should seem not to attribute to them those Faculties wherewith Nature has indued them, (who studies what is best to be done, not what is most capable of verbal Ornaments) but to have feign'd those Qualities which would afford the greatest Matter for Pomp and empty Pleasure. For, because Poets are sometimes allowed to make Fictions, and some have too excessively abused that Liberty, Trust is so wholly denied to us, that we may not without hesitation be believed when we say,

O Laertiade quicquid dicam, aut erit, aut non.

Hor. Serm. 25.

I was therefore willing to cite proper Witnesses, that is, such as writ in loose and free Prose, which compar'd with Verse, bears the Authority of an Oath. I have yet contented my self with Two of those, (which is the Number required by Law) Pliny and Fernelius I have chiefly made choice of, the first being an Author of unquestion'd Latin, and the latter amongst the Moderns of the truest Sentiments, and no ill Master of Expression. If any except against the former, as too credulous of the Greekish idle Tales, that he may not safely be credited, he will find nothing in this Subject mention'd by him, which is not represented by all that write of Herbs. Nor would I have the Reader, because I have made my Plants to discourse, forthwith (as if he were in Dodona's Grove) to expect Oracles, which, I fear, my Verses will only resemble in this, that they are as bad Metre as what the Gods of old deliver'd from their Temples to those who consult'd them.

Having given you this Account, if any shall light upon this Book who have read my former, publish'd not long since by me in English, I fear they may take occasion from thence, of reprehending
some

some things, concerning which, it will not be impertinent briefly to clear my self before I proceed. In the first place, I foresee that I shall be accused by some of too much Delicacy and Levity, in that having undertaken great Subjects, and after a day or two's journey, I have stopt through Lazyness and Despondency, of reaching home, or possess'd with some new frenzy, have started into some other Road, insomuch, that not only the half (as they say) but the third part of the Task has been greater than my whole performance: Away (they cry) with this Desultory Writer. Yet with what Spirit, what Voice threatening mighty Matters; he begins

Of War and Turns of Fate I sing.

Thou sing of Wars, thou Dastard, who throwest away thy Arms so soon, or betakest thy self to the Enemy's Camp, a Renegade, before the first Charge is sounded? or if at any time thou adventurest to engage, it is like the Ancient Gauls, making the Onset with more than the Courage of a Man, and presently retreating with more than that of the Coward: Whereas, he that has once applyed himself to a Poem, as if he had married a Wife, should stick to it for better for worse, whether the Matter be grateful and easie, or harsh and almost intractable, ought neither to quit it for tiresomeness, nor be diverted by new Loves, nor think of a Divorce, or at any time relinquish, till he has brought it to a conclusion, as Wedlock terminates with Life. This is imputed to me as a Fault; and since I cannot deny the Charge, whether I am therein to be blamed or not, let us examine.

In the first place therefore, that which is most truly asserted of Human Life, is too applicable to my Poetry; that it is best never to have been born, or being born, forthwith to die: And if my Essays should be carried on to their Omega. (to which the Works of Homer by a peculiar Felicity were continu'd vigorous) there would be great danger of their falling into Dotage before that time. The only thing that can recommend Trifles, or make them tolerable is, that they give off seasonably, that is suddenly; for that Author goes very much too far, who leaves his Reader tired behind him. These Considerations, if I write ill, will excuse my brevity, though not so easily excuse the Undertaking; nor shall my Inconstancy in not finishing what I have begun, be so much blamed, as my Constancy in ceasing not continually to begin, and being like Fortune, constant in Levity. But if Reader (as it is my desire) we have furnished you with what is agreeable to your Appetite, you ought to take it in good part, that we have used such moderation, as neither to send you away hungry, nor cloy your Stomach with too much satiety: To this you must add, that our Attempts, such as they are, may excite the Industry of others who are enabled by a greater genius and strength to undertake the very same or more noble Subjects. As Agælaus of old, who thought he made no great progress into Asia, yet being the first in that Adventure, he opened the way to Alexander for a glorious and entire Conquest. Lastly (to confess

to thee as a Friend, for such I will presume thee) I thus employed my self, not so much out of Counsel as the Fury of my Mind; for I am not able to do nothing, and had no other diversion of my Troubles; therefore through a wearisomness of humane Affairs to these more pleasing Solaces of Literature (made agreeable to me by Custom and Nature) my sick Mind betakes it self; and not long after from an irksomness of the self same things, it changes its course and turns off to some other Theme. But they press more dangerously upon, and as it were stab me with my own Weapon, who bring those things to my mind, which I have declaimed so vehemently against, the use of exote and interpolated repetitions of old Fables in Poetry, when Truth it self in the sacred Books of God and awful Registers of the Church has laid open a new more rich and ample World of Poetry, for the Wits of Men to be exercised upon.

When thou thy self (say they) hast thus declared with the Approbation of all good Men, and given an Example in thy Davideis for others to imitate; dost thou, like an Apostate Jew loathing Manna, return to the Leeks and Garlick of Egypt? After the appearance of Christ himself in thy Verse, and imposing silence on the Oracles of Demons, shall we again hear the voice of Apollo from thy profane Tripod? After the Restauration of Sion, and the Purgation of it from Monsters, shall it be again possessed by the dreary Ghosts of antiquated Deities. And what the Prophet threatned as the extremity of Evils; Your Muse is in this no less an Object of Shame and Pity, than if Magdalen should backslide again to the Brothel. Behold how the just Punishment does not (as in other Offenders) follow your Crime, but even accompanies it: The very lowness of your Subject has retrenched your Wings. You are fastned to the ground with your Herbs, and cannot soar as formerly to the Clouds; nor can we more admire at your halting than at your fabulous Vulcan, when he had fallen from the Skies.

A heavy Charge indeed, and terrible at the first sight; but I esteem that which celebrates the wonderful Works of Providence, not to be far distant from a sacred Poem. Nothing can be found more admirable in Nature than the Virtues of several Plants; therefore amongst other things of a more noble strain, the Divine Poet upon that account praises the Deity, VVho brings forth grass upon the mountains, and herbs for the use of man. Psal. cxli. 8. Nor do I think the Liberty immodest, where I introduce Plants speaking, to whom the Sacred Writ it self does speak, as to intelligent Beings: Bless the Lord, all ye green things upon the earth, praise and exalt him for ever. Dan. iii. 53. Apocr. Those Fictions are not to be accounted for Lies, which cannot be believed, nor desire to be so. But that the Names of Heathen Deities and fabulous Transformations are sometimes intermixt, the Matter it self compell'd me against my Will, being no other way capable of embellishment, and it is well if by that means they are so. No painted Garb is to be preferred to the native Dress and living Colours of Truth; yet in some Persons, and on some Occasions it is more agreeable. There was a time when it did not misbecome a
King

King to dance, yet it had certainly been indecent for him to have danced in his Coronation Robes. You are not therefore to expect in a Work of this nature the Majesty of an Heroick Style (which I never found any Plant to speak in) for, I propose not here to fly, but only to make some Walks in my Garden, partly for Health's sake, and partly for Recreation.

There remains a third Difficulty which will not perhaps so easily be solved. I had some time since been resolved in my self to write no more Verses, and made thereof such publick and solemn protestation, as almost amounts to an Oath:

Si quidem hercle possim nil prius, neque fortius.

Eunuch. Scen. 1.

When behold I have set in anew. Concerning which matter, because I remember my self to have formerly given an account in Metre: I am willing (and Martial affirms it to be a Poets Right) to close my Epistle therewith; they were written to a learned and most ingenious Friend who laboured under the very same Distemper, though not with the same dangerous Symptoms.

More Poetry? You'll cry, dost thou return,
Fond Man, to the Disease thou hast forsworn,
'Tas reach'd thy Marrow, seiz'd thy inmost Sense,
And Force nor Reason cannot draw it thence:
Think'st thou that Heaven thy Liberty allows,
And laughs at Poets, as at Lovers Vows;
Forbear my Friend to wound with sharp Discourse
A wretched Man that feels too much Remorse.
Fate drags me on against my Will, in vain
I struggle, fret, and try to break my Chain.
Thrice I took Hellebore, and must confess,
Hop'd I was fairly quit of my Disease.
But the Moons Power to which all Herbs must yield,
Bids me be mad again, and gains the Field.
At her Command for Pen and Ink I call,
And in one Morn three hundred Rhymes let fall;
Which in the Transport of my Frenetic Fit,
I throw like Stones at the next Man I meet:
E'en thee my Friend, Apollo-like, I wound,
The Arrows fly, the String and Bow resound.
What Methods canst thou study to reclaim,
Whom, nor his own nor publick Grievs can tame.
Who in all Seasons keep my chirping Strein,
A Grasshopper that sings in Frost and Rain.
Like her whom Boys and Youths and Elders knew,
I see the Path my Judgment shou'd pursue,
But what can naked I, 'gainst armed Nature do?
I'm no Tydides who a Power divine
Could overcome; I must, I must resign.

E'en

E'en thou, my Friend, (unless I much mistake)
Whose thundring Sermons make the Pulpit shake,
Unfold the Secrets of the World to come,
And bid the trembling Earth expect its doom;
As if *Elias* were come down in Fire,
Yet thou at night dost to thy Glass retire,
Like one of us, and (after moderate Use
Of th' *Indian* Fume and *European* Juice,) *Ser'st*
Into Rhyme and dost thy Muse caress,
In learn'd Conceits, and harmless wantonness,
'Tis therefore just thou shouldst excuse thy Friend,
Who's none of those that trifle without end:
I can be serious too when Business calls,
My Frenzy still has lucid Intervals.

The Author's EPI T A P H upon himself,
yet alive, but withdrawn from the busie
World to a Country-Life; to be sup-
posed written on his House.

Here Passenger, beneath this Shed
Lies *COWLEY*, though entomb'd, not dead;
Yet freed from human Toil and Strife,
And all th' Impertinence of Life;
Who in his Poverty is neat,
And even in Retirement, Great.
With Gold, the Peoples Idol, he
Holds endless War and Enmity.
Can you not say he has resign'd
His breath, to this small Cell confin'd?
With this small Mansion let him have
The Rest and Silence of the Grave:
Strew Roses here as on his Hearse,
And reckon this his funeral Verse:
With Wreaths of fragrant Herbs adorn
The yet surviving Poet's Urn.

THE

The EPITAPH in the Frontispiece of
this Book transcrib'd from the Author's
Tomb in WESTMINSTER-ABBY,
attempted in English.

Here under lies

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

The Pindar, Horace, and the Virgil

Of the English Nation.

While through the World thy Labors shine
Bright as thy self, thou Bard divine;
Thou in thy Fame wilt live, and be
A Partner with Eternity.

Here in soft Peace for ever rest,
(Soft as the Love that fill'd thy Breast:)
Let hoary Faith around thy Urn,
And all the watchful Muses mourn.

For ever sacred be this Room,
May no rude Hand disturb thy Tomb;
Or sacrilegious Rage and Lust
Affront thy venerable Dust.

Sweet COWLEY's Dust let none profane;
Here may it undisturb'd remain:
Eternity not take, but give,
And make this Stone for ever live.

THE

The Translation of Mr. COWLEY'S Six Books of PLANTS.

Book I. and II. Of Herbs, by J. O.	Pag. 1. 33.
III. Of Flowers, by C. Cleve.	60.
IV. Of Flowers, by N. Tate.	83.
V. Of Trees, by N. Tate.	105.
VI. Of Trees, by Mrs. A. Behn.	131.

ERRATA

In the Fourth and Fifth Books.

BOOK IV.

Page 83. line 12. read *Heming*. p. 85. l. 10. r. *Fennel-flower*. p. 87. l. 2. r. *gratify*. p. 97. l. 10. r. *followed*.
ibid. l. 25. r. *harm*.

BOOK V.

Page 106. line 12. read *walk*. p. 107. l. 14. r. *surely*. p. 109. l. 22. r. *head*. p. 114. l. 3. r. *gnd*. *ibid.* l. 4. r. *wood*. p. 116. l. 30. r. *may*. p. 122. l. 24. r. *Apples*. *ibid.* l. 45. r. *other's*. p. 123. l. 4. r. *we*. p. 124. l. 29. r. *while*. p. 125. l. 4. r. *wherein*. p. 126. l. 24. r. *The gods*. p. 127. l. 17. r. *but longer*. *ibid.* l. 44. r. *Thy self*.

I

O F

PLANTS.

BOOK I.

Lives lowest, but far greatest Sphere, I sing,
Of all things, that adorn the gawdy Spring:
Such as in Deserts live, whom, unconfin'd,
None but the simple Laws of Nature bind;
And those, who growing tame by human care,

The well-bred Citizens of Gardens are:
Those that aspire to *Sol*, their Sires bright Face,
Or stoop into their Mother Earths embrace:
Such, as drink Streams, or Wells, or those, dry fed,
Who have *Jove* only for their *Ganymede*:
And all, that *Solomon's* lost Work of old,
(Ah fatal Loss!) so wisely did unfold.
Though I the Oaks vivacious Age shou'd live,
I ne'r to all their Names in Verse could give.

Yet I the Rise of Groves will briefly show
In Verses, like their Trees, rang'd all a-row.
To which some one perhaps new Shades may joyn,
Till mine, at last, become a Grove Divine.
Assist me, *Phæbus*! Wit of Heav'n, whose care
So bounteously both Plants and Poets share.
Where e'er thou com'st, hurl Light and Heat around,
And with new Life enamel all the Ground;
As when the Spring feels thee, with Magick Light,
Break through the Bonds of the dead Winters Night:
When thee to * *Colchis* the gilt Ram conveys,
And the warm'd North rejoices in thy Rays.
Where shall I first begin? For, with delight
Each gentle Plant me kindly does invite.
My self to slavish Method I'll not tye,
But, like the Bee, where e'er I please, will flie;
Where I the glorious hopes of Honey see,
Or the free Wing of Fancy carries me.

A a a

Here

* When the Sun enters *Aries*, i. e. in *March*; *Colchis* is a Northern Region near the Black Sea, whence the Ram with the Golden Fleece was said to have been translated into a Constellation.

Here no fine Garden Emblems shall reside,
In well-made Beds to prostitute their Pride:
But we rich Nature, who her Gifts bestows,
Unlimited (nor the vast Treasure knows)
And various plenty of the pathless Woods
Will follow; Poor Men only count their Goods.
Do thou, bright *Phœbus*! guide me luckily
To the first Plant by some kind Augury.

The Omen's good; so, we may hope the best,
The Gods mild Looks our grand Design have blest.
For thou kind *Betony*! art the first we see,
And opportunely com'st, dear Plant! for me;
For me, because the Brain thou dost protect,
See, if y'are wise, my Brain you don't neglect.
For it concerns you, that in Health *that* be,

I sing thy Sisters, *Betony*! and thee.

But who, best Plant! can praise thee to thy merit,

Or number the Perfections you inherit

The Trees, he, in th' *Hereynian* Woods as well,

Or Roses, that in *Pæstum* grow, may tell.

† *Antoninus Musa*,
Physician to
Augustus.

† *Musa* at large, they say, thy Praises writ,

But, I suppose, did part of them omit.

Cæsar his Triumphs wou'd recount; do thou,

Greater than he a Conqueress! do so now.

BETONY.

TO know my Virtues briefly, you in vain
Desire, all which this whole Book can't contain.

O'er all the World of Man great I preside,

Where-e'er red Streams through milky Meadows glide;

O'er all you see throughout the Body spread,

Between the distant Poles of Heel and Head.

But in the * Head my chief Dominions are,

The Soul commits her Palace to my Care.

I all the Corners purge, refresh, secure,

Nor let it be, for want of Light, obscure.

That Soul, that came from Heav'n, which Stars adorn,

Her God's great Daughter, by Creation born,

Alas! to what a frail Apartment now,

And ruined Cottage does she bow!

Her very Mansion to Infection turns,

And in the Place, wherein she lives, she burns.

When Falling-Sickness thunder-strikes the Brain,

Oft Men, like Victims, fall, as Thunder-slain.

Oft does the Head with a swift Whimsie reel,

And the Soul's turn'd, as on *Ixion's* Wheel.

Oft pains i'th' Head an Anvil seem to bear,

And like a Forge, the Brain-pan burns with heat.

Betony is hot
and dry in the
second degree.
Wine or Vine-
gar impregna-
ted with it, is
excellent for
the Stomack
and Slight. The
Smell of it a-
lone refreshes
the Brain. This
an Italian Pro-
verb. He has as
many Virtues as
Betony, i. e. in-
numerable.

Some

Some parts the Pallie oft of Sense deprives
And Motion, (strange effect!) one side survives
The other. This *Mexentius* fury quite
Outdoes; in this Disease dead Limbs unite
With live ones. Some with Lethargy oppress
Under Deaths weight seem fatally to rest.
Ah! Life, thou art Deaths Image, but that Thee
In nought resembles, save thy Brevity.
* Vain Phantoms oft the Mind distracted keep,
And roving thoughts possess the place of Sleep.
† Oft when the Nerves for want of Juice grow dry
(That Heavenly Juice, unknown to th' outward Eye)
Each feeble Limb as 'twere grows loose, and quakes,
Yea, the whole Fabrick of the Body shakes.
These, and all Evils which the Brain infest
(For numerous, sawey Grievs that part molest)
Me *Phæbus* bad, by constant War restrain;
Saying, my Kingdom (Child!) see, you maintain.
And straight he gave me Arms well forg'd from Heav'n,
Like those t' *Eneas* or *Achilles* giv'n.
One wondrous Leaf he wisely did create
Gainst all the Darts of Sickness and of Fate,
And into that a Sovereign mystick Juice,
With subtile heat from Heav'n he did infuse.
'Tis not in vain, bright Sire! that you bestow
Such Arms on me, nor shall they rusty grow.
No; from that Crime not the just Head alone
Acquits me, but th' inferior Limbs will own,
I'm guiltless. || When the Lungs with Phlegm oppress
Want Air, to fan the Heart, and cool the Brest,
A fainty Cough strives to expel the Foe,
But seeks the help of powerful Medicines too.
It comes to me, I my assistance lend,
Open th' obstructed Pores, and gently send
Refreshment to the Heart. Cool Gales abate
Th' internal Heat, and it grows temperate.
The Quartan Ague its dry Holes forsakes,
As Adders do; Dropsies like Water Snakes,
With liquid Aliment no longer fed,
By me are forc'd to fly their wat'ry Bed.
I loss of Appetite repair, and heat
The Stomach, to concoct the Food men eat.
Torturing Gripes I in the Guts allay,
And send out murmuring Blasts the backward way.
I wash the Saffron Jaundice of the Skin,
And ease the Kidneys of dire Stones within.
Thick Blood that stands in Womens veins I soon
Force to flow down, more powerful than the Moon,
But then th' unnatural Floods of Whites arise;
Ah me! that common Filth will not suffice.

A a a 2

I like.

Fernel.

Vrg. & En.

* Betony is drunk as a Remedy against Madness, *Plin. l. 26. 11.*

† This is according to Dr. *Glisson's* Opinion, which see in *L. de Anatomia hepatis.* And *Plin. ut supra.*

|| Concerning these Diseases help'd by Betony, see *Pliny* and *Fernelius*.

See *Plin. l. 16.*
19.

I likewise stop the Current, when the Blood
Through some new Channel seeks a purple Flood.
I all the Tumults of the Womb appease,
And to the Head, which that disturbs, give Ease.
Womens Conceptions I corroborate,
And let no Births their time anticipate.
But in the sacred time of Labor I
The careful Midwives Hands with help supply.

* It is every
where made
use of against
the Gout and
Sciatica.
† History is
said to have
been a Virtue
of this plant,
that if
they are in-
closed in a ch-
de made
thereof, they
last them-
selves to
death. *Plin. l.*
25. 8.

* The lazy Gout my Virtue swiftly shuns,
Whilst from the Joints with nimble heels it runs.
All Poysons I expel, that men annoy,
† And baneful Serpents by my Power destroy.
My pointed Odor through its marrow flies,
And of a secret Wound the Adder dies.
So Phæbus, I suppose, the Python slew,
And with my Juicelhis Arrows did imbrew.
From every Limb all kinds of Ach and Pain
I banish, never to return again.
The wearied Clown I with new vigor bless,
And Pains as pleasant make as Idleness.
Nor do I only Lifes Fatigue relieve,
But 'tis adorn'd with what I freely give.
I make the colour of the Blood more bright,

|| It has a par-
ticular faculty
to amend the
dead colour
of the skin,
and to render
it vivid and
clear. *Id. l.*
26. 11.

|| And cloath the Skin with a more graceful White.
Spain in her happy Woods first gave me Birth;
Then kindly banish'd me o'er all the Earth;
Nor gain'd she greater Honor when she bore
Trajan to rule the World, and to restore
Romes Joys. 'Tis true, he justly might compare
With my Deserts; his Virtues equal were.
But a good Prince is the short Grant of Fate,
The World's soon robb'd of such a vast Estate.
But of my Bounty Men for ever taste,
And what he once was I am like to last.

MAIDEN-HAIR, or VENUS-HAIR

† Capillary
Plants.

* From the
likeness of
their Leaves.
† Alluding to
the Name.

I Being the chief of all the † Hairy State,
Me they have chosen for their Advocate,
To speak on their behalf: Now We, you know,
Among the other Plants make no small show.
And * Fern too, far and near which does preside
O'er the wild Fields, is to our kind ally'd.
Some † Hairy Comets also hence derive,
And Marriages of Stars with Plants contrive.
But we such Kindred do not care to own,
Rather than rude Relations we'll have none.
My Hair of Parentage far better came,
'Tis not for nought, it has Loves gentle Name.

Beauty

|| Beauty her self my Debtor is, she knows,
And of my Threads Love does his Nets compose.
Their Thanks to me the beauteous Women pay
For wanton Curls, and shady Locks, that play
Upon their Shoulders. Friend! who'er thou art,
(If thou'rt in Love) to me perform thy part.
Keep thy Hair florid, and let dangling coils
Around thy Head, make Ladies Hearts thy spoils.
For when your Head is bald, or Hair grows thin,
In vain you boast of Treasures lodg'd within.
The Women won't believe you, nor will prize
Such Wealth; all Lovers ought to please the Eyes.
So I to *Venus* my assistance lend
(I'm pleas'd to be my Heavenly Name-sakes Friend.)
Though I am modest, and content to go
In simple Weeds, that make no gawdy show;
* For I am cloth'd, as when I first was born,
No painted Flow'rs my rural Head adorn.
But above all, I'm sober; I ne'er drink
Sweet Streams, nor does my Thirst make Rivers sink.
When *Jove* to Plants begins an Health in show'rs,
And from the Sky large Bowls of Water pours,
You see the Herbs quaff all the Liquor up,
When they ought only modestly to sup:
You'd think the *German* Drunkards near the *Rhine*,
Were keeping Holy-day with them in Wine.
Mean while I blush, & shake from my trembling Leaves
The Drops; and *Jove* my Thanks in drought receives.
But I no Topers envy; for my meen
Is always gay, and my complexion green.
Winter it self does not exhaust the Juice,
That makes me look so verdant and so spruce.
Yet the Physicians steep me cruelly
In hateful Water, which I drink and die.
† But I ev'n dead, on Humors operate,
Such force my Ashes have beyond my Fate.
I through the Liver, Spleen, and Reins the Foe
Pursue, whilst they with speed before me flow.
Ten thousand Maladies down with 'em they
Like Monsters fell, in brackly Waves convey.
For this I might deserve, above the Air,
An higher place than || *Berenices* Hair;
But if into the Sea the Stars turn round,
Rather than Heav'n it self, I'd chuse dry ground.

|| The Name
it bears, be-
cause it tinges
the Hair, and
is to this pur-
pose boll'd
in Wine with
parsley-seed,
and plenty of
Oil, which
renders the
Hair thick and
curling, and
keeps it from
falling. *Plin.*
l. 22. c. 11.

† Being called
in *Latin* *Ca-
pillis Veneris.*

* 'Tis always
green, but ne-
ver flowers.
It delights in
dry places,
and is green
in Summer,
but withers
not in Win-
ter. *Plin.*

† It forces U-
rine, is good
against the
Dropic,
Strangury, &c.
Plin.

|| The Wife of
Ptolemy Eura-
getes, who ha-
ving vowed, if

her Husband had success in his *Asian* Expedition, that she would cut off and dedicate her Hair: at his Return she did so; and on the morrow, it not being found in the Temple of *Venus*, where it was laid, *Ptolemy* was highly enraged, till one *Caton*, a Mathematician, made it out to him, that it was transferred to Heaven, and there made a Constellation of seven Stars near the *Wise's Tail*, which still bears this Name.

S A G E.

The Virtues
of Sage are
highly cele-
brated by all
Authors; par-
ticularly the
Writers of
*Schola Salerni-
tana*, who may
be consulted.

It is hot in the first, and dry in the second degree; it is easily astringent, and stays Bleedings. It strengthens the Stomach and Brain; and rowzes a dull Appetite; but its peculiar Faculty is to corroborate the Nerves, and to oppose all Diseases incident unto them. Hence it hath the highest reputation among Medicaments for the Memory.

SAGE! who by many Virtues gain'st renown,
Sage! whose Deserts all happy Mortals own.
Since thou, dear Sage! preserv'st the Memory,
I cannot sure forgetful prove of Thee.
Thee, who || *Mnemosyne* dost recreate
Her Daughter Muses ought to celebrate,
Nor shalt thou e'er complain, that they're ingrate.

|| The Memo-
ry.

High on a Mount the Souls firm Mansion stands,
And with a view the Limbs below commands.
Sure some great Architect this Pile design'd,
Where all the World is to a Span confin'd.
A mighty throng of Spirits here reside,
Which to the Soul are very near alli'd.
Here the gr and Council's held; hence to and fro
The Spirits scout to see what News below.
Busie as Bees, through every part they run,
Thick as the Rays stream from the glittering Sun.
Their subtle Limbs Silk, thin as Air, arrays,
And therefore nought their rapid Journey stays.
But with much toil they weary grow, at length
Perpetual Labor tires the greatest Strength.
Oft too, as they in pains bestow their hours,
The airy vagrants hostile Heat devours.
Oft in Venereal Raptures they expire,
Or burnt by Wine, and drown'd in liquid Fire.
Then Leaden Sleep does on the Senses seize,
And with dull drowziness the Vitals freeze.
Cold Floods of dire Distempers swiftly rowl,
For want of Dams and Fences, o'er the Soul.
Then are the Nerves dissolv'd, each member quakes,
And the whole ruinated Fabrick shakes.
You'd think the Hands fear'd Poyson in the Cup,
They tremble so, and cannot lift it up.
Hence, Sage! 'tis manifest what thou canst do,
And glorious dangers beg relief from you.
The Foe, by cold, and humors so inclos'd,
From his chill Throne by thy strong heat's depos'd.
And to the Spirits thou bring'st fresh Recruits,
When they are wearied in such long Disputes.
To Life, whose Body was almost its Urn,
New Life, (if I may say it) does return.

The

The members by their Nerves are steady ty'd,
 A Pilot, not the Waves, the Vessel guide.
 You all things fix: Who this for truth wou'd take,
 That thy weak Fibres such strong Bonds shou'd make?
 Loose Teeth thou fasten'it; which, at thy command,
 Well riveted in their firm Sockets stand.
 May that fair, useful Bulwark ne'er decay,
 Nor the Mouth's Ivory Fences e'er give way!
 * Conceptions, Women by thy help retain,
 Nor does th' injected Seed flow back again.
 Ah! Death, don't Life it self anticipate,
 Let a Man live, before he meets his Fate.
 Thou'rt too severe, if, in the very Dock,
 Our Ship, before 'tis built, strikes on a Rock.
 Of thy Perfections this is but a taste,
 You bring to view things absent, and what's past
 Recall; such tracts i'th' mind of things you make,
 None can the well form'd Characters mistake.
 And lest the Colours there shou'd fade away,
 Your Oil embalms, and keeps 'em from decay.

* Agrippa calls
 it the holy Herb,
 and says the
 Lionesses eat
 it when they
 are big. See
 Hearnus con-
 cerning its
 Virtues this
 way.

B A U M.

Hence, Cares! my constant, troublesome Company,
 Be gone! * *Melissa's* come and smiles on me.
 Smiling she comes, and courteously my Head
 With Chaplets binds from every fragrant Bed:
 Bidding me sing of her, and for my strains,
 Her self will be the Guerdon of my pains.
 My Heart, methinks, is much more lightsome grown,
 And I thy influence, kind Plant! must own:
 Justly thy Leaves may represent the Heart,
 For that, among its Wealth, counts thee a part.
 As of Kings Heads Guinies th' impression bear,
 That Princely part you in Effigie wear.
 All Storms and Clouds you banish from the mind,
 But leave Serenity and Peace behind.
Bacchus himself no more revives our Blood,
 When he infuses his hot, purple flood:
 When in full Bowls he all our sorrow drowns,
 And flattering hopes with short-liv'd riches crowns.
 But those Enjoyments some disturbance bring,
 And such delights flow from a muddy Spring.
 For *Bacchus* does not kill, but wound the Foe,
 Whose rage and strength increases by the Blow.
 But without force or dregs thy pleasures flow,
 Thy Joys no after-claps of Torments know.
 Thy Hony, gentle Bawm! no pointed Stings,
 Like! † Bees, thy great admirers, with it brings.

* *Baum* is hot
 and dry in the
 first degree;
 it is excellent
 against Melan-
 choly, and the
 Evils arising
 therefrom. It
 causes cheer-
 fulness, a good
 digestion and
 a florid colour:
 The leaves are
 said, by those
 who mind
 Signatures, to
 resemble a
 Heart.

† It is very
 much loved by
 the Bees, and
 is a present
 Remedy a-
 gainst the
 Stings of them
 and Wasps.

Oh! See, *Plin.*

Oh! Heavenly Gift to sickly human kind,
 All Goddesses, if from care thou freest the mind.
 All Plagues annoy, but Cares the whole Man seise:
 Whene'er we labor under this Disease.
 These, though in prosp'rous affluence we live,
 To all our Joys a bitter Tincture give.
 Frail humane Nature its own Poyson breeds,
 And Life it self thy healing Virtue needs.

SCURVY-GRASS.

There is no
 proper Greek
 word for the
 Scurvy.

Description of
 the Scurvy.

A Malady there is, that runs through all
 The Northern World, which they the *Scurvy* call.
 Thrice happy *Greece*, that scorns the barbarous Word,
 Nor in its Tongue a neater does afford.
 Destructive Monster! God ne'er laid a Curse,
 On Man like this, nor could he send a worse.
 A Thousand horrid Shapes the Monster wears,
 And in as many hands fierce Arms it bears.
 This Water-Serpent, in the Belly's bred,
 By muddy Fens, and sulph'rous Moistures fed.
 Him either Sloth or too much Labour breeds,
 He both from Ease and Pain it self proceeds.
 Oft from a dying Fever he receives
 His Birth, and in the Ashes of it lives.
 Of him just born you easily may dispose,
 Then he's a Dwarf, but soon a Giant grows.
 That a small Egg should breed a Crocodile,
 Of such vast bulk and strength, the wondering *Nile*
 Thinks he as much amazed ought to stand,
 As men, when he o'rflovs the drowned Land.
 With nasty Humors and dry Salts he's fed,
 By stinking Wind and Vapours nourished.
 Even in his Cradle he unlucky grows
 (Though he be Son of sloth, no sloth this shows)
 His Toils no sooner *Hercules* began;
 Monsters now ape that Monster-murdering Man.
 Ere he's well born the Limbs he does oppress,
 And they are tired with very Idleness.
 They languish and deliberating stand,
 Loth to obey the active Souls command.
 Nor does it to your wildred Sense appear,
 Where their pain is, 'cause it is every where.
 When Men for want of breath can hardly blow,
 Nor Purple Streams in azure Channels flow,
 Then the bold Enemy shews he's too nigh,
 One so mischievous cannot hidden lie.
 The Teeth drop out, and noisome grows the Breath,
 The man not only smells, but looks like Death.

Qualms,

Qualms, Vomiting, and torturing Gripes within
Besides unseemly spots upon the skin
His other symptoms are; with clouds the mind
He overcasts, and, fettering the Sense,
To Life it self makes Living an Offence.

This Monster Nature gave me to subdue,
(Such feats with herbs t'accomplish 'tis not new)
So the fierce Bull and watchful Dragon too
On *Colchis* shoar the valiant *Jason* flew,
But whether those defeated Monsters fell
By virtue of my Juice I cannot tell.
But them he conquer'd and then back he row'd
O'r the proud waves; nor was it only Gold
He got; he brought away a Royal Maid
Beside (may all Physicians so be paid.)
The hardness of my task my courage fir'd,
A powerful Foe was that I most desir'd.
I love to be commended, I must own,
And that my Name in Physick books be shown.
I envy them, whom *Galen* deigns to name,
Or old *Hippocrates*, great Sons of Fame.
Achilles *Alexander* envy'd; why,
If he complain'd so justly, may not I?
When *Grecian* Names did other Plants adorn
And were by them as marks of honour born,
* I grew inglorious on the British coast,
(For *Britain* then no reason had to boast)
Hapless I on the *Gothick* shoar did lie,
Nor was the Sea-weed less esteem'd than I.
Now sure 'tis time, those losses were regain'd,
Which in my youth and fame so long I have sustain'd.
'Tis time, and so they are; Now I am known,
Through all the Universe my fame has flown:
Who my deserts denies, when by my hands
That Tyrant falls, that plagues the *Northern* Lands?
Sing *Io Pæan*; yea thrice *Io* sing,
And let the *Gothick* shoar with Triumphs ring;
That wild Disease which such disturbance gave,
Is led before my Chariot like a Slave.

Scurvy-Grass
Is reckoned
among the
Medicines pe-
culiar to this
Disease. It
opens, pene-
trates, ren-
ders volatile
the crude and
gross hu-
mours, pur-
ges by urine
and sweat, and
strengthens
the entrails.

* Not but that
'tis by some
thought to be
the *Britannica*
of *Pliny*.

D O D D E R.

Thou neither leaf nor stalk, nor root can'st show;
How, in this pensile posture dost thou grow?
Thou'rt perfect Magick; and I cannot now
Those things you do, for Miracles allow;
Those wonders, if compar'd to you, are none;
Since you your self are a far greater one.

B b b

Thy

To make the strength of other Herbs thy prey,
 The Huntress thou thy self for Nets dost lay,
 Live Riddle! He that would thy mysteries
 Unfold, must with some *Oedipus* advise.
 No wonder in your Arms the Plants you hold,
 Thou being all Arms must them needs so infold.
 For thee large threads the fatal Sisters spin,
 But to your work nor woof nor web put in.
 Hence 'tis, that you so intricately twine
 About that plant * *Flax* which yields so long a line.
 Oh! Spouse most constant to a Plant most dear,
 Than whom no Couple e'r more loving were.
 No more let Love of wanton *Ivy* boast,
 Her kindness is th' effect of nought but Lust.
 Another she enjoys; but that her Love
 And She are * Two, many distinctions prove.
 Their strength and leaves are different, and her fruit
 Puts all the Difference beyond dispute.
 The likeness to the Parent does profess,
 That She in that is no Adulteress.
 Her root with different juices is supply'd,
 And She her Maiden name bears though a Bride.
 But *Dodder* on her Spouse depends alone,
 And nothing in her self can call her own.
 Fed with his juice she on his stalk is born,
 And thinks his Leaves her head full well adorn.
 Whoe'r he be, She loves to take his Name,
 And must with him be every way the same.
Alceste and *Evadne* thus enflam'd
 Are, with some others, for their passion fam'd.
 So, *Dodder*! for thy husband *Flax* thoud'st die
 I guess; but may'st thou speed more luckily.
 This is her living passion; but she grows
 Still more renown'd for kindness, which she shows
 To mortal Men, when she's resign'd her breath;
 For She of them is mindful even in Death.
 † The Liver and the Spleen most faithfully
 Of all oppressions she does ease and free,
 Where has so small a Plant such strength and store
 Of Virtues, when her Husband's weak and poor?
 Who'd think the Liver shou'd assistance need,
 A noble part, from such a wretched Weed?
 Use therefore little things; nor take it ill
 That Men small things preserve; for less may kill.

* The *Ivy* is
 always call'd
Ivy, whatsoe-
 ver it cleaves
 to: but this
 Herb takes the
 name from
 the Plant on
 which it
 hangs, with
 whom also it
 partakes its
 Virtues, as *E-
 pithymum*, *Epi-
 linum*, *Epithi-
 tica*, &c.

† Concerning
 its manifold
 Virtues, con-
 sult *Hearnius*
 and *Fernelius*.

WORMWOOD.

WORMWOOD.

'Mong Children I a baneful Weed am thought,
By none but Hags or Fiends desir'd or sought.
They think a Doctor is in jest, or mad,
If he agrees not, that my juice is bad.
The Women also I offend, I know,
Though to my bounteous hands so much they owe.
Few Palates do my bitter tast approve,
How few, alas! are well inform'd by *Jove*!
Sweet things alone they love; but in the end
They find what bitter gusts those sweets attend.
Long nauseousness succeeds their short-liv'd joys,
And that which so much pleas'd the Palate, cloyes.
The Palate justly suffers for the wrong
Sh'as done the Stomach, into which so long
All tasteful food she cramm'd, till now, quite tir'd,
She loaths the Dainties she before admir'd,
A grievous stench does from the stomach rise,
And from the mouth *Lernean* Poison flies.
Then they're content to drink my harsher juice,
Which for its bitterness they n'er refuse.
It does not idle in the stomach lie,
But, like some God, give present remedy.
(So the warm Sun my vigour does restore,
When he returns and the cold Winter's o'r.)
There I a Jakes out of a Stable throw,
And *Hercules's* labour undergo.
The Stomach eas'd its Office does repeat,
And with new living fire concocts the meat.
The purple Tincture soon it does devour,
Nor does that Chyle the hungry veins o'rpower.
The visage by degrees fresh Roses stain,
And the perfum'd breath grows sweet again.
The good I do *Venus* herself will own,
She, though all sweets, yet loves not sweets alone.
She wisely mixes with my juice her joys,
And her delights with bitter things alloys.
We Herbs to different studies are inclin'd,
And every faction does its Author find.
Some *Epicurus's* sentiments defend,
And follow pleasure as their only end.
It is their pride and boast sweet fruits to bear,
And on their heads they flowry Chaplets wear.
Whilst others courting rigid *Zeno's* Sect,
In Virtue fruitful, all things else neglect.
They love not pomp, or what delights the sense,
And think all's well, if they give no offence.

Pliny spends
all Chap. 7.
l. 27. in enu-
merating the
Virtues of
Wormwood,
and *Fernellus*
is large upon
it; whom
consult.

It strengthens
the Stomach,
and purges it
of Choler,
Wind and
Cruditie.

And none a greater Stoick is, than I,
The *Stoa's* Pillars on my Stalk rely.
Let others please, to profit is my pleasure,
The Love I slowly gain's a lasting treasure.

In Towns debauch'd he's the best Officer,
Who most censorious is and most severe;
Such I am; and such you, dear *Cato*! were.

But I no dire, revengeful passion show,
Our Schools in Wisemen Anger don't allow.

No fault I punish more than that which lies
Within my Province; wherefore from my eyes

Choler with hasty speed before me flies.

As soon as Me it in the Stomach spies,

Preparing for a War in Martial guise,

Not daring in its lurking holes to stay,

It makes a swift escape the backward way.

I follow him at th' heels, and by the scent

Find out which way the noisom Enemy went.

Of Water too I drain the flesh and blood,

When Winter threatens a devouring flood.

The *Dutchmen* with less skill their Country drain,

And turn the course of Waters back again.

Sometimes th' obstructed Reins too narrow grow,

And the salt floods back to their Fountains flow.

Unhappy state! the neighbouring members quake,

And all th' adjacent Country seems to shake.

Then I begin the Waters thus to chide;

Why, sluggish Waters, do you stop your Tide?

Glide on with me, I'll break the Rampires down,

That stop the Channel where you once have flown.

I do so; straight the Currents wider grow,

And in their usual banks the Waters flow.

This all the members does rejoice and cheer,

Who of a dismal Deluge stood in fear.

Men-eating Worms I from the body scare,

And conquering Arms against that Plague prepare.

(Voracious Worm! thou wilt most certainly

Heir of our bodies be, whene'r we die;

Deferr a while the meal which in the Grave,

Of humane Viands thou e'r long must have.)

Those Vermine Infants bowels make their food,

And love to suck their fill of tender blood.

They cannot stay till Death serves up their feast,

But greedily snatch up the meat undrest.

Why shou'd I speak of fleas? such Foes I hate,

So basely born, ev'n to enumerate,

Such dust-born, skipping points of life; I say,

Whose only virtue is, to run away.

My Triumphs to such numbers do amount,

That I the greater ones can hardly count.

It is good a-
gainst the
Drop sic.

And Worms
which occa-
sion'd the
Name, worm-
wood.

To such a bulk the vast account does swell,
That I some Trophies lose which I should tell.
Oft wandering Death is scatter'd through the Skies,
And through the Elements infection flies.
The Earth below is sick, the Air above,
Slow Rivers prove they're sickly, whilst they move.
All things Deaths Arms in cold embraces catch,
Life even the vital Air away doth snatch.
To remedy such evils God took care,
Nor me as least of Med'cines did prepare.
Oft too, they say, I (though no Giant neither)
Have born the shock of three strong Foes together.
Not without reason therefore, or in vain
Did conquering *Rome* my Honour so maintain:
The Conqueror a Triumphal draught of Me
Drank, as the Guerdon of his Victory.
Holding the crowned Goblet in his hand
He cry'd aloud, This Cup can health command.
Nor does it, cause 'tis bitter, please me less,
My toils were so, in which I met success.

And useful in
time of Pestilence.

Concerning
this custom
see *Pliny*, at
supra.

WATER-LILY.

D'ye slight me, 'cause a bog my Belly feeds,
And I am found among a crowd of Reeds,
I'm no green vulgar Daughter of the Earth,
But to the noble Waters owe my birth.
I was a Goddess of no mean degree;
But Love alas! depos'd my Deity.
He bad me love, and straight my kindled heart
In *Hercules's* triumphs bore a part.
I with his Fame, and actions fell in love,
And Limbs, that might become his Father *Jove*.
And by degrees Me a strong impulse hurl'd,
That Man t' enjoy, who conquer'd all the World.
To tell you true, that Night I most admir'd,
When he got fifty Sons and was not tir'd.
Now blushing, such deeds hate I, to profess;
But 'twas a Night of noble wickedness.
He (to be short) my honour stain'd, and he
Had the first blow'r of my Virginity.
But He by's Father *Jove's* example led
Rambled and cou'd not brook a single bed.
Fierce monstrous Beasts and Tyrants, worse than they,
All o'r the World he ran to seek and slay.
But He, the Tyrant, for his Guerdon still
A Maid requires, if he a Monster kill.

Deianira's
blood is said
by *Calpurne* to
be turn'd into
this Herb, af-
ter she had
kill'd her self
with *Hercules's*
his Club, for
grief that she
had been the
cause of his
death.

All

All Womankind to me his Harlots are,
 Ev'n Goddesses in my suspicion share.
 Perish me; let the Sun this Water dry,
 And may I scorch'd in this burnt puddle die;
 If I of *Juno* were not jealous grown,
 And thought I shew'd her hatred in my own.
 (Perhaps, said I, my passion he derides,
 And I'm the scorn of all his virtuous Brides.
 Grief, anger, shame and fury vex my mind,
 But, maugre all, Loves darts those passions blind.)
 If I from tortures of eternal grief
 Did not design by Death to seek relief.
 But Goddesses in Love can never die,
 Hard Fate! our punishment's Eternity.
 Mean time I'm all in tears both night and day,
 And as they drop, my tedious hours decay.
 Into a Lake the standing showers grow,
 And o'r my feet th' united Waters flow:
 Then (as the dismal boast of misery)
 I triumph in my griefs fertility.
 Till *Jove* at length, in pity, from above,
 Said, I shou'd never from that Fen remove.
 His Word my body of its form bereft,
 And straight all vanish'd, that my grief had left.
 My knotty root under the Earth does sink,
 And makes me of a Club too often think.
 My thirsty leaves no liquor can suffice;
 My tears are now return'd into my eyes.
 My form its ancient Whiteness still retains,
 And pristine paleness in my Cheeks remains.
 Now in perpetual mirth my days I pass,
 We Plants, believe me, are an happy Race.
 We truly feel the Suns kind influence,
 Cool winds and warmer Air refresh our sense.
 Nectar in dew does from *Aurora* rise,
 And Earth *Ambrosia* untill'd supplies.
 I pity Man, whom thousand cares perplex,
 And cruel Love, that greatest plague, does vex;
 Whilst mindful of the ills I once endur'd
 His flames by me are quench'd, his wounds are cur'd.
 I triumph, that my Victor I o'rthrow,
 Such changes Tyrants Thrones shou'd undergo.
 Don't wonder, Love, that Thee thy Slave shou'd bear,
Alcides Monsters taught me to defeat.
 And left, unhappy Boy! thou shou'dst believe,
 All handfom folks thy cruel Yoke receive;
 I have a Wash that beautifies the Face,
 Yet chafly look in my own wat'ry Glafs.
Diana's meine, and *Venus* face I lend,
 So to both Deities I prove a friend.

It is call'd by
some *Hercules's*
Club.

There are
two sorts, a
white and a
yellow.

'Tis said to be
a great allayer
of Lechery.

It takes away
Morpheus
and Freckles.

But

But lest that God shou'd artfully his Flame
 Conceal, and burn me in anothers Name;
 All Heats in general I resist, nay I *
 To all that's Hot am a sworn Enemy.
 Whether distracting flames with fury flie,
 Through the burnt brain, like Comets through the skie;
 Or whether from the Belly they ascend,
 And fumes all o'r the Body swiftly send.
 Whether with sulphurous fire the veins within
 They kindle, or just singe the outward skin.
 Whate'r they are, my awful juice they fly;
 When glimmering through the pores they run and die.
 Why wink'st thou? why doest so with half an eye
 Look on me? Oh! my sleepy root's too nigh.
 Besides my tedious Discourse might make
 Any Man have but little mind to wake,
 Without that's help; Thus then our leaves we take.

* It is cold in the second degree, its root and seed are drying; but the flower moistens, being applied to the forehead and nostrils it cures the Head-ach arising from Phlegm, and is very cooling. *Fennel.*

SPLEENWORT or MILTWAST.

ME cruel Nature, when she made me, gave
 Nor stalk, nor seed, nor flow'r, as others have.
 The Sun ne'r warms me, nor will she allow,
 I shou'd in cultivated Gardens grow.
 And to augment the torment of my years,
 No lovely colour in my leaves appears.
 You'd think me Heav'n's averfion, and the Earth
 Had brought me forth at some chance, spurious Birth;
 Vain outward gaudy shews mankind surprize,
 And they resign their Reason to their eyes.
 To Gardens no poor Plant admittance gains,
 For there, God wot, the painted Tulip reigns.
 But the wise Gods mind no such vanity,
Phæbus above all Tulips values me.
 So does that Coan, old *Hippocrates*,
 Who the next place to *Phæbus* challenges.
 For when the Members Nature did divide,
 And over such or such bad Herbs preside;
 I of the savage and unruly Spleen,
 A stubborn Province, was created Queen.
 I that restrain, though it resist my power,
 And bring its swelling, rebel humor lower.
 The passages with Rampires it in vain,
 Obstructs; I quickly break them down again.
 All Commerce I with speedy force restore,
 And the ways open all my Kingdom o'r.
 If I don't take that course, it furious grows,
 And into every part Contagion throws.

The Virtues of this Herb are told in its name.

With

With poisonous vapours it infects the blood,
 And Life it self drinks of a venomous flood.
 Foul Leprosie upon the skin appears,
 And the chang'd visage Deaths pale colours wears.
 Hence watchfulness, distracting cares, and tears,
 And pain proceeds; with hasty, killing fears.
 Hence Halters, cruel Love! our necks release
 From thy more fatal Yoke; and Daggers ease
 Our Souls of Life's incurable Disease:
 May no such monstrous evils good Men hurt,
Jove and my Virtue all such things avert!
 The Treasury *Trajan* rightly to the Spleen
 Compar'd; for, when that swells, the body's lean.
 Why do you laugh? Is it, because that I
 Pretend to know the *Roman* History.
 I a dull flock and not a Plant shou'd be,
 Having so long kept Doctors company,
 If their discourse shou'd not advantage me.
 It has; and I great wonders cou'd relate,
 But I'm a Plant, that ne'r was given to prate.
 But to return from whence I have digress'd,
 I many Creatures ease by Spleen oppress'd.

Plutarchus says
 that in *Crete*,
 where this
 Herb abounds,
 the Swine
 have no
 Spleen.

Crete, though so used to lye, you may believe,
 When for their Swine their thanks to me they give,
 The wretched Ass, whom constant labour tires,
 Sick of the Spleen my speedy aid desires.
 Eating my leaves (for I relieve his pain)
 He cheerfully resumes his work again.
 Now, if you can, vain, painted Flow'rs admire,
 Delights, scarce sooner born, than they expire.
 They're fair, 'tis true, they're cheerful and they're green;
 But I, though sad, procure a gladfom mein.

L E T T U C E.

Augustus is
 said to have
 been preserv-
 ed in his Sick-
 ness by Lec-
 tuce. *Plin.*

SOME think your commendation you deserve,
 'Cause you of old *Augustus* did preserve.
 Why did you still prolong that fatal breath,
 That banish'd *Ovid*, and was *Tully's* death?
 But I suppose that neither of 'em you,
 Nor Orator nor Poet ever knew;
 Wherefore I wonder not, you shou'd comply,
 And the Worlds Tyrant so far gratify.
 Thou truly to all Tyrants art of use,
 Their madness flies before thy pow'rful juice.
 Their heads with better wreaths, I pri'thee, crown,
 And let the World in them thy kindness own.
 At thy command forth from its scorched Heart,
 Of Tyrants Love the greatest does depart.

Falsē

Falſe Love, I mean; for thou ne'r try'ſt t'expel
True Love, who, like a good King, governs well,
Juſtly that Dog ſtar, *Cupid*, thou do'ſt hate,
Whoſe fire kills Herbs, and Monſters does create.

Upon the ſame.

EAT me with Bread and Oil, you'll ne'r repine,
Or ſay, in Summer you want meat to dine.
The Worlds firſt golden Age ſuch Viands bleſt,
I was the chief ingredient at a Feaſt:
Large bodies for the Demigods my juice,
And blood proportionable, did produce.
Then neither fraud nor force, nor luſt was known,
Such ills their riſe from too much heat muſt own.
Let their vile Name religiously be curſt,
Who to baſe Glutt'ny gave dominion firſt.
For thence ſprang Vice, whoſe Train Diſtempers were,
And Death did in new, ghawtly ſhapes appear.
Shun cruel Tables, that with blood are dy'd,
And Banquets by deſtructive Death ſuppli'd.
Sick, if not well, thou'lt Herbs deſire, and we
Shall prove, if not thy Meat, thy Remedy.

EYEBRIGHT.

ENTER, ſweet Stranger, to my Eyes reveal
Thy ſelf, and gratefully thy Poet heal.
If I of Plants have any thing deſerv'd,
Or in my Verſe their Honour be preſerv'd.
Thus, lying on the Graſs and ſad, pray'd I,
Whiſt nimbly *Eye-bright* came and ſtood juſt by.
I wonder'd that ſo noble an Herb ſo ſoon
Roſe by my ſide like a Champignon;
I ſaw her not before, nor did ſhe appear,
For any thing I knew, to be ſo near.
On a black ſtalk, nine inches long ſhe grew,
With leaves all notch'd, and of a greeniſh hue.
While pretty Flowers on her top ſhe bore,
With yellow mixt and purple ſtreaks all ore.
I knew her ſtraight; her Name and Viſage ſute;
And my glad Eyes their Patron'eſs ſalute.
Strange News! To me ſhe bow'd with Flow'r and ſtalk,
And thus, in Language fit for her, did talk.
'Twas low; for Herbs that modeſt cuſtom love,
Hoarſe murmurs of the Trees they don't approve.
Thou only Bard, ſaid ſhe, o'th' verdant Race,
Who in thy Songs do'ſt all our Virtues trace.

All Men are not allow'd our Voice to hear,
 Though such respect to you, our Friend, we bear,
 We hate the custome, which with Men obtains,
 To slight a kind, ingenuous Poets pains.
 I wish my root could heal you, and I'm sure,
 Our * Nation all wou'd gladly see the Cure.
 But if by Natures self it be withstood,
 The pow'r of Herbs, alas! can do no good.
 Natures injunctions none of us withstands,
 We're Slaves to all her Ladyships commands.
 Let what She gives your Appetite suffice;
 Nor grumble, when she any thing denies,
 For she with sparing Hands large gifts supplies.
 But if some Malady impair the Sight,
 Or Wine, or Love, that's blind, and hates the Light;
 Or Surfeits, watchful Cares, or putrid Air,
 Or numerous other things, that hurtful are;
 Then am I useful: If you wou'd engage
 To count my Conquests, or the Wars I wage,
 The Ev'ning Star much sooner wou'd go down,
 And all the Fields in dewy Nectar drown.
 Oft a salt Flood which from the head descends,
 With the Eyes fresher streams its current blends.
 That Pain, which causes many watery Eyes,
 From its own tears it self does here arise.
 Oft times the Channels of a paler Flood
 Are fill'd and swell with strange, unnatural blood;
 And by a Guest, who thither lately came,
 The House is set all on a raging flame.
 Take care, if your small worlds bright Sun appear
 Blood-red, or he'll soon leave your Hemisphere.
 Oft fumes and wandering Flies obscure the Eye,
 And in those Clouds strange Monsters seem to fly.
 Fume, what does thy dull, sooty visage here?
 I see no fire, that thou shoud'st be so near.
 Or what (with a Mischief) means the troublesome Fly?
 I'd as soon have the God of Flies as nigh.
 Oft times the sight is dark'ned with false snow,
 And night it self in blanch'd Robes does go;
 Whilst shapes of distant things, that real were,
 In different colours, or in none, appear.
 Tumours, and Cankers, Pustles, Ulcers why
 Shou'd I recount, those torments of the Eye?
 Or thousands more which I'm affraid to name,
 Lest when I tell them they my Tongue inflame,
 Or that which from its hollow length Men call
 Fistula [Pipe] a name too Musical.
 All these I name; the Air my vertue clears,
 Whilst the Clouds vanish and the day appears.

* Of Plants.

Several Dis-
 eases of the
 Eye are
 recounted.
 Epiphora.
 Ophthalmia.

Suffuso.

Leucoma.

a Egilops.
 Carcinomata.
 Phlyctene.
 Epicanmata.

The

The joyful Face smiles with diffused Light;
 What comeliness is mix'd with that delight!
 You know, *Arnoldus* (if you've read him o'r)
 Did fight by me to Men stone-blind restore.
 'Tis true; and my known virtue ought to be
 The more esteem'd for that strange Prodigy.
 With my kind leaves he bids you tinge your Wines,
 And profit with your pleasure wisely joins.
 Those Light will truly give, and sacred bowls,
Bacchus will dwell in your enlarged Souls.
 Then call thy Boy, with a capacious Cup,
 And with that Wine be sure to fill it up,
 Till thou hast drunk, for all the amorous Dames,
 An Health to ev'ry Letter of their names.
 Then drink an Health to th' Eyes; they won't refuse
 (I'm confident) to pledge you in my juice.
 But we lose time; go; carefully rehearse
 What I have said in never-dying Verse.
 She spake, then vanishing away she flew;
 I (Reader) tell you nothing but what's true.

*Arnold. de
 Villa nova.
 Lib. de vinit.*

WINTER-CHERRIES.

WHEN I stand musing (as I often do)
 I'm fill'd with shame and noble anger too;
 To think that all we Plants (except some few
 Whom *Phæbus* with more vigour did endue)
 Cannot away with Winters nipping fare,
 But more effeminate, than Mankind, are.
 From Father Sun, and Mother Earth in vain
 We sprang; they both your figure still retain.
 To our Delights why don't the Seasons yield,
 And banish Winter from each verdant Field?
 Why in *Elysian* Gardens don't we grow,
 Where no chill blasts may on our beauties blow?
 We're *Halcyons* forsooth, and can't with ease
 Bring forth, unless the world be all at peace.
 Nor is this softness only to be found
 Among small Herbs, still creeping on the ground;
 Great Elms and Oaks themselves it does controul,
 In their hard bark they wear a tender Soul.
 These Huffs Effeminaey count no crime;
 You'd think in Summer they to Heav'n wou'd climb.
 But if the Year its back upon them turn,
 Each Giant creeps back into th' Earth his Urn.
 Here lies—you on his bulky trunk may write;
 For shame! There lie; let not the mold lie light.
 But I, who very hardly dare receive
 The name of *Shrub* (though *Pliny* gives me leave)

The dreadful Winter to the Combat dare;
 Though Heav'n it self shou'd fall, I'd take no care.
 The Winter comes; and I'm by storms alarm'd,
 She comes with Legions numberless, well arm'd.
 Then I my fruit produce, and having first
 Expos'd them to her, cry, Now do thy worst.
 Pour, pour upon them all the Rain i'th' Skie,
 It will not wast away their scarlet die.
 Pour Snow, their Purple thence will grow more bright,
 Some red in a white Vessel gives delight.
 So the red lip the Ivory teeth befriends,
 And a white Skin the rosy Cheeks commends.
 With such like rudiments do I inure
 My Virtue, and the force of it secure:
 I, who rebellious Sickness must subdue,
 And every day fresh Victories pursue.
 Thus did I learn vast stones to break in twain,
 And Ice, at first, put me to little pain.
 For I not onely water do expel,
 (That other weaker Plants can do as well)
 But such hard Rocks of Adamant I break,
 As *Hannibal* to pass wou'd prove too weak.
 Unhappy He, who on this Rock is tost,
 And Shipwrack'd is in his own waters lost!
 Even *Sisyphus* might pity and bemoan
 The Wretch that's tortur'd with an inbred stone.
 How does he envy, ah, how much, the dead,
 Whose Corps with stones are only covered!
 Wou'd I not help him? might the Earth divide,
 And swallow me, if I my aid deni'd.
 Then I my self child of some Rock must own,
 And that my roots were veins of hardest stone.
 But truly I do pity such a Man,
 And the obdurate matter quickly can
 Dissolve; my piercing Liquor round it lies,
 And straight into a thousand parts it flies.
 The long obstructed streams then glide away,
 And fragments with them of the Stone convey.

It is excellent
 against the
 Stone and all
 diseases of the
 Bladder,
 thence in
 Latin call'd
Vesicaria.

SUNDEW or LUSTWORT.

TO say the truth Nature's too kind to Thee,
 For all thy days thou spend'st in luxury.
 Thy Flowers are Silver, and a purple Down
 Covers thy body, like a Silken Gown:
 Whilst, to increase thy pomp and pride, each vein
 Of thine a Golden humour does contain.
 Each leaf is hollow made, just like a Cup,
 Which Liquor always to the brim fills up.

Vulgarly
 call'd also *Refa*
solis.

The

The drunken Sun cannot exhaust thy bowl,
Nor *Sirius* himself, that thirsty Soul.
Full thou survey'st the parched Fields around,
And enviously in thy own floods art drown'd.
Drinking, the thirsty months thou laugh'st away,
The *Hydra* of thy Spring's reviv'd each day.
Thy *Nile* from secret sources moistens Thee,
And bids Thee merry, though *Jove* angry, be.

Upon the same.

THY conquer'd Ivy, *Bacchus*! now throw down,
And of this Herb make a far nobler Crown.
This Herb, with Plenty's bounteous current feeds;
Plenty which constantly it self succeeds.
So thy extended Guts thy Godship swills,
And its own self thy tilted Hoghead fills.
So at *Joves* Table Gods the Goblet drain,
But straight with Nectar it grows full again.
Nor do the Cups the *Phrygian* Stripling need,
To fill them; each is his own *Ganymede*.
So in the Heart, that double lusty bowl
(In which the Soul it self drinks Life and Soul)
That Heav'nly bowl, made by an Heav'nly hand,
With purple Nectar always crown'd does stand.
Of what she spends Nature ne'er feels the lack,
What one throws out, another brings it back.
Blest Plant, brimful of moisture radical!
No wonder thou the Spirits, lest they fall,
Support'st, or that Consumptive bodies you,
And the firm Limbs bind with a lasting glue.
Or that lifes Lamp, which ready is to die,
With such vivacious Oil you can supply.
No wonder to the Lungs thou grateful art,
Thy constant waters feed that spongy part.
You *Venus* also loves, for though you're wet,
Your inside, like your outside's burnt with heat.
These are Lusts Elements; of heat she makes
A Soul, and moisture for her Body takes.

SOW-BREAD.

THE dropping, bloody Nose you gently bind,
But loosen the close Hemorrhoids behind.
And 'tis but natur'al, that who shuts the Fore
Shou'd at the same time open the back-door.

Upon

Upon the same.

The Colewort
Is said to kill
the Vine, and
It self kill'd
by this Herb.

SEE how with Pride the groveling Pot-herb swells,
And sawcily the generous Vine repells:
Her, that great Emperours oft in Triumph drew,
A base, unworthy Colewort does subdue.
But though o'r that the wretch victorious be,
It cannot stand, puissant Plant! near Thee
For Meat to Medicines still must give the place,
That feeds Diseases, which away these chase.
You bravely Men and other Plants outvie,
Who no kind Office do, until they die;
Thy Virtues thou, yet living, do'st impart,
And ev'n to thy own Garden Physick art.

cyclaminus.

Though on me Greece bestow'd a graceful Name,
Which well the Figure of my leaves became;
Th' Apothecaries have a new one found,
(Dull Knaves! that hate the very Greek Words found)
And from a nasty Sow, (whose very name
Stinks on my tongue) have stigmatiz'd my Fame.
But I to them more than to Swine give bread,
They are the Hogs, by my large bounty fed.

Upon the same.

MY Virtue dries all ulcerous, running Sores,
And native softness to the skin restores.
My pow'r hard tumours cannot, if I list,
Either with water, or with fire resist.
Of scars by burning caus'd I clear the Face,
Nor let Small-pox the Countenance disgrace.
My conquering hand Pimpgenets cannot shun,
Nor blackish, yellow spots the Face o'r-run;
Morphew departs, and our each Freckle flies,
Though from our god himself they had their rise.
Nor leave I ought upon the Checks of Lasses,
To make 'em shie of looking in their Glasses.
Nor doubt I but that Sex much thanks will give,
For that the pangs of Childbirth I relieve.

Upon the same.

The Jaun-
dies, some-
times call'd in
Latin *Aurigo*,
from *Aurum*.

IN my Fire, that false Gold, the Jaundice, I
Consume, (true Gold scarce does more injury.)
Black blood, at my command, the back-way flows;
Nasty it self through nasty holes it goes.

Choler

Choler and Phlegm yellow and white I drain,
They wear th' dear * Metals colours both in vain.
All Meteors from the eyes I drive away,
And whatso'er obscures the small Worlds day.
I of the Gout remove the very seed,
And all the humours which that torment breed.
Thorns, splinters, nails I draw, who wondering stand
How they could so come forth without an hand.
This is the least: all Poisons I expel,
And Death force thence, where it was like to dwell.
Infants that know not what it is to live,
Before they're wretched, from the Womb I drive.
Oh Heavens! says th' ignorant amazed world; What's
Is't a Distemper to be born? Yes, 'tis, (this)
For if we make a true account, 'tis more
Advantage life to hinder than restore.

* Silver and Gold.

DUCKS-MEAT.

A Lusty Frog, a Duck swears is such Meat
(Fat'n'd by me) as Jove himself may eat.
And if the learn'd *Apicius* * knew that Dish,
He'd hungry grow, though dead, and life wou'd wish.
By this our value's in some measure shewn;
But I'm not born to fatten Ducks alone;
Nor o'r green Ponds did Nature Carpets strow,
That She to slimy Frogs good-will might show.
From me great benefits all the World must own,
Though long time hid, they're, many, yet unknown.
In a small Ring the Wits of learned Men
Run, and the same, confin'd, trace o'r agen.
The Plants which Nature through the Universe
In various shapes and colours does disperse,
Why shou'd I mention; this their ignorance shews,
That ev'n of Me Mankind so little knows.
Something they do; and more I wou'd reveal,
Which *Phabus* and the Fates bid me conceal.
But this I'll tell you; dry, blew Cankers I,
And cholerick Fire of hot St. *Anthony*,
I soon extinguish; and all other flames,
Whatever are their Natures or their Names.
My native cold, and watery temper show,
Who my chill Parent is and where I grow.
Thus when the water in the joints inclos'd
Bubbles, by pain and natural heat oppos'd,
The boyling Caldron my strong virtue rules,
And sprinkled with my dew the fury cools.

* An antient Roman Author that wrote about good eating.

The Gout.

ROSEMARY.

ROSEMARY.

Touching the bite of the † Tarantula.

† An Insect
of the Spider-
kind.

* A Nymph
turn'd into a
Spider.

D *Aunian* * *Arachne*! who spinn'st all the day,
Nor to *Minerva* will't ev'n yet give way;
Whilst thy own bowels thou to Lawn dost weave,
What pleasure canst thou from such pains receive?
Why thy sad hours in such base deeds dost spill,
Or do things so ridiculously ill?
Why dost thou take delight to stop our breath,
Or act the serious sports of cruel Death.
Whom thou scarce touchest straight to rave he's found,
He raves although he hardly feels thy wound.
One Atome of thy Poison in the veins,
Dominion soon o'r all the body gains.
Within upon the Soul her self it preys,
Which it distracts a thousand cruel ways.
One's silent, whilst another roars aloud;
He's fearful, t' other fights with th' gazing crowd.
This cries, and this his sides with laughter shakes,
A thousand habits this same Fury takes.
But all with love of Dancing are possess'd,
All day and night they dance and never rest.
As soon as Musick from struck strings rebounds,
Or the full Pipes breath forth their Magick sounds;
The stiff old Woman straight begins a Round,
And the Lethargick Sleeper quits the ground.
The poor lame Fellow, though he cannot prance
So nimbly as the rest, he hops a Dance.
The old Man, whom this merry Poison fires,
Satyrs themselves with dancing almost tires.
To such a sad, phrenetick Dance as this
A Siren, sure, the fittest Minstrel is.
Cruel Distemper! thy wild fury proves
Worst Master of the Revels which it loves:
When this sad * *Pyrhick* measure they begin,
Ah! what a weight hangs on their hearts within.
Tell me, Physicians! which way shall I ease
Poor mortals of this strange, unknown disease?
For me may *Phæbus* never more protect
(Whose Godhead you and I so much respect)
If I know any more (to tell you true)
Whence this dire mischief springs, than one of you.
But to the heart (you know it) and the brain,
Those distant Provinces, in which I reign,
(To you, my friends, I no false stories feign.)
Auxiliary troops of Spirits I
Send, and the Camp with fresh Recruits supply.

* A heavy sort
of Dancing
to armor.

Many

Many kind Plants besides Me to the War
 Attend, nor blush that under me they Soldiers are.
 The merry Baum, and Rue which Serpents kills,
 Cent'ry, and Saffron from *Cilician Hills*.
 And thou, kind *Birchwort*, whose auspicious Name
 From thy good deeds to teeming Women came.
 The kind *Pomegranate* also does engage,
 With her bright Arms, and my dear Sister *Sage*.
Berries of Laurel, Myrtle, Tamarisk,
Ivy nor Juniper are very brisk.
Lavender, and sweet *Marjoram* march away,
Sothernwood and *Angelica* don't stay.
Plantain, the *Thistle* which they Blessed call,
 And useful *Wormwood* in their order fall,
 Then *Carrot*, *Anise*, and white *Cumin* seed,
 With *Gith*, that pretty, chaste, black *Rogue*, proceed.
 Next *Vipers-grass* a Plant but lately known,
 And *Tormentil* and *Roses* red, full blown;
 To which I *Garlick* may and *Onions* join;
 All these to fight I lead; go, give the sign.
 With indignation I am vex'd, and hate
 Soft Musick that great praise shou'd arrogate.
 Poets will say, 'tis true (they're given to lye)
 Willing their Mistress so to gratifie.
 But food I say it does, not Physick, prove
 To madmen (witness, all that are in Love!)
 She to a short-liv'd folly does supply
 Constant additions of new vanity;
 And here (to shew her Wit and Courage too)
 Flatters the Tyrant, whom she shou'd subdue.
 It is the greatest part of the Disease,
 That she does so immoderately please,
 'Tis part of the Disease, that so they throw
 And toss themselves, which does for Physick go;
 This Plague it self is plagu'd so night and day
 That tir'd with labour it flies quite away.
 I also lend an hand, to ease her grief,
 When from her own strength Nature seeks relief.
 'Tis something that I do; but truly I
 Think the Disease is its own Remedy.

MINT.

TAke my advice, Men! and no Riddles use;
 Why wo'n't you rather to speak plainly choose?
 If you're affraid, your secrets shou'd be told,
 Your tongues you (that's the surest way) may hold.

Aristotle gave the World a Rule, *Neither eat Mint nor plant in time of War*; which being variously understood by his Followers; The said Herb does in this Speech make out, that it can with no sense be interpreted to its dishonour, by telling her Virtues in cheating the Spirits and exciting the Stomach.

D

Why

Why shou'd we Sense with barbarous cruelty
 Put to the Rack, to make it tell a lye;
 Of this just reason I have to complain;
 Old dubious Saws long since my fame do stain,
 How many ill conjectures ground'd are
 On this, that I must ne'r be set in War,
 The Reader of a thing obscure will be
 Inclind to carp, and to take liberty.
 Hence one says, *Mint*, *Mars* does entirely hate,
 And *Mint* to *Venus* also is ingrate.
Mars loves as well to get as to destroy
 Mankind, the booty of his fierce employ.
Mint from the seed all seminal virtue takes,
 And of brisk Men dull frigid Eunuchs makes.
 And then (to make the spreading error creep
 Farther and farther still) they hear I keep
 Their Milk from thickning; but how this I do
 I'll tell you on these terms alone, That you
 Shall me before resolve how first you gain
 Notions of things, then, how you them retain.
 This I dare boldly say; The fire of Love
 With genial heat I gently do improve;
 Though constantly the noble, humane seed
 That sacred Lamp with vital Oil does feed;
 For what to *Venus* e'r will faithful seem,
 If Heat it self an Enemy you esteem?
 Whether I know * her *Proserpine* can tell,
 I by my punishment am clear'd too well.
 Besides, nought more the stomach rectifies,
 Or strengthens the digestive faculties.
 Such, such a Plant that feeds the amorous flame,
 If *Venus* love not, she is much to blame;
 And with ingratitude the seed I may
 Charge, if to me great thanks it do not pay.
 But other causes others have assign'd,
 Who make the reason, which they cannot find.
 They say, Wounds, if I touch them, bleed anew,
 And I wound wounds themselves; 'tis very true.
 For I a dry, astringent Pow'r retain,
 By which all Ulcers of their gore I drain.
 I Bloody-fluxes stop, my Virtue's sure
 The Wounds that Natures self has made to cure.
 On bites of Serpents and mad Dogs I seize
 And them (Wars hurts are slight) I heal with ease.
 I scarce dare mention, that from Galling I,
 If in the hand I'm born, preserve the thigh.
 D'ye laugh? laugh on, so I with laughter may
 Requite the scandals which on me you lay.
 Of which some I omit; and the true cause
 Of all will tell (and then she made a pause.)

* *Venus*.

Mint was
 a Nymph,
 one of *Plato's*
Harlots, whom
Proserpine
 therefore
 chang'd into
 this Herb.
Opp. Hal. 3.

Though

Though I abhor my sorrows to recal
 (And here the tears down her green cheeks did fall)
 I did not always in your Gardens grow,
 But once a comely Virgins face cou'd show.
 Black though I was (*Cocytus* was my Sire)
 Yet Beauty had to kindle am'rous fire.
 Lest any one should think this is a lye,
Ovid will tell you so as well as I.
 My Father had a pleasant, shady Grove,
 Where he perpetually to walk did love.
 There mournful Yew, and funeral Cypress grow,
 Whose melancholy Greens no Winter know,
 With other Trees whose looks their sorrow show.
 Here *Pluto*, (*Jove* of the infernal Throne)
 Saw me, as I was walking all alone.
 He saw me and was pleas'd; for his desire
 At any face, or white or black, takes fire.
 Ah! if you knew him but so well as I,
 He's an unsatiable Deity.
 He never stands a tender Maid to woe,
 But cruelly by violence falls to.
 He caught me, though I fled till out of breath
 I was; I thought he wou'd ha' been my death.
 What cou'd I do? his strength was far above
 Mine; he, the strength has of his Brother *Jove*.
 In short, Me to a secret Cave he lead,
 And there the Ravisher got my Maidenhead;
 But in the midst of all his wickedness,
 (How it fell out the Poets don't express.
 Nor can you think that I, poor Creature, well
 The cause at such a time as that cou'd tell)
 Lo! *Proserpine*, his Wife came in, and found
 My wretched limbs all prostrate on the ground.
 She no excuse wou'd hear, nor me again
 Let rise; but said, There fix'd I shou'd remain.
 She spake, and straight my body I perceiv'd,
 (Each limb dissolv'd) of all its strength bereav'd:
 My Veins are all straight rooted in the Earth
 (From whence my ruddy stalk receives its birth)
 A blushing crown of Flowers adorns my head,
 My leaves are jagged, of a darkish red,
 And so a lovely Bed of *Mint* I make
 In the same posture, that she did me take.
 But the infernal Ravisher my Fate
 ('Twou'd move a Devil) did commiserate;
 And, his respect for what I was, to show,
 Great Virtue on my leaves he did bestow.
 Rich qualities to humble Me he gave,
 Of which my fragrant Smell's the least I have.

Ovid Met. l. 10.

All this the Antients understood was true,
 And thence their great Religious caution grew.
 They thought me sacred to th' infernal King,
 And that 'twas ominous for me to spring
 In times of death and danger, nor wou'd let
 Me in the midst of war and blood be set.
 But they mistaken were; for I take care
 That others be not caught in his strong snare,
 Nor pass the *Stygian Lake* without gray hair.

MISSELTREE.

* *Teutates* and
Hesus were the
 two greatest
 Gods of the
Gauls.

Concerning
 these Cere-
 monies, see
Plin. l. 16. 43.

WElcome, thrice welcome, sacred *Missetree*!
 The greatest Gift, * *Teutates* does bestow.
 With more Religion, Druid Priests invoke
 Thee, than thy sacred, sturdy Sire, the Oak.
 Raise holy Altars from the verdant ground,
 And strow your various Flowers all around:
 Next let the Priest when to the Gods h'as paid
 All due Devotion, and his Or' sons made,
 Cloth'd all in white, by the attendants be,
 With Hands and Necks rais'd to the sacred Tree.
 Where that he may more freely it receive,
 Let him first beg the Shrubs indulgent leave.
 And when h'as cut it with a golden hook,
 Let the expecting crowd, that upward look,
 Array'd in White, the falling Treasure meet,
 And catch it in a pure, clean, snowy Sheet.
 Then let two spotless Bulls before him lie,
 And with their grateful blood the Altars die.
 Which when you've done, then feast, and dance, and sing,
 And let the Wood with their loud voices ring.
 Such honour had the *Missetree*; which hate
 And envy to it did in Gods create.
 Th' *Egyptian* Temples do not louder sound,
 When there again th' adored Heifer's found.
 Nor did she seem less Majesty to wear
 (If any Tree there *Missetree* did bear.)
 When in *Dodona's* Grove upon an Oak
 She grew, that in its hollow Ora'cles spoke;
 For this one Plant the Antients, above all,
 Protectress of their Life did think and call:
 She onely from the Earth loaths to be born,
 And on the meaner ground to tread thinks scorn.
 Nor did she from prolifick matter come,
 But like the World from Nothings fruitful womb.
 Others are set and grow by humane care,
 Her leaves the product of mere Nature are.
 Hence Serpents She, of their black stings disarms,
 And baffles (Mans worse Poison) Magick Charms;

It averts
 Charms being
 tied to the
 Neck, *claf.*

Besides

Besides all other kinds of Maladies
 (How numberless; alas!) that on us seize.
 Nor wonder, that all other ills it beats,
 Since the *Herculean-Sickness* it defeats.
 Than which none more Chimæra-like appears,
 One part o'nt's dead, the other raves and tears.
 This Monster she subdues; hence 'twas believ'd
 (And truly though 'twas false, it was receiv'd
 On no bad grounds) that lesser Monsters She
 Cou'd make the Trophies of her Victory:
 The Antients thought so in the infancy
 O' th' World, they then knew nought of Fallacy.
 Nor was She then thought onely to defend
 And guard Lives Fort, but Life it self to lend,
 Ev'n the Wombs fruitful Soil t' improve and mend.
 For what Soil barren to that Plant can be,
 Which without Seed has its Nativity?
 Or what to her close shut and lock'd can seem,
 That makes th' obdurate Oaks hard entrails teem?
 That from a Tree comes forth in pangs and pain,
 Like the *Athenian* Goddess from *Joves* brain.
 But if that's true, which Antient Bards have writ
 (For though they're Antient Bards, I question it)
 I wonder not, that *Mistletoe's* so kind
 To us, since her the ties of Nature bind.
 For Men of old, (if you'll believe 'twas so)
 Born out of Oaks, were the first *Mistletoe*.

The Falling-
 Sickness.

Virg. *Juvén.*
Statius.

CELANDINE.

SEE how the yellow Gall the delug'd Eyes,
 And *Saffron Jaundice* the whole Visage dies.
 That colour, which on Gold we think so fair;
 That hue which most adorns the tress'd hair,
 When, like a Tyrant, it unjustly gains
 Another's Throne, and there usurping reigns,
 It frightful grows, and far more beauty lacks
 Than, with their Saddle-noses, dusky Blacks.
 So (I suppose) to the Gods Eyes, the Soul
 Oth' Miser looks; as yellow and as foul.
 For if with Gold alone the Soul's inflam'd,
 It has th' *Aurigo*, from that Metal nam'd.
 This the almighty Gods can onely cure,
 And Reason, more than Herbs, our minds secure.
 But th' outward Jaundice does Our help implore;
 When with Gall floods the body's dy'd all o're.
 I cannot tell what others do; but I
 Give to that Jaundice present remedy;

A Decoction
 hereof with
 White-wine
 and Annise-
 seeds, is said
 to be excel-
 lent against
 the Jaundies.
Matthiolus
 says it will
 cure the same,
 being applied
 to the soles of
 the feet.

Nor

The Signa-
ture.

Nor do I rashly undertake the cure,
I an Assistant have, that makes me sure.
Natures own Patent gives me my command,
See, here's her own sign manual, here's her hand.
Through leaves, and stalk and roots themselves it goes,
The yellow blood through my whole body flows.
Whoever me dissects, wou'd think, nay swear,
O'rflown with Gall I sick o'th' Jaundice were.
Mean time my skin all o'r is fresh and green,
And colour good, as in an Herb you've seen.

Upon the same.

The extraor-
dinary faculty
of this Herb
in healing the
eyes, is said to
have been
found out by
the Swallow,
who cures its
young there-
with.

Its other Vir-
tues.

TEN thousand blessings may the Gods bestow
Upon Thee, tuncful *Swallow*! and ne'r show,
They bear the least resentment of that Crime,
Which thou hast suffer'd for so long a time.
For that the use of a choice Plant thou'st taught,
Which ne'r before blind Man had seen or sought.
Of Thee large Rent now e'ry House receives
For th' Nests which they to Thee let under th' eaves.
The painted Springs whole train on thee attend,
Yet nought thou see'st which thou canst more commend.
For this it is that makes thee all things see,
This Plant a special favour has for thee.
When thou com'st, th' others come; that w'on't suffice;
At thy return away This with thee flies.
Yet we to it must more engagements own;
'Tis a small thing to heal the Eyes alone;
Ten thousand torments of our Life it cures,
From which good Fortune you, blest Birds, secures.
The Gripes by its approach it mitigates,
And tortures of an aking tooth abates.
The golden Jaundice quickly it defeats,
And with gilt Arms at his own weapons beats:
Jaundice, which *Morbus Regius* they call
From a King; but fallly; 'tis Tyrannical.
Foul Ulcers too that from the body bud,
This dries and drains of all their putrid blood.
A gaping Wounds one Lip, like any Brother,
Approaches nearer and salutes the other.
Nor do thy shankers now, foul Lust! remain,
But all thy shealing Scabs rub off again.
The burning Cancer and the Tetter fly,
Whilst all hot, angry, red biles sink and dry.
Diseases paint wears off, and places, where
The Sun once printed kisses, disappear.
Purg'd of all blemishes the smiling face
Is cleaner far, and smoother than its Glafs.

Alluding to
the Fable of
Philomel
turn'd into a
Swallow.

Kind

Kind Friend to th'Eyes! who giv'st not onely sight,
But with it also Objects that delight.
She may be seen, as well as come to see,
Whatever Woman's doubly blest by thee:
The gaudy Spring by thy approach is known,
And blooming Beauties thy arrival own.

ROCKET.

YOU! who in sacred Wedlock coupled are,
(Where all joys lawful, all joys seemly are)

Ben't shie to eat of my leaves heartily,
They do not hunger onely satisfie.

They'll be a Banquet to you all the night,
On them the body chews with fresh delight.

But you, chaste Lads, and Girls, that lie alone,
And none of Loves enjoyments yet have known,

Take care and stand aloof, if you are wise;
Touch not this Plant, *Venus* her Sacrifice;

I bring a Poison for you Modesties.
In my Grails, like a Snake, blind *Cupid* lies,

And with my juice his deadly weapons dies.
The God of Gardens no Herb values more,

Or courts, presents, or does himself devour.
This is the reason, hot *Piapus*! why

(As I suppose) you itch so constantly,
And that your Arms still ready are to do,

The wicked business that you put 'em to.
Let him who Love wou'd shun, from me remove,

Says *Naso*, that *Hippocrates* in Love.
Yet to his Table I was duly serv'd,

Who my choice Dainty to himself reserv'd.
Prove that from Love he ever wou'd be free,

More chaste than Lettuce I'll consent to be.
The praise of Chastity let others keep,

And gratifie the widow'd Bed with sleep.
Action's my Task, bold Lovers to engage,

And to precipitate the sportive Rage.
Frankly I own my Nature, I delight

In Love unmix'd and restless Appetite.
From curing Maladies I seek no Fame,

(Though ev'n for that I might put in my Claim)
Fuel I bring that Pleasure may not cease:

Take that from Life, and Life is a Disease.
If thus you like me, make me your Repast,

I wou'd not gratifie a Stoicks tast.
If Morals gross and crude be your delight,

Marsh weeds can best oblige your Appetite.

Rocket is hot
and dry in the
third degree,
of a contrary
nature to Let-
tuce, a friend
to *Venus* and
her affairs.

*Ovid. de Rem.
Amer. l. 2.*

Its Medicinal
Virtues, see
Plin. l. 20. 13.

Go from my Book, foul Bawd of Pleasure, go,
 (For what have I, lewd Bawd, with thee to do?)
 From these chaste Herbs and their chaste Poet flee,
 Us thou offend'st and w'are asham'd of thee.
 With such a Prostitute to come in view,
 Chaste Matrons think a Sin and Scandal too.
 Blushes pale Water-Lilies cheeks o'r-spread,
 To be with thee in the same Volumn read.
 Who still the sad remembrance does retain)

* See *Watts*,
Lily.

How, when a * Nymph, in thee she gorg'd her Bane.

That very Night t' Alcides Arms betray'd
 Through thy deceitful force the yielding Maid.

While I but mention thee (who would believe?)

And but thy Image in my thoughts conceive,

Through all my Bones I felt thy lightning move,

The sure fore-runner of approaching Love.

With this of old he us'd t' attack my Sense,

Before the dreadful Fight he did commence.

But Love and Lust I now alike detest,

My Muse and Mind with nobler Themes possess.

Lascivious Plant, some other Poet find,

For Ovid's or Catullus Verse design'd:

For thou in mine shalt have no place at all,

Or in the List of poisonous Herbs shalt fall.

The flames of Lust of fewel have no need,

His Appetite without thy Sawce can feed.

Love in our very Diet finds his way,

And makes the Guards that should defend, betray.

Our other Ills permit our Herbs to cure

Venus, who plague enough in thee endure,

Those Plants which Nature made of Sex devoid,

Improperly are in thy work employ'd.

Yet Venus too much skill'd in impious Arts,

These forein aids to her own use converts.

Who'd think green Plants with constant dew supply'd,

(Life's Friends design'd) such mortal Flame shou'd hide?

What wonder therefore if when Monarchs feast,

Lust is of Luxury the constant Guest?

When * He who with the Herd on Herbage fed

Could find her lurking in the verdant Bed.

* Pythagoras,

The End of the First Book.

O F
PLANTS.

BOOK II.

CYBELES Holy Mysteries now begin;
Hence all you Males; for you it is a sin
One moment in this hallowed place to stay,
You jibing Males, who no devotion pay.
Into the Female Secrets do not pry,

Or them at least pretend you don't descry.
'Tis rude that Sex t' inspect too narrowly,
Whose outside with such Beauties treats the Eye,
Auspicious Glory of th' enlighten'd Skie,
More sacred than thy Brothers Deity,
With thy whole Horns, kind *Luna*! favour me,
And let thy crescent Face look luckily.
Thee many Names and Offices adorn,
By * thy kind aid poor, tender Babes are born:
Thou easest Women, when their Labour's hard,
And the Wombs vital Gates you, *Jana*, guard.
The menstruous courses you bring down, and them,
Changing convert into a milky stream.
Women, unconstant as the Sea, you bind
To Rules; both flow according to thy mind.
Oh! may the Rivolets of my fancy glide
By the same secret force, which move the Tide.
Be thou the Midwife to my teeming brain,
And let it fruitful be as free from pain.

It was the time, when *April* decks the year,
And the glad Fields in pompous garbs appear.
That the recruited Plants now leave their beds,
And at the Suns command dare shew their heads.
How pleas'd they are, the Heav'n's again to see!
And that from Winters fetters they are free!
The World around, and Sisters, whom they love,
They view; such Objects are their smiles must move.

E.

This Book
treating only
of female
Plants, is de-
dicated to
Cybele, at
whose Myste-
ries no Man
ought to be
present.

* The Moon
is call'd *La-
ciez*, the
Goddess of
Midwifery;
and *Jana*, as
the Sun, *Ja-
nus*; and
Mars, as she
is the govern-
ness of Wo-
mens men-
struous cour-
ses.

Straight

Straight their great work the diligent Nation ply,
 And bus'ness mind amidst their luxury.
 Each one contends with all her might and main
 Each day an higher, verdant Crown to gain.
 Each one does leaves with beauteous Flow'rs, produce,
 And hastens to be fit for humane use.
 Equipp'd they make no stay, but one and all,
 Intent upon th' Affair, a Council call.
 Each Tribe (for there are many) as of old
 Their custome was) a separate Council hold.
 They're near a thousand Tribes; their Minutes well
 An hundred Clerk-like tongues can scarcely tell.
 Nor cou'd I know them (for they don't reveal
 Their sacred Acts, but cautiously conceal)
 Had not my Laurel told me (whose Tribes name
The Female's stil'd) which summon'd thither came.
 The secrets of the House she open laid,
 Telling, how each Herb spoke and what it said.
 Ye gentle, *Florid* part of humane kind
 (To you and not to Men, I speak) pray' mind
 My words, and them most stedfastly believe,
 Which from the *Delphick* Laurel you receive.
 'Twas midnight, (whilst the Moon, at full, shone bright,
 And her Cheeks seem'd to swell with moisten'd light)
 When on their loosen'd roots the Plants, that grow
 In th' *Oxford* Gardens, did to Council go;
 And such, I mean, as succour Womens pains;
Orpheus, you'd think, had mov'd them by his strains.
 They met upon a bed, neat, smooth and round,
 And softly fate in order on the ground.
Mugwort first took her place (at that time She
 The President of the Council chanc'd to be.)
Birthwort, her Predecessor in the Chair,
 Next fate, whose virtues breeding Women share.
 Then *Bawm*, with smiles and pleasure in her face,
 Without regard to Dignity took place.
Tyme, *Sav'ry*, *Wormwood*, which looks ruggedly,
Sparagus, *Sothernwood* both He and † She,
 And * *Crocus* too, glad still soft Maids to chear,
 Once a sad Lover, merry does appear.
 And thou, † *Amaracus*, who a trifling Ill
 Didst mourn, when thou the fragrant Box didst spill
 Of Ointment, in this place now far more sweet
 Than the occasion of thy Death dost meet.
 There Lilies with red Peonies find a Room,
 And purple Violets the place perfume.
 Yea noisome * *Devils-turd*, because she knows
 Her worth, into that sweet Assembly goes.
 The milky *Lettuce* too does thither move,
 And *Water-Lily*, though a foe to Love.

Gynæcills.

† Lavender.
Cotton.* I.e. *Saffron*;
Crocus was a
Boy that died
for Love, and
was turn'd
into *Saffron*.† The name
of a Boy that
spilt a box of
sweet Oint-
ment, and
was turn'd
into sweet
Marjoram.* If a Dog tastes
it, he'll run
mad. *Piss.*

Sweet

Sweet *Ladies glove* with stinking *Horehound* come,
 And kind *Germander* which relieves the Womb.
Poley and *Calamint*, which on Mountains dwell,
 But against Frost and Snow are guarded well.
 Next vital *Sage*, well join'd with wholsom *Rue*,
 And *Flower-de-luce*, nam'd from its splendid hue.
 Then *Hart-wort* (much more grateful to the Deer
 Than *Dittany*) with *Wild Carrots*, enters there.
Confound and *Plantain*; frugal * herbs are they,
 Who all things keep safe under Lock and Key.
 And *Master-wort*, whose name Dominion wears,
 With her, who an *Angelick Title* bears.
Lavender, *Corn-rose*, *Pennyroyal* fate,
 And that which Cats esteem so delicate.
 After a while, slow-pac'd, with much ado,
Ground-pine with her short Legs crept thither too.
 Behind the rest *Camomile* cou'd not stay,
 Through stones and craggy Rocks she cut her way.
 From *Spanish Woods* the wholsom *Vetony* came,
 The only glory of the *Vettons* name.
Minerva's Plant did likewise thither hie,
 And was Companion to *Mercury*.
 There *Scarlet Madder* too a place did find,
 Drawing a train of its long root behind.
 Thither at last too *Dittany* did repair,
 Half-starv'd, and griev'd to leave the *Cretan* air.
 With her the bold, strong *Sow-bread* came along,
 And hundreds more (in short) to them did throng.
 Many besides from th' *Indies* cross'd the main,
 Plants, that of our chill Clime did much complain.
 But *Oxfords Fame*; through both the *Indies* told,
 Eas'd all their cares, and warm'd the nipping cold.
 The *Pigmy* and *Gigantick Sons* o'th Wood
 Betwixt all these in equal spaces stood;
 Spreading their verdant glories round above,
 Which did delight and admiration move.
 The *scarlet Oak*, that Worms for fruit brings forth,
 Which the *Hesperian* fruit exceed in worth,
 Was there, good Womens Maladies to ease,
 And Sprains, which we as truly call, *Disease*.
 Her treacherously the *Ivy* does embrace,
 And kills the Tree with kindness in her face.
 Hardly, in nobler *Scarlet* clad, the *Rose*,
 The envy of those stately Berries grows.
 Near which the *Birch* her rigid Arms extends,
 And *Savine* which kind Sinners much befriends.
 Next them the *Beech* with limbs so strong and large,
 With the *Bush* purchas'd at so small a charge.
 Nor did the golden *Quince* her self conceal,
 Or * *Myrrh*, whose wounds distemper'd Mortals heal.

* They are
 blinding.

Angelica.

Cat-Mint.

Betony, call'd
Vettonica
 from a People
 of Spain that
 first found it
 out, and are
 memorable
 only upon
 that score.

* It is cut
 that the Gum
 may flow
 forth.

Lastly (ye Plants whom I forget to name
Excuse me) *Juniper* too thither came,
And *Laurel*, sacred to the Sons of Fame,
Such reverend Heads did the green Senate fill;
The Night was calm, all things were hush'd and still;
Each Plant, with listening leaves stood mute to hear
Their Pres'dent speak; and these her Dictates were.

MUGWORT [the President, begins.]

After long cold, grave Matrons! in this place,
(For th' good of ours (I hope) and human race)
This sacred Garden, we whilst others sleep
Blest *Aprils* sacred Nights come here to keep.
Our thanks to Thee, great Father, Sun! we pay,
And to thee, *Luna*! for thy nursing Ray;
VWho the bright Witness art of what we say.
But the short moments of our Liberty
(VWho fetter'd at Day-break again must lie)
Let us improve, and our affairs attend,
Nor festal hours, like idle Mortals, spend.
'Tis fit at this time we shou'd truly live,
VWhen Winters colds of half our life deprive.
Come then, from useful pains make no delay,
Winter will give you too much time to play.
How many Foes *Jove* has to you assign'd,
And what a task you in the Conquest find,
By numerous and great fatigues you've try'd,
And to th' oppress'd kind aid have oft supply'd.
You're generous, noble, female Plants, nor ought
The glory of your Sex cheap to be bought.
The self same Battels you must wage again,
VWhich will as long as teeming Wombs remain.
But that to War you may securer go,
'Tis fit the foes and your own strength you know.
Call the bright Moon to witness what you say,
Whilst each such tributes to their Countrey pay.
Let each one willingly both teach and learn,
Nor let that move their envy or their scorn.
And first (I think) upon the menstruous source
My constant task, 'tis fit we shou'd discourse.
From what original Spring that *Nilus* goes,
Or by what influx it so oft o'flows.
VWhat will restrain, and what drive on the tide,
And what goods or what mischiefs in it glide.
See you its secret Mysteries disclose,
A thing so weighty 'tis no shame t' expose.
She spake, the rest began, and hotly all
(As Scholars use) upon the business fall.

PENNY-ROYAL.

First *Penny-royal*, to advance her Fame
 (And from her mouth a grateful Odour came)
 Tells 'em, they say, how many ills that source
 Threatens, whene'r it stops its purple course.
 That foggy dulness in the Limbs attends,
 And under its own weight the body bends.
 Things ne'r so pleasant once, now will not please,
 And Life it self becomes a mere Disease.
 Ulcers and Inflammations too it breeds,
 And dreadful, bloody, vomiting succeeds.
 The Womb now labouring seems to strive for breath,
 And the Soul struggles with a short-liv'd Death.
 The Lungs oppress'd hard respiration make,
 And breathless Coughs soon all the fabrick shake.
 Yea the proud foes the Capitol, in time,
 And all the minds well-guarded Towers climb.
 Hence watchful Nights, but frightful Dreams proceed,
 And minds that suffer true, false evils breed.
 Dropsie at last the wearied Life o'rsflows,
 Which floating from its shipwreck'd Vessel goes.
 How oft, alas! poor, tender, blooming Maids
 (Before Loves pow'r their kinder hearts invades)
 Does this sad Malady with Clouds o'rcast,
 Which all the longing Lovers passion blast?
 The Face looks green, the ruddy Lips grow pale,
 Like Roses tinctur'd by a sulphurous gale.
 To ashes, coals, and Lime their appetite
 (A loathsome treat) their stomach does invite.
 But 'tis a sin to say, the Ladies eat
 Such things; those are the vile distempers meat.
 Thus *Penny-royal* spake (more passionate
 In words, than humane voice can e'r relate)
 At which, they say, the whole Assembly mov'd
 Wept o'r the loss of Beauty, once belov'd.
 So that good Company, when Day returns,
 The setting of the Moon, their Mistress, mourns.
 She told the means too; by what secret aid
 That conquering Ill did all the limbs invade.
 Through the Wombs Arteries, said she, it goes,
 And unto all the noted passes flows.
 (Whether the Wombs magnetick pow'r's the cause,
 As the whole bodies floods the Kidney draws;
 Or that the Moon, the Queen of fluid things
 Directs and rules that, like the Oceans springs.)
 But if the Gates it finds so fortified,
 That the due current that way be deny'd;

It rages and it swells; the gross part stays,
And in the neighbouring parts dire revels plays:
Whilst the more liquid part does upward rise,
And into veins of purer nature flies.
It taints the rosie Channels, as it goes,
And all the soil's corrupted, where it flows.

* *Vena Cava*,
a large place.

The bane its journey through the * *Cava* takes,
And fierce attacks upon the Liver makes,
And Heart, whose right-side Avenue it commands,
Whilst that for fear amaz'd and trembling stands.
But the left Region so well-guarded seems,
That in her walls safe she her self esteems.
Nor stops it there, but on the Lungs does seize,
Where drawing breath it self grows a Disease.
Thence through a small *Propentis* carried down,
It makes the Port and takes the left-side Town.
What will suffice that covetous Disease,
Which all the Hearts vast treasures cannot please?
But Avarice still craves for more and more,
And if it all things don't enjoy, is poor.
Th' *Aorta* its wild Legions next engage,
Bless me! how uncontroll'd in that they rage!
The distant head and heel no safety knows,
Through ev'ry part th' unbounded Victor flows.
But as the blood through all the body's us'd
To run, this Plague through all the blood's diffus'd
They all agreed; for none of them e'r doubt,
How Life in Purple Circles wheels about.
That Plant they'd hiss out of their company,
Which *Harvey's* Circulation shou'd deny.

DITTANY.

Dittany, though cold Winds her Lips did close,
Put on her Winter-gown and up she rose.
For what can hinder *Grecian* Plants to be
Rhetorical, when they occasion see?
For *Penny-royal*, painting that Disease,
Her nice, and quainter fanstie did not please.
She spake to what the other did omit,
And pleas'd her self with her own prating wit.

If this dire Poisons force their duller Eyes
Can't see, whilst in the body warm it lies,
Think with your selves how it offends the sense,
When all alone (nay dead) is driven thence.
Let Dogs or Men by chance but taste of it
(But on Dogs rather let such mischiefs light.)
Madness the tainted Soul invades within,
And fordid Leprosie rough-casts the skin:

Whilst

Whilst panting Dogs quite raving mad appear,
 And thirst for water, but the water fear.
 It stabs an half-Man by abortive birth,
 And from the Womb (oh! horrid) drags it forth.
 Now fanſie Children born of ſuch baſe blood,
 Which gives the Embryo Poiſon ſtead of food.
 Nor is this all; for Corn and Vines too know
 Its baneful force, by which Fields barren grow.
 A Tree, once us'd to bear, its fruit denies;
 If young it fades, and, if new-born, it dies.
 Witneſs the *Iuſes* ('tis no ſhame) to you.
 What good does their medicinal virtue do?
 Theſe alſo, *Rue*! who all things doſt o'rcome,
 From this ſtrong venom muſt receive thy doom.
 Plants dry and yellow, as in *Autumn*, grow,
 And Herbs, as if they had the Jaundice, ſhow.
 Offended Bees with one ſmall touch it drives
 (Though murmuring to be exil'd) from their hives.
 The wretched Creatures leave their golden ſtore,
 And ſweet abodes, which they muſt ſee no more.
 Nor do ſtrong Fats their Wines within defend,
 Which in their very youth draw to their end.
 But I name things of little eminence;
 The warlike Sword it ſelf makes no defence;
 And Metals, which ſo oft have won the Field,
 To this eſſeminate diſtemper yield.
 For frequent bloodſhed, blood now vengeance takes,
 And mortal wounds ev'n in the weapons makes.
 Beauty, the thing, for which we Women love,
 Th' occasion of keen Swords does often prove;
 Let then the female-plague thoſe Swords rebate,
 Yea even the mem'ry of what's ſo ingrate.
 Maids with proud thoughts, alas! themſelves deceive,
 Whilst each herſelf a Goddeſs does believe;
 Like Tyrants they miſuſe the pow'r they have,
 And make their very Worſhiper their Slave.
 But if they truly would conſider things,
 And think what filth each month returning brings.
 If they their cheating Glaſſes then wou'd mind,
 (Which now they think ſo faithful and ſo kind)
 How beautiful they are they needs muſt find.
 The ſmooth Corrupter of their looks they taint,
 Which long and certain ſigns at that time paint.
 Each Maid in that ſtill ſuffers the diſgrace
 Of being poiſoner to her own face.
 What an unnatural Diſtemper's this,
 Which ev'n to their own ſhadows mortal is.

Thus ſhe, and as much more ſhe was about
 To ſay, the whole Aſſembly gave a ſhout.

Lacertitiam,
 the Gum of
 which is cal-
 led *Aſſeſeti-*
da.

Through

Through all the boughs and all the leaves around
There went an angry, loud and murmuring sound.
For they of Womens honour tender are,
Though she thereof had seem'd to take no care.

PLANTAIN, or, WAY-BRED.

The many
Virtues of
Plantain are
to be read in
Pliny and Fer-
nelius.
The old Phy-
sician Toemissus
wrote a whole
Volume con-
cerning them.

Next *Way bred* rose, prompt by her seven nerves,
Who th' honour of a noble House preserves:
Her nature is astringent, which great hate
Of her among Bloud-letters does create.
But her no quarrels more than words engage,
Nor does she ever like mad mortals rage.
I envy not the praises, which to you,
Ye numerous race of Leechy kind, are due.
The purple Tyrant wisely you expel,
And banishing such murdering bloud, do well,
Proudly he o'r the vital spirits reigns,
And cruelly insults in all the veins.
Arms he of deadly Poison bears about,
And leads of Maladies a mighty Rout.
But why shou'd you such vain additions make,
And ills already great for greater take?
Whilst you so tragically paint the Face
More dreadful, but less credible they grow.
He lessens that wou'd raise an Heroes fame
By Lyes; false praises cloud a glorious Name.
One Geryon slew, (a mighty feat) and He
Three bodies had, in this I can't agree.
You any Monster easily subdue;
But I scarce think such monstrous lyes are true.
Greek Poets, *Dittany*, you who oft have read,
Keep up their Art of lying, though they're dead.
But * what their Countrymen once said of you
Pray' mind it, for I fear 'tis very true.
Let that which † blasts the Corn a Goddess be,
I cannot think her courtes e'r cou'd be
So hurtful to the grain. And then, I'm sure,
A Fat of lusty Wine is more secure
From danger, where a thousand Damfels sit,
Than if one drunken Beldam come at it.
None, cause a tast of that rank bloud they've had,
But for the place, from whence it comes, run mad.
Madness of Dogs most certainly it cures,
As thy own Author *Pliny* us assures.
Whether by Womens touch the Bee's annoy'd
I cannot tell; but Maids shou'd Bees avoid.

See *Dittany*.

* *Epimenides*
Cretensis said,
The *Cretans*
were always
Lyars.

† *Rubigo*.

Rue ought to let the fatal blood remain
 Within its Vessel and ne'r force a vein,
 If for her pains nought but her death she gain.
 Thou, *Ivy*, too more careful oughtst to be
 Both of thy self and thy great Deity.
 But when she says, Swords edges it rebates,
 I could rejoice methinks and bless the Fates,
 If that be all the mischief it creates.
 I only wish a Beauty might remain
 Perfect, till that the Lookingglass wou'd stain.
 But I wast time — By this sufficiently
 These *Grecian* wonders are o'rthrown, that I
 No Woman see of this dread Poison die.
 At which the *Bramble* rose (whose fluent tongue
 With thorny sharpness arm'd is neatly hung)
 And said, all Serpents have the gift, to be,
 As much as these from their own venom free;
 Nor wou'd the *Basilisk*, whose baneful Eye
 All others kills, by his own Image die.
 This mov'd 'em and they quaver'd with a smile,
 Some Wind you wou'd ha' thought, pass'd by the while,
 For by that Cynick Shrub great Freedom's shown,
 Which he by constant use has made his own.
 Way bred at this took pet, displeas'd, that she
 By such an one shou'd interrupted be,
 And fate her down; when straight before 'em all
 These words the *Rose* from her fair lips let fall;
 Whilst modest blushes beautified her face,
 Like those in Spring, that blooming Flowers grace.

* *Saccharum*, to
 whom the *Ivy*
 is consecra-
 ted.

The R O S E.

YOU *Cretan Dittany*, who such Poisons mix
 (For on my Kinsman *Wild-rose* I'll not fix)
 With Womens blood; see what a sprightly grace
 And ardent Scarlet decks their lovely face.
 No Flower, no not *Flora's* self to fight
 Or touch than them appears more soft and white.
 But at the same time also take a view
 Of Mans rough, prickly limbs and rusty hue.
 You'll say with *Butchers-broom* sweet *Violets* grow,
 And mourn that *Lilies* shou'd with *Brambles* go.
 Then let their Eyes and Reason testifie,
 Whether pure veins their purer limbs supply.
 You cannot say that Dying Vat is bad,
 From whence a florid colour may be had.
 But this you'll say, committed some offence,
 Or the just *Moon* had never driv'n it thence.

No, you're mistaken; it has done no wrong;
 But all the fault lies in its copious throng:
 It therefore from the rest, by the great Law
 Of publick safety, order'd to withdraw.
 So if a Nation to such numbers rise,
 That them their native Country can't suffice;
 To seek new Lands some part of them are sent,
 And suffer, for their Country, banishment.
 But why does Woman-kind so much abound?
 Oh! think not Nature e'r was lavish found.
 Nor does she lay up Riches to the end,
 (Like Prodigals) she more may have to spend.
 Whate'r she does is good; what then remains?
 No room for doubt; the thing it self explains.
 This bloody Vintage, see, lasts all the year,
 And the fresh Chyle duely does Life repair.
 The Presses still with juice swell to the brink,
 Of which their fill the hot, male bodies drink.
 But temperate Women seem to kiss the Cup,
 Nor does their heat suck all the liquor up.
 A vital treasure for great uses, She
 Lays up, lest Nature should a Bankrupt be.
 Lest both the Parents shares of mingled Love
 Too little to beget a Child should prove,
 Unless the Mother some addition made
 To perfect the design they both had laid.
 One part on't's red, the other white as snow,
 And both from springs of the same colour flow.
 One wood, you'd think, and t'other stones did yield,
 Whilst out of both a living House they build.
 The former, of such poysoning Arts accus'd,
 In which you fanfie, venom is infus'd,
 (Perhaps with this that fatal Robe was dy'd,
 Which *Hercules* had sent him from his Bride)
 The tender Embryos body does compose,
 And for ten months to kind nutrition goes.
 Nor is this all; but on the Mothers breast
 Again it meets the little Infant-Guest.
 Then chang'd it comes, both in its hue and course,
 Like *Aretusa* through a secret Source.
 Then from the Paps it flows in double tides
 Far whiter than the banks in which it glides.
 The golden Age of old such Rivers drank,
 That sprang from Dugs of e'ry happy bank.
 The candor and simplicity of Men
 Deserv'd the milky food of the Infants then.
 How just and prudent is Dame Natures care
 Who for each age does proper food prepare!
 Before the Liver's form'd, the Mothers blood
 Supplies the Babe with necessary food.

And

And when to work the Novice Heat first goes
In its new shop, and scarce its bus'ness knows,
Its first employment is in Scarlet grain
(A childish task for learners) Milk to stain.
At last in e'ry kind its skill it tries,
And spends it self in Curiosities.
Now say, it venom in the members breeds,
With which her Child the careful Mother feeds.
Their bane to Infants cruel Stepdames give,
Whilst Mothers suck from better springs derive.
But how, you'll say, does that which Infants love
So prejudicial to their Mothers prove?
'Tis lively whilst i'th' native womb it lies,
But by the veins flung out, decays and dies.
Then shipwreck'd on the neighbouring shore it lies,
And gasping wishes for its Obsequies.
This being deni'd, new strength it does recover,
And flies in vapours all the body over.
But what first tast fruits from the tree receive,
When rotten, they no natural sign can give.
So in pure seed the Lives white mansion stands,
But surly Death corrupted seed commands.
Of Life Death's no good witness; do not think
A living Man can like a Carcass stink.
But you a running stream (that duly flows,
And no corruption by long-standing knows)
To be as hurtful in their nature, hold,
As if from some corrupted springs they rould.
But now do you go on (for much you know,
Part false, I think, part very true) and shew:
If any hurtful seeds you can descry
In humane bodies (where they often lie)
How quickly Natures orders they obey,
When to the blood the Flood-gates once give way.
The courses this perhaps may putrifie,
'Tis dangerous to keep bad Company.
Is this the bloods fault? I'm no witch, I hope,
Though with my juice a Man shou'd Poison tope.
She spake, and with Ambrosial Odours clos'd
Her Speech, which many there, they say, oppos'd.
At last the Laurels thoughts they all desir'd,
Th' Oracular Laurels words they all admir'd.

L A U R E L.

THat fate which frequently attends on all
Great Men, does Thee, egregious Bloud, befall.
Some praise what others too much disapprove,
Excessive in their Hatred as their Love.

This Man in prejudice, that in favour lies,
 Whilst to their Ears a various rumour flies.
 Hear *Dittany*; she says, each Womans known
 The Moon to bring each moneth with Poisons down.
 Nor need we mingle Herbs, or Charms, each one
Medea proves in her own blood alone.
 Yet the fair *Rose*, if all be true sh'as said,
 Each Woman has in that a Goddess made.
 From thence, she says, Life spins its Purple thred,
 And tells you how the half-form'd Embryo's fed.
 But if my dear *Apello* ben't unkind,
 Nor I in vain his sacred Temples bind,
 Such blood nor form, nor nourishment supplies,
 And so that triumphs in false Victories.
 The many reasons, here I need not tell
 Which me induce; this one will serve as well:
 Woman's the onely Animal we know,
 Whose veins with such immoderate courses flow.
 Yet every Beast produces young, we see,
 And outdoes Mankind in fertility.
 How many do small Mice at one time breed!
 Scorning the product of the *Trojan* Steed.
 With what a bulk does yon vast El'phant come!
 She seems to have a Castle in her womb.
 Thy circuits, *Luna*, Conies almost tell
 By kindling, near like thee their Bellies swell.
 And yet their young no bank of blood maintains,
 Or nourishment that flows from gaping veins,
 For when i'th' amorous war a couple vies,
 A living spark from the Males body flies,
 Which the wombs thirsty jaws, when they begin
 To feel and tast, immediately suck in:
 Into recesses which so turn and wind,
 That them Dissecters Eyes can hardly find.
 In the same Chambers part o'th' female Life
 Keeps; a brisk Virgin, fit to make a Wife.
 Them *Venus* joins, and with connubial Love
 In mingled flames they both begin to move.
 There redness caus'd by motion you may see,
 And blood, the sign of lost Virginity.
 Of their Invention, blood, they're mighty glad;
 And to Inventions easie 'tis to add.
 The smallest spark 'tis easie to augment
 If you can get it proper nutriment.
 You need not introduce new flames besides,
 Th' Elixir by this touch rich store provides.
 All fires, (provide them fuel) think it shame
 To yield to *Vesta's* never-dying flame.
 Thus the first generous drop of blood is bred,
 Which proudly scorns hereafter to be fed.

With

With the seeds native white at first 'tis fill'd,
 And takes delight with its own stock to build.
 But when that fails, then life grows burthensom,
 And aid it wisely borrows from the womb.
 Herself the stuff she borrows purifies,
 And of a roscie, scarlet colour dyes.
 From whom the wombs full paps with thirsty lips
 Into its veiny mouths it daily sips.
 Look, where a child's new born, how soon it goes
 And that food swallows, which of old it knows.
 Kindly it plays and smiles upon the breast,
 O'rjoy'd again to find its former feast.
 Shall Nature glut her tender young with blood?
 No; that can't be their Elemental food.
 That sure wou'd make them savage, were it so,
 And all mankind fierce Cannibals wou'd grow.
 I *Nero's* acts cou'd hardly then dispraise,
 Nor wou'd *Orestes* fury wonder raise.
 If Mothers bloud for wretched Infants first
 By Heav'n's design'd, to satisfie their thirst,
 Yet still that Fluxes cause we don't reveal,
 Which does so cautiously its spring conceal.
 A female brute whate'r her womb contains
 Cherishes; yet no Moon dissolves her veins.
 Some qual'ty then we for the cause must find
 Which is peculiar to the female kind.
 This is the onely thing, which I can tell,
 That Man in form and softness they excel.
 No Horse a Mare outdoes, nor Bull, a Cow;
 If through this *Iv*, through that *Jove* may low.
 The Lions savage are both he and she,
 And in their aspect equally agree.
 The she's no neater lick'd than rough he-Bears,
 Nor fitter to adorn the starry spheres.
 She-Tygers han't than males more spotted charms,
 And Sows are clean as Boars, whom Thunder arms.
 No painted Bird for want of Feathers scorns
 Her Mate, but Heav'n them both alike adorns.
 The Swans (who are so downy, soft and white)
Leda can scarce distinguish by the sight.
 In Fishes you no difference can see,
 Both in the glittering of their Scales agree.
Venus in them, arm'd by their naked sex,
 The darts of Beauty needed not t'annex.
 In them no killing eyes the conquest gain,
 Their smell alone their Triumphs can maintain.
 But humane Race in flames more bright are try'd,
 By Reason and resplendent Heat supply'd.
 Nor is Fruition their Original,
 (A paltry, short-liv'd joy) Oh! may they All
 Perish, who that alone true Pleasure call.

Kind

Kind Nature Beauty has on Maids bestow'd,
 And with a thousand Charms all o'r endow'd.
 Men she with golden fetters chose to bind,
 And with sweet force their roving Souls confin'd.
 Nor Women made for bestial delight,
 But with chaste pleasure too to rape the sight.
 Hence all that blood, which after pressings squeeze
 Out of the grosser Chyle, as dregs or lees,
 And that, which on the body and the chin
 With dusky clouds o'rcasts the hairy skin,
 From their fair bodies constantly she drains,
 And *Luna* her commission for't obtains.
 But if those slimy floods, by chance suppress'd,
 Excessive heats to nutriment digest,
 Manlike in time the Womens cheeks become,
 And they, poor * *Iphis*, undergo thy doom.
 So † *Phaëthusa*, once so smooth and fair,
 Wonder'd to feel her face o'rgrown with hair.
 Her Hand she often blam'd, and for a Glass,
 She call'd, to look how 'twas; but there, alas!
 A bearded Chin and Lips she found, and then,
 Blaming the Glass, felt with her hands agen.
 Long looking she her own strange visage fear'd,
 And started, when an unknown voice she heard.

* The Story
 of *Iphis*
 chang'd into
 a Boy on her
 wedding-
 day, see *Ovid*.
Mt. 9.

† *Hippocrates*,
 lib. *Epidem.*
 says that *Phae-*
thusa, Wife
 of *Pitheus* of
Abdera, ha-
 ving before been a fruitful Woman, upon the banishment of her Husband, and her Courtes stopping, she
 became hairy and had a Beard, and her Voice grew strong and hoarse, like that of a Man; the same he
 writes of *Nemisa* the Wife of *Gorippus*.

Thus and much more (but who can all relate)
Apollo's Laurel did expatiate.
 Hence to the Wonders of the teeming Bed
 The way it self their grave Discourses led.
 Then *Birth-wort*, *Juno's* plant, the Court commands
 To speak, who Women lends her Midwife hands.
 Willing enough to talk her stalk she rais'd,
 And her own Virtues very boldly prais'd.

BIRTHWORT.

Green Berries I, and Seed, and Flowers bear;
 And Patroness o'th' Womb's my Character.
 But deeper yet my great Perfection lies,
 For as my chiefest fruit my root I prize.
 This Nature did with the Wombs figure seal,
 Nor suffer'd me its Virtues to conceal.
 Thence am I call'd Earths Apple; such a one,
 As in th' *Hesperian* Gardens there are none.
 Had this (fair *Atalanta*!) then been thrown
 Before you, when you ran (I know you'll own

Now

Now you are married), 't has so sweet a face,
 You for this sooner wou'd ha' slack'd your pace,
 Than that, for which you lost your Maiden race.
 Hence in her own Embraces Mother Earth
 Retains and hugs it, where she gave it birth,
 Nor trusts dull Trees with things of so much worth.
 Easing all Births, 'tis I the wonder prove
 O'th' Earth our universal Parents love.
 That Poet was no fool, nor did he lye,
 Who said each Herb cou'd shew a Deity.
 Nor shou'd we *Egypt's* Piety despise,
 Which to green Gods paid daily Sacrifice.
Rome, why dost jeer? "They are in Gardens born,
 "And Vegetable Gods the Fields adorn.
 What's *Ceres* else, but Corn, and *Bacchus*, Vines?
 And every holy Plain with Godheads shines.
 And I * *Lucina* am; for I make way,
 And Lives streight folding-doors wide open lay.
 Oh! pardon, *Luna*! what I rashly spoke,
 That from my lips such impious words have broke.
 In me, in me, *Lucina*, you remain,
 And in disguise a Goddess I contain:
 For in my roots small circle you inclose
 Part of those Virtues, which your Wisdom knows.
 Triumphant Conquests over Death I make;
 Arms from my self, but Pow'r from thee I take.
 O'rseer o'th' ways the body's roads I clear,
 And streets, as I that Cities *Edile* were,
 Straight passages I widen, stops remove,
 And every obstacle down headlong shove.
 The Soul and her attendants nothing stays,
 But they may freely come and go their ways.
 I also dry each sink and fenny flood,
 Lest the swift Messengers shou'd stick i'th' mud.
 But to my stricter charge committed is
 The pleasant, sacred Way that leads to blifs.
 When dawning Life *Cimmerian* night wou'd leave,
 And its relation Days bright rays perceive,
 I keep Death off the Wombs straight passages,
 That them the watchful Foe can ne'r possess.
 You'd wonder (for great Nature when she shows,
 Her greatest wonders, nothing greater does)
 Which way the narrow womb, so void of pain,
 Such an unweildy weight cou'd e'r contain,
 How such a bulk, forc'd from its native place,
 Through such a narrow Avenue shou'd pass.
 When such cross motions teeming wombs attain
 First to dilate, then fold themselves again,
 What knots unties and solid bones divides,
 And what again unites the distant sides.

* *Luna* and
Lucina, both
 the same
 Goddess of
 Midwifry, &c.

But

But this I cannot do, nor all the Earth,
 Wherever pow'ful Plants receive their birth.
 'Tis true, both I and you, my Sisters, share
 In this great work, and humble Handmaids are;
 But God (you know) performs the chiefest part;
 This work is fit for the Almighty Art.
 He to the growing Embryo bids the womb
 Extend, and bids the Limbs for that make room.
 He parts the meeting Rocks, and with his hand
 They gently forth at open order stand.
 Mean time th' industrious Infant, loth to stay,
 Struggles and with his head wou'd make its way.
 Whilst the tormented, labouring Wretch wou'd fain
 Be eas'd both of her burthen and her pain.
 Them too my piercing heat both instigates,
 And the inclining quarters separates.
 Sometimes within his Mothers fatal Womb;
 Before he's born, the Infant finds his Tomb.
 Life from her native soil Deaths terrors chase,
 Who fertile is herself in such a place.
 Th' included carcass breaths forth dire perfumes,
 And its own Grave the buried Corps consumes.
 Strange! the preposterous Child's his Mothers death;
 And dead deprives his living Tomb of breath.
 From that sad fate, ye Gods, chaste Women guard;
 And let it be Adulteries reward.
 As far as in me lies, I save the tree,
 And take the rotten away with me.
 The goods to drown, 'tis the best way I think,
 Left in a storm the Ship and all shou'd sink.
 Rash Infants often make escapes; unbind
 Their cords and leave their luggage all behind.
 Their thicker coats and thinner shirts they leave,
 And that sweet Cake where they their food receive.
 Lucina twice poor Women then implore
 Their throws return although the Birth be o'r.
 Here to the Womb again my aid I lend,
 And hard as well as noisom work attend.
 What I to cleanse the passage undergo,
 You wot not, but, let no man, pray you, know.
 For if he do, 'twill Cupid's power impair,
 Nor will he such an awe o'r mortals bear.
 But though in me a secret Virtue lie
 Of pulling Darts from deepest Wounds, yet I
 Thy pleasant Darts, kind Cupid never strove
 To draw; That me no friend to th' womb wou'd prove.
 In me one Virtue I my self admire
 (Ah! who can know themselves as they desire.)
 For 'tis a Riddle; wherefore I wou'd know
 How I so oft have done the thing I do.

It draws
 Splinters,
 Scales of
 bones, &c.
 Ferusl.

For

For though I live to humane Creatures give,
Yet if he eats of me, no Fish can live.
As soon as me they taste, away they fly
Under the water and in silence die.
What may the cause of this strange quarrel be?
I know them not, nor have they injur'd me.
No Animals, than these more fruitful prove,
When yet I hate, though fruitfulness I love.
Th' Effect is plain and easie to be found,
But deep the Cause lies rooted under-ground.

The MASTICK-TREE.

Then *Chian Mastick* thus began; said she,
This sutes not with this opportunity.
To Fishes (Sister) do whate'r you please,
Depopulate and poison all the Seas.
This let that Herb beware, who back again
Made *Glaucus* fishes bounce into the Main.
Which with new forms the watery World supplies,
And changes Men into Sea-Deities.
But these are trifles; since curst *Savin* here
Dares in a throng of pious Plants appear.
She, who the Altars of the Womb prophanes,
And deep in bloud that living Temple stains.
Impatient to be wicked she destroys
The naked hopes of thousand future Boys.
'Tis one of Wars extream and greatest harms,
To snatch an Infant from his Mothers Arms.
But here the Womb (oh strange!) close shut and barr'd,
The Mothers very bowels are no guard.
Whilst Poisons onely in a civil rage,
And lingring Ills the Step-dames hands engage.
Oh! simple *Colchis*, rude and ignorant,
Who the new Arts of wickedness dost want!
Medea, *Savin* knows a better way
Than thy *Medea* Children to destroy.
Thou, *Progne*! know'st not how revenge to take,
Let *Irys* live; thy stay amends will make.
Lie with thy Husband, though against thy will,
Let thy swell'd Womb with hopes fierce *Terens* fill.
When you are ripe for hate, let *Savin* come,
And dress the fatal Banquet in your Womb.
The reeking bits let thy curst Husband take,
And meat of thine and his own bowels make.
Abortion, caus'd for spite's a generous crime,
Th' effect of pleasure at the present time.
Officious *Savin* is at the Expence
Of so much Wit and so much Diligence;

Concerning
Glaucus his
Fishes, see
Ovid, *Met.*
lib. 13. f. 4.
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To make the lewdest Whore most chaste appear,
 That of her crimes, no token she may wear.
 To make her lechery frugal, and provide
 That thy apartment, Lust, ben't made too wide.
 The wrinkles from her belly to remove,
 Which with disgrace, may her a Mother prove.
 If Men shou'd all conspire with such a Plant,
 The whole World soon Inhabitants wou'd want,
 You then the Brutes alone in vain wou'd see,
 And no employment for your Art wou'd be.
 But you, who scatch the rapid, wheeling Days,
 And Fate beguile with Art and sweet delays;
 You, verdant Constellations here below,
 To whom their birth and fate all Mortals owe;
 Do you take care this tree-like Hag to burn,
 Who makes the Womb the Infants living Urn.
 Let Natures mortal Foe receive her doom,
 And with moist Laurel purge the tainted room.
 Or let her live in *Crete*, her native home,
 And with her Virtues purge *Pasiphaë's* womb.
 There two miscarriages she might ha' made
 At once; Oh! prize, now never to be had!
 But I suppose she never wou'd ha' torn,
 Or kept that hopeful Monster from being born;
 For seven Boys, whose death to her was dear,
 That Half-man was to swallow 'ry year.
 Hast, *Savin*! home to *Crete*; we won't complain,
 Though *Dittiny* too with Thee return again.
 At this they were divided; and the sound
 Of various murmurs flew the Court around.
 Whilst sharp'ned leaves did *Savin's* anger show,
 As when a Lion bristles at his Foe.
 Those three degrees of heat which she before
 From Nature had, her anger now made four.

S A V I N.

THou, wretched Shrub (in passionate tones) said she,
 Dost thou pretend to be my Enemy?
 Dost thou a Plant, which through the world is known,
 Disparage? all mankind my Virtues own.
 Whilst thou for hollow Teeth a Med'cine art,
 And scarcely bear'st in Barbers shops a part.
 Go, hang thy Tables up, to shew thy Vows,
 And with thy Trophies load thy bending bows.
 Among the Monuments of thy Chivalry
 The greatest, some old, rotten Tooth will be.
 What? cause thy Tear stops weeping rheum, and lays
 A Damm, which currents of defluxions stay,

Dost

Mastick is
 good for the
 Tooth-ach.

Dost think thy force can keep the Womb so tight,
 As to restrain Conceptions liquid flight?
 No sure; but thou by Cheats a Name hast sought,
 And woud'st, though vile thou art, too dear be bought.
 By false pretences you on Fame impose,
 But I the truth of what I am disclose.
 Children, I own, I from the Belly wrest;
 Go now, of my confession make your best.
 I own, I say; nor canst thou for thy heart,
 (Though thou more tender than the Mother wert,) }
 Prevent me with thy tears or all thy Art.
 Thee let the pregnant Mother eat, and fence
 With thee her womb; with Pitch and Frankincense;
 A Loadstone too about her let her bear;
 (That I suppose, does thy great Virtues wear.)
 For that, we know, fix'd to their native place
 Retains the Iron-seeds of humane Race.
 Let Emeralds and Coral her adorn,
 And many Jaspers, on her Fingers worn;
 With Diamonds and Pearl, Child of a shell
 Whose fish herself and that secures so well.
 But above all let her the Eagles stone
 Carry, and two of them, not onely one.
 For nothing strengthens Nature more, than that;
 Nothing the Womb does more corroborate.
 Let her do all, yet all shall prove in vain,
 If once access to her my juices gain.
 I own it; nor will I ungrateful be
 To bounteous Nature, lest I anger thee, }
 Though thou hast done thy worst to anger me.
 'Tis Natures gift, whose wisdom I esteem
 Much more than thine, though thou a *Cato* seem.
 Into the Womb by stealth I never creep,
 Nor force my self on Women, whilst they sleep.
 Pd rather far, untouch'd, uncropt, be seen
 In Gardens always growing, fresh and green.
 I'm gather'd, pounded, and th' untimely blow
 Must give, which I my self first undergo.
 You justly blame *Medea*, but, for shame,
 The guiltless knife, she cut with, do not blame.
 The listening Trees will think thee drunk with Wine,
 If thou of drunkenness accuse the Vine.
 Nor this bare Pow'r do I to Heaven owe,
 Which greater Virtues did on me bestow.
 For I the Courses and the After-birth,
 With the dead Members deadly weight bring forth.
 Poor Infants from their native Goal I free,
 And with astonish'd Eyes the Sun they see.
 But nothing can they find, worth so much pain;
 And wou'd return into the dark again.

Sennertus and
 other Phy-
 sicians recom-
 mend these
 Stones to be
 held in the
 hand, or o-
 therwise ap-
 plied to those
 who fear
 Abortion.

They with my fatal draught had come before,
 Ere the great work of life was yet quite o'r.
 That which you call a Crime, I own to be,
 But you must lay't on Men and not on me.
 Ah! what at first wou'd tender Infants give
 (When newly form'd they scarce begin to live)
 For this, if possibly they cou'd but know,
 Through what a passage they must after go?
 Ah! why did Heav'n (with reverence let me say)
 Into this World make such a narrow way?
 You'd think the Child, by's pains to Heav'n shou'd go,
 Whilst he through pain's born to a world of woe.
 Through deadly strugglings he receives his breath,
 And pangs, i'th' birth resemble those of Death.
 Mothers, the name of Mothers dearly buy,
 And purchase pleasure at a rate too high.
 But thou, Child-bearing Woman, who no ease
 Canst find, (tormented with a dear Disease)
 Whose tortur'd bowels that sweet Viper gnaws,
 (That living burthen, of thy Rack the cause)
 Take but my leaves with speed, their Virtue try
 (In them, believe me, sovereign juices lie.)
 Thy barriers they by force soon open lay,
 And out o'th' world, 'tis scarce a wider way.
 The Infant, ripe, drops from the bows, and cries
 The whilst his half-dead Mother silent lies;
 But hearing him she soon forgets her pain,
 And thinks to do that pleasant trick again.
 But thou, on whom the silver Moons moist rays
 (For the wombs night its Lady Moon obeys)
 No influence have, I charge thee, do not take
 My leaves, but hast, though loaded, from 'em make.
 Down from the Trees by my force shaken, all
 The fruits though ne'r so green and sour, fall.
 (This I foretel you, lest, when you're aggriev'd,
 You then shou'd say, by me you were deceiv'd.)
 For innocent Girls sin sore against their will,
 None ever wish'd her womb a Child might fill:
 Yet if I were not in the world, they wou'd
 Incline to do the fact, but never cou'd.
 But many other Plants the same can do,
 Wherefore if banishment you think my due,
 Companions in it I shall have, I know,
 And into *Creet* a troop of us shall go,
 Thou, *Myrrh*! for one shalt go, who heretofore
 For lewdness punish'd now deserv'st the more.
 But thou, though lewd didst not prevent the birth,
 Though 'twas a Crime to bring the Infant forth.
 And *All-heal* too, who Death affrights, must pack,
 With *Galbanum* and *Gum-Ammoniack*.

Plants that
 procure
 Abortion.

They

And

And *Benzoin* to *Cyrenians* never sold,
 Unless they brought the sweeter smell of Gold.
Ground-pine and *Saffron* too will Exiles prove,
Saffron, once *Crocus*, yellow dy'd by Love.
Madder, and *Colloquintida* with me,
 And *Dragon* too the *Cretan* shore must see.
 And *Sowbread* too, whose secret darts are found
 Child-bearing Women distantly to wound.
 And *Rue*, as noble a Plant as any's here,
 Physick to other things, is Poison there.
 What shou'd I name the rest? We make a throng,
 Thou *Birthwort* too with us must troop along.
 Nor must you, President, behind us stay,
 Rise then and into Exile come away.
 She ended, with great favour and applause;
 And there's no doubt but she obtain'd her cause.
 The *Mugwort* next began, whose awful Face
 Check'd all their stirs, and silence fill'd the place.

MUGWORT [the President.]

IF the green Nation, Sister, banish Thee,
 I'll go along and bear thee Company.
 If we for Womens faults must bear disgrace,
 We, the * *Echolics*, are a wretched Race.
 On her head let it (if a Woman shall
 To her own bowels prove inhumane) fall;
 Not part of Deaths sad penalties, but all.
 Why are we sent for at untimely hours?
 That Day, when lucky † *Juno* comes, is ours.
 She's wicked and deserves the worst of fates,
 Who to ill ends that time anticipates.
 For the admitted juice knows no delay,
 But torpid as it is will force its way.
 Nor is it hard a Fabrick to confound
 Ill-fix'd within it self or to the ground.
 A Ship, well tackled, which the winds may scorn,
 Ill rigg'd away by ev'ry gust is born.
 The Elements of Life what can't o'rthrow?
 No wonder; Life it self's an empty show.
 Sometimes it smells a Candles snuff and dies;
 The weaker fume before the stronger flies.
 Let *Cesar* round the Globe with's Eagles fly,
 And grieve with *Jove* to share Equality.
 Yet what a trifle might ha' been his death,
 Preventing all his Triumphs with his breath.
 One farthing Candle by its dying flame
 Wou'd have depriv'd the world of his great Name;

* *Echolics*,
 i.e. such Medi-
 cines as bring
 away dead
 Children, or
 cause abor-
 tion.

† The God-
 dess of Child-
 bearing.

The smell of
 a Candles
 Snuff, 'tis
 said, will
 make Women
 miscarry.

Nor

Nor had we had such numerous supplies
 Of mighty Lords and new-found Deities.
 Thou, *Alexander*, too might'st so ha' dy'd,
 (How well the world that smell had gratifi'd.)
 Thou, who, a petty King o'th' Universe,
 Thought'st with thy self alone thou didst converse.
 Yea the same chance might have remov'd from us,
 Both Thee, *Jove's* Son, and thy *Bucephalus*.
 And if thy Groom his Candle out had slept,
Bucephala he from being built had kept.
 So slight a sink you'd scarce think this could do,
 Unless the niceness of the womb I knew:
 How shie it is of an ungrateful smell
 You, by its secret coyness, know full well.
 (But that's no prudence in it: since that place
 For pleasure no good situation has)
 But greedily sweet things it meets half-way,
 And into its own bosom does convey.
 The secret cause of which effect to find
 Is hard; not have the Learned it assign'd.
 Let's see if any thing farther we can say;
 The Night grows late, and now 'tis toward Day.
 Wherefore a thousand wonders that remain
 Concerning Childbirth, us may entertain
 I'th' next Assembly, when we meet again.
 You, *Myrrh*! who from a Line of Monarchs came,
 The glory of their angry * Fathers name;
 Sacred and grateful to the Gods; again
 A Virgin, and shalt always so remain;
 You know the secrets of the female kind,
 And what you know, I hope, can call to mind.
 Then surely you the nature of a smell
 Among rich Odours born must clearly tell.
 Besides, when formerly their Reason strove
 Weak as it was, to cope with conquering Love;
 You in the middle of the fight wou'd fall,
 They say, and lie in * fits Hysterical.
 Come then, let's hear, what you at last can say?
 Speak, modest *Myrrh*! why do you so delay?
 Why do the tears run down thy bark so fast?
 Thou need'st not blush for faults so long time past.
 Ah! happy faults, that can such tears produce,
 Which to the World are of such Sovereign use.
 No Woman e'r deserv'd before this time
 So much for Virtue, as thou for a Crime.

The Stink of
 the Snuff of a
 Candle, is said
 also to cause
 Abortion in
 Mares.

* *Cynara*,
 King of
 Cyprus. See
 the Story of
 his Daughter
Myrrha, *Ovid*,
Mit.

* i. e. Fits of
 the Mother.

to smell
 of
 the
 World
 of
 Virtue

MYRRH.

MYRRH.

AT last when *Myrrh* had wip'd her od'rous tears,
Putting aside her leaves, her Face and Head she rears.
Then she began, but blush'd, and stopp'd anon,
Nor cou'd she be entreated to go on.
So a dry Pump at first will hardly go,
From whence a River by and by will flow.
'Tis known, the female Tribe, of all that live,
Above the rest is far more talkative.
And that a Plant, who was a Maid before,
Speaks faster much than all the rest and more.
Her story therefore gently she begins,
And with her Art upon the Audience wins.
Her Wars with unchast Love she reckon'd o'er;
For fear of doing ill, what ills she bore:
She told, how oft her breast her hands had try'd,
To stab, whilst chaste fair *Myrrha* might ha' dy'd;
How long and oft unequally with Love,
Who even Goddesses subdu'd, she strove.
And many things besides, which I'll not name,
Since *Ovid* with more wit has said the same.
Then of the Wombs intolerable pains
(Sh' ad felt them) sadly she, 'tis said, complains.
Had I an hundred fluent Womens Tongues,
Or made of sturdy Oak, a pair of Lungs,
The kinds and forms, and names of cruel fate,
And monstrous shapes I hardly cou'd relate.
What meant the Gods, Life's native Seat to fill
With such a numerous Host, so arm'd to kill?
What is it, Pleasure! guards Man's happiness,
If thy chief City, Pain, thy Foe, possels.
But me my Laurel told; then most she rail'd,
When the sad Fits o'th' Mother she bewail'd.
Woe to the bodies wretched Town (said she)
When the wombs Fort contains the Enemy!
Thence baneful vapours ev'ry way they throw,
Which rout the conquer'd Soul where e'r they go.
The troops of flying Spirits they destroy,
As stench from *Avernus* Birds annoy.
If they the Stomach seize, the Appetite's gone,
And tasks design'd for veins lie by half done.
No Meats it now endures, much less requires,
And the crude Kitchen cools for want of fires.
If they the Heart invade, that's walls they shake,
And in the vital work confusion make;
New waves they thither bring, but those the vein,
Which *Vena Cava's* call'd, bears back again.

* A noisom
Lake, over
which if Birds
flew, they
were often
choked with
the stench
of it.

The

The Arteries by weak pulsings notify,
 Or else by none, the Soul's then passing by.
 By that black Cloud all joy's extinguish'd quite,
 And hopes, that make the mind look gay and bright.
 So when grim, *Stygian* shades, they say, appear,
 The Candles tremble and go out for fear.
 Grief, fear, and hatred of the light invade
 Their Heart, the Soul a Scene of trouble's made.
 Then straight the jaws themselves the torturing Ill
 With deadly, strangling vapours strives to fill.
 T' *Aethereal* Air it never shews desire,
 But *Salamander*-like lives all on fire:
 Sometimes these restless Plagues the Head too seize,
 And rifle all the Souls rich Palaces.
 In barbarous triumph led, then Reason stands,
 Hoodwink'd and manacled her eyes and hands.
 For the poor wretch a merry madness takes,
 And her sad sides with doleful laughter shakes.
 Her Dreams (in vain awake) she tells, and those,
 If no body admire, amaz'd she shows.
 She fears, or threatens ev'ry thing she spies;
 A piteous, she, and dreadful Object, lies.
 One seems to rave, and from her sparkling Eyes
 Fierce fire darts forth; another throbs and cries.
 Some Deaths exactest Image seizes, so
 That sleep compar'd to that like Life wou'd show.
 A solid dulness all the senses keeps
 Lock'd up; no Soul of Trees more soundly sleeps.
 Her breath, if any from her nostrils go,
 The Down from *Poppy* tops wou'd hardly blow.
 If you one dead with her compar'd, you'd say,
 Two dead ones there, or two *Hysterick* lay.
 But then 'tis strange, and yet we must believe
 What we from long experience receive)
 Under her Nose strong-smelling Odours lay,
 The other vapours these will chase away.
 Burn Partridge feathers, hair of Man or Beast,
 Horns, leather, warts, that Horses legs molest;
 All these are good; but what strange accident
 First found them out, or cou'd such Cures invent?
 Burn Oil, that Nature from hard Rocks distills,
 And Sulphur, which all things with Odours fills.
 To which the stinking Assa you may add,
 And Oil which from the Beavers stones is had.
 Through Pores, Nerves, Arteries, and all they go,
 And throng t' invade the labouring Womb below.
 But that each Avenue, which upward lies,
 With mounds and strong-built Rampires fortifies.
 Then being contracted to a narrower place
 (For force decays spread in too wide a space)

No

No humours foul or vapours there must stay,
 But out it purges them the lower way.
 On Foreign parts now no assaults she makes,
 But care of her domestick safety takes.
Carthage to *Hannibal* now sends no supply,
 To break the force of distant *Italy*,
 When from their walls with horror they descry
 The threatening *Roman* Darts and Eagles fly.
 This for the Nose; the Womb then you must please
 With such sweet Odours as the Gods appease.
 With *Cinnamon*, and *Goat-bread*, *Ladanum*,
 With healing Balm and my oily Gum.
 Civet, and Musk, and Amber too apply,
 (Scarce yet well known to humane industry)
 With all that my rich, native Soil supplies,
 Such fumes as from the *Phoenix* Nest arise.
 Nor fear from Gods to take their *Frankincense*,
 In such a pious case, 'tis no offence.
 Then shalt thou see the limbs faint motions make,
 A certain sign, that now the Soul's awake.
 Then will the Guts with an unusual noise,
 The Enemy o'rthrown, seem to rejoice.
 Bloud will below the secret passage stain,
 And Arteries recruited beat again.
 Oft, glad to see the light, themselves the Eyes
 Lift up; the Face returning purple dies;
 One jaw from t' other with a groan retires,
 And the Disease it self, like Life, expires.
 Tell me, sweet Odours, tell me, what have you
 With parts so distant from the Nose to do?
 Or what have you, ill smells, so near the Nose
 To do, since that and you are mortal Foes?
 And why dost thou, abominable stench!
 Upon remote Dominions so intrench?
 Say, by what secret force you sling your Darts,
 Whom from your Bow, the Nose, such distance parts.
 For some believe, that to the brain alone
 They fly, through ways, which in the head are known;
 And that the Brain to the related Womb
 Sends (good and bad) all smells, that to it come.
 The Womb too oft rejoices for That's sake,
 And when That's griev'd, does all its griefs partake.
 The Womb's *Orestes*, *Pylades* the Brain,
 And what to one, to th' other is a pain.
 I don't deny the native Sympathy,
 And like respects, in which these parts agree.
 Each its conception has, and each its birth,
 And both their Off-springs like the Sire, come forth,
 Still to produce both have a constant vein,
 And their streight bosoms mighty things contain.

H

Much

Much I omit in both; but know, that This
 O'th' Body, That o'th' Soul the Matrix is.
 But th' womb has this one proper faculty,
 Its actions oft from Head and Nose are free.
 Oft when it strives to break its bonds in vain
 (And often nought its fury can contain)
 A sweet Perfume apply'd (unknown to th' Nose)
 Does with a grateful glew its body close.
 But when oppress'd with weight the womb falls down
 (As sometimes it, when weak, does with its own)
 With dreadful weapons arm'd a noisom smell
 Meets it, and upward quickly does repel.
 So when th' *Helvetians* their own Land forsook,
 (People which in their Neighbours terrour strook)
 A stronger Foe, their wandering to restrain,
 To their old quarters beat 'em back again.
 Here different reasons different Authors show,
 But none worth speaking of, I'm sure, you know.
 What can I add? You, Learned President, please
 To bid me speak; the case says, hold your peace.
 Yet you I must obey; Heav'n is so kind
 To let us seek that truth we cannot find.
 This truth must be i'th' wells dark bottom sought,
 Pardon me, if I make an heavy draught.
 You see the wondrous Wars and Leagues of Things,
 From whence the worlds harmonious consort springs.
 This he that thinks from th' Elements may be had,
 Is a grave Sor, and studiously mad.
 Here many causes branch themselves around,
 But to 'em all one onely Root is found.
 For those, which mortals the four Elements call,
 In the worlds fabrick are not first of all.
 Treasures in them wise Nature laid, as store,
 Ready at hand, of things that were before.
 Whence she might Principles draw for her use,
 And mixtures new eternally produce.
 Infinite seeds in those small bodies lie
 To us, but numbred by the Deity.
 Nor is the heat to Fire more natural,
 Nor coldness more to Waters share does fall,
 Than either bitter, sweet, or white or black,
 Or any smells, that Noses e'r attack.
 Our purging or astringent quality
 Have proper points of matter, where they lie.
 With *Earth, Air, Water, Fire*, Heav'n all things bore,
 Why do I faintly speak? They were before.
 For what *Earth, Air, Fire, Water* now we call,
 Are Compounds from the first Original.
 For—— But a sudden fright her senses shock'd,
 And stopt her speech; she heard the gate unlock'd.

And

And *Rue* from far the *Gardener* saw come in,
Trembling, as she an *Aspen-leaf* had been.
(For *Rue*, a sovereign Plant to purge the Eyes
Remotest Objects easily descries)
She softly whisper'd, Hence make hast away;
Here's * *Robert* come, make hast, why do we stay?
Day was not broken, but 'twas almost light
And *Luna* swiftly rowl'd the wheeling Night;
Nor was the Fellow us'd so soon to rise,
But him a sudden chance did then surprize.
His Wife in pangs of Child-bed loudly roar'd,
And gentle *Juno's* present aid implor'd.
But he who plants that in his Garden grew,
Than forty *Juno's*, of more value knew,
Came thither *Sowbread* all in hast to gather,
That he with greater ease might prove a Father.
Soon as they saw the Man, straight up they got,
With gentle hast and stood upon the spot.
When briefly *Mugwort*; I this Court adjourn;
What we have left we'll do at our return.
Without tumultuous noise away they fled,
And every Plant crept to her proper Bed.

* The name
of the Gar-
dener of the
Physick-Gar-
den in Oxford.

The End of the Second Book.

H 2

BOOK III.

O F
P L A N T S.

B O O K III.

F L O R A.

NOW Muse, if ever, now look brisk and gay,
The Spring's at hand; blithe looks like that display.
Use all the Schemes and colours now of Speech,
Use all the Flow'rs that Poetry enrich,
Its Glories all, its blooming Beauties bring,
As may resemble the returning Spring.
Let the same Musick through thy Verse resound
As in the Woods and shady Groves is found.
Let every line such fragrant praise exhale
As rises up from some sweet-smelling Vale.
Let Lights and Shades, as in the Woods appear,
And shew in painted Verse the season of the Year.
Come then away, for the first welcome Morn
Of the spruce Moneth of *May* begins to dawn.
This Day; so tells the Poets sacred Page;
Bright *Chloris* did in Nuptial bands engage,
This very day the knot was tied; and thence
The lovely Maid a Goddess did commence.
The signs of joy did everywhere appear,
On Earth, in Heaven, throughout the Sea and Air;
No wandring Cloud was seen in all the Sky,
And if there were, 'twas of a curious dye.
The Air serene, not an ungentle blast
Ruffled the waters with its rude embrace,
The wind that was, breath'd Odours all around,
And only fann'd the streams, and only kiss'd the ground.
Of unknown Flow'rs now such a numerous birth
Appear'd, as e'en astonish'd Mother Earth.
The Lily grew 'midst barren Heath and Sedg,
And the Rose blush'd on each unprickly hedg.

The

The purple *Violet* and the *Daffadil*
 The places now of angry *Nettles* fill.
 This great and joyful Day, on which she knew
 What 'twas to be a Wife and Goddess too,
 The grateful *Flora* yearly did express
 In shews, Religious Pomp and gaudiness,
 Long as she thriv'd in *Rome*, and reign'd among
 The other Gods, a vast and numerous throng;
 But when the sacred Tribe was forc'd from *Rome*,
 Among the rest an Exile she became,
 Strip'd of her Plays, and of her Fane bereft,
 Nought of the grandeur of a Goddess left.
 Since then, no more ador'd on Earth by Men,
 But forc'd o'er Flowers to preside and reign,
 The best she can, she still keeps up the Day;
 Not as of old, when blest'd with store she lay,
 When with a lavish hand her bounties flew,
 She ha't the heart, and means to do it now,
 But in a way fitting her humble state
 She always did, and still does celebrate.
 And now that she the better may attend
 The flowry Empire under her command,
 To all the World at times she does resort,
 Now in this part, now that she keeps her Court.
 And so the Seasons of the year require,
 For here 'tis Spring, perhaps 'tis *Autumn* there.
 With ease she flies to the remotest shores,
 And visits in the way a world of Flow'rs.
 In *Zephyr's* painted Car she cuts the Air,
 Pleas'd with the way, her Spouse the Charioteer.
 It was the year, (thrice blest that beauteous year,)
 Which mighty *Charles's* sacred Name did bear.
 A golden year the Heavens brought about
 In high procession with a joyful shout,
 A year that barr'd up *Janus* brazen Gates,
 That brought home peace and lay'd our monstrous heats;
 A greater gift, blest'd *Albion*, thou didst gain,
 It brought home God-like *Charles*, and all his peaceful
 Compos'd our Chaos; cover'd o'r the scars, (train;
 And clos'd the bleeding wounds of twenty years;
 Nor felt the Gown alone the fruits of peace,
 But Gardens, Woods, and all the flowry race;
 This year to every thing fresh honours brought,
 Nor 'midst these were the learned Arts forgot.
 Poor exil'd *Flora* with the *Sylvan* Gods
 Came back again to their old lov'd abodes;
 I saw her (through a Glâs my Muse vouchsaf'd)
 Plac'd on the painted Bow securely waft,
 Triumphantly she rode, and made her course
 Towards fair *Albion's* long forsaken Shores.

That

That she our Goddess was, to me was plain
 From the gay various colours of her train.
 She light, renowned *Thames*, upon thy shore,
 Long time belov'd, and known to her before;
 'Twas here the Goddess an Appointment set
 For all the Flow'rs; accordingly they met;
 Those that are parch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
 Or those which a more temperate Clime does hold,
 Those drunk with dew, the Sun just rising sees,
 Or those, when setting, with a face like his,
 All sorts that *East* and *West* can boast, were there,
 But not such Flow'rs as you see growing here,
 Poor mortal Flow'rs, obnoxious still to harms,
 Which quickly die out of their mothers arms;
 But those that *Plato* saw, *Ideas* nam'd,
 Daughters of *Jove*, for heavenly extract fam'd.
 Æthereal Plants! what Glories they disclose,
 What excellence the first Celestial Rose;
 What blush, what smell! and yet on many scores,
 The Learned say, it much resembles ours;
 Onely 'tis ever fresh, with long life bless'd,
 Not in your fading mortal colours dress'd.
 This Rose, the Image of the heavenly mind,
 The other growing on our Earth, we find;
 Which is the Image of that Image, then
 No wonder it appears less fresh and fine,
 These Heaven-born species of the flowry race
 Assembled all, the Wedding-Morn to grace.

Phæbus, do thou the Pencil take, the same
 With which thou gildst the worlds great chequer'd frame.
 Lights Pencil take; try if thou canst display
 The various Scenes of this resplendent Day.
 And yet I doubt thy skill, though all must bow
 To thee as God of Plants and Poets too;
 I'm sure 'tis much too hard a task for me,
 Yet some I'll touch, in passing, like the Bee.
 Where the whole Garden can't be had, we know,
 A Nosegay may; and that if sweet, will do.

Now when a part of this triumphant Day
 In sacred pompous Rites had pass'd away,
 Rites, which no mortal Tongue can duly tell,
 And which perhaps 'ts not lawful to reveal,
 At length the sporting Goddess thought it best
 (Though sure the humour went beyond a Jest)
 A pleasant sort of Trial to propose,
 And from among the Plants a Queen to chuse,
 Which shou'd preside over the flowry Race,
 Be a Vice-Goddess and supply her place.
 Each Plant was to appear, and make its plea,
 To see which best deserv'd the Dignity.

The

The Scene Arch'd o'r with wreathing branches stood,
 Which like a little hollow Temple show'd,
 The Shrubs and Branches, darting from aloof
 Their pretty fragrant shades, compos'd the roof;
 Red and white *Jasmine*, with the Myrtle Tree
 The favourite of the *Cyprian* Deity,
 The golden Apple-tree with silver bud,
 Both sorts of Pipe-tree, with the Sea-dew stood;
 There was the twining *Woodbind* to be seen,
 And yellow *Hather*, *Roses* mixt between.
 Each Plant its Notes and known distinctions brought
 With various Art the gaudy Scene was wrought;
 Just in the Nave of this new-modell'd Fane,
 A Throne the judging Goddess did sustain,
 Rob'd in a thousand several sorts of leaves,
 And all the colours which the Garden gives,
 Which join'd together trim, in wondrous wise,
 With their deluding Figures mock'd your Eyes.
 A noble checquer'd work; which real seems,
 And firmly set with glistring Stones and Gems;
 It real seem'd; though Gods such bodies wear
 For weight, as Flow'rs upon their down may bear;
 The Goddess seated in Majestick wise
 With all the pride the wealthy Spring supplies,
 Had *Ariadne's* Crown; and such a vest
 With which the Rainbow on bright days is drest;
 Before her Throne did the officious band
 Of Hours, Days, Months in goodly order stand.
 The Hours upon soft painted wings were born,
 Painted; but swift alas! and quickly gone;
 The Days with nimble feet advanc'd apace;
 And then the Months, each with a different face,
 On *Cynthia's* Orb they tend with constant care,
 In Monthly Courses whirling round her Sphere.
 First *Spring*, a Rosy-colour'd Youngster, stood
 With looks enough to bribe a judging God.
Summer appear'd, rob'd in a yellow Gown,
 Full Ears of ripen'd Corn compos'd her Crown;
 Then *Autumn* proud of rich *Pomona's* store,
 And *Bacchus* too treading the blushing floor;
 Poor half-starv'd *Winter* shivering in the Rear,
 The Stoical and sullen part o'th' year.
 Yet not by Step-dame Nature wholly left
 Of every grace is Winter-time bereft.
 Some Friends it has in this afflicted state,
 Some Plants that Faith and Duty don't forget;
 Some Plants the Winter season does supply
 Born purely for delight and luxury;
 Which brave the frost and cold, and merit claim,
 Though few indeed, and of a lower frame.

The

The New-Year did him this peculiar grace,
 And *Janus* favouring with his double face,
 That he shou'd first be heard; and have the power
 To draw forth all his poor and slender store.
 Winter obeys; and ranks 'em, best he can,
 More trusting to the worth than number of his Men.
 Just in the front of Winter's scanty band
 Two lofty Plants, or flowry Giants stand,
Spurge-Olive one, 'tother a kind of *Bay*,
 Both high, and largely spreading every way,
 But did they in a milder season sprout,
 Whether they e'er wou'd pass for Flow'rs, I doubt,
 But now they do; and such their looks and smell
 The place they hold, they seem to merit well.
 Next *Woolfs-bane*, us'd in Step dames poisoning trade,
 Born of the foam of *Pluto's* Porter, said,
 A baneful Plant, springing in craggy ground,
 Thence its hard name, itself much harder sound;
 Briskly its gilded Crest it does display,
 And boldly stares i'th' face the God of Day,
 Which *Cerberus* its Sire durst ne'r assay,
 The Plant, call'd *Snow-drops*, next in course appear'd,
 But trembling, by its frightful Neighbour scar'd,
 Yet clad in white her self, like fleecy Snow,
 Near her bad Neighbour, finer she does show.
 The noble *Liver-wort* does next appear,
 Without a speck, like the unclouded Air;
 A Plant of noble use and endless fame,
 The Liver's great Preserver, thence its Name;
 The humble Plant conscious of inbred worth
 In Winters hardest frost and cold, shoots forth.
 Let other Plants, said she, for seasons wait,
 For Summer gales, or the Suns kindly heat,
 She scorns delay; naked, without a Coat,
 As 'twere in haste, the noble Plant comes out.
 Next the blew *Primrose*, which in Winter blows,
 But wears the Spring both in its name and cloaths;
 The *Saffron* then, and tardy *Celandine*,
 To these our *Lady's-Seal*, and *Sows-bread* join.
 But these appearing out of season, were
 Bid to their homes and proper tribes repair.
 There now remain'd of Winters genuine store
 And off-spring, *Bears-foot* or the Christmas Flow'r,
 The pride of Winter, which in frost can live,
 And now alone for Empire dar'd to strive.
 On its black stalk it rear'd it self, and then
 With pale but fearless face to plead began.

These Plants
 by Art some-
 times are
 made to
 flower in
 Winter.

This flower's
 in December.

Bears-foot

Helleborus Niger, or Christmas Flower.

I Mean not now my Beauty to oppose
 To that of Lilies, or the blushing Rose,
 Old *Prætus* Daughters me from that do scare,
 Who once with *Juno* durst their face compare,
 Mad with Conceit, each thought her self a Cow;
 Just judgment! teaching all themselves to know;
 My noble Plant banish'd this wild caprice,
 And gave 'em back their human voice and speech.
Melampus by my aid soon brought relief,
 And for the cure had one of 'em to Wife.
 And none will charge me with that madness, sure.
 Or the same folly I pretend to cure.
 The Goddesses above a Beauty claim
 Lasting and firm as their immortal frame,
 Which time can't furrow, or Diseases wrong,
 To be immortal is, to be for ever young.
 In Flow'rs or Girls Beauty's a transient thing;
 Expect as well the whole year will be Spring.
 Ye flowry Race, that open to the Sky,
 And there have seen a Cloud of curious Dye,
 The gaudy Phantome now with pride appears,
 Look up again, 'tis strait dissolv'd in tears;
 Such is the short-liv'd glory Flowers have,
 Bending, they point still tow'rd's their womb and grave.
 The wind and rain aim at their tender Head,
 Besides the Stars their baneful influence shed;
 Like the fam'd *Semele*, they die away
 In the embraces of the God of Day.
 Expos'd to Air, to Heat an open prey,
 Colds through their tender fibres force their way:
 The Swallow or the Nightingale abhors
 Not Winter more, than do th' whole race of Flow'rs.
 If among these a Flow'r you can descry
 (Fitter to be transplanted to the Sky)
 Which is so hardy, as to stand the threat
 Of storms and tempests that around her beat;
 That with contending winds dare boldly strive,
 Scorns Cold, and under heaps of Snow can live,
 To this, great Goddess, to this noble Plant
 You ought the Empire of the Garden grant.
 Kings are *Joves* Image; and if that be true,
 To Virtue onely Sovereign sway is due.
 Trusting to this, and not the empty Name
 Of Beauty, I the flowry Empire claim.
 Nor will this soft, luxurious, pamper'd Race
 Of Flow'rs, were things well weigh'd, deny me place;

For lo! the Winter's come; what change is there,
 What looks, what dismal aspect of the year!
 The winds from Prison broke, no mercy yield,
 But spoil the native Glories of the Field.
 First on the Infant Boughs they spend their rage,
 And scarcely spare the poor trunks reverend age;
 Either with swelling Rains, the ground below
 Is drown'd, or covered thick in beds of Snow;
 Or stiff with Frost; the streams le'd o'r
 Are pent within a bank, unknown before.
 Each Nymph complains, and every River God
 Feels on his shoulders an unusual load;
 Nature a Captive now to Frost become
 Lies fairly buried in a Marble tomb.
 And can you wonder then that Flow'rs shou'd die,
 Or hid within their beds, the danger fly?
 D'ye see the Sun, how faint his looks; that tell
 The God of Plants himself i'n't over-well.
 Now let me see the *Violet*, *Tulip*, *Rose*,
 Or any of 'em their fine face disclose,
 Ye *Lilies* with your snowy Tresses now
 Come forth, this is the proper time for Snow.
 Deaf to the call, none of 'em all appear,
 But close in Bed they lie half dead with fear.
 I onely in this Universal dread
 Of Nature dare exalt my fearless head;
 Winter with thousand several arms prepar'd
 To be my death, still finds me on my Guard.
 Great Umpire of this harmless fray,
 If you are fix'd to crown some Plant to Day,
 Let all appear and take the Field, let all
 Agree to give the chiefeft Plant the ball;
 Let it in Winter be, though, I desire;
 That season does a hardy Chief require.
 If any of these tender, dainty Dames
 Deck'd with their rich Perfumes and gaudy Names,
 Dare but at such a time shew half an Eye,
 I'll frankly yield, and strait let fall my plea.
 Not a Plant's seen, I'll warrant you; they hate
 To gain a Kingdom at so dear a rate;
 They fear th' unequal trial to sustain;
 None dare appear, but those that fill my train,
 And none of these are so ambitious grown,
 To stand themselves, but beg for me the Crown.
 These numerous hardships I can undergo;
 I'll tell you now, fair Judg, what I can do,
 My Virtue's both active and passive too. }
 Kings get no fame by conquering at home,
 That from some forein vanquish'd Land must come.

If equal to my triumphs, names I bore
 And every vanquish'd Foe increast the store,
 Old *Rome's* most haughty Champion I'd defie
 With me in Honours, Titles, Names to vie.
 I act such wonders, I may safely say
 The twelve *Herculean* labours were mere play.
 The spreading Cancer my blest Plant does chase,
 And new skins o'r the Leper's monstrous face.
 The lingring *Quartan-Fever* I oblige
 To draw his forces off and raise the Siege.
 Swimmings i'th' Head that do from vapours come,
 I exorcise strait by my Counter-fume.
 In every swelling part when Dropsies reign,
 I dry the Fen, the standing waters drein.
 The Falling sickness too, to wave the rest,
 Though sacred that Disease, by some confest.
 Why in these Cures thus trifle I my breath?
 Death yields to me, the Apoplectick Death.
 Into each part my Plant new vigour sends,
 And quickly makes the Soul and Body friends.
 These are great things, you'll say, and yet the rest
 That follow, must much greater be confest,
 I do compose the minds distracted frame,
 A gift the Gods and I alone can claim;
 Madmen and Fools are cast beneath my power,
 What to my grandeur can the Gods add more?
 Who thus can do; the world his Province is,
Cæsar can't boast a larger sway than this.

She spoke; her train with shouts the Area fill'd,
 Nay Winter (if you will believe it) smil'd.

Next the gay Spring draws out his warlike bands,
 VVhich to the Scene a grateful shadow lends,
Homer, though well the *Grecian* Camp he paints,
 VVou'd fail, I fear, in mustering up these Plants,
 Bright Spring, what various Nations dost thou boast?
 The *Nerves* of a numerous flowry Host;
 VVhich cou'd (since Flow'rs without due moisture die)
 Like his, I fancie, drink whole Rivers dry.

His flowry troops made the same stately shew,
 VVhose painted arms a dazzling lustre threw;
 Then a gay Flow'r, for shape, the *Trumpet* nam'd
 Blew thrice, and with a strenuous voice proclaim'd,
 That all but Candidates shou'd quit the place;
 First, as they went, bowing with awful grace.

And now the pleasure of the Goddess known,
 The Herb, call'd *Ragwort*, pass'd before the Throne,
 A bunchy stalk, and painted Bees she bore
 VVith several foolish fancies on her Flow'r,
Ragwort the Satyrs and *Priapus* love,
Venus her self and the fair *Judg* approve.

A Plant of the
 Tribe of
Pseudo-narcissus
jacifolius,
 from the
 shape of a
 Tube in the
 midst of the
 Flower, cal-
 led *Trumpets*.

Dogs-tooth

Dogs-tooth pass'd next, to *Ragwort* near ally'd,
 A faithful friend to Love, and often try'd;
 Next *Hyacinths*, of *Violet-kind*, proceed,
 A noble, powerful and a numerous breed,
 They wanted courage, though, to keep the place,
 Labouring alas! under a late disgrace;
 Of noble House themselves they did pretend,
 From *Ajax* blood directly to descend,
 The cause in *Flora's* Court of Chivalry
 Was heard, where they fail'd to make out their plea,
 They bore no Coat of Arms, nor cou'd they show
 Those mournful Notes said from his blood to flow.
 The next akin, a Flow'r, which *Greeks* of old
 From Excrements of Birds descended hold,
 Which *Britain*, Nurse of Plants, a milder Clime,
 Gentilely calls the Star of *Bethlehem*.
 The *Daisy* next march'd off in modest wise,
 Dreading to wait the issue of the Prize;
 Though the Spring don't a trustier party know,
 After, before and in the Spring they grow,
 Quick in the charge, and in retreating slow.
 They dare not venture, though the Sons of Art
 The name of *Binders* to 'em do impart;
 They cure all wounds, yet make none; which you grant
 Is the true Office of a warlike Plant.
 Next spotted *Sanicle* and *Navel-wort*,
 Though both have signs of blood, forsake the Court.
Moon-wort goes, next born on its reddish stalk,
 And after that does gently *Crane-bill* walk;
 They all gave way; 'tis nat'ral in a Flow'r
 More in its form to trust, than worth and pow'r;
 Nay more than that, the *Corn-flag* quits the Field,
 Though made Sword-wise, does to the *Tulip* yield,
 Though, like some Tyrant, rounded with the same,
 Yet to affected Empire waves all claim;
 How much this Sword-flow'r differs, as to harm,
 From those which we on mortal Anvils form!
 Nature on this an Unguent has bestow'd,
 Which, when ours make it issue, stops the blood.
 Next you might see the gaudy *Columbine*,
 Call'd sometimes *Lions-mouth*, desert the Scene.
 Though of try'd courage, and of high renown.
 In other things, curing Diseases, known.
 The *Sea-gull* Flow'r express'd an equal fear,
 The Tygers more and prettier spots don't bear;
 These Beauty-spots she ought to prize like Gold;
Citron held hers at dearer rates, of old,
 The *Persian* Lily of a ruddy hue;
 And next the *Lily* of the *Vale*, withdrew,

The vast price
 of Citron
 Tables, see
 Plin. l. 13.

Lilies o'th' *Vale* such looks and smell retain,
 They'r fit to furnish *Snuff* for Gods and Men;
 Nor a Plant kinder to the Brain does live;
 A glass of Wine does less refreshment give:
 Next *Periwinkle* or the *Ladies bow'r*
 Weakly, and halting crept along the floor,
 All kinds of *Crow-foot* pass'd and bow'd their head,
 The worst run wild, the best in Gardens bred;
Day-Lily next, the Root by *Hesiod* lov'd,
 Although not for the chiefest Dish approv'd.
 Then came a Flow'r, of a far differing look,
 Which on it thy lov'd Name, *Adonis*, took;
 But *Celandine*, thy genuine off spring stil'd,
 They tell us, at the proud Usurper smil'd.
Stock-gillow-flow'r the Years Companion is,
 Which the Sun scarce in all his rounds does miss,
 Officious Plant! which every month can bring;
 But rather wou'd be reckon'd to the Spring.
 This pass'd along with a becoming mien,
 And in her train the *Wall-flower* wou'd be seen:
 The constant *Marigold* next these went out,
 And *Ladies-slipper* fit for *Flora's* foot.
 Then *Goats beard*, which each Morn abroad does peep,
 But shuts its Flower at Noon, and goes to sleep.
 Then *Ox eye* did its frowling Eye-ball spread,
 Such as *Joves* Wife and Sister had, they said.
 Next *Viper-grass*, full of a milky juice,
 Good against Poison, which curst Stepdames use.
 Then *Hollow-root*, cautious and full of fear,
 Which neither Summers heat, nor cold can bear,
 Comes after Spring, before it does retire.
 Then *Sattin-flower*, and *Moth-mullein* withdraw,
 Worthy a noble Title to enjoy.
 The *Ladies-smock*, and *Lugwort* went their way,
 With several more too tedious here to say;
 With many an humble Shrub that took their leaves,
 To which the Garden entertainment gives;
 As *Honey-suckle*, *Rosemary* and *Broom*,
 That *Broom* which does of *Spanish* Parents come;
 Both sorts of *Pipe-tree*; neat in either dress,
 White or sky colour'd, whether please you best;
 Next, the round-headed *Elder-rose*, which wears
 A Constellation of your little stars;
 The *Cherry*; ours and *Persian* Apple add
 Proud of the various Flowers adorn'd its head.
 Nature has issue, Eunuch-like, deny'd,
 But (like them too) by a fine face supply'd;
 These and a thousand more were fain to yield,
 And left the Candidates to keep the Field.

Each

Each Flower appear'd with all its kindred, drest,
 Each in its richest Robes of gaudiest Vest:
 The *Violet* first, Springs Usher, came in view,
 From whose sweet Lips these pleasing accents flew.

The *VIOLET*.

The Sign
 Arises.

THE Ram now ope the golden Portal throws,
 Which holds the various seasons of the Year,
 And on his shining Fleece the Spring does bear,
 Ye Mortals, with a shout salute him as he goes.
 (To Triumph!) now now the Spring comes on
 In solemn state and high Procession,
 Whilst I; the beauteous *Violet*, still before him go
 And usher in the gaudy show;
 As it becomes the Child of such a Sire,
 I'm wrap'd in Purple, the first-born of Spring,
 The marks of my Legitimation bring,
 And all the tokens of his verdant Empire wear.
 Clad like a Princely Babe, and born in State,
 I all your Regal Titles hate,
 Nor priding in my bloud and mighty birth
 Unnatural Plant, despise the lap of mother Earth.
 Loves Goddess smiles upon me just new-born,
 Rejoycing at the Years return.
 The *Swallow* is not a more certain sign
 That Love and warm Embraces now begin.
 To the lov'd Babe a thousand kisses
 The Goddess gives, a thousand balmy blisses.
 Besides, my purple Lips
 In sacred Nectar dips;
 Hence 'tis, no sooner does the *Violet* burst,
 By the warm Air to a just ripeness nurst,
 But from my opening, blooming Head
 A thousand fragrant Odours spread.
 I do not onely please the smell,
 And the most critick tast beguile,
 Not onely with my pretty die
 Impose a Cheat upon the Eye;
 But more for profit than for pleasure born
 I furnish out a wholefom juice,
 Which the fam'd *Epicurus* did not scorn
 Upon a time, when sick to use.
 O'erpressing and vexatious pain,
 I such a silent Vict'ry gain,
 That though the Body be the Scene,
 It scarcely knows whether a fight has been.
 The Fevers well-known Valor I invade,
 Which blushes with mere rage to yield

To

To one that ne'er knew how to tread a Field,
But onely was for fights and Nuptial Banquets made.
It yields, but in a grumbling way,
Just as the Winds obedience pay,
When Neptune from the Floud does peep
And silences these troublers of the deep.
What though some Flowers a greater courage know,
Or a much finer face can show,
That does but still the fanſie feed,
Whilst I for busineſs fit, in real worth exceed.
Search over all the Globe, you'll find,
The Glory of a Princely Flower
Consists not in tyrannick Power,
But in a Majesty with mildneſs join'd.

She ſpoke; and from her balmy Lips did come
A ſweet Perfume that ſcented all the Room.
The ſmell ſo long continued, that you'd ſwear
The Violet, though you heard no ſound, was there.
Quitting the Stage; the next that took her place,
Were Ox-lips, Pugles with their numerous Race;
A parti-colour'd Tribe, of various hue,
Red, yellow, purple, pale, white, dusky, blew.
The Primroſe and the Cowſlip too were there,
Both of 'em kin, but not ſo handſom far;
Bears-ear, ſo call'd, did the whole Party head,
And yellow, claiming merit, needs wou'd plead.
Tofſing her hundred Heads in ſlanting rate,
Each had a Mouth, and cou'd at pleaſure prate.

Auricula Urſi. BEARS-EAR.

Great Queen of Flow'rs, why is thy ſnowy Breſt,
With ſuch a ſight of various Poſies dreſt!
Whereas one ſtalk of mine
Alone a Noſegay is, alone can make thee fine;
A lovely, harmleſs Monster, I,
Gorgon's many Heads outvie;
Others, as ſingle Stars, may Glory beam;
Take me, for I a Conſtellation am;
Let thoſe who Subjects want, purſue the flowry Crown,
A flowry Nation, I, alone;
Nor did kind Nature thus in vain,
So many Heads to me aſſign;
I for Mans Head, Lifes chiefeſt ſeat
Am ſet apart and wholly conſecrate.
The minds Imperial Tow'r, the brain,
(A poor Apartment for ſo great a Queen)
The Light houſe where Mans Reaſon ſtands and ſhines,
Maugre the malice of contending winds,

I guard the sacred Place, repel the Rout,
 And keep the everlasting Fire from going out.
 Go now, and mock me with this monstrous Name
 Which the late barbarous Age did coin and frame,
 The true and proper names of things, of old,
 Through a Religious silence ne'r were told.
 Thus Guardian Gods true names were seldom known,
 Lest some invading Foe might charm 'em from the Town.
 Impudent Fool! that first stit'd beauteous Flowers
 By a detested Name, the *Ears of Bears*;
 Worthy himself of Asses Ears, a pair
 Fairer than *Midas* once was said to wear.

At this rate singing (for your merry Flowers
 Still sing their words, not bring 'em forth like ours)
 The *Daffadil* succeeded, once a Youth,
 (As any Poets tell, a sacred truth.)
 And all his Clients and his kindred came,
 A numerous train, to vote and pole for him;
 All of 'em pale or yellow did appear,
 The Livery which wounded Lovers wear.
 Though *Virgil* purple Honours has assign'd
 And blewish dy, too liberal and kind,
 The *Chalcedonick* with white Flower thought best
 To be the Mouth, and sing for all the rest.

The *DAFFADIL*. -- *Narcissus*.

What once I was, a Boy, not ripen'd to a Man,
 My roots of one years growth explain,
 A lovely Boy, of killing Eyes
 Where ambuscading witchcraft lies,
 Which did at last the Owners self surprize.
 Of fatal Beauty, such as cou'd inspire
 Love into coldest Breasts, in water kindle fire.
 Me the hot beds of Sand in *Libya* burn,
 Or *Ister's* frozen Banks to ruine turn.
 I, when a Boy, among the boys
 Had still the noblest place,
 The same my Plant among the Flow'rs enjoys,
 And is the Gardens Ornament and grace.
 Become a Flower, I cannot tell
 VVhy my face shou'd not please me still;
 Downwards I lean my bending Head
 Longing my looks in the same Glafs to read;
 Shew me a stream, that liquid Glafs
 VVill put me in the self-same case;
 In th' colour with the same Nymphs I am drest,
 VVho wear me in their snowy Breast;

Who

Who with my Flowers their pride maintain,
 And with I were a Boy again.
 She spoke; *Anemone* her station took,
 To whom the Goddess deign'd a smiling look;
 For with the *Tulip's* leave, I needs must say
 No Race more numerous, none more fine or gay;
 The Purple with its large and spreading Leaf
 Was chosen by consent to be their Chief,
 Of fair *Adonis* blood's undoubted strain,
 And to this hour it shews the dying stain;
 As soon as * *Zephyr* had unloos'd its Tongue
 The beauteous Plant after this manner sung.

* 'Tis fabled to
 have sprung
 out of *Adonis's*
 blood.

* Its Flower
 never opens
 but when the
 Wind blows,
Plin. 21. 23.

ANEMONE, or EMONIES.

THOU gentle *Zephyr*, who didst *Flora* wed
 Thrice worthy of the Goddess bed;
 VVho in a winged Chariot hurl'd
 With breezing Airs dost fan this nether world,
 Which kind refreshing motion, far
 I before lazy rest prefer;
 That Air with which thou every thing dost cheer,
 Inspire into the Goddess Ear;
 That the fair *Judg* wou'd mindful be
 Of her lov'd Confort and of me;
 For since I take my Name from thee,
 Nay of thy Kindred said to be;
 Since I with thee do sympathize
 VVho in *Æolian* Dungeon Captive lies,
 And viewing *Zephyr's* doleful state,
 All Dress and Ornament I hate,
 And locking up my mournful Flower,
 My self a Pris'ner make, the same restraint endure.
 Since I have change of Suits and gaudy Vests,
 Which in my various Flowers are exprest;
 In brief, since I'm akin to Gods above;
 All these together sure may favour move;
 Sprung from the fair *Adonis* purple tide
 And *Venus* tears, to both I am ally'd;
 The Rosy Youth, the lov'd *Adonis* stood
 The pride and glory of the Wood,
 Till a Boars fatal tusk let out the precious blood.
 Into each flowing drop that still'd
 A falling tear the Goddess spill'd,
 Which to a bloody torrent swell'd.
 The Lovers tears and blood combine
 As if they wou'd in Marriage join;
 From such fair Parents, and that wedding morn
 Was I, their fairer off-spring, born.

My force and power perhaps you question now,
My Power? Why, I a handſom face can ſhow;
Beſides, my heavenly Extract I can prove,
And that I'm Siſter to the God of Love.

The *Crown Imperial* (as ſhe ſtep'd aſide)
Advanc'd with ſtately, but becoming pride,
Not buſkin'd Heroes ſtrut with nobler pride,
Nor Gods in walking uſe a finer ſtride:
No Friends or Clients made her Train, not one;
Conſcious of native worth, ſhe came alone.
VVith an erect and ſober Countenance
In following terms ſhe did her Plea commence.

The moſt
noble Flower,
to the fight,
that grows.
Leavenberg.

The IMPERIAL CROWN.

WITH furious heats and unbecoming rage
Ye ſlowry Nations ceaſe t'engage;
Since on my ſtately Stem
Nature has plac'd th' Imperial Diadem,
Why all theſe words in vain, why all this noiſe?
Be judg'd by Nature and approve her choice.
Perhaps it does your envy move,
And to my right may hurtful prove,
That I an upſtart Novel Flower am
Who have no rumbling hard *Greek* name;
Perhaps I may be thought
In ſome *Plebeian* bed begot,
Be cauſe my Lineage wears no ſtain,
Nor does Romantick ſhameful Stories feign
That I am ſprung from *Jove*, or from his baſtard ſtrain.
I freely own, I have not been
Long of your world a Denizen;
But yet I reign'd for Ages paſt
In *Persia* and in *Bactria* plac'd,
The pride and joy of all the Gardens of the Eaſt.
My Flower a large-ſiz'd golden head does wear,
Much like the Ball Kings in their hands do bear,
Denoting Sovereign Rule and ſtriking Fear.
My purple ſtalk, I, like ſome Scepter wield,
Worthy in Regal hands to ſhine,
Worthy of thine, great God of Wine,
When *India* to thy conquering Arms did yield.
Beſides all this; I have a ſlowry Crown
My Royal Temples to adorn,
Whoſe buds a ſort of Hony liquor bear,
Which round the Crown, like Stars or Pearls appear;
Silver threads around it twine,
Saffron, like Gold, with them does join;

And

And over All
 My verdant Hair does neatly fall.
 Sometimes, a threefold rank of Flowers
 Grows on my top, like lofty Towers.
 Imperial Ornaments I scorn,
 And, like the Pope, affect a triple Crown;
 The Heavens look down and envy Earth
 For teeming with so bright a Birth;
 For *Ariadne's* starry Crown
 By mine is far out-shone,
 And as they've Reason, let 'em envy on.
 She thunder'd out her Speech; and walk'd to greet
 The Judg, not falling meanly at her feet,
 But as one Goddess does another meet.
 A Flower that wou'd too happy be and blest,
 Did but its Odour answer all the rest!
 The *Tulip* next appear'd, all over gay,
 But wanton, full of pride and full of play;
 The world can't shew a Dye, but here has place,
 Nay by new mixtures she can change her face.
 Purple and Gold are both beneath her care,
 The richest Needlework she loves to wear;
 Her onely study is to please the Eye,
 And to outshine the rest in Finery;
 Oft of a Mode or Colour weary grown
 By which their Family had long been known,
 They'll change their fashion strait, I know not how,
 And with much pain in other Colours go;
 As if *Medea's* Furnace they had past;
 (She without Plants old *Aeson* ne'r new-cast)
 And though they know this change will mortal prove
 They'll venture yet — to change for much they love.
 Such love to Beauty, such the thirst of praise,
 That welcome Death before inglorious days!
 The cause by all was to the white assign'd,
 Whether because the rarest of the kind,
 Or else because every Petitioner
 In antient times, for Office, white did wear.

Thence such
 were and are
 still call'd
 Candidates.

The TULIP.

Somewhere in *Horace*, if I don't forget,
 (Flowers are no foes to Poetry and Wit;
 For us that Tribe the like affection bear,
 And of all Men the greatest *Florists* are)
 VVe find a wealthy Man
 Whose Ward-robe did five thousand Suits contain;
 He counted that a vast prodigious store,
 But I that number have twice told and more,

*Horat. lib. 1:
 Ep. 6.*

Whate'r in Spring the teeming Earth commands;
 What Colours e'r the painted pride of Birds,
 Or various Lights the glistering Gem affords
 Cut by the Artful Lapidary's hands;
 Whate'r the Curtains of the Heavens can show,
 Or Light lays Dyes upon the varnish'd Bow,

Rob'd in as many Vests I shine,
 In every thing bearing a Princely Mien.
 Pity I must the *Lily* and the *Rose*
 (And the last blushes at her thredbare Clothes)
 Who think themselves so highly blest,

Yet have but one poor tatter'd Vest,
 These studious, unambitious things, in brief,
 Wou'd fit extremely well a College life,
 And when the God of Flowers a Charter grants
 Admission shall be given to these Plants;
 Kings shou'd have plenty, and superfluous store,

Whilst thriftiness becomes the poor,
 Hence Spring himself does chiefly me regard:
 Will any Flower refuse to stand to his award?

Me for whole Months he does retain,
 And keeps me by him all his Reign;
 Carefs'd by Spring, the season of the year,
 Which before all to Love is dear.

Besides; the God of Love himself's my friend,
 Not for my Face alone; but for another end.

Lov'd by the God upon a private score,
 I know for what — but say no more;

But why should I,
 Become so silent or so shy?

We Flow'rs were by no peevish Sire begot,
 Nor from that frigid, sullen Tree did sprout,
 So sam'd in *Ceres* sacred Rites;

Nor in moroseness *Flora's* self delights.

My Root, like Oil in antient Games, prepares
 Lovers for Battel or those softer wars:

My quickning heat their sluggish veins inspires
 With vigorous and sprightly fires;

Had but chaste *Lucrece* us'd the same,
 The night before bold *Tarquin* try'd his flame,
 Upon Record she ne'r a Fool had been,

But wou'd have liv'd to reap the pleasure once again.

The Goddess conscious of the truth, a while
 Contain'd, but then was seen to blush and smile.
 The *Flower-de-Luce* next loos'd her heavenly Tongue;
 And thus, amidst her sweet Companions, sung.

FLOWER.

Lauremberg.
 Gerard, Par-
 kinson.

Iris, or the FLOWER-DE-LUCE.

IF Empire is to Beauty due
(And that in Flowers, if any where, holds true)

Then I by Nature was design'd for Reign;
Else Nature made a beauteous Face in vain.

Besides, I boast a sparkling Gem,
And brighter Goddesses of my Name.

My lofty front towards the Heavens I bear,
And represent the Sky, when 'tis serene and clear.

To me a Godlike Power is given
With a mild face resembling Heaven;

And in the Kingly stile, no Dignity
Sounds better than SERENITY;

Beauty and Envy oft together go,

* Handsom my self, I help make others so;

Both Gods and Men of the most curious Eyes

With secret pleasure I surprise;

Nor do I less oblige the Nose,

With fragrance from my Root that blows.

Not *Sibaris* or soft *Capua* did know

A choicer Flower for smell or show,

Though both with pleasure of all kinds did flow.

I own, the *Violet* and the *Rose*

Divinest Odours both disclose;

The *Saffron* and *Stock Gilliflower*,

With many more;

But yet none can so sweet a root produce.

My upper parts are trim and fair,

My lower breath a grateful Air.

I am a Flower for sight, a Drug for use.

Soft as I am, amidst this luxury,

Before me rough Diseases fly.

Thus a bold *Amazon* with Virgin face

Troops of dastard Men will chase.

Thus *Mars* and *Venus* often greet,

And in single *Pallas* meet:

Equal to her in Beauties charms

And not to him inferiour in Arms.

By secret Virtue and resistless power

Those whom the Jaundice seizes I restore;

Though moist with Unguent, and inclin'd to love,

I rather was for Luxury design'd,

And yet like some enraged Lionsess

Before my painted Arms the yellow foe does haſt.

The Dropſie headlong makes away

As ſoon as I my Arms diſplay;

The Dropſie, which Mans *Microcoſm* drowns

Pulling up all the Sluces in its rounds,

* The juice of
the Root
takes away
Freckles and
Morpheus.

Of the Root is
made that
call'd Powder
of Cyprus, or
Orris Powder.

Its faculty in
curing theſe
Diseases, is
celebrated by
Laurenberg,
Fernellius, &c.

I follow

I follow it through every winding vein,
 And make it quit in haist the delug'd Man.
 The Nation of the *Jews*, a pious folk,
 Though our Gods they don't invoke;
 And not to You, ye Plants, unknown
 I'th' days of that great Flowrist *Solomon*:
 Tell us, that *Jove* to cheer the drooping Ball
 After the Floud, a Promise past,
 How that so long as Earth shou'd last,
 No future Deluge on the world shou'd fall.
 And as a Seal to this obliging Grant,
 The *Rain-bow* in the Sky did plant;
 I am that Bow, in poor *Hydropick* Man,
 The same refreshing hopes contain,
 I look as gay, and show as fine,
 I am the Thing, of which that onely is the Sign.
 My Plant performs the same
 Towards Mans little worldly frame;
 And when within him I appear,
 He need no Deluge from a Dropsie fear.

The *Peony*
 male and fe-
 male.

The *Peony* then, with large red Flower came on,
 And brought no train, but his lov'd Mate along;
 Numbers cou'd not make him the cause espouse,
 'Las! the whole Nation made but one poor House.
 Nor did her costly wardrobe *Pride* inspire,
 All dress'd alike, all did one colour wear.
 And yet he wanted not for Majesty,
 Appearing with a sober gravity.

For He advanc'd his purple forehead, which
 A Flower with thousand foldings did enrich:
 Some love to call it the *Illustrious Plant*,
 And we may well, I think, that Title grant;
 Physicians in their publick Writings show,
 What praise is to the first Inventor due.

Homer says,
Peon cur'd
Plato with this
 Plant, when
 he was
 wounded by
Hercules.

Peon was Doctor to the Gods, they say,
 By the whole College honour'd to this day.
 With her own merits, and this mighty Name
 Hearten'd and buoy'd, she thus maintain'd her Claim.

Peonia. The P E O N Y.

IF the fond *Tulip*, swell'd with pride,
 In her Fools-coat of motley colours dy'd;
 If lov'd *Adonis* Flower, the *Celandine*,
 Wou'd proudly be prefer'd to mine;
 Then let *Joves* Bird, the Eagle quit the Field,
 The Thunder to the painted Peacock yield:
 Then let the Tyrant of the Woods be gone,
 The Lion yield to the Chamelion.

You'll

You'll say perhaps the Nymphs make much of you;
 They gather me for Garlands too.
 And yet d'ye think, I value that?
 Not I, by *Flora*, not a jot.
 Virtue and courage are the valuable things,
 On difficult occasions shown.
 Not painted Arms ennoble Kings,
 Virtue alone gives lustre to a Crown.
 Hence I, the known *Herculean Disease*
 The Falling-Sickness, cure with ease,
 Which, like the Club, that Hero once did wear,
 Down with one single blow mankind does bear.
 I fanſie, hence the ſtory riſe,
 That *Pluto* wounded once by *Hercules*,
 My juice, infus'd by *Pæon*, gave him eaſe,
 And did the groaning God appeaſe.
Pæon was fam'd, I'm ſure, for curing this Diſeaſe:
Pluto is God of Hell, 't ſhou'd ſeem,
 Prince of inexorable Death;
 Now this Diſeaſe is Death; but not like him
 Without a ſting, plac'd in the Shades beneath.
 I ſhou'd be vain, extreemly vain, indeed
 A quarrel on *Punctilio's* to breed,
 Since a more noble Flower, than I,
 The Sun in all his journey does not ſpy.
 Nor do I go in *Phyſick's* beaten Road
 By other Plants before me trod,
 But in a way worthy a healing God.
 I never with the foe come hand to hand,
 My Odour Death does at a diſtance ſend;
 Hung round the Neck ſtrait without more ado
 I put to flight the rampant foe;
 I neither come (what think you, *Cæſar*, now)
 Nor view the Camp, and yet can overthrow.
 She ſpoke, and bow'd, and ſo the Court forſook,
 Her Confort follow'd with a bluſhing look;
 When ſtrait a fragrant Air of ſtrong Perfume,
 And a new luſtre darted through the Room.
 No wonder, for the *Roſe* did next appear,
Spring wiſely plac'd his beſt and choiceſt troops ith' Rear.
 Some wild in woods; yet worth and beauty ſhow,
 Such as might in *Hesperian* Gardens grow.
 Nought, by experience, than the *Wood-Roſe* found,
 Better to cure a mad Dogs poiſonous wound;
 This brings away the Gravel and the Stone,
 And gives you eaſe though to a Quarry grown.
 The beauteous Garden-Roſe ſhe did not ſhame,
 Though better bred and of a ſofter Name;
 Which in four Squadrons drawn, the *Damask Roſe*
 In name of all the reſt maintain'd the Cauſe;

Which

The Rose is
said at first to
have grown
white only, till
Venus running after
Adonis, scratch'd her
Legs upon its thorns, and
stain'd the Flowers red
with her blood.

Which sprung, they say, from Syrian *Venus* blood,
Long time the pride of rich *Damascus* stood.

The ROSE.

AND who can doubt my Race, says she,
Who on my face Love's tokens see?
The God of Love is always soft, and always young,
I am the same, then to his blood what wrong?
My Brother winged does appear;
I leaves instead of wings do wear;
He's drawn with lighted Torches in his hand;
Upon my top bright flaming glories stand;
The Rose has prickles, so has Love,
Though these a little sharper prove;
There's nothing in the world above, or this below,
But would for Rosy-colour'd go;
This is the Dye that still does please
Both mortal Maids, and heavenly Goddesses;
I am the Standard by which Beauty's try'd,
The wish of *Chloe*, and immortal *Juno*'s pride.
The bright *Aurora*, Queen of all the East,
Proud of her Rosy-fingers, is confest;
When from the gates of Light the rising Day
Breaks forth, his constant rounds to go,
The winged hours prepare the way,
And Rosy Clouds before him strow.
The windows of the Sky with Roses shine;
I am Days Ornament as well as sign.
And when the glorious pomp and tour is o'er,
I greet it posting to the *Western* shore.
The God of Love, we must allow,
Shou'd tolerably Beauty know.
Yet never from those Checks he goes,
Where he can spy the blushing Rose.
Thus the wise Bee will never dwell
(That, like the God of Love has wings,
That too has Honey, that has stings)
On vulgar Flowers that have no grateful smell.
Tell me, blest Lover: what's a kiss
Without a Rosy Lip create the bliss?
Nor do I onely charming sweets dispence,
But bear Arms in my own and Mans defence,
I without the Patient's pain
Mans body, that *Augean* Stable clean.
Not with a rough and pressing hand,
As Thunder-storms from Clouds command,
But as the dew and gentle showers
Dissolving light on Herbs and Flowers.

No

Nor of a short and fading date
 Was I the less design'd for Rule and State;
 Let proud ambitious *Floramour*
 Usurping on the Gods immortal Name,
 Joy to be stil'd the *Everlasting Flower*,
 I ne'r knew yet that Plant that near to *Nestor* came.
 We too too blest, too powerful shou'd be grown,
 Which wou'd but Envy raise,
 If we cou'd say our beauty were our own,
 Or boast long life and many days.
 But why shou'd I complain of Fate
 For giving me so short a date?
 Since Flowers, the Emblems of Mortality,
 All the same way and manner die.
 But the kind Gods above forbid,
 That Virtue e'er a Grave shou'd find,
 And though the fatal Sisters cut my thread,
 My Odour, like the Soul, remains behind.
 To a dead Lion a live Worm's prefer'd,
 Though once the King of all the savage Herd:
 After my Death I still excel
 The best of Flowers that are alive and well.
 If that the name of Dead will bear,
 From whose meer Corps does come,
 (Like the dead bodies still surviving Heir)
 So sweet a smell and strong Perfume.
 Let 'em invent a thousand ways
 My mangled Corps to vex and squeeze,
 Though in a sweating Limbeck pent
 My Ashes still preserve their scent.
 Like a dead Monarch to the Grave I come,
 Nature embalms me in my own Perfume.
 She spoke, a Virgin blush came o'r her face,
 And an Ambrosian scent flew round the place;
 But that which gave her words a finer grace,
 Not without some constraint she seem'd to tell her praise,
 Her Rivals trembled; for the Judge's look
 A secret pleasure and much kindness spoke;
 The Virgin did not for well-wishers lack,
 Her kind red Squadrons stood behind her back.
 The yellow nearest stood, unfit for war,
 Nor did the spoils of cur'd Diseases bear;
 The white was next, of great and good renown,
 A kind assistant to the Eye-sight known;
 The third, a mighty Warrior, was the Red,
 Which terribly her bloody Banner spread;
 She binds the Flux with her restraining Arts,
 And stops the humours journey to those parts;
 She brings a present and a sure relief
 To Head and Heart, the Fountains both of Life;

The Civil Wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, of which the first bore the White-Rose, and the other the Red, cost more English blood, than did twice conquering Franc.

The Fevers fires by her are mildness taught,
And the Hag'd Man to sweet composure brought.
By help of this, *Jasen* of old, we read,
Yok'd and subdu'd the Bulls of fiery breed;
One Dose to sleep the watchful Dragon sent,
By which no more but a high Fever's meant.
Between this Squadron and the White, we're told,
A long and grievous Strife commenc'd of old;
Strife is too soft a word for many years.
Cruel, unnatural, and bloody wars;
The fam'd *Pharsalian* fields twice dy'd in blood,
Ne'r of a nobler Quarrel witness stood;
The thirst of Empire, ground of most our wars,
Was that which solely did occasion theirs;
For the Red Rose cou'd not an Equal bear,
And the White wou'd of no Superiour hear,
The Chiefs by *Tork* and *Lancaster* upheld
With civil rage harass'd the British field.
What madness drew ye Roses to engage,
Kin against kin to spend your thorns and rage!
Go, turn your Arms, where you may triumph gain,
And fame unsullied with a blushing stain;
See the *French* Lily spoils and waltz your shore,
Go conquer there, where you've twice beat before.
Whilst the *Scotch Thistle* with audacious pride,
Taking advantage, gores your bleeding side.
Do Roses no more sense and prudence own
Than to be fighting for Domestick Crown?
From *Venus* You much of the Mother bear,
You both take pleasure in the God of War;
I now begin to think the Fable true,
That *Mars* sprung from a Flower, fulfill'd by You.
War ravages the Field, and like the furious Boar,
That turns up all the Gardens beauteous store;
O'rthrows the Trees and Hedges, and does wound
With his ungentle tusk the bleeding ground;
Roots up the *Saffron* and the *Violet-bed*,
And feasts upon the gaudy *Tulip's* head.
You'd grieve to see a beauteous Plat so soon
Into confusion by a Monster thrown.

But oh, my Muse, oh whither dost thou tow'r
This is a slight too high for thee to soar,
The harmless strife of Plants, their wanton play,
Thy Pipe perhaps may well enough essay;
But for their Wars, that is a Theme so great,
Rather for *Lucan's* Martial Trumpet fit;
To him that sung the *Theban* Brothers death,
To *Maro* or some such, that task bequeath.

The End of the Third Book.

O F
PLANTS.

BOOK IV.

HAPPY the Man whom from Ambition freed
A little Field and little Garden feed.
The Field do's frugal Natures Wants supply,
The Garden furnishes for Luxury.
What further specious Clogs of Life remain,
He leaves for Fools to seek, and Knaves to gain.

This happy Life did th' Old *Carycian* choose;
A Life deserving *Maro's* noble Muse;
This Life did wise *Abdolonius* charm,
The mighty Monarch of a little Farm.
While honing weeds that on his Walks encroach'd
Great *Alexander's* Messenger approach'd,
Receive, said He, the Ensigns of a Crown
A Scepter, Mitre and *Sidonian* Gown:
To Empire call'd unwillingly he goes,
And longing looks back on his Cottage throws.
Thus *Aglaus's* Farm did frequent Visits find
From Gods, himself a stranger to Mankind.
Gyges the richest King of former times,
(Wicked and swelling with successful Crimes)
Is there, said he, a Man more blest than I?
Thus challeng'd he the Delphick Deity.
Yes, *Aglaus*, the plain-dealing God reply'd.
Aglaus: Who's he? the angry Monarch cry'd.
Say, is there any King so call'd? there's none.
No King was ever by that Title known.
Or any great Commander of that Name,
Or *Heroe* who with Gods do's kindred claim:
Or any who does such vast wealth enjoy
As all his Luxury can ne'r destroy.
Renown'd for Arms, for Wealth or Birth, no Man
Was found call'd *Aglaus*: Who's this *Aglaus* then?
At last in the retir'd *Arcadian* Plains
(Silence and Shades surround *Arcadian* Swains)

Near *Prophis* Town (where he but once had been)
 At Plow this Man of Happiness was seen.
 In this Retirement was that *Aglau*s found,
 Envy'd by Kings and by a God Renown'd.
 Almighty Pow'r, if lawful it may be,
 Amongst fictitious Gods to mention Thee,
 Before encroaching Age too far intrude,
 Let this sweet Scene my Life's dull Farce conclude!
 With this sweet close my uselefs toil be blest,
 My long tofs'd Barque in that calm station rest.
 Once more my Muse in wild Digression strays,
 Ne'r satisfi'd with dear Retirements praise.
 A pleasant Road—but from our purpose wide,
 Turn off, and to our Point directly guide.

Of Summer-Flow'rs a mighty Host remain,
 With those which *Autumn* musters on the Plain,
 Who with Joint-forces fill the shining Field,
 Grudging that *Spring* shou'd equal numbers yield
 To both their Lists, or 'cause some Plants had been
 Under the service of both Seasons seen.
 Of these, my Muse, rehearse the Chief (for all
 Though *Mem'ry's* Daughter thou can'st ne'r recall)
 The spikes of *Summers* Corn thou may'st as well
 Or ev'ry Grape of fruitful *Autumn* tell.

* Call'd *Flamy*
 because her
 three colours
 are seen in
 the flame of
 wood as in
 the Rainbow.

The * *flamy Pansie* ushers *Summer* in,
 His friendly March with *Summer* does begin;
Autumn's Companion too (so *Proserpine*
 Hides half the year and half the year is seen)
 The *Violet* is less beautiful than thee,
 That of one colour boasts, and thou of three.
 Gold, Silver, Purple are thy Ornament,
 Thy Rivals thou might'st scorn hadst thou but scent.

* *Damus Violet*
 call'd *Hesperis*,
 because it
 smells strong-
 est in the
 Night. *Plin.*
 lib. 27. 7.

The * *Hesperis* assumes a *Violet's* Name
 To that which justly from the *Hesper* came;
Hesper do's all thy precious sweets unfold,
 Which coyly thou didst from the Day withhold:
 In him more than the Sun thou tak'st delight,
 To him like a kind Bride thou yieldst thy sweet at Night.

The *Anthemis* a small but glorious Flower,
 Scarce rears his Head yet has a Giant's Tow'r:
 Forces the lurking Fever to retreat,
 (Enscorn'd like *Cacus* in his smoky Seat)
 Recruits the feeble joints and gives them ease:
 He makes the burning Inundation cease;
 And when his force against the Stone is sent
 He breaks the Rock and gives the waters vent.
 Not Thunder finds through Rocks so swift a course,
 Nor Gold the Rampir'd Town so soon can force.

Blew-bottle, thee my Numbers fain wou'd raise,
 And thy Complexion challenges my Praise,

Thy

Thy Countenance like Summer Skies is fair,
But ah! how different thy vile Manners are!
Ceres, for this excludes thee from my Song,
And Swains to Gods and me a sacred Throng:
A treach'rous Guest, Destruction thou dost bring
To th' hospitable Field where thou dost spring.
Thou bluntest the very Reaper's Sickle, and so
In Life and Death becom'st the Farmers Foe.

The *Fenel-Flow'r* do's next our Song invite,
Dreadful at once, and lovely to the sight:
His Beard all bristly, all unkemb'd his Hair,
Ev'n his wreath'd Horns the same rough aspect bear;
His Visage too a watrish Blew adorns,
Like *Achelous*, ere his Head wore Horns.
Nor without Reason, (prudent Nature's Care
Gives Plants a Form that might their Use declare)
Dropfies it Cures, and makes moist Bodies dry,
It bids the Waters pass, the frighted Waters fly.
Do's through the Bodies secret Channels run;
A Water-Goddess in the little World of Man.

But say, *Corn-Violet*; why thou dost claim
Of *Venus Looking Glass* the pompous Name?
Thy studded Purple vies, I must confess,
With the most noble and Patrician dress;
Yet wherefore *Venus Looking-Glass*? that Name
Her Offspring *Rose* did ne'r presume to claim.

Antirrhinum, more modest, takes the stile
Of *Lions-Mouth*, sometimes of *Calfsnout* vile;
By us *Snap-dragon* call'd to make amends,
But say what this Chimera-Name intends?
Thou well deserv'st it, if, as old Wives say,
Thou driv'st nocturnal Ghosts, and Sprights away.

Why do's thy Head, *Napellus*, Armor wear?
Thy Guilt, perfidious Plant, creates thy fear:
Thy Helmet we cou'd willingly allow,
But thou alas, hast mortal Weapons too!
But wherefore arm'd? as if for open Fight;
Who work'st by secret Poyson all thy spight.

Helmet 'gainst Helmet justly thou dost wear,
Blew * *Anthora*, upon thy lovely Hair;
This cov'ring from felt Wounds thy Front do's shield;
With such a Head-piece *Pallas* goes to field.
What God to thee such baneful force allow'd,
With such Heroick Piety endow'd?
Thou poyson'st more than e'r *Medea* slew,
Yet no such Antidote *Medea* knew.
Nor powerful only 'gainst thy own dire harms,
Thy Virtue ev'ry noxious Plant disarms:
Serpents are harmless Creatures made by Thee,
And *Africa* its self from Poyson free.

Blew Helmet
Flowers, or
Monks-hood,
so called from
its figure.

* Counter-
Poyson-
Monks-hood,
or wholefom
Helmetflower.

Air,

Air, Earth and Seas, with secret Taint oppress,
 Discharge themselves of the unwelcome Guest;
 On wretched Us they shed the deadly Bane,
 Who dye by them that should our Life maintain.
 Then Nature seems t' have learnt the poysoning Trade,
 Our common Parent our Step-mother made:
 'Tis then the sickly World perceives thy Aid,
 By thy prevailing Force the Plague is staid.
 A noble strife 'twixt Fate and Thee we find,
 That to destroy, thou to preserve Mankind.

Into thy Lists, thou Martial Plant admit,
Goats Rue, *Goats-Rue* is for thy Squadrons fit.

* Called
Lychnis quad-
nobilis lucet.

Thy Beauty * *Campion*, very much may claim,
 But of *Greek-Rose* how didst thou gain the Name?
 The *Greeks* were ever priviledg'd to tell
 Untruths, they call thee *Rose*, who hast no smell.
 Yet formerly thou wert in Garlands worn,
 Thy starry Beams our Temples still adorn,
 Thou crown'st our Feasts, where we in Mirth suppose,
 And in our Drink allow Thee for a *Rose*.

* The
 Peacock.

The *Chalcedonian* Soil did once produce
 A *Lychnis* of much greater size and Use;
 Form'd like a Sconce, where various branches rise,
 Bearing more Lights than *Juno's* * Bird has Eyes.
 Like those in Palaces, whose Golden Light
 Strikes up and makes the gilded Roofs more bright:
 This, great Mens Tables serves, while that's preferr'd
 To Altars and the Gods Celestial Board.

* Called *Lys-*
machia from
Lysimachus.
 † Found by
Gentius King
 of *Illyricum*,
 where they
 grow largest.
 ‡ So called
 from its clean-
 sing quality,
 used in wash-
 ing Cloth and
 scouring Kitch-
 in Vessels.

Shou'd *Maro* ask me in what Region springs
 The Race of Flow'rs inscrib'd with Names of Kings,
 I answer, that of Flow'rs deserv'dly crown'd
 With Royal Titles many may be found,
 The Royal * *Loose-strife*, Royal † *Gentian* grace
 Our Gardens, proud of such a Princely Race.

‡ *Soap Wort*, though coarse thy Name, thou dost excell
 In Form, and art enrich'd with fragrant Smell:

As great in Virtue too, for thou giv'st Ease
 In Dropsies and Fair *Venus* foul Disease.

Yet dost not servile offices decline,
 But condescend'st to make our Kitchens shine.
Rome's Great Dictator thus, his triumph past,
 Return'd to plow, nor thought his Pomp debas'd,
 The same right hand guides now the humble Stive,
 And Oxen Yoaks, that did fierce Nations drive.

* Bell-flowers
Campanula.

Next comes the * Flow'r in figure of a Bell,
 Thy sportive meaning Nature who can tell:
 In these what Musick *Flora* dost thou find?
 Say for what jocund Rites they are design'd.
 By us these Bells are never heard to sound,
 Our Ears are dull, and stupid is our Mind,
 Nature is all a Riddle to Mankind.

}
 }

Some

Some Flow'rs give Men as well as Gods delight,
These qualify nor Smell, nor Taste, nor Sight;
Why therefore should not our * fifth Sense be serv'd?
Or is that pleasure for the Gods reserv'd?

* The Hearing.

But of all *Bell-Flow'rs* * *Bindweed* do's surpass,
Of brighter Metal than *Corinthian* Brass.

* Call great
Bind-weed, or
great *Bell-
Flower*.

My *Muse* grows hoarse and can no longer sing,
But *Throat-Wort* hastes her kind relief to bring;
The Colleges with Dignity enstall

This Flow'r, at *Rome* he is a * *Cardinal*.

* In *Latine*
call'd *Flos*
Cardinalis.

The † *Fox-Glove* on fair *Flora's* Hand is worn,
Left while she gathers Flow'rs she meet a Thorn.

† *Flos Digitalis*
is from resem-
bling a *Glove*.

Love-Apple, though its Flow'r less fair appears,
It's golden Fruit deserves the Name it bears.

But this is new in Love, where the true Crop
Proves nothing; all the Pleasure was i'th' Hope.

The *Indian* † Flow'ry-Reed in Figure vies,
And Lustre, with the *Cancer* of the Skies.

† *Canna Indica*,
or, *Flos Canceri*.

The *Indian Cress* our Climate now do's bear,
Call'd *Larks-beel*, 'cause he wears a Horse-mans Spur.

This *Gilt-spur* Knight prepares his Course to run,
Taking his Signal from the rising Sun,

And stimulates his Flow'r to meet the day:
So *Caster* mounted spurs his Steed away.

This Warriour sure has in some Battel been,
For spots of Blood upon his Breast are seen.

Had *Ovid* seen him, how would he have told
His History, a Task for me too bold;

His Race at large and Fortunes had exprest,
And whence those bleeding Signals on thy Brest:

From later *Bards* such Mysteries are hid,
Nor do's the God inspire, as heretofore he did.

With the same weapon *Lark-spur* thou dost mount
Amongst the Flow'rs, a Knight of high account;

To want those war-like Ensigns were a shame
For thee, who kindred dost with *Ajax* claim:

Of unarm'd Flowers he cou'd not be the Sire,
Who for the loss of Armor did expire:

Of th' ancient *Hyacinth* thou keep'st the Form,
Those lovely Creatures, that ev'n *Phæbus* Charm;

In thee those skilful Letters still appear,
That prove thee *Ajax* his undoubted Heir.

That up-start Flow'r, that has usurpt thy Fame,
O'come by thee, is forc'd to quit his Claim.

The *Lily* too would fain thy Rival be,
And brings, 'tis true, some signs that well agree,

But in Complexion differs much from thee.
At Spring thou mayst adorn the *Asian* Bow'rs,

We reap thee here among our Summer Flow'rs.

*Consolida Re-
galis*.

The Sylla-
bles *Ac, As*,
most visible
in this flower.

The com-
mon *Hyacinth*,
who wants all
the Notes of
the old *Hyac-
inth* or *Ajax*
Flower.

But

But *Martagon* a bolder Challenge draws,
And offers Reason to support his Cause:

Nor did *Achilles* Armor e'r create,
'Twixt *Ajax* and *Ulysses* such debate,

So fierce, so great, as at this day we see,

For *Ajax* Spoils, 'twixt *Martagon* and thee.

Fraxinella. That *Bastard Dittany* of Sanguine hue

From *Hector's* reeking Blood Conception drew,

I cannot say, but still a Crimson stain

Tinctures it's Skin, and colours every Vein;

In Man the three chief Seats it do's maintain,

Defends the Heart, the Stomach, and the Brain.

But all in vain thy Virtue is employ'd,

To save a Town must be at last destroy'd;

In vain thou fight'st with Heav'n and Destiny,

Our *Troy* must fall, and thou our *Hector* die.

Thlaspi. Next comes the *Candy-Tuft*, a *Cretan* Flower,

That rivals *Jove* in Country and in Power.

The *Pellitory* healing Fire contains,

That from a raging Tooth the Humor drains;

At bottom red, above 'tis white and pure,

Resembling Teeth and Gums, for both a certain Cure.

The *Sow-Bread* do's afford rich Food for Swine,

Physick for Man, and Garlands for the Shrine.

Awicula maris. *Monse-Ear*, like to its Name-lake, loves t' abide

Pilosella. In places out o' th' way, from Mankind hid.

It loves the shade, and Nature kindly lends

A Shield against the Darts that *Phæbus* sends;

'Tis with such silky Bristles cover'd o'r,

The tend'rest Virgin's Hand may crop the Flow'r.

From all its num'rous Darts no hurt is found,

Its Weapons know to Cure, but not to wound.

Sweet William small, has Form and Aspect bright,

Like that sweet Flower that yields great *Jove* delight;

Had he Majestick bulk, he'd now be stild

Jove's Flower, and if my skill is not beguild,

He was *Jove's* flower when *Jove* was but a Child.

Take him with many Flow'rs in one conferr'd,

He's worthy *Jove*, ev'n now he has a Beard.

The *Catch-Fly* with *Sweet William* we confound,

Whose Nets the stragglers of the swarm surround,

Those viscous Threads that hold th' entangled Prey

From its own treach'rous Entrails force their way.

Three branches in the *Barren Wert* are found,

Each Branch again with three less Branches crown'd,

The Leaves and Flowers adorning each are three,

This Frame must needs contain some Sacred Mystery.

Small are thy Blossoms, double *Pellitory*,

Which yet united are the Garden's Glory.

Sneezing

Sneezing thou dost provoke, and Love for thee
When thou wert born sneez'd most auspiciously.

But thou that from fair *Mella* tak'st thy Name,
Thy Front surrounded with a Star-like flame,
Scorn not the Meads, for from the Meads are born
Wreaths, which the Temples of the Gods adorn;
Kind sustenance thou yieldst the lab'ring Bee,
When scarce thy Mother Earth affords it thee.
Thy Winter-store in hardest Months is found,
And more than once with Flow'rs in Summer crown'd.
Thy Root supplies the place of Flowers decay'd,
And fodder for the fainting Hive is made.

Star-Wort.
Virg. Georg. 4.

Behold a Monster loathsome to the Eye,
Of slender bulk, but dang'rous Policy,
Eight Legs it bears, three joynts in every Limb,
That nimbly move and dextrously can climb,
Its Trunk (all Belly) round, deform'd and swell'd,
With fatal Nets and deadly Poyson fill'd.
For Gnats and wand'ring Flies she spreads her toils,
And Robber-like, lives high on ravish'd spoils.
The City Spider, as more civiliz'd,
With this less hurtful practice is suffic'd.

Phalangium.

With greater fury the *Tarantula*
Tho small it self, makes Men and Beasts it's Prey;
Takes first our Reason then our Life away.
Thou Spider Wort dost with the Monster strive,
And from the conquer'd Foe thy Name derive.
Thus *Scipio*, when the Worlds third part he won,
While to the Spoils the meaner Captains run,
The only Plunder he desir'd was Fame,
And from the vanquish'd Foe to take his Name.

The *Marvail* of the World comes next in view,
At home, but stil'd the *Marvail* of *Pern*:
(Boast not too much, proud Soil, thy Mines of Gold,
Thy Veins much Wealth, but more of Poyson hold.)
Bring o'r the Root, our colder Earth has Power
In its full Beauty to produce the Flower;
But yields for Issue no prolifick Seed,
And scorns in foreign Lands to Plant and Breed.

The *Holiboek* disdains the common size
Of Herbs, and like a Tree do's proudly rise;
Proud she appears, but try her and you'll find
No Plant more mild, or friendly to Mankind:
She gently all Obstructions do's unbind.

The * *Africans* their rich Leaves closely fold,
Bright as their Countrey's celebrated Gold.
Each hollow Leaf, envelop'd, does impart
The form of a gilt Pipe, and seems a work of Art.
VVou'd kind *Apollo* once these Pipes inspire
They'd give such sounds as should surpass his Lyre.

* A Flower so
call'd, and
sometimes
falsly French
Marigolds.

A more than common date this Flow'r enjoys,
 And sees a Month compleated ere she dyes.
 These only Fate permits so long to stand,
 And crops 'em then with an unwilling Hand.
 The Calyx where her fertile Seeds are laid
 In likeness of a painted Quiver made,
 VVith store of Arrows too this Quiver's grac'd,
 And decently on *Flora's* Shoulder plac'd,
 VVhen she in Gardens hunts the *Butterfly*,
 In vain the wretch his Sun burnt wings do's try,
 Secure enough, did Fear not make him fly.
 Himself would seem a Flow'r if motionless,
 And cheat the Goddesses with his gaudy dress.
 Retreating, the keen Spike his sides do's goad,
 To Earth he falls, a light and unfelt Load.

Such was the Punick *Caltha*, which of Yore,
 Of *Juno's Rose* the lofty Title bore.
 Of famous *Carthage*, now by Fate bereft,
 This last (and surely) greatest Pride is left.
 How vain, O Flowers, your hopes and wishes be,
 Born like your selves by rapid winds away.
 Once you had hopes at *Hannibal's* Return
 From vanquish'd *Rome*, his Triumphs to adorn,
 And ev'n imperious *Carthage* Head surround,
 When she the Mistress of the World were crown'd;
 Presum'd that *Flora* wou'd for you declare,
 Tho she that time a *Latian* Goddess were:
 But now (alas) reduc'd to private State,
 Thou shar'st, poor *Flower*, thy Captive Countrey's Fate.

Why *Holly-Rose*, dost thou, of slender frame,
 And without scent, assume a *Rose's* Name?
 Fate on thy Pride a swift Revenge does bring,
 The Day beholds thee dead, that sees thee spring.
 Yet to the shades thy Soul triumphing goes,
 Boasting that thou didst imitate the *Rose*.

A better claim *Sweet-Cissus* may pretend,
 Whose sweating Leaves a fragrant Balsam send:
 To crop this Plant the wicked *Goat* presumes,
 Whose fetid Beard the precious Balm perfumes:
 But in Revenge of the unhallowed Theft,
 The Caitiff's of his larded Beard bereft.
 Baldness thou dost redress, nor are we sure
 Whether the Beard or Balsam gives the cure.

Thy Ointment, *Jessamine*, without abuse
 Is gain'd, yet grave old Sots condemn the use;
 Tho *Jove* himself, when he is most enrag'd,
 With thy Ambrosial Odour is asswag'd:
 Capricious Men! why should that scent displease,
 That is so grateful to the Deities?

Flora her self to th' *Orange-Tree* lays claim,
Calls it her own, *Pomona* does the same;
Hard words ensue, (for under sense of wrong
Ev'n Goddesses themselves can find a Tongue)
If Apples please you so, *Pomona* cries,
Take your *Love-Apple*, and let that suffice,
To claim anothers Right is Harlots trade,
So may a Goddess of an Harlot made.

And on what score, *Flora* incens'd reply'd,
Were you by kind *Vertumnus* deify'd?
You kept (no thanks) your Maiden Virtue, when
He was a Matron, when a Youth — what then?
Such fragrant Fruits as these may Flowers be call'd,
And henceforth with that Name shall be enstall'd:
On sundry sorts of Pulse we do bestow
That Title, though in open field they grow,
As others oft are in the Garden seen,
Witness the everlasting *Pease* and *Scarlet Bean*.

The vulgar *Beans* sweet scent, who does not prize,
With Iv'ry Forehead, and with Jet-black Eyes,
Amongst our Garden-Beauties may appear,
If Gardens only their cheap Crop did bear.
Pythagoras, not rightly understood,
Has left a Scandal on the noble Food:
Take care henceforth, ye *Sages*, to speak true,
Speak truth, and speak intelligibly too.

Lupine unsteep'd, to harshness does encline,
And like old *Cato*, is of temper rough,

But drench the Pulse in Water, him in Wine,
They'll lose their sowness and grow mild enough.
These Flowers, and thousands more, whose num'rous
And pompous March, 'twere endless to describe. (tribe,

* *Malus* *Amygdalus*
tim.

The * *Mandrake* only imitates our walk,
And on two Legs erect is seen to stalk.
This Monster struck *Bellona's* self with aw,
When first the Man-resembling Plant she saw.

* Male and
Female,

The * *Water-Lilly* still is wanting here,
What cause can *Water-Lilly* have to fear,
Where Beauties of inferiour Rank appear?
Her Form excels, and for Nobility
The whole Assembly might her Vassals be:
A Water-Nymph she was, *Alcides* Bride,
(Who sprung from Gods, himself now deify'd)
This cost her dear — by Love of him betray'd,
The *Water-Goddes* a poor Plant was made:
From this Misfortune she does tristful prove,
And to this hour she hates the name of Love.
All freedom she renounces, Mirth and Play,
That to more close Embraces lead the way:

* *Nymphaea*.

See *Nymphaea*
or *Water-Lily*.

M 2

And

And since our *Flora's* former Pranks are known,
 (If in a Goddess we such Crimes may own)
 In life the common Mistress of the Town.
 She scorns at her Tribunal to be seen,
 Nor would on terms so scandalous be Queen,
 To be from Earth divorc'd she'd rather choose,
 And to the Sun her wither'd Root expose.

* *Plus Passionis*
Christi.

The Passion-
 Flower, or
Virginian
 Climber. The
 first of these
 Names was gi-
 ven it by the
Jesuits, who
 pretend to
 find in it all
 the Instru-
 ments of our
 Lord's Passion;
 not so easily
 discern'd by
 men of Senses
 not so fine as
 they.

Thence * *Maracot* a much more sacred Cause
 From these profane ridiculous Rites withdraws;
 With signals of a real God adorn'd,
 Poets and Painter's Gods by thee are scorn'd:
 T' unfold the Emblems of this mystick Flower
 Transcends (alas!) my feeble *Muses* Power.
 But Nature sure by chance did ne'r bestow
 A form so different from all Plants that grow,
 Enrob'd with ten white Leaves, the proper dress
 Of Virgins Chast and sacred Priestesses.
 Twice round her two-fold Selvedge you may view,
 A Purple Ring, the sacred Martyrs hue.
 Thick sprouting Stems of ruddy *Saffron-Grain*
 Strive to conceal the Flower, but strive in vain,
 This Coronet of Ruby-Spikes compos'd,
 The thorny Blood-stain'd Crown may be suppos'd:
 The Blood-stain'd Pillar too a curious Ey
 May there behold, and if you closely pry,
 The Sponge, the Nails, the Scourge thereon you'll spy,
 And knobs resembling a Crown'd Head descry.
 So deep in Earth the Root descends, you'd swear,
 It meant to visit Hell, and Triumph there;
 In ev'ry Soil it grows, as if it meant
 To stretch its Conquest to the World's extent.

Beside the fore nam'd Candidates, but few
 Remain'd, and most of them were modest too.
 But where such fragrant Rivals did appear,
 Who would have thought to find rank *Moly* there?
 Amongst Competitors of such fair Note
 Sure, *Garlick* only will for *Moly* Vote.
 Yet something 'twas, (and Plants themselves confess
 The Honour great) that *Homer* did express
 Her famous Name in his Immortal Song:
 Swell'd with this Pride, she presses through the throng.
 Deep silence o'r the whole Assembly spreads,
 Whilst with unsav'ry Breath her Title thus she Pleads.

M O L Y.

TO find a Name for me the Gods took care,
 A Mystick Name, that might my Worth declare,

They

They call'd me *Moly*: dull Grammarians sense
 Is puzzled with the term —
 But *Homer* held Divine Intelligence.
 In *Greek* and *Latin* both my Name is * Great,
 The term is just, but *Moly* sounds more neat:
 My Pow'rs prevented *Circes* dire Design,
Ulysses but for me had been a Swine;
 In vain had *Mercury* inspir'd his Brain
 With Craft, and tipt his wheedling tongue in vain,
 Had I not enter'd timely to his Aid.
 Thus *Moly* spoke, and would much more have said
 But by mischance (as if some angry Pow'r
 Had ow'd her long a shame) a Belch most sower
 Broke from her throat, perfuming all the Court,
 And made her Rivals unexpected sport.
 Her pompous Name no longer can take place,
 Her Odour proves her of the *Garlick* Race;
 Forthwith with one consent the gibing throng
 Set up their Notes, and sung the well-known * Song
 He that to cut his Father's throat
 Did heretofore presume,
 T' have *Garlick* cram'd into his Gut
 Receiv'd the dreadful Doom.
Flora to silence the tumultuous jest,
 (Though secretly she smil'd amongst the rest)
 That she her self would speak a sign exprest,
 Then with sweet Grace into these Accents broke,
 Th' unhallow'd place perfuming while she spoke.

* *εὐχὰς, magnan.*

* *Horat. Epod. lib. Od. 3.*

F L O R A.

HOMER I will not vain or careless call,
 Though he no mention makes of me at all,
 That he blame-worthy was in this, 'tis true,
 But the blind Bard gives other Gods their due.
 To doubt his truth were Piety to slight,
 Ev'n what of *Moly* he affirms is right,
 I once had such a Flower, but now bereft
 O'th' happiness, the Name is onely left.
 No sooner Men its wondrous Virtue knew,
 But jealous Gods the pow'rful Plant withdrew;
 'Tis said that *Jove* did *Mercury* chastise
 For shewing to *Ulysses* such a Prize.
 To say I saw him do't I'll not presume,
 But witness am of *Moly's* unjust Doom.
 Ev'n to the Shades below her Roor strikes down,
 As she wou'd make th' infernal world her own.
 As from their Seats the very Fiends she'd drive,
 And spight of flames and blasting Sulphur thrive.

Jove

* The Goddess of Waters.

Jove saw't, and said, Since Fire can't stop thy course,
We'll try some Magick-water's stronger force.
Then calling * *Lympha* to him, thus at large
Unfolds his Mind, and gives the Goddess charge:
Thou know'st, said he, where *Cicones* reside,
There runs a marv'lous petrifying tide;
Take of that stream (but largely take) and throw
Where-e'r thou seest the wicked *Moly* grow;
Our Empire is not safe, her Pow'r's so large;
Whole Rivers therefore on her Head discharge.
Lympha with lib'ral Hand the Liquor pours,
While thirsty *Moly* her own Bane devours;
Her Stem forthwith is turn'd (O Prodigy)
Into a Pillar; where her Flow'r shou'd be
The sculpture of a Flow'r is onely shown:
Poor *Moly* thus transform'd to Marble Stone,
The story of her fate do's still present,
And stands in Death her own sad Monument.
Here ended little *Moly's* mighty Reign,
By jealous Gods for too much Virtue slain.

* *Lark-spar.*
The Herb, by
the touch of
of which
Juno was
feigned to
conceive
Mars, *Ovid.*
Fast. lib. 6^{re}.

What wonder then if that bold * Flow'r did prove
The object of his wrath that Rival'd *Jove*.
That to embrace chaste *Juno* did aspire,
Gallant t' a Goddess, of a God the Sire.
The vig'rous Herb begat a Deity,
A God, like *Jove* himself for Majesty,
And one that thunders too as loud as he,
With one short Moment's touch begot him too,
That's more than ever threshing *Jove* cou'd do.
The Flow'r it self appears with Warriours Mien,
(As much as can in growing Plants be seen.)
With stabbing Point and cutting edg 'tis made,
Like warlike weapon, and upon it's Blade
Are ruddy stains like drops of Bloud display'd.
Its Spikes of Faulchion-shape are sanguine too,
Its Stem and Front is all of bloody hue:
The Root in form of any Shield is spread,
A crested Helmet's plac'd upon it's Head.
Upon his Stalk, Strings, Bow and Arrow's grow,
A Horseman's Spur upon his Heel below.
Minerva I would have this Warriour wed,
A Warriour fit for chaste *Minerva's* Bed;
So might she teem, yet keep her Maiden-head.
My Garden had but one of these I own,
And therefore by the name of *Phanix* known,
The Herb that could encrease *Jove's* mighty Breed;
T' its self an Eunuch was and wanted seed.
Grieving that Earth so rich a Prize should want,
I try'd all means to propagate the Plant:

What

What cannot Wit, what cannot Art fulfil?
 At least where Pow'rs Divine wou'd shew their skill.
 One tender Bulb another did succeed,
 And my fair Phoenix now began to breed;
 But mark th' Event, shall I expecting sit,
 Cries *Jove*, till this young Sprout more Gods beget?
 To have a Rival in my Heav'n, and see
 An Herb-race mingle with *Jove's* Progeny?
 A dreadful and * blind Monster then does make;
 That on his Rival dire Revenge might take;
 Though less of size, shap'd like a Forest Boar,
 And turns him loose into my Garden's store.
 What havock did the Savage make that day,
 (I weep to think what flow'ry Ruins lay)
 With Sulphur's fume I strove to drive him thence,
 The fume of Sulphur prov'd too weak defence.
 Great *Spurge* and *Assa Fetida* I try'd,
 In vain, in vain strong *Moly's* scent apply'd.
 Small Vermin did his Ancestors suffice,
 When they cou'd catch a *Beetle* 'twas a Prize,
 But such coarse fare this Salvage does despise.
 He like a Swine of *Epicurus* breed,
 On the best Dainties of my Soil must feed.
Tulips of ten pounds price (so large and gay
 Adorn'd my Bow'r) he'd eat me ten a Day:
 For twice the sum I could not now supply
 The like, though *Jove* himself should come to buy.
 Yet like a Goddess I the damage bore,
 With courage, trusting to my Art for more.
 While therefore I contrive to trap the Foe
 The wretch devours my precious Phoenix too.
 Nor to devour the Sire is satisfy'd,
 But tears the tender off-spring from his side.
 O impious Fact — here *Flora* paus'd awhile,
 And from her Eyes the Crystal tears distil:
 But as became a Goddess checkt her grief,
 And thus proceeds, in language sweet and brief;
 Thee *Moly*, *Homer* did perhaps devour,
 For, to Heav'n's shame be't spoke; the Bard was poor.
 But in thy praise wou'd ne'r vouchsafe to speak.
 From these Examples, *Moly*, warning take,
 To fatal Honours seek not then to rise,
 'Tis dangerous claiming Kindred with the Skies:
 Thou honest *Garlick* art, let that suffice,
 Of Countrey-growth, own then thy Earthly Race,
 Nor bring by pride on Plants or Man, disgrace.
 She said — and to the *Lily* waiting by,
 Gave Sign, that she her Title next should try.

* The Mole;

}

}

White-Lily.

White---L I L Y.

SUCH as the lovely Swan appears
When rising from the *Trent* or *Thame*,
And as aloft his Plumes he rears,
Despises the less beauteous stream:

So when my joyful Flow'r is born,
And does its native glories show;
Her clouded Rival she does scorn;
Th' are all but foils where *Lily's* grow.

Soon as the Infant comes to light
With harmless Milk alone 'tis fed;
That from the Innocence of white
A gentle temper may be bred.

The milky Tear is first apply'd
To fiercest Creatures of the Earth,
But I can boast a greater pride,
* A Goddess Milk, produc'd my Birth.

When *Juno* in the Days of yore
Did with the great *Alcides* teem,
Of Milk the Goddess had such store
The Nectar from her Breast did stream.

Whitening beyond the pow'r of Art
The Pavement where it lay,
Yet through the Crevices some part
Made shift to find its way.

The Earth forthwith did pregnant prove
VVith Lily flow'rs supply'd,
That scarce the Milky way above
With her in whiteness vy'd.

Thus did the Race of Man arise,
When sparks of heav'nly fire
Breaking through Crannies in the Skies,
Did Earth's dull Mass inspire.

Happy those Souls that can like Me
Their native White retain;
Preserve their Heav'nly purity,
And wear no guilty stain.

Peace in my Habit comes array'd,
My Dress her Daughters wear;
Hope and Joy in white are clad,
In Sable weeds Despair.

Thus Beauty, Truth and Chastity
Attir'd we always find

These

* *Jupiter* in order to make *Hercules* Immortal, clap'd him to *Juno's* breasts, while she was asleep. The lusty little rogue suck'd so hard, that too great a gush of Milk coming forth, some spilt upon the Sky, which made the *Galaxy* or Milky Way; and out of some which fell to the Earth arose the *Lily*.

These in no Female meet, but me,
From me are ne'r disjoin'd.

Nature on many Flow'rs beside
Bestows a muddy white;
On me the plac'd her greatest Pride,
All over clad in Light.

Thus *Lily* spoke, and needles did suppose
Secure of form, her Virtues to disclose.
Then fallow'd *Lilies* of a diff'rent hue,
Who ('cause their beauty less than hers they knew) }
From Birth and high Descent their Title drew.
Of these the Martagon chief Claim did bring
(The noble Flow'r that did from *Ajax* spring)
But from the noblest Hero's veins to flow,
Seem'd less than from a Goddess Milk to grow.
At last the drowzy *Poppy* rais'd her Head
And sleepily began her Cause to plead,
Ambition ev'n the drowzy *Poppy* wakes,
VWho thus to urge her Merit undertakes.

P O P P Y.

O Sleep, the gentle ease of Grief,
Of Care and toil the sweet Relief;
Like Sov'reign Balm thou canst restore
When Doctors give the Patient o'r.

Thou to the wretched art a friend,
A Guest that ne'r does Farm intend,
In Cottages mak'st thy aboad,
To th' Innocent thou art a God.

On Earth with *Jove* bear'st equal sway,
Thou rul'st the Night as *Jove* the Day;
A middle station thou dost keep
'Twixt *Jove* and *Pluto*, pow'rful Sleep!

As thou art just and scorn'st to lie,
Confess before this Company,
That by the Virtue of my Flow'r
Thou holdest thy nocturnal Pow'r.

Why do we call thee Loiterer,
Who fly'st so nimbly through the Air;
The Birds on wing confess thy force,
And stop i'th' middle of their course.

Thy Empire as the Ocean wide,
Rules all that in the Deep reside;
That moving Island of the Main
The Whale, is fetter'd in thy Chain.

The Defart Lands thy Pow'r declare,
Thou rul'st the Lion, Tyger, Bear,
To mention these alas, is vain,
O'r City-tyrants thou dost Reign.

The *Basilisk* whose looks destroy,
And Nymph more fatal, if she's coy;
Whose Glances surer Death impart
To her tormented Lover's Heart,

When Sleep commands, their Charms give way,
His more prevailing force obey;
Their killing Eyes they gently close
Disarm'd by innocent Repose.

That careful *Jove* does always wake
The Poets say; a foul mistake!
For when to Pow'r the wicked rise,
Can *Jove* look on with open Eyes?

When bloud to Heav'n for vengeance calls,
So loud it shakes his Palace walls;
Yet does unheard, unanswer'd sue,
Must *Jove* not sleep, and soundly too?

That *Ceres* with my Flow'r is griev'd
Some think, but they are much deceiv'd,
For where her richest Corn she sows,
The inmate *Poppy* she allows.

Together both our seeds does sling,
And bids us both together spring,
Good cause, for my Sleep-giving juice
Does more than Corn to Life conduce.

On us the Mortals freely feed,
Of other Plants there's little need;
Full of *Poppy*, full of Corn,
Th' *Hesperian* Garden you may scorn.

Bread's more refreshing mix'd with me,
Honey and I with Bread agree,
Our tast so sweet it can excite
The weak, or sated Appetite.

In *Ceres* Garland I am plac'd,
Me she did first vouchsafe to tast,
When for her Daughter lost she griev'd,
Nor, in long time had Food receiv'd.

'Bove all she does extol my Plant,
For if sustaining Corn you want,
From me such kind supplies are sent,
As give both Sleep and Nourishment.

In old time
the Seed of the
White-Poppy
parch'd was
serv'd up as a
Dessert.

The Reason therefore is most plain
Why I was made the fruitfulst Grain,
The *Persian* brings not to the Field,
Such Armys as my Camp does yield.

Diseases in all Regions breed,
No corner of the World is freed,
Hard labour ev'ry where we find,
The constant Portion of mankind.

Sick Earth Great *Jove* beheld with Grief,
And sent me down to her relief,
And 'cause her Ills so fast did breed,
Endu'd me with more fertile Seed.

Thus *Poppy* spake, nor did as I suppose,
So soon intend her bold Harangue to close,
But seiz'd with sleep, here finish'd her Discourse;
Nor could resist her own Lethargick force.
I tell strange things, (but nothing should deter
Since 'tis most certain truth what I aver,)
Nor would I Sacred History profane
As Poets use with what is false and vain.
While *Poppy* spoke, the Assembly fell asleep.
Th' Assembly could no longer open keep
Their Eyes, ev'n *Flora's* self fell fast asleep.
So *Daffadils* with too much Rain oppress
Recline their drooping Heads upon their Breast.
Zephyr, not long could bear this foul disgrace;
With a brisk Breeze of Air he shook the Place,
Flora, who well her Husbands Kisses knew,
Wak'd first, but rear'd her Head with much ado;
With heavy Motion to her drowsie Eyes
Her Fingers lifts, and what's a Clock, she cries.
At which the rest (all by degrees) unfold
Their Eye lids, and the open Day behold.
The *Sun Flow'r* thinking 'twas for him foul shame
To Nap by Day-light, strove t'excuse the blame;
It was not sleep that made him Nod, he said,
But too great weight and largeness of his Head.
Majestick then before the Court he stands,
And silence with *Phœbean* Voice commands.

S U N - F L O W E R.

I F by the Rules of Nature we proceed,
And likeness to the Sire must prove the breed,
Believe me Sirs, when *Phœbus* looks on you,
He scarce can think his Spouse the Earth was true.

* The usual
Oath of the
Gods.

No sooner can his Eye on me be thrown,
But he * by *Styx* will swear I am his own.
My Orb-like golden Aspect bound with Rays,
The very Picture of his Face displays.
Among the Stars long since I should have place,
Had not my Mother been of mortal Race:
Presume not then, ye Earth-born *Mushroom* brood
To call me Brother — I derive my Blood
From *Phæbus* self, which by my Form I prove,
And (more than by my Form) my filial Love.
I still adore my Sire with prostrate Face,
Turn where he turns, and all his motions trace.
Who seeing this (all things he sees) decreed
To you his doubtful, if not spurious breed,
These poorer Climes, to be in dow'r enjoy'd,
Of that Divine *Phæbean* metal void;
On me that * richer Soil he did bestow
Where Gold, the product of his Beams, does grow.
Amongst his Treasures well might he assign
A Place for me, his like and living coin.
He said, and bowing twice his Head with Grace
To *Flora*, thrice to's Sire, resum'd his Place.
To him succeeds a † Flow'r of greater Name,
Who from high *Jove* himself deriv'd his Claim.

• *America*,
where grow
the largest
Sun-Flowers.

† *Pias Jove*.

GILLY-FLOWER

How this Pretender for no Medicine good,
Can be allow'd the Son of Physick's God,
I leave to the wise Judgment of the Court:
With better proofs my Title I support,
Jove was my Sire, to me he did impart
(Who best deserv'd) the Empire of the Heart.
Let him with Golden Aspect please the Eye,
A Sov'raign Cordial to the Heart am I.
Not *Tagus*, nor the Treasures of *Peru*
Thy boasted Soil, can Grief like me, subdue.
Should *Jove* once more descend in Golden show'r,
Not *Jove* cou'd prove so Cordial as my Flow'r.
One Golden Coat thou hast, I do confess,
That's all, poor Plant, thou hast no change of Drefs.
Of sev'ral hue I sev'ral Garments wear,
Nor can the *Rose* her self with me compare:
The gaudy *Tulip* and the *Emony*
Seem richly coated when compar'd with thee.
View both their Stocks, my Ward-robe has the same,
The very *Cresset* I of Colours am.
Rich but in Drefs they are, in Virtue poor,
Or keep like Misers to themselves their store,

Most

Most lib'rally my Bounty I impart,
'Tis joy to mine to ease anothers Heart.
Some Flowers for Physick serve, and some for Smell,
For Beauty some—but I in all excell.

While thus she spake, her Voice, Scent, Drefs and Port,
Majestick all, drew Rev'rence from the Court:
Well might th' Inferiour Plants concern'd appear,
The very *Rose* her self began to fear:
Her next of kin a fair and num'rous Host,
Of their Alliance to *Carnation* boast.
Then divers more, who, though to fields remov'd
From *Garden-Gilly-flower* their Lineage prov'd.
They of the *Saffron-house* next took their Course,
Of dwarfish Stature, but gigantick force;
Led by their Purple Chief, who dares appear,
And stand the shock of the declining Year.
In *Autumn's* stormy Months he shews his head,
When tainted Skies their baneful Venom shed.
He scarce began to speak, when looking round,
The * *Colchic* Tribe amongst his Train he found;
Hence ye profane, he cry'd, nor bring disgrace
On my fair Title, I disown your Race.
Repair to *Circe's* or *Medea's* Tent,
When on some fatal mischief they are bent,
To baneful *Pontus* fly, seek kindred there,
You who of Flowers, Earth, Heav'n, the scandal are.
Thus did he storm, for tho by Nature mild,
Against the poy'nous Race his *Choler* boil'd.
His sacred Virtue the Intruders knew,
And from th' Assembly consciously withdrew.

* *Steadow Saffron*, called,
Bulbus Strag.
Ixtorim &
Ephemeris
libale.

S A F F R O N.

While others boast their proud Original,
And *Sol* or *Jove* their Parents call,
I claim (contented with such slender Flowers)
No kindred with Almighty Pow'rs.
I from a Constant Lover took my Name,
And dare aspire no greater Fame.
Whom after all the Toils of anxious Life
Twixt Hopes and Fears a tedious strife,
Great *Jove* to quit me of my hopeless Fire,
(My Patron he, though not my Sire,)
Transform'd me to a smiling Flower at last,
To recompence my Sorrows past.
Live cheerful now, he said, nor only live
Merry thy self, but Gladness give;
Then to my sacred Flow'r with Skill he joyn'd,
Stems three or four of Star-like kind.

Gold. Nectar.

Made

Made them the Magazines of Mirth and Joy,

What e'r can fullen Grief destroy,

Gay Humours there, Conceit and Laughter ly,

Venus and *Cupid's* Armory.

Bacchus may like a Quack give present Ease,

That only strengthens the Disease.

You crush (alas!) the Serpent's Head in vain,

Whose Tail survives to strike again.

All noxious Humours from the Heart I drive,

And spight of Poyson keep alive.

The Heart secur'd, through all the Parts beside

Fresh Life and dancing Spirits glide.

But still 'tis vain to guard th' Imperial Seat,

If to the Lungs the Foe retreat,

If of those Avenues he's once possess'd,

Famine will soon destroy the rest.

I watch and keep those Passes open too,

For Vital Air to come and go,

Ungrateful to his Friend that Breath must be,

That can abstain from praising me.

But having been an Instance of Love's pow'r

To Females still a sacred flow'r,

'Tis just that I shou'd now the Womb defend,

And be to *Venus* Seat a friend.

'Gainst all that wou'd the teeming part annoy

My ready Succour I employ.

I ease the lab'ring Pangs, and bring away

The Birth that past its time wou'd stay.

If this Assembly then my Claim suspend,

Who am to Nature such a friend,

Who all that's Good protect, and Ill confound,

If you refuse to have me Crown'd.

If you decline my gentle cheerful sway,

Let my pretended Kinsman come in play,

Punish your folly and my wrongs repay.

The foremen-
tion'd Ba-
ffard-Saffron.

He said, and shaking thrice his fragrant Head

Through all the Court a Cordial flavour spread:

While of his scatter'd Sweets each Plant partakes,

And on th' *Ambrosial* scent a Banquet makes.

Touch'd with a sense of Joy, his Rivals smild.

Ev'n them his Virtue of their Rage beguild;

Ev'n *Poppy's* self, refresh'd, erects her Head,

Who had not heard one word of what he said.

* *Amaranthus*,
that never
withereth.

* *Flower-gentle* last, on lofty stem did rise,

And seem'd the humble *Saffron* to despise:

On his high Name and Stature he depends,

And thus his Title to the Crown defends.

ebm

Amaranth,

AMARANTH, FLOWER-GENTLE.

WHAT can the puling *Rose* or *Violet* say,
 Whose Beauty flies so fast away?
 Fit only such weak Infants to adorn,
 Who dye as soon as they are born.

Immortal Gods wear Garlands of my Flowers,
 Garlands eternal as their Powers,
 Nor time that does all earthly things invade
 Can make a Hair fall from my head.
 Look up, the Gardens of the Sky survey,
 And Stars that there appear so gay,
 If credit may to certain Truth be giv'n,
 They are but th' *Amarantus* of Heav'n.

A transient Glance sometimes my *Cynthia* throws
 Upon the *Lily* or the *Rose*,
 But views my Plant, astonish'd, from the Sky,
 That she should Change, and never I.

Because with Hair instead of Leaves adorn'd,
 By some, as if no Flower, I'm scorn'd,
 But I my chiefeft Pride and Glory place
 In what they reckon my Disgrace.
 My Priv'ledge 'tis to differ from the rest;
 What has its like can ne'r be best:
 Nor is it fit Immortal Plants shou'd grow
 In form of fading Plants below.

That Gods have Flesh and Blood we cannot say,
 That they have something like to both we may,
 So I resembling an Immortal Power,
 Am only as it were a Flower.

Their Plea's thus done, the several Tribes repair,
 And stand in Ranks about the Goddess's Chair,
 Silent and trembling betwixt hope and fear.
Flora, who was of Temper light and free,
 Puts on a personated Gravity;
 As with the grave occasion best might suit,
 And in this manner finish'd the dispute.

F L O R A.

The End of the Fourth Book.

AMongst the Miracles of ancient *Rome*,
 When *Cineas* thither did as Envoy come,
 Th' August and purpled Senate he admir'd,
 View'd 'em, and if they all were Kings, enquir'd?

So I in all this num'rous throng must own
 I see no Head but what deserves a Crown.
 On what one Flower can I bestow my Voice,
 Where equal Merits so distract my Choice?
 Be rul'd by me, the envious Title wave,
 Let no one claim what all deserve to have.
 Consider how from *Roman*-Race we spring,
 Whose Laws you know wou'd ne'r permit a King.
 Can I who am a *Roman* Deity,
 A haughty *Tarquin* in my Garden see?
 Ev'n your own Tribes, if I remember right,
 Rejoyc'd when they beheld the Tyrant's flight.
 VVith *Gabine* slaughter big, think how he slew
 The fairest Flow'rs that in his Plat-forms grew;
 Mankind and you, how he alike annoy'd,
 And both with sportive Cruelty destroy'd.
 You who are Lords of Earth as well as they
 Shou'd Free-born *Romans* Government display.
 Rest ever then a Common-wealth of Flow'rs,
 Compil'd of People and of Senators.
 This, I presume, the best for you and me,
 VVith Sense of Men and Gods does best agree.
Lily and *Rose* this Year your Consuls be
 The Year shall so begin auspiciously.
 Four *Prators* to the Seasons four, I make,
 The vernal *Pratorship* thou, *Tulip*, take:
 † *Jove's* Flow'r the Summer, * *Crocus* Autumn sway, * *Saffron*.
 Let VVinter war-like *Hellebore* obey.
 Honour's the sole Reward that can accrue,
 Tho short your Office, to your Charge be true.
 Your Life is short --- the Goddess ended here,
 The Chosen, with her Verdict pleas'd appear
 The rest with Hope to speed another Year.

† *July-flowers.*† *Jove's* Flow'r the Summer, * *Crocus* Autumn sway, * *Saffron*.

The End of the Fourth Book.

PLANTS.

BOOK V.

P O M O N A

LET now my *Muse* more lofty numbers bring
 Proportion'd to the lofty Theme we sing,
 The Race of *Trees*, whose towering branches rise
 In open Air, and almost kiss the Skies.
 Too light those strains that tender Flow'rs desir'd,
 Too low the Verse that humbler Herbs requir'd;
 Those weaklings near the Surface of the Earth
 Reside, nor from the Soil that gave them birth
 Dare launch too far into the airy Main,
 The Winds rough shock unable to sustain:
 These to the Skies with Heads erected go,
 Laughing at tender Plants that crouch below.
 Not Man the Earth's proud Lord so high can raise
 His Head, they touch those Heav'ns which he surveys.
 Between th' *Herculean* Bounds and Golden Soil
 By great *Columbus* found, there lies an Isle
 Of those call'd *Fortunate* the fairest Seat,
 Indulg'd by Heaven and Natures blest retreat.
 A constant settled Calm the Sky retains,
 Disturb'd by no impetuous Winds or Rains.
 Zephyr alone with fragrant Breath does cheer
 The florid Earth, and hatch the fruitful Year.
 No Clouds pour down the tender Plants to chill,
 But fatning Dews instead from Heav'n distill,
 And friendly Stars with vital Influence fill.
 No Cold invades the temp'rate Summer there
 More rich than Autumn, and than Spring more fair.
 The Months without distinction pass away,
 The Trees at once with Leaves, Fruit, Blossoms gay;
 The changing Moon all these, and always does survey.
 Nature some Fruits does to our Soil deny
 Nor what we have can ev'ry Month supply,

But

But ev'ry sort that happy Earth does bear,
All sorts it bears, and bears 'em all the Year.

This seat *Pomona* now is said to prize,
And fam'd *Alcinous* Gardens to despise.
Betwixt th' old World and new makes this retreat
Of her Green Empire the Imperial Seat:
And wisely too, that Plants of ev'ry sort
May from both Worlds repair to fill her Court.
Hedges instead of Walls this Place surround,
Brambles and Thorns of various kinds abound,
With *Haw-Thorn* that does Magick Spells confound.
The well rang'd *Trees*, within broad walks display
Through which her Verdant City we survey:
Ith' midst her Palace stands, of Bow'rs compos'd,
With twining Branches, and Green Walls enclos'd;
By Nature deck'd with Fruits of various kind,
You'd swear some Artist had the Work design'd.

When Autumn's Reign begins the Goddess here,
(Autumn with us eternal Summer's there)
When *Scorpio* with his Venom blasts the Year,
The Goddess her Vertumnal Rites prepares,
(So call'd from various Forms *Vertumnus* wears)
No cost she spares those Honours to perform,
(For no Expence can that Rich Goddess harm)
She then brings forth her Gardens choice Delights,
To treat the Rural Gods whom she invites.
The twelve of Heavenly Race her Guests appear,
Wanton *Priapus* too is present there,
The fair *Hosi* more attracts him than the *Fare*.
Then *Pales* came, and *Pan Arcadia's* God,
On his dull *Ass* the Fat *Silenus* rode
Lagging behind; the *Fauni* next advance,
With nimble Feet, and to the Banquet dance,
Nor Heav'ns Inferiour Pow'rs were absent thence,
Whose Altars seldom smook with Frankincense.
Picumnus who the barren Land manures,
Tutannus too who gather'd Fruit secures,

* Goddess of
the Hills.

† Goddess of
the Vales.

‡ Goddess of
plowed Lands.

* *Amrita*.

* *Collina* from the Hills, from Valleys low

† *Vallonia* came, ‡ *Rurina* from the Plow,

With whom a hundred Rustick Nymphs appear,

VVho Garments form'd of Leaves or Bark did wear,

To these, strange Powers from New-found * *India* came,

Most dreadful in their Aspect, Form and Name.

The hundred Mouths of Fame cou'd ne'r suffice

To taste or tell that Banquet's Rarities.

With change of Fruits the Table still was stor'd,

For ready Servants waited on the Board

In various Dress, the Months attending too

In number twelve, twelve times the Feast renew.

Of Apples, Pears and Dates they fill'd the Juice,
 The *Indian Nat* supply'd the double use
 Of Drink and Cup: the more luxuriant *Vine* }
 Afforded various kinds of sprightly Wine. }
Canaria's neighb'ring Isle, the most Divine. }
 Of this glad *Bacchus* fills a Bowl, and cries,
 O sacred Juice; O wretched Deities!
 Who absent hence of sober *Nectar* take
 Dull draughts, nor know the Joys of potent *Sack*.
 The rest who *Bacchus* Judgment cou'd not doubt,
 Pledg'd him in Course, and sent the Bowl about.
Venus and *Flora* Chocolate alone
 Wou'd Drink, —the Reason to themselves best known.

The Gods (who scarcely were too wise to spare,
 When they both knew their welcome and their Fare)
 Fell freely on, till now Discourse began,
 And one, exclaiming cry'd, O foolish Man!
 That grossly feeds on flesh, when ev'ry field
 Does easie and more wholesom Banquets yield.
 Who in the blood of Beasts their hands imbrue,
 And eat the Victims to our Altars due.
 From hence the rest occasion take at last
 The Goddess to extol, and her Repast:
 The *Orange* one, and one the *Fig* commends,
 Another the rich Fruit that *Persia* sends,
 Some cry the *Olive* up above the rest,
 But by the most the *Grape* was judg'd the best.
 The *Indian* God who heard them nothing say
 Of Fruits that grow in his *America*,
 (Of which her Soil affords so rich a store
 Her Golden Mines can scarce be valu'd more)
 Thus taxes their unjust partiality,
 As well he might; the *Indian Bacchus* he.

Can Prejudice, said he, corrupt the Powers
 Of this old World? far be that Crime from ours.
 If when to furnish out a noble Treat
 You seek our Fruits, the Banquet to compleat; }
 (Which I with greediness have seen you eat) }
 Are these your thanks, ingrateful Deities?
 Your Tongues reproach what did your Palates please:
 You only praise the growth of your own Soil,
 Because the Product of long Ages toil;
 But had not Fortune been our Countrey's foe,
 And Parent Nature's self forsook us too,
 Had not your armed *Mars* in Triumph rode
 O'r our *Ochecus*, a poor naked God,
 Had not your *Neptune's* floating Palaces
 Sunk our tall *Ochus* Fleet of hollow Trees,
 Nor thundring *Jove* made *Viracocha* yield,
 Nor *Spaniards* yet more fierce laid wast our field,

And left alive no Tiller to recruit
 The breed of Plants, and to improve the Fruit,
 Our Products soon had silenc'd this Dispute.
 But as it is, my Climate I'll defend,
 No Soil can to such num'rous Fruits pretend;
 We still have many to our Conqueror's shame,
 Of which you are as yet to learn the name,
 So little can you boast to shew the same.
 This I assert; if any be so vain
 To contradict the Truth that I maintain,
 (Since from both Worlds this Feast has hither brought
 All Fruits with which our different Climes are fraught)
 The Deities that are assembled here
 Shall judge which World the richest will appear;
 In Fruits I mean, for that our Lands excell
 In Gold, you to our sorrow know too well.

His Comrade-Gods in this bold Challenge join,
 Nor did our Powers the noble strife decline;
Minerva in her Olive safe appear'd;
Bacchus who with a smile the boaster heard,
 As in the *East* his Conquest had been shown,
 Now reckons the *West-Indies* too his own.
 His Courage with ten Bumpers first he chear'd;
 Then all agree to have the Table clear'd,
 And each respective Tree to plead her worth;
 The Goddess one by one commands them forth.
 She summon'd first the *Nut* of double Race,
 And *Apple*, which in our old World have place,
 Of each the noblest Breeds, for to the name
 A thousand petty Families lay claim.

The *Nut*-trees name at first the *Oak* did grace,
 Who in *Pomona's* Garden then had place,
 Till her nice Palate Acorns did decline,
 Scorning in Diet to partake with Swine:
 At last the Filbert and the Chestnut sweet
 Were scarce admitted to her verdant seat;
 The airy *Pine* of form and stature proud,
 With much entreaty was at length allow'd.

The *Hazel* with light Forces marches up,
 The first in field, upon whose Nutty top
 A Squirrel sits, and wants no other shade
 Than what by his own spreading Tail is made;
 He culls the soundest, dextrously picks out
 The Kernels sweet and throws the Shells about,
 You see, *Pomona* crys, the cloyster'd Fruit,
 That with your Tooth, *Silenus*, does not suit.
 That therefore useless 'tis you cannot say,
 It serves our Youths at once for Food and Play;
 But while such toys, my Lads, you use too long,
 Expecting Virgins think you do them wrong;

'Tis

'Tis time that you these childish sports forsake;
 Hymen for you has other Nuts to crack.
 O Plant most fit for Boys to patronize
 (Cries *Bacchus*) who my gen'rous juice despise,
 A restive Fruit, by Nature made to grace
 The Monky's jaws and humour the Grimace.
 The sudden Gibe made sober *Pallas* smile,
 Who thus proceeds in a more serious style:
 A strong and wondrous Enmity we find
 In Hazel-tree 'gainst Poysons of all kind,
 More wondrous their Magnetick sympathy,
 That secret Beds of Metals can descry;
 And point directly where hid treasures lie,
 In search of Golden Mines a Hazel Wand
 The wise Diviner takes in his right Hand;
 In vain alas! he casts his Eyes about
 To find the rich and secret Mansions out,
 Which yet, when near, shall with a force Divine
 The Top of the suspended Wand incline.
 So strong the sense of gain, that it affects
 The very Lifeless twig, who strait reflects
 His trembling hand, and eager for th' embrace,
 Directly tends to the Magnetick place.
 What wonder then for strange Effects confound
 The minds of Men, in mists of Errour drown'd;
 It puzzles me, who was at *Athens* bred,
 Ev'n me the off-spring of great *Jove's* own head;
 Let *Phæbus* then unfold this Mystery.
 Much more than Man we know, but *Phæbus* more than
 She said — *Apollo*, with th' *Ænigma* vex'd,
 And scorning to be pos'd, in words perplex't,
 Strove to disguise his Ignorance, and spent
 Much breath on Atoms, and their wild ferment:
 Of Sympathy he made a long Discourse,
 And long insisted on Self-acting force;
 But all confus'd and distant from the mark,
 His Delphick Oracle was ne'r so dark.
 'Twas Mirth for *Jove* to see him tug in vain
 At what his wisdom onely cou'd explain:
 For those profounder Mysteries to hide
 From Gods, and Men is sure *Jove's* greatest pride.
 The shady *Chestnut* next her Claim puts in,
 Though seldom she is in our Gardens seen.
 So coarse her fare, that 'tis no small Dispute
 If Nuts or Acorns we shou'd call her fruit;
 So vile, the Gods from Mirth cou'd not forbear
 To see such Kernels such strong Armour wear;
 First with a linty Wad wrapt close about,
 (Useful to keep green wounds from gushing out)

Of this is
 made the Di-
 vining Rod,
 with which
 they discover
 Mines.

Her next defence of solid wood is made,
The third has Spikes that can her foes invade.
Thersites sure no greater sport cou'd make;
With *Ajax* sev'nfold Shield upon his Back.

*Fulcherrima
Pinus in her-
tis. Virg. Ech.*

The *Pine* with awful Rev'rence next did rise
Above Contempt, and almost touch'd the Skies:
Carv'd in his sacred Bark he wore beside
Great *Maro's* words, to justify his Pride:
Pan own'd th' approaching Plant, and bowing low
His Pine-wreath'd Head, but just respect did show:
Were *Neptune* present he had done the same;
To that fair Plant that in his *Isthmian* Game
The Victor crowns, whose loud Applauses he
With equal transport hears in either Sea.
Neptune of other Plants no Lover seems,
But with good reason he the *Pine* esteems;
The *Pine* alone has courage to remove
From's native Hills (where long with winds he strove
In youth) on watry Mountains to engage
With's naked Timber fiercer tempests rage.
In vain were Floods to Plants and Men deny'd
In vain design'd for fishes to reside.

Since Natures Laws by Art are overcome,
And Men with Ships make Seas their Native home.

But of all Pines Mount *Ida* bears the best,
By *Cybele* prefer'd above the rest.

Atys,
Reported for
the sake of
Chastity to
have made
himself an
Eunuch.

This Plant a lovely Boy was heretofore,
Belov'd by *Cybele*, upon whose score
He sacrific'd to Chastity, but now
Repents him of the rashness of his Vow.
His fruit delaying *Venus* now excites,
His Wood affords the Torch which *Hymen* lights.

The Daughter
of *Midas*,
espoused to
Atys.

Ia, for whom her Father, of *White-thorn*
A Torch prepar'd (e'er *Pine* by Brides was born)
When she shou'd meet her long expected Joy
Embrac'd the *Pine-tree* for her lovely Boy,
Dire change, yet cannot from his Trunk retire
But languishes away with vain Desire:
Till *Cybele* afforded her relief,

Bitter Al-
mond.

(Her Rival once, now partner in her grief)
Transform'd her to the bitter Almond-tree,
Whose fruit seems still with sorrow to agree.
Her Sister who the dreadful change did mark,
Strove with her hands to stop the spreading Bark;
But while the pious Office she perform'd
In the same manner found her self transform'd.
But as her grief was less severe, we find
Her Almond sweet and of a milder kind.
Thus did this Plant into her Arms receive
Th' unfortunate and more than once relieve.

Sweet Al-
mond.

Poor *Phyllis* thus *Demophoon's* absence mourn'd,
Till she into an Almond-tree was turn'd.
Thus *Phyllis* vanish'd; *Ceres* saw her bloom,
And prophesied a fruitful Year to come.

The firm *Pistachoe* next appear'd in view,
Proud of her fruit that Serpents can subdue.

The *Walnut* then approach'd, more large and tall,
His fruit which we a *Nut*, the Gods an *Acorn* call;

* *Jove's* Acorn, which does no small praise confess,
T' have call'd it *Man's Ambrosia* had been less.

Nor can this Head-like Nut, shap'd like the Brain
Within, be said that form by chance to gain,

Or *Caryon* call'd by learned *Greeks* in vain.

For Membranes soft as Silk her kernel bind,

Whereof the inmost is of tendrest kind,

Like those which on the Brain of Man we find,

All which are in a Seam-join'd Shell enclos'd,

Which of this Brain the Skull may be suppos'd.

This very Skull envelop'd is again

In a green Coat, his *Petricranion*.

Lastly, that no Objection may remain,

To thwart her near Alliance to the Brain;

She nourishes the Hair, remembering how

Her self deform'd without her Leaves does show:

On barren scalps she makes fresh honours grow.

Her timber is for various uses good

The Carver she supplies with lasting wood;

She makes the Painters fading Colours last,

A Table she affords us and repast;

Ev'n while we feast, her Oil our Lamps supplies,

The rankest Poison by her Virtue dies,

The Mad dogs foam, and taint of raging Skies.

The *Pontick* King who liv'd where Poisons grew,

Skilful in Antidotes, her Virtues knew;

Yet envious Fates that still with Merit strive,

And Man ingrateful from the Orchard drive

This Sov'raign Plant excluded from the Field

Unless some useless Nook a Station yield:

Defenceless in the common Road she stands,

Expos'd to restless War of vulgar hands;

By neighb'ring Clowns, and passing Rabble torn,

Batter'd with stones by Boys, and left forelorn.

To her did all the Nutty-tribe succeed,

A hardy Race that makes weak Gums to bleed;

But to the Banquets of the Gods preferr'd,

Are said to open of their own accord.

'Twixt these and juicy fruits of painted Coar,

Such as on Sunny Apples we may note;

Advanc'd the tribe of those with rugged skin,

More mild than Nuts, but to the Nut a kin.

* *Acis* *Balsam*

111.

Mater pia
and *dora*
mater

Pomgranate

Pomgranate Chief of these, whose blooming Flow'r
 (*Pomona's* pride) may challenge *Flora's* Bow'r,
 The Spring-Rose seems less fair when she is by,
 Nor Carbuncle can with her colour vie;
 Nor Scarlet Robes by proudest Monarchs worn,
 Nor purple streaks that paint the rising Morn,
 Nor Blushes that consenting Maids adorn.
 In the *Eubæan* Isle did stand of old
 Great *Juno's* Image, form'd of massy Gold,
 In one Right Hand she held a Scepter bright,
 (For with the Pow'r's Divine both Hands are Right)
 Her *Carthage* lovely fruit the other grac'd,
 And sitly in * *Lucina's* Hand was plac'd;
 Whose Orb within so many Cells contains,
 In form of Wombs, and stor'd with seedy Grains.
 But † *Proserpine* implacable remain'd
 Against this Plant, for former wrongs sustain'd,
 Nor *Ceres* yet her hatred cou'd disguise,
 But from *Pomgranate* turn'd her weeping Eyes.
 For the *Elysian* Fields (whence fates permit
 Nought to return) what Tree can be more fit
 Than this || restraining Plant, a single tast
 Of three small grains kept *Ceres* Daughter fast.

Pomgranate call'd *Malus Punica*.
 * *Juno* being the same with *Lucina* Goddess of Mid-wifery.
 † *Jupiter* is said to have promised *Ceres*, that *Proserpine* should be restored to her, if she had tasted nothing in the lower Regions, but she having eaten *Pomgranate* seeds was retain'd. || *Pomgranate* a most powerful Restraining, used in all immoderate Evacuations.

Orange and *Lemon* next like Lightning bright
 Came in, and dazled the Beholders sight;
 These were the fam'd *Hesperian* Fruits of old,
 Both Plants alike, ripe fruit and Blossoms hold,
 This shines with pale and that with deeper Gold.
 Planted by *Atlas*, who supports the Skies,
 Proud at his feet to see these brighter Stars to rise.
 To keep them safe the utmost care he took,
 He fenc'd 'em round with walls of solid Rock,
 Nor with *Priapus* Custody content
 A watchful Dragon for their Guard he sent.
 Let vulgar Apples, Boys and Beggars fear,
 These, worth *Alcides* stealing did appear.
 From Lands remote he came, and thought his toils
 Were more than recompenc'd in those rich spoils.
 He onely priz'd 'em for their tast and hue,
 For half their real worth he never knew:
 Nor cou'd his Tutor *Mars* to him impart
 The nobler secrets of *Apollo's* Art.
 Had he but known their juice 'gainst Poison good
 The *Hydra's* Venom mixt with Centaur blood,
 Had never made Mount *Ossa* hear his Cries,
 Nor th' oft-slain Monster more had pow'r to rise.

The *Plums* came next, by *Cherry* led, whose fruit
 Th' expecting Gard'ner early does salute,
 To pay his thanks impatient does appear,
 And with red *Berries* first adorns the Year.
May, rich in Dress, but in Provision poor,
 Admires and thinks his early Fruit a Flow'r.
 To wait for *Summer's* ripening heat disdains,
 Nor puts the Planter to immoderate pains.
 He loves the cooler Climes, *Egyptian Nile*
 Could ne'r persuade him on her Banks to smile.
 He scorns the bounty of a two-months tide
 That leaves him thirsting all the year beside.
 Proud *Rome* her self this Plant can scarcely rear
 Ev'n to this day he seems a Captive there.
 Pris'ner of War from *Cerasus* he came;
 (From's native * *Cerasus* he took his name)
 From thence transplanted to th' *Italian Soil*
Lucullus triumph brought no richer spoil:
 Loud Pæans to your noble Gen'ral sing,
Italian Plants, that such a Prize did bring.
 The Conqu'rous Laurels as in triumph wear
 The blushing Fruit, and captive *Cherries* bear.
 Yet grieve thou not to leave thy native home,
 Ere long thou shalt a Denizen become
 Amongst the Plants of World-commanding *Rome*.

A num'rous Host of *Plums* did next succeed,
 Differing in colour and of various breed:
 The *Damask Prune*, most antient led the Van,
 Who in *Damascus* first his Reign began.
 Time out of mind he had subdu'd the *East*,
 'Twas long ere he got footing in the *West*;
 But now in *Northern Climates* he is known,
 A hardy Plant makes ev'ry Soil his own.

Next him th' *Armenian Apricock* took place,
 Not much unlike but of a nobler Race;
 Of richer Flavour and of tast Divine,
 Whose golden Vestments, streakt with Purple, shine.

Then came the Glory of the *Persian Field*,
 And to *Armenia's* pride disdain'd to yield.
 The *Peach* with Silken Vest and pulpy juice,
 Of Meat and Drink at once supplies the use.
 But take him while he's ripe, he'll soon decay,
 For next Days Banquet he disdains to stay.
 Of Fruits the fairest, as the *Rose* of Flow'rs,
 But ah! their Beauties have but certain Hours.

A Fruit there is on whom the * *Rose* confers
 Her Name, of smell and colour too like *Hers*.
 A Plum that can it self supply the Board,
 To hungry Stomachs solid food afford.

* The Cherry-
 Tree in Latin
 call'd *Cerasus* a
 Town in Ca-
 padocia, from
 whence it was
 brought into
 Italy by *Lucul-
 lus*. An. Urb.
 680.

* *Rhodocina*.

To please our Gust and Stomach to recruit
He thinks sufficient Tribute for his Fruit;
For Physicks use his other parts are Wood,
His Leaves, his Blossoms, ev'n his Gum and wood.
Does to us health and joy alike restore,
Friend to our Pleasure, to our Health much more.

Of which
wood Spears
and Bows
were made.
Polat Italia
Cornus.

Not so the Cornel-tree design'd for harms,
Her wood supplies dire Mars with impious Arms.
For such a Plant our Gardens are too mild,
Harsh is her Fruit and fit for Desarts wild.

With her the *Jujube*-tree, a milder Plant
Which (tho' offensive thorns she does not want)
In Peace and Mirth alone does pleasure take,
Her Flow'rs, at feasts, the genial Garlands make,
Her wood the Harp that keeps the Guests awake.

Next comes the *Lote*-tree in whose dusky hue
Her black and Sun-burnt * Countrey you might view,
To whom th' Assembly all rose up (from whence
Came this Respect?) and paid her Reverence,
Priapus onely with a down-cast look,
And conscious Blushes at her presence shook:
Th' All-seeing Gods through that obscure disguise
Nymph *Lotis* saw: conceal'd from humane Eyes.

Ovid, Metam. 9.

They knew how on the *Hellefontick* shore
T'escape the dreadful Dart *Priapus* wore,
And zealous to preserve her Chastity,
She lost her Form and chang'd into a Tree.
Though now no more a Nymph, a better Fate
She does enjoy, and lives with longer Date,
A longer Date than Oaks she does enjoy,
Those long-liv'd Oaks that call'd old *Nestor* Boy.
She calls them *Girls*, green Branches she display'd
When *Rome* was built, and when in Ashes laid.
'Tis true, she did not long survive the fire,
(With grief and flames at once forc'd to expire.)

From *Romulus*
the Builder,
to *Nero* that
burnt it.

Almost nine hundred years were past away,
Yet then she gruddg'd to die before her Day.
Ev'n after Death her Trunk appears to * Live;
Does vocal Pipes and breathing Organs give,
And fitly, like us Poets, may be said,
To make the greatest Noise when she is Dead.
A thousand Years are since elaps'd, yet still
She flourishes in Praise, and ever will.

* Instruments
of Musick
made of her
wood.

Her Trees rich Fruit with which she charm'd Mankind
Shew'd, when a Nymph, the sweetness of her mind;
These sounds express the Musick of her tongue,
More sweet than *Circe's* or the *Siren* throng.

antiquated

But Nymph, retire, triumphant *Palm* appears,
She thrives the more the greater weight she bears,

No pressure for her Courage is too hard,
Of Virtue both th' Example and Reward.
She flourish'd once in * *Solymean* ground,
Fam'd *Joskua's* and *Jessides* sacred triumphs crown'd.
But since that Land was curst, the gen'rous Plant
Grieves to continue her Inhabitant.

* *Judea*.

Pisa bears *Olives*, *Delpho's* *Laurel* yields,
Nemea *Smallage*, *Pines* the *Isthmian* Fields,
But all breed *Palms*, the prize of Victory,
All Lands in honour of the *Palm* agree.

And 'tis but the just tribute of her Worth,
Virtue no fairer Image has on Earth.

Her Verdure she inviolate does hold,
In spite of *Summer's* heat and *Winter's* cold.

Opprest with weight she from the Earth does rise,
And bears her Load in triumph to the Skies.

What various * Benefits does she impart
To humane kind; her Wine revives the Heart,
Her Dates rich Banquets to our Tables send,
At once to Pleasure, and to Health a friend.

* *Strabo* relates that the *Babylonians* used a Song that recited three hundred and sixty Benefits of the *Palm* or *Date-Tree*.

A Lover true, and well to love and serve
Is Virtues noblest task, and does the *Palm* deserve.

* Leaping into the flame of his Funeral Pile.

* *Evadne* who a willing Victim prov'd,
Nor chaff † *Acestis* to her Husband lov'd,
As does the Female *Palm* her Male, her Arms
To him are stretch'd with most endearing Charms,
Nor stops their passion here; like Lovers, they
To more retir'd Endearments find the way,
In Earth's cold Bed their am'rous Roots are found
In close Embraces twining under ground.

† Who died in her Husband *Admetus's* stead.

Let Arms to Learning yield, the *Palm* resign,
The conqu'ring *Palm* to *Olive* more Divine;
Peace all prefer to War——thus *Pallas* spoke;
And in her Hand a peaceful *Olive* shook.

'Twas with this Branch that she the Triumph gain'd
(The greatest that can be by Gods obtain'd.)

On learned *Athens* to confer her Name,
A Right which she, most learn'd of Pow'rs, might claim.
Not Gods in Heav'n without Ambition live,
But, who shall be poor Mortals Patrons, strive.

The Contention between *Neptune* and *Minerva*, who should give the name to *Athens*.

First, *Neptune* with his Trident struck the ground;
The warlike Steed no sooner heard the sound,
But starts from his dark Mansion, shakes his Hair,
His Nostrils snort the unaccustom'd Air,
Neighs loud, and of th' unwonted Noise is proud,
With his insulting Feet his native Field is plough'd,
Intrepid he beholds of Gods the circling Crowd.
Pallas on th' other side with gentle stroke
Of her strong Spear, Earth's tender surface broke,

Through which small Breach a sudden Tree shoots up,
 Ev'n at his Birth with rev'rend hoary top,
 And vig'rous fruit; the Gods applaud the Plant,
 And to *Minerva* the Precedence grant.
 The vanquish'd Steed and God in rage assail'd
 The Victors, but ev'n so, their malice fail'd,
 Wit's Goddess and the peaceful Tree prevail'd.

* Laws were
 made in
 Athens to se-
 cure the
 Olive Tree.

Halirhotius.

* Hail sacred Plant, who well deserv'st to be
 By Laws secur'd from wrong as well as we;
 From War's wild rage Respect thou dost command,
 When Temples fall thou art allow'd to stand.
Neptune's bold Son revenging the disgrace
 His Sire sustain'd, fell dead upon the place,
 The whirling Ax upon his Head rebounds,
 The stroke design'd on thee, himself confounds.
 The Gods concern'd Spectators stood, and smil'd
 To see his impious Sacrilege beguil'd.
 Such be his fate whoe'r presumes to be
 A Foe to Peace and to her sacred Tree.
 Yet ev'n this peaceful Plant upon our guard
 Warns us to stand, and be for War prepar'd.
 In peace delights, but when the Cause is just,
 Permits not the avenging Sword to rust.
 With suppling Oil and conqu'ring wreath's supple
 The Martial Schools, of youthful Exercise:
 Nor is the strong propension she does bear
 To Peace, th'effect of Luxury or Fear.
 Earth's teeming Womb affords no stronger Birth,
 No Soil manuring needs to bring her forth.
 Allow her but warm Suns and temp'rate Skies,
 The vig'rous Plant in any Soil will rise.
 Lop but a Branch and fix't in Earth, you'll see
 She'll there take root and make her self a Tree.
 Her youth, 'tis true, by slow degrees ascends,
 But makes you with long flourishing years amends.
 Nature her care in this did wisely show,
 That useful *Olive* long and easily shou'd grow.
 Most sov'rain taken inward, is her Oil,
 And outwardly confirms the Limbs for toil.
 Lifes passages from all obstruction frees,
 Clears Natures walks, to smarting wounds gives ease.
 With easie Banquets does the poor supply,
 And makes cheap Herbs with Royal Banquets vie.
 The Painters flying Colours it binds fast,
 Makes short-liv'd Pictures long as Statues last,
 The Student's Friend, no Labour can excel
 And last, but of *Minerva's* Lamp must smell.
 Nay, This does so! ———
 Most justly therefore does this Liquor rise
 O'r all in mixture, justly does despise

T' incorporate with any other Juice;
Sufficient in himself for ev'ry Use.
Most justly therefore did *Judæa's* Land,
(Who best religious Rites did understand)
Oyl, potent, chaste, and sacred Oyl appoint
Her Kings, her Priests, and Prophets to anoint.

Such was th' appearance which the *Olive* made,
With noble Fruit and verdant Leaves array'd;
From whom *Minerva* took, as she withdrew,
A joyful Branch, and with it wreath'd her Brow.
Fresh Armies then advanc'd into the Plain,
First those whose Fruit did many Stones contain,
In their first Lists the *Medlar-Tree* was found
Proud of his putrid Fruit because 'twas * crown'd.
Of Beauties Goddess then the Plant more fair,
Whose fragrant motion so perfum'd the Air;
The smock of Gums when from their Altars sent,
Ne'r gave th' Immortal Guests such sweet content.
Let *Phæbus* Laurel bloody Triumphs lead
The *Myrtle* those where little blood is shed,
Th' Ovation of a bleeding Maiden head.
No Virgin Fort impregnable can be
To him that Crowns his Brow with *Venus* Tree.

* The top
thereof re-
sembling a
Crown or
Coronet

The *Myrtle*.

The tribe of *Pears* and *Apples* next succeed,
Of noble Families, and num'rous breed;
No Monarch's Table e'r despises them,
Nor they the poor Man's board or earthen dish contemn.
Supports of Life, as well as Luxury,
Nor like their Rivals a few Months supply,
But see themselves succeeded ere they die.
Where *Phæbus* shines too faint to raise the *Vine*,
They serve for Grapes, and make the Northern Wine.
Their Liquor for th' effects deserves that name,
Love, Valour, Wit and Mirth it can enflame;
Care it can drown, lost Health, lost Wealth restore,
And *Bacchus* potent Juice can do no more.
With Cyder stor'd the * *Norman* Province sees
Without regret the neighb'ring Vintages,
Of *Pear* and *Apple*-kinds an Army stood,
Before the Court, and seem'd a moving Wood;
On them *Pomona* smil'd as they went off,
But flouting *Bacchus* was observ'd to scoff.

* *Normandy*
in *France*.

The *Quince* yet scorn'd to mingle with the crowd,
Alone she came, of signal Honours proud,
With which by grateful *Jove* she was endow'd.
A silky Down her golden Coat o'r-spreads,
Her ripening Fruit a grateful Odour sheds;
Jove otherwise ingrateful had been stil'd,
In Honey steep'd she fed him when a Child,

In

In his most troward Fits she stopt his cries;
And now he eats *Ambrosia* in the Skies,
Reflects sometimes upon his Infant Years,
And just Respect to *Quince* and *Honey* bears.

The noblest of *Wine-Fruits* brought up the Rear,
But all to reckon, endless wou'd appear,
The *Barberry* and *Currant* must escape,
Though her small Clusters imitate the Grape.
The *Raspberry*, and prickled *Goosberry*,
Tree-*Strawberry*, must all unmention'd be,
With many more whose names we may decline;
Not so the *Mulberry*, the *Fig* and *Vine*,
The stoutest Warriours in our Combat past,

And of the present Field the greatest hope and last.

But cautiously the *Mulberry* did move,
And first the temper of the Skies wou'd prove,
VWhat sign the Sun was in, and if she might
Give credit yet to *Winter's* seeming flight.

She dares not venture on his first retreat,
Nor trust her Leaves and Fruit to doubtful Heat:

Her ready Sap within her Bark confines,
Till she of settled warmth has certain signs.

But for her long delay amends does make
At once her Forces the known signal take,
And with tumultuous Noise their Sally make.

In two short Months her purple Fruit appears,
And of two Lovers slain the tincture wears.

*Pyramus and
Thisbe.*

Her Fruit is rich, but Leaves she does produce,
That far surpass in worth and noble Use;

The frame and colour of her Leaves survey.

And that they are most vulgar you must say,

But trust not their appearance, they supply

The Ornaments of Royal Luxury.

The Beautiful they make more beauteous seem,

The Charming Sex owes half their Charms to them.

Effeminate Men to them their Vestments owe,

How vain that pride which insect worms bestow!

Such was the *Mulberry* of wondrous Birth,

The *Fig* succeeds; but to recite her worth,

And various Powers, what numbers can suffice?

Hail, *Ceres*, Author of so great a Prize.

By thee with Food and Laws we were supply'd,

And with wild Fare wild Manners laid aside.

VWith Peace and Bread our Lives were blest before,

And modest Nature cou'd desire no more;

But thou ev'n for our Luxury took'st care,

And kindly didst this milky Fruit prepare.

The poor Man's Feast, but such delicious Cheer

Did never at *Apicius* Board appear;

The grateful *Ceres* with this Plant is said
 Her hospitable Host to have repaid;
 Yet with no vernal Bloom the Tree supply'd;
 To lighter Plants, said she, I leave that Pride;
 To lighter Plants I leave that gaudy Dress,
 Who meretricious qualities confess,
 And who like wanton Prostitutes expose
 Their Bloom to ev'ry Hand, their Sweets to ev'ry Nose.
 My Fruit, like a Chast Matron does proceed,
 And has of painted Ornament no need,
 They study Dress, but mine Fertility;
 Forcing her Off-spring from her solid Tree.
 Through haste sometimes abortive Births she bears,
 But ever makes amends in those she rears.
 For whom her full-charg'd Veins supplies afford,
 Like a strong Nurse with Milk she's ever stor'd.
 Our Voice by thee refresh'd, ingrateful 'twere
 If, *Fig-Tree*, thy just praise it shou'd forbear;
 The Passes of our vital Breath by thee
 Are smooth'd and clear'd, obstructed Lungs set free.
 Nor only dost to Speech a Friend appear,
 Ev'n for that Speech thou dost unlock the Ear,
 Set'st ope the gate, and giv'st it entrance there.
 The foulest Ulcers, putrid Sinks are drain'd
 By thee, by thee the Tumour's Rage restrain'd;
 The Gangrene, Ring-worm, Scurf and Leprosie;
 Kings evil, Cancers, Warts are cur'd by thee:
 Of flaming Gout thou dost suppress the Rage,
 Of Dropsie thou the deluge dost assuage.
 'Twere endless all thy Vertues to recite,
 With all the Hosts of Poysons thou dost fight,
 Aided by *Rue* and *Nut* put'st *Africa* to flight.
 Encounter'st the Diseases of the Air,
 And baneful Mischiefs secret Stars prepare;
 Whence does this Vegetative Courage rise?
 Even angry *Jove* himself thou dost despise,
 His Lightning's furious Sallies thou dost see,
 That spares not his own Consecrated Tree,
 While he with Temples does wild havoc make,
 While Mountains rend, and Earths foundations quake,
 Of thy undaunted Tree no Leaf is seen to shake.
 Hail *Bacchus* hail, thou powerful God of Wine,
 Hail *Bacchus* hail! here comes thy darling Vine,
 Drunk with her own rich Juice, she cannot stand,
 But comes supported by her Husband's hand,
 The lusty *Jove* supports her staggring Tree;
 My best lov'd Plant, how am I charm'd with thee!
 Bow down thy juicy Clusters to my Lip,
 Thy Nectar sweets I wou'd not lightly sip,

Poitalus who
 kindly enter-
 tain'd her, and
 in return re-
 ceiv'd from
 her the *Fig-
 Tree*. *Pausan.*

And mak'st him
 like kind
 none from thy
 what more can
 than from preva-
 from thee the
 thou can'st
 th' unletter'd
 as much as
 thy Transpor-
 But to are
 Our life it
 Then let us
 And make it
 The Vine re-
 O of European

But

But drink thee deep, drink till my Veins were swell'd,
 Drink till my Soul with Joys and thee were fill'd.
 What God so far a Poets friend will be,
 Who from great *Orpheus* draws his Pedigree?
 (And tho his Muse comes short of *Orpheus* fame,
 Yet seems inspir'd, and may the *Ivy* claim)
 To place him on *Mount Ismarus*, or where
Campanian Hills the sweetest Clusters bear,
 Where Grapes, twice ripen'd, twice concocted grow,
 With *Phæbus* beams above, *Vesuvius* flames below.
 Or in the fortunate *Canarian Isles*,
 Or where *Burgundia's* purple Vintage smiles.
 'Tis fit the Poet should beneath their shade
 Transported lye, or on their Hills run mad,
 His Veins, his Soul swell'd with th' Inspiring God,
 Who worthily would celebrate the Vine,
 And with his grateful voice discharge agen
 The Deity, which with his Mouth he drank so largely in.
 O vital Tree, what blessings dost thou send?
 Love, Wit and Eloquence on thee attend,
 Mirth, Sports, green Hopes, ripe Joys, and Martial Fire.
 These are thy Fruits, thy Clusters these inspire;
 The various Poysons which ill Fortune breeds
 (Not *Pontus* so abounds with baneful weeds,
 Nor *Africa* so many Serpents feeds)
 By thy rich Antidore defeated are,
 'Tis true, they'll rally and renew the War,
 But 'tis when thou our Cordial art not by,
 They watch their time and take us when we are Dry.
 Thou mak'st the Captive to forget his chain,
 By thee the Bankrupt is enrich'd again,
 The Exul thou restor'st, the Candidate
 Without the People's Vote thou dost create,
 And mak'st him a *Caninian* Magistrate.
 Like kind *Vespasian* thou Mankind mak'st glad,
 None from thy presence e'r departed sad.
 What more can be to *Wisdom's* School assign'd,
 Than from prevailing Mists to purge the Mind?
 From thee the best Philosophy does spring,
 Thou canst exalt the Beggar to a King;
 Th' unletter'd Peasant who can compass thee,
 As much as *Cato* knows, and is as great as he.
 Thy Transports are but short, I do confess,
 But so are the Delights Mankind possess,
 Our Life it self is short, and will not stay,
 Then let us use thy Blessing while we may. (away.
 And make it in full streams of Wine more smoothly pass
 The Vine retires; with loud and just Applause
 Of *European* Gods; As she withdraws

caninum was
 Consul but se-
 ven hours, dy-
 ing the same
 day he was
 chosen.

Each in his Hand a swelling Cluster prest;
But *Bacchus* much more sportive than the rest,
Fills up a Bowl with Juice from Grape-stones drein'd,
And puts it in *Omelichilus* hand:

Take off this Draught, said he, if thou art wise,
'Twill purge thy Cannibal Stomach's Crudities.

He, unaccustom'd to the acid Juice
Storm'd, and with blows had answer'd the Abuse,
But fear'd t' engage the *European* Guest,

Whose Strength and Courage had subdu'd the *East*;

He therefore chooses a less dang'rous fray,

And summons all his Country's Plants away:

Forthwith in decent Order they appear,

And various Fruits on various Branches wear;

Like *Amazons* they stand in painted Arms,

Coca alone appear'd with little Charms,

Yet lead the Van, our scoffing *Venus* scorn'd

The shrub-like Tree, and with no Fruit adorn'd.

The *Indian* Plants, said she, are like to speed

In this Dispute of the most fertile Breed,

Who choose a Dwarf and Eunucho for their Head.

Our Gods laugh'd out aloud at what she said.

Pachamama defends her darling Tree,

And said the wanton Goddess was too free,

You only know the fruitfulness of Lust,

And therefore here your Judgment is unjust,

Your skill in other off-springs we may trust.

With those Chast Tribes that no distinction know

Of Sex, your Province nothing has to do.

Of all the Plants that any Soil does bear,

This Tree in Fruits the richest does appear,

It bears the best, and bears 'em all the year.

Ev'n now with Fruit 'tis stor'd — why laugh you yet?

Behold how thick with Leaves it is beset,

Each Leaf is Fruit, and such substantial Fare

No Fruit beside to Rival it will dare.

Mov'd with his Countries coming Fate, (whose Soil

Must for her Treasures be expos'd to spoil)

Our *Varicocha* first this *Coca* sent,

Endow'd with Leaves of wondrous Nourishment,

Whose Juice suck'd in, and to the Stomach ta'n

Long Hunger and long Labour can sustain;

From which our faint and weary Bodies find

More Succour, more they chear the drooping Mind,

Than can your *Bacchus* and your *Ceres* join'd.

Three Leaves supply for six days march afford,

The *Quitoita* with this Provision stor'd,

Can pass the vast and cloudy *Andes* o'er,

The dreadful *Andes* plac'd 'twixt Winters store

Of Winds, Rains, Snow, and that more humble Earth,
 That gives the small but valiant *Coca* Birth;
 This Champion that makes war-like *Venus* Mirth.
 Nor *Coca* only useful art at home,
 A famous Merchandize thou art become;
 A thousand *Paci* and *Vicugni* groan,
 Yearly beneath thy Loads, and for thy sake alone
 The spacious World's to us by Commerce known.

Thus spake the Goddess, (on her painted Skin
 Were figures wrought) and next calls *Hovia* in.
 That for its stony Fruit may be despis'd,
 But for its Vertue next to *Coca* priz'd.
 Her shade by wondrous Influence can compose,
 And lock the Senses in such sweet Repose,
 That oft the Natives of a distant Soil
 Long Journeys take of voluntary Toil,
 Only to sleep beneath her Branches shade:
 Where in transporting Dreams entranc'd they lye,
 And quite forget the *Spaniards* Tyranny.

The Plant (at *Brasil Bacoua* call'd) the name
 Of th' Eastern *Plane-Tree* takes, but not the same:
 Bears Leaves so large, one single Leaf can shade
 The Swain that is beneath her Covert laid;
 Under whose verdant Leaves fair Apples grow,
 Sometimes two hundred on a single Bough;
 Th' are gather'd all the year, and all the year
 They spring, for like the *Hydra* they appear,
 To ev'ry one you take succeeds a Golden Heir.
 'Twere loss of time to gather one by one,
 Its Boughs are torn, and yet no harm is done;
 New-sprouting Branches still the loss repair,
 What would so soon return 'twere vain to spare.

The *Indian Fig-Tree* next did much surpris
 With her strange figure all our Deities.
 Amongst whom, one, too rashly did exclaim
 (For Gods to be deceiv'd 'tis woful shame)
 This is a Cheat, a work of Art, said he,
 And therefore stretcht his hand to touch the Tree;
 At which the *Indian* Gods laugh'd out aloud,
 And ours, no less surpriz'd with wonder stood.
 For lo! the Plant her Trunk and Boughs unclos'd,
 Wholly of Fruit and Leaves appear'd compos'd;
 New Leaves, and still from them new Leaves unfold,
 A sight 'mongst Prodigies to be enroll'd.

The *Tuna* to the *Indian Fig* a kin
 (The Glory of *Tlascalla*) next came in;
 But much more wonderful her Fruit appears,
 Than th' other Leaves, for living Fruit she bears.
 To her alone great *Varicocha* gave
 The Priviledge, that she for Fruit should have

Live Creatures, that with purple Dye adorn
Th' Imperial Robe; the precious Tincture's worn
With pride ev'n by the Conqu'rors of the Soil,
But ah! they had not grudg'd that Purple spoil,
Our *Cochinel* they freely might have gain'd,
If with no other Blood they had been stain'd.

Guatimala produc'd a Fruit unknown
To *Europe*, which with pride she call'd her own;
Her *Cacao-Nut* with double Use endu'd,
(For *Chocolate* at once is Drink and Food)
Does strength and vigour to the Limbs impart,
Makes fresh the Countenance and cheers the Heart.
In *Venus* Combat strangely does excite
The fainting Warriour to renew the fight;
Not all *Potosi's* silver Grove can be
Of equal value to this useful Tree,
Nor cou'd the wretched hungry owner dine,
Rich *Cartama*, upon thy Golden Mine.
Of old the wiser *Indians* never made
Their Gold or Silver the support of Trade,
Nor us'd for Life's support what well they knew
Useless to Life, at best, and sometimes hurtful too,
With Nuts instead of Coin they bought and sold,
Their Wealth by *Cacao's*, not by Sums, they told.
One Tree, the growing Treasure of the Field,
Both Food and Cloths did to its owner yield;
Procur'd all Utensils, and wanting Bread,
The happy Hoarder on his Money fed.
This was true Wealth, those Treasures we adore
By Custom valu'd, in themselves are poor,
And Men may starve amidst their Golden store.
Too happy *India* had this Wealth alone,
And not thy Gold been to the *Spaniard* known.

The *Aguacat* no less is *Venus* Friend
(To th' *Indies Venus* Conquest does extend)
A fragrant Leaf the *Aguacata* bears,
Her Fruit in fashion of an Egg appears;
With such a white and spermy Juice it swells,
As represents moist Life's first Principles.

The *Cacao's* owner any thing may buy,
But he that has the *Metla*, may supply
Himself with almost all things he can want;
From *Metla's* almost all sufficient Plant;
Metla to pass as Money does despise,
Or Traffick serve, it self is Merchandise.
She bears no Nuts for Boys, nor luscious Fruit,
That may with nice Effeminate Palates suit,
Her very Tree is fruit; her Leaves when young,
Are wholesom Food, for Garments serve when strong;

The Thorn
growing at
the end of
each Leaf,
which toge-
ther with the
stringy part
joyning to it,
is used in man-
ner of a Nec-
dle and
Thread to
sew withal.

Nor only so, but to make up the Cloth
They furnish you with Thread and Needle both.
What though her native Soil with drought is curst,
Cut but her Bark, and you may slake your thirst,
A sudden Spring will in the Wound appear,
Which through streight passages strein'd comes forth more clear;
And though through long Meanders of the Veins
'Tis carry'd, yet no vicious hue retains,
Limpid and sweet the Virgin-stream remains.
These Gifts for Nature might sufficient be,
But bounteous *Metla* seem'd too small for thee;
Thou gratifi'st our very Luxury.
For liqu'rish Palates Honey thou dost bear,
For those whose Gust wants quickning, Vinegar.
But these are trifles, thou dost Wine impart,
That drives dull care and trouble from the Heart.
If any wretch of Poverty complains,
Thou pour'st a golden Stream into his Veins.
The poorest *Indian* still is rich in thee,
In spite of *Spanish* Conquests still is free,
The *Spaniard's* King is not so blest as he.
If any doubts the Liquor to be Wine,
Because no Crystal Water looks more fine,
Let him but drink he'll find the weak Nymph fled,
And potent *Bacchus* enter'd in her stead.
To all these Gifts of Luxury and Wealth,
Thou giv'st us sov'reign Medicines too for Health:
Choice Balm from thy concocted Bark breaks forth,
Thou shedst no Tear, but 'tis of greater worth
Than fairest Gems, no Lover more can prize
The tears in his consenting Mistress Eyes,
When in his Arms the panting Virgin lies:
No Antidote affords more present aid
'Gainst doubly mortal wounds by pois'nous Arrows made:
Almost all Needs thou *Metla* dost supply,
Yet must not therefore bear thy self too high;
While th' all-sufficient *Coccus Tree* is by.
To *Coccus* thou must yield the Victory.
Where she preserves this *Indian* Palm alone,
America can never be undone,
Embowell'd and of all her Gold bereft,
Her liberty and *Coccus* only left,
She's richer than the *Spaniard* with his theft.
What senseless Miser by the Gods abhorr'd,
Wou'd covet more than *Coccus* doth afford?
House, Garments, Beds and Boards, ey'n while we dine,
Supplies both Meat and Dish, both Cup and Wine.
Oyl, Honey, Milk, the Stomach to delight,
And poignant Sawce to whet the Appetite.

Nor is her service to the Land confin'd
 For Ships intire compos'd of her we find,
 Sails, Tackle, Timber, Cables, Ribs and Mast,
 Wherewith the Vessel fitted up, at last
 With her own Ware is freighted, all she bears
 Is *Coccus* growth, except her Mariners;
 Nor need we ev'n her Mariners exclude
 Who from the *Coco-Nut* have all their food.

The *Indian* Gods with wild and barb'rous voice
 And Gestures rude, tumultuously rejoice;
 Ours as astonish'd and with envious Eyes
 Each other view'd, if as weak Men surmise,
 Envy can touch immortal Deities.
 My modest Muse that Censure does decline,
 Nor dares interpret ill of Pow'rs Divine.
 The *Indian* Pow'rs (though yet they had not shown
 The hundredth part of Plants to *India* known)
 Already did conclude the Day their own.
 Rash and impatient round the Goddess throng,
 And think her Verdict is deferr'd too long.

Pomona seated high above the rest,
 Was cautiously revolving in her Brest,
 (The cause depending was no trifling toy,
 That did the Patrons of both Worlds employ)
 T' express her self at large she did design,
 And handsomly the Sentence to decline;
 (If I may guess at what the Goddess meant)
 But lo! a slight and sudden Accident
 Puts all the Court into a wild Ferment.
 For, during th' tryal, the most tipling Brace,
Omelochilus of the *Indian* Race,
 And our * *Lenæus*, at what'er was spoke
 Or done that pleas'd him, a full Bumper took
 And drank to t' other, him the *Metla*-Tree
 Supply'd with juice, thy Vine, *Lenæus* thee.
 Each Bowl they touch'd, they turn'd the Bottom up,
 And gave a brisk Huzza at ev'ry Cup.
 Their Heads at last the rising vapour gains
 And proves too hard for their immortal Brains,
 With mutual Repartees they jok'd at first,
 Till growing more incens'd they swore and curst;
Omelochilus does no longer dread
 (With present *Metla* warm'd) the *Grecian* God,
 But throws a *Coco* Bowl at *Bacchus* Head.
 Which spoil'd his Draught; but left his forehead sound,
 And rests betwixt his Horns without a wound.
Bacchus enrag'd with Wine and passion too,
 With all his might his massy Goblet threw,

* *Bacchus*.

Directly

Directly leuell'd at the Rustick's Face,
That laid him bruise'd and sprawling on the place:
He in his native Gibb'rish cries aloud,
And with his Noise alarms the savage Crowd;
Gnashing their foamy Teeth, like Beasts of prey,
Promiscuously they bellow, roar and bray;
The frighted Waves back to the Deep rebound,
The very Island trembles with the sound.

Next him *Vitziliputli* sat, in smoak
Of foul *Tobacco* almost hid, that broke
In Belches from his gormandizing Maw,
Where humane flesh as yet lay crude and raw,
Throwing in rage his kindled Pipe aside
And snatching Bow and Darts, Arm, Arm, he cry'd.
Tescalipuca (of the salvage Band
The next in fierceness) took his Spear in hand,
And all in Arms the barb'rous Legion stand.
The Goddesses disperse, and sculk behind
The Thickets, frighted *Venus* bore in mind
Her former Wound, th' effect of mortal Rage,
What must she then expect where Gods engage?
Pallas, who onely courage had to stay,
In vain her peaceful *Olive* did display:
The He-gods with manly weapons in their Hand
Devoted to the dire Encounter stand;
Most woful some had that days Battel found,
And long been maim'd with many an aking wound,
(For to suppose th' Immortals can be slain
Though with Immortals they engage, is vain)
Had not *Apollo* in the nick of time
Found out a Strat'gem to divert that Crime;
Which with his double Title did agree
The God of Wit and healing Deity;
None better knew than he to use the Bow,
But now resolv'd his nobler Skill to show
Sweet Musicks Pow'r; he takes his Lyre in hand,
And does forthwith such charming sounds command,
As struck the Ear of Gods with new delight,
When Nature did this world's great frame unite:
When jarring Elements their War did cease,
And danc'd themselves into harmonious Peace.
Such streins had surely charm'd the *Centaur's* Rage,
Such streins the raving Billows cou'd assuage;
Wild Hurricanes had due obedience shown,
And to attend his sounds suppress'd their own.
The wrangling Guests at once appear bereft
Of ev'ry sense, their Hearing onely left.
Vitziliputli, fiercest of the Crew,
While to the Head his venom'd Shaft he drew,

Lets fall both Dart and Bow ; with lifted Hands
 Astonish'd, and with Mouth wide-gaping stands,
 So high to raise his greedy Ears he's said,
 As forc'd his feather'd Diadem from his Head.
Pomona's Altar hew'd from solid Rock
 In both his Hands bold *Varicoca* took ;
 Which like a Thunder bolt he wou'd have hurl'd,
 (He is the Thund'rer in the *Indian* world)
 But at the first sweet strain forgot his heat,
 Laid down the stone, and us'd it for a Seat :
 His ravish'd Ears the peaceful sounds devour,
 His hundred Victims never pleas'd him more.
 Their Magick force in spite of his disgrace
 And gore yet streaming from his batter'd Face,
Omelichilus self did reconcile ;
 At first, 'tis true, he did but faintly smile,
 And laugh'd anon as loud as any there ;
 For such the sacred Charms of Measures are ;
 The ambient Air struck with the healing sounds
 Of *Phæbus* Lyre, clos'd up the bleeding wounds.
 Ev'n of their own accord the Breaches close,
 For pow'rful Musick all things can compose.
 Pleas'd with his Art's success, *Apollo* smil'd
 To see the aukward Mirth and Gestures wild
 Of his charm'd Audience ; having thus subdu'd
 Their ravish'd sense, his Conquest he pursu'd,
 And still to make the pleasing Spell more strong,
 Joins to his Lyre his tuneful Voice and Song.
 He sung, how th' inspir'd Hero's mind beheld
 A World that for long Ages lay conceal'd.

Columbus.

Most happy thou whose Fancy cou'd descry
 A World seen onely by my circling Eye.
 Thou who alone in Toils hast equal'd me,
 Great *Alexander* is out-done by thee ;
 By thee whose Skill cou'd find and courage gain
 That other world for which he wish'd in vain.
 Not my own Poets Tales cou'd thee deceive,
 No credit to their fables thou didst give,
 Me, weary'd with my Day's hard course, they feign
 To rest each Night in the *Hesperian* Main,
 Can *Phæbus* tire ? my great *Columbus* thou
 Didst better judge, and *Phæbus* better know.
 For I my self did then thy thoughts incline,
 Inspir'd by Skill, and urg'd the bold Design.
Herculean Limits cou'd not thee contain
 Nor terrour of an unexperienc'd Main ;
 Nor Nature's awful Darknes cou'd restrain.
 Thy Native worlds dear fight for three Months lost,
 For three long Months on the wide Ocean tost.

New

New Stars, new Floods, and Monsters thou didst spy
 Unterrify'd thy self, new Gods didst terrifie:
 Thou only thou undaunted didst appear,
 While thy faint Comrades half expir'd with fear;
 They urge thee to return and threaten high,
 When, *Guanaban*, thy Watch-light they desery;
 Thy flaming Beacon from afar they spy:
 Whose happy Light to their transported Eyes
 Discloses a new World; with joyful cries
 They hail the sign that to a golden Soile
 Unlock'd the Gate; forgetting now their Toile.
 They hug their Guide at whom they late repin'd,
 From this small Fire, and for small use design'd,
 How great a Light was open'd to Mankind!
 How easily did Courage find the way
 By this Approach to seize the golden Prey,
 That in a secret World's dark Entrails lay!
 For Courage what attempt can be too bold?
 Or rather what for thirst of Pow'r and Gold?
 VVhile to the shoar the *Spanish* Navy drew,
 The *Indian* Natives with amazement view
 Those floating Palaces, which fondly they
 Mistook for living Monsters of the Sea;
 Wing'd VVhales — nor at the *Spaniards* less admire,
 A Race of Men with Beards and strange Attire,
 VVhose Iron-dress their native Skin they deem'd:
 The Horse-man mounted on his Courser seem'd
 To them a Centaur of prodigious kind;
 A compound Monster of two Bodies join'd:
 That cou'd at once in sev'ral accents break,
 Neigh with one Mouth, and with the other speak.
 But most the roaring Cannon they admire,
 Discharging sulph'rous Clouds of Smoak and Fire;
 Mock-Thunder now they hear, mock-Light'ning view,
 With greater Dread than e'r they did the true.
 Ev'n thou the Thunderer of th' *Indian* Sky
 (Nor wilt thou *Variscocha* this deny)
 Ev'n thou thy self astonish'd didst appear
 When Mortals louder Thunder thou didst hear.
 Strange Figures, and th' unwonted Face of things
 No less amazement to the *Spaniard* brings,
 New Forms of Animals their sight surprize,
 New Plants, new Fruits, new Men and Deities,
 Intirely a new Nature meets their Eyes.
 But most transported with the glitt'ring Mould,
 And wealthy Streams whose Sands were fraught with Gold,
 These they too much admire with too much love behold,
 For these forthwith against their Hosts engage
 The treach'rous Guells in impious War and Rage;

From these, inhumane slaughter did ensue
Which now I grieve to tell, as then I blush'd to view.
By sudden force, like some demolish'd Town,
I saw the *Indian* world at once o'rthrown.
What can this Land by this Dispute intend?
About her Fruits she does in vain contend,
Who knows not how her Entrails to defend.

Thy Slaughters past, do thou at length forget.
For with no small Revenge thy wrongs have met,
And Heav'n will give thee greater Comforts yet.
Enjoy thy fate whose bitter Part is o'r
And all the sweet for thee reserv'd in store.

Here *Phœbus* his most chearful Airs employs
And melts their savage Hearts in promis'd Joys.
They felt his Musick glide through ev'ry vein,
Their brawny Limbs from Dancing scarce restrain,
But fear'd to interrupt his charming strain.

That Gold which *Europe* ravish'd from your Coast
O'r *Europe* now a Tyrants pow'r does boast.
Already has more Mischiefs brought on *Spain*
Than from insulting *Spaniards* you sustain.
Where e'r it comes all Laws are straight dissolv'd,
In gen'ral Ruin all things are involv'd:
No Land can breed a more destructive Pest
Grieve not that of your Bane y' are dispossest
Call in more *Spaniards* to remove the rest.
The fatal *Helen* drive from your Abodes,
Th' *Erinnys* that has set both worlds at odds.
Fire, Sword and slaughter on her footsteps wait;
Whole Empires she betrays to utmost Fate.

Mean while these benefits of Life you reap
Consider, and you'll find th'exchange was cheap.
Your former salvage Customs are remov'd,
The Manners of your Men and Gods improv'd:
With humane flesh no more they shall be fed;
Whether dire Famine first that practice bred,
Or more detested Luxury —
Not long shalt thou *Vitziliputli* feed
On bloody feasts, or smoak thy *Indian* weed;
E'r long (like Us) with pure Ambrosial Fare
Thou shalt be pleas'd, and tast Celestial Air.

To live by wholesom Laws you now begin,
Buildings to raise and fence your Cities in,
To plow the Earth, to plow the very Main,
And Traffick with the Universe maintain;
Defensive Arms and Ornaments of Dress,
All Implements of Life you now possess.
To you the Arts of War and Peace are known,
And whole *Minerva* is become your own.

Our Muses to your Sires an unknown Band,
 Already have got footing in your Land,
 And like the Soil —
Inca's already have Historians been,
 And *Inca* Poets shall ere long be seen.
 But (if I fail not in my Augury
 And who can better judge events than I?)
 Long rowling years shall late bring on the times,
 When with your Gold debauch'd and ripen'd Crimes,
Europe (the world's most noble Part) shall fall,
 Upon her banish'd Gods and Virtue call
 In vain; while forein and domestick War
 At once shall her distracted Bosom tear;
 Forlorn, and to be pity'd ev'n by you —
 Mean while your rising Glory you shall view;
 Wit, Learning, Virtue, Discipline of War
 Shall for protection to your world repair,
 And fix a long illustrious Empire there.
 Your native Gold (I would not have it so
 But fear th' Event) in time will follow too:
 O, should that fatal Prize return once more,
 'Twill hurt your Countrey as it did before.

Late Destiny shall high exalt your Reign
 Whose Pomp no Crowds of Slaves, a needless Train,
 Nor Gold (the Rabble's Idol) shall support
 Like *Motezume's*, or *Guanapaci's* Court.
 But such true Grandeur as old *Rome* maintain'd,
 Where Fortune was a Slave and Virtue Reign'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

O F
PLANTS.

BOOK VI.

S I L V A

CEASE, O my Muse, the soft delights to sing
Of flowry Gardens in their fragrant Spring;
And trace the rougher paths of obscure Woods,
All gloom aloft, beneath o'rgrown with Shrubs:
Where *Phæbus*, once thy Guide, can dart no ray

To inspire thy flight, and make the Scene look gay.
Courage, my Huntress, let us range the Glades,
And search the inmost Grotto's of the Shades:
Even to the lone Recesses let us pass,
Where the green Goddess rests on Beds of Moss:
Let loose, my Fancy, swift of foot to trace
With a sagacious scent the noble chafe,
And with a joyful cry pursue the Prey;
Tis hidden Nature we must rouse to day.
Set all your Gins, let every Toil be plac'd,
Through all her Tracks let flying Truth be chas'd,
And seize her panting with her eager haste.
Nor yet disdain, my Muse, in Groves to range;
Or humbler Woods for nobler Orchards change.
Here Deities of old have made abode,
And once secur'd Great *Charles* our earthly God.
The Royal Youth, born to out-brave his Fate,
Within a neighbouring Oak maintain'd his State:
The faithful Boughs in kind Allegiance spread
Their sheltring Branches round his awful Head,
Twin'd their rough Arms, and thickn'd all the Shade.

To thee, belov'd of Heaven, to thee we sing
Of sacred Groves blooming perpetual Spring;
Mayst thou be to my Rural Verse and Me,
A present and assisting Deity.
Disdain not in this leafy Court to dwell,
Who its lov'd Monarch, did secure for well.

Th' Eternal Oak now consecrate to thee
No more thy Refuge, but thy Throne shall be.
We'll place thee Conqueror now, and crown thy brows
With Garlands made of its young gayest boughs :
While from our oaten Pipes the world shall know
How much they to this sacred shelter owe.

And you, the soft Inhabitants of the Groves,
You Wood-Nymphs, Hamadryades and Loves,
Satyrs and Fauns, who in these Arbors play,
Permit my Song, and give my Muse her way.
She tells of ancient Woods the wondrous things,
Of Groves long veil'd in sacred darkness sings,
And a new Light into your Gloom she brings.

Let it be lawful for me to unfold

Divine Decrees that never yet were told :

The Harangues of the Wood-Gods to rehearse,
And sing of Flowry Senates in my Verse.

Voices unknown to Man he now shall hear,

Who always ignorant of what they were,

Have pass'd 'em by with a regardless ear;

Thought 'em the murmurings of the rustled Trees,

That mov'd and wanton'd with the sporting Breeze.

*Daphne being
turn'd into a
Laurel.*

But *Daphne* knew the Mysteries of the Wood,

And made discoveries to her amorous God ;

Apollo me inform'd, and did inspire

My Soul with his Divine Prophetic fire :

And I, the Priest of Plants, their sense expound.

Hear, O ye Worlds, and listen all around.

'Twas now when Royal *Charles* that Prince of peace,

(That pious Offspring of the Olive Race)

Sway'd *England's* Scepter with a God-like hand,

Scattering soft Ease and Plenty o'r the Land,

Happy 'bove all the neighbouring Kings, while yet

Unruffled by the rudest storms of Fate,

More fortunate the People, till their Pride

Disdain'd Obedience to the Sovereign Guide,

And to a base Plebeian Senate gave

The Arbitrary Priv'lege to enslave ;

Who through a Sea of Noblest Blood did wade,

To tear the Diadem from the Sacred Head.

Now above Envy, far above the Clouds

The Martyr sits triumphing with the Gods.

While Peace before did lo'r the Ocean fly

On our blest Shore to find security :

In *British* Groves she built her downy nest,

No other Climate could afford her rest :

For warring Winds o'r wretched *Europe's* range,

Threatning Destruction, universal Change.

The raging Tempest tore the aged Woods,

Shook the vast Earth, and troubl'd all the Floods.

Nor did the fruitful Goddess brood in vain,
But here in safety hatch'd her golden train.
Justice and Faith one *Cornucopia* fill,
Of useful Med'cines known to many an Ill.

Such was the Golden Age in *Saturn's* sway,
Easie and innocent it pass'd away:
But too much Luxury and good Fortune cloy,
And Virtues she should cherish she destroys.
What we most wish, what we most toil to gain,
Enjoyment palls, add turns the Bliss to pain.
Possession makes us shift our Happiness,
From peaceful Wives to noisic Mistrisess.
The Repetition makes the Pleasure dull;
'Tis only Change that's gay and beautiful.
O Notion false! O Appetite deprav'd,
That has the nobler part of Man enslav'd.
Man born to Reason, does that Safety quit,
To split upon the dangerous Rock of Wit.
Physicians say, there's no such danger near,
As when, though no signs manifest appear,
Self-tir'd and dull, man knows not what he ails,
And without toil his Strength and Vigor fails.

Such was the State of *England*, sick with Ease,
Too happy, if she knew her Happiness.
Their Crime no Ignorance for Excuse can plead,
That wretched refuge for Ingratitude.
'Twas then that from the pitying Gods there came
A kind admonishing Anger to reclaim
In dreadful Prodigies; but, alas, in vain.
So rapid Thunder-bolts before the Flame
Fly, the consuming Vengeance to proclaim.
I, then a Boy, arriv'd to my tenth year,
And still those horrid Images I bear.
The mournful Signs are present to my Eyes,
I saw o'r all the Region of the Skies,
The History of our approaching Wars
Writ in the Heav'ns in wondrous Characters;
The vaulted Firmament with Lightning burns,
And all the Clouds were kindled into Storms,
And form'd an Image of th' Infernal Hell;
(I shake with the portentous things I tell)
Like sulph'rous waves the horrid Flames did roll,
Whose raging Tides were hurl'd from Pole to Pole;
Then suddenly the bursting Clouds divide,
A Fire-like burning mounts on either side,
Discovering (to th' astonish'd World) within
At once a dreadful and a beauteous Scene:
Two mighty Armies clad in Battle-array
Ready by Combat to dispute the day;

This relation
of Prodiges,
Mr. Cowley
assures to be
true; *Veram
esse in me re-
cipia*. In the
Margin to the
Original.

Their

Their waving Plumes and glittering Armour shone,
 Mov'd by the Winds and guilded by the Sun:
 So well in order seem'd each fearless Rank,
 As they'd been marshall'd by our Hero, *Monk*,
Monk, born for mighty things and great command,
 The glorious Pillar of our falling Land.
 Perhaps his Genius on the Royal side
 One of those Heav'nly Figures did describe,
 Here pointed out to us his noble force,
 And form'd him Conqueror on a flaming Horse.
 We heard, or fancy'd that we heard, around,
 The Signal giv'n by Drum and Trumpet sound,
 We saw the fire-wing'd Horses fiercely meet,
 And with their fatal Spears each other greet.
 Here shining brandish'd Pikes like Lightning shook,
 While from Ethereal Guns true Thunder broke.
 With gloomy Mists th' involv'd the Plains of Heaven,
 And to the Cloud-begotten men was given
 A memorable Fate —
 By the dire Splendor which their Arms display'd,
 And dreadful Lightning that from Cannons play'd,
 We saw extended o're the Aereal Plain
 The wounded Bodies of the numerous slain.

(Their Faces fierce with anger understood)
 Turning the Sky red with their gushing Blood,
 At last that Army we the Just esteem'd,
 And which adorn'd by noblest Figures seem'd
 Of Arms and Men, alas! was put to flight;
 The rest was veil'd in the deep Shades of Night,
 And Fates to come secur'd from humane sight.

But stupid *England* touch'd with no remorse,
 Beholds these Prodigies as things of course.
 (With many more, which to the Just appear'd
 As ominous Prefages.) Then who fear'd
 The Monsters of the *Caledonian* Woods,
 Or the hid ferments of Schismatic Crowds?
 Nor had the impious *Cromwel* then a Name,
 For *England's* Ruin, and for *England's* Shame.
 Nor were the Gods pleas'd only to exhort
 By signs the restive City and the Court.
 Th' impending Fates o'r all the Thickets reign'd,
 And Ruin to the *English* Wood proclaim'd,
 We saw the sturdy Oaks of monstrous growth,
 Whose spreading roots fix'd in their native Earth,
 Where for a thousand years in peace they grew,
 Torn from the Soil, though none but *Zephirus* blew.
 But who such violent Outrages could find
 To be th' effects of the soft Western wind
 The *Dryads* saw the right hand of the Gods
 O'rturn the noblest shelters of the Woods.

Others

Others their Arms with baneful leaves were clad,
That new unusual Forms and Colours had,
Whence now no *Aromatic* moisture flows,
Or noble *Misseltoe* enrich the boughs.
But bow'd with Galls, within whose boding hulls
Lurk'd Flies, diviners of ensuing ills.
Whose fatal buz did future slaughters threat,
And confus'd murmurs full of dread, repeat.
When no rude winds disturb'd the ambient Air,
The Trees, as weary of repose, made war.
With horrid noise grappling their knotty Arms,
Like meeting Tides they ruffle into Storms;
But when the VVinds to ratling Tempests rise,
Instead of warring Trees we heard the Cries
Of warring Men, whose dying Groans around
The VVoods and mournful Echo's did resound.

The dismal Shades with Birds obscene were fill'd,
Which, spight of *Phæbus*, he himself beheld.
On the wild Ashes tops the Bats and Owls,
With all night, ominous and baneful Fowls
Sate brooding, while the Screeches of these Doves
Prophan'd and violated all the Groves.
If ought that Poets do relate be true,
The strange Spinturnix led the feather'd crew.
Of all the Monsters of the Earth and Air
Spinturnix bears the cruelst Character.
The barbarous Bird to mortal Eyes unknown
Is seen but by the Goddesses alone:
And then they tremble; for she always bodes
Some fatal Discord, even among the Gods.
But that which gave more wonder than the rest,
Within an Ash a Serpent built her nest,
And laid her Eggs; when once, to come beneath
The very shadow of an Ash, was death:
Rather, if Chance should force, she through the Fire
From its faln Leaves so baneful, would retire.
But none of all the *Sylvan* Prodigies
Did more surprize the Rural Deities,
Than when the Lightning did the Laurel blast,
The Lightning their lov'd Laurels all defac'd:
The Laurel, which by *Jove's* Divine Decree
Since ancient time from injuring Tempests free;
No angry threats from the celestial powers
Could make her fear the ruin of her Bowers:
But always she enjoy'd a certain Fate,
Which she cou'd ne'r secure the Victor yet.
In vain these Signs and Monsters were not sent
From angry Heav'n; the wise knew what they meant.
Their coming by Conjectures understood,
As did the *Dryads* of the *British* wood,

What this Bird
truly was, is
not known,
but it was
much dreaded
by the *Araspi-
ces*. *Plin. Ser-
vius, &c.*

For the truth
hereof take
Pliny's word,
l. 16. 13.

There

The Forest of
Dean.

There is an ancient Forest known to fame
On this side separate from the *Cambrian* Plain
By wandering *Wye*; whose winding Current glides,
And murmuring Leaves behind its flowry sides.
On that, 'tis wash'd by nobler *Severn's* streams
Whose Beauties scarce will yield to famous *Thames*.
Of Yore 'twas *Arden* call'd, but that great Name,
As like her self diminish'd, into *Dean*.
The cursed Weapons of destructive War
In all their Cruelties have made her share;
The Iron has its noblest Shades destroy'd,
Then to melt Iron is its Wood employ'd;
And so unhappy 'tis as it presents
Of its own Death the fatal Instruments.
With Industry its ruin to improve
Bears Minerals below, and Trees above.
Oh Poverty! thou happiness extreme,
(When no afflicting want can intervene)
And oh thou subtle Treasure of the Earth,
From whence all Rapes and Mischiefs take their birth;
And you, triumphing Woods, secur'd from spoil
By the safe blessing of your barren Soil.
Here, unconsum'd, how small a part remains
Of that rich Store that once adorn'd the Plains.
Yet that small part that has escap'd the Ire
Of lawless Steel, and avaritious Fire,
By many Nymphs and Deities possess'd
Of all the *British* shades continues still the best.
Here the long Reverend *Dryas* (who had been
Of all the shady verdant Regions Queen,
To which by Conquest she had forc'd the Sea
His constant tributary Waves to pay)
Proclaim'd a general Council through her Court
To which the *Sylvan* Nymphs shou'd all resort.
All the Wood-Goddesses do strait appear,
At least who cou'd the *British* Climate bear,
And on a soft ascent of rising Ground
Their Queen, their charming *Dryas* they surround,
Who all adorn'd was in the middle plac'd,
And by a thousand awful Beauties grac'd.
These Goddesses alike were drest in Green,
The Ornaments and Liveries of their Queen.
Had Travellers at any distance view'd
The beauteous Order of this stately Crowd,
They wou'd not guess they'd been Divinities,
But Groves all sacred to the Deities.
Such was the Image of this leafy Scene,
On one side water'd by a cooling Stream,
Upon whose brink the *Poplar* took her place,
The *Poplar* whom *Alcides* once did grace,

Whose

Unable to display this page

The Elm.

But thou, O *Pteleas*, to the Swain allows
Shades to his Cattel, Timber for his Plows,
Ennobled thou above the leafie Race

Bacchus, or the
Vint.

In that an Amorous God does thee embrace.
Next the *Oxias* of her self a Grove,

The Birch.

Whose spreading shade the Flocks and Shepherds love,
Whether thy murmurs do to sleep invite,
Or thy soft noise inspire the rural Pipe;
Alike thou'rt grateful, and canst always charm,
In Summer cooling, and in Winter warm.

Tityrus of yore the Nymph with Garlands hung,
And all his Love-lays in her shadow sung.

When first the infant-World her reign began,

Ere Pride and Luxury had corrupted Man,

Before for Gold the Earth they did invade,

The useful Household-stuff of *Beech* was made;

No other Plate the humble Side board drest,

No other Bowls adorn'd the wholesom Feast,

Which no voluptuous Cookery cou'd boast,

The home-bred Kid or Lamb was all the cost.

The Mirth, the Innocence, and little Care,

Surpass the loaded Boards of high priz'd Fare.

There came no Guest for Interest or Design,

For guilty Love, fine Eating or rich Wine.

The *Beechen*-Bowl without Debauch went round,

And was with harmless Mirth and Roses crown'd

In these — the Ancients in their happy state

Their Feasts and Banquets us'd to celebrate.

Fill'd to the Brim with uncorrupted Wine,

They made Libations to the Powers Divine

To keep 'em still benign, no Sacrifice

They need perform the angry Gods to appease.

They knew no Crimes the Deities to offend,

But all their care was still to keep 'em kind.

No Poyson ever did those Bowls infect,

Securely here the Shepherd quench'd his thirst;

'Twas not that any Vertue in the Wood

Against the baneful Liquor was thought good,

But Poverty and Innocence were here

The Antidotes against all Ills, and Fear.

Such was the *Ash*, the Nymph was *Melias* nam'd,

For peaceful Use, and liberal Virtues fam'd;

But when *Achilles* Spear was of her Wood

Fatally form'd, and drank of *Hector's* Blood,

O wretched Glory! O unhappy Power,

She loves the Rain, and neighbouring Floods no more,

No more the falling Showers delight her now,

She only thirsts to drink of bloody Dew.

Philyra, not Inferiour to her Race,
 For her *Bel-taille*, good Mien and handsom Grace,
 For pious use, and noblest studies fit,
Minerva here might exercise her wit,
 And on the lasting Vellum which she brings,
 May in small Volumes write Seraphic things;
 'Mongst all the Nymphs and Hamadryades,
 There's none so fair, and so adorn'd as this.
 All soft her Body, Innocent and White,
 In her Green flowing Hair she takes delight,
 Proud of her perfum'd Blossoms far she spreads
 Her lovely, charming, odoriferous Shades.
 Her native Beauties even excelling Art;
 Her Vertues many Medicines still impart;
 The dowry of each Plant in her does rest,
 And she deserv'dly triumphs o'er the Best.

Next her *Orcimelis* and *Achras* stood,
 Whose Offspring is a sharp and rigid Brood,
 A Fruit no Season e'er cou'd work upon,
 Not to be mellow'd by th' all ripening Sun.

Hither the fair Amphibious Nymphs resort,
 Who both in Woods and Gardens keep their Court,
 The *Ouas*, but of no ignoble Fame,
 Although she bears a base and servile Name,
 Sharp *Oxyacantha*, next the *Mulberry* stood,
 The *Mulberry* dy'd in hapless Lovers blood.

Craneia, a Nymph too lean to be admir'd,
 But hard-gain'd *Carya* is by all desir'd,
 The pretty *Corylus* so neat and trim,
 And *Castanis* with rough ungrateful Skin.
 These Nymphs of all their Race live rich and high,
 They taste the City Garden Luxury,
 And Woods their Country *Villa's* do supply.

Nor was the *Hawthorn* absent from this place,
 All Soils are native to her harden'd Race,
 Though her the Fields and Gardens do reject,
 She with a thorny Hedge does both protect.

Helvetia rough with Cold and Stones first bred
 The Nymph, who thence to other Climates fled,
 Of her a warlike sturdy Race was born,
 Whose dress nor Court, nor City can adorn,
 But with a faithful hand they both defend
 While they upon no Garison depend,
 No show, or noisie Grandeur they affect,
 But to their Trust they'r constant and exact:
 Should you behold 'em rang'd in Battel-array,
 All muster'd in due order, you wou'd say,
 That no *Militia* were so fine and gay.
 Let none the Ancients rashly then reproach,
 Who cut from hence the Hymeneal Torch.

The Lime-tree.

Wood-pear and
Crab-apple.

Service-Tree.

Barberry.

Pyramus and
Thibbe,
Cornelian-berry,
Wall-Nut.
Small Nuts.

Switzerland.

Since they such safeguards were 'gainst Thieves and Beasts,
Which with an equal force their charge molests.
And 'twas commanded they should always bear
Their watchful Twigs before the married Pair.

With the *Helvetian* Nymph, a pretty Train,
All her Companions to the Circle came.
The fruitful *Bullace* first, whose Off-spring are,
Though harsh and sharp, yet moderately fair.

The prickly *Bramble*, neat and lovely *Rose*
So nice and coy, they never will dispose
Their valu'd Favours, but some wounds they give
To those who will their guarded Joys receive.

No less a Troop of those gay Nymphs were seen,
Who nobly flourish in Eternal Green,
Unsubject to the Laws o'th' changing Year,
They want no Aids of kindly Beams or Air.

But happy in their own peculiar Spring,
While the Pole weeps in showers, they laugh and sing.

The Box-tree. The generous *Pyxias*, who a Conquest gains
O'r armed Winter with her Host of Rains,
All Ages she subdues: devouring Time
In vain endeavours to destroy her prime;

Still in her Youth and Beauty she survives,
When all the Spring is dead, she smiles and lives:
Yet though she's obstinate to time, and storms,
She's kindly pliable to all curious Forms;

To artful Masters she Obedience lends,
And to th' ingenious hand with ease she bends.
Into a thousand True-loves knots she twines,
And with a verdant Wall the Flowers confines,

Still looking up with gay and youthful Love
To the triumphing Flow'rs that reign above.
Or if you please, she will advance on high,
And with the lofty Trees her stature vie,

And cheerfully will any figure take,
Whether Man, or Lyon, or a Bird you make,
Or on her Trunk like a green Parrot show,
Or sometimes like a *Hercules* she grow:

And hence *Praxiteles* fair Statues forms,
When with Green Gods the Gardens he adorns.
Nor yet being dead does of less use appear
To the Industrious Artificer:

From her the noblest Figures do arise,
And almost are Immortal Deities;
Of her the *Berecynthian* Pipe is made,
That charms its native Mountain and its shade,

That in such tuneful Harmonies express
The Praises of their Goddess *Cibeles*.
VVith this the lovely Females dress their Hair,
That not least powerful Beauty of the Fair,

Combs made
of his Wood.

Their noblest Ornament and th' Lovers snare. } This

This into form the beauteous Nets still lay
That the poor heedless Gazer does betray.

Agrias is content with easier spoils,
Onely for silly Birds she pitches toyls.

The wanton Bird she stops upon the wing,
And can forbid the insolence of Men;

With a Defence the Garden she supplies,
And does perpetually delight the Eyes:

Her shining Leaves a lovely green produce,
And serve at once for Ornament and Use.

Deform'd *December* by her Posie-boughs
All deck'd and drest like joyful *April* shows;

Cold Winter days she both adorns and cheers,
While she her constant springing Livery wears.

* *Camaris*, who in *Winter* give their Birth,
Not humbly creeping on the servile Earth,

But rear aloft their nobler fruitful heads,
Whose *Sylvan* food unhappy *Janus* feeds.

His hungry Appetite he here destroys
And both his ravenous Mouths at once destroys.

* *Phillyrea*, here and *Pyracantha* rise,
Whose Beauty onely gratifies the Eyes

Of Gods and Men, no Banquets they afford
But to the welcome though unbidden Bird,

Here gratefully in *Winter* they repay
For all the Summer Songs that made their Groves so gay.

Next came the melancholy *Yew*, who mourns
With silent Languor at the Warriors Urns,

A Sec where she comes all in black shadow veil'd,
Ah too unhappy Nymph on every side assail'd!

Whom the *Greek* Poets and Historians blame,
(Deceiv'd by easie faith and common fame)

Thee as a guilty poisoner they present;
Oh false Aspersers of the Innocent!

If Poets may find credit when they speak,
(At least all those who are not of the *Greek*)

No baneful Poison, no Malignant dew
Lurks in, or hangs about the harmless *Yew*,

No secret mischief dares the Nymph invade,
And those are safe that sleep beneath her shade.

* Nor thou *Arceuthis*, art an Enemy
To the soft Notes of charming Harmony.

Falsly the chief of Poets would persuade
That Evil's lodg'd in thy Eternal shade,

Thy Aromatick shade, whose verdant Arms
Even thy own useful fruits secures from harms;

Many false Crimes to thee they attribute,
Would no false Virtues too, they wou'd to thee impute.

But thou *Sabina*, my impartial Muse
Cannot with any honesty excuse,

The Holly.
Hereof Bird-
Lime is made.

* Strawberry
Tree.

* Ever-green
Privet, and
prickly Coral-
Tree.

* Juniper
Tree.

Savin.

By

By thee, the first new sparks of Life, nor yet
Struck up to shining flame to mature heat,
Sprinkled by thy moist Poison fade and die,
Fatal *Sabina* Nymph of Infamy.

For this the *Cypress* thee Companion calls,
Who piously attends at Funerals:
But thou more barbarous, dost thy pow'r employ,
And even the unborn Innocent destroy.
Like Fate destructive thou, without remorse,
While she the Death of even the Ag'd deplores.

Such *Cyparissus* was, that bashful Boy,
Who was belov'd by the bright God of Day;
Of such a tender mind, so soft a Breast,
With so compassionate a Grief oppress'd,
For wounding his lov'd Dear, that down he lay
And wept, and pin'd his sighing Soul away.

Apollo pitying it, renew'd his fate
And to the *Cypress* did the Boy translate,
And gave his hapless life a longer Date.
Then thus decreed the God — and thou oh Tree,
Chief Mourner at all Funerals shall be.

And since so small a cause such grief cou'd give,
Be't still thy Talent (pitying youth) to grieve.
Sacred be thou in *Pluto's* dark abodes,
For ever sacred to th' Infernal Gods!

This said, well skill'd in truth he did bequeath
Eternal life to the dire Tree of Death,
A substance that no Worm can e'r subdue
Whose never dying Leaves each Day renew,
Whose Figures like aspiring flames still rise,
And with a noble Pride salute the Skies.

Next the fair Nymph that *Phæbus* does adore,
But yet as nice and cold as heretofore:
She hates all fires, and with aversion still
She chides and crackles if the flame she feel.
Yet though she's chaste, the burning God no less
Adores, and makes his Love his Prophetess.
And even the Murmurs of her scorn do now
For joyful Sounds and happy Omens go.
Nor does the Humble, though the sacred Tree
Fear wounds from any Earthly Enemy;
For she beholds when loudest storms abound,
The flying thunder of the Gods around,
Let all the flaming Heav'ns threat as they will
Unmov'd th' undaunted Nymph out-braves it still.

Oh thou! —
Of all the woody Nations happiest made
Thou greatest Princess of the fragrant shade,
But shou'd the Goddess *Dryas* not allow
That Royal Title to thy Vertue due,

At least her justice must this truth confess
If not a Princess, thou'rt a Prophetess,
And all the Glories of immortal Fame
Which conquering Monarchs so much strive to gain,
Is but at best from thy triumphing Boughs
To reach a Garland to adorn their Brows,
And after Monarchs, Poets claim a share
As the next worthy thy priz'd wreaths to wear.
Among that number, do not me disdain,
Me, the most humble of that glorious Train.
I by a double right thy Bounties claim,
Both from my Sex, and in *Apollo's* Name:
Let me with *Sappho* and *Orinda* be
Oh ever sacred Nymph, adorn'd by thee;
And give my Verses Immortality.

The Transla-
tress in her
own Person
speaks.

The tall *Elate* next, and *Peuce* stood
The stateliest Sister-Nymphs of all the wood.
The flying Winds sport with their flowing Hair,
While to the dewy Clouds their lofty heads they rear.
As mighty Hills above the Valleys show,
And look with scorn on the descent below,
So do these view the Mountains where they grow.
So much above their humbler Tops they rise,
So stood the Giants that besieg'd the Skies,
The terror of the Gods! they having thrown
Huge *Ossa* on the *Leaky Pelion*,
The *Fir* with the proud *Pine* thus threatening stands
Lifting to Heav'n two hundred warring hands,
In this vast prospect they with ease survey
The various figur'd Land and boundless Sea,
With joy behold the Ships their timber builds,
How they've with Cities stor'd once spacious Fields.

This Grove of *English* Nymphs; this noble train
In a large Circle compass in their Queen,
The Scepter bearing *Dryas* —
Her Throne arising Hillock where she sat
With all the Charms of Majesty and State,
With awful Grace the numbers she survey'd,
Dealing around the favours of her shade.

If I the voice of the loud winds cou'd take
Which the re echoing Oaks do agitate,
'Twou'd not suffice to celebrate thy Name
Oh sacred *Dryas* of Immortal Fame.
If we a faith can give Antiquity
That sings of many Miracles, from thee
In the worlds Infant Age Mankind broke forth,
From thee the noble Race receiv'd their Birth;
Thou then in a green tender Bark wert clad,
But in *Deucalion's* Age a rougher covert had,

More

More hard and warm, with crusted white all o'r,
 As noble Authors sung in times of yore;
 Approv'd by some, condemn'd and argu'd down
 By the vain troop of Sophists, and the Gown,
 The scoffing Academy, and the Schools
 Of *Pyrrho*; who Traditions over-rule:
 But let 'em doubt, yet they must grant this truth
 Those Brawny Men that then the Earth brought forth,
 Did on thy Acorns feed, and feast and thrive
 And with this wholsom Nourishment survive
 In health and strength an equal Age with thee,
 Secur'd from all the Banes of Luxury.

Oh happy Age! oh Nymph Divinely good!
 That mak'st thy shade Mans house, thy fruit his food.
 When onely Apples of the Wood did pass
 For noble Banquets spread on Beds of Grass.
 Tables not yet by any Art debauch'd,
 And fruit that ne'r the Grudgers hand reproach'd.
 Thy Bounties *Ceres* were of little use,
 And thy sweet food ill Manners did produce:
 Unluckily they did thy Virtues find
 With that of the wild Boar and hunted Hind;
 With all wild Beasts on which their Luxury prey'd,
 While new desires their Appetites invade.
 The Natures they partake of what they eat,
 And salvage they become as was their Meat.

Hence the Republick of the world did cease,
 Hence they might date the forfeit of their peace.
 The common good was now peculiar made,
 A generous Int'rest now became a Trade,
 And Men began their Neighbour's rights t'invade.
 For now they measur'd out their common ground,
 And outrages commit t' enlarge their Bound:
 Their own seem'd despicable, poor and small;
 Each wants more room and wou'd be Lord of all.
 The Plowman with disdain his Field surveys,
 Forfakes the Land, and plows the faithless Seas.
 The Fool in these deep furrows seeks his gain,
 Despising Dangers, and induring pain.
 The sacred Oak her peaceful Mansion leaves
 Transplanted to the Mountains of the Waves.

Oh *Dryas*, Patron to th' industrious kind,
 If Man were wise and wou'd his safety find;
 What perfect Bliss thy happy Shade wou'd give?
 And Houses that their Masters wou'd out-live.
 All necessaries thou afford'st alone
 For harmless Innocence to live upon,
 Strong yokes for Oxen, handles for the Plow,
 What Husbandry requires thou dost allow;

But if the madness of desiring Gain,
Or wild Ambition agitate the Brain,
Straight to a wandering Ship they Thee transfer,
And none more justly serves the Mariner.
Thou cutst the Air, dost on the waves rebo und
Wild Death and Fury raging all around,
Disdaining to behold the manag'd Wood,
Out-brave the Storms and baffle the rude Flood.

To Swine, O richest Oak, thy Acorns leave,
And search for Man what e'er the Earth can give,
All that the spacious Universe brings forth,
What Land and Sea conceals of any worth,
Bring Aromaticks from the distant East,
And Gold so dangerous from the rifl'd West,
What e'er the boundless Appetite can feast.

With thee the utmost bounds of Earth w' invade,
By thee the unlockt Orb is common made.
By thee—

The great Republique of the World revives,
And o'er the Earth luxurious traffick thrives;
If *Argos* Ship were valued at that rate
(Which Ancient Poets so much celebrate,
From Neighbouring *Colchos* only bringing home
The Golden Fleece from Seas whose Tracts were known:
If of the dangers they so much have spoke
(More worthy smiles) of the *Cyanean* Rock,
What Oceans then of Fame shall thee suffice?
What Waves of eloquence can sing thy Praise!
O sacred Oak, that great *Columbus* bore
IO! thou bearer of a happier Ore,
Than celebrated *Argo* did before.

And *Drake's* brave Oak that past to Worlds unknown,
Whose Toils, O *Phebus*, were so like thy own;
Who round the Earths vast Globe triumphant rode,
Deserves the Celebration of a God.
O let the *Pegasean* Ship no more
Be worshipt on the too unworthy shore.
After her watery life, let her become
A fixt Star shining equal with the Ram.
Long since the Duty of a Star she's done,
And round the Earth with guiding light has shone.

Oh how has Nature blest the British Land,
Who both the valued *Indies* can command!
What tho thy Banks the Cedars do not grace
Those lofty Beauties of fam'd *Libanus*.
The Pine, or Palm of *Idumean* Plaines,
Arabs rich Wood or its sweet smelling Greens,
Or lovely Plantain whose large leafy boughs
A pleasant and a noble shade allows.

She has thy warlike Groves and Mountains blest
 With sturdy Oak's, ore all the World the best,
 And for the happy Islands sure Defence
 Has wall'd it with a Mote of Seas immense,
 While to declare her Safety and thy Pride,
 With Oaken Ships that Sea is fortifi'd.

Nor was that Adoration vainly made,
 Which to the Oak the Ancient *Druids* paid,
 Who reasonably believed a God within,
 Where such vast wonders were produc'd and seen.
 Nor was it the dull Piety alone,
 And superstition of our *Albion*,
 Nor ignorance of the future Age, that paid
 Honours Divine to thy surprising shade.
 But they foresaw the Empire of the Sea,
 Great *Charles*, should hold from the Triumphant Thee.

No wonder then that Age should thee Adore,
 Who gav'st out sacred Oracles heretofore,
 The hidden pleasure of the Gods was then
 In a hoarse voice deliver'd out to Men.
 So vapors from *Cyrrhean* Caverns broke
 Inspir'd *Apollo's* Priests when she spoke.
 While ravish'd the fair Enthusiastic stood,
 Upon her *Tripes*, raging with the God.
 So Priest Inspir'd with sacred fury shook,
 When the Winds ruff'd the *Dodonian* Oak,
 And tost their Branches, till a dreadful sound
 Of awful horror they proclaim around,
 Like frantic *Bacchanals*; and while they move
 Possess with trembling all the sacred Grove.
 Their riss'd leaves the tempest bore away,
 And their torn Boughs scatter'd on all sides lay.
 The tortur'd thicket knew not that there came
 A God Triumphant in the Hurricane,
 Till the wing'd winds with an amazing cry,
 Deliver'd down the pressing Deity.
 Whose thundering voice, strange secrets did unfold,
 And wond'rous things of Worlds to come he told.
 But truths so veil'd in obscure Eloquence,
 They muze the Adoring crowd with double sense.

But by Divine Decree the Oak no more,
 Declares security as heretofore,
 With words, or voice, yet to the listening Wood,
 Her differing Murmurs still are understood:
 For sacred Divinations while the sound,
 Informs, all but Humanity, around
 Nor e'er did *Dryas* Murmur awful truth
 More clear and plain, from her Prophetic mouth,
 Than when she spoke to the *Chaonian* Wood,
 While all the Groves with eager silence stood.

And

And with erected Leaves themselves dispose,
To listen to the Language of her Boughs.

You see (oh my companions) that the Gods,
Threaten a dire Destruction to the Woods,
And to all human kind — the black portents
Are seen, of many sinister Events;
But lest their quick Approach too much should press,
(Oh my astonish'd Nymphs) your Tenderness,
The Gods command me to foretel your Doom,
And prepossess ye with the Fate to come.

With heedful Reverence then their Will observe,
And in your Barks deep Chinks my Words preserve:
Believe me, Nymphs, nor is your Faith in vain,
This Oaken Trunk in which conceal'd I am
From a long Honored Ancient Lineage came,
Who in the fam'd *Dodonian* Grove first spoke,
When with astonish'd Awe the Sacred Valley shook.

Know then that *Brutus* by unlucky Fate
Murdering his Sire, did bear an immortal Hate
To his own Kingdom, who's ungrateful shore
He leaves with Vows ne'er to revisit more.

Then to *Epirus* a sad Exile came,
(Unhappy Son who hast a Father slain,
But happy Father of the *British* Name.)
There by victorious Arms he did restore

Those Scepters once the Race of *Priam* bore,
In their paternal Thrones his Kindred plac'd,
And by that Piety his fatal Crime defac'd.

There *Jupiter* disdain'd not to relate
Thorough an Oaken Mouth his future Fate,
Who for his Grandfire's, great *Aeneas*, sake
Upon the Royal Youth will pity take:

Whose Toils to his shall this Resemblance bear,
A long and tedious Wandering to endure.
'Tis said the Deity-retaining Oak
Bursling her Bark, thus to the Hero spoke,

Whose Voice the Nymphs surpriz'd with awful Dread,
Who in *Chaonian* Groves inhabited.
Oh noble *Trojan* of great *Sylvia's* Blood,
Haste from the Covert of this threatening Wood.

A Mansion here the Fates will not permit,
Vast Toils and Dangers thou'rt to conquer yet,
Ere for a murder'd Father thou canst be
Absolv'd, tho' innocently slain by thee,

But much must bear by Land, and much by Sea,
Then arm thy solid mind, thy Virtues raise,
And thro' thy rough Adventures cut new Ways,
Whose End shall crown thee with immortal Bays.

Tho' *Hercules* so great a Fame achiev'd,
His Conquests but to th' Western Coasts arriv'd:

'There finish'd all his Glories and his Toils,
 'He wish'd no more, nor sought more distant Spoils.
 'But the great Labors which thou hast begun
 'Must, fearless of the Oceans Threats, go on.
 'And this remember, at thy lanching forth,
 'To set thy full spread Sails against the North.
 'In *Charles's Wain* thy Fates are born above
 'Bright Stars descended from thy Grandfire *Jove*,
 'Of motion certain, tho they slowly move.
 'The *Bear* too shall assist thee in thy Course
 'With all her Constellations glittering Force.
 'And as thou goest, thy Right Hand shall destroy
 'Twice six *Gomeritish* Tyrants in thy way.
 'Tho exil'd from the World, disdain all Fear,
 'The Gods another World for thee prepare,
 'Which in the Bosom of the deep conceal'd
 'From Ages past, shall be to thee reveal'd.
 'Reserv'd, O *Brutus*, to renown thy Fame,
 'And shall be bless'd still with thy Race and Name.
 'All that the Air surrounds, the Fates decree
 'To *Brutus* and *Aeneas* Progeny,
 '*Aeneas* all the Land, and *Brutus* all the Sea.
 This said the God, from the Prophetick Oak,
 Who stretching out her Branches further spoke:
 'Here fill thy Hands with Acorns from my Tree,
 'Which in thy tedious Toils of use shall be,
 'And Witnesses of all I promise thee.
 'And when thy painful wandering shall be o'er,
 'And thou arriv'd on happy *Britains* shore,
 'Then in her fruitful Soil these Acorns sow,
 'Which to vast Woods of mighty use shall grow.
 'Not their *Chaonian* Mother's sacred Name
 'Shall o'er the World be sung with greater Fame.
 'Then holy *Druids* thou shalt consecrate,
 'My Honor and my Rites to celebrate.
 '*Tentates* in the sacred Oak shall grow,
 'To give bless'd Omens of the *Misseltoe*.
 Thus spake the Oak—with reverend Awe believ'd,
 And in no one Prediction was deceiv'd.
 My Lineage from *Chaonian* Acorns came,
 I two Descents from that first Parent am;
 And now Oraculous Truths to you proclaim.
 My Grandam Oak her Blooming Beauties wore,
 When first the *Danish* Fleet surpriz'd our Shore:
 When *Thor* and *Tuisco* and the *Saxon* Gods
 Were angry with their once belov'd Abodes,
 Her Age two hundred years; a small Account
 To what our long-lived Numbers do amount;
 Such Prodigies then she saw as we behold;
 And such our Ruins, as their signs foretold.

Now

Now from the *Caledonian* Mountains came
 New risen Clouds that cover'd all the Plain,
 The quiet *Tweed* regards her Bounds no more,
 But driv'n by Popular Winds usurps the Shore;
 In her wild Course a horrid Murmur yields,
 And frightens with her Sound the *English* Fields.
 Nor did they hear in vain, or vainly fear
 Those raging Prologues to approaching War.
 But Silver Showers did soon the Foe subdue,
 Weapons the Noble *English* never knew.
 The People, who for Peace so lavish were,
 Did after buy the Merchandise more dear.
 Curs'd Civil War even Peace betray'd to Guilt,
 And made her blush with the first Blood was spilt.
 O cruel Omens of those future Woes,
 Which now late brooding in the Senate House!
 That Den of Mischief, where obscur'd she lyes,
 And hides her purple Face from human Eyes.
 The working Furies there, lay unreveal'd
 Beneath the Privilege of the House conceal'd.
 There, by the Malice of the Great and Proud,
 And unjust Clamors of the frantick Crowd,
 The Great, the Learned *Strafford* met his Fate;
 O Sacred Innocence! what can expiate
 For guiltless Blood, but Blood? and much must flow
 Both from the Guilty and the Faultless too.

O *Worcester*, condemn'd by Fate to be
 The Mournful Witness of our Misery,
 And to bewail our first Intestine Wars
 By thy soft *Severn's* Murmurs, and her Tears;
 Wars that more formidable did appear
 Even at their End, than their Beginnings were!

Me to *Kintonian* Hills some God convey,
 That I the horrid Valley may survey;
 Which like a River seem'd of human Blood,
 Swell'd with the numerous Bodies of the Dead.
 What Slaughters makes fierce *Rupert* round the Field,
 Whose Conquests Pious *Charles* with Sighs beheld;
 And had not Fate the Course of Things forbade,
 This Day an End of all our Woes had made.

But our Success the angry Gods controul,
 And stopt our Race of Glory near the Goal.
 Where'er the *British* Empire did extend,
 The Tyrant War with Barbarous Rigor reign'd,
 From the remotest Parts it rifled Peace
 From the * *Belarian* Horn even to the *Orcades*.
 The Fields oppress'd, no joyful Harvests bear,
 War ruin'd all the Product of the Year.
 Unhappy *Albion*! by what Fury stung
 What Serpent of *Eumenides* has stung

*Kinton-
 Field.
 Edge-Hill,*

* *S. Burien,*
 the uttermost
 Point of *Corn-
 wall.*

His

His Poison thro' thy Veins? thou bleed'st all o'er,
 Art all one Wound, one universal Gore.
 Unhappy *Newberry*, I thy fatal Field,
 (Covered with mighty Slaughters, thrice beheld.)
 In horrors thou *Philippi's* Fields outvi'd
 Which twice the Civil Gore of *Romans* di'd.
 Long mutual Loss, and the alternate Weight
 Of equal Slaughters, pois'd each others Fate.
 Uncertain Ruin waver'd to and fro,
 And knew not where to fix the deadly Blow;
 At last in *Northern* Fields like Lightning broke;
 And *Naseby* doubl'd every fatal Stroke.
 But, Oh ye Gods, permit me not to tell
 The Woes, that after this, the Land beset:
 Oh, keep 'em to your selves, lest they shou'd make
 Humanity your Rites, and Shrines forsake:
 To future Ages let 'em not be known,
 For wretched *England's* Credit, and your own.

And take from me, ye Gods, Futurity,
 And let my Oracles all silent lye,
 Rather than by my Voice they shou'd declare
 The dire Events of *England's* Civil War.
 And yet my Sight a confus'd Prospect fills,
 A *Chaos* all deform'd, a Heap of Ills;
 Such as no mortal Eyes cou'd e'r behold,
 Such as no human Language can unfold.
 But now——

The Conquering evil Genius of the Wars,
 The impious Victor all before him bears;
 And oh,—behold the Sacred Vanquish'd flies,
 And tho in a *Plebeian's* mean Disguise,
 I know his God-like Face; the Monarch sure
 Did ne'er dissemble till this fatal hour.
 But oh he flies, distressed, forlorn he flies,
 And seeks his safety 'mong his Enemies.
 His Kingdoms all he finds hostile to be,
 No place to th' vanquish'd proves a Sanctu'ry.
 Thus Royal *Charles*——

From his own People cou'd no safety gain,
 Alas, the King! (their Guest) implores in vain.
 The Pilot thus the burning Vessel leaves,
 And trusts what most he fears, the threatening Waves.
 But oh the cruel Flood with rude Disdain
 Throws him all struggling to the Flames again:
 So did the *Scots*, alas, what shou'd they do,
 That Prize of War (the Soldiers Interest now)
 By Prayers and Threatnings back they strive to bring,
 But the wise *Scot* will yield to no such thing;
 And *England* to retrieve him buys her King.

Oh

Oh shame to future Worlds! who did command,
 As powerful Lord of all the Sea and Land,
 Is now a Captive-Slave expos'd to Sale;
 And Villany o'er Virtue must prevail.
 The Servant his bought Master bears away,
 Oh shameful Purchase of so glorious Prey.
 But yet, O *Scotland*, far be it from me,
 To charge thee wholly with this Infamy;
 Thy Nations Virtues shall reverse that Fate,
 And for the Criminal Few shall expiate:
 Yet for these Few the Innocent Rest must feel,
 The dire Effects of the avenging Steel.

But now, by Laws to God and Man unknown,
 Their Sovereign, Gods anointed they dethrone,
 Who to the *Isle of Wight* is Prisoner sent:
 What Tongue, what cruel Hearts do not lament?
 That thee, O *Scotland*, with just Anger moves,
 And *Kent* who valued Liberty so loves;
 And thee, O *Wales*, of still as noble Fame,
 As were the ancient *Britains* whence ye came.
 But why should I distinctly here relate
 All I behold, the many Battels fought
 Under the Condu&t still of angry Stars:
 Their new-made Wounds and old ones turn'd to Scars;
 The Blood that did the trembling *Ribble* dy,
 Stopping its frighted Stream that strove to fly.
 Or thou, O *Medway*, swell'd with Slaughters, born
 Above the flowery Banks that did thee once adorn.
 Or why, O *Colchester*, shou'd I rehearse
 Thy brave united Courage and thy Force,
 Or Deaths of those illustrious Men relate,
 Who did with thee deserve a kinder Fate.
 Or why the miserable Murders tell
 Of Captives who by cooler Malice fell.
 Nor to your Grievs will this Addition bring,
 The sad Idea's of a Martyred King;
 A King who all the Wounds of Fortune bore,
 Nor will his mournful Funerals deplore,
 Lest that Celestial Piety (of Fame
 O'er all the World) should my sad Accents blame.
 Since Death he still esteem'd, how e'er 'twas given,
 The greatest Good, and noblest Gift of Heaven.
 But I deplore Man's wretched Wickedness,
 (Oh horrid to beheard, or to express.)
 Whom even Hell can ne'er enough torment
 With her eternal Pains and Punishment.

But oh what do I see! alas they bring
 Their Sacred Master forth, their God-like King,
 There on a Scaffold rais'd in solemn State,
 And plac'd before the Royal Palace Gate,

'Midst of his Empire the black Deed was done,
 While Day, and all the World were looking on.
 By common Hangman's Hands—Here stopt the Oak,
 When from the bottom of its Roof there broke
 A thousand Sighs, which to the Sky she lifts,
 Bursting her solid Bark into a thousand Clefts.
 Each Branch her Tributary sorrow gives,
 And Tears run trickling from her mournful Leaves;
 Such numbers after rainy Nights they shed,
 When showering Clouds that did surround her Head,
 Are by the rising Goddess of the Morn
 Blown off, and lie before the approaching Sun.
 At which the Troop of the Green Nymphs around
 Ecchoing her Sighs, in wailing Accents groan'd,
 Whole piercing sounds from far were understood,
 And the loud Tempest shook the wondering Wood:
 And then a cruel Silence did succeed,
 As in the gloomy Mansions of the Dead.
 But after a long awful Interval
Dryas assum'd her sad Prophetick Tale.
 Now *Britany* o'erwhelm'd with many a Wound,
 Her Head lopt off, in her own Blood lies drown'd:
 A horrid Carcase, without Mind or Soul,
 A Trunk not to be known, deform'd and foul.
 And now who wou'd not hope there shou'd have been
 After so much of Death, a quiet Scene:
 Or rather with their Monarch's Funeral
 Eternal Sleep shou'd not have seiz'd 'em all.
 But nothing less, for in the room of One,
 Who govern'd justly on his peaceful Throne,
 A thousand Heads sprung up, deform'd and base,
 With a tumultuous and ignoble Race;
 The vile, the vulgar Off-spring of the Earth,
 Insects of poisonous kinds, of monstrous Birth,
 And ravenous Serpents now the Land infest;
 And *Cromwel* viler yet than all the rest.
 That Serpent even upon the Marrow preys,
 Devouring Kingdoms with insatiate Jaws.
 Now Right and Wrong (mere Words confounded ly)
 Rage sets no Bounds to her Impiety;
 And having once transgress'd the Rules of Shame,
 Honor or Justice counts an empty Name.
 In every Street, as Pastime for the Crowd,
 Erected Scaffolds reek'd with Noble Blood.
 Prisons were now th' Apartments of the Brave,
 Whom Tyranny commits, and only Death retrieve;
 Whose Paths were crowded ere the Morning dawn,
 Some to the Dungeons, some to Gibbets drawn.
 But tir'd-out Cruelty pauses for a while,
 To take new Breath amidst her Barbarous Toil.

So

So does not Avarice, the unwearied still,
 Ne'er stops her greedy Hand from doing ill;
 The Warrior may a while his Spear forsake,
 But Sequestrators will no Respite take,
 What a long Race of Kings laid up with Care,
 The Gifts of happy Peace, and Spoils of War,
 What ever liberal Piety did present,
 Or the Religion (all magnificent)
 Of our Fore-fathers, to the Church had given,
 And consecrated to the Pow'rs of Heav'n,
 Altars, or whatso'er cou'd guilty be
 Of tempting Wealth, or fatal Loyalty,
 Was not enough to satisfy the Rage
 Of a few Earth-begotten Tyrants of the Age.
 The impious Rout thought it a trivial thing
 To rob the Houses of their God and King,
 Their Sacrilege admitting of no Bound,
 Rejoyc'd to see 'em levell'd with the Ground;
 As if the Nation (wicked and unjust)
 Had even in Ruin found a certain Lust,
 On every side the labouring Hammers sound,
 And Strokes from mighty Hatchets do rebound:
 On every side the groaning Earth sustains
 The ponderous weight of Stones and wonderous Beams.
 Fiercely they ply their Work, with such a noise,
 As if some mighty Structure they wou'd raise
 For the proud Tyrant; no, this clamorous Din
 Is not for building but demolishing.

--When (my Companions) these sad things you see,
 And each beholds the dead Beams of her Parent Tree,
 Long since repos'd in Palaces of Kings,
 Torn down by furious Hands as useless things;
 Then know your Fate is come; those Hands that cou'd
 From Houses tear dead Beams, and long hewn Wood,
 Those cruel Hands by unresisted Force,
 Will for your living Trunks find no remorse.

Religion, which was great of old, commands,
 No Woods shou'd be profaned by impious Hands,
 Those noble Seminaries for the Fleet,
 Plantations that make Towns and Cities great:
 Those Hopes of War, and Ornaments of Peace
 Shou'd live secure from any Outrages,
 Which now the barbarous Conqueror will invade,
 Tear up your Roots, and rife all your shade,
 For gain they'll sell you to the covetous Buyer,
 A Sacrifice to every common Fire,
 They'll spare no Race of Trees of any Age,
 But murder infant Branches in their Rage:
 Elms, Beeches, tender Ashes shall be fell'd,
 And even the Grey and Reverend Bark must yield:

The soft, the murmuring Troop shall be no more,
 No more with Musick charm as heretofore,
 No more each little Bird shall build her House,
 And sing in her Hereditary Boughs,
 But only *Philomel* shall celebrate
 In mournful Notes a new unhappy Fate:
 The banish'd *Hamadryads* must be gone,
 And take their flight with sad, but silent Moan;
 For a Celestial Being ne'er complains,
 Whatever be her Grief, in noisic Strains.
 The Wood-Gods fly, and whither shall they go,
 Not all the *British* Orb can scarce allow,
 A Trunk secure for them to rest in now.

But yet these wild Saturnals shall not last,
 Oppressing Vengeance follows on too fast;
 She shakes her brandish'd Steel, and still denies
 Length to immoderate Rage and Cruelties.
 Do not despond, my Nymphs; that wicked Birth
 Th' avenging Powers will chase from off the Earth;
 Let 'em hew down the Woods, destroy and burn,
 And all the lofty Groves to Ashes turn;
 Yet still there will not want a Tree to yield
 Timber enough old *Tiburn* to rebuild,
 Where they may hang at last; and this kind one
 Shall then revenge the Woods of all their Wrong.
 In the mean time (for Fate not always shows
 A swift compliance to our Wish and Vows)
 The Off-spring of great *Charles* forlorn and poor,
 And exil'd from their cruel native Shore,
 Wander in foreign Kingdoms, where in vain
 They seek those Aids, alas, they cannot gain;
 For still their pressing Fate pursues 'em hard,
 And scarce a place of Refuge will afford.
 Oh pious Son of such a holy Sire!
 Who can enough thy Fortitude admire?
 How often tost by Storms of Land and Sea,
 Yet unconcern'd thy Fate thou didst survey,
 And her Fatigues still underwent with Joy.
 Oh Royal Youth, pursue thy just Disdain,
 Let Fortune and her Furies frown in vain,
 Till tir'd with her Injustice she give out,
 And leaves her giddy Wheel for thee to turn about.

Then that great Scepter which no human Hand
 From the tenacious Tyrant can command,
 Scorning the bold Usurper to adorn,
 Shall ripe and falling to thy Hand be born.

But oh, he rowzes now before his time!
 Illustrious Youth, whose Bravery is a Crime,
 Alas, what wilt thou do? Ah, why so fast?
 The Dice of Fate, alas, not yet are cast.

While

While thou all fire, fearless of future Harms,
 And prodigal of life, assumest thy Arms.
 And even provoking Fame he cuts his way
 Through hostile Fleets, and a rude Winters Sea.
 But neither shall his daring Course oppose,
 Even to those Shores so very late his Foes,
 And still to be suspected; but mean while
 The *Oliverian* Demons of the Isle,
 With all Hells Deities, with Fury burn,
 To see great *Charles* preparing to return;
 They call up all their Winds of dreadful Force
 In vain, to stop his sacred Vessels course.
 In vain their Storms a Ruine do prepare,
 For what Fate means to take peculiar care;
 And trembling find great *Cesar* safe at Land,
 By Heav'n conducted, not by Fortunes Hand.

But *Scotland*, you your King recal in vain;
 While you your unchang'd Principles retain;
 But yet the time shall come, when some small share
 Of Glory, that great Honor shall confer,
 When you a conquering Hero forth shall guide,
 While Heav'n and all the Stars are on his side,
 Who shall the exil'd King in Peace recal,
 And *England's* Genius be esteem'd by all:
 But this, not yet my Nymphs,—but now's the time,
 When the illustrious Heir of *Fergus* Line,
 From full a hundred Kings, shall mount the Throne,
 Who now the Temple enters, and at *Scone*,
 After the ancient manner he receives the Crown;
 But, oh, with no auspicious Omens done,
 The Left Hand of the Kingdom put it on.

But now th' insulting Conqueror draws nigh,
 Disturbing the August Solemnity;
 When with Revenge and Indignation fir'd,
 And by a Father's Murder well inspir'd,
 The brave, the Royal Youth for War prepares,
 O Heir most worthy of thy hundred Scepter'd Ancestors:
 With Thoughts all Glorious now he sallies forth;
 Nor will he trust his Fortune in the North,
 That Corner of his Realms, nor will his haste
 Lazily wait till coming Winter's past;
 He scorns that Aid, nor will he hope t' oppose
 High Mountains gainst the Fury of his Foes,
 Nor their surrounding Force will here engage,
 Or stay the Pressures of a shameful Siege;
 But boldly further on resolves t' advance,
 And give a generous Loose to Fortunes Chance.
 And shut from distant *Tay* he does essay
 To *Thames*, even with his Death to force his way.

Behind he leaves his trembling Enemies,
Amaz'd at this stupendous Enterprize.

And now the wish'd for happy Day appears,
Sought for so long by *Britain's* Prayers and Tears;
The King returns, and with a mighty Hand,
Avow'd Revenger of his Native Land.

And through a thousand Dangers and Extremes,
Marches a Conqueror to *Sabrina's* Streams;
(Ah, wou'd to Heaven *Sabrina* had been *Thames*.)
So wish'd the King, but the persuasive Force
Of kind mistaken Councils stopt his Course.

Now, warlike *England*, rouse at these Alarms,
Provide your Horses, and assume your Arms,
And fall on the Usurper, now for shame,
If Piety be not Pretence and Name;

Advance the Work Heaven has so well begun,
Revenge the Father, and restore the Son.

No more let that old Cant destructive be,
Religion, Liberty and Property.

No longer let that dear-bought Cheat delude,
(Oh you too credulous, senseless Multitude,)

Words only form'd more easily to enslave,
By every popular and pretending Knave,

But now your bleeding Land expects you shou'd
Be wise, at the expence of so much Blood;

Rouse then, and with awaken'd Sense prepare
To reap the Glory of this Holy War,

In which your King and Heaven have equal share.

His Right Divine let every Voice proclaim,
And a just Ardor every Soul inflame.

But *England's* evil Genius watchful still
To ruin Virtue, and incourage Ill;

Industrious, even as *Cromwel*, to subvert
Honor and Loyalty in every Heart;

A baneful Drug of four-fold Poison makes,
And an infernal sleepy Asph he takes

Of cold and fearful Nature, adds to this
Opium that binds the Nerves with Laziness,

Mixt with the Venom of vile Avarice:
Which all the Spirits benum, as when y' approach

The chilling wonderful *Torpedo's* Touch.
Next Drops from *Lethe's* Stream he does infuse,

And every Brest besprinkles with the Juice,
Till a deep Lethargy o'er all *Britain* came,

Who now forgot their Safety and their Fame.
Yet still Great *Charles's* Valour stood the Test;

By Fortune tho forsaken and oppress'd,
Witness the Purple of *Sabrina's* Stream,

And the *Red Hill*, not call'd so now in vain.

And *Worster* thou, who didst the Misery bear,
And saw'st the End of a long fatal War.

The King, tho vanquish'd, still his Fate outbraves,
And was the last the captiv'd City leaves;
Which from the Neighbouring Hills he does survey,
Where round about his Bleeding Numbers lay.

He saw 'em rifled by th' insulting Foe,
And sighs for those he cannot rescue now.

But yet his Troops will rally once again,
Those few escap'd, all scatter'd o'er the Plain;

Disdain and Anger now resolves to try
How to repair this Days Fatality,

The King has sworn to conquer, or to dye.

Darby and *Willmot*, Chiefs of mighty Fame,

With that bold lovely Youth, great *Buckingham*;

Fiercer than Lightening; to his Monarch dear,

That brave *Achates* worth *Aeneas* Care,

Applaud his great Resolve! there's no delay

But toward the Foe in haste they take their way,

Not by vain hopes of a new Victory fir'd,

But by a kind Despair alone inspir'd.

This was the King's Resolve, and those great Few

Whom Glory taught to die, as well as to subdue,

Who knew that Death and the reposing Grave

No Foes were to the Wretched or the Brave.

But oh this noble Courage did not rest

In each ungenerous unconsidering Brest,

They fearfully forsake their General,

Who now in vain the flying Cowards call,

Deaf to his Voice will no Obedience yield;

But in their hasty Flight scowr o'er the dreadful Field.

Oh vainly gallant Youth, what pitying God

Shall free thee from this Soul-oppressing Load

Of Grief and Shame; abandon'd and betray'd

By perjur'd Slaves, whom thou hast fed and pay'd,

Prest with more Woes than mortal Force could bear,

And Fortune still resolv'd to be severe.

But yet that God———

To whom no Wonders are impossible

Will, to preserve thee, work a Miracle.

And for the sacred Father's Martyrdom

Will with a Crown reward the injur'd Son,

While thou, great *Charles*, with a prevailing Prayer

Dost to the Gods commend the safety of thy Heir;

And the Celestial Court of Powers Divine

With one consent do in the *Chorus* joyn.

But why, oh why must I reveal the Doom,

(Oh my Companions) of the years to come;

And why divulge the Mysteries that lye

Inroll'd long since in Heav'n's vast Treasury,

In Characters which no Dreamer can unfold,
 Nor ever yet Prophetick Rapture told;
 Nor the small Fibres of the victim'd Beast,
 Or Birds which Sacred Auguries have exprest;
 No Stars, or any Divination Shows
 Made Mystick by the Murmurs of the Boughs.
 Yet I must on, with a Divine Prefage,
 And tell the Wonders of the coming Age.
 In that far part where the rich *Salop* gains
 An ample View o'er all the Western Plains,
 A Grove appears, which *Boscobel* they name,
 Not known to Maps; a Grove of scanty Fame,
 Scarce any human thing does there intrude,
 But it enjoys it self in its own Solitude.
 And yet henceforth no celebrated Shade,
 Of all the *British* Groves shall be more Glorious made.

Near this obscure and destin'd happy Wood,
 A Sacred House of lucky Omen stood,
White Lady call'd; and old Records relate
 'Twas once ———

To Men of Holy Orders consecrate;
 But to a King a Refuge now is made,
 The first that gives a wearied Monarch Bread.
 Oh Present of a wonderful Excellence!
 That can relieve the Hunger of a Prince.
 Fortune shall here a better Face put on,
 And here the King shall first the King lay down;
 Here he dismisses all his Mourning Friends,
 Whom to their kinder Stars he recommends,
 With Eyes all drown'd in Tears, their Fate to see,
 But unconcern'd at his own Destiny:
 Here he puts off those Ornaments he wore
 Through all the Splendor of his Life before;
 Even his Blew Garter now he will discharge,
 Nor keep the Warlike Figure of Saint *George*,
 That holy Champion now is vanquish'd quite;
 Alas, the Dragon has subdu'd the Knight;
 His Crown, that restless weight of Glory now
 Dives its a while from his more easie Brow:
 And all those charming Curls that did adorn
 His Royal Head—those Jetty Curls are shorn;
 Himself he cloaths in a coarse Rullet Weed,
 Nor was the poor Man feign'd, but so indeed;
 And now the greatest King the World e'er saw
 Is subject to the Houses ancient Law.
 (A Convent once, which Poverty did profess,
 Here, here puts off all worldly Pomp and Dress,
 And like a Monk a sad Adieu he takes
 Of all his Friends, and the false World forsakes.

But

But yet ere long, even this humble State,
 Alas, shall be denied him by his Fate;
 She drives him forth even from this mean Abode,
 Who wanders now a Hermit in the Wood, }
 Hungry and tir'd, to rest and seek his Food.
 The dark and lonely Shade conceals the King,
 Who feeds on Flowers, and drinks the murmuring Spring;
 More happy here than on a restless Throne,
 Cou'd he but call'd those Shades and Springs his own:
 No longer Fate will that Repose allow,
 Who even of Earth it self deprives him now.
 A Tree will hardly here a Seat afford
 Amidst her Boughs, to her abandon'd Lord.

Then (O my Nymphs) you who your Monarch love,
 To save your Darling, hasten to that Grove;
 (Nor think I vain Propheticks do express)
 In silence let each Nymph her Trunk possess;
 O'er all the Woods and Plains let not a Tree
 Be uninhabited by a Deity;
 While I the largest Forest-Oak inspire,
 And with you to this Leafy Court retire.
 There keep a faithful Watch each night and day,
 And with erected Heads the Fields survey, }
 Lest any impious Soldier pass that way:
 And shou'd profanely touch that Pledge of Heaven,
 Which to our guarding Shade in charge was given:
 Here then, my Nymphs, your King you shall receive,
 And safety in your darkest Coverts give.

But ha, what rustick Swain is that I see
 Sleeping beneath the Shade of yonder Tree,
 Upon whose knotty Root he leans his Head,
 And on the Mossy Ground has made his Bed?
 And why alone? Alas, some Spy I fear,
 For only such a Wretch would wander here,
 Who even the Winds and Showers of Rain defies,
 Out-daring all the Anger of the Skies.
 Observe his Face, see his disordered Hair
 Is ruff'd by the Tempest-beaten Air.
 Yet look what Tracts of Grief have ag'd his Face,
 Where hardly twenty years have run their Race,
 Worn out with numerous Toils; and even in sleep
 Sighs seem to heave his Brest, his Eyes to weep.
 Nor is that Color of his Face his own,
 That sooty Veil, for some Disguise put on, }
 To keep the Nobler Part from being known;
 For 'midst of all—something of Sacred Light }
 Beams forth, and does inform my wondering sight,
 And now — arises to my View more bright.
 Ha — can my Eyes deceive me, or am I
 At last no true presaging Deity?

Yet

Yet if I am, that wretched Rustick Thing,
 Oh Heavens, and all your Powers, must be the King.
 ---Yes 'tis the King! his Image all Divine
 Breaks thro' that Cloud of Darknes; and a Shine
 Gilds all the sooty Vizar! ---but alas,
 Who is't approaches him with such a Pace?
 Oh-'tis no Traytor, the just Gods I find
 Have still a pitying Care of human kind.
 This is the Gallant, Loyal *Charles*, thrown
 (By the same Wreck by which his King's undone.)
 Beneath our Shades, he comes in Pious Care
 (Oh happy Man! than *Cromwel* happier far
 On whom ill Fate this Honor does confer)
 He tells the King the Woods are overspread
 With Villains arm'd to search that Prize, his Head:
 Now poorly set to sale; --- the Foe is nigh,
 What shall they do? Ah whither shall they fly?
 They from the danger hasty Counsel took,
 And by some God inspir'd, ascend my Oak,
 My Oak, the largest in the faithful Wood;
 Whom to receive I my glad Branches bow'd.
 And for the King a Throne prepar'd, and spread
 My thickest Leaves a Canopy o'er his Head.
 The Mistletoe commanded to ascend
 Around his sacred Person to attend,
 (Oh happy Omen) straight it did obey,
 The Sacred Mistletoe attends with Joy.
 Here without fear their prostrate Heads they bow,
 The King is safe beneath my shelter now;
 And you, my Nymphs, with awful silence may
 Your Adorations to your Sovereign pay,
 And cry, all hail, thou most belov'd of Heaven,
 To whom its chiefest Attributes are given;
 But above all that God-like Fortitude,
 That has the Malice of thy Fate subdu'd.
 All hail!
 Thou greatest now of Kings indeed, while yet
 With all the Miseries of life beset,
 Thy mighty mind cou'd Death nor Danger fear,
 Nor yet even then of safety cou'd despair.
 This is the Virtue of a Monarch's Soul,
 Who above Fortunes reach can all her Turns controul;
 Thus if Fate rob you of your Empires Sway,
 You by this Fortitude take hers away;
 O brave Reprisal! which the Gods prefer,
 That makes you triumph o'er the Conqueror.
 The Gods who one day will this Justice do
 Both make you Victor and Triumpher too.
 That Day's at hand, O let that Day come on,
 Wherein that wonderous Miracle shall be shown:

May

May its gay Morn be more than usual bright,
 And rise upon the World with new created Light;
 Or let that Star whose dazling Beams were hurl'd
 Upon his Birth-Day, now inform the World,
 That brave bold Constellation, which in sight
 Of Mid-day's Sun durst lift its Lamp of Light.
 Now, happy Star again at Mid-day rise,
 And with new Prodigies adorn the Skies;
 Great *Charles* again is born, *Monk's* valiant Hand
 At last delivers the long labouring Land.
 This is the Month, Great Prince, must bring you forth,
May pays her fragrant Tributes at your Birth;
 This is the Month that's due to you by Fate,
 O Month most Glorious, Month most Fortunate:
 When you between your Royal Brothers rode,
 Amidst your shining Train attended like some God,
 One would believe that all the World were met
 To pay their Homage at your Sacred Feet.
 The wandering Gazers, numberless as these,
 Or as the Leaves on the vast Forest Trees.
 He comes! he comes! they cry, while the loud Din
 Refounds to Heaven: and then, Long live the King:
 And sure the Shouts of their re-echoed Joys
 Reach'd to the utmost Bounds of distant Seas,
 Born by the flying Winds thro' yielding Air,
 And strike the Foreign Shores with awful Fear.
 O 'tis a wonderous Pleasure to be mad,
 Such frantick Turns our Nation oft has had.
 Permit it now ye Stoicks, ne'er till now,
 The Frenzy you more justly might allow,
 Since 'tis a joyful Fit that ends the Fears,
 And wretched Fury of so many years.
 Nor will the Night her Sable Wings display
 To obscure the Lustre of so bright a day.
 At least the much transported Multitude
 Permits not the dark Goddess to intrude;
 The whole Isle seem'd to burn with joyful Flames,
 Whose Rays gilt all the Face of Neighbouring *Thames*.
 But how shall I express the Vulgars Joys,
 Their Songs, their Feasts, their Laughter and their Cries;
 How Fountains run with the Vines precious Juice,
 And such the flowing Rivers shou'd produce,
 Their Streams the richest Nectar should afford:
 The Golden Age seems now again restor'd.
 See --- smiling Peace does her bright Face display,
 Down thro' the Air serene she cuts her way,
 Expels the Clouds, and rises on the Day.
 Long exil'd from our Shores, new Joy she brings,
 Embracing *Albion* with her Snowy Wings;

Nor comes she unattended, but a Throng
Of Noble *British* Matrons brings along,
Plenty, fair Fame, and charming Modesty,
Religion, long since fled with Loyalty,
And in a decent Garb the lovely Piety:
Justice from Fraud and Perjury forc'd to fly;
Learning, fine Arts, and generous Liberty,
Blest Liberty, thou fairest in the Train,
And most esteem'd in a just Prince's Reign.

With these, as lov'd, Great *Mary* too return'd,
In her own Country who long Exile mourn'd.
You, Royal Mother! you, whose only Crime
Was loving *Charles*, and sharing Woes with him.
Now Heaven repays, tho slow, yet just and true,
For him Revenge, and just Rewards for you.

Hail, mighty Queen, form'd by the Pow'rs divine,
The Shame of our weak Sex, and Pride of thine,
How well have you in either Fortune shown,
In either, still your Mind was all your own;
The giddy World roll'd round you long in vain,
Who fix'd in Virtues Centre still remain.

And now, just Prince! thou thy great Mind shalt bring
To the true weighty Office of a King.
The gaping Wounds of War thy Hand shall cure,
Thy Royal Hand, gentle alike, and sure:
And by insensible Degrees efface
Of foregone Ill the very Scars and Trace.
Force to the injur'd Law thou shalt restore,
And all that Majesty it own'd before.
Thou long corrupted Manners shalt reclaim,
And Faith and Honor of the *English* Name;
Thus long-neglected Gardens entertain
Their banish'd Master, when return'd again.
All over-run with Weeds he finds, but soon
Luxuriant Branches carefully will prune,
The weaken'd Arms of the sick Vine he'll raise,
And with kind Bands sustain the loosen'd Sprays.
Much does he plant, and much extirpate too,
And with his Art and Skill make all things new.
A Work immense, yet sweet, and which in future Days,
When the fair Trees their blooming Glories raise,
The happy Gard'ners Labor over-pays.
Cities and Towns, Great Prince, thy Gardens be
With Labor cultivated, worthy Thee.
In decent Order thou dost all dispose:

Nor are the Woods, nor Rural Groves disdain'd;
He who our Wants, who all our Breaches knows,
He all our drooping Fortunes has sustain'd.

As

As young Colonies of Trees thou dost replace
 I'th' empty Realms of our Arboreal Race;
 Nay, dost our Reign extend to future Days;
 And blest Posterity, supinely laid,
 Shall feast and revel underneath thy Shade.
 Cool Summer Arbors then thy Gift shalt be,
 And their bright Winter Fires they'll owe to thee.
 To thee those Beams their Palaces sustain,
 And all their floating Castles on the Main.
 Who knows, Great Prince, but thou this happy Day,
 For Towns and Navies mayst Foundations lay
 After a thousand years are roll'd away.
 Reap thou those mighty Triumphs then which for thee grow,
 And mighty Triumphs for succeeding Ages sow:
 Thou Glory's craggy Top shalt first essay,
 Divide the Clouds, and mark the shining Way;
 To Fame's bright Temples shalt thy Subjects guide,
 Thy *Britains* bold, almost of Night deny'd.
 The foaming Waves thy dread Commands shall stay,
 Thy dread Commands the foaming Waves obey.
 The watry World no *Neptune* owns but thee,
 And thy three Kingdoms shall thy Trident be.
 What Madness, O *Batavians*! you possess,
 That the Sea's Scepter you'd from *Britain* wrest,
 Which Nature gave, whom she with Floods has crown'd,
 And fruitful *Amphitrite* embraces round;
 The rest o'th' World's just kiss'd by *Amphitrite*,
Albion sh' embraces, all her dear delight.
 You scarce th' insulting Ocean can restrain,
 Nor bear the Assaults of the besieging Main,
 Your Graats and Mounds, and Trenches all in vain.
 And yet, what fond Ambition spurs you on?
 You dare attempt to make the Seas your own.
 O'er the vast Ocean, which no Limit knows,
 The narrow Laws of Ponds and Fens impose:
 But *Charles* his lively Valour this defies,
 And this the sturdy *British* Oak denies.
 O'er empty Seas the fierce *Batavian* Fleet
 Sings Triumphs, while there was no Foe to meet.
 But fear not, *Belgian*, he'll not tarry long,
 He'll soon be here, and interrupt thy Song,
 Too late thou'lt of thy hasty Joys complain,
 And to thy Native Shores look back in vain.
 Great *James*, as soon as the first Whisper came,
 Prodigal of his Life, and greedy but of Fame,
 With eager haste returns, as fast as they
 After the dreadful Fight will run away.
 And now the Joyful *English* from afar
 Approaching saw the floating *Belgian* War.

Hark what a Shout they give, like those who come
From long *East-Indy* Voyage rich loaden home,
When first they make the happy *British* Land,
The dear White Rocks, and *Albion's* Chalky Strand.

The way to all the rest, brave *Rupert* show'd,
And thro' their Fleet cuts out his flaming Road,
Rupert, who now had stubborn Fate inclin'd,
Heaven on his side engaging, and the Wind:
Famous by Land and Sea; whose Valor soon
Blunts both the Horns of the *Batavian* Moon.

Next comes illustrious *James*, and where he goes,
To Cowards leaves the Crowd of vulgar Foes,
To th' Royal Sovereign's Deck he seems to grow,
Shakes his broad Sword, and seeks an equal Foe:
Nor did bold *Opdam's* mighty Mind refuse
The dreadful Honor which 'twas Death to chuse.
Both Admirals with haste for Fight prepare,
The rest might stand and gaze; themselves a War.

O whither, whither, *Opdam*, dost thou flie?
Can this rash Valor please the pow'rs on high:
It can't, it won't—or wouldst thou proudly die
By such a mighty Hand? no *Opdam*, no:
Thy Fate's to perish b' yet a nobler Foe.
Heav'n only, *Opdam*, shall thy Conqu'ror be,
A Labor worth its while, to conquer thee:
Heav'n shall be there, to guard its best lov'd House;
And just Revenge inflict on all your broken Vows.
The mighty Ship a hundred Canons bore,
A hundred Canons which like Thunder roar;
Six times as many Men in Shivers torn,
E'er one Broadside; or single Shot't had born,
Is with a horrid Crack blown up to th' Sky
In Smoak and Flames o'er all the Ocean nigh,
Torn, half-burnt Limbs of Ships and Seamen scatter'd lie.
Whether a real Bolt from Heav'n was thrown
Among the guilty Wretches is not known,
Tho likely 'tis: *Amboina's* Wickedness,
And broken Peace and Oaths deserv'd no less,
Or whether fatal Gunpowder it were
By some unlucky Spark enkindled there;
Even Chance, by Heaven directed, is the Rod,
The fiery Shaft of an avenging God,
The flaming Wrack the hissing Deep floats o'er,
Far, far away, almost to either shore,
Which ev'n from pious Foes wou'd pity draw,
A trembling pity, mixt with dreadful aw.
But pity yet scarce any room can find,
What Noise, what Horror still remains behind?

On

On either side does wild confusion reign,
 Ship grapples Ship, and sink into the Main.
 The *Orange* careless of lost *Opdan's* Fate
 Will next, To attack victorious *James* prepare,
 Worthy to perish at the self same rate,
 But *English* Guns sufficient Thunder bear;
 By *English* Guns, and human Fire o'erpow'r'd,
 'Tis quickly in the hissing Waves devour'd.
 Three Ships besides are burnt, if Fame says true,
 None of whose baser Names the Goddess knew;
 As many more the Dolphin did subdue.
 Their Decks in Show'rs of kindled Sulphur steep,
 And send 'em flaming to th' affrighted deep.
 So burns a City, storm'd and fir'd by night,
 The Shades are pierc'd with such a dreadful Light;
 Such dusky Globes of Flame around 'em broke
 Through the dark Shadow of the Guns and Smoke.
 Can Fire in Water then such Licence claim?
 Justly the Water hides it self for shame:
 The dreadful Wrack outstretching far away
 Vast Ruins o'er its trembling Bosom lay;
 Here Masts and Rudders from their Vessels torn,
 There Sails and Flags across the Waves are born,
 A thousand floating Bodies there appear,
 As many half-dead Men lie groaning here.
 If any where the Sea it self's reveal'd
 With horrid purple Tracks the azure Wave's conceal'd.
 All sunk or took, 'twere tedious to relate,
 And all the sad variety of Fate
 One day produces --- with what Art and Skill
 Ev'n Chance ingenious seems, to save or kill,
 To spare, or to torment who e'er she will,
 The vulgar Deaths, below the Mute to heed
 Not only Faith, but Number too exceed,
 Three noble Youths by the same sudden Death,
 A brave Example to the World bequeath;
 Fam'd for high Birth, but Merits yet more high,
 All at one fatal Moment's Warning die,
 Torn by one Shot, almost one Body they,
 Three Brothers in one Death confounded lay:
 Who wou'd not Fortune harsh and barbarous call,
 Yet Fortune was benign and kind withal,
 For next to these --- I tremble still with fear,
 My Joys disturb'd while such a danger near,
 Fearless, unhurt, the Royal Adm'ral stood,
 Stunn'd with the Blow, and sprinkled with their Blood.
 Fiercer he presses on, while they retir'd,
 He presses on with Grief, and Anger fir'd.

Nor

Nor longer can the *Belgian* Force engage
 The *English* Valor, warm'd with double Rage.
 Breaks with their Losses, and a Cause so ill,
 Their shatter'd Fleet all the wide Ocean fill,
 Till trembling *Rhine* opens his Harbors wide,
 Seeing the Wretches from our Thunder fly:
 From our hot Chase their shatter'd Fleet he'd hide,
 And bends his conquer'd Horns as we go by.
 In sacred Rage the *Dryad* this reveal'd,
 Yet many future wond'rous things conceal'd,
 But this to grace some future *Bard* will serve,
 For better Poets this the Gods reserve.

FINIS.

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